

stella maris college  
madras

*Cover Page*  
K. Harini  
I M.A. Fine Arts



STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

THE QUEST

**1981**

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# Contents

	Page No.
The Quest Supreme (Prayer)	Inset
Editorial	... v
A Two-Day Home Coming !	... vi
Days of Joy and Celebration for Stella Maris College	... vii
Inauguration of Research Wing of The Economics Department	... viii
College Day Report—March 1981	... 1
Swara Ragha Sudha	... 6
Hostel Happenings (1980-81)	... 7
Sports	... 10
Club Reports	... 14
Union Report	... 16
பாரதி காட்டும் இயற்கை எழிலோவியம்	... 18
யார் குற்றம்?	... 21
The Whistle	... 24
Sessions For Staff-Motivation	... 26
Father Wirth's Sessions for Ethics/Guidance Teacher and Deans	... 28
What's in a Name	... 29
NCC Report	... 30
The Quest Through Literature	... 31
Mon Reve	... 34
Short Story	... 35
The other Side of The Coin	... 39

	Page No.
Red Riding Hoodwinked	... 41
The Eagle	... 41
The Quest	... 43
Generation Gap	... 47
Choti Bahav Hamari	... 48
Uski Koj Main	... 49
பாவையின் மனம்	... 50
எங்கும் நிறை பரம்பொருள்	... 51
நட்சத்திரங்கள்	... 52
ஏனிந்த உறக்கம்	... 53
Smouldering Cinders	... 55
நினைவுகள் சிறகடித்துப் பறக்கும் பொழுது	... 56
Just a Dumb Old Tree.....	... 57
To Strive, To Seek, To Find	... 59
Varthaman Samsyaohm Se Dhirey they Manushya Ka Lakshya	... 62
The Urchin	... 65
Dana L'ombre De Ls Nuit	... 66
In Quest of The Sun	... 66
Varthanam Sansyaohm Main Vijay they Vyakthi ki Jalak	... 69
Le Point Du Jour	... 71
Rapture in Rags	... 72
Sanskrit Puzzle	... 74
Report of N.S.S. and C.S.S. Projects 1980-81	... 75
The Alumane	... 77
University Examination Results - 1981	... 79

## THE QUEST SUPREME

I hear a thunder ... I hear an infant cry

IT IS FEAR

I hear a blast ... I hear a groan

IT IS PAIN

I hear a crack ... I hear laughter

IT IS JOY

I hear a song ... I hear a whisper

IT IS LOVE

I hear a hum ... I hear a prayer

I feel ... I know

IT IS HE

WHERE IS HE? WHO IS HE??

How do I know Him?

Where shall I meet Him?

THE HE... THE "I AM"

THE "WHO HE IS"

HE was there

HE was then

HE is here

HE is now

HE is great

HE is small

HE is within

HE is without

In Majestic splendour

In awesome wonder

In just endeavour

In self surrender

HE IS LOVE HE IS TRUTH

HE LIVES FOR EVER

OM TATSAT

# EDITORIAL

The quest goes on...The wild west has been conquered. Africa is dark no more. The sun has set on the British Empire. And yet the quest goes on.

The quest goes on...Man has landed on the moon. Jupiter has been photographed. New rings have been discovered round Saturn. Yet the quest goes on.

The quest goes on...The theory of relativity is a thing of the past. The fourth generation computers are here. The secret of the DNA is a secret no more. Yet the quest goes on.

The quest goes on... Can you predict when a given radioactive nucleus will break up? What kind of continuously crystallising mineral might fit the specification for a primitive genetic material? In the face of the law of causal determinism in behaviour, is free will just an illusion? The quest goes on.

Because in the heart of man there are questions the quest goes on...

## Editorial Board

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## *A Two-Day Home Coming !*

*24th January 1981*

Tonight, after the convocation ceremony, I conclude my two days spent in Stella Maris. Words can hardly express the joy that I feel in seeing how the little seed sown in 1947 has grown; My sisters from the country guiding with great competence and selfless dedication: the academic work, the Staff working in great unity with them for the promotion of the welfare of the students, the students themselves happy, full of fun, but still serious at their work and eager to acquire knowledge !

My prayer and loving wishes, all will accompany the academic life of the college. I am grateful to God, and thank the college authorities for the happiness of this new encounter with dear Stella Maris !

LUIGIA VITTORIA ALINI, f.m.m.

## **DAYS OF JOY AND CELEBRATION FOR STELLA MARIS COLLEGE**

January 23rd and 24th were special days in the annuals of Stella Maris-It was the best gift for the New year 1981, when dear Sr. Luigia Vittoria Alini accepted our invitation to inaugurate the Research wing of the Economics Department, and preside over the annual convocation ceremony. Sister was doubtless the pillar of the College from the early days of its foundation and the foundress of the Department of Economics. 'Research Wing' was a dream come true...we reap the fruits of her long range plan, of her vision and foresight.

It was hard to say who was the happiest - the Stella Marians or Sr. Luigia, as the days passed like lightning, filling each one with joy and gratitude. Sister said a prayer for India on 23rd morning at assembly, when we anticipated Republic Day Celebrations. At 10 o'clock sister lit the symbolic lamp at the inauguration function of the Research wing. Mrs. Renuka Appadurai, Honourable Minister for Education, Pondicherry, a past pupil of Sr. Luigia, proudly proclaimed that she is what she is because of the training received from Mother Carla Rosa.

On the 24th, the annual convocation ceremony was made more memorable by the presence of Sr. Luigia, in her white Doctoral gown to distribute the Diplomas. Indeed, the graduates were happy to hear an excellent speech by Hon. Justice Mohan, and to receive their coveted Diplomas from such an eminent educationist and religious leader as Sister Luigia.

Sister found time to pay flying visits to some of those staff and students like good old Mrs. Visalakshi and courageous Mahema. Our joy reached its zenith on the evening of 23rd, when the senior most old students of Stella Maris, from the Economics Department, turned up with their children to see their guru. It was most touching to see the past pupils having such loyalty and devotion towards Sister that they spent three solid hours listening and speaking to her.

After two days of joy, Sister left Madras early morning on the 25th, carrying with her souvenirs of love and gratitude. Surely she kept thanking God profoundly for the marvellous blessings showered on Stella Maris. And as the Mother foundress would have said - She felt that it is the work of His hands and will therefore grow from strength to strength under the protection of Mary, the star of the Sea.

## INAUGURATION OF RESEARCH WING OF THE ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

A day of joy, of thanks giving, of hopes fulfilled - January 23rd 1981, when Revered Sister Luigia Vittoria Alini F. M. M. co-founder of our College and founder of Economics Department inaugurated the Research wing in the presence of several past students, retired professors and well wishers.

The simplicity of the ceremony enhanced the solemnity. At 10 a.m. Sister lit the symbolic lamp, throwing open new avenues to knowledge and education in the service of society. Presiding over the function Sr. Luigia exhorted budding economists and scholars in a few well chosen words, "We should not be content with mere theoretical knowledge, but think of positive solutions to problems of society". We were proud to have Mrs. Renuka Appadurai, Honourable Minister of Education, Pondicherry, and a past student, with us to present the formal address. Our first Research Scholar, Mrs Rhinus, took her lighted lamp from Mother Carla Rosa followed by Five potential scholars. With a heart full of gratitude Sister Mary Lilly, Our Provincial Superior offered a prayer asking God's blessing for the years to come.

To come to the roll call of honour. Mrs. Eeshwanalya, retired professor of History came from Anna Nagar braving the weakness of old age to see Mother Carla Rosa and to sing her "Nune Denitues", Miss Rukmini (retired staff member) and Miss Swatantralakshmi (Manager, IOB and Ex-student) and many others were present. Dr. Shanmugasundaram and Dr. Chandran Devanesan graced the occasion and congratulated the Department. The function also witnessed the releasing of the fourth issue of "Ankur".

The morning session came to an end with the singing of the college song in Tamil. The afternoon session began with two papers presented by Dr. Madhavan from the University of Sandiego (U.S.A.) and Dr. Karpagam from MIDS on "Urban immigration of rural labour" and "Women as productive members of the labour force" respectively. Dr. Shanmugasundaram, Head of the Department of Economics, Madras University chaired the session.

Our thanks are due to the students and staff of the Economics department and all the Sisters who are helping us to strive for the success of this ambitious venture.

As Sister Rev. Mathew Carla Rosa said, "If each of the bricks could speak what a story they could tell."



*"She is the one!"*



*"The point is..."*

*St. Luigia  
Vittoria's  
visit*



*"Good to be back, you know"*

*Inauguration of  
Economics Research  
Wing*



# COLLEGE DAY REPORT

— MARCH 1981

Respected Director of Collegiate Education, Mr. J. Ramachandran

Members of the Governing Body,

Dear Parents, Friends, Well-wishers, Rev. Fathers, Sisters, Colleagues, Staff and Students.

On this 34th College Day of Stella Maris, it is my privilege for the third time to present a report to the enlightened public and give an account of what the College has been doing during 1980-81.

A comprehensive report of the entire academic work and life will not be feasible within the time limit, yet a brief summary of highlights seem necessary on an occasion like this when we praise and thank God for a peaceful and successful year He has given us. I am here to share with all of you our joy — sharing one's joy is really doubling it.

Educating the youth is a tremendous responsibility that we have voluntarily accepted as a part of our service to the community and the country. Education in Stella Maris is inspired by a vision of man as a spiritual, social being designed by God to reach eternal heights of wisdom, integrity and goodness. Therefore we have set before us high ideals and values of life, service and dedication. All our academic programmes and modest efforts aim in preparing our students, through an integrated personalised approach, to face the challenges of a changing society, its demands and tensions with courage and conviction. We earnestly strive to make these young ladies, intellectually disciplined, morally upright, socially committed and spiritually inspired to take up their place in the society of tomorrow. We cannot assess the outcome of our staff and students in quantitative terms but time will surely tell what self help and determination can achieve.

The Academic year began with excitement over the newly admitted first batch of 500 students from plus two schools. With our special admission policy, we kept our minds alert, while our hands reached out to the most needy among the applicants. Thanks to the diligent staff and friendly seniors, the juniors not only got adjusted to the new situation but rapidly got caught up in the fire of academic enthusiasm and youthful exuberance.

We were happy to welcome back Mrs. Rajeswari Thiagarajan of the Mathematics Department and Mrs. Sowmu Francis of the English Department who resumed duty after submitting the Ph.D. dissertations successfully. Mrs. Kamala Arvind won our applause with her M.Phil Degree for which she worked on part-time

basis inspite of her whole hearted involvement in the teaching work and extra-curricular activities in the College. We also congratulate Mrs. Jessica and Mrs. Jilly of the Zoology Department who came out in flying colours in their M.Sc. Degree Exams after four semesters of hard work along with their teaching load. Such achievements give fresh impetus to many more faculty members to take up study and research work without waiting for assistance under F.I.P. If there is a will, there is a way and self help is surely the best help.

The special objective for all our efforts this year was collective endeavour to raise our moral standards through intramural activities. Accordingly, this year in October, the public witnessed a spectacular sound and light programme at Music Academy—"Swara Raga Sudha" a unique venture of its kind where 200 students took part in the rich pageantry and dramatic display, music and dance with exquisite light effects.

Our academic performance and university results were consistently good and the Semester pattern has worked successfully, thanks to our dedicated staff and interested students.

Since more details on brilliant achievements will be given during the prize distribution, I confine my report to a brief account of the outstanding achievements in the University examinations. We had achieved 97% results at the undergraduate level and 93% for the Postgraduate classes. Taken individually, Sociology, Public Relations, Mathematics, Chemistry and Zoology departments have secured 100% results in B.A./B.Sc. while Literature, Economics and Fine Arts secured 100% results for the postgraduates. 75% of the under-graduates passed in 1st Class or better with 'O' Grade. We had First rank in Tamil, Sanskrit, Fine Arts, Sociology, Public Relations and Literature in the University examinations. In Sociology, all the 8 University ranks out of 10 ranks came to Stella Maris. The 1st, 6th and 7th places in M.A. Literature were also taken up by the hard working Stella Marians. The 6th and 10th place in B.Sc. Chemistry have been secured by our students. In B.Sc. Mathematics all the 47 students passed with a 1st Class, while M.Sc. Mathematics students won the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and the 7th places in the University Examinations. The credit for such success goes both to the staff and students. God always blesses sincere hard work. We hope to do even better in the future.

The campus life has been bubbling with extra-curricular, inter-collegiate and collegiate activities throughout the year and the noble mindedness of the union members has been responsible for giving chances to the juniors to represent the college in all the debates and contests outside the college with a pure motto—"growth of the young juniors rather than gain for the College."

The Fine Arts Department, because of the uniqueness of the subject, made their contribution to the Sound and Light Programme, a co-curricular endeavour wherein the masterpieces of world-famous artists and painters were brought alive on the stage. The Kala Darpan, an excellent display of the gifted young

artists' talents on canvas, cardboard, leather and batik, attracted a large number of art lovers to the Department. One easily recognises the creative originality and academic refinements in the quality of the exhibits displayed by them. Here we must mention the everwilling and efficient contribution of all the language departments to all the cultural programmes. The Tamil department was responsible for the Tamil version of the College Song. The Kilthi Kalyang of the Hindi department is a successful venture of the year.

Throughout December holidays the devoted staff of the Economics Department with the help of their enthusiastic students planned a grand function to officially inaugurate the research wing by the Founder of the Department and former Principal Sister Carla Rosa. Mrs. Renuka Appadorai, Hon. Minister for Education, Pondicherry, a former student of the Department graced the occasion in the presence of so many past students of the College. Miss Sushila Rhenius, M. Litt., was happy to receive the symbolic lamp of knowledge from Sister Lurgia Victoria as the first Ph.D. research scholar of the department.

The History Department took special interest in celebrating historical events like Independence Day in a meaningful way and their inter-collegiate Historical Skit Competition was a novel venture and intelligent and hard-working students got fully involved in all types of activities of the college.

The Literature Department has to its credit two outstanding publications, the advanced reading comprehension text - "Read to Think" and the Literary Journal. These reputed writers of the college also look after the college magazine.

A large scale inter-collegiate Seminar on Modern British writers was presided by Dr. Prabhakar Reddy, Professor and Head of the Department of English, University of Madras and the papers presented were compiled into a booklet for the benefit of students. The special celebration of Sarojini Naidu Centenary presided by Thiru Shivaraman, Special Officer for Education was indeed a good attempt.

Sociology students are trained in intelligent social thinking through practical project work. The Seminar on Social Tensions which was presided by Dr. C. T. Kurian was an enriching experience to the staff and students. The Jawathi Hills tribal project had launched its third phase but has slowed down its programmes while awaiting the financial sanction from the Government for integrated development projects. We do hope that the genuine work of the staff and students will soon be recognised and supported by one and all.

Social work, one of the Special Departments of the College, has successfully carried out its mission in reaching out to the needy and the less privileged in the rural areas of Madambakkam and in the urban slums of Kamaraj Colony, in the broken homes through Child Guidance Clinic, in hospital beds of Stanley Medical Hospital, in welfare agencies and other institutions. A plethora of community services disseminate from this Centre all through the year. The trainees had put up not only an exhibition on the disabled, inaugurated by Mr. S. P. Ambrose, I. A. S., Secretary for

Health, to educate their co-students, but also organised a musical concert by A. V. Ramanan to raise funds for the disabled. The Science Departments have made their own landmarks in the history of the College. This year the Zodiac Exhibition of the Mathematics Department inaugurated by Thiru Ramdas, I.A.S., Commissioner and Secretary to Government for Education was a proof of genius in the offing. The ingenuity of the staff and students was evident in the Model Planetarium. The expert astronomer Dr. Rao's models in the exhibition were a sure sign of his appreciation of the creativity of our students. The Zoology Exhibition also brought in boys and girls from many schools and thus proclaimed an attitude of sharing and friendship. In Stella Maris, learning is always through doing. Nearly, 150 budding scientists of the Maths, Chemistry and Physics departments visited Sriharikotta Space Centre. The evergreen campus is made more beautiful by our young gardeners of the Botany Department who have taken up their study of plants seriously. The Zoology Department had organised a Dog show with 25 entries, while Blackie and Rita, the Police dogs delighted the onlookers with their excellent obedience tests. We have yet to see what marvels our brainy physics students are going to do, as they are the first batch of new comers to the college. We say good bye to our bright young ladies of the Public Relations Department but we do hope to see them back someday to continue their post-graduate studies with us. We will remember the good work done by them for the blood bank project.

Special activities, like Karate and Veena classes also find their place in the campus. The hobby groups are kept busy outside college hours. The college choir under the able direction of Mrs. Gita Menon and the delightful supervision of Sr. David, gave a standard performance at USIS and at Museum Theatre to the joy of music lovers. A big thank you to Mrs. Menon for her excellent coaching and careful training and to Sr. David for keeping the music department alive.

This year the students were given a wide choice in serving society. Involvement in the N.S.S., the C.S.S., the N.C.C., or in games and sports continue to be part of campus life. We do hope our N.C.C. cadets will take their responsibility seriously and with determination, work for the peace and security of the nation. We appreciate their smartness and promptness. About 400 students have volunteered for NSS to work with courage and conviction. There are in all 36 projects including CSS work which are meant to create social awareness and train students for effective action.

Be it a functional English Course for the bus conductors, or a remedial Course for Corporation School children, assisting the disabled, an adult literacy class, a rural camp or urban community service, the students are trained and taught to share their time, talents and goodwill with the needy and the less privileged. Conscious involvement in community service has become a must for every Stella Marian.

Last but not the least is our success in the sports and games field. Congrats to all our players and the ever lively and energetic Mrs. Mangaladorai.....! Our athletes have lifted the A. L. Mudaliar Trophy for the fifth time in succession,

College



Day!



# Swara Raga Sudha



The  
razzle-dazzle  
of  
Bharat nātyam!

Bangle sellers!  
Any takers?



thanks to Yasmin and Susan Verghese and the rest. Our students have represented the University in several major games. Indirani of III year History won the National Women's Championship for Golf and Yasmin of I year, the outstanding athlete of the year won the 1st place in the National Physical Fitness programme. Sandra I year Literature was the privileged athlete to be sent to Moscow Olympics from Tamil Nadu. Our Basket Ball team victoriously returned from Ceylon winning 5 matches and they were declared champions for the 9th time in the inter-collegiate tournament. Finally yesterday after much struggle our athletes have once again captured the Championship for the 4th time and have also been declared runners-up in major games. The staff were the runners-up in Ball Badminton.

More than all these achievements and successes, the staff and students of Stella Maris have enjoyed a year of peace and harmony for which we are deeply grateful to the Good Lord. We have had memorable visits by outsiders during this academic year. In July, the Students Union of the Hong Kong University visited the college and returned much enlightened and impressed by the activities of the college. The U. N. expert visited the college as Jordan's delegate to study the educational facilities available here. Father Cairoli, a special delegate from Rome and finally Sister Lurgia Victoria Alini also visited us and shared our joy and left us with deep appreciation.

I cannot conclude my report without a word of thanks. I thank the staff for their co-operation and generous help and support in everything, Hema Nair and the Student Union team for the wonderful support and co-operation they have extended. They have upheld the banner of Stella Maris and inspired us to face the challenges again with courage and conviction. I thank very specially the prayer group of the college - they have been sending up fervent prayers ceaselessly for the college and for all those in need and this has been our strength all through.

Here I pause a moment, to pay our respectful tribute to the memory of Thiru Sundararajan, our devoted office clerk who served us since the foundation of the college and left us for his eternal reward. We lost one of our dedicated and ever helpful non-teaching staff and we pray that his soul may rest in peace.

We are blessed with friends who always stand by us and share the task with us. The P. T. C. made it possible for us to have a bus for the college and the T. V. S. generosity and concern made our bus much stronger and safer to carry our students as messengers of peace and fellowship to the villages and places in and around Madras. Our deep gratitude to Rev. Sr. Alma, the Superior General, whose timely assistance made this dream for a college bus a reality. It is also my pleasant duty to acknowledge with gratitude, the ever ready assistance that we receive from the University, Education Department, Post and Telegraph, Electricity Board and Police Department and above all from the other Principals like Rev. Fr. Kuriakose, Members of the governing body, parents of our students and friends. It is their support and help that give us the necessary courage to carry on the work in this college. We all have the common goal of service to the nation. Whatever may be our specific

task, we work with each other so that this great land may become a place of peace and prosperity where justice and truth reign supreme. All I can say is a humble Thank you to the Creator, Almighty God for sustaining us, and a God Bless 'to all those who help us in our task'.

## **Swara Ragma Sudha**

Every mood of nature seeks expression in the string of seasons.

Every tune in the heart of man finds fulfilment in the harmony he creates around him. Notes of joy, sorrow, hope, despair and desire - the range of emotions is endless and man's pulse beats to the rhythmic beauty of them all.

In the beauty and the blessing of the seasons, the creator listens in love to the music of humanity.....and riding on the waves of life, man knows he is not alone.

Swara Ragma Sudha captured these glimpses of man's existence through music, dance, sound and light - the multifaceted phases of agony and ecstasy, ideal and reality.

The overture introduced the theme. The college choir burst in with a medley of traditional and modern sound blending the waltz, rock'n' roll and jazz. The light music troupe provided an appropriate finale with a selection of songs from 'My Fair Lady' and 'Negro' spirituals.

Moving to a crescendo, the programme came alive with the Son et Lumiere (Glimpses of Agony and Ecstasy) transporting the audience into an imaginative experience of art.

Agony of a different kind - Ilaveyini - the ideal of womanhood torn in conflict between lover and country. This Tamil play by Ikkan portrayed Ilaveyini attaining her rightful position as Queen of Verse.

Glimpses of India - seen in a kaleidoscope of music and dance - the market place scene of the Bangle sellers, the Garbha and the Giddha, a symphony of nature, rhythm and song - Ritu Samhara - the dance of the seasons.

Through all these phases, it was love - the "Star" that silvers the crest of even the darkest waves.

# Swara Raga Sudha



*Melody of  
Music*

*Splendour of  
History*



*www.saraswati.org*

*Paintings brought to life*



*"Christ, is it me?"*

*'Last Supper'*  
*by Da Vinci*

*Humble Toil...*

*'Angelus'*  
*by Millet*



*Swara Raga Sudha*

## Hostel Happenings (1980-81)

Another year has gone by and it's time to take a peep into hostel life and see what's new. The year began with the girls returning after hols, fresh and full of fun; a whole teeming crowd—the seniors feeling 'hep' and the freshies wishing they were safe at home and yet swept off their feet in the general excitement, squealing over their new rooms, or groaning about the room mates they have to put up with; meeting old friends, making new ones, grabbing places in the mess, etc. We had a month to settle down and become real down to earth hostelites, who could not have snacks or siestas, as we chose. The novelty of being just "seniors" gave way to a sober awareness of our responsibilities, as we elected our new reps. Dia, Roshni, Yoetta, Javitha, Kamy and Clara. We'd like to thank them for being what they were and for all that they did for us, through the year.

After the first few weeks of mutual sizing up and good-natured ragging, both seniors and freshies shook off any inhibitions, that they might have had about each other and were in time ready to rough and tumble it together. The freshies, who were declared as "bold lumps", lived upto our expectations and I suppose they soon realised that we weren't such a stale lot either. Freshie social came round at last, the much dreaded, long awaited occasion, after which the freshies are really one of us. I'm sure, every newcomer cherishes the fond hope of bagging the freshy queen title (though they'd die, rather than admit it!)

The freshies dressed in their best, soon realised it was not the ordeal that they'd been led to believe it was. As each dewy eyed youngster walked up the ramp and did her bit we old timers could not help feeling a bit nostalgic. We did not let them down either—each entry was greeted with thunderous clapping and cheering so that they almost forgot to be afraid and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Meena Balachandran was crowned the radiant 'Freshy Queen' and Yvonne and Vidya Shetty were judged 1st and 2nd runners-up respectively. The most sportive freshies Meena and Sophia received a deafening applause from the audience.

The garden party, that the freshies gave us in return was really something else! Dear, plain O-1 was transformed into a mysterious world of greenery and exotic flowers and the favours that the freshies had so painstakingly made, sent us into ecstasies. They'd gone all out to make it a success and we were proud of them.

Somehow, there were a lot of wedding bells in the air, last term. Among those who got married were: Viji, Usha, Dia, Sharadha, Renu, Rajalakshmi, Valli and last but not least, Thomas. Saroja was elected as rep. instead of Dia, (who left the hostel) and she has proved herself to be one of those genuine, unshakeable persons you can always depend on.

With Christmas round the corner, there is that something in the air that makes one's senses quicken inexplicably and thrill in anticipation of the season itself, with its infectious spirit of joy and mirth. In case anyone's missed on the Christmas spirit

the informal celebration that we hostelites have, sure has them feeling 'Christmassy' all over again. We attended a special mass in the chapel, after which we proceeded carolling to the mess, holding lighted candles—the gusty singing punctuated only by squeals, when hot wax dropped on fingers. We literally sang for our supper, banging on the tables and bawling out old favourites, till it was time for Sr. Principal to give out the gifts to the maids and other gentlemen who serve us in their unassuming ways, every day. Popular figures like Veeran, who never failed to break a lock or repair a fan and fat Theresa who is always known to relent when begged for a second helping were cheered madly. It was touching the way each of them came up shyly (even the men folk) to receive their presents and the girls could not resist cheering them all the more. The din abated only slightly with the serving of dinner as everyone tucked in laughing and talking all at once.

During the second term, Sr. Juliana left and we were really sorry to see her go. She still keeps in touch with us and we remember her for all her goodness. We welcome Sr. Cecily as the new warden of Our Lady's hostel, and we hope she likes it here. Another pleasant surprise was Miss Nandini Nath, one of our old students, who came back as the Assistant Warden of Our Lady's. Mrs. Urmilla who joined St. Joseph's this term, as the Assistant Warden, has proved herself a real sport. As for Sr. Evelyn, Miss Agnes and Miss Ruth they are still here and very much a part of us. We thank each one of them for all that they mean to us.

Third term is one of hectic rush in the sweltering heat—submitting assignments quaking through seminars and reaching to depths of despair in those infernal tests that haunt one, week after week. And then you think you are just about going "berserk". Hostel week comes along and offers you some kind of respite from the hurly-burly of college life. This is one part of the year, when everyone focusses their attention on the hostel and wonders about the crazy "going ons" that culminate in Hostel Day itself. And of course, hostelites, dear souls bask in the limelight for once! As a rule, lethargic and harmless, they spring back to life and plunge into the hostel activities with a zeal that is shocking and at the same time, touching.

This year, we had a camp fire, on the first night of Hostel week. It was a novel experience and though the camp fire turned out to be a bit too smoky, everyone was quite thrilled to bits. It was fun while it lasted munching popcorn, cheering and singing, not to mention sneaking upon each other playing practical jokes. Break up time found a happy dusty crowd, boogeying around their campfire, that was fast fizzling out.

The next day was Sports Day. The early morning practice sessions, agonising muscle pulls, the hopes and fears were all to be put to the test. Both Josephites and Our Ladies, arrayed in true battle colours, marched down to the games field in the evening waving colourful banners and yelling slogans to the accompaniment of banging tin cans and whatever else came in handy. The excitement reached fever pitch proportions, as events were won or lost in quick succession. In the end, it was Our Lady's who won the day. The Josephites took quite a battering; after a

long time they lost the Sports cup and great was the fall. Our Ladies went on a victory march and the Josephites not to be outdone cheered them heartily and then went in an equally lively procession of their own. The Josephites spirit had come to the rescue. They were good losers after all. Encouraged by Sr. Evelyn and Miss Agnes, we rallied round determined not to let them get away with it.

The next competition was a game of kick ball. The Our Lady's girls were in top form and won again. All I'd like to say is, the Josephites went down, fighting. 'Over Power' was never asserted, as in the hour of defeat. Gathering around the pond, we sang ourselves hoarse and in a frenzy of high spirits were soon ducking one another in the water. It was a weird spectacle - St. Joseph on his pedestal surrounded by a boisterous, fun loving crowd of girls.

A unique hair style competition was held on Thursday in which the girls displayed their skill and originality in the intricate, eye catching styles they presented. Ravi Abraham, her hair rolled into a sophisticated french knot won the first prize helped by Molly and Fareeda. Chitra Ganapathy assisted by Gita and Maha looking just as chic bagged the second place.

The third Inter-Hostel contest was the Nursery Rhyme Competition in which the girls participated with such earnestness that the rest of us were almost transported to our kindergarten days. Brinda of Our Lady's was accompanied by Malu. Sowmini and Sivakami thoroughly entertained us with their carnatic rendering of 'Baa Baa Black Sheep. Yamuna, realistically, stamping her feet and tossing her head like a spirited pony bagged the second prize with 'My Pony'.

Friday night of any other week, would have found us sitting with our feet up making plans for the weekend. But this one was different; following tradition we stayed up almost the whole night, working on our respective hostel decorations, the theme of which was "In the land of the Grimm Brothers".

Hostel Day dawned bright and clear (like they say in story books). We trooped down to the chapel for a very meaningful service, after which there was a yum breakfast to be dealt with. They always say 'as hungry as a hostelite'; like hostelites anywhere else, we did full justice to the grub given us that day. They were there before us, we did not need any encouragement.

Our Lady's Hostel bagged the first prize for their Decor which was really impressive. They'd featured sleeping Beauty, Red Riding Hood, Hansel and Gretel and Cinderella, complete with deep woods and a house made of real biscuits! Hats off to them. St. Joseph's decor was just as good; the fantasy element came through beautifully with Cinderella transformed by her godmother into a princess setting out for the ball. Girls marched to 0-1 to watch the movie "Sherlock Holmes, Smarter Younger Brother", while others chose to catch up on their beauty sleep.

Hostel Day reached its climax with the evening's entertainment. Everyone was in their glad rags and looking just "deadly" while having a good time with the guests. The highlights of the evenings entertainment were the Disco Dance

and the parody on Hindi movies which had the audience watching in breathless admiration one moment and guffawing in their seats, the next. The evening came to a singing finish with hostelites freaking out, in time to Beat music. It was their day and they made the most of it right upto the very last minute; only then did they stagger to bed. Next day, being a Sunday, was literally the 'day of rest', for the majority of the hostelites.

This year, for the first time, Josephites and Our Ladies celebrated the feasts of their patron saints perhaps another excuse for asking for an extension of the Thursday outing.

Hostel activities came to a close, with the Farewell Social, that was held on the terraces of both hostels. The seniors of both hostels declared it to be one of the best socials, they'd ever attended. We enjoyed every bit of the year with them though I hate to admit it. I know we will miss them just as we miss those of you who have passed out already. Just remember wherever you are that we think of you and wish you every happiness under the sun.

## **Sports**

Stella Maris has always excelled in the field of sports and the academic year 1980-81 has been no exception. She has once again won the much coveted trophy for athletics at the A. L. Mudaliar Sports Meet this year for the fifth time in succession. She also bagged the Runners-up trophy for all major games held at the Inter-Collegiate level. A quick review of our achievements will leave all sports lovers delighted.

### **Athletics :**

The main stars who steered Stella Maris to victory in the A. L. Mudaliar meet were S. Yasmin (I B.A. F.A.), Susan Varghese (II B.Sc. Zoo). By sprinting to success, Yasmin steered Stella Maris to a victory team in the Inter-Collegiate meet. They defeated W. C. C. by a very narrow margin. The group championship in Athletics was won for the fourth time in succession.

### **Team**

Yasmin (I B.A. F.A.), Susan (II B.Sc. Zoo), Rani Bhavani (I M.A. Eco.), Indrani K. (III B.A. Hist), Shobhana Reddy (III B.A. Eco), Concelia (II B.A. Eco.), Uma, D. (I B.A. Lit.), Sandra (I B.A. Lit.), Harini (I B.A. Soc.), Angelina (I B.A. Lit.), Meenakshi. M. (I B.Sc. Zoo), Lakshmi Naidu (I B.A. F.A.), Uma Maheshwari (I B.A. Eco.), Vijaya (I B.A. Lit.).

Susan and Yasmin represented the Madras University. Yasmin secured the 1st place in 100 M hurdles. Congrats Yasmin. Keep it up. Added to these performances, the state athlete Yasmin won the 1 place in the Open-National at Delhi.

It was very unfortunate that Sandra Thomas could not participate in sports this year due to some leg injury. She had the honour of witnessing the Olympics at Moscow as a special delegate. We hope to see her in action at least next year.

### **Basket Ball**

Thanks to the able guidance, of N. I. S. Coach, Mr. B. Muniappa, a former International Player, the team practised regularly and emerged winners for the 9th time in succession in the Inter-Collegiate tournament. They established their supremacy over their rivals in every aspect of the game. The team was runners-up in the tournament held by North Madras Sports Club and Played well in the All India Tournament conducted in Neyveli.

The team consisted of T. P. Venkateshwari (III B.A. Eco.) ( Captain ), Suraj Sridharan (III B.A. Eco.), S. Vani (II M.A. Lit.), Janine Coelho (II B.A. Eco.) Bhanu Vasan (II B.A. Soc.) Sharadha Gopal (II B.Sc. Maths). Jeeva (II B.A. Soc.), Kavitha Nathan (I B.A. Eco.), Uma Subbiah, (I B.A. Eco.), Lakshmi Naidu (I B.A. F.A.)

Suraj, Janine and Bhanu played for Madras University and were members of the State team along with Kavitha. Venkateswari and Sharadha, for the Womens Sports Festival held at Jaipur where they had the thrill of securing the Runners-up place.

### **Shuttle Badminton :**

Repeating its previous years' performance Stella Maris retained the Inter-Collegiate and Inter-Divisional Badminton titles with much ease. The team was represented by Neera Sachdev (Captain—III B.A. Eco.), Vasantha Narayanan (III B.A. Eco.) Hitha, Revathi (II B.A. Soc), Prabha Gahtari (I B.A. F.A.) and Uma Maheshwari (I B.A. Eco.)

Neera Sachdev captained the Madras University team which included Hitha Revathi too while Neera represented the state in the Senior National; Hitha and Prabha went for the National Women's Sports Festival.

In the State Badminton Championship held at Coimbatore, Hitha won the Women's Doubles title.

### **Cricket :**

Stella Maris was placed Runners-up in the Inter-Collegiate match.

### **Team :**

Kathyaini (Captain-II B. Sc. Chem) Pushkala (Vice Captain III B. A. Hist) Jacintha (III B. A. Soc), Asha (III B. A. Eco.), Meera K. (III B. A. Lit.), Susheela Bai (II B. A. Lit.), Vasanthi N. (II B. Sc. Maths), Dakshayini (I B. A. F. A.),

Hemashree (I B. A. Eco), Vasanthi B. (I B. Sc. Phy.), Malvika (I B. A. F. A.), Sandhya (I B. A. Soc.), Anita (I B. A. F. A.), Anne (I B. A. Zoo.), Chitra (I B. A. Lit.)

Pushkala, Vasanthi B., Malavika, and Dakshayini represented Madras University while Hemashree, Malavika, and Vasanthi B. represented the state at the Junior Nationals. Pushkala Vasanthi B. Dakshayini and Kathyaini represented the state for Inter-State National and Inter-State South Zone Tournaments in 1980.

### **Hockey :**

Though there was much potential in the Hockey team, every thing did not click and they failed to put up an impressive show in the inter-collegiate tournament.

We wish them good luck to claim the Inter-Collegiate trophy in the next year.

Due to ill health, the State and University player, Pushpa Thomas could not captain the team and the charge was ably taken up by Shobana Reddy.

### **Team :**

Shobana Reddy (III B. A. Eco.), Pushpa Thomas (III B. A. Hist.), Vimala Thomas (III B. A. Eco.), Shalieba Geroge (III B. A. P. R.), Roshini Shekar (III B. A. P. R.), Sujatha Mathai (III B. Sc. Maths), Diya Franco (II M. A. Lit.), Mercy (II B.Sc. / Maths) Bavani (II B.Sc. Zoo.), Yamuna (II B.A. Eco.), Nadeera (II B. A. Lit.), S. A. Meera (II B. Sc. Maths), D. Usha (II B. A. Soc.), Suseela (II B. Sc. Zoo.), Shantika (II B. A. Eco.), Meena (II B.Sc. / Maths)

### **Table Tennis :**

Stella Maris lost the inter-collegiate championship which she had retained for the last four years.

### **Team :**

Pallavi Bheda (Captain — II B. A. Lit.), Sharadha (II B. Sc. Maths) Uma Ratnam (II B. A. Eco.), Uma Maheshwari (I B. A. Eco.)

Pallavi represented Madras University and the state for the Nationals.

### **Hand Ball :**

Meenakshi Murugesh (I B. Sc. Zoo.) represented Andhra Pradesh while Sukanya (II B. A.) Vaanmathy (II B. A.), Agnes (II B. A. Eco.), Alice (II B.A. Eco) Rukmani (II B. A. Soc.), Chitra Ganapathy (I B.A. Lit.) and Aneurin (I B.A. Lit.) represented Pondichery State. Our congratulations to Meenakshi for having been selected as a probable for the Indian team.

### **Tennis :**

Our Tennis players missed the chance of getting at least the Runners-up place in the Inter-Collegiate matches, as our captain Raji Bhoopathy (III B. A. F. A.)

# *Sports Cup*



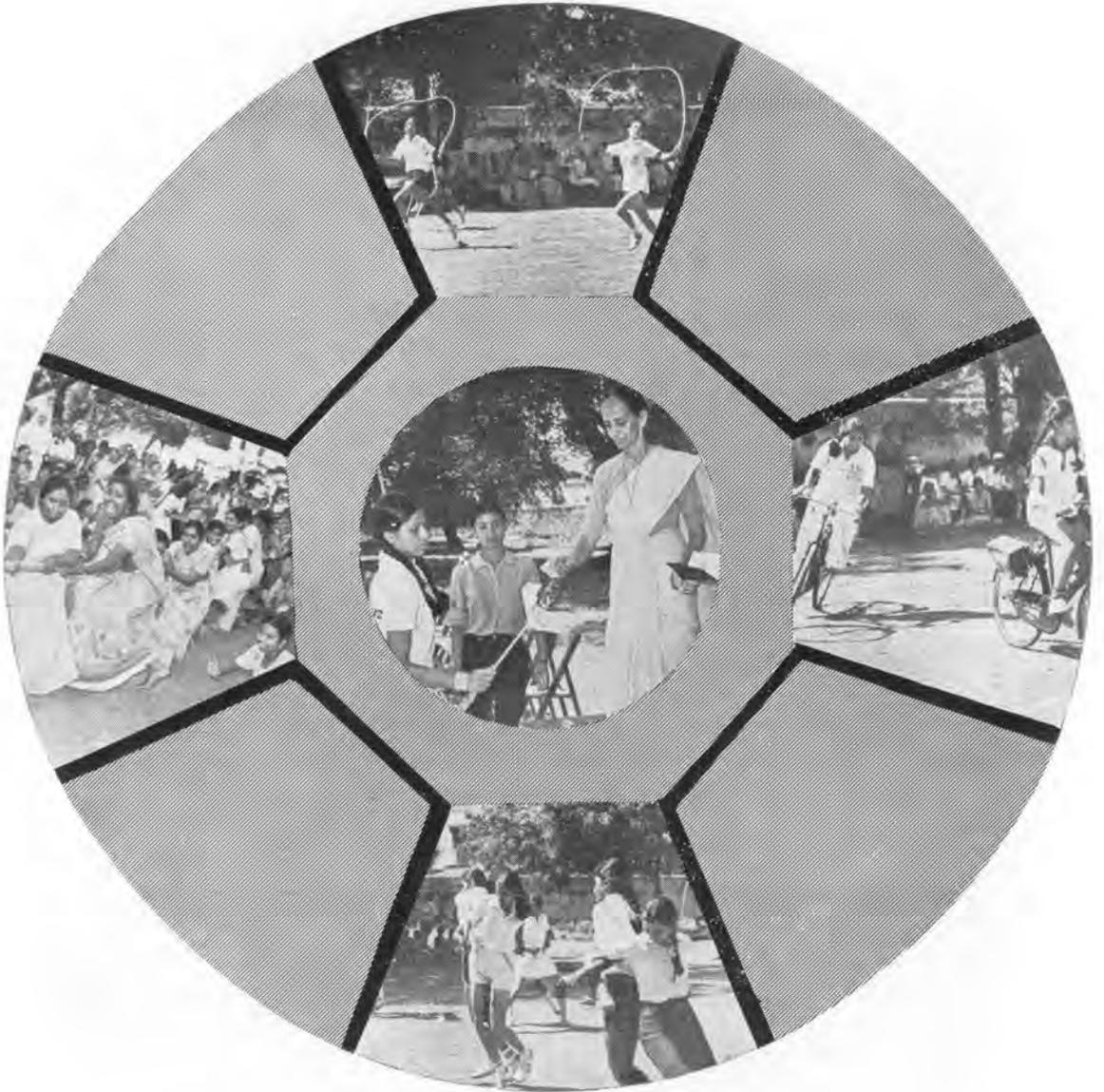
*Sports  
women  
galore!*



*Shields  
and  
smiles...*



*Coveted cup from V.C.*



*Sports Day*

sprained her ankle in the deciding match. The other members of the team were Uma Ratnam (II B. A. Eco.) and V. Ashwini (I B. A. Lit.)

### **Volley Ball :**

The team though possessing talent failed to put up an impressive show in the Inter-Collegiate matches. We hope that they will do their best in the coming years.

### **Team :**

N. Sujatha, Captain (II B. A. Lit.), Geeta George (III B. A. Lit.), Nadeera (II B. A. Lit.), R. Sarala (I B. A. Lit.), Vaanmathi (II B. A. Eco.), Agnes (II B. A. Eco.), D. S. Sharadha (I B. Sc. Zoo.), Meenakshi (I B. Sc. Zoo) Dakshayini (I B. A. F. A.), Kanchana (I B. A. F. A.), Soli (I B. A. Soc.)

### **Ball Badminton :**

We hope that by putting in some more hard work and having more of practice sessions, the team will do its best to claim the Inter-Collegiate championship in the coming year.

### **Team :**

Banumathi, Captain (II M. A. Econ.), Hemavathi (III B. A. Eco.), Hannah Parimala (I B. A. Eco.), Meena Kumari (I B. A. Hist.), Latha K. S. (I B. Sc. Phy.) Ratha (I B. A. F. A.)

### **Golf :**

Indrani K. (III B.A. Hist.), picked up golf a year ago and has established herself very fast in such a short span of time. She won the Hutton cup, L. G. U. — Pendant competition, K. K. Raman cup, T. M. cup, and the Vayulam Chari cup. Added to these, she won the ladies Northern Indian Amateur Championship-stableford at Delhi.

### **Rowing :**

The two rowers Cauvery Guruswamy (III B. A. Eco.) and Tula Goenka (III B. A. Soc.) spinned swiftly to the finish ahead of the Colombo crew in the Ladies Pair event in the Annual Madras - Colombo Regatta held at Colombo.

### **College Sports :**

The Annual Sports Day marked the finish of an exciting year. The individual championship was won by S. Yasmin and the first years claimed the group championship.

We are confident that under the guidance of Mrs. Mangaladurai we will be able to win more and more laurels year after year.

Neera Sachdev, Games Rep

& Vasudha Narayanan, Secretary : Games Club III B. A. Eco.

## **CLUB REPORTS**

### **History Club :**

It sure is not past history - the events of 1980-81. With the versatile History Club manning the cultural show, Independence day was a colourful affair. Film shows on 'Recent Archeological findings in Tamil Nadu' and 'Greek Art & Culture' undoubtedly widened our perspective of history and culture.

### **Zodiac Club :**

" You girls; Did you bring down the heavens or did we go up?" exclaimed an astonished visitor to the Zodiac exhibition. The members of the Zodiac Club literally seem to live in the clouds. Rockets and astronauts, solar eclipses and planetarium, the universe picturesquely depicted in Rangoli, enthralled visitors and Chief guest Mr. Ramdas I. A. S. Another interesting exhibit was a statistical survey on the income level of Stella Maris students.

A favourite pastime of the Zodiac Club is to put up brain teasing puzzles which attract even the " unmathematical ".

The highlight of Zodiac week " Galactica 81 " was an evening of 'Tombola's. Loyola College successfully guessed the good words.

### **Chemistry Club :**

" Posocamalina ", was the cryptic name of the Chemistry Club week - standing for the elements of the periodic table (of course!) explained club members. Mr. K. N. Raghavendra Rao delighted the audience with a talk on photography accompanied by a display of brilliant photographs. The passion for puzzle matching was unabated. Quiz, Poetry reading and Guess the good word competitions were also held.

### **Debating Club :**

The members of the Debating Club hurled words at each other and victims from other colleges in an active year. The club thought up hilarious and crowd pulling competitions — 'Soap Box', 'Burning Train', 'Tall Stories,' 'About Face'. They also had Declamation Contests and On The Spot Commentary competitions.

### **Literature Club :**

An eventful path to winning the best club award took the Literature Club through a whirl of activities.

There were quiz competitions galore put up in attractive posters on the notice boards, besides a poetry reading competition.

The book sale was lively and invigorating, and students came hurrying to get the best bargains in the auction. Most of the proceeds were given to the book bank.

“Help! Help!! prevent a gruesome murder” yelled a gay poster in appeal. A murder mystery—devised by Miss Usha Lakshman of the English department kept heads thinking.

“On the spot conversations, picture,—word, cartoon,—caption, torn words—list of competitions provoking the imagination of students is endless.

“What would be the name of the Lit. Club week but “Parnassus”—the abode of the nine muses. Starting with “Shakespeare a three dimensional perspective” and going on to crossword quiz, one act play and complete the limerick competition, the week was a great success. The students were kept interested by putting up, eye catching posters and humorous titbits on the notice board.

“What the Dickens is the Litt Club upto” chortled a familiar crow in the campus. In February the Club held a mono acting competition confined to the novels of Charles Dickens. Then came the Treasure Hunt, and a number of Jim Hawkises and Logn John Silvers hopped about the campus following “misquotatiana” traits.

The grand finale was the programme “Flash Back into Literature.” The whole department took part—a coffee house was picturised, a poem visualized, Shakespeare staged, and guess the highlight,—a scene from Alice in Wonderland put up by the staff.

#### **Tamil Club :**

The Tamil Club went through the year in a spirit of nationalistic fervour. The highlights were the music and essay competitions in commemoration of Bharatiyar festival. Two lively debates were held.

#### **Music Club :**

“Symphonia 80” — The name of the Music Club week is a telling illustration of the chords of harmony they struck during the year. Besides exploring youthful talent, the club also delighted listeners with programmes by virtuoso’s like Mr. Vishwanathan. Kamy Melvani sang her way into the hearts of the audience many a time.

#### **Nature Society :**

Dog lovers, flower enthusiasts and ecology experts — a mixed bag — that’s the Stella Nature club. Prevention of cruelty to animals, conservation and of course the beauty of nature are their concerns. With verve and energy they organized painting and elocution competitions. The flower arrangement competition was a feast to the eye. The girls took off on poetic flights of fancy on the eternal theme of nature and the winner claimed the title “Poetess of the week”.

But the piece de resistance was the parade of four legged heart throbs that constituted the Dog Show.

## UNION REPORT

1980-81: The clock starts ticking. A new academic year swings to a beginning. July 2nd college reopened into the hot sultry air of a late summer. The holiday mood is still high in the air. Crisp cotton saris and wrangler jeans are all part of the splash of colour in the campus. But every one is lazy, lethargic and sighs of "Gosh, a whole year to go" is not uncommon.

Suddenly the Union wakes up and the thunderbolt strikes. The annual inter-year event is announced! Everyone is jolted into shedding their lassitude, and before we know it, we are in the Middle of it—ELDORADO 80. The college wears a look of busy hustle when everyone frantically prepares themselves for D-day (or rather D-7 days) The campus is colour and brightness — an ELDORADO—a fantasy world peopled with a host of young artistes.

The ball starts rolling on 18th August, the first item of the week being Indian music. II years dominated the scene with their theme "festivals of India". Shraddha Prabhu (II maths) held the audience with her lilting melody. The I years flabbergasted us making a clean sweep on the second day in the Just a Minute and Dumb Charades Sandya competitions. I Socio. won with an ease that would have floored even a veteran.

The days raced forward in quick succession, each more interesting than the other. 20th August saw our young orators on stage battling in a stiff elocution competition. Once again it was Sandhya who held sway. She shared the 1st prize with Sogra (III PR.)

III years won the Antakshari competition while the team cup for skits went to the II years. It was a terrific treat to watch Saylakshmi Ganeshan and Thanam as the two old sweethearts. But it was Kamy as the dearest who ran away with the 'best actress' prize. Her cry of 'I got It' when she pulled out the (wrong) tooth and when she received the prize had the audience in stitches. The skits were particularly entertaining and the 1st years showed remarkable spirit.

The highlight of the week—the fashion parade—was as usual a scintillating and popular programme. All chairs were removed to accommodate a maximum crowd, which had begun 'Q'ing up outside O-1 from as early as 1-30 p.m. II years were adjudged best year' and Kalpana Krishnan 'best model'.

The III years lived up to their seniority by winning] both the Dance and Western Music events. Jayanthi (III F.A) danced away with the 'best danseuse' prize, while Christine (III Hist) had everyone looking anxiously at her while she sang a powerful solo. Anna Jacob (II FA) won the best solo prize for her own composition. Alice (I M. Sc. maths) kept up the PG morale by bagging the first prize for classical instrumental.

*Spectators  
during  
Take off*



*Maths  
cloaked with  
humour.*

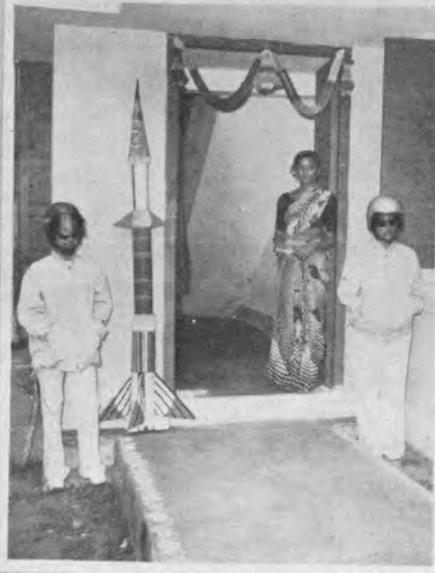


*"Everyone  
is  
enjoying  
Sr."*



So you've decided  
That the earth  
is....  
better!

Boy!  
That Trip was  
Firing!



Lodiac club  
Takes off!

Eldorado' 80 concludes. But talent has been discovered, and now the clubs take over.

The union remains busy. Selections are held for the quiz and Indian music teams. Celebration of Teacher's day is the next event on the programme. But this year Teachers' day turned out to be students day too, for due to a strike a holiday is announced. The students go home to have fun, and the teachers stay on to have fun. All the teachers were given small souvenirs and tea. There was also a special entertainment programme for them. The teachers announced 4 scholarships to be awarded to needy students.

Snap shots of the workers instead of the student volunteers were taken on worker's day. Gemini Ganesan, the veteran film, artiste donated one of his movies screened for our workers. Simon John gave a message and Veeran sang a song during the morning assembly. The workers were given a stainless steel vessel and later in the day there was tea followed by a specially entertaining magic show.

Collective participation being the motto of the union, the clubs were asked to hold atleast 2 activities a month. Meanwhile the Union members themselves were busy organising novelties of their own. The cooking, mehendi and salad dressing competitions were their brainchild and it must be mentioned that there was a surprisingly enthusiastic response.

This year the campus magazine UDAYA was taken up by the union though it was given no representation. A report follows later.

Election time. Sharadha (II Maths) and Suzanna (II Hist) were elected President and Vice President for the next year. Rani Bhavani (I M. A. Eco) is Treasurer.

April 2nd, the grand finale of union activities. Union Day was a colourful spectacle. Throwing aside worries about exams and studies the girls had a gay time singing and chatting. Sheila Murthy was adjudged the union Queen and merit certificates were given to those who had worked hard to make the year a happy and eventful one. The success of the game housie was next only to the success of the food.

The office bearers for the year 1980-81 were :

*President :* Hema Nayar (III B.A. Eco.)  
*Vice President :* Usha Kuruvilla (III B.Sc. Maths)  
*Treasurer :* Kusum G. (III B.Sc. Chem.)  
*Cultural Rep. :* Roopmathy (III B.A., P.R.)

### **The Udaya :**

The Stella Maris campus rag got organized rather late this year due to a confusion over who was to run the show. The union took charge finally and Claramma and Tula were elected editors from the few volunteers. Articles were collected in a frantic hurry and reports written (and rewritten) with speed that would be a credit to a professional. Two issues were released during the year, the anticlimactic response to the first one was made up by the enthusiasm for the second.

## பாரதி காட்டும் இயற்கை எழிலோவியம்

அமைதியாக ஓடும் ஆறு, சலசலக்கும் சிற்றேடை, அடித்துப் புரண்டு ஓடும் காட்டாறு, 'ஓ' வென்று கொட்டும் அருவி, எழும்பி அமரும் கடலை, ஒங்கி மாண்போடு நிற்கும் மலை, அமைதியும் பயங்கரமும் சேர்ந்து விளையாடும் காடு, பசுமை கொஞ்சம் புற்றரை—ஆம் இவைதான் நாம் நமது வாழ்க்கையிலே கண்ணாலே பார்த்து அனுபவித்து ஆனந்தப்படும் சில இயற்கை எழிலோவியங்கள். நாள் தவறாமல் இயந்திரம் போல் வாழ்க்கையிலே முடிவை நோக்கி (அந்த முடிவு என்ன என்பது தெரியாமலேயே) ஓடிக் கொண்டிருக்கும் நாமே இந்த இயற்கையின் எழிலோவியங்களைக் கண்டு மெய் மறக்கும் போது, மொழியின் அருள் பெற்று, கற்பனை என்னும் ஊற்றை, அகத்தே கொண்டு, காண்பதனைத்தையும் ஊடுருவிக் காணும் ஆற்றல் பெற்ற கவிஞன், இயற்கையில் எழிலைக் கண்டு மெய் மறத்தல் இயல்பு—அரிதொன்றுமில்லை ஆயின் நாம்,

“தண்டலை மயில்கள் ஆடத்  
தாமரை விளக்கம் தாங்க”

என்று இயற்கையினைப் படம் பிடித்த கம்பனையும், இயற்கையைப் பற்றிப் பாடல்கள் எழுதிக் குவித்த ஆங்கிலக் கவி 'Shelly' யையும் தான், முதலிலே “இயற்கைக் கவிஞன்” என்ற வரிசையில் நினைவு கூறுகிறோம். பாரதியைப் பலர் ஒரு தேசியக் கவியாகத்தான் அறிகிறோம். இதற்குக் காரணம் நம் அறியாமையும், அவர் கவிதைகளை ஊன்றிப் படிக்காததும்தான் என்பது அவர் வரைந்த இயற்கை எழிலோவியத்தைப் பார்க்கப் பார்க்கப் புலனாகும்.

### பாரதி ஒரு மாறுபட்ட இயற்கைக் கவி

தமிழிலேயே எத்தனையோ கவிஞர்கள் இயற்கையைப் பற்றிப் புகழ்ந்திருந்தாலும்,

“ஞாயிறு போற்றதும் ஞாயிறு போற்றதும்”

என்று இயற்கைத் துதிபாடி காப்பியம் தொடங்கும் அளவு, இயற்கையைத் தொழுத “இளங்கோ அடிகளைப்” படித்திருந்தாலும், பாரதியை ஒரு இயற்கைக் கவி” என்ற கோணத்திலிருந்து காணும்போது அவர் மாறுபட்டுத்தான் நிற்கிறார்.

### 1. கையாண்ட முறை

பாரதி இயற்கையைத் தொழுதாலும் காதலைப் புகழ்ந்தாலும், அவர் அடி மனத்தில் கனன்று கொண்டிருந்த சுதந்திர தாகம். அவரது ஒவ்வொரு பாடலிலும் தெரிந்தது. எனவே இயற்கையின் மூலம், மனிதன் நாள்தோறும் பார்க்கும் சில பொருட்களின் மூலம் அவனது உள்ளுணர்வுகளைத் தட்டி எழுப்ப எண்ணிய அவர், இப்பாடலைப் பாராள்.

“அக்கினிக் குஞ்சொன்று கண்டேன்—அதை  
அங்கோர் காட்டினில் பொந்தினில் கண்டேன்;  
வெந்து தணிந்தது காடு”

என்கிறார். “அக்கினிக் குஞ்சு” என்று ‘சுரீரென்று’ ஆரம்பிக்கிறது பாடல். சிறு நெருப்புத் துண்டமாக இருந்தாலும், காட்டையும் அழித்துத் தானும் அழிந்தது

என்பதைத்தான் சொன்னார்—கவிதையில். ஆயின் சொல்லாமற் சொன்னது—சிறு நாச சக்தியாக இருந்தாலும், சிறிய தீய எண்ணமாக இருந்தாலும், மனித மனத்தினுள் புகுந்து விட்டால், மனிதனும், குலமும் அழிந்து விடும் என்பதைப் புரியவைக்கிறார். இவ்வாறு பாமரனுக்கும் புரியும் வண்ணம், (இயற்கையின் துணைகொண்டு) பேருண்மையை உரைக்கும் போதுதான் பாரதி சற்று உயர்ந்து நிற்கிறார். எனவே அவர் இயற்கை எழில் ஓவியத்தை மட்டும் காட்டாது, கற்பனையை மேலும் வளர்த்து உட்பொருளை உணர வைக்கும் ஒரு உயர்ந்த இயற்கைக் கவி.

## 2. இயற்கை எழிலோவியத்தைப் படம் பிடித்த முறை

“அருவி சடசடவென்று கொட்டியது” என்று படிக்கும் போது நமது உள் மனத்துள் நம்மையும் அறியாமல் “சடசடவென்று சிறிது ஒலி கேட்பது நம்மால் மறுக்க முடியாத உண்மை. இதற்குக் காரணம், “சடசட” என்று அங்கே சேர்க்கப் பட்டிருக்கும் இரண்டு சொற்கள்தாம். இது போல ஒலி நயம் கூட்டி எழுதப் பட்ட கவிதைகளைப் பாரதி இன்னும் மெருகேற்றி, இயற்கையின் எழில் ஓவியங்களை அப்படியே கூறாமல், எல்லா வற்றற்குமே ஒரு நாடக உருவம் கொடுத்து அமைத்தார். உலகம் என்னும் நாடக மேடையில் மலை, காடு, ஞாயிறு, திங்கள் என்று எத்தனை பாத்திரங்கள்? எனவே பாரதி இருள் பிரிந்து ஒளி சேரும் வேளையின் அழகைக் காட்டிட எண்ணி, ஒரு நாடக மேடை அமைக்கிறார். ஒளியையும் இருளையும் காதலன் காதலி ஆக்கி, ஞாயிற்றை நோக்கிக் கேட்கிறார் :

“கட்டி அணைத்து முத்தமிட்டு கதிர்க்கரங்களால்  
மறைத்து விட்டாயோ  
அது நின் காதலியா?

என்று இருள் மறைவதற்கு இப்படி ஒரு காரணம் இருக்கக்கூடும் என்று, நம்மையும் சிந்திக்க வைக்கும் பாரதியார், நாடகம் போல் இதைக் கூறுவதன் மூலம், தாம் எண்ணியதை விரைவில் அடைகிறார். இவர் காட்டும் இயற்கை எழில் ஓவியங்கள், பேசா மடந்தைகள் அல்ல; பேசும் உயிர்ப் படங்கள்.

பாரதியின் இயற்கை எழிலோவியத்தில் ஒரு தனிப்பட்ட பண்பு உண்டென்பது அவரது இயற்கைக் கவிதைப் படிப்போர்க்குப் புலனாகும்.

“மழையும் காற்றும் பராசக்தியின் வடிவம் காண்”

என்று இயற்கையின் திருவிளையாடல்கள் அனைத்தையும் சக்தியின் ஓவியமாகத்தான் காண்கின்றார் பாரதியார். ஆயின் அவரது இயற்கைப் பாடல் ஒன்றை, உதாரணமாக

“திக்குகள் எட்டும் சிதறித் தீம்தரிகிட  
தீம்தரிகிட தீம்தரிகிட தீம்தரிகிட தீம்தரிகிட  
பக்க மலைகளென உடைந்து வெள்ளம்  
பாயுது பாயுது பாயுது”

நோக்கும் போது, பாடல்களில் அவர் இயற்கையின் சீற்றத்தை, ஆங்காரத்தை அதிகம் பாடியிருப்பது புலனாகிறது. பாரதி அன்னையின் அடிமை விலங்கை உடைத்தெறிய முடியாமல், பாரதி மக்கள் இருப்பதைப் பார்த்த அவர் உள்ளத்தில் சீற்றமும் சினமும் கொப்பளிக்கிறது. உள்ளம், பாடல் மூலம் தன் வடிகாலைத் தேடிக்கொள்கிறது. எனவே பாரதி காட்டும் இயற்கை எழிலோவியத்தில் அவர் இயற்கையின் சீற்றத்தை அதிகம் வரைந்திருப்பது புரிகிறது.

மேலும் அவர் இயற்கையின் சீற்றத்தோடு தம் கற்பனையைச் சேர்த்துச் சேர்த்து, மின்னலைக் கண்டபோது,

‘நம் உள்ளத்தில் மின்னல் தோன்ற வேண்டும்,  
வலக்கையில் மின்னல் தோன்றிட வேண்டும்’

என்றெல்லாம் எழுதும் போது, அவர் வரைந்த இயற்கை ஓவியம் எதற்காக என்பதும் புலனாகிறது. எனவே இதுபோல இயற்கையை ஓவியமாக்கி அதன் மூலமும் தேசப் பற்றை வளர்த்த ஒரே கவிஞன் பாரதிதான்.

நாம் இயற்கையைக் கண்டு மகிழ்வதற்கும், பாரதி கண்டு மகிழ்ந்ததற்கும் மற்றும் ஒரு முக்கிய வேறுபாட்டை நாம் அவர் இயற்கை ஓவியத்திலிருந்து காண்கிறோம். நாம், தீயைத் தொடும் போது ‘அது சுடும்’ என்ற அந்த எண்ணம், புற உணர்வு மட்டுமே நமக்குத் தோன்றும் போது,

‘‘தீக்குள் விரலை வைத்தால் நந்தலாலா உன்னைத்  
தீண்டுமின்பம் தோன்றுதடா நந்தலாலா’’

என்று அவர், அந்தப் புற உணர்வுகளையெல்லாம் கடந்து நின்று, உள்ளார்ந்த அனுபவத்தை ஆத்ம ஞானத்தை அடைவதை நாம் அறிந்து விசுக்கிறோம்.

**கற்பனை வளம் :** இயற்கை எழிலோவியம் நம் கண் முன் விரிகிறது. நாம் நாள் தோறும் பார்க்கும், மலையும் காடும், நீரும் நிலமும் ‘வருணனை’ என்னும் வண்ணங்கள் ஏற்றப்பட்டு, ‘கற்பனை’ என்னும் தூரிகை கொண்டு ‘பாரதி’ என்னும் தலை சிறந்த ஓவிய னால் தீட்டப்பட்டு முப்பரிமாணத்தில் முன் நிற்கிறது. ஓவியனின் கற்பனை வளத்தைப் பாராட்ட நா துடிக்க, உள்ளம் எழுச்சி கொள்ள வார்த்தை வர மறுக்கிறது.

காகம் கரைவதைக் கேட்டு ‘‘எங்கோ வாழ், எங்கோ வாழ்’’ என்கிறது என்பதைக் கண்டு பிடித்து

‘‘ஆம் நன்கு சொன்னாய் நண்பனே’’

என்று அதைப் பாராட்டிப் (வசன கவிதை) பின்பு அதன் உட்பொருளை மனந்தான் நமக்குப் பகை, அதுதான் நம்மை வேரறுக்கிறது’ என்று கூறும் கவிஞனின் கற்பனை வளத்தை ஒப்பிட்டுக் கூற என் கற்பனை வளம் வரண்டு விட்டது! மேலும் குருவி கத்துவதை நாமும் தான் ஒவ்வொரு நாளும் கேட்கின்றோம். ஆயின் அது

‘‘ விடு விடு விடு’’ என்று சொல்லுவதையோ, அதன் மூலம்

‘‘கடமையைச் செய்துவிடு; மற்றதையெல்லாம் பரம்பொருளிடம் விட்டு விடு’’

என்று கீதையின் பரம் பொருளையே விளக்குவதையோ, பாரதி என்ற அந்த ஓவியனின் கற்பனைத் தூரிகை பட்ட பின்புதான் இயற்கை எழிலோவியத்தில் காணமுடிகிறது.

**K. ஹேமா**  
முதலாண்டு முதுகலை  
கணிதம்

## யார் குற்றம்?

காலீப் பத்திரிகை வந்தவுடன் 'நான்தான் முதலில் படிப்பேன்' என்று மற்றவர்களுடன் போட்டி போட்டுக் கொண்டு படிக்க ஆரம்பித்த ஜெயாவுக்கு அந்தச் செய்தியைப் படித்தவுடன் மூச்சே நின்று விட்டது.

### “மதுரையில் கோர விபத்து”

ஓட்டுநர் சாவு

நடத்துனர் உட்பட 25 பேர் படுகாயம்.

மதுரையில் மீனாட்சியம்மன் கோவிலுக்குச் சென்று திரும்பிக் கொண்டிருந்த ஒரு சுற்றுலாப் பேருந்து வண்டியும், ஒரு தனியார் வண்டியும் மோதி அந்த இடத்திலேயே ஓட்டுநர் இறத்தார். நடத்துனர் உட்பட 25 பேர் கடுமையான விபத்துக்குள்ளாயினர். விபத்துக்குள்ளானவர்களின் விவரங்கள் பின் வருமாறு: முனுசாமி 58, மீனாட்சியம்மாள் 65, சண்முகம் 45, கற்பகம் 38,' என்று நீண்டு கொண்டிருந்த அப்பட்டியலில் 'பத்மினி 19,' என்ற பெயரைப் படித்த ஜெயாவின் மனம் திடுக்கிட்டது.

உடனே ஓடிப்போய் பெற்றோரிடம் படித்துக் காட்டிய அவள், “அம்மா, பத்மினி என் தோழி. வெக்கேஷனுக்கு ஸௌதீபுல்லா அவ அம்மா அப்பாவுடன் சுற்றிப் பார்க்கப் போரு. நானும் போறேன் அவ கூடன்னு நான் கூட அடம் பிடிச்சேனே. அவா வந்த பஸ் மதுரையில் ஆக்ஸிடென்ட் அம்மா. நாம இப்பவே அவளைப் போய் பார்க்கணம்,” என்று கூற, அதைக் கேட்டுக் கொண்டிருந்த அப்பாவும்,

“நம்ம சங்கரனுடைய பொண்ணு பத்மினியா? அப்போ நாம நிச்சயம் போய்ப் பார்த்துத் தான் ஆகணும். இப்போ போன அவங்களுக்கு ஏதாவது உதவியாகக் கூட இருக்கலாம்” என்று கூறினார்.

அன்றே ஜெயாவும், அவள் தந்தையும் மதுரையை நோக்கிப் புறப்பட்டனர். போகும் வழியெல்லாம் ஜெயாவின் மனம் பத்மினியைச் சுற்றியே எண்ணமிட்டது.

ஜெயாவுக்கு பத்மினியை நினைத்தாலே பெருமையாக இருக்கும். “பத்மினியை என் தோழியாக அடைய நான் கொடுத்து வைத்திருக்கணம்” என்று அவளே பிறரிடம் கூறிக் கொள்வாள். கல்லூரியில் ப்ரெஸிடென்ட்டாக பத்மினியைத் தேர்ந்தெடுத்த போது அவளைத் தோள் மேல் தூக்கிக் கொண்டு கல்லூரியைச் சுற்றி வட்டமிட்டவள் ஜெயா. பத்மினியைப் பற்றி நினைத்தாலே, “ஓ! பத்மினிக்குத் தெரியாததே ஒண்ணும் இருக்காதோ! எப்படி ஒரேயடியாக எல்லாத்தையும் இவளால் பண்ண முடியிறது. காலேஜ் ப்ரெஸிடென்ட் என்கிற பொறுப்பில் இருந்துண்டும் எப்படி படிப்பிலும் கவனம் செலுத்தி கல்லூரியிலேயே முதலாவதாக வரமுடிகிறது! ரியலி யூ ஆர் க்ரேட்! பத்து” என்று அவள் வியக்காத நாளே கிடையாது. ‘டிபேட்! க்விஸ்! எல்லாத்துலேயும் பங்கெடுத்துக்கொண்டு எப்படி உன்னை பரிசும் வாங்க முடியிறது! ஸ்போர்ட்ஸ்ஸு எடுத்துண்டா இந்தியாலை நீ விளையாடி வெற்றி பெருத இடமே கிடையாது. இது எல்லாத்துக்கும் மேலாக உன்னுடைய நடனம் இருக்கே அதை யாராலும் பாராட்டாம இருக்க முடியாது’ என்று எண்ணிய ஜெயா அன்றொரு நாள் மியூஸிக் அகாடமியில் அவளுடைய நடனத்தைப் பாராட்டிப் பலரும் பேசியதை நினைத்தாள்.

“பத்மினிக்கு பேர் மட்டுமில்லை. நாட்டியக் கலையிலும் பத்மினி போல் இந்தப் பெண் சுடர்விடுவா என்று எனக்குப் பரிபூரண நம்பிக்கை இருக்கு. இவளுடைய கண்கள், கைகளின் அசைவு, ‘நாட்டியக்கலையை நீயும் கத்துக்கோயேன்’ என்று நம்மையொல்லாம் அழைக்கிறது. எல்லாத்துக்கும் மேலாக தாளத்துக்கேற்ப இவளுடைய பாதங்கள் மட்டுமல்ல, ஒவ்வொரு விரலும் நடனமிடுகிறது. இவள் நாட்டியக் கலைக்கே இராணியா வந்தாலும் நாம் எல்லாம் ஆச்சரியப்படறதுக்கில்லை,” என்று பிரபலமான தலைவர் பேச, பலத்த கரகோஷத்துக்கிடையில் முகத்தில் நாணத்துடன் வணங்கி விடைபெற்ற பத்மினி இன்னும் அவள் கண்களை விட்டு அகலவில்லை.

“ஓ! பத்மினி, நீ அங்கே எப்படியெல்லாம் தவிக்கறயோ,” என்று அவள் மனம் கவலை கொண்டது.

விபத்து நடந்த இடத்துக்குச் சென்றபோது அவர்களை ஆஸ்பத்திரியில் சேர்த்து இருப்பது பற்றிக்கூற அங்கே விரைந்து சென்றனர். அங்கே, பத்மினியின் பெற்றோர் சிறு காயங்களுடன் பிழைத்திருந்ததால் முதலில் அவர்களைச் சென்று பார்த்தனர். “மாமி, பத்மினி எப்படியிருக்கா?” என்று ஜெயா கேட்பதற்குள் பத்மினியின் அம்மா விக்கி விக்கி அழ ஆரம்பித்து விட்டாள்.

“எங்களுக்கு எல்லாம் சாதாரண அடிதான். ஆனா, பத்மினிக்குத்தான் நிலைமை ரொம்ப மோசமாயிருக்கு. ரெண்டு பஸ்ஸும் மோதினதுல, பஸ் ஸீட் எல்லாம் நிலை மாறி பத்மினியுடைய கால் முன்னிலிருந்த ஸீட்டுக்கு அடியில் போயிடுத்து. விபத்துக் குள்ளானவர்களையெல்லாம் அப்புறப்படுத்த வந்தவங்க, கொஞ்சம் யோசிச்சு, ஸீட்டை எடுத்துட்டு, அவளை இழுக்கிறதுக்குப் பதிலா, அவளை அப்படியே பிடிச்சு இழுத்திருக்காங்க. அது என்னன்னா, கால்சதையெல்லாம் பிய்ந்து ரொம்ப க்ரிடிகல் பொஸிஷன்ல இருக்கு. இன்னும் மயக்கம் தெளிஞ்சு எங்களைக் கண்ணைத் தொறந்து பார்க்கவேயில்லை,” என்று கூறிய பத்மினியின் தந்தைக்குத் துக்கம் பொங்கி வந்தது.

“பத்மினி, உனக்கா இப்படி ஆகணும். நீ, அந்த நிலையில எப்படியெல்லாம் துடிச்சயோ” என்று எண்ணிய ஜெயாவின் மனம் வேதனையால் துடித்தது.

மூன்று நாட்கள் அங்கே தங்கி, அவர்களுக்கு வேண்டிய உதவியெல்லாம் செய்த பின்பு, டாக்டர், “இன்னும் மயக்கமே தெளியாததால் ஒரு பத்து நாட்கள் இருந்து டீட்டென்ட் குடுத்தபின்புதான் அனுப்பு முடியும். இப்போதே அனுப்ப முடியாது,” என்று கூற, ‘மெட்ராஸில் வேறு டாக்டரிடம் காட்டலாமே’ என்ற யோசனையைக் கை விட்டு சென்னை வந்தனர் ஜெயாவும், தந்தையும்.

பத்து நாட்கள் கழித்து, ஒருநாள் பத்மினியின் தந்தையிடமிருந்து “பத்மினியோட நிலைமை இன்னும் ஸீரியஸ் ஆகியிருப்பதால் அவளை மெட்ராஸுக்குக் கூட்டிண்டு வந்துட்டோம். இங்கே விஜயா ஹாஸ்பிடலில் சேர்த்திருக்கோம்,” என்று ஃபோன் வந்தவுடன் அவர்கள் திடுக்கிட்டனர்.

“மதுரையில் டீட்டென்ட் ஒன்றும் சரியாக இல்லை. அவர்கள் அதே நிலைமையில் வைத்துக் கொண்டிருந்ததால் செப்டிக் ஆகிவிட்டது. அதனால் உயிருக்கே ஆபத்து என்ற தால் இங்கே கூட்டிண்டு வந்தோம்,” என்ற பத்மினியின் தந்தை, கேவலுக்கிடையில்.

“பத்மினி எங்களுக்கு ஒரே பொண்ணு ஸார். அவளுக்கு இந்த நிலைமை என்றால், எங்களால் நினைச்சுப் பார்க்கக் கூட முடியல்லை. அவளுக்கு ஏதாவது ஒண்ணு ஆயிடுத்துன்னா வீ வோன்ட் ஸர்வைவ்.” என்று விம்மி விம்மி அழுதார்.

“ஐயோ பத்மினி. எனக்கே இவ்வளவு கஷ்டமாயிருக்குன்னு, உன் பெற்றோர்கள் எப்படி இதைத் தாங்கிப்பா. மதுரையில், அந்த டாக்டர்கள் அவர்களால் ஒன்றும் செய்ய முடியாது என்றால் முதலிலேயே சொல்லியிருக்கலாமே. சென்னையிலாவது வந்து நல்ல டீர்மென்ட் எடுத்துண்டிருக்கலாம். இப்படி கடைசி நிமிஷத்துல ஏன் கையை விரிக்கணம்” என்று கலங்கினாள் ஜெயா.

விஜயா ஹாஸ்பிடலில் டாக்டர்கள், “முதலிலேயே கொண்டு வந்திருந்தால் அவளுக்கு ஒரு குறையுமே இல்லாமல் நாங்கள் காப்பாற்றியிருக்கலாம். இப்போது, ஆம்ப்யுடேஷன் (amputation) தவிர வேறு ஒரு வழியும் இல்லை. அவளுடைய கால்களை எடுத்து விட வேண்டியதுதான்,” என்று கூறியதைக் கேட்டதும் பத்மினியின் பெற்றோர்களின் அலறல், அந்த ஹாஸ்பிடல் முழுவதும் எதிரொலித்தது.

ஆபரேஷன் செய்வதற்கு முன் டாக்டர் அறிவித்த செய்தி கேட்ட மத்மினி, “யு பெட்டர் கில் மீ, டாக்டர். ப்ளீஸ் கில் மி ஸம் பாய்ஸன் இஃப் யு வான்ட் டு டு ஸம்திங் குட்டு டு மீ. ப்ளீஸ் கில் மீ டாக்டர்.” “You better kill me, Doctor. Please get me some poison if you want to do something good to me. Please kill me, Doctor,” என்று அலறினாள்.

அவள், பெற்றோரிடம், “வை டிட் யூ ப்ரிங் மீ ஃப்ரம் மதுரை? (‘why did you bring me from Madurai?) இல்லாட்டி, நான் இந்தக் கஷ்டம் ஒண்ணுமே அனுபவிக்காம செத்திருப்பேனே. ரெண்டு காலும் இல்லாம நான் எப்படி டான்ஸ் ஆடுவேன்” நான் எப்படி ஸ்போர்ட்ஸ் பார்ட்டிஸிபேட் பண்ணுவேன். என் வாழ்க்கையே ஸ்பாயில் ஆயிடுத்து. ஒ, மை ஃப்யூச்சர் இஸ் க்ரூமி அன்ட் டார்க் ப்ளீஸ், பெட்டர் கில் மீ.” (“Oh! my future is gloomy and dark; please, better kill me.”) என்று கதறினாள்.

அன்று இரவு டிவீயில் “இது ஊனமுற்றோர் நல ஆண்டு. அதனால் நாம் பல வகைகளிலும் அவர்களுக்கு உதவ வேண்டும். அவர்களுக்காகப் பல வகைகளிலும் அரசு உதவி புரிந்து வருகிறது. நாம் ஒவ்வொருவரும், “நாம் ஊனமுற்றவர்கள்” என்ற எண்ணம், ஒரு காம்ப்ளெக்ஸ் அவர்களுக்குத் தோன்றாமல், அவர்கள் முன்னேறப் பாடுபட வேண்டும்,” என்று இரண்டு பேர் உரையாடிக் கொண்டிருந்தனர்.

ஜெயாவின் மனம், பிறருடைய கவனக்குறைவால் ஏற்படும் தவறுகளின் விளைவுகளை எண்ணியது. முன்பு இப்படித்தான், வாணியம்பாடியில் நடந்த இரயில் விபத்தில் பயணிகளையெல்லாம் அப்புறப் படுத்த வந்தவர்கள் சன்னல் கதவுகளை உடைத்து உயிரோடிருந்த கணவன், மனைவியரையும் கொன்று விட்டார்கள். ஹைதராபாத்தில், ஒரு டாக்டர் நோயாளியின் பழுதுபட்ட கண்ணை ஆபரேஷன் செய்வதற்குப் பதிலாக, மற்றொரு கண்ணை ஆப்ரேஷன் செய்ய இரண்டு கண்ணுமே போய் ஊனமுற்றோர் அந்தப் பெண். அது போன்று, தற்போது, பத்மினியின் கேஸில், இது விபத்துக்குள்ளானவர்களை அப்புறப்படுத்தியவர்களின் கவனக்குறைவால் ஏற்பட்ட குற்றமா? அல்லது ஒரு குறையுமில்லாமல் உயிர்வாழ வைத்திருக்கக்கூடிய பத்மினியைச் செப்டிக் கேஸாக மாற்றி, அவளுடைய உயிருக்கே ஆபத்து என்கிற நிலைமையை ஏற்படுத்தி, இரண்டு கால்களையும் வெட்டி வைத்தார்களே, அந்த டாக்டர்களின் அஜாக்கிரதையால் ஏற்பட்ட குற்றமா?

“எது யார் குற்றமாக இருந்தாலும், இந்த ஊனமுற்றோர் நல ஆண்டுல, அவர்களுக்கு உதவி செய்வதை விட்டு விட்டு, இப்படி கவனக்குறைவாலும் அஜாக்கிரதையாலும். நல்லா இருக்கறவங்களையும் ஊனமாக்குவது தான் நடைமுறையில் அதிகமாக இருக்கிறதோ,” என்று ஜெயாவின் மனம் எண்ணமிட்டது.

V. N. உமா  
II M.A. (Eco).

## THE WHISTLE

I let my hands droop over the steering wheel to get a moment of respite. My fingers lingered over the cold metal. My face, burning from the red heat emanating from the radiator, moved down of its own accord to join my hands.

Whee ..... Whee .....

The sound shrieked through my consciousness. For a second I remained immobile ..... then my whistle conditioned body took over. I prodded the huge automobile forward in slow jerks corresponding to the resentment welling up inside me. Responding for eight hours every day to that long drawn out hoot of triumph. Yes that's what it was ..... an unholy symbol of glee, with its power to curb my instincts. The fierce resurgent energy had to be clamped down ruthlessly till I was back in a state of dormancy.

Where was my soul?

The conductor Ramu and I had been together on this line for quite some time. I didn't have much of a personal grudge against him, except that he was the blower of the whistle — he was the perpetrator of the heinous crime of commanding me to move on double quick when I wanted to dawdle in a particularly favourite patch of the city; or bringing me to an unceremonious stop when all I wanted was to race ahead heedlessly. Sometimes I took petty revenge on him by pressing my foot on the brakes to avoid an imaginary obstruction. Ramu would blow imperiously again and again, telling me to get on with the job. But, for most of the time it was..... Single blast to STOP double blast to MOVE ON.

I had never done anything exciting in my unchequered career as a bus driver. Never mowed down an unsuspecting pedestrian, or even got into a scuffle with recalcitrant college boys. My state of recumbent paralysis was largely undisturbed.

I envied Ramu his job. I wanted to come into contact with live flesh as he did, not operate an inanimate machine. Yet I did not despise my engine. I had absorbed into myself its bulky, ponderous nature till we were welded together into an entity. It was only that whistle that I hated.

Whee ..... Whee .....

There came that obnoxious sound again. No ..... something was wrong. An irate policeman was signalling angrily to me with his weapon of authority. What did it matter! One whistle was the same as another. I even heard it in my sleep sometimes.

Single blast to STOP double blast to MOVE ON.

There goes that fellow Balu again. Never paying attention ..... while I blow my lungs out. Thinks he's above the rest of us, just because he's passed his Inter. A huge chip on his shoulder (You see I know some big words too like Balu.) What's his problem? A nice cushy job. Not like mine having to jostle my way through a milling crowd. "Conductor my change" yells a raucous voice in my ear, I turn around angrily, prepared to hurl a stream of abuse. I change my mind when I see the owner of the voice. I slip her the change. I touch the brown hand and the warmth of her being irradiates me. Why not? All my colleagues do it.

I dangle my whistle from my hand. Balu hates it. It gives me a strange sense of pleasure to blow it when he doesn't want me to and vice versa. It frustrates him.

I see a middle aged woman panting towards the bus, trying hard to reach it before it sets off.

Whee ..... Whee .....

Some devil prompts me to give the signal to move just as she reaches the steps. I stand back and dispassionately watch her impotent fury. She won't get another bus for at least twenty minutes.

Why do I do it, you ask me. You see, my whistle is the only badge of power I have ever possessed. A small piece of metal, seemingly unimportant. Yet I make other people (hundreds of them) move to the tune my whistle sings. With it I am God in the bus. Without it, I am nothing. I told Balu this one day, much to his chagrin (the part about God of course). And you know what he said? "You fool ..... the whistle dominates you as much as you dominate us. You can never escape from its clutches". Sheer jealousy I tell you.

Single blast to STOP double blast to MOVE ON.

AMBUJAM RANGANATHAN  
I M.A. Lit.

## **SESSIONS FOR STAFF – MOTIVATION**

The main objectives of the 10 day programme conducted by Fr. Wirth S. J. from June 23rd - 30th 1981 was to give the staff members the much needed motivation to face the challenges of educating the young students and for achieving the goals and objectives of the college. These sessions were also meant to provide useful and effective techniques to those handling Ethics and Guidance and to orientate them in the priorities in educational endeavour.

There were also special group sessions designed for the heads of the department, the junior staff, the staff involved in various co-curricular activities for students besides the general sessions.

### **The Programme :**

The need for a goal and goal clarification was emphasised in the first session. Several techniques were used to help staff discover their priorities and the necessity for change eg. Kinposium, group discussion and priority ranking. The importance of value education and leadership training was stressed and staff realising its importance committed themselves to join the VELTI — (Value Education and Leadership Training Institute).

An examination of the goals of the institution and its implementation helped the participants to realise the theoretical and practical inconsistencies in policy. A need was felt to strengthen the admission policy by reinforcing remedial teaching right from the first month of College. Steps in this direction would help and Staff agreed to co-operate. However, Staff admitted that several measures require change in attitude both of Staff and students to be successfully implemented.

The aims and objectives outlined in the College Handbook were analysed and ranking of priorities indicated that national spirit ranked very low in the scale. Academic excellence was redefined as the integrated development of the total personality of the student.

The College objectives were then viewed in perspective of the total FMM vision as outlined in the Province Objectives to see how these could be more effectively concretised. Certain questions helped the group reflect on how far our students are capable of taking our FMM vision. The need to enlighten them and make them aware of their involvement in this total process was felt.

Finally, the map of the College was drawn up including all the activities in the campus to enable us to reflect on each activity and analyse it in the light of our objectives and priorities.

All the heads of departments participated in this session and found it extremely enlightening.

3. Through exercises and games the participants learnt new techniques which could be effectively used in teaching Ethics eg. trust walk, post-card game, etc.

Classification of goals was found necessary for proper guidance of students; staff asked themselves "What sort of students do we want to turn out of our institutions?" Admission policy was a vital question and the inconsistencies and challenges of giving priority to the weaker sections was discussed.

Staff were led to assess themselves in the process of defining the ideal Stella Maris Student. The value of the session was expressed in the concrete decisions taken.

- a. many more staff opted to take Ethics classes.
- b. to acquire better methods of teaching of Ethics.
- c. smaller groups for Ethics would be tried out.

4. The General Session on the 30th June brought the week to a climax where staff discussed in small groups the necessity for change in themselves and the efforts that could be taken to contribute and to improve value education in the College. Several concrete resolutions were taken.

Subsequently Fr. Wirth conducted a Leadership Training Programme from 10th—12th July to train potential leaders for service. Thirtyone students and four staff participated. Through techniques like Kineposium, priority ranking and group dynamics, the students' opinion and attitude to society and the nation was assessed. Reflection and prayer helped them become more committed to their education and dedicate themselves for service. On the final day 22 students committed themselves to the LTS.

Father Wirth's session with the staff of Stella Maris College was 'the best' that I had attended. It is no exaggeration when I say that Father Wirth has an insight into the thinking of the individual. The subtle way he put his ideas, helped each one of us to understand what is lacking in us and to change towards the better. Whether a group or an individual, he was able to instil confidence in each one of us. Staff handling Ethics found the experience worthwhile and his session with the Heads of Departments helped us to have a clear

perspective of our role, in creating harmony in the department. Though some of his ideas were already known to us, the way he presented them helped us to form a better understanding of them, and steer towards the success of our goal, which is very essential for the growth of the institution.

CHANDRA PARTHASARATHY  
Professor of Tamil  
Stella Maris College.

## **FATHER WIRTH'S SESSION FOR ETHICS/GUIDANCE TEACHER AND DEANS.**

**JUNE 1981. STELLA MARIS COLLEGE**

“Called to love”—When Fr. Wirth read out these words of Mary of the Passion, the Foundress of FMM Congregation—it was like a call to us too. We were deeply touched by the words and vistas of what was possible for us to do opened in front of us. Instant resolutions were made while we were swept along by inspiration. But then, alas! problems began to surface. We had made other commitments. Our time was not entirely our own. The conflict between what we wished to do and what we felt we could do resulted in terrible despondency and a sense of inadequacy and guilt. Did we have a right to be in Stella Maris at all?

Father perceived that the guilt could damage us without in anyway taking us nearer the goal and so he made the tremendous sacrifice of offering a lesser goal to lesser mortals. “They also serve who only teach”. But they must teach really well and aim at the highest academic excellence, which in any case is not possible without moral development.

The offering of the consolation was a balm with a pin prick. He has planted a seed of disquiet within us and we can no longer be satisfied with academic excellence. Now we will create the extra time and generate the extra energy to reach out with love.

PADMA SESHADRI

## WHAT'S IN A NAME

Do we ever stop to think about our names or the qualities and associations they may imply? Very few do. As far as I am concerned, names have always fascinated me, despite my knowing very well that "a rose by any other name would not smell less sweet." The names of some people strike me as highly fanciful and very humorous. Here are some of the well known poets, authors, and dramatists whom I now study in a more humorous, than literary light.

To begin with, we have the most popular dramatist of the Elizabethan age—"SHAKESPEARE" the most nervous man (I see him quiver at the very mention of his name, so let us leave him alone). JONATHAN "SWIFT", the quickest author, who seems rather impatient as I call on him—seems he's got other plans on his mind; and so on to TOLS"TOY", the most childish who's in the company of MIL "TON", the heaviest poet. Guess what they are playing with? You've got it—dumb bells?

The most holy author is, none other than Alexander "POPE", and the tallest is 'LONG' FELLOW. You can see them both sitting side by side at Longman's — they're scanning the Bible. The most fashionable author is JAMES "JEANS", and the most colourful poets and authors are ROBERT "BROWN"ing and GRAHAM "GREEN"E, but perhaps if given the choice, we'd rather keep the company of the world's richest novelists—GOLDING and "GOLD"SMITH". Bjorn Borg stands no chance when his rival is the most sporting poet "TENNYS"ON (No tantrums please) and the most precious novelist "PEARL" BUCK, who can perhaps show you the easiest route to a quick buck, which you badly need, while the most talkative poet is CHATTER"TON" a contrast to the sober THOMAS "GRAY".

"SMILES" fills the world with cheer and WILLIAM "DRUM" MOND brings music into an otherwise dreary life. ROBERT "BURNS", sets you on fire and as for VIRGINIA "WOOLFE", well all I can say is "Beware her fangs". The author noted for his obedience is SAMUEL "BUTLER" (very reminiscent of "Jeeves") and the watery poet is RUPERT "BROOKE" (whose existence in the arid regions of Rajasthan would certainly mean business). The most truthful poet is "WORDSWORTH", the most romantic is "LOVE" LACE and the poets who are always at sea are GEORGE "CRABBE" and "SHELL" EY. Lucky guy's! The poet associated with architecture is ROBERT; "BRIDGES", and LEWIS. "CAROLL", novelist, is reminiscent of the melodious harmony of the Christmas season, which THOMAS CAMP "BELL" ushers in with a merry ringing of bells, on a morning well defined in ROBERT "FROST'S" name, a cold poet, who loves this white season.

The most healthy novelist is "HARDY" and the most thirsty poets are "DRY" DEN and JOHN "DRINKWATER" (please don't invite them to drought stricken Madras!) GEORGE "MOORE" perhaps an economist once and a staunch supporter of the

theory of "unlimited wants", is never satisfied. He's like Oliver Twist always clamouring for more. The essayist reminiscent of a favourite dish is FRANCIS "BACON". WALTER DE LA "MARE" and CHARLES "LAMB" bring to mind a picture of a thriving farm, (Incidentally wouldn't "Lamb" and 'Bacon' do for today's supper dears?) and the most entertaining poet, who brings the spice of fun and laughter into this sordid life is ANDREW "MARVEL" L, the magician, possessing several mysterious powers with which he baffles his gaping audience, only causing them to gape more. The prose writer forever in debt is GEORGE "BORROW" and the author who brings history alive, with Porus in the forefront, is none other than "ALEXANDER" DUMAS, the "invincible" conqueror.

In this neutron-ridden world it would be an unforgiveable lapse on my part if I should fail to mention WILLIAM "MAKEPEACE" THACKERAY, the symbol of peace and love. It's no exaggeration—believe me when I say, he was the fore-runner of the UNO, which is the watchdog of peace, and trouble-shooter of today! And so ends our Tale, an 'end' we must all inevitably face sometime—a thought which ROBERT "GRAVES" does not allow us to forget so easily.

GERALDINE RODRIGUES  
III Year Literature

## NCC REPORT

The N.C.C. was revived in Stella Maris College after several years in 1980. Selections of the cadets were made at the beginning of the academic year 1980-81. 50 cadets were selected (7 Air wing and 43 Army)—after a thorough and well made selection by the Commanding Officer of the Unit.

The Unit of the N.C.C. is 1 (TN) Girls Bn N.C.C. at Khusaldass Gardens, Kilpauk. The Commanding Officer is Major (Mrs.) Bhagawandass and the Administrative Officer is Captain Marwaha. The College Officer is Miss Gita Samuel.

Uniforms and other articles of importance were issued to the Cadets after a few weeks. Parade Classes were held on Mondays and Fridays for 2 hrs. in the evenings after college. For one hour there was drill practice after which a short break followed by one hour of theory class. Tea was served to the cadets after classes.

Classes for the following subjects were held for the cadets on Signals, Home-Nursing and First-Aid, Weapon Training (Rifle) and Map reading. Practical demonstrations were also held and the cadets were allowed to handle equipment such as Compasses, Rifles and the 10 line Telephone Exchange.

Training in horse riding was given to cadets, Sumathi Natarajan and Odetta Mendoza.

Some of the cadets took part in a Guard of Honour given at the Madras University Auditorium in connection with the convocation function. A Guard of Honour was also given by the cadets for the College Day function.

Selections for the Republic Day competitions were made first in the college by the officer and later by the Officer Commanding at the unit, in topics like Quiz, Declamation and also in Cross Country running. An overall assessment of the cadets' regular attendance and turn out was also taken into consideration. Air wing cadet Rajeshwari Kumar was selected as best Cadet for the 1981-82 and Elizabeth Thomas for parajumping, Sumathi Natarajan for Signals, Cadet Odetta Mendoza for Home Nursing and First-Aid Army cadets. Cadet Elizabeth Mani was selected to attend a Military Hospital Attachment Camp.

Deserving cadets were promoted to the rank of Corporal and Lance Corporal. Promotions are given on the basis of attendance and turn out etc.

At the end of the year an examination (Gr I) was held at the Quaidet—Millet College to test the knowledge of the cadets on the subjects taught to them, in which every one came out with flying colours.

Our sincere thanks goes to the Principal of our college Sr. Helen Vincent and our Officer Miss Gita Samuel for the work and encouragement given to make N.C.C. a success in Stella Maris College.

## The Quest Through Literature

“The truest end of life is to know that the quest never ends.” Man has and will always be, a seeker after the unknown.

Picture the first man, at the dawn of civilisation, peering into the misty prospects ahead, listening to the lap of waters in some primeval swamp, and then as the warm red glow of the sun, lights up the distant horizon, man sees his inheritance—this Earth—his questing ground—and so the quest begins.

“He is of the earth but his thoughts are with the stars. Mean and petty his wants and desires; yet they serve a soul, exacted with grand glorious aims—with immortal longings—with thoughts which sweep the heavens and wander through eternity—a pigmy standing on the outward crest of this small planet, his far reaching spirit stretches outward towards the infinite”.

So sailing through the past, carried along by the current, through channels of literary history; see! how one by one they appear, from those vast infinitudes of time.

They were men who realized that life is a quarry and one has to probe deep, in quest of the ultimate.

As in everything, here too we begin with small steps, as Sidney says, "Without mounting by degrees a man cannot attain high things." But for the most part, man only spends his life, in useless reasonings on the past, complaining of the present and trembling for the future.

Perfection, they say, is immutable, but even for things imperfect, to change, is the way to perfect them. But man's quest need not ambitiously cover a vast desert, or an immense ocean, for man must remember that it is every little footstep that he imprints, on the narrow track of time, that counts most.

" Though the road be long and hid from sight, it is always there, waiting to be trod on ", and that " life is real life is earnest, and the grave is not our goal " is what Tennyson expresses in his " Ulysses " — " I cannot rest from travel: I will drink life to the lees ".

Life to Ulysses is an unending quest, an unending search for newer experiences — " all experience is an arch where thro' / Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades, Forever and forever, when I move. " And this is what makes life rich and meaningful — " To follow knowledge, beyond the utmost bound of human thought ".

And through those poignant lines of " Rugby Chapel ", Arnold describes the quest of mankind :—

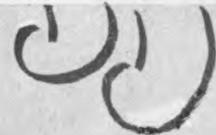
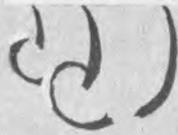
" See! In the rocks of the world,  
Marches the host of mankind,  
a feeble wavering line "

The way is long and wearisome :-

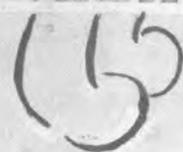
" A long steep journey; through sunk  
Gorges, O'er mountains in snow,  
Thunder crashes from rock to rock...  
Roaring torrents have breached the track...  
In the place where the way-farer, once,  
Planted his foot step...  
Havoc is made in our train. "

*Literature Club  
Book Sale*





*Dog Show*



But inspite of all this, Arnold is still firm in his faith, still optimistic, and he makes one last plea to the spirit of his dead father to guide, the "fainting dispirited race" :-

"Beacon of hope.....  
at your voice,  
Panic, despair, flee away,  
Ye, move through the ranks, recall  
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,  
On to the City of God."

Coming down to the present, through the chronicles of literature the twentieth century is an era of nihilism, of disillusionment, of world wars, which have shattered man's frail morale.

The writers of this age too, have gone through these experiences, of scepticism and bitterness, and yet the best of them Yeats and Eliot, for instance, have lived to triumph over this, and ultimately to affirm their spiritual faith.

These seers did not achieve this by passively accepting their lot. They made a conscious effort, a deliberate search for the divine pattern. Eliot's "Wasteland" is a quest in this sense but there is a fuller realization, in his, "Journey of the Magi", in their spiritual quest :—

" For a journey, and such a long journey.  
The ways deep and the weather sharp,  
The very dead of winter."

Of course they had their regrets, with voices whispering in their ears that this quest was all folly yet in the end they affirm - " and I would do it again ".

The quest is something intrinsic to every man's life and one knows and feels instinctively that the quest will go on and on, as caught in those memorable lines of Frost :—

" The Woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
and miles to go before I sleep "

The way of the quest is fraught with obstacles, it needs courage to go on, as Kipling tells us in his poem, " If " :—

" If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them, "Hold on!"

But most of all, the pursuit of the quest, requires that singular quality of humility, where, you :—

“ Watch the things you gave your life to broken,  
and stop and build them up with worn-out tools.”

But “To strive, to seek to find, and not to yield”, should be the motto by which every man lives, for as Tennyson says—

‘Tis not too late to seek, a newer world,  
To sail beyond the sunset”.

MADHUMITA GUPTA & SHARON D' MONTE  
I.M.A. Litt.

## MON RÊVE

Cet après-midi, il faisait exceptionnellement chaud. Un vent lourd et terrible envahissait la chambre comme les fumées qui sortent de la bouche d' un dragon. Assise devant la jolie, charmante peinture, je suis tombée dans un profond sommeil.

.....J'étais entourée de vieux arbres gigantesques. Leurs feuilles me faisaient une voûte, verte-foncée, Dans un coin du bois, la lune dardait ses rayons qui faisaient miroiter le lac. Tout-à-coup, voilà, je suis descendue sur le royaume des fées.

Une petite chaumière faite avec les fleurs du 'Paradis' m' a confrontée la porte ouverte. Mais je n' avais pas le temps de scruter cette chaumière car j'étais éperdue de quelqu' un qui prenait son poste dans le porche. Jamais je n'avais vu quelqu'un si étonnant, quelqu' un, si mystérieux. C'était une vieille femme toute ratatinée qui travaillait activement avec son rouet. Son visage rayonnait de bonheur! Elle avait de longs cheveux blancs qui tombaient jusqu' à la terre, des cheveux qui la couvraient comme un drap d' argent. Son nez était celui d' un aigle, long et, recourbé, sa bouche en comparaison était petite et .....lumineuse comme un bouton de rose. Elle portait une robe ample qui coulait jusqu' à ses pieds brodée avec des étoiles en or, en argent, en bleu. Peut-être, c'était le ciel de la nuit même qui la servait comme une robe. Je ne suis pas sûr! Sur ses genoux, dormant tranquillement, était un gros chat, tout noir et c'était à lui que sa maîtresse chantait dans une voix perçante, émaillée ça et là avec un gloussement rauque.

Mais c' était surtout les yeux qui m' intriguaient le plus. D' une couleur qui n' était ni noire cōme la nuit ni bleue comme le lac, ils brillaient comme des morceaux de charbon.

Un profond silence enveloppait l'endroit. Elle caressait la petite tête de son chat. Seulement les oiseaux gazouillaient dans les arbres. BOOM!.....J' ai sauté de mon lit toute éveillée.

La peinture en face, était tombée. Sur le plancher. En me baissant je l' ai ramassée.

Et voilà encore.....voilà quej' ai vu le royaume des fées, la petite chaumière, les grands arbres,.....je les ai encore vus...mais pas avec l'intensité que je les ai vus quelques instants auparavant.....dans mon rêve.....dans mon rêve d'une fée âgée!

AROONA REDDY  
III B.A. Litt.

## SHORT STORY

Indu stared through the iron bars of the class-room window, her eye-lids battling desperately to hold the tears which came everytime she thought of Whiskey. She blinked rapidly hoping the tears would dry faster that way, she would **never** cry in the class in front of the teacher and her classmates—they would ask her why she should cry and then, she would cry...like the time Mother, had beaten her for not drinking her milk before going to school, she hadn't cried then, but when her friend Veena had asked her why she looked sad, she had burst out sobbing right in the middle of the English Class, and Teacher had sent her out to wash her face .....**how** she had **hated** coming back to class, her body still shaking with dry gasps, her nose running, her uniform wet with tears and water.

She bit her lips to stop its trembling. The struggle required all her attention, and, for sometime she even forgot why she was feeling unhappy. But, no sooner had the tears dried on her eyes, leaving a constricting pain in her throat, which she tried desperately to swallow, than her thoughts went back to Whiskey again. Tomorrow was Saturday, and tomorrow morning, Father would take Whiskey to the Animal Hospital and leave her there to be killed. Indu's little body shuddered. She wanted to scream out loud, and cry, she wanted to go home and hug Whiskey...she wanted to do **something** to save her beloved Whiskey ..it did not matter to her that Whiskey's body was filled with festering sores...what had once been a beautiful white dog was now a mass of blood-clotted fur, open raw sores oozing blood and pus and love...Although Whiskey smelt like a dirty Corporation Dispensary, Indu loved her; **why** couldn't father and mother also love

Whiskey? Father screamed at the dog every time it ran to him when he returned from the office, its tail wagging in happiness, unable to understand that now it could not express its love for its master because it smelt and looked repulsive, and still, Whiskey moaned every morning when father's car left the house.

And how sad Whiskey had looked last evening when father had chased her away from the house, screaming abuses at her because, she had come running to welcome next door uncle and Whiskey had run away and come back after sometime. Indu had waited surreptitiously in the verandah and had seen her lying under the mango tree at the end of the compound...and how sad she had looked.

And Indu had hated her father then. During dinner, father had said, "That dog is becoming a nuisance. The whole house stinks, I feel ashamed when bringing anybody to this house...On Saturday, I'm leaving it in the Animal Hospital."

Indu had asked timidly, "what will they do to her, father?"

"What will they do with it, child? They'll kill it, who wants a sore-ridden dog?"

After a few moments of silence, Indu had ventured again, her desire to know what would happen to Whiskey overcoming her fear—"How will they kill her, Father?"

"Child, have your spinach instead of asking questions," he said sternly, "why do you want to know all these things...nowadays, children don't know when they should ask and what they should ask?"

Indu had to shut up. She had pushed her food about until, exasperated, her father had ordered her to clear up her plate, which she had done, gobbling down the food in painful gulps.

This morning, she had asked next-door-Uncle how they would kill Whiskey. He had laughed and said cheerfully, "They'll shoot the dog, Indu."

On seeing her wince and tears welling up in her eyes, he had patted her head and comforted her. "It is only a dog after all, Indu. I'll get you a nice Alsatian puppy, you wait and see, and you'll forget all about your sore dog."

But Indu could not bear it; why did they want to kill Whiskey? When Whiskey had been beautiful, Father, even next-door-Uncle had loved her, they had taken her for walks, they had got her rubber balls and what lovely times they had on the beach on summer mornings. Now, how **could** they want to kill her, just because she had sores on her body?.

"I too get sores on my body when I go to the village..." Indu told Mother while her hair was being combed.

“What things you think of girl?” Mother scolded her, “That dog is useless, wherever it lies, the floor gets dirty and how many times I have told you not to touch it. You’ll get sores inside your stomach, just wait and see.”

Indu’s eyes narrowed slyly, carefully, she peeped at Mother’s face, through her lashes: **Mother was telling lies!** Grandfather had been bed-ridden for three years before dying and his legs and back had sores. She had seen Mother and Grandmother cleaning him every morning and evening and sometimes, they had served food without washing their hands with soap and science teacher had said that we must always wash our hands and clean our nails with soap after touching dirty things, and none of them had got sores in the stomach until now, so why, only Whiskey’s sores were bad? Even Grandfather had been useless. Why? had not Father left him in hospital to be killed. And Whiskey’s face was still very beautiful, there were no sores on her face; Grandfather had been ugly, Indu had always been scared when he called her to his side; he had looked like the picture of that frightful, wicked looking magician in the fairy tale book.

Indu’s eight year old reason could not reconcile itself to the arguments put forth by her elders. She **wouldn’t** let Whiskey be taken away from her; what would Whiskey think if they left her in the hospital and went away? It would break her heart, she would cry and run after the car as she had done when the family had gone to their native village for the summer vacation, leaving Whiskey behind under an old servant’s care.

Two big tears rolled down unheeded, down her cheeks and trickled into the corners of her mouth. She tasted salt in her mouth and quickly bent her head deep into her book. Furtively, she wiped her eyes on her shirt sleeves. Anyway, nothing would happen to Whiskey, she would let **nothing** happen to Whiskey.

That night, when all were asleep, Indu stole into the kitchen. Arming herself with the leftover chappatis and her plastic water bottle, the new one with the straw in it, she slipped into the compound. She tip-toed to the kennel. In the pale light of the street lamp, she saw that the kennel was empty.

“Whiskey...?” She whispered into the night breeze. Getting no answer, she crept among the plants, searching for the dog.

“Whiskey?”, she called a little louder, cupping her hands as the boy in her English Book did, to call his dog.

She stamped her feet in impatience, her throat constricted again with the familiar painful lump, her eyes smarting with hot tears.

She went round the house, calling out softly, and finally, her throat breaking with tears, she started crying hysterically.

Even when the front lights were switched on Indu did not realise that she was going to be caught red-handed. Seeing her parents, the child dropped her bundle of food and water, and flung herself on her mother.

“Whiskey... I can't find Whiskey ..Ma ..”, she sobbed into her mother's sari pleats, her little arms hitting out in despair and anguish.

“What are you upto now?” Father rounded on her. The question and the anger in the question went over Indu's head. She even forgot that Whiskey and she had not been able to escape.

“I can't find Whiskey... I want my Whiskey”, she screamed in answer, throwing her feet about, uncaring that she was kicking her mother.

Indu heard no more. Father locked up the grill door while mother carried her still weeping into their bedroom.

“It must have gone out for a walk”, mother consoled her but the tears did not stop.

Finally, father said, “Stop crying child, I'll not take it to the hospital. Now, go to sleep. In the morning, you'll find it lying at the doorstep.”

He said nothing about the parcel she had been clutching to her heart when they had switched on the front lights.

Tired out by the night's exertion, Indu overslept. Her parents did not wake her, nor did they see whether the dog was waiting at the doorstep.

At eight o'clock, the maid servant came. Punctuated by spits, she said, ‘Ayoooh Amma, I saw our dog near the culvert. It is lying by the side of the road. Don't know how it died, maybe, something ran over it, can't say, even otherwise, its body was always bloodied, so I couldn't make out. Its head was ok... maybe, it just died... you know, a dog doesn't like to die in its master's house, it goes out to die... poor thing. Thoo.’

INDIRA DEVI  
III year Literature

## THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

Sometimes a book we read can change our lives. I experienced this when I read 'We do it for Jesus', a book about Mother Teresa. That wonderful lady who sees God in the poorest and lowliest captured my imagination — and my heart. I had the happiness of meeting her and spending the last one and a half years working with her Sisters in Jamshedpur, Rourkela and Calcutta - thus seeing the other side of the coin - facets of life I have never experienced before.

Nirmal Hriday (Immaculate Heart) in Kalighat, the home for dying destitutes is the most famous institution. It's difficult to describe it — should we say just dim halls with rows of dying, skeletal figures on low beds. But that excludes the tranquility, the peace, the aura of holiness there. As Mother goes from bed to bed she has just this message of hope to give "Bhogobaa ikane acche - God is here." In fact I experienced a quiet peace and the palpable presence of God there as I never had before.

I suppose the Home is sanctified by the countless acts of love and devotion performed there, the many souls that pass beautifully and peacefully from it's portals to eternity. I can never forget the old careworn faces as they recounted their pitiful story - busy grown up children with no place in their hearts or homes for those who brought them up.

These poor souls in their last hours just long for, and are so grateful for a little love and kindness. The genuine spontaneous love on the face of an enfeebled old lady who embraced me after I'd fed her a mango and joyously smiled 'God bless you' was reward and satisfaction enough.

There were many voluntary workers, young people from America, Japan and the continent - dedicated, loving, and inspiring. I remember some of these young students, with the world at their feet so to say, telling me that they had come to find and had discovered a God in the slums and misery of Calcutta whom they could not glimpse in their affluent society. And it is true. For once I got acclimatized to the ugliness and dirt and squalor, I couldn't help loving the hidden beauty and God in so many of the rejects of our society who are every bit as human and loveable as you and I.

Shishu Bhavan is a place of laughter and smiles. Yet each of the children who joyously romp around has a tragic history, has been orphaned or abandoned and now faces life as nobody's child with no Mummy's kisses and no Daddy's smiles.

Eyes of visitors would fill with tears on seeing the premature babies, unbelievably tiny, doll-like mites battling for life. They had been rescued from dustbins or under tram seats, from the doorsteps of convents or police-stations. It's tragic to meet the seventy unwed mothers that Shishu Bhavan houses. Due to

poverty and the constraints of society, these girls are almost compelled to hand their babies over to the sisters and renounce the privilege and joy of motherhood.

I experienced pure-unalloyed joy in playing with the toddlers - chubby, cuddly children, full of life and vivacity. Happy though the children seem, their highest ambition as they'll tell you is to be adopted - to get a mother's affection. Luckily several adoptions are arranged every year.

Working with the Sisters in the villages of Rourkela was a real eye-opener, a maturing experience. So many children were brought into the home, suffering from the commonest 'illness' malnutrition. It made me want to cry to see children who should have been radiating life and vitality so miserably spindly with great hungry eyes. I can't forget the eight year old who was admitted three days before she died - very feeble, almost blind - she had not had a square meal for a long, long time. Why was I given so much and she so little, I couldn't help wondering. There is no answer, is there? But I resolved then to use every minute, every talent so that I could one day help some of the thousands of youngsters who are craving for a little love, a little care.

I did sometimes feel frustrated at being able to do so little about the glaring injustices and misery of our society. But as Mother Teresa says 'Though we may only be able to remove a drop from the ocean of misery, the ocean would be greater were it there.' So I'll always be glad that I had this beautiful enriching experience - the chance to step out of my ivory tower for sometime and see the real world - its poverty, pain and joy,

ANITA MATHIAS  
I B.A. Literature



*Inauguration  
of  
Physics Department*



*Lab-life*

*Is Physics  
all this ?*



# the botany department



## RED RIDING HOODWINKED

I woke up yesterday  
I woke up from comfortable comatose illumination  
to the harsh nightmare of life.  
Lashes trembling I looked out  
into clear oblivion ;  
from my passionate purple womb  
oblivion so unavoidably clear, it hurt.

The storm Yes, clouds cleared, yesterday,  
but instead of the honest sun  
I saw a lean scrawny streak of dirty moon  
masquerading in leased effulgence.

I couldn't see well enough at first  
with the bees, blackgold fascination  
clustering around your lips,  
But yesterday the bees migrated  
to sweeter corn  
and left you fallow.....

My, what big teeth you have  
grandmother dear.

SOUDHAMINI  
II B.A. Litt.

## THE EAGLE

The eagle swept through the heavens  
gliding effortlessly  
and I looked on enraptured.  
I looked on  
and said unto myself  
'This is perfection'.

And then came the rains  
and the winds blew wild  
and I closed mine eyes  
in sheer ecstasy.

And opened them then  
To see the eagle  
cowering shamelessly  
on the bare earth.

And I looked on  
and said unto myself  
' I have been fooled '

And a small portion  
of something within me  
fermented  
in bitter  
disillusionment.

SODHAMINI  
II B.A. Litt.

A long flight of stairs  
old, musty, cobwebby,  
stretches ahead interminably.  
I crane my neck, strain my eyes  
to sight its end  
But it twists and furls, spirals away  
and with a dash, gambols into the hazy distance  
I am left, standing alone  
At the foot of a musty, crumbly staircase !  
.....a staircase of moss - moulded memories !  
The flame flickers drunkenly  
I watch fascinated as the orange-yellow phenomenon  
picks out the deep gash - the gash of wounding rage  
The cantankerous red of anger merges spitefully  
with the mushy brown of blind ignorance  
I am helpless.....  
the bloody mess trickles out  
slow, slimy sententious  
Then gushes forth in a torrent of murder  
which threatens to devour my senses in the  
scalding flames  
white-hot tongues of rage !

AROONA REDDY  
II B.A. Litt.

Copper glints of musky rose  
Between tarnished blackened hue  
of a life-pitcher.

Soft, pale metallic  
Etchings - the work of strange hands  
curved around piercing tools  
of moulded, uncompromising steel

Bloated middle  
With the flesh, pink gleam ;  
Wicked, sly and knowing snigger  
Of a devouring thick lipped mouth.  
Cavernous hell-house of poisoned honey  
She is a broken pitcher, but She is broken.

SUCHITRA DURAI  
II B.A. Literature

## THE QUEST

A Li'l grain of sand  
looked about and found  
A stark ivory expanse  
stretching up to the Sea.

Disgusted with such duplicity  
It sought to individualise,  
To stand on tiptoe and indulge  
In a mental exercise  
Hitherto unknown to its numerous siblings

'How crystal clear am I  
Multifaceted, (like Leonardo da Vinci)  
Cool, competent, steely eyed  
While they are just silicon-di-oxide''.

As a whimsical breeze teased the beach  
The ambitious sand particle leaped  
To straddle it and reconnoitre the sky  
And what it saw  
Was blue ..... and blue ..... and blue.

“They may call it copper sulphate, azure or sapphire  
But its just the same hue  
Down at home. There’s nothing new  
In this whole wide world”,  
Thought the sand particle feeling worldly wise.

Puffing out its geometric chest it said  
“But I am made for better things !  
Look at the philandering butterflies,  
Showy blossoms and their temporary dyes,  
Fishing baits bitter at their plight  
Glow worms with their ridiculous notions of light,  
And mushrooms, you know, are just parasites !”

Thus soaring up in cerebral flight,  
And forgetting to look left or right,  
It collided into an hour-glass bright.

Under the scientific eye of a bearded philosopher  
It slowly trickled down in a dazed stupor.  
Recovering equilibrium it defiantly cried,  
“Well, so I am predicting Time !”  
Looked around in bemused surprise  
It perceived a number of sand grains  
Jostling its elbows, bus que-wise

“Oh, its the same old lot”, it sadly realised,  
“In the same old guise...  
Let’s face it, I can’t even count the seconds  
Without depending on these guys.  
So I was just in a fool’s paradise ?  
.....Well, I didn’t read the Classics day and night

Without imbibing the finer points  
Let me be a stoic, right ?”

The other grains of sand  
Rustled sympathetically.  
Cynical, mature and resigned, tongues in unison  
Like an Aeschylion Chorus, they pronounced gloomiy  
“We told you so – that’s Destiny.”

SUCHITRA DURAI  
II B.A. Literature

We sit facing each other  
the cold warmth of the mica - topped table  
pressing tight against my folded elbow  
You stuffy, over dressed matron. you  
you're having the time of your  
ditchwater life.

I can hear the  
stiff, starched, straitlaced  
thoughts inside your head  
crackling in complaining submissiveness  
as you meticulously formulate them.  
Type A into Box B  
Ego-Altruist category  
in you go  
into Roomette 13/Z  
Square Peg? – Um-Let's see  
Yes, Round Hole for you  
No.....no vacancies for freaks

You're sitting there,  
all warm and snug in  
your cocoon of complacency  
But dash it all, its blasted  
uncomfortable, this  
unventilated compartment  
you've shoved me into  
Dash it, I don't fit.

O.K. so right now you're  
the burning passion in my life  
But what if I refuse to kindle?  
What if phoenix-like, I refuse  
to turn to ashes?

Alright so I'm up to my neck  
in your whirlpools of slime,  
but I can still put up  
one clutching claw  
and its raining straws here,  
today.

I sit docile, stirring the pale, repulsive  
brew on the table before me  
but with each revolution of the enamel  
spoon, I can hear the questions

pounding within my head  
How long now  
How long before I burn out  
or die of asphyxiation.....  
How long before the vampire  
in you sucks my blood dry  
and leaves me  
hollowed out, rotting.....

I keep stirring because  
as long as I do not stop, the questions continue  
and as long as the questions continue  
and as long as the questions continue  
I don't have to begin facing  
the answers  
Voluntary self deception  
We call it in escapist parlance

Slowly I pour the Protinex into the cracked saucer  
and in its murky depths  
I see reflected  
your blind, uncomprehendingly casual smile.  
I place the cup upturned  
on the floating brew, then  
and look up too.

What does one say to a mirror, I think  
Hi, there chum  
Thanks for reflecting me so clearly  
in such bold objective print.....  
and what matter if the image is inverted  
if your silver coating dazzles your eyes,  
hardens your vision

What does one say to an X-ray, I wonder  
Buddy, I'll say, you're  
my best friend  
you know every sinew of mine  
every reticent riblet  
.....and what matter if your  
supersophisticated mechanomorphic lenses  
cannot pick up  
this bleating, infra-red heart of mine...

And I look up at your blunted  
laser beam eyes  
and smile back unconcernedly  
..... and what matter if there's a  
tired pain in the aching  
muscles of my face.....  
I bend, pick up the spoon bite it  
in two and spit the pieces  
into the dustbin nearby.

There I say, I'm done with you  
But the hard insensitive enamel  
has left a bad taste in my mouth.

SOUDHAMINI  
II B.A. Litt,

## GENERATION GAP

Through the thronging crowd you help me find my way;  
Embarrassed, I look to see if someone's watching,  
Someone gives me a look of envy,  
I trip all over my clumsy Self—a gauche kid  
wishing more years onto myself. Notice me ?  
You look on me, a kindly avuncular gaze.  
Studying your favourite niece of sorts  
The adult in me screams for recognition  
Recklessly, I fling away impossible dreams  
And try to best play my role  
“Uncle,” I say, “Could I have a lollipop ?”

MEERA K.  
II B.A. Literature

## छोटी बहन हमारी

छोटी बहन हमारी

हमसे झगड़ रही थी

छोटी सी बात पर यूँ ही अकड़ रही थी

कहती थी—

बताओ जी बताओ

परसों जो कवि तुमसे मिलने आए थे

उनकी जरूरत से ज्यादा तोंद क्यों बढ़ी थी?

तो हमने उसे बताया—

कहती थी अपनी नानी,

ये बात है पुरानी

कवि जी एक बड़ा सा मसनद रखते थे अपने पीछे

एक दिन अचानक वो ताव खा गया

पीछे से हट कर मसनद आगे को आ गया ।

सुनीता श्रोवास्तव

I B. Sc. Physics

## उसकी खोज में.....

कैसा यह सूनापन.....

क्यों यह अकेलापन  
में बढ़ती ही जाती हूँ  
पर खोया - खोया सा रहता है मन  
अशान्त चुपचाप रोये जाता है मन ।

जाऊँ कहाँ.....

मेरा न ठौर ठिकाना है  
बेदर्द यह जमाना है  
लोग आते - जाते हैं  
प्रणय नाटक कर जाती हैं  
पर मेरा ना कोई मेरा है

हे प्रभो !

तू क्यों निष्ठुर है  
तूने दिया है सर्वस्य सुख  
न दी हमें मन की शान्त  
ये ठाट - बाट यह शान - शीकत  
कृत्रिम शीतलता का वाप है  
पर मन क्यों हृदय उदास है  
मैं भटक रही हूँ  
उसकी खोज में..... ।

सबीना अलीम  
II B.Sc. Physics  
S. M. C.  
Madras-86

## பாவையின் மனம்

பாவையே உந்தன் எழில் கண்டு — உன்  
பார்வைக்காக ஏங்கி நின்று  
பார்த்தேன் உன்னை விருப்புடன் — நீயோ  
பார்த்தாய் என்னை வெறுப்புடன்.

அனைத்து நினைவும் உன்னிடமே — உன்  
அணைப்பில் நினைவும் தவறிடுமே.  
அளிக்க நினைத்தேன் காதல் மடல் — நீயோ  
அழிக்க நினைத்தாய் என் காதல் மனதை

விரைந்தேன் என்றும் உனக்காக — உன்  
விரைவோ என்றும் எனை தவிர்க்க  
விரைவாய் வந்தேன் உனைப் பார்க்க — நீயோ  
விரைப்பாய் சென்றாய் எனைத் தவிர்க்க

பெண்ணே என்னை மறுத்தாயே — உன்  
பெண்மை என்னை மறைத்ததே  
விண்ணே அடைந்தேன் ஏக்கத்தில் — நீயோ  
வீணே அடைந்தாய் துக்கத்தில்.

கல்பனா ஜெகன்ராதன்  
இளங்கலை II (வரலாறு)

## எங்கும் நிறை பரம்பொருள்

வீசு தென்றல் காற்றிடை உன்றன்  
வலிய கரத்தின் மென்மை உணர்ந்தேன்;  
மாசு ஒழிந்த மலர்களிடையே  
மன்னவனே! உன் புன்னகை கண்டேன்;  
தேச நிறைந்த தீயிடை என்றன்  
தேவனே! உன் காந்தியைக் கண்டேன்;  
ஆசு நீங்கிய அறிவினிலே என்  
அன்பனே! உன் எழிலினை அறிந்தேன்;  
நீலமாய் எங்கும் மின்னிப் பொலியும்  
நின்மல வானிடை நின்முகம் கண்டேன்;  
கோலமாழிகில் கூட்டத்திடை உன்றன்  
கருணையைக் கண்டுளம் வியந்து நின்றேன்;  
ஓங்கு மலைகளில், உத்தமா! உன்றன்  
ஓப்பில் புயங்களின் வன்மை அறிந்தேன்;  
பாங்குடன் பொலியும் கடலலையிடையே  
புண்ணியா! உன்றன் நகைப்பினைக் கேட்டேன்;  
அடிமை நான் பெறும் இன்பங்களிடையே  
அய்யனுன் குறும்புப் புன்னகை காண்கிறேன்;  
கொடிய துயரங்கள் வந்தடைகையிலே  
காரணனே! உன் அணைப்பை உணர்கிறேன்;  
நன்மையும் தீமையும் நடைபெறும் யாவையும்  
நித்தியனே! உன் திருவிளையாட்டின்  
தன்மை என்று நான் நன்கு உணர்ந்தே  
தூயன் உன்னடி மறவா வர மருள்!

### B. கீதா

முதலாண்டு (பௌதிகம்) இளம் அறிவியல்

## நட்சத்திரங்கள்

(ஓர் வேலையில்லாக் கவிஞனின் வேதனைக்குரல்)

வானத்து நட்சத்திரங்கள்,  
எங்கள் கனவுலகின் கூரையில்  
ஏமாற்றத் தீ ஏற்படுத்திய பொத்தல்கள்!

வெயிலில் வேலைக்காக அலைந்து விட்டு  
இரவில் எரிச்சலுடன் படுக்கையில்  
ஆறுதலாய் வானத்தாய் புரியும்  
மௌனப் புன்னகைகள்!

பெற்றவள் புறக்கணிக்க,  
அடுத்தவள் சிந்தத்துடிக்கும் கண்ணீர்த் துளிகள்!

வானாலக நட்சத்திரங்கள்,  
வறண்ட நெஞ்சங்களின் வெம்மையால்  
வான் செடியில் மலர்ந்த வேதனை மலர்கள்!

இம்மலர்கள் எங்களுக்காகவே  
காலதேவனை அர்ச்சிக்கின்றன.

அவனே-

அவை வெறும் காற்றுப் பூக்கள் என  
அலட்சியமாய் ஊதி  
அழித்து விடுகிறான்.

எங்களுக்குள்ள ஒரே சிபாரிசும்  
ஒதுக்கித் தள்ளப் படுகிறது.

**M. ஜயந்தி**

II இளம் அறிவியல் (பௌதிகம்)

## ஏனிந்த உறக்கம்

தூக்கக் கதவுகளை அடைத்திடும் சாவி  
நம்மிடம் இருக்க ஏனிந்த உறக்கம்?  
வைகறைப் பொழுதுக்குக் காத்து இருக்காது  
நானே நானே என்றே சொல்லி  
நம் பொன்னும் காலத்தை வீணாக்காது  
எடுத்த பணியை இன்றே செய்வோம்-அதை  
இனிதே செய்வோம்.  
பணம் கொடுத்துப் பொழுதினைக் கழிக்காது  
பொழுதை எல்லாம் பணமாய் ஆக்குவோம்.

மயிலுக்குப் போர்வையீந்தான் மரபில் வந்தோம்.  
நம் உயிரையும் உலகுக்குத் தத்தம் செய்வோம்.  
இடந்தரும் மரத்தில் எச்சமிடும் பறவையாயன்றி  
செய்ந்நன்றி கொல்லாது நாம் வாழ்ந்திடுவோம்.

வெட்டி யெடுத்தால் விறகாகும்.  
சுட்டு எடுத்தால் கரியாகும்.  
அத்தகை மரமாய் நாமிருப்போம்.  
இனிதே பணிகள் செய்திடுவோம்.

காலுதைபட்டாலும் பூரித்துப் போகும்.  
பூயியைப் போலநாம் வாழ்ந்திடுவோம்.  
எதையும் தாங்கும் இதயம் கொள்வோம்.  
எதற்கும் இனிநாம் அஞ்சாது நிற்போம்.

வறுமையைக் கண்டுநாம் வருந்திடமாட்டோம்.  
பொறுமையைக் கொண்டு புகழ்பெருக நிற்போம்.  
கொட்டும் மழையினில் வெட்ட வெளிதனில்  
குடும்பம் நடத்தும் பட்டினித் தோழரைக்  
கட்டியணைத்தே காத்திடுவோம்.  
அவர் வறுமையிருளைக் களைந்திடுவோம்.

வரங்கொடுக்கும் தேவதையை, வாரமொரு சீட்டினை  
வந்தபணத்தைச் செலவிட்டு, வாங்கி வாங்கி ஏங்காது  
கரங்கொடுக்கும் வாய்ப்பினை, கடலில் கண்ட முத்தினைக்  
கடிவிரைவில் பின்பற்றிக் காலமெல்லாம் போற்றுவோம்.

ஆடுகின்ற பேய்மனத்தின் ஆயிரமாம் ஆசைகளைப்  
பூசையிட்டு ஏற்காது புல்லெனவே கடிந்திடுவோம்.  
அற்பர்களின் சந்தையிலும் அன்புமலர் விற்றிடுவோம்.  
முட்புதரிலும் நட்புமலர் முனைக்கவே முனைந்திடுவோம்.

வேப்பமர உச்சியிலே பேய்ஆடுவதை நம்பிடாமல்  
அறிவினால் ஆக்கமதைத் தேடியே உய்ந்திடுவோம்.  
செல்லரித்த மானுடத்தைச் சீர்திருத்தப் பாடுவோம்.  
உளுத்துப்போன மூடநம்பிக்கையை ஓட்டியே விரட்டுவோம்.

யானையின் பலமதோ தும்பிக்கையிலே.  
மனிதனின் பலமதோ நம்பிக்கையிலே.  
தன்கையே தனக்குதவி யாதலின்  
இருகையொடு இக்கையும் கொண்டு  
தெய்வம் நின்று ஏவல்செய  
நாமே நமக்குத் துணைபுரிவோம்.

பிள்ளைகளிடம் தாய்க்கு வேற்றுமையில்லை.  
பாரதத் தாயின் புதல்வர்களான நாம்  
சாதி வேற்றுமையை ஒழித்திடுவோம்- கொடிய  
சமய வேற்றுமையைச் சாடிடுவோம்.

களிற்றெறிந்து பெயர்தல் காளைக்குக் கடனே.  
நம்கடன் பிறர்க்குப் பணி செய்வதேயாம்.  
இந்த உரைகளை மனத்தில் கொண்டே  
சமத்துவ இந்தியாவை வளர்ப்போம் நாமே!.

**வி. என். உமா**

II. எம். ஏ. (பொருளாதாரம்).

## SMOULDERING CINDERS

Two upright solemn figures, two massive obelisks of iron stand to attention, their steel helmets ending shafts of fire piercing the security of the soft morning air, their silhouettes naming the merger of old with new, substance and blinding reality with the mystery and venom of the past. The British Scotsguards at Windsor!

A soft breeze dribbles in through the open window, uncertain and awed by the awful silence brooding over the dusty chambers . . . and I watch fascinated as they flit by, one by one, a fearsome procession, treading their cautious way across my ravaged brain.

A high-pitched, hysterical laugh clangs out, gruesome, a gnarled twig of an arm gropes around in a desperate search. The breathing is heavy with the muffled hollowness of a smothered drum-beat, a screech of triumph rips the air into bloody shreds while its wielder plucks eagerly with dirt-rimmed claws at the eyes staring out of the portraits in the gallery. . . Colonel Humberstone, Governor General Wellesley and Sir John Shore. A lull, a prolonged deathly silence. . . then a banshee of lamentations. I see him now. Mad Abdul Karim born in battle, in a palanquin at the outskirts of Dindigul, the retarded son of Hyder Ali and Shabaz Begum. He must be more careful now, he still thinks he is in the palace of Seringapatam, secure within its walls rather than trapped treacherously within the stone ones of Windsor...the helpless prey of ruthless white sharks ever hungry to devour. A clatter of hooves .. Tipu Sultan's favourite horse 'Dilkush'...without its master? A kaleidoscope, a whirl of colours, and I remember again Fakh-un-Nisa, Rugya Begum, the Saint Tipu Mastan Oulia...The tinkle of little bells as a pair of exquisite feet trapped in blazing gold anklets pick their musical way across the dark uneven corridors of my mind. That must be Rugya Begum's favourite maid Jahanara. I recognize those lovely anklets her mistress had given her.

The parade of the traitors, grotesque in their evil — Sheikh Ayaz Aumar-ud-din, Mir Sadik—they who treacherously yielded Tipu's strong - holds, the Tower of Somerpet and Sultan Tope to the vicious vultures, the vultures who swooped down with shrieking arrogance on Tipu on the pretext that the latter was harassing Travancore, under British authority. Later, this very Travancore became, "the sweet-meat after the meal".

The glass is stained. A wall of impenetrable tears, globules of salty water shield it from the probing eye. Everything is dark, dreary mist and fog till a whisk of memory mops it away...why the tears when everything is past and forgotten? Why the lugubriousness of the past when the present still swirls its muslin frills and flounces tantalizingly around us? The images fade, rear of the procession dwindles away and I am left staring in a stony senselessness at the brilliant display of muslin and brocade, pearls and diamonds of rapiers and swords...All that had been plundered across the seas and displayed as the awesome treasures ..of a BRITISH MUSEUM!

AROONA REDDY  
III B.A. Litt.

## நினைவுகள் சிறகடித்துப் பறக்கும் பொழுது....

நினைவுகள் சிறகடித்துப் பறக்கும் பொழுது.....இதயச் சுரங்கத்தில் நீர்க்குமிழிகள் போலத் தோன்றும் எண்ணங்கள், மலர்கின்ற சிந்தனைகள் தான் எத்தனை வகை! நான் ஏன் மற்றவர்களிடமிருந்து மாறுபடுகிறேன்? என்னால் மற்றவர்களைப் புரிந்து கொள்ள இயலவில்லையா அல்லது அவர்கள் தாம் என் கருத்துக்களுடன் ஒத்துப்போவதில்லையா என்ற கேள்வி என் மனத்தில் எப்போதும் உறுத்திக்கொண்டிருக்கும்.

என் தோழியர் சிலர் சிகை, உடை அலங்காரம் இன்றைய நாகரிகம் என்பது பற்றி உறவாடிக் கொண்டிருக்கையில் நான் என் நினைவலைகளில் முழுகியிருப்பேன். அன்று காலை அல்லது அதற்கு முன்தினம் ஓர் வார இதழில் படித்த 'வரதட்சிணை கொடுமை' என்ற கட்டுரையைப் பற்றி அதில் உள்ள ஏற்கத்தக்க கருத்துக்களைப் பற்றி என் மனம் ஆராய்ந்து கொண்டிருக்கும் அல்லது புதுமைப்பெண் பற்றிப் பாடிய பாரதியாரின் புகழ்த்தக்க புலமையை எண்ணி வியந்து கொண்டிருப்பேன்.

எனக்கென்று சில இரசனைகள் உண்டு. மழை பொழிவதைப் பார்க்கும் பொழுது, அமைதியான இரவின் நிசப்தத்தில் இனிமையான புல்லாங்குழல் இசை கேட்கும் பொழுது மனம் உற்சாகத்தால் பொங்குகிறது.

இயற்கை அழகின் பிறப்பிடம் என்பதை வெகுவாக நம்புவவர் நான். இரம்யமான இயற்கைக் காட்சிகளில் மனத்தைப் பறி கொடுத்து இன்புற்றிருக்கிறேன். அதிகாலையில் பறவைகளின் இனிய ஒலிகள், புல்வெளியில் காணப்படும் சிறுநீர்த்துளிகள், அன்றலர்ந்த மணம்மிக்க அழகிய மலர்கள், மாலை நேரத்தில் செங்கதிர்கள் எத்திசையும் பரவிட கதிரவன் மறையும் காட்சி, கடலில் துள்ளி எழுந்து மடியும் அலைகள், வளைந்து நெளிந்தோடும் ஆறுகள், வண்ணச்சிறகடித்து வானத்தை வட்டமிடும் பறவை இனங்கள், பெளர்ணமி இரவில் வெண்ணிலவின் அழகிய தோற்றம் போன்ற எழிற்கோலங்களைக் காணுங்கால் என் உள்ளம் மகிழ்கிறது. உணர்ச்சி பொங்குகிறது. இவற்றைப் பிறரிடம் கூறினால் "நான் கனவுலகில்தான் எப்பொழுதும் வாழ்கிறேன்" என்று குறிப்பிடுவர்.

"ஓ, நாம் இவர்களிடமிடருந்து வேறுபடுகிறோம்" என்ற உணர்வு எழும். எனினும் ஒரு சிலராவது இத்தகைய காட்சிகளை இரசிப்பார்கள் என்று நம்பி "நான் மட்டும் தனிப்பட்டவிலை" என்ற தெளிவு பிறக்கிறது.

சில சமயங்களில் நான் மௌனமாக இருந்து மற்றவர்களின் சுபாவங்களை, குணங்களை ஆராயத் தோன்றும். மனித இனத்தில் தான் எத்தனை உறவுகள்! எத்தனை உணர்வுகள்! எத்தனை வேறுபாடுகள்! உணர்வுகள் பல வடிவங்களில் உருவெடுக்கின்றன. சோகத்தின் ஆதிக்கம், புன்சிரிப்பின் உறைவிடம், கோபத்தின் வெளியீடு, பெண்மையின் மென்மை, ஆண் இனத்தின் "தான்" என்ற எண்ணம், குழந்தையின் கபடமின்மை என்பதைப் போன்று எத்தனையோ உணர்வுகள் பலகோணங்களில் பலவாறாகச் சித்தரிக்கப்பட்டிருப்பதை உன்னிப்பாக கவனித்தால் ஆச்சர்யமும் வியப்புமே மேலிடுகிறது.

ஒவ்வொருவர்க்கும் தனிப்பட்ட ஆசைகள், எண்ணங்கள், குறிக்கோள்கள், ஏக்கங்கள் உண்டு. இவற்றுள் எவ்வளவு வேறுபாடு! இவற்றைப்பற்றி எண்ணும் போது, உலகத்தையே படைத்த ஆண்டவனைப் புகழ்ந்து பாராட்டிப் போற்ற வேண்டும் போல் தோன்றுகிறது.

சிலவேளைகளில், சிலவேலைகளில் ஈடுபடும் பொழுது எனது உள்மனத்தில் ஒரு விழிப்புணர்ச்சி, இன்னது நேரலாம் என்று எடுத்துக்கூறும். அதை நான் பிறரிடம் கூறினால், “நீ வீணாக ஏன் கற்பனை செய்கிறாய்” என்று பதில் கிடைக்கும். இவர்கள் ஏன் நான் கூறுவதை ஏற்க மறுக்கிறார்கள். ஓ, இவர்கள் சிந்தனைப் போக்கு வேறுபடுகிறது. சில சமயங்கள் நான் கூறியவாறு நடந்தால் “நடக்க வேண்டியது நடந்தாக வேண்டும். விதியை மாற்ற யாரால் இயலும்” என்று கூறுவார்கள்.

இக்கட்டுரையைப் படிக்கும் அன்பு வாசகரே உங்களிடமும் ஏதேனும் இது போன்று உணர்வுகள் இருப்பின் என்னுடன் பகிர்ந்து கொள்ள விரைந்து வாருங்கள். என்னைப்பற்றி நீங்களாவது சரியாக புரிந்து கொண்டிருப்பீர்கள் என நம்புகிறேன். இப்போது சொல்லுங்கள், நினைவுகள் சிறகடித்து பறக்கும் பொழுது ..... இன்பம்தானே ஏற்படுகிறது.

செ. ஜெயந்தி  
I Year Botany

## JUST A DUMB OLD TREE . . . .

She was aware of the pressure of the air, heavy against her body, only in certain definite spots—her wrists and fingertips, the hollow of her throat and her eyelids. The rest of her felt light and weightless like connective tissue drawing their spots together. Her legs were moving of their own accord, and she looked down at them impersonally as if they did not belong to her. They were just the tools that conveyed her to a chosen destination. Her hands hung limp on either side of her body heavy as if weighted down by her palms.

Her first impression when she came to a stop was that she liked the gritty feel of the sand beneath her feet—like a rough caress, like alien skin against her. She stood looking down at her feet knowing she was only delaying the inevitable; knowing she'd never be prepared for the encounter. She was conscious that the skin across her temples was drawn tight, that there was a pulse beating near her right shoulder blade, that her eyelids felt strangely heavy—and of the thought, O. K. you're suffering - so what?

Contemptuous anger brought her head up in a single convulsive jerk - and then nothing else mattered. Head thrown back, left palm pressed hard against the column of her neck, body inclined backwards at an almost impossible angle she stood there, looking up at the tree.

It's so beautiful, she thought, it's so beautiful, it doesn't deserve to exist; it doesn't deserve to stand here, a prey to alien eyes.

She knew by the pressure over her eyelids that she couldn't stand their overwhelming pain much longer, but the only concession she made was to let the fingers of her right hand go slack, bent loosely at the joints.

The love tree stood there, rising sharply from the level waste lands, shorn of all but the skeletal structure. The sun had vanished some hours since, but its presence could still be felt in the pale luminosity of its greenish-white surface glowing and translucent, like human skin. The branches stood out, appendages of the slim trunk, slanting across the atmosphere in sharp vicious strokes, dissecting it into definite planes. Every winter she'd dreaded the coming spring when budding leaflets would defile its completeness, its sheer self-sufficiency. But curiously enough nothing had happened. The vital sap seemed to have been sucked into the earth or borne away on the winds, and the tree stood there, remarkably unchanged. It stood there day after day, insolently appraising the world below clutching the earth's bosom with possessive talons. It's so beautiful, she thought. It wasn't just a tree to her. It was an ideal, a soul bared for the world to see, and she felt an overpowering urge to reach out and clutch it to her bosom, to protect it from hostile eyes to shelter it from, the world around when she thought of all the other people who saw it daily, what she felt was not jealousy, but a curious sense of resentment. What right have they to you, she thought. What right have they to see the likes of you and then go back to their world, to go back to belong to the grime and stench of their everyday world?

She felt the fingers of her left hand trembling against her neck, the hard column of her collar bone digging into her palm. She concentrated her attention on their veneration of pain; it made it easier that way—the other pain seemed more impersonal somehow more outside of herself.

Is this God?

She turned around at the sound of the voice and looked into a young face, strangely tense under a shock of deep black curls. The two sparkling eyes were unusually perceptive in so young a face; as if the child couldn't help knowing things; as if, the knowledge were innate not acquired.

Is this God?

She looked up at the tree in front of her — uplifted in its quest and triumphantly finding itself — the promise and the fulfilment, both.

She felt the familiar feeling of exaltation building up in her, the curious mixture of reverence tinged with pride, the peculiar solemnity . . . and she thought - God? Yes this is God . . . To stand here, to be able to stand here, looking up at the tree with this clean sense of pride, this is what religion is about...the knowledge that it exists, the mere fact that it 'is' - This is what gives me the courage to go on, to keep up the fight . . . God?

She turned around and looked at the young girl standing there, and just for a moment there was the desire to confess, to give in simply . . . and then the memories of past disillusionment rushed in and she knew she wouldn't weaken, she would hold on for a long time yet.

'No', she said slowly, harshly, 'No, Its not God . Whatever made you think so? It's . . . it's just a tree that's all . . . A dumb old tree that's too proud to, compromise . . . to wither away with its leaves. . . .'

SOUDHAMANI  
II B.A. Litt.

## **TO STRIVE, TO SEEK, TO FIND**

“ To Strive, to seek, to find  
To dream the impossible dream  
To fight the unbeatable foe,  
To bear with unbearable sorrow,  
To run where the brave dare not go  
To right the unrightable wrong,  
To love, pure and chaste, from afar,  
To try when your arms are two weary  
To reach the unreachable far.....”

“Why?” asks the child and his question, all too often, drops into a pool of silence, of indifference or even of irritation. Few realize how elemental and stirring the word is. Why is the world so large? Why are people unhappy? Why am I here? the eternal question. “Why?”

The desire for knowledge is inherent in man. From time immemorial, Man, Prometheus - like has striven to know more. Man has never been satisfied with the limits of his knowledge but has constantly sought to feed the fountain of curiosity within him. The quest for knowledge is not recent, not something confined to the centuries Anno Domini, but dates back to our first parents Adam and Eve, whose desire for knowledge led them to commit their first sin.

From the dawn of ages, man has gazed in silent wonder at the night sky. The glittering worlds he saw fascinated him but his interest did not stop there. He observed, he calculated and gradually the truth dawned on him; far from being a first, he and his world were insignificant specks in a universe which appeared

increasingly vast and mysterious. Man's intellect has grappled with the mysteries of the cosmos and his knowledge of it has been steadily expanding. He has even walked on the moon. Today he stands on the eve of a supreme adventure—establishing shuttle flights to other planets. Man has come a long way from his early primitive superstitions but it has been a quest which has spanned centuries...

“ To try when your arms are too weary  
To reach the unreachable star...”

.....It was in 1832 in the depths of a Brazilian jungle, that young Charles Darwin's attention was caught by a fungus, curiously like the more familiar English Phallus. Darwin could not help wondering about it and this led him to observe, to collect, to compare and finally to startle the world with his revolutionary Theory of Evolution. The quest for knowledge about our origins has since been carried on by men like de Vries Thomas Huxley and Dr. Romis S. B. Leakey.

Nor is the quest confined to the past. The most complex mechanism is the human body, yet so few understand its inner structure and working. This has formed the subject of another quest. “In my view,” wrote Thomas Jefferson in 1814, “no knowledge can be more satisfactory to a man than that of his own frame, its parts, their functions and actions.” We owe our knowledge in this field not merely to the quest of one man but to the concentrated efforts of scientists and doctors through the centuries.

And so the quest for knowledge exists in various fields. Laws have been propounded and discoveries made. There have been inventions, theories, and counter-theories, arguments controversies; frustrations, obstacles, disappointments—and gradually the limits of our knowledge have been expanding.

But far more important than the achievements is the quest itself—and the men behind it. What prompts the Darwin and the Newton of this world to spend precious years on quests which often do not benefit them personally? For most of them it is a passionate desire to understand—a passionate desire to know. This desire they are prepared to fulfil at a great cost, even at the cost of their lives. They might share in the same quest but each man has his vision—sees his own impossible dream which he strives to fulfil. There are no records what Christopher Columbus said when he discovered America. Did he, like Archimedes, cry, “Eureka!”? Not that his words really matter. His action does. He had a vision, an inner dream to explore the world and he went ahead and did it...

...This is my quest, to follow that star,  
No matter how hopeless, no matter how far :  
To fight for the right without question or pause  
To be willing to march into hell for a heavenly cause?  
And I know if I'll only be true to this glorious quest  
That my heart will be peaceful and calm when I'm laid to my rest...”

# Independence Day





**WEEK**  
*Week...*



In 'Ulysses', Tennyson depicted this restless spirit of enquiry. Ulysses, in a stirring speech, urges his fellow mariners "to strive, to seek, to find and not to yield." This spirit of enquiry is alive today but it has taken a different turn. Men, like their Renaissance predecessors have begun to question themselves — Who am I? Why am I here? Does God exist? — It is a quest of a different nature — knowledge of self and knowledge of God.

But whether it is wordly or spiritual knowledge that men seek — their quest is destined never to end, for knowledge is "a sinking star beyond the utmost bound of human thought" (Tennyson) knowledge tantalizing, elusive, always remains just beyond the eager grasp of man's hand. As Robert Browning puts it :

...Ah! But a man's reach should exceed his grasp  
Or what's a Heaven for!"

The glory is not so much in the acquiring as in the questing; not so much in the goal as in the attempt to reach. It is the aspiration and not the achievement, the quest and not the failure, the hope and not the disappointment that really counts in the final diagnosis.

" And the world will be better for this,  
That one man scorned and covered with scars  
Still strove with his last ounce of courage  
To reach the unreachable stars. . . . "

FRANCESCA SOANS  
I B.A. Litt.

## वर्तमान समस्याओं से घिरे हुए मनुष्य का लक्ष्य

आज के युग में मनुष्य समस्याओं से चारो तरफ से घिरा हुआ है। जिधर भी वह नजर उठा कर देखता है। रोज एक नई समस्या उसका स्वागत करने के लिए तैयार खड़ी रहती है। जीवन के इस अथाह समुद्र में जीविन रहने के लिए उसे अनवरत प्रयत्न करते रहना है। उसे एक क्षण का भी अवकाश नहीं की वह सुख और चैन की साँस ले सके। अगर वह ऐसा करना चाहता है तो जीवन की दौड़ में वह कितना पीछे रह जाता है।

सब से बड़ी समस्या जो आज हमारे सम्मुख है, वह है हमारे नैतिक मर्तों का विघटन : दया, माया, करुणा, सच्चाई, वफादारी, बड़ों का आदर—उनका तो आज की वर्तमान परिस्थितियों में कोई अर्थ ही नहीं रह गया है। हम आज ऐसे बने हैं कि हममें और जानवरों में कोई भेद नजर नहीं आता है। हम जिन थाली में खाते है उसमें भी छेद करने से नहीं हिचकते पर कम से कम कुत्ते तो ऐसा नहीं करते। उनकी वफादारी का किस्सा हमें जब तब पुनः को मिलना रहता है। फिर हम देखते हैं कि आज के युग में लोग भौतिक सुख समृद्धि के पीछे भाग रहे हैं। वे चाहते हैं कि उनके पास सुख चैन की सब वस्तुएँ मौजूद हों। यह तो हर कोई चाहेगा। पर हमारे मन में प्रश्न तब उठते हैं जब लोग इसे प्राप्त करने के लिए निम्नमार्ग चुनते हैं—रिश्वत लेते हैं। कितना भी बड़ा अफसर क्यों न हो उसे हाथ पसारते हुए लज्जा नहीं आती। रिश्वत लेना वह अपना जन्मजात अधिकार मानते है। अगर किसी भा संस्था में हमें अपना काम जल्द निपटाना हो, तो जिसके अधीन वह काम हो, उस व्यक्ति का पैरो से नजर उतारना नितान्त आवश्यक है। काम का निपटारा और रिश्वत देने में एक घनिष्ठ सम्बन्ध दीख पड़ता है। रिश्वत लेना और देना उन सारे गिरते हुए मूल्यों में से एक है। इन सिद्धान्तों का त्याग करके भले हम समृद्ध हो जाए—पर किस अर्थ में? सिर्फ धन और झूठी शान के मामले में। धन संवय करके न तो हम अच्छे आचरण करने वाले हो सकते है न हमें मानसिक तुष्टि मिलती है। जो सुख हमें प्राप्त होता है वह क्षणिक है। क्या इसी सुख को प्राप्त करने के लिए हम इतने नीचे गिरे हैं? ऐसे ही वानावरण में—जहाँ चारो ओर बुराइयों का राज है—कुछ लोगों की हिम्मत टूटती नजर आ रही है। कोई सहारा

नज़र नहीं आता जो हमें इस स्थिति से उतार सके और घबरा कर हम उसी राह पर चल पड़ते हैं जिस पर दूसरे चल रहे हैं—यह जानते हुए कि यह हमारी मुक्ति की राह नहीं बरन् पतन का मार्ग है।

आजकल के अखबारों में नित्य न जाने कितने प्रकार के धोखा धड़ियों का पर्दाफाश होता है। कोई किसी का गला धोंटना है, तो कोई किसी की इज्जत लूटता है। चोरी डकैती तो एक आम बात हो गई है। आज स्थिति ऐसी हो गई है कि एक व्यक्ति दूसरे व्यक्ति का सहज ही अपने विश्वास में नहीं तो सकता। उसे हमेशा भय लगा रहता है कि न जाने किस नए ढंग से दूसरा व्यक्ति उसे लूट कर ले जाए उन्नति उस देश के नागरिकों के परस्पर सहयोग और विश्वास पर निर्भर करती है। अगर हम विश्वास की जड़ों को गहरा नहीं करेंगे तो हमारे देश का भविष्य अंधकारमय हो जाएगा। हमारे सिद्धान्त जहर बदलगाए हैं पर हमारी दशा उस पथिक के समान है जो एक राह पर चल तो पड़ा है पर उसे खुद नहीं मालूम कि उसकी मंजिल क्या होगी।

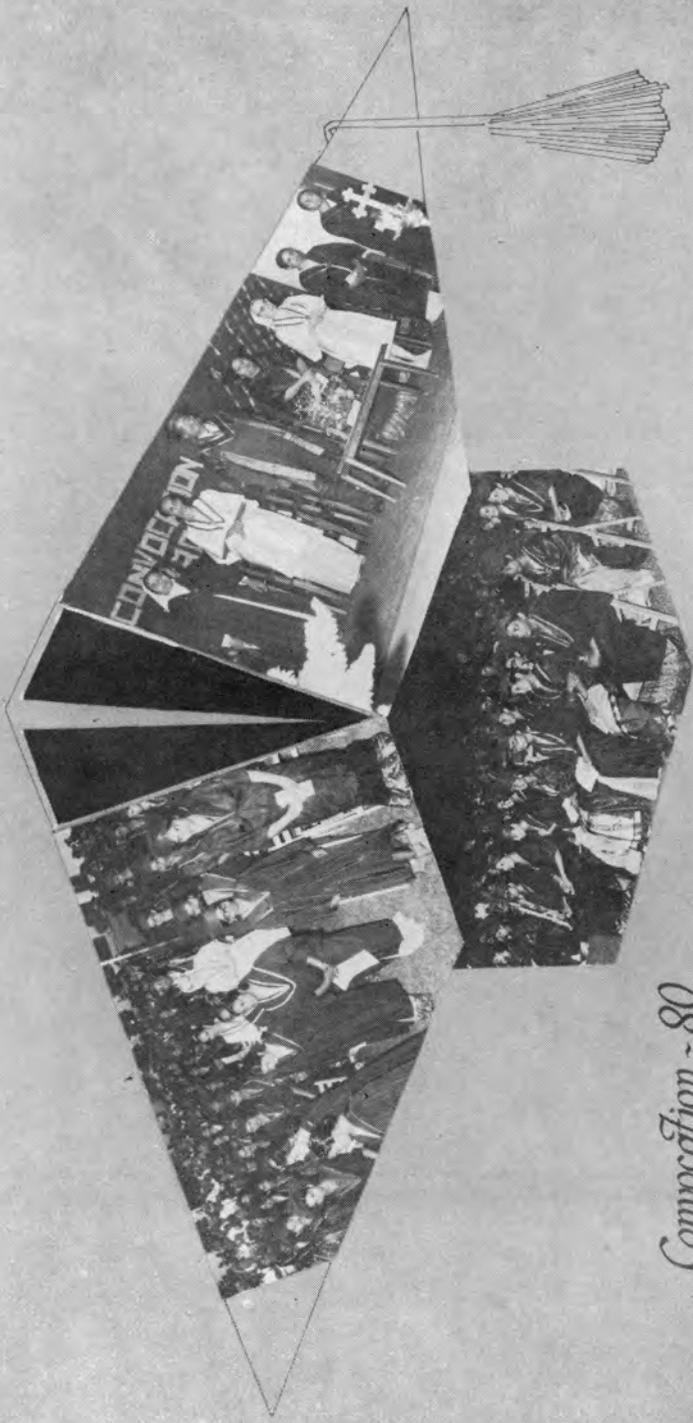
ऐसे ही परिस्थितियों के अधीन हो कर मनुष्य नशीले पदार्थों का सेवन करना है, शराब पीता है यह ठीक है कि इनका सेवन लोग अन्य कारणों से भी करते हैं पर मुख्यतः बढ़ती समस्याएँ ही इसके लिए उत्तरदायी हैं। मनुष्य को जब यह महसूस होता है कि चारों ओर की परिस्थिति उसके लिए असह्य होती जा रही है तो जीवन की सत्यतासे वह दूर भागना चाहता है। स्वप्नों की दुनिया को ही वह सत्य मान बैठता है। और इसी सत्य के साथ आँख मिचौंजी करते हुए एक दिन वह चिरनिद्रा में लीन हो जाता है।

पहले लोगों को भगवान में विश्वास था पर आज का युग ऐसा आ गया है जहाँ हर चीज़ को तर्क की कसौटी पर कसा है। अगर खरा उतरा तो - उस पर सहजही विश्वास कर लिया जाता है, नहीं तो नहीं। और इसी बटाव में हम भगवान के अस्तित्व को भी संदिग्ध दृष्टि से देखते हैं। धर्म में हमारी कोई आस्था नहीं है। पर दुनिया के कुछ ऐसे सात्विक प्रश्न हैं जिसका उत्तर विज्ञान दे सकने में असमर्थ है। और जब हमारा जिज्ञासु मन सब ओर से अपने प्रश्न का समाधान प्राप्त करे बगैर व्यासा लौट आता है तो अन्न में हम भगवान की ही बनाई हुई वस्तुओं में उसके अस्तित्व को देखते हैं। भगवान और धर्म में आस्था रखने से हमें मानसिक सन्तुष्टि प्राप्त होती है जो आज की तेज रफ़्तार में भागती हुई जिन्दगी में नसीब नहीं हो पाती है। अगर हम ऐसा नहीं कर पाते हैं तो कई तरह की

कुंठाएँ हमारे मन में जन्मलेती है। हम सन्तुष्ट नहीं रह पाते हैं। ऐसे ही लोगों की संख्या पश्चिम देशों में बढ़ती नजर आ रही है। उनके पास पैसा पूरा है वह सुख और शान्ति नहीं खरीद सकता। वे लोग किसी ऐसे व्यक्तित्व की तलाश में हैं जो इन्हें सही मार्ग दिखा सके जो इनके दुःख दर्द को समझे, जो इनके प्रश्नों का उत्तर दे और भगवान में उन्हें ऐसा व्यक्तित्व मिलना है और धर्म से उनके प्रश्नों का उत्तर। और अब फिर से भगवान में उनकी आस्था धीरे-धीरे जग रही है।

तब आज मनुष्य क्यों भटक रहा है? उसका लक्ष्य क्या है?—हमें अपने नैतिक विचारों को वापस लाना है। लोगों में भगवान के प्रति आस्था का जगाना है। सर्वोपरि हमें अपनी परिस्थितियों पर विजय पानी है। समस्याएँ तो होंगी पर उन्हें सुलझाना ही मनुष्य का लक्ष्य है। वह भी इस दंग से कि उसके मौलिक गुण नाश न हो। मनुष्य कहलाने के हकदार हम तभी बन सकते हैं जब हममें मनुष्योचित गुण विद्यमान हों।

तनया सिन्हा



*Comvocation - 80*

*Valedictory*

*function*



*A moment of  
serenity*



*In praise and  
Thanks*



*Rooted in our  
Alma Mater*



*from adolescence to  
maturity*

## THE URCHIN

He cannot be more than eight years old. He is small, black. A wicked light gleams in his eyes when he sticks his tongue out impertinently; he deftly captures a chameleon, puts a cord round its neck and drags it squirming behind him. His other hand is gripped by a naked child with straggly hair.

Millions of urchins like him. Why am I so sure this one is different? Perhaps it's because he awakes such conflicting responses in me.

I recoil from him most of the time. He is inexpressibly ugly. He throws a stone at my dog. I rise in fury and scream shrilly. He walks a few yards, turns round and throws one at me with all his strength. I retreat in impotent anger.

Another time he viciously shies a piece of broken glass through a window. I remonstrate. He runs away, calling back tauntingly 'kannadi kannadi'.

He is part of a gambling coterie formed of similar small boys. I hear vile abuse being exchanged. I run out, scared that they are torturing my dogs again. He is grappling on the ground with one of his comrades—his hands round a naked throat.

Why can't I dismiss him as another of those prospective juvenile delinquents?

Perhaps the change comes when I heard that his mother had just returned from jail after a lengthy tenure for thieving. It could be the charm of his smile when he teases my grandmother by calling her 'patti'. Or is it his spontaneous affection for his fellow misdoers and the protective air with which he leads his ragged shadow around?

This ambiguity marks all my behaviour towards him. Yesterday I was walking to my house when I saw him perched on a neighbour's wall. Heedless of my presence he jumped in, plucked off a whole bunch of plantains and scrambled back. I walked on irresolutely till I reached my house. On a sudden whim I strode back and stalled him in the act of carelessly distributing the stuff to a group of kids hanging around hopefully. I called out for someone to come and hand him over with suitable righteousness.

I walked away feeling like a broken rubberband.

Why does he affect me so much? May be its my ego playing up because I have no power over him. All I know is that he makes me feel inadequate and helpless.

I don't know how it will end. Probably he will be pulled into a remand home, or he will grow up into a knife-happy hooligan. But it is with some unknown third alternative that my own quest is bound up.

AMBUJAM RANGANATHAN

## DANS L'OMBRE DE LA NUIT

L' Aurore s'élève. Les fleurs s'épanouissent. Les oiseaux gazouillent. Le monde entier se réveille à un matin frais, soit-il un plein de joie ou de misères. Et quand le soleil disparaît à la fin du jour, l'homme se lamente,

“ Le jour est passé, et toutes ses douceurs sont parties ”. (Keats)

Mais n'y a-t-il personne qui accueille la nuit, la nuit douce comme velours, sur laquelle sont enfoncées des étoiles de diamant et la lune argentée ? Si personne n'est tout disposé, je me présente, toute seule, pour honorer cette déesse charmante et gracieuse.

La nuit est comme une femme, dans son mystère infini : elle cache sous ses robes sombres des secrets impénétrables. Peut-être est-ce cet aspect de la nuit qui fait peur aux gens et qui les fait désirer le retour du jour.

Mais, pour moi, la nuit semble comme une mère douce et aimable, dont le coeur est le refuge des chagrins, la consolation des désappointements, le confort des âmes désolées. Mes souvenirs les plus heureux sont ceux des moments passés pendant la nuit ; je me rappella encore la nuit tranquille quand j'étais couchée toute seule, sur le gazon, sous le ciel noir et nuageux.

En regardant la lune voilée, je semblais voir l'ombre du lapin qui, on disait, y habitait. Peut-être, c'était seulement un nuage qui traversait le visage de la reine des ombres ; je ne crois pas que ce soit des cratères comme disent les savants.

Soudain, je tremblai de surprise et de peur. Un doigt long et sinistre était silhouetté contre le ciel. Des songes affreux venaient dans ma pensée. Mais qu'est-ce qu'il y avait ? Ca n'était qu'une feuille d'un bananier. Riant doucement, je fermai mes yeux, et bientôt, j'étais perdue dans une euphorie, soufflé par la brise douce de la nuit parfumée.....

LAKSHMI RAMAN  
III B.A. Literature

## IN QUEST OF THE SUN

Amid the ceaseless convolutions of the earth, impervious to the diversities that have rocked land and seas, unmoved alike by worshippers and calumniators, the sun, that miracle of light and energy, broods unfailingly over the lives of men, helping and hindering in turns. This orb rises, shedding a deceptively pink flush upon the unsuspecting landscape, ascends loftily like an honourable knight, a disc of pure and painted red, before transforming itself in a demoniac impulse to a fiery, blazing gold, its shape indiscernible in the haze of heat.....but even as the earth reels under the

onslaught, fury abates and the radiance is toned down to a mellow saffron, and the sun, as if chastened dips behind the horizon.

To the uninitiated populace who may wonder at this seemingly unwarranted discourse addressed to that most familiar of all commonplaces, the sun, I venture to provide a note of introduction .....The story begins in a dusty town (Madras, to be precise), where the nervous, nail chewing students of a reputed educational institution (Stella Maris College, of course) chewed their way through a distressingly long duration of what is popularly termed "study holidays" (a contradiction in terms), while awaiting the commencement of what is (not so popularly) termed "exams". At length, the Madras University graciously condescended to put the students through the ordeal, and before the students could recover their breath, holidays had begun.

Students sat back and enjoyed the luxurious laziness of the holiday. Plans were made, abandoned and retrieved. As a member of that harassed group, I would have normally followed the above mentioned procedure. But this year was different. Even before the rest of the student community had recovered from the examination fever, I was seated in the Coramandel Express, every hour taking me farther away from the dear hometown. Following a short stay at historic Calcutta, I was once again on my feet, moving now to the cooler clime of Darjeeling. Lying amidst the towering Himalayan mountains, Darjeeling was indeed a far cry from sea-swept Madras.

And here it was that I witnessed the unique phenomenon of people racing against time to greet the sun and to acclaim its glory, the sun which they hide from, behind parasols and dark glasses. The puzzle was soon resolved when the facts revealed themselves to me—Darjeeling boasts of a peak named Tiger Hill whence the rising sun can be viewed in all its enchantment, as it emerges bit by bit, shining from behind the mountains. We too decided to join the horde of sun seekers and with this in mind, we approached a local travel agency. The trip to Tiger Hill was soon arranged, and we were instructed to board the jeep at four o' clock in the morning.

Anticipation and anxiety sent us to bed sooner than usual. After various false alarms throughout the night, we managed to slip out of our deliciously warmbeds to meet the chilling cold goaded on by my father's dire warnings that if we were late, the jeep would leave us stranded. In the semi-darkness we pulled on our sweaters and shawls and shivered out of the room. The roads were shrouded in twilight and the familiar haunts of the morning had disappeared, giving place instead to ghostly shapes, indistinguishable as trees or buildings. But confident in my ability to follow the routes as easily as if they were the lines on my palm, I jauntily led the way. We walked swiftly, identifying the sharp turns and curves of the hilly roads, followed all the while by the shrill barks of indignant street-dogs! But all of a sudden, we reached a narrow strip of road, blocked by a rock wall on one side, and falling down to the lower reaches on the other, and we stopped, puzzled. We could not recall traversing this stretch before; confused and dismayed, we turned back until we

reached one of those flights of stairs connecting one road to another on a high level. (a common feature in this hill town). Feeling thoroughly lost, we stumbled on blindly, scanning every passing jeep to see if it was the one intended for us, until we rounded a sudden curve to come upon the travel agency. All the jeeps had left and the travel agent told us disgustedly that we had come too late.

Not willing to give up the trip, we pleaded with him in such desperation that he hailed a passing jeep, and after a few whispered words to the driver, bundled us in. But we could leave only after the jeep was filled to capacity, and so it was that a full fifteen minutes elapsed before we were on our way to the hill. A new worry cropped up when we perceived that the sky had lightened considerably and that city was bathed in a pink glow. Would we, after mastering all these obstacles, miss the sunrise? Our co-passengers reassured themselves that it was only Aurore's lamp that lightened the sky, not that of the sun. But we were yet apprehensive and as our jeep jolted and shuddered up the treacherous mountain bends, we clung on, almost willing the vehicle to speed faster, in a race with time, in a race with the sun ..... We soon came to a standstill, preceded by more than forty jeeps, earlier and therefore closer to the summit. We were requested to negotiate the rest of the climb on foot, and we struggled up the almost perpendicular road, gasping for breath, holding our sides after taking every step forward. The gay young drivers, as lithe as native mountain goats, lent a helping hand to the older people and to couples valiantly carrying young children up the route. We arrived on top, panting and heaving, to find the railed in plateau swarming with tourists, some carrying binoculars and some carrying cameras. During the melee, I had got separated from my parents and brother, and now wandered around, peeping over the shoulders of the standing line of people and trying to squeeze in and get a foothold at the railing; meanwhile, the minutes were ticking by and suddenly an excited murmur arose from one part of the crowd.

Eyes turned, necks craned; to see the sun. But the mist had cleared to reveal not what we sought but a sight as thrilling, the sight of snow-clad Kanchenjunga, glinting and sparkling at a distance, the streaks of snow almost blinding us in their dazzle. But by now, people realised that the hour of sunrise was long past, and this realization was endorsed by the native jeep-drivers—"The clouds have come up." they said, and advised us to try our luck another day. A murmur of disappointment arose from the crowd and disgruntled observers complained that the sun seemed to be in league with the jeep-drivers, who were already booking trips for the next sunrise.

The sun had not come up, to our expectations. And all of a sudden, the air seemed to be more chill, and the cold more biting. Little boys came up with hot flasks of coffee and we bought their cups gratefully. Poor substitute indeed for the sun, but the coffee warmed our cold insides, and we sought to drown our sorrows in it. And then, gathering our shawls closer, we began the run downward to the jeep. Going downhill was pleasure, and we skipped through the throngs of people, but though there was a lilt in our steps, there was an unaccountable ache in our hearts, an irrational feeling of having been let down. We had gone in quest of the sun, who chose to miss the rendezvous.

## वर्तमान समस्याओं में उलझे हुए व्यक्ति की झलक ।

“बाबा, मैं १० बजे, तुम्हे लेने आऊंगा” यह कहकर मेरा छोटा बेटा-हाथ छुड़ाकर भाग गया। ६ साल का है - मेरा बेटा बड़ी लडकी तो २० साल की होगी - घर से भाग गई। कहती थी उसे गरीबी से चिढ़ है - वह अमीर बनेगी। उसने अपनी बूटी मां की थकावट नहीं देखी, अपने ६ भाई-बहनों की उत्सुकता नहीं देखी, अपने बाबा की लंगड़ी टांग नहीं देखी - एक दिन भाग गई न जाने अब कहां होगी। जहां भी हो, भगवान उसका भला करें।

“जी, साहिब - क्या लेंगे आप? खिलौने? यह देखिए - इसकी आंखे ऐसे खुलती है - और ऐसे बंद होती है। देखो बेटा - यह लोके? जी साहिब! सिर्फ पांच रुपये - अरे साहिब! कहां जा रहे है? चलो, आप के लिए चार रुपये लगा देते हैं। बोनी का समय है - नहीं साहिब - तीन रुपये तो बहुत कम हैं। चलो ३.९० लगादेते है लीजिए—”

अपना धंधा ही एसा है - लगडा हूं न। कहां जाकर काम कर सकता हूं? घर में ही कुछ खिलौने वगैरह बना लेता हूं-और शाम के पांच बजे छोटा लडका मुझे यहां समुद्र के पास छोड देता है। दिन में कुछ ७, ८ रुपये कमा लेता हूं। मगर, ७ रुपये इतने बडे परिवार के लिए कहां काफी है? बच्चे, भूख से, कई बार रोते है - पत्नी चिल्लाती है - और बस - अशांति और झगडा। सिर्फ यह एक जगह है जहां शांति मिलती है-यह समुद्र लहरें-सूर्यस्त का समय दूर तक एक शांतिपूर्ण वातावरण जमीन और आसमान एक हो जाता है। एसा लगता है जैसे यही वह परामात्मा है - यह जिन्दगी और मोत के बीच में एक सुनतान जगह है - जीवन से आगे - बहुत सुन्दर - “अरे अरे - देख के बेटा - नहीं तो तोड दोगे, यह? सिर्फ २ रुपये, लो।”

चलो, आज तो पांच रुपये बन गए। किसी ने कहा कि सरकार से काम मांगना - इस साल, सरकार, हम लगडों की कुछ भलाई कर रही है। रामू (मेरा पडोसी हैं) - सरकार के दफतर में मुझे ले गया था, वहां कुछ प्रश्न पूछा - एक कागज में कुछ लिखने के लिए कहा (रामू ने लिखा) - बस अंमूठे की निरानी त्रमाई - और वापस आ गया। अगले हफते आने के लिए कहा। गए थे - अगले हफते भी - मगर, कुछ नहीं हुआ। दो दिन की कमाई

गई - बस, घर में कौतूहल था - बीवी विल्लाने लगी - बच्चे एक दूसरे को मारने लगे - छोटा लड़का भीलू रोने लगा। बड़ा होशियार है - मेरा भीलू, डाक्टर बनेगा, एक दिन बहुत कमाएगा - मेरी देख - भाल करेगा। बड़ा मकान होगा हमारा। मैं अपने पोर्तो के लिए खिलौने बनाऊंगा आह मेरा कमरा हरे रंग का होगा (जैसे गुप्ता साहिब के मकान में है, - बहुत बड़ा, मगर मैं चखूंगा कैसे? अरे मेरा भीलू तो डाक्टर है - वह मेरा इताज करेगा हम गडी में चलेंगे - एक बडी गाडी होगी। रोज शाम को हम यहां समुद्र के पार आएंगे - इस शांति को महसूस करेंगे खुश होंगे - बस, और क्या चाहिए?

“बाबा, उठो चलो।” कहीं दूर से भीलू की आवाज सुनाई दी।

“गाडी कहां है, बेटा?”

“गाडी! बाबा, उठो। तुम सो गए थे। अरे देखो तुम्हारा बटुआ कहां है?”

“बटुआ? हाय! मेरा बटुआ कहां है? भीलू, तू जरा वहां देख तों।”

“बाबा, अंधेरे में कुछ दिखाई नहीं देता, किसी ने चुगाया हीगा, बाबा तुम सावधान क्यों नहीं रहते? अब, चलो नहीं तो मां गुस्सा करेगी।”

रात के अंधेर को अब मैंने और ज्यादा महसूस किया।

“बाबा - कल हमें खाना कहां से मिलेगा?”

“बाबा, कल स्कूल में २ रूपये, फीस देना है।”

“बाबा!—बाबा तुम बोलते क्यों नहीं?”

भीलू अब डाक्टर कैसे बनगा? उसकी गां की आधाज मेर कानी में गूज रही थी “तुम तो बस सपने देखने रहना जी - और यहां हम सब मरते जाएंगे।”

ये सपने भी समुद्र की लहरों की तरह हैं - रंगीत होते हैं, शांति देते हैं - और टूट पडते हैं, हकीकत की चट्टानों से टकराए।

सन्ध्या पार्थसारथी

## LE POINT DU JOUR

Trr... Trr...

Un réveille-matin sonnait quelque part et le son m'a réveillé. Il était encore sombre dehors. Par la fenêtre, je pouvais voir les étoiles qui dansaient au ciel. Et pour un moment je voulais être une étoile au ciel, pour danser avec les autres, étoiles, pour causer avec 'l'homme de la lune !' Qu'il soit ravissant!.....

Le temps passait. Le ciel commençait à s'enflammer, Les étoiles me disaient au revoir avec timidité, l'un après l'autre, et je sentais un peu triste de les voir s'évanouir.

Mais je n'avais pas de temps d'être malheureux parce que les oiseaux éclataient en chansons comme si à un signal mystérieux. On ne peut pas manquer la note de bien-venue. Il me semblait qu'ils m'appelaient à les rejoindre. Je me levais et je courais dehors à saluer l'aurore. C'était un bon matin. Mon coeur était plein de joie.

Je promenais autour du jardin. Les feuilles tremblaient au vent doux. Le vent gentil semblait chuchoter : Réveillez-vous, voici un nouvel jour, soit heureux. Les passereaux volaient de fleur en fleur en les réveillant de leur sommeil. Les écureuils montaient et descendaient le grand chêne au milieu de mon jardin. Eux, ils se sentaient heureux de voir un nouveau matin.

D'abord le ciel était gris. Lentement il devenait rouge ça et là comme la toile d'une peinture...Les fleurs s'ouvraient à plein, à accueillir le roi des Cieux, qui venait en toute sa grandeur. Les abeilles bourdonnaient parmi les herbes. Le parfum des lavandes et du jasmin répandait dans l'air. Toutes les choses paraissent fraîches et impatientes.

Et moi, en voyant ceci, j'étais heureuse de vivre, de jouir de quelques moments libres des soucis. Mon coeur éblouissait de joie et d'allégresse. Je remerciai Dieu pour l'aube, pour les oiseaux et surtout pour me laisser les jouir. Je me sentais libre comme les oiseaux et je voulais partager cette joie avec tout le monde, Cependant, ces moments - là se présentaient à moi comme deux médaillons, deux portraits de vie bien différents ; la vie calme et tranquille et pleine de joie, et la vie pressée avec des soucis nombreux.

Tout le monde s'était réveillé quand je rentrai chez-moi et la paix était rompue par les bruits des voitures et des usines et celui des hommes allant au travail.

La routine a commencé l'aube est oubliée par tout le monde. À moi, l'aurore reste comme un rêve, un miracle du Dieu, un miracle qui reparait de jour en jour.

MINI MARY THOMAS  
III B.Sc. Mathematics

## RAPTURE IN RAGS

He slowly trudged through the dark deserted street. His long fingers opened and closed in a restless manner; his palm itched to feel the stiffness of the paint brush. But he knew that, that was not enough. Something was lacking. Something which usually flowed overpoweringly through his body right upto the tips of the fingers which held the brush. That something gave his portraits a peculiar mocking touch and separated them from the remaining heaps painted by amateur artists. He lit a cigarette to relax his high strung nerves and turned into the dark alley.

It smelt of rubbish and dust mixed with stench of human sweat and dirt. He made his way slowly through it with the aid of a torch taking care not to collide into the sleeping forms on the sides.

Soon he came to the other end and in a lazy movement swept the torch across the sides on to the sleeping forms before switching it off. The arc was never completed. The arm stopped abruptly, involuntarily arrested in its motion. Suddenly, very much awake, he stared at the sleeping form of the boy before him.

Dirty, matted black locks covered a greasy forehead which was at present slightly wrinkled as if in concentration of some deep dream. Thin black eyebrows stood guard over tightly screwed up eyes; a sharp, slightly short nose breathed deeply over a wide mouth opened even wider in an unconscious smile. A tiny folded hand was firmly planted under his chin which gave the head a slightly tilted position and the body a sprawled look.

There was little relation between the pleasantly lost oblivion in the face and the scarcely clothed body which lay numb, curled tightly into a ball in a vain attempt to ward away the cold.

The artist stood as if mesmerised by the picture and as he looked he marvelled at that contentment stamped all over. It was a sleep full of pleasantness which spoke of warm beds and cushioned pillows in enfolding nightgowns under thick blankets. He just could not understand this strange combination in this otherwise strangely uncomplicated world. As he looked, his wonder grew and a familiar excitement pulsed through his veins. His fingers eagerly closed over the pencil and he knew that he had struck gold.

People eagerly thronged the corridors of the "Artists and their Arts" building, to get a view of "Rapture in Rags". "Simply great!" said the elegantly dressed men and stroked real and imaginary beards as a sign of their wisdom. "Sensational," said the exquisitely dressed women fluttering long eye lashes in a vague attempt to prove that they too were sensational. Many soft hearts proclaimed that they were moved to tears and that something should be done to rescue children from the gripping clutches of poverty. Meetings were arranged, eloquent speeches were given; people

shook their heads, moved and shaken and with that, the initiative slowly flickered down. Others commented in wistful tones of how lucky the poor were to experience rapture in such scarce conditions and that it was the poor little rich ones who were to be pitied. With that they went home to filling suppers and warm beds silently thanking their own lucky stars. In whatever group the artist's name was pronounced an awed reverence and exaggerated admiration underlined it and the portrait attained fame overnight.

The artist rolled over and stretched himself in his warm bed unable to sleep. His sudden lift to fame had earned him many desired articles ; a new car and a bigger house; a gold wristwatch and a nightgown of pure siik with his initials stitched on it. He now smiled and looked down at the populace with an amused tolerance induced by an assumed superiority. But deep deep inside, his heart cringed and cowered in degradation. He thought of the meagre sum and the worn out blanket with which he had paid the boy to model for him. His face growing hot with shame he buried his face deep in the pillow.

Coming to a quick decision he got up. Stuffing a thick wad of currency in his pockets he walked barefoot to the garage and started his car.

He stopped the car at the entrance of the alley and got out. Hastily, yet with a calmness born out of a firm decision he switched on his torch and entered the filthy darkness.

A blurred mass of sleeping faces appeared and disappeared from his view. Eagerly, his heart beating faster, he searched for that innocently lost face but in vain. Frantically he searched the alley up and down but to no avail. The face that had launched a thousand praises was not there. Desperate, he woke up one of the others there and questioned the whereabouts of the boy. "He left the city a month ago" came the sleepy and irritated reply.

Drained, he leant back against the musty walls. A picture assumed focus from the recess of his mind hauntingly vivid in its clarity. A straight slightly short nose, a wide generous mouth together with a firmly folded hand resting under the chin lifted the face boldly in a noble and strangely brave gesture. A scarcely clothed body lay shivering only this time it was wrapped up in a sort of ingenious way in a worn out blanket.

Shoulders drooping, eyes smarting and very much humbled he slowly retraced his steps to the car.

TAMIZHSELVI R.  
III Year Maths.



## **REPORT OF N.S.S. AND C.S.S. PROJECTS 1980-81**

In keeping with the tradition of Stella Maris College, the students have endeavoured to help the weaker sections of society, through the various N.S.S. and C.S.S. projects. During 1980-81, the total number of projects in N.S.S. and C.S.S. was 29 with 410 students in N.S.S. and 230 in the C.S.S. activities.

### **1. Projects to Help the Physically Handicapped :**

Students rendered their service to the physically handicapped children of the St. Louis Institute for the Blind, School for the Blind, and the Clarke School for the Deaf. The children were helped in their curricular work.

### **2. Village and Tribal Welfare Projects :**

Students conducted two major comprehensive surveys at Thiruvalluvar Nagar and Ratnagiri, where 16 villages were covered.

Work at Javadhi Hills was undertaken in collaboration with the Government; the extension phase was initiated in July 1980.

### **3. The Functional English Course :**

A group of 14 post graduate students of the Department of English conducted classes for the eleventh batch of Conductors/Drivers. This was in collaboration with the Pallavan Transport Corporation, Madras.

### **4. School Projects :**

Children of the various city schools were helped in their curricular work by the students. The schools they worked in were Olcott Memorial School; St. Ebbas Girls Higher Secondary School; Corporation School, Luz; St. Raphael's High School; Avaai Home; and Lady Sivaswami Girls Higher Secondary School; St. Francis Xavier School; and Sree Sharadha Higher Secondary School for Girls.

### **5. Other Projects :**

Students visited Kalyani Hospital and Home for the Aged and rendered their service.

Students also helped to run the College Co-operative Store. A group of students worked to promote population and family welfare education. Another group organised programmes with educative themes for various agencies and institutions.

Students worked in collaboration with Women's Welfare Co-operatives, Blue Cross of India, Madras Voluntary Blood Bank and Madras Fertilizers Limited.

### **Special Programmes :**

1. A Special Camping Programme was organised by the N.S.S. Unit at Ratnagiri, North Arcot District, from the 2nd to 12th of January 1981. Two staff members and 35 student volunteers participated in this 10 day programme. A comprehensive Socio-Economic Survey was done covering 16 villages with approximately 2500 houses. The P.A. to the Collector, Block Officials and the Additional Co-ordinator, N.S.S., University of Madras were some of the important visitors to the camp site.

2. On request from the St. Louis Institute for the Deaf and the Blind, NSS volunteers have been rendering valuable service by being scribes for the blind boys during their exams in September 80 and February 81.

3. The NSS unit helped to organise a sale by Comproma Council India in September, 80. This venture was to promote sales of products made by artisans from Socio-Economic production units.

4. An inter-collegiate programme was held at Thiruvalluvar Nagar in connection with the Gandhi Jayanthi Celebrations. Shramdhan Day was also celebrated during these celebrations from 2nd to 4th October 1980. 25 NSS volunteers participated.

5. Four students attended a Leadership Training Programme organised by the University for all NSS units in January 81.

### **Awards Received :**

1. The Madras Voluntary Blood Bank awarded a shield for being an organisation having more than 100 donors. The award was given at the 5th Anniversary Celebrations of the MVBB at the University Service Centre Auditorium.

2. For distinguished services and co-operation, the MVBB awarded a certificate to the N.S.S. Unit at their Anniversary Celebrations. This certificate was given for the 4th year in succession.

### **Seminars, Courses Etc :**

1. The Programme Co-ordinator, Miss Prabha Nair, participated in the seminars and courses conducted by the University for N.S.S.

2. As a resource person the Programme Co-ordinator shared views and experiences at the Seminar on "Raising the Status of Woman in Tamilnadu" held for NSS organisers at the University. The Programme co-ordinator was a resource person for the Leadership Training Programme spells at AICUF organised by the NSS, University of Madras.

## THE ALUMANE

HEMA NAIR writes from IIM Ahmedabad.

“ Time here flies very fast. You are always rushing about doing something. But I get enough time to sit back and feel nostalgic and long for College and the lovely times I had there .”

Have fun in I. I. M.

\* \* \* \*

UMA GOWRI, married and on the point of going abroad, writes, “ You moulded me, you cared for me and shaped my destiny in a strange and strong way ; and hence today and for all the unbloomed years I deem it not just my duty but a personal pleasure to share with you my dreams, hopes, ambitions and achievements... You will be happy and proud that your student... has been selected for the Rotary Foundation Educational Scholarship to United States.”

All the best. Don't forget to write to us from the States.

\* \* \* \*

LALITHA, Mathematician turned domestic, says :

“ I am really very happy that our Maths department is doing this commendable work on organaizing a get together, which is looked forward to by so many of us.

At the moment I am happy sitting at home, learning carnatic music, and a little bit of drawing and painting and raising a kitchen garden .”

Lets hope you have green fingers in life too.

\* \* \* \*

PATRICIA BUTLER, former lecturer in the English Department, writes from Middlesex :

“ I have just written to Sister Sheila and I very much look forward to meeting her. It will be lovely to get first hand news of everyone, to keep me going until I'm lucky enough to visit India again. ”

Haven't you heard its a small world ?

\* \* \* \*

Mrs RAYMA NAIL, a proud Stella Marian and mother of another successful Stella Marian, writes. “ I attended the College day. It was really a moving and

nostalgic event for me - I enjoyed every bit of it—especially the college song which I found myself singing! It brought back so many happy memories of other college days, dramas, and fun and laughter.....

SMC was in the infancy then ('50—'52). Now she is a beautiful young lady poised and self confident. But then as now, it was and is an honour to be a student of S.M.C. "

Your best wishes will keep us going for many more years.

\* \* \* \*

MARYLOBO, F.M.M. sends her 'thank you'.

" My thoughts gratefully go back to you. All, these thoughts are happy memories of your encouragement, interest and appreciation, your selflessness in imparting and sharing your knowledge, your earnestness to see that we got the best, your joy and your smiles."

Lovely to hear from you. Drop in soon.

\* \* \* \*

SIKHA remembers us from Baroda :

" Eventhough it has been so many years, so many changes must have taken place,... I still imagine you all taking classes, only the faces in the front are all different.

I am working as a Research Assistant in the Reserve Bank of India, Research cell...the work is very interesting and all your efforts and guidance have helped me to show in my little way how a ' Stellamarian ' is.

You're right. The frame is ever the same. Only the photographs change.

\* \* \* \*

CAUVERY, budding economist, writes from Bombay :

" It is a fantastic feeling when you answer anyone's " Where did you do your College? "With Stella Maris" because you should see the way eyebrows go up!

Every body knows about Stella Maris and all my work at the University gets done in a flash!"

We're feeling proud too.

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# University Examination Results - 1981

Course	Total appeared	1 Class	II Class	III Class	Total passed	Per-centage
<b>B.A.</b>						
History	46	23	17	—	40	83%
Economics	46	37	4	3	44	92%
Sociology	44	35	8	—	43	97%
Fine Arts	28	—	—	—	27	97%
Literature	44	34	8	1	43	97%
Public Relations	19	—	—	—	19	100%
<b>B.Sc.</b>						
Maths	48	48	—	—	48	100%
Chemistry	34	29	1	—	30	88%
Zoology	41	32	7	1	40	97%
	GRADES :	0	A	B	C	
<b>M.A.</b>						
English	26	6	19	—	25	97%
Economics	24	12	12	—	24	100%
Social Work	22	3	14	2	19	87%
Fine Arts	04	04	—	—	4	100%
<b>M.Sc.</b>						
Maths	20	5	9	1	15	95%

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