

STELLA MARIS



COLLEGE





Stella Maris College

Human Rights

1982

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EDITORIAL

'Human Rights' - is it the right to be human in every sense of the word? Is it the right of man not because it is a part of the U.N. Charter or a country's constitution but because it is something fundamental to man's existence, his birthright?

We think we've come a long way since the caveman fought for survival - against natural calamity, against aggrandisement. And yet even in the super-sonic age, the battle to preserve this right is still on.

Deep down in the heart of every human being is the yearning for the right to live in harmony, to live peacefully in society, to be in a land where the government rules for the equal benefit of all, where each man enjoys the security of life and can practise the religion he wills, where wealth matters not, but only the individual and his humanity.

What has man done to preserve his rights? He has polluted the very air he breathes, tampered with nature, playing god; has made extinct so many things that shared the earth with him...

And he has also reached out with love and hope, with aspirations and ideals, taken the first steps for becoming more aware of himself, aware of others. He has realised that every right has its responsibility, its privilege. If one man assumes the right to destroy, there are others even in this war-torn world to speak for the right to preserve, to create.....to be really human.

Staff

Mrs. Seetha Srinivasan
Mrs. Margeret Clarence
Mrs. Padmamalini

Mrs. Alamelu
Mrs. Meera
Mrs. Sharada

Students

Clamma ... I M.A. (Literature)
Padma
Usha
Malini ... I M.A. Fine Arts
Rohini

Stella ... I M.Sc. (Maths)
Fransesca ... I year Lit.
Jayanti ... I year Botany
Radha ... II year Physics
Sitalakshmi ... I year Chemistry



Let me not pray to be sheltered from
dangers but to be fearless in facing them.
Let me not beg for the stilling of my pain
but for the heart to conquer it.
Let me not look for allies in life's battlefield
but to my own strength.
Let me not wave in anxious fear to be saved
but hope for the patience to win my freedom.
Grant me that I may not be a coward,
feeling your mercy in my success alone,
but let me find the grasp of your hand in my failure.

— Rabindranath Tagore



COLLEGE DAY REPORT — MARCH 1982

Respected Vice Chancellor,

Mrs. Shantappa,

Esteemed Guests, Members of the Governing Body,

Dear Parents, Wellwishers, Colleagues,

Faculty Members and Students,

It is my privilege once again to present this annual report of the College on this day of joy and thanksgiving. A College with 11 Departments, 1630 students and 110 Faculty Members which earnestly strives to play a dynamic role in the cause of higher education, will surely have a lot to report at least once a year to express joy and gratitude for so much co-operation and encouragement it receives from the public. Stella Maris College is not new—it is 35 years old. But some among the guests are new.

What has happened since March 1981 in the College and to our students cannot be explained or measured merely in quantitative terms. It is not possible to assess the real growth that has taken place within this academic community by the examination results or by the growth in strength. But every year we evaluate diligently our work only in terms of the educational goals, objectives and ideals that we have set for ourselves. The training of the mind, heart and the will of our young women has been accepted as our educational endeavour and we have committed ourselves to be of service to the country in this regard. While maintaining high academic standards, we try to create in our students an awareness of the needs of the society and inculcate in them a certain desire to serve the less privileged and the needy. Our concept of Universal Brotherhood is based on a deep Faith in the Universal Fatherland of God. In July 1981, the college started its academic year with the motto of collective endeavour and co-operation.

Be it a classroom lecture, or group discussion, an outdoor project or field trip, a curricular assignment or co-curricular activity, individual library work or team work within the club, sports, games, N.C.C., N.S.S. or debates and dramatics, in the entire learning and growing process, our aim and objective has been consistently kept in mind. The faculty members guide the students to acquire correct values, develop wholesome attitudes in order to achieve a harmonious blending of spiritual values with secular knowledge. Our policies and programmes are so framed that our youthful students may find ample scope for growth and find new meaning for their educational experiences.

Consequently, the year started for our faculty ten days before the re-opening day when they sat together and discussed the ways and means of updating themselves to meet the challenges of the day. We were rightly questioned by Fr. Wirth who not only reminded us of our vital roles but motivated us to become more and more committed to our moral responsibilities. Of one things all of us in Stella Maris can truly be proud - i.e. hard work and hard work goes with interest and is pursued with a smile. The staff now have more inter-departmental get-togethers, sharing and fellowship.

We begin with the achievements of our Staff Members since the quality of education and training that the college imparts depends on our staff strength. We were happy to welcome back some of our senior staff members who had successfully completed their research or submitted their thesis and joined duty.

Several others have also registered for part time research for their M. Phil or doctorate degrees.

We are happy that our staff have taken up professional competence as a must and are devoted to their task. Thanks to the forethought and generosity of my predecessor who set aside nearly 75% of the U.G.C. grant for F.I.P., soon Stella Maris will have several research departments. Twenty-five staff members attended during the summer a training programme in the use of Audio-Visual Aids organised specially for our Staff by T.T.T.I.—thanks to the kind co-operation and guidance of T.T.T.I. Principal and Staff.

Our staff also serve on various Inspection Commissions appointed by the Directorate and have participated in Seminars outside the college. They have contributed their mite to the correspondence education contact hours organised by the University. While speaking about our staff, with deep regret, I place on record our gratitude and appreciation of the services of the late Mrs. Ganga Ganesan whose untimely death has been a great loss to the College. She was sincere, zealous and academically alert, and her thesis would have been a scholarly contribution. May her soul rest in peace.

This year has been a year of seminars and courses — not merely at the National level but also at the International level. In July, the college collaborated with U.S. Educational Foundation in organising a fifteen day academic programme for fifteen professors from the University of Atlanta. The participants left us with a deep sense of gratitude and appreciation for the excellent programme arranged for them under the direction of Mrs. Radha Paul. During the second semester, the college again was called to organise a three day orientation programme in Indian Socio-Cultural values and background for the participants of Chrysalis Seminar from U.S.A. The participants expressed their immense satisfaction regarding the discussions, lectures and cultural programme organised by the College and have returned to their countries better informed of the Indian heritage.

We await next month another group of teachers from U.K. who will be spending a week with us for a similar experience and orientation.

State level seminars on Untouchability, Education for Prohibition, Police, Students and Community Relationship etc. were successfully hosted by the College during this academic year. Stella Maris with all its limitations such as lack of a proper auditorium and funds never refuses a helping hand whenever called. The one day celebration for the Physically Handicapped from all over Madras organised by the N.S.S. also took place in Stella Maris and we were happy to be of some service to the needy.

I now briefly highlight the activities organised by the various Departments. There were several Inter - department Inter - Collegiate seminars and conferences during this academic year. To mention a few.

A Conference on Commonwealth Literature by the English Department.

An Inter - disciplinary Conference on some applications of Mathematics by the Mathematics Department.

An Inter - Departmental Seminar on Global Challenges by the Economics Department.

A Seminar on Human Rights and an Audio Visual presentation of the Fundamental Rights of man by the various Departments organised by the Sociology Department.

A 3 day Symposium on Women of India organised by the Social Work Department.

An Inter - collegiate Symposium on Communism and the Third World countries by the History Department.

The pageant on Women and Art in sound and light presented by the Fine Arts Department has enriched the learning experiences of the staff and students this year.

Not only did seminars and conferences keep us busy but also the exhibitions organised by the various departments which displayed the real talent, originality and creativity of our budding scientists and scholars.

- The Modella of the Zodiac Club invited the schools to participate on a competitive basis.
- The Botany Exhibition, the first and the best of its kind gave new meaning to the interest of plant lovers.

- The Regalia, the Exhibition of the Chemistry Department taught young enthusiasts how to become manufacturers of various chemicals, cosmetics and useful detergents.
- The Zoology Department in its turn identified 21 birds in the campus. Their 'campus specimen collection competition' sent the students hunting over the entire campus with fun and enthusiasm. Their dogshow, educated us in the sound principles of dog care.
- The Literature Department with their creative young poets brought into life the Elizabethan characters and life style through a fun fair—the Bartholomew Fair during their Elizabethan Extravaganza, we were indeed transported into the sixteenth century.
- The Kala Darpan—an exquisite display of the talents of our Fine Arts students, their drawing, painting, batik work, leather work, silk screen printing, household arts and crafts brought many art lovers to the College.

This Department felicitated their Foundress Sr. Edith Tomory on her Golden Jubilee with a week's celebration when her latest edition 'Introduction to World Art' was released.

A series of accident prevention education programmes conducted by the Social Work Department and their active involvement in various training programmes and social welfare projects have been appreciated by the people all over the country.

We are happy to announce that our pioneering efforts to demonstrate the vital need for a Social Worker in the Hospital has made the Government recognise and sanction such a post of a Medical Social Worker at Government Stanley Hospital thanks to the initiative taken by the Department of Social Work and the efficient services rendered by Mrs. Poppy Kannan.

Co-curricular activities like the celebration of Marriage Rites according to various religions demonstrated by the Sociology Department, the historical pageant of the History Department, Bharathi Centenary and the Pongal Celebration by students, the Literary parleys and pageants of the Literature students—the sound and light programme of the Fine Arts students have all made inter - disciplinary sharing and learning more frequent and meaningful within the College.

An additional feature we introduced this year with reasonable success is the Certificate Course in Management and Computer Programming for the Third year Degree Students and Post Graduates, which adds some professional training and experience to their degrees. Based on this year's experience, we hope to plan a few more useful certificate courses for the next year in order to give some job orientation to their regular studies.

The student publications such as two issues of Udaya, the Campus Bulletin, Kilti Kaliyan of the Hindi Department, the Literary Journal of the English Department, Ankur of the Economics Department, Ithihas of the History Department were included among the 200 new additions to the College Library this year. Students show a lot of interest in Library work and often express their pride and satisfaction in their library.

In the month of October 1981, we presented the College Cultural Programme 'Glimpses in Harmony' which was another venture attempted to present lofty thoughts to an enlightened audience through harmony in music, dance and life. The friends who have gathered here today will be able to have some glimpses of the talents of our students after the Prize Distribution and the cultural programme that is to follow.

Our students have participated in T. V. and A. I. R. programmes, they have tried to oblige whenever they were asked for items of cultural value. The Inter - year competitions organised by the Union reveal the latent talents of our students. The Union gave us a very peaceful and enjoyable year.

Through all these we have tried to make the learning experience more challenging and therefore more interesting for our students and there is never a dull day in the campus. The new comers who stand in wonder, soon keep their seniors wondering at their youthful exuberance in turn.

One of the thrusts of the College in undertaking this educational endeavour is to share the concerns of our people, their desire for dignity, liberty, justice and peace and to serve the less privileged classes. Therefore Stella Maris gives importance to C.S.S. and N.S.S. activities. There are 16 N.S.S. and 3 C.S.S. projects wherein 484 students and 40 staff members are actively involved. The areas of activities are: Formal Education, Remedial teaching, Non-formal education, Social Education, Institutional work, Blood Bank, Tribal Welfare and Co-operative.

The Madras Voluntary Blood Bank presented an award to Stella Maris this year also in appreciation of the largest number of Blood Donors who came from the College during their Blood Donation Camp.

The Director of DANIDA invited our enthusiastic students to assist them in the Base-line survey of tribal areas in the Tribal pockets of Pachaimalai and Kolli Hills in Salem District. Our six year old Integrated Tribal Development Programme in Jawadhi Hills carried on with the financial assistance from Social Welfare Department of the Government is coming to an end in June 1982. But our contacts, interests and work will continue as long as our presence is needed as catalytic agents towards self reliance and development. Whether the University insists or not, whether marks are added or not, we would like to train our students to be more concerned about and involved in the problems of our less privileged fellow-beings.

We serve the needs of the country also through the N.C.C. which is two years old and has trained the Best Tamil Nadu Cadet-Rajeswari of Second Year History, the para jumper - Elizabeth Thomas of Second Year History. Odette Mendoza came first in Signals and First Aid at the All India Level while Sumathi came fifth. After much effort and such outstanding achievement and thanks to the interest and encouragement of Major Bagawandas and her colleagues, the Stella Maris Unit has been recognised at last as a separate unit. We also have a group of energetic youngsters who are undergoing training in Karate.

Stella Marians will always have something to be proud of namely their achievement and involvement in the field of sports and athletics. This year too, for the sixth year in succession, our athletes have won the A. L. Mudaliar Championship.

In the Inter-collegiate Tournaments we are winners in Table Tennis, Hockey, Tennis and runners - up in Shuttle Badminton. Our Basketball players won the Kokila Raja Trophy and are hoping for another victory at the Inter-collegiate tournament which unfortunately has not yet taken place. Therefore we are unable to report on the Championship in major games and of our Sports Championship as the Athletic Association has withheld its activities.

The motto of the Olympics is not to win but to compete. This is precisely what our young athletes keep in mind. Our students have represented the University in Basket ball, Tennis, Hockey, Shuttle Badminton, Table Tennis, Cricket, Volleyball and Athletics. We have also State representation in Shuttle Badminton, Table Tennis and Badminton.

While the Stella Maris staff accept that academic excellence is not the only thing that the college aims at, we have on our record 98% passes at the Undergraduate level and 96% at the Postgraduate level during 1982 examinations. Mathematics, Economics, Sociology, Literature, Fine Arts, Public Relations had 100% passes and there are 30 State Rank holders among these.

In the Prize Distribution that is to follow the public will know the degree of participation and involvement of our students in the various extra-curricular and co-curricular activities organised by other colleges and agencies. Every department had organised excursions, study tours, field visits, visits to agencies, and exhibitions outside the college. in spite of all these, attendance at lecture classes and library work continue to play an important role in the lives of our students. How do our youngsters manage? When do they find time for all this? The answer is where there is interest, there is always effort and of course, there is also the joy of achievement.

You have listened with interest and noted what we have been doing this year in Stella Maris. The next question is what do we propose to do? Along the lines elaborated so far, we shall continue to strive to maintain the degree of dedi-

cation and the quality of service and improve our standards of performance in reaching out to a larger number of needy students, the deprived classes. We will earnestly try to instil in our students zeal and dynamism to work for the uplift of the poor and needy, the status-less, faceless thousands who are yet to enjoy the benefits of progress, technology and education.

Many job oriented certificate courses, increased emphasis on remedial teaching classes, fuller utilisation of our facilities for developmental needs and projects will receive priority. There is a shortage of lecture halls, an Examination Hall to accommodate at least one hundred and fifty students, a multipurpose Hall for our various extra-curricular, co-curricular discussions, indoor games, inter-departmental projects, to which we look forward for help and support from the public. We need to build up also a Student Aid Fund so that we can expand our educational facilities to many more economically needy students. We will look forward to the day when Stella Maris can offer fifty more scholarships for the deserving students. For this cause we would sacrifice our desire for an auditorium or even autonomous status. We hope our enlightened audience will help us in our sincere endeavours to serve the society with support and encouragement.

Before I conclude, it is my pleasant duty to place on record our deep gratitude to all those friends, benefactors, parents, public bodies and agencies who have always extended their help and co-operation in the past years. The Rotary Club helps us with our Students' Welfare Scheme through midday meals, the stock exchange and other Trusts which offer a few scholarships for deserving students, the P. T. C., the Police, the P. & T. Departments, the M. E. S. and the Corporation authorities, who contribute much towards the smooth running, and maintenance of the College in its day-to-day life, the cultural and educational agencies like the British Council, U.S.I.S. and above all the University and Education Department whose support and timely assistance we appreciate very much and we wish to thank them on this occasion.

We thank our Non-Teaching Staff whose generosity and hard work helps us to realise the many plans and programmes we undertake. Of course, I must say that we are very proud of our students, who have given us a very happy and peaceful year of learning and growing. We are not alone in this gigantic task. There is a friendly atmosphere and a mutually supporting attitude among staff and students for which I am grateful to God whose Peaceful Presence and constant assurance is a great asset. So I conclude my report which presents to you certain glimpses of harmony that we experience in and around us because of our dependence on the Lord of Harmony who helps us to keep our hopes always alive.

May His Name be praised always.

Thank You !

RELIGIONS AND RIGHTS

“Recognition of the inherent dignity and of the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice and peace in the world,” is the opening sentence of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, 1948. Religion has been present at every level of human society from the earliest times. But what exactly is it? The Oxford Dictionary defines religion as “the recognition of a superhuman controlling power, and especially of a personal God, entitled to obedience.”

Psychologists tend nowadays to deny that there is a religious instinct, because it seems to be absent in animals with whom we share many physical instincts. Social environment and upbringing are important in the development of religious life and one's respect for another individual. To day some people claim to be irreligious, doubtful about or even hostile to all forms of religion; and they are called atheists, if they deny the existence, of any superhuman power; or agnostics, if they hold that this cannot be known or established with certainty. One's attitude towards religion, in the true sense of the term, is somewhat related to the recognition of the “inalienable rights of all members of the human family” Even in the so called atheistic countries there are not only state rituals which resemble religious ceremonies but also special personalities who either lead the social pattern or break through it and seem to have a significance akin to the religious.

The study of religion reveals that an important feature of it is a longing for value in life, a belief that life is not accidental or meaningless. The search for meaning leads to faith in a power greater than man, and finally to a universal or superhuman mind which has the intention and will to maintain the highest values of human life. There is an intellectual element in this search for purpose and value, and an emotional element in the dependence upon the power which creates or guarantees those values. Whether morals can exist without religion or some supernatural belief has been debated, but at least all religions have important moral commandments.

There is, however, a clear distinction between the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and the basic tenets embodied in various religions. While the former is legal, in the sense that it can be enforced in a court of law, the latter is only morally binding, enforceable in the conscience of man and hence, at times, a more effective instrument for the implementation of rights than any court of law! In the interests of state and society, however, the legal and moral rights should be complementary and not contradictory.

It is in the Upanishads, the fountainhead of Hindu philosophy, that we first find the three related doctrines: that the soul repeatedly dies and is reborn



Convocation '82

The lamp is lit



Graduates '82



Poseidon 81

Waves

of...



Dance....



Fashion...



Drama

embodied in a new organism (samsara), that one bears the effects of one's deeds in this or a future life (karma) and that there is an escape from the weary round of redeath and rebirth (moksha, nirvana). The possibility of release arises from the doctrine of the identity of the inmost self or soul (atman) with the Absolute (Brahman, neuter). This relationship is expressed in the great utterances of the Upanishads: 'तत् त्वं असि' ("That thou art".) This exaltation of the self अहं ब्रह्मास्मि । ("I am Brahman") shows that only when one had fully realized oneself can one comprehend the needs of others. This is, in short, the concept of human rights on a broad basis.

The quintessence of the teachings of Jesus Christ is embodied in his "Sermon on the Mount". Through admirable parables and pithy sayings, he drove home the central idea of his teachings to the people: "Love thy neighbour", "Return good for evil", or "If a man wants to sue you for your shirt let him have your coat as well". The concept of the rights of human beings is certainly stressed upon, in fact sometimes they may go beyond the concept of another's privilege and probably, in an extreme form, it can give room for exploitation of even love.

Muhammed, the Prophet, the founder of Islam, taught his fellow Arabs: "Know that every Muslim is the brother of every other Muslim". The principle of equality and brotherhood is nothing but the assertion that all are expected to be treated alike and enjoy certain inalienable rights, though unfortunately, it leaves one in doubt as to whether only all Muslims are united as brothers, since all other men belonging to other religions are regarded as non-believers, against whom should be practised the "Jihad" (holy war).



Vardhana Mahavira's teachings embodied in Jainism advocate the right to Life not merely for human beings but for all living creatures of God. Their emphasis on 'Ahimsa' or 'non-violence' to men, animals, plants and trees is a broader extension of the human rights campaign and is indeed commendable.

The adherents of Gautama Buddha's faith too believe in Ahimsa, but theirs is the middle path, avoiding the extremes of Jainism and Hinduism. Buddha believed that if there should be any distinction in society, it should depend on one's actions, rather than on one's birth and denounced the caste-system with its concomitant evils that had crept into Hinduism. Buddhism is a very practical religion, extending a hand of friendship to all human beings to mingle freely in a class-less society. If all these religions are strictly enforceable, there would be absolutely no need for a separate human-rights campaign, as undertaken by our U.N. today.

It is ironical and even rather pathetic that despite the subtle assertion of human rights, most of these religions have gradually deteriorated with the passage of time. We find that Hinduism has the main sub-divisions of shaivas and vaishnavas, in Christianity, we have Catholics and Protestants and in Islam, the Sunnis and Shias. This corruption of the pristine purity of different religions has been the cause of many a war and has necessitated a renewed effort of the human-rights issue which is a fundamental principle of all religions.

Today, more than a fifth of the world embraces Communism, which is itself a kind of religion with a dogmatic philosophy. The Communists evince their faith by a fever of missionary zeal, singing proletarian anthems and raising Marx and Lenin to the stature of divinities. The Western democracies point out the suppression of basic human rights in the Communist countries by pin-pointing the curbs on freedom of speech and expression. The human rights issue is used as a weapon of psychological warfare in the cold war between the Super Powers, namely the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. The latest updated recommendations concerning the U. S.'s "global" role in the human rights field is that they stress the propaganda aspect of the human rights issue as an integral part of the official U.S. foreign policy. It is regrettable that the human rights question is being used as a political weapon; it is unlikely this will lead to a more enlightened and humanitarian behaviour in the peoples of the world.

SHEILA MURTHY,
III Year History.

HELLO, IN THERE!

Voices.

"Oh no! (wailing) he's done it again!"

"Who's done what?"

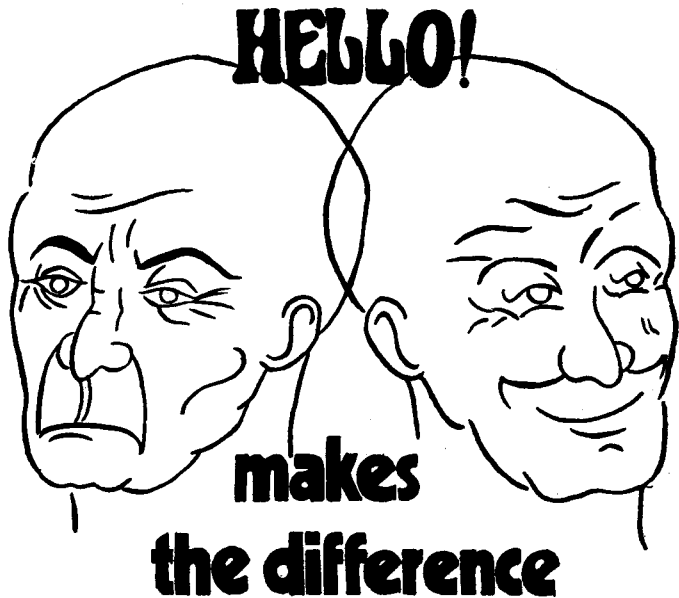
"Baba has messed up his room again, and I took such pains to clear it, Oooo.....O. K. Today I am going to shift his room to the top floor."

No, you can't do that. You can't take my room away from me. It's my world. It is the only place in this house I know.....understand and.....and love.

".....And while we are on the subject, I want you to discourage Arun from pestering his grandfather for stories. I don't want my son's head to be filled with a whole lot of gibberish".

But he loves them and they are not gibberish. Why don't you understand-understand that he is..... is my everything-that I can forget the harshness of my own children in his innocent, trusting.....loving face and become a carefree child again. You can't..... you won't take my life away from me.....will you?

"Its' only for a little while now, Sunita..... Baba appears to be a tough old bird....."



I am not, I am not. I am weak, weaker than little Arun. He has something which I want and need as much as he does, only I am starved of it.....why? How can I be tough when every fibre in my body aches for sustenance? (voices fading)but, look, it won't be long now. Doctors say.....

What are those lines sung by Joan Baez that keep buzzing indistinctly in my brain? Something about how trees and rivers grow.....grow stronger everyday, butbut.....Oh, yes, that's it.

" But old people, they just grow lonesome

Waiting for someone to say.

Hello, in there, hello !"

Yes, they wait and keep waiting.....fruitlessly. I wonder how many words are longed for with such desperate hope as " Hello, in there ", that can invigorate feeble hearts, or induce such a slow, overwhelming joy. They say there are homes for the aged, these days. They also say that they provide all the basic comforts that such people need. So, the question of any deprivation (they say) doesn't arise at all..... It doesn't? then how does one account for the relatively few such homes in the country?..... O. K. Indian society. Steeped in tradition, or is it the system of joint families, it has shied away from openly throwing out its eldest members. But in many cases, those very ' homes ' would be far more welcome than the places which have for them ceased to be homes. They are merely houses where frighteningly cold robots zoom past leaving a bewildered human crouched in the centre. Then I suppose, those, ' comforts ' would be infinitely more appealing than ' home '.

It's fashionable these days to talk about the poor and the handicapped - " Our Welfare Society has collected so much this year " or " Oh ! the poor little mites ! It was so-oo sad ! " - Who talks about the aged ? They are poor and handicapped, too. They need love and companionship ; a smile, a friendly word can produce incredible effects. So, why don't we just do it ? Why don't we return their love, affection which were our comforts when we needed them most ? For their part, they have never stopped loving. Have you ever listened to an inmate of a home for the aged talk about her dear son or daughter who is so brilliant, so affectionate and whom she hasn't heard of for years ? You'd be surprised to realise you ever possessed such murderous instincts. It's not just sad.....it leaves a bitter taste in your mouth. I mean, here is this shrivelled, worn, woman, whose dull, lack-lustre eyes brighten perceptibly, whose face becomes animated at the mere thought of her son. And, the son, of course, cannot help to bring about that same animation, same brightening, a little more frequently. He does not care.

But who says they are worthless extras anyway? Who make the most interesting companions for children? Who can relate the Ramayana with greater vividity and imagination than the insipid comic strips? Who provide the moral backing, the stability, so urgently needed in this fast pace of life? Who constitute a fund of useful information, of tricks for children and above all - experience? Who are the best confidantes for all in a hectic household?.....You still think they ought to be in 'a home'?

These people are our pride, the guardians of our culture, our strength, support, our guide. We need them and they need us, - our love, friendship and companionship. Surely that's not such a great price to pay? I know it's not within my sphere to preach - we must do this or we shouldn't do that. No, that has to come from within ourselves. That awareness of what is or is not must spring from ourselves. But for one, the neglect of the old, is not just a problem. It's something more than that. It is a disease and it's catching - fast. I want to do something about it. I am going to do it.

S. SRIKALA
I year Literature.

RIGHTS AND RESTRICTIONS

"In its absolute sense liberty means the faculty of willing and the power of doing what has been willed. But in its sober and more practical sense liberty, especially civil liberty means a citizen's enjoyment of his rights as a member of society".

Harold Laski

God, by his magnificence has gifted man certain rights and liberties. The early caveman was a nomad leading a barbaric yet idyllic rural life. There was no need for him to surrender his liberties. But as civilization dawned, some of his privileges were curbed so that he could live in a peaceful and organised society. As man is a social being he had to sacrifice his personal liberties for the common good.

With the advance of civilization the desire to seek material comforts and personal needs becomes more pronounced. This in turn made man crave for pleasures and made him highly selfish, avaricious and egocentric. History is replete with examples of rulers oppressing the ruled, the rich exploiting the poor by taking exorbitant taxes from them. In the 13th century, King John was forced to sign the "Magna Carta" which became the cornerstone of liberty in democratic countries. One of the city-states in Greece, Athens began as a monarchy and became the world's first democratic country.

The teachings of intellectuals like Voltaire and Rousseau inspired Frenchmen to rise against the oppression and tyranny of the nobles and kings. The French revolution broke out in the name of Equality, Liberty and Fraternity and France became a republic. Another example which bears eloquent testimony to the arrestation of human rights was slavery to which the Blacks were subjected. They

were illtreated due to the denial of "Human Rights" and this was a slur upon their social standing. Finally Abraham Lincoln, the American President who abhorred slavery was determined to cast it away into oblivion. Colonisation is another form of exploitation of man by man both in the political and economical sense. Under military dictatorship and totalitarian regimes respect for human rights is non-existent. Further it was the false perception of human rights that led to the two world wars which resulted in massive destruction. This led to the establishment of the United Nations. The U.N.O. ensures in its charter safeguards for human rights. The most important of the latest documents of the U.N.'s colonial policy is the resolution on the liquidation of colonisation.

The term 'civil liberty' includes as its fundamental gift to its citizens, the right to form one's opinion or the right to think independently. The denial of human rights is not only an assumption of infallibility but would mean, that the decisions registered as a law reflect not the total needs of the society, but the powerful needs which have been able to make themselves felt at the source of power. In the words of Leacock - "Terror does not alter opinion; it only drives the opinion underground, thereby making it more dangerous. Those who oppose freedom of opinion are the losers, because the silenced opinions may contain a portion of the truth - the heresies of today are the orthodoxies of tomorrow. A man always learns by having an open mind."

Even in countries like India where democracy is upheld, during periods of emergency, fundamental rights of people are infringed upon by those in authority. Lack of toleration and oppression of minorities is one of the major causes for the refugee problem which is prevalent today. The fundamental and human rights of the citizens which are the basis of the civil liberty of a nation are to be given by the government and enjoyed by them in a liberal sense of a mutual harmony. In fact democracy ensures greater personal freedom for every citizen. It does not thrive on suppression of thought but rather it encourages and cherishes free thinking on the part of the citizens. Thus human rights are to be enjoyed so that one can live in full dignity and glory, the epitome of God's creation.

S. RAJEE
I Year Botany.

REACH OUT WITH

Yes. She was torn by the conflict that raged like a tumultuous sea, in her mind. Visions flashed across her mind, like a movie picturing the past, the present, the future, accompanied by distant voices. She felt herself caught up in a whirlwind lost in a thick cloud of mist. She could not feel the firm ground. Everything slipped under her feet.

Suddenly, the visions seemed blurred. Then one after another, they revolved rapidly in front of her eyes. She could see them, understand their message, as she sat under a neem tree - a beautiful girl, in the prime of her youth.

Two faces peered at her. One from the darkness; the other from bright sunshine. Darkness engulfed that face, which had deep lines and furrows engraved on the surface. The eyes stared at her; two interminable hollow pits. The chin drooped, almost buried in the bony structure of the chest. Every deep cut represented the cruelty meted out in full measure; the hollow pits emitted fire - a fiery longing - the fire of hunger; the drooping chin expressed the futility of existence; the inability to protest..... Yes, that face.....no.....no..... that mask was an epitome of depression, of exploitation, of incredible misery.



She shuddered and looked away. Then she smiled. Yes, there, confronting her were roses, peaches, halos.....That face, brilliantly lit by the glitter of silvery ornaments, the fair hair expressing tender care, the luminous eyes radiating contentment, the clear, transparent surface, the fruitful result of a life of roses, the soft delicate lips, and the firm chin, supported by sound monetary fulfilment.

Yes. That bright sunshine, the clear blue sky, nature's mirror, reflected her own face. God! How beautiful she looked!

She turned pale; her lips trembled; there, before her was the cracked mirror; from behind like a mist rose the dreadful vision. She stared hard; there was no mistake. She tried to hide her face - No, she couldn't. The vision kept haunting her. Suddenly, a resolution was passed in her mind. Her hand, which shielded her

face, stretched forward. She lifted the drooping chin; their eyes met. She froze at the recognition.....yes.....that was her own face; when the wheel of fortune had completed its full circle; when injustice dominated.

She stretched both her hands, unwrapped the bony structure. Then came a transformation. The mask dissolved, gratitude filled the hollow pits, a smile like sunshine smoothed the furrows, and with lightning speed, there passed a message between them.

What was it? Yes. It was LOVE.

DARLENE RAMAN
II Year Literature.

HOMEMAKERS BREADWINNERS— WOULDN'T WE HAVE IT ALL?

Margaret Mead, the anthropologist, had once commented on the dilemma facing a woman who wished to pursue a career and found that she had only two options left open to her; either she proclaimed herself 'a woman and therefore less an achieving individual or an achieving individual and therefore less a woman.' And now, having seen a few days ago the Mass Media presentation of the "First International Forum of Women's Cinema," with the impact it had on the audience and the powerful portrayal of the feminists war - which has its own supporters from the Hollywood milieu like Jane Fonda, Meline Mercouri and Vanessa Redgrave, and others, I could almost hear the agony-stricken cry of Teresa (Actress) in a Cuban film "Portrait of Teresa," "I don't want to be a slave... I want to be me". I could feel the exultant mutiny which had radiated from the silver screen as she walked away from Ramon, one of the dime - a - dozen men who had fortunately or unfortunately happened to become her husband—one of those average men who could not make an attempt to understand the problem she faced with herself - one of the conceptual dilemmas intrinsic to women's history.

Thinking back on the changes that had led to this radical upheaval by women - women who unquestionably form half of the human population - the first picture that comes to my mind is that of the Miss America Contest demonstration. This event brought mass media attention to the Women's Liberation movement—the crowning of a live sheep in retaliation to the concept of

woman being treated as sex beauty objects, and the march down New York's Fifth Avenue on August 26th, 1979 on the first nation-wide strike for equality - in jobs, political power, education etc. But this was not really the beginning - it was more an end to the beginning of a new phase which had started as early as in the 'Silent Fifties', when there existed a problem with no name and when to even talk about it was considered degrading to the then concept of womanhood.

Later in the sixties came the Radical Women's Movement in New York, which contributed a great deal towards the creation of a radical feminist movement, and the time when New York itself had become a galaxy of various influences. One of them was the cover of WITCH, which had first stood for Women International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell: but changed with different targets under attack - for example - Women incensed at Telephone Company Harassment for the Telephone Company Workers protesting against the working conditions. Another powerful influence was the division which occurred between groups of the feminists and the resulting counter - inaugural movement⁽¹⁾. Later the 'Red Stockings' emerged - the militant activist, feminist organisation marked for its disruption of an abortion hearing in New York City and its structured way of overcoming the individual "ghettoization" of women from one another, generally known as 'consciousness raising'; and the final rise of the feminists, who were the first to formulate the concept of women's liberation in detailed analytical and theoretical arguments. They used the term "radical feminism, defining it as the annihilation of sex roles, a definition widely accepted in the movement. The radical differences between the white and the black women was another issue of controversy in the struggle of the late sixties. And moreover now, rotating in elliptical orbits, were numerous pamphlets and propaganda writings, holding of academic discussions on the subject of women - one among them being Prof. Margaret Benson's, "The Political Economy of Women's Liberation", and yet another one, with a lighter touch being Pat Mainardis' "The Politics of House Work." Leading psychologists, like Eleanor Maccoby, conducted comprehensive surveys of experiments and brought out papers of enormous significance for the feminist philosophy. Sexual knowledge had increased significantly and women realised that it was this new sexual knowledge with its goal of sexual relations based on mutual love, respect and understanding, with neither party dominating the other, which should provide a 'basis' for the necessary reconsideration of human behaviour.

The NOW (National Organisation for Women) Bill of Rights in 1969 listed 7 points. Equal Right Constitution Amendment, Enforce Law banning sex discrimination in employment, etc. By the 70's, the women's movement had become a

(1) The New York "Radical Women" had split into 3 groups after a conference, and the first group felt that they should participate in counter-inaugural activities-the tearing up of votes, registration cards as a feminist action to dramatise the ineffectiveness of the right to women to vote and the continual oppression of women. These activities took place in Washington D.C. in January 1969.

major force of change within the society and as it was foreseen, the rise of feminism did threaten the sacred structure of living-family-school - factory. The ruling thought in people's minds was: how would it affect their life styles in future. When women began to take on new responsibilities as individuals, changed their life roles and experiences, shifted their emphasis, and tried to alter the family structure, it did look as if they were making headway into areas of untrodden snow where the soft, yet impressionistic footfall of women was unheard of. But could these footprints remain as virginal as the snow around them? It was impossible to let things be and now in the eighties, it seems as if the feminist movement is entering a new stage, where women are going back to the family system, which previously had been "a last bastion of conservatism, and one which they had wanted to do away with, along with marriage and motherhood.

The young women of today, the daughters of the older feminists, have taken their identity and equality for granted but are faced with a new problem, that of maintaining their professional life and family life, (if they could start-one, after having a violent tussle with the time-factor and if lucky enough not "to work thirty-six hours with twelve hours off") in balanced harmony. And, as Betty Friedan, a founder of the NOW says, the feminists agenda, should now include a re-structuring of the institution of home and work, and make it possible for women to be able to work and love in capacity with men and to choose, if they so desire, to have children. Although the women were given the "right to choose" a decade ago and make their own decisions with regard to their basic right of parenthood, now it is the women themselves who cannot choose to have a child with the increasing pressure of work and time, having their own mental conflicts, wrestling with the maternal instinct deeply embedded in every woman. The flow which was responsible for leaving the women's liberation movement in an undecided or rather unfinished stage, lay in women's reluctance to satisfactorily tackle the problems of the family structure because most of the M/s. Libbers were either single, or those who were married were concerned with issues like the vote. The mountainous upheaval, the lava of feminism had shot forth, assumed universal dimensions, unsettling the rocks of established institutions and at the same time creating unprecedented problems in its wake. But as everything has to come to a clear end to prevent an acute case of septicaemia and the setting in of the final decay and rot among these half-turned or fractured slabs of society, a re-structuring is called for immediately to remove the symptoms of complete deterioration. With the chains of career and family running parallel to each other, facilities like those of child-care and flex-time ⁽²⁾ are essential.

(2) 'Flex-time' system, whereby everyone works at the office or factory during a midday core of hours, but arranges starting, leaving and lunch times according to individual needs seems to be working out all right in the U.S., with regard to men and women and due regard to the productivity and reduction of absenteeism.

And, since improvement certainly does not lie in substituting one half of a loaf for the other, why should women now simply reverse the roles of a home-maker to that of a bread-winner and find no progress either way? Men, who have now realised the integral part the "family" plays, have developed a love for family and have joined the women in their demands to ensure family happiness and contentment - for the young and the old included. This new step towards the goal of a new family-system based on the foundation of love, roots and family should now be the quest and form the parameter both in terms of tactics and achievement of goals, so as to avoid the dark whirlpool of disillusionment and loneliness - for both men and women. The family of the future - the family of human beings - nurtured on the rights of human beings - both men and women - is just ahead of us - if we increase our pace in the right direction, we will soon be there. The challenge of the eighties now is to transcend different modes of polarities in society, by creating new family patterns based on equality and full human identity for both sexes.

SOFIA TIPPO

III Year Literature.

WHITHER CHEMICALS ?

Thousands of organic substances are intimately involved in our daily life. Among them are more than 10,000 consumer chemical products. The use of synthetic organic compounds in items of daily utility has become widespread and indiscriminate over the years. Harmful effects of this trend were first highlighted by the American naturalist Rachel Carson in 1961 in her popular book 'Silent Spring'. Since then many new substances have been revealed to be potential health hazards. These substances raise complicated issues that encompass scientific, economic, legal and moral considerations.

During and after the second World War *D.D.T.* (dichloro, diphenyl, trichloro-ethane) was effectively used to combat a number of insect pests which were carriers of diseases including malaria, yellow fever and plague. Within ten years of its widespread use, *D.D.T.* has saved at least fifty lakh lives. In India, it reduced the annual death due to malaria from 7½ lakhs to just a few thousand. In spite of these dramatic attainments, *D.D.T.* had to be banned from use in most of the developed countries.

D.D.T. is a highly stable substance and is water insoluble, so it remains in the environment for a long time, enters in the food chain and accumulates in the fatty tissue of animals including man. High residue levels of *D.D.T.* in some birds can produce indirect effects in enzyme systems, causing the birds to lay thin-shelled eggs

and so decreasing their productive capacity. It has even led to the loss of specific races of birds. Other chlore insecticides like *chlordane*, *dieldrin*, *tonaphene* introduced after D.D.T. being banned have now been marked as equally dangerous. Workers in a plant producing the poly-chlorinated ketone, *kepone* were found to suffer from loss of memory, tremor, pains in joints, severe weight loss and blurred speech. As a mere comparison - in rats it caused sterility, liver damage and cancer. A recently discovered nematocide, DBCP (1, 2, Dibromo - 3 - Chloropropane) for eradicating microscopic worms on certain fruits and leaves has been found to produce sterility in those who work with it. It is carcinogenic, too. Powerful *Rodenticide 1080* has been banned because it is highly poisonous to men.

Another chemical family the polychoro biphenyls has been extensively used as plasticizers and in paint, rubber and paper products and inks during the past fifty years. They are flame retardants and are inert and thermally stable. In the sixties they were being considered a worse environmental threat than D.D.T. In 1978, thousands of chickens and millions of kilograms of turkey were destroyed in the U.S.A. due to accidental contamination by PCBs. The symptoms of PCB toxicity in men include loss of hair, headaches, nausea, loss of memory and loss of bone and teeth. They have been linked to liver damage and behavioural and digestive disorders in humans, with cancer in rats and mice, and with birth defects in Rhesus monkey.

Diethyl stilbesterol (DES), a synthetic estrogen was used in the 1950s by many women to prevent miscarriages. In the 1970s, it was found that daughters born to those women who took DES during pregnancy had a higher than normal incidence of vaginal cancer. Estrogens often used to alleviate symptoms of menopause have now been linked with development of uterine cancer.

Certain *azo dyes* (Rod dye No. 2 and No. 40) used in food products are notoriously cancerous. Similarly nitrites used as common preservatives get converted into nitroso amines - highly carcinogenic compounds.

Butylated hydroxy toluene (BHT) used as anti-oxidant in cooked food (meant to be preserved) is known to inhibit oxygen uptake by haemoglobin in red blood cells.

Methapyrilene is a histamine which is a constituent of most of the popular brands of sleeping pills. In 1978 the chemical was shown to cause liver tumours in rats when administered in small amounts.

Hair dyes contain compounds (generally amines, phenols and nitro substances) such as phenylene diamines (meta, ortho or para), m-toluenediamine, 2 amino, 5 nitro phenol, 2, 5 diamineanisole, 2, 4, or 2, 5 diaminotoluene as active ingredients. Their concentration in these formulations may be upto 4%. Aromatic amines and nitro compounds are lipid soluble and therefore penetrate the skin and distribute

themselves in the human system. The most widely used hair dye, 4-methoxy - m-phenylenediamine has been found to be carcinogenic in animals'. Compounds cited above have also been found mutagenic in their bacterial tests.

Acetyl ethyl tetramethyl tetraline (AETT) is used to stabilise fragrances in scented cosmetic products, viz, aftershave lotions, colognes, creams, anti-perspirants, deodorants, soaps, and perfumes. During skin tests on rats, AETT produced blue discolouration in internal organs like liver, kidneys and brain. Also rats became hypersensitive and showed tremours and lack of coordination, developed hunched backs and lost considerable weight. These effects increased with length of exposure. In humans, AETT has been observed to penetrate the skin, enter the bloodstream and distribute itself throughout the body. Also another usual constituent of hand and body lotions, shampoos, namely, n-nitroso-diethanol amine, has been found to produce liver tumours in rats.

Though it has become a fashion to keep our food in plastic containers, no plastic material is completely resistant to slow chemical or physical reactions by foodstuffs stored in them. Due to leaching of components, additives and chemically decomposed products of the containers, there is possibility of contamination. Food and Drugs Administrative Organisation of U.S.A. has banned the use of acrylonitrile based plastics for storing liquors, cold drinks, fruit juices and also in hospitals for storage of life-saving drugs, blood and blood-products like plasma and serum which are stored in PVC plastic bags and containers. It was observed in the laboratory tests that natural growth and development of the body was adversely affected in animals given drinking water mixed with acrylonitrile. Besides, lesions in the central nervous system and growth in ear-ducts of animals was also observed.

Exposure to PVC was found to cause a rare and fatal form of cancer - angiosarcoma of the liver.

Lead, besides other heavy metals is of principal toxicologic concern today. It is used extensively in paints, water-pipes, batteries, pottery, soldering etc. Surma, oil-paints, gulal, poster-colours, pencil surface all contain large amounts of lead. Lead poisoning was found to result in mental retardation, neurologic impairment, hyperactivity, irritability, clumsiness, poor balance and muscle weakness.

A fatal disease Silicosis is caused by inhaling silica dust used in the slate industry. In the last 25 years, 2000 persons have died of this disease in Multanpur. It is characterised by shortness of breath, difficult breathing, expectoration, cough and eventual disability. In advanced stages, T. B. sets in.

Thalidomide, a non-barbiturate hypnotic, was found responsible for congenital malformations. In case of cancer, potential carcinogens and highly toxic mutagens such as alkylating agents are used. Drugs that suppress the

immune response are administered to prevent rejection of transplanted organs. Drugs such as methotrexate which can cause lethal liver damage or malformation are used against otherwise untreatable skin diseases like psoriasis.

The growing use of modern medicines have given birth to a new type of disease called "iatrogenic" diseases - i.e. drug-induced diseases.

Radioactive substances find a wide range of applications in medicines and also for testing the uniformity in thickness of fabrics and to detect leakages in the oil pipes etc.

But, the hazards involved in their usage are too many to be neglected. Constant contact with them can cause several physiological disorders with perilous consequences. Even the most advanced countries face a difficult problem of disposal of nuclear waste which has unfortunately assumed unwarranted political overtones.

The above observation on different consumer products with regard to their probable harmful effects does not mean that their use should be stopped altogether. Many of these products were produced for genuine public needs and their productions and consumption constitute an important segment of the economy. However, a well-informed user can act with caution and discontinue the use of any commodity, at the earliest discovery of any abnormal reaction on him or her on account of its use. Simpler life styles, relying more on natural way of life may also help avoid use of certain synthetics to some extent.

RADHIKA BATRA
III B.Sc. Chemistry

PICASSO- THE PROTEST AGAINST WAR

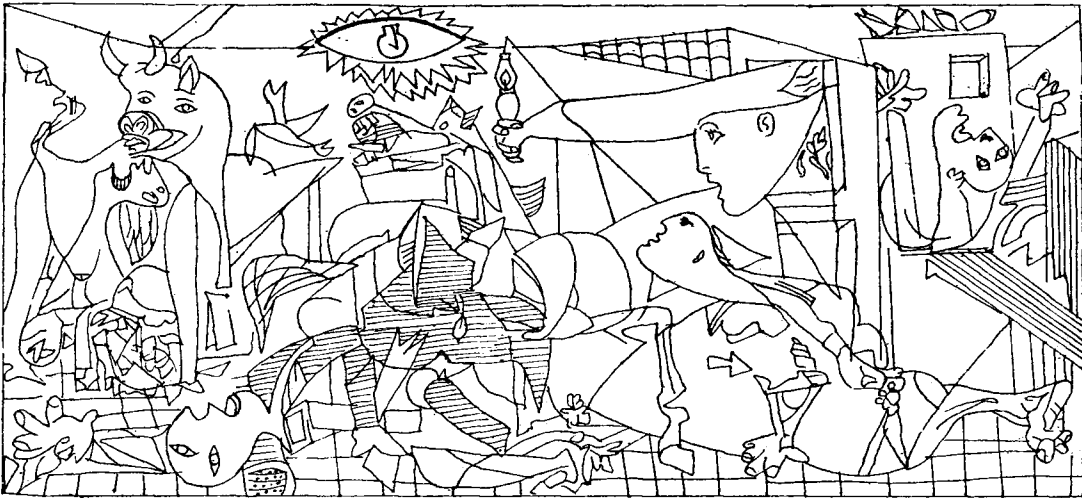
Art though generally thought of as definite beauty is also a documentation of the moods of a particular era. This may be a happy, light-hearted and frivolous one, or an era when things serious became the focus of attention or the phase might be one of trouble and strife. In the last mentioned, man's insecurity is the underlying message.

When tragic scenes are represented, the feelings of the artist are bared on the canvas surface. In the 1930's, Spain was beset with conflicts and insurrection. One of history's bloodiest, bitterest civil wars burst across Spain in July 1936. Picasso the all time great Spanish painter watched with mounting apprehension and indignation as his native land was torn by the succession of blows that began with rebellion in Spanish Morocco and led to the savage bombing of the little town of Guremnica in

Northern Spain. Horror-struck at the destruction of this peaceful village and its innocent civilian population by German planes. Picasso was jolted into a whirlwind of creative fury.

It burst into canvas in his most powerful painting, perhaps the greatest anti-war statement in art. His personal and deep-felt agony is apparent in the work as one examines it. The horrors of the war in all its blood chilling aspects and the consequent mental anguish are captured in this masterpiece.

The reason for its continued popularity, even though that particular tragedy has been almost erased from man's memory, is that it is a timeless protest against warfare and its horrendous aftermath.



It is cast in darkness as if in mourning. A few contorted, dying and dead figures along with a bull and a horse dominate the scene. The central figure is a wounded horse, its head upraised in a paroxysm of fright. Above it is a sun, shaped like an eye with an electric bulb for a pupil, below to the left lies a slain warrior, one hand clutching a broken sword, the other tautly outflung. To the left a bull looks off into the distance. Below him a woman holding a dead child sends a shriek heavenward. At the right are three other women. One falls screaming from a burning house, her clothes aflame. Another runs in mindless flight. The third represented only by a head and an arm, thrusts forth a lamp. The sombre hues of black grey and white, unrelieved in any way, emphasise the tragedy. Neither in the colours nor in the figures, nor in all the complex symbolism of the painting, is there hope. Even the woman's lamp only serves to illumine calamity. The bull according to Picasso represents 'brutality and darkness'. The horse represents the people. But according to the critics, the bull is not the villain; the enemy is nowhere on the canvas - an omission which conveys a chilling message to the victims of modern warfare, the enemy remains impersonal and unknown.

Picasso himself has called this painting an allegory - but he has not fully explained the symbols he has used. This is probably because they have too many meanings for him.

Guremica was intended as a lament for the loss of liberty and freedom. It is a protest against the massacre of the innocents at any time. In it, Picasso has made a more stunning portrait of war's cruel reality than even a camera could record.

ROHINI, K.
I M.A. Fine Arts

WHAT MAN HAS MADE OF NATURE

Modern man, engrossed in his own problems, increasingly isolated from nature in his cities, has only recently begun to rediscover an ancient truth: he represents just one strand in an infinitely complex web of living things that share the earth. Each time he unravels a delicate strand of this web he learns something more about it—usually to his great dismay! The despair felt by many people as they looked upon a world ravaged by man was forcefully expressed by the English poet Thomas Beddoes:

“Nature’s polluted
There’s man in every secret corner of her
Doing damned wicked deeds”

If we examine the natural environment we find that it comprises of air, water, soil, vegetation, insects, birds and animal life. We have taken all these aspects for granted and from the very beginning '*Homo*' has and is exploiting the environment upto his technological limits.

The pollutants cast skyward by man's smoke - stacks and automobiles, not only endanger his health but also leads to a rise in the temperature of the planet itself and this poses a threat to the very life on it. Pesticides, while raising crop yield have already brought whole populations of mammals, birds and fishes to the brink of extermination. Sewage and industrial wastes are already killing all life in some of the world's largest bodies of water such as, Lake Erie and Lake Baikal in Russia. Belatedly man has become aware that every being, himself included, affects every other living thing in an intricate interaction with the land, air and water.

Electric power plants and nuclear power plants seemed to offer the solution of 'clean' electricity. But the steam used to drive turbines and generators is cooled by circulating water from a nearby lake or river and then returning it, its

temperature raised by the power plants' waste. The shock of this heating kills fish. Spawning and growth cycles of others are interfered with. Insects responding to a temperature will appear much earlier, when there is no food and the birds that eat these insects find no food for themselves. A host of more subtle changes are also feared. The toxin in the water spreads diseases among wild life and also among men. Wezhakkad village on the banks of the Chaliyar river in Mallapuram district, Kerala is slowly dying. Every day the village is bombarded by a continuous stream of air and water pollutants.

Each year in the U. S. alone 200 millions of gases, chemicals and dust are dumped into the atmosphere. Airborne wastes from England's Midlands and Germany's Ruhr have been blamed for 'acid bearing rain' and 'black snow' that have fallen as far away as Norway and Sweden threatening fish and forests. People die of respiratory and heart diseases. Air pollutants could change the world's climate permanently.

CO₂ produced by the burning of coal and other fuels allow the sun's rays to strike the earth's surface. but, like the roof of a greenhouse it traps the outgoing heat radiation from the earth. This causes the warming of the earth and factories and power plants have been the most obvious reasons for this.

Total extinction threatens nearly a hundred species in North America alone. Many are no longer endangered by guns and traps but by man-made weapons: bulldozers and concrete mixers, which destroy natural habitats, insidious man-made chemical pesticides like DDT, Aldein, Dieldrin, Parathion etc. poison wild life. The slow disappearance of the American bald eagle was found to be done by DDT which interfered with an essential hormone in the female. This made them lay eggs with a leathery and soft outer covering which could not sustain life. It causes paralysis in man, and has the same adverse effects in Antarctic seals, fishes and penguins.

In 'The Hindu' (February 10th 1981) it is stated "Holy dips too much for the Ganga". A study by the Central Board for the Prevention and Control of Water Pollution shows that the pollution loads in the Ganga following large numbers of people entering it on holy occasions is excessive. This is something far beyond its assimilation and self-purification capacity. This causes hazards such as various water-borne diseases to the bathing community.

Technological advances have become scourges; jet planes boom, trucks rumble, auto exhausts sting eyes, factory smoke chokes lungs. Man has enthusiastically carried out the destiny ascribed to him in the Genesis. 'Be fruitful and multiply.....and have dominion over.....everything that moveth upon the earth'— but in the process he has broken most of the ecological rules governing life.

ALICE THOMAS
III Year Zoology

MIMETIC SPLENDOUR

The mole has its hole in the ground and even the bird has a home to which it can retire with satisfied chirping during the night. And men—but that's a different a story.

The solid, green, beautiful, barren ugly earth belongs to those who have built their foundations not in it but in power. In the cave days, maybe, a man had to fight for the land he occupied; to see that he rooted himself to the earth with some semblance of eternal security. We seem to have come a long way: we now fight not with club and axe but with even more potent weapons: law and politics.

I don't think you've got the faintest idea of what's in the bush I'm beating about. Well then, to put it plainly, it's nothing, nothing but slums and slum-clearing. What are those groups of patched, thatched remnants of the past doing in the twentieth century, one rarely wonders: it's so much a part of modern life. Yet this is where superstition, submission or rebellion, dirt, twisted values—all those things which we discreetly try to hide, flourish out in the open. It is the people of these huts who are rootless nomads wandering in the desert of city life, lost in the act of existence. No one really knows who is responsible for this set-up: it is so much integrated into the famous vicious circle. But it is there, oh, very much there. To prove it, there has been no city without a slum; a case of no rose without the inevitable thorn (or is it the other way round) and removing the thorn is no joke.

Make the city beautiful! Clear the slums! Provide housing for the poor! What a sense of awareness, and belief in man's ingenuity do these slogans create! More boldly done than easily said! One can't blame the people who want to do these noble things, and one can't blame the people to whom these noble things are done.

Let's just look at what happens when a slum is about to be cleared. The Housing Board builds a long building with seven or eight storeys and then allots the apartments to different families. The rates are quite comfortable. Hardly two months pass before these buildings and their environment turn into filthy monuments of human degradation. The only visible success: the horizontal slum has become vertical for a change.

Then of course, it's not simply a matter of having been allotted an apartment, and comfortably dirtying it. There are other hitches on the way. Sometimes, three or four families are stranded with the same apartment. A mistake? Bad organisation? Corruption? Negligence? The flat remains unoccupied;

everybody gets confused and irritated; optimists have the opportunity to hope that things will get settled, while pessimists condemn the Housing Board, the Corporation, and the Government (past, present and future). But actually one finds it hard to take sides and get all worked up about the houselessness of the poor or the housing activities of the Housing Board. We wait for developments, which are very startling and disheartening if we want to feel sorry for the poor.

No sooner does a family get an apartment than it rents it out to another family. After all, going to a flat will not make any difference in the way of life, so why not stay on a free piece of land and earn some money in the process. Very crooked and very admirable—till the Government wakes up with its usual fits of enthusiasm and decides to take a long overdue look, with the natural outcome that the passivity suddenly changes into a frenzied attempt to leap before looking.

Some officers trot along and begin large-scale demolition without pausing to enquire whether the land is being illegally occupied, whether the family has already got its apartment, whether they have yet to have an apartment allotted. Roofs come down, pots get broken, mud walls are returned to the earth: this is what power can do when prodded. More often than not, this activity is due to rivalry between political parties, who most probably have been pricked where it hurts. To salvage their reputations, the slum people are made scape-goats: they allow themselves to be so used because of their weakness: need of money.

A friend of mine who has done economics tells me that our country is getting richer, but that there is no equitable distribution of wealth. Does this have any relationship to the distribution of humaneness, of mercy, of compassion? You just can't render whole families—mothers with children, men who live between suffering and misery with a beggar's choice of the two—homeless without warning them, without providing some kind of alternative.

The alternative when it comes is a belated attempt to undo the destruction. Promises of compensation are made to those whose huts have been illegally pulled down; and it's a typical, cynical reaction of the people that they don't waste much time on hope. One legal hut-owner summed it up: "Who knows when it is going to happen?"

And so life returns to its drudgery. What was the bubble explosion in aid of? Probably, to prove that the law is awake; you are of course, entitled to your own opinion. Somewhere along the road of our progress, there is a polluted river that hasn't been bridged or cleared. We didn't recognize it before, but it's stench; if unchecked it will soon poison and cripple progress and advancement.

Dirty linen can no longer be buried in a hole : even a stray dog could smell it out and reveal the shame of hypocrisy. Are we going to prepare the stage for some great man or are we going to take up the responsibility ourselves? In either case, we're going to have to work together : little drops of water cannot make the mighty ocean if each little drop of water decided to be a puddle in mimetic splendour.

PADMA REDEPPA
I M. A. Literature.

THE RIGHT TO BE HUMAN !

Human Rights? The Universal Declaration of Human Rights? All I want is the right to be human.

I want to be myself - the unique individual. I was created - but you label me - ' a really good girl ' or ' silly child ', ' such a sensible sober girl ' or ' that clown '.

And there I remain. In your eyes I shall never outgrow that label. I know that because the shadow of your judgement falls over me ; because ultimately I shall always do what you expect me to.

I want to be completely honest but I see the pervading corruption, the dishonesty, the immense values of the society you have created. And you tell me ' Absolute honesty is impossible. Bend or be broken '.

I want to be free to worship my Lord with my hearts's devotion. But I am afraid - for you curl up your lips and say, ' Religious fanatic ' or worse, ' the Pharisee !.

I want to love-to open my arms, my heart to all-to steer clear of your cliques, your groups. But I know you'll say, ' The hypocrite. ' How can she love every one ! ' You'll ascribe motives to me. And so, discouraged, I don't begin.

I want to throw off the shackles of my worldly goods, and be poor, I dream of working for the poorest of the poor wherever they may be. But, I fear, your pitying smile, your pitying comment - " Another of those young idealists - those youthful radicals. "

Yes, I want to dream the impossible dream, to reach for the most distant star, in the most distant sky. My heart wants to break the bounds of all creation and yet you limit me to a tiny corner of it.

I want to rebel, to expose your cruel exploitation, your injustices, your rank corruption. But you whisper softly in my ear, ' Be prudent, child! Or else, you 'll burn yourself !

Burn myself I don't care. Yes, I don't care, Oh! I want to be free to follow the highest, the purest, the most beautiful, the noblest aspirations of my heart. My voice rises to a hysterical pitch.

Don't! The expression on your face makes me want to cry for I hear you say, ' Avoid extremes, dear child. The middle road is the best. '

I don't want any middles. I want to meet, greet, and beat every challenge I face. And I tell you, ' One day I shall be a saint, a mystic. I shall reach unto the Absolute, the Infinite, the Ultimate. I shall reach God. '

You smile (and your smile has the bitter taste of unshed tears) and say, ' I understand you. This is a phase young people go through '.

I don't like you! You chain me to earth when I want to soar. You fix me into a neat little slot and don't let me grow. You don't give me any freedom. You limit me. GIVE ME MY HUMAN RIGHTS !

Who are you, anyway ?

You are ' the World '. You are all mankind. I stare at you angrily and then look deeper.

You are me !

Amazed, I search the hidden recesses of my own heart and find you there.

And I look at you with piteous recognition and say sadly, 'You are my other self, my friend. You are my human self wrestling with my divine self. '

And I tell you, ' It is not you that denies me my freedom, my right to be human. It is I who am the coward, who compromise myself, my all. My friends, it is not you that denies me the right to be human, being divine.

It is I.

ANITA MATHIAS
I B. A. Literature

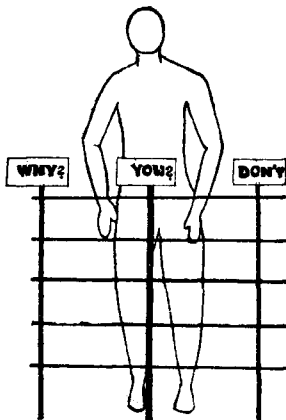
RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE OF GOD

A beautiful Korean verse goes,

“ Behold ! Spring has come
though the cold wind still blows
The morning of a new history is shining
Though injustice and evil still remain. ”

The morning of a new history shone for the people of India on August 15th 1947, but the freedom has yet to dawn on the life of the Adhi Dravida.

The murders at Belchi, the devastation at Villipuram, the shockingly cruel incidents of injustice in pockets of North and South India—reflect the unheard cry, the unseen agony, the unwritten rules of tyranny, the continued suppression and oppression of man by man. Where in all this inhumane reality is human rights ?



It is all very well to talk of intellectual consciousness and growth, attitudinal changes and change of heart but when the core of consciousness is caste-consciousness legitimated by religion, the very grounds for rationality is denied. The doctrines of samsara (cycle of rebirth) and karma (compensation for all acts in life) are connected by the brahmins with the caste system so that one's position in the social strata is determined by one's acts in a former life. Such religious sanction made the caste structure unshakeable. There is no universal ethic—the only important thing is duty of one's caste—the dharma. As Weber rightly puts it, this, is the strongest stabilisation of the social structure that could be imagined !

The further shocking reality is that casteism is prevalent even among some Christian communities—the very opposite of the doctrine of Christ's teachings. It is true that the shackles of a structure that has survived for centuries cannot be hacked down in a decade. It is a slow continuous process involving generations. But it must be noted that in this issue, half the battle is won if it is successfully fought in the minds of men.

So do not sympathise with the Adi-dravidas. For sympathy there is no need. Instead stimulate your mind to right thinking and follow it up with right speech and action—and in the process you are fighting the battle for the Harijans and making a better person of yourself. If the reservation policy fills you with

anguish, you are tasting now only one drop of bitter medicine the Harijans had to swallow in silence for a thousand years and more. What cause have you for anguish?

In a society ridden by caste and bondage by birth, the call for human rights is the greatest. No matter on which side of the bank you lie, duty demands that you heed the call.

S. THANAM
III Year Sociology

THE PRIMARY HUMAN RIGHT

Yesterday I thrust my hand into the salt jar and came in contact with something hard. I lifted it out. It was a crystal of rock salt. I stared at it uncomprehendingly till recognition seeped into my brain and gave me a jolt. It had been ages since I had seen rock salt and I had fallen into thinking that powdery table salt was the form of naturally extracted salt.

I opened the windows wide and let the greenery hit my eye. It was a pleasing shock nevertheless in direct contrast to the familiar closeted feeling that my family's fourth floor apartment produced. Standing here, with the roads and rooftops much below my eye, all I could see was a painting of assorted colours—red, yellow, brown and shades and shades of green. I gave full rein to my imagination, leaning on the wall with my hands clasped. Visions arose in front of me—visions of hills, cool valleys, wide plains and fields of verdure, of Frost's autumnal gardens and Spyri's green velveted mountainside in 'Heidi'. For a moment I was not there, yet, I was there. I felt my spirits lifted high on the invisible clouds of ecstasy and experienced something akin to Keats in his 'Ode to a Nightingale'—lifted on the 'viewless wings' of imagination and wishfully thinking as it were of another time, another place.

I touched my cheek. It was wet with tears. Tears for what I did not know. May be it was the vague sense of loss that was troubling my mind, but loss for just what, I couldn't say. It was just a feeling that I had missed out on something. I couldn't however put my finger on it. I felt a sudden urge to listen to the music of John Denver. Something was wrong with the cassette player but my mind plunged me into music sans the recorder. The magical quality of transferring a person bodily to the country side even though a poor imitation of his songs is alive, I think, only in Denver.

You fill up my senses, Like light in a Forest
Like a mountain in springtime, Like a walk in the rain
Like a storm in a desert, Like a sleepy blue ocean
You fill up my senses, Come fill me again.

And they filled up my senses, his voice and the visions it conjured. This was my refuge—from an endless, meaningless world of hurry and established patterns of attending college, going through routine chores, of worrying over the results of a tiny test, of creating impressions, of tiring in a world where one alters one's feelings, one's ideas and emotions, the essence of one's self in order to suit others, in order that one may live in peace. Here, most activities revolved around two things—time and people. Each morning brings multitudes crawling on concrete walks in a valiant fight against time and at the cost of suppressing one's inner self, one's individuality. Here every one was trapped in the mesh that was created by the rest of society, its norms, its dictates of what is right and what is wrong, what is moral and what is immoral, what is good behaviour, manners, and decorum. A man has to have an ambition in life if he is worth his salt, a girl cannot dress as she pleases or smile at a boy without unjust suspicions cowering her down in no time. There are even cut and set patterns of vocations for each sex. A girl cannot even sit on the railing on a bus stop in sweltering heat without someone jumping to wrong conclusions. Is it a crime to be born a girl? Cannot a girl follow the dictates of her mind without inviting criticism? Why is it necessary that everyone should have a definite goal, an ambition? Why is lack of this considered wrong? Why can't a person irrespective of sex do what he pleases without others passing moral, intellectual and emotional judgements on him instantly?

There is a sentence from a book I once read, I forget which, that I will hug to my grave no matter what. It expresses my sentiments to a 'T'. A young man from the city is taken to his girl friend's place in the country and when her aunt questions him as to his ambitions he replies that he does not have any. The aunt is surprised. She has never met a man from the city without an ambition and a search for a quick road to fame and money though there are a few like that in the country. "Don't you want to achieve anything in life?", she asks him. He replies "I don't want to achieve. I just want to be". Shades of frost again. I think of a dead leaf, a dry twig, a blade of grass nodding in the passing breeze. "What is this life if full of care, we have no time to stand and stare?". I think back to the days of my carefree childhood when I wandered barefoot in wayward streams, chewing blades of paddy casually plucked from a nearby field (and earning threatening shouts from angry farmers for my trouble) all in search of the Bangalore Dairy where they sold rosemilk, a rare luxury to me. We had been there a few days back on a class excursion and were given free samples of rosemilk. The taste of it still lingered temptingly two days later when my sisters and I set out to find this fairyland about two miles outside Bangalore. The factory turned out to be shut -



Botany Exhibition



Plants brighten lives

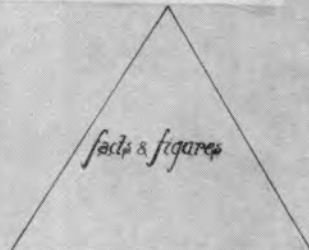
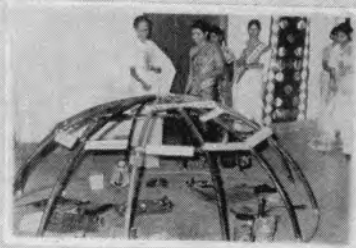
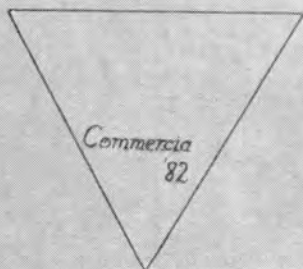
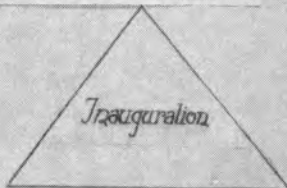


They beautify too

Well done



Social Work Exhibition



an intractable disappointment among the many in that quarter of my life and yet, in a way it was worth it. I wouldn't have missed the act of sheltering from the heat under a tamarind tree and taking tentative licks at unripe fruits or the joy of breathing the fresh country air and sights that left me feeling robust (mentally) and physically tired, for anything.

If I had been old enough in the sixties, I would have gladly joined the flower children in their hunt for an identity through the act of communion with nature. That generation had the courage to break away, to walk off the beaten track of respectability. And courage is something I lack with my visions of a tiny cottage deep in the country with only birds, dogs, cats, horses and my little dark foster children to keep me company within nature's secure embrace. But these are something for the far future, if financial problems do not curb or cripple my intentions. And the rest are just, as someone said, idle and directionless nostalgia. Or are they? I need them to sustain me in my day to day life. They are, perhaps, like pillars at which I clutch for support on my interminable walk towards the future. As I gently switched off my mind from these thoughts I hear soft music wafted into it -

Life in a city can make you crazy
For sounds of the sand and the sea
Life in a high-rise can make you hungry
For things that you can't even see
Fly away!

John Denver.

I see myself racing on the beach with the dog at my side, my hair streaming behind me and the moon smiling from above. Civilization has robbed me of my greatest right, the right to be me, myself, I, the individual.....

I break away forcibly from my thoughts and look out. Our neighbours in the flat opposite us have littered the landing I had cleaned a few hours back. And loud, raucous film music reverberated in the atmosphere. After the experience of days of pleading and no results, except something that threatens to end in fisticuffs, I resign myself. I know it all like the back of my hand, what they'll say, "It is our right you know. It is not just your place, It's ours too....."

PRABHA, J.
I Year Literature

HUMAN RIGHTS ?

Jim always used to wonder why white boys never came to his class or school. He thought it was unfair and that they should also be allowed a chance. Jim posed this curious doubt as a question to his mother, in the kitchen. Through the open window the hot African sunlight caught two tear drops on her cheeks and made them glisten. "Yes, son. It's unfair to us". History was repeating itself. It wasn't for the first time a parent was explaining to his off-spring how the twists of fate had made them aliens in their own soil. This land of fertility, land of magnificent diamonds which the Almighty had made exclusively for them was being exploited by invaders from thousands of miles away and not a cent from it was given to the blacks.

Jim's father leading protest riots had ended up in a dark cell, far from his son, his wife and his land never to see sunlight again.

Jim thought about this for hours together and wondered how long it will take for him to fight for his rights ; his countrymen's freedom. But alas ! The world was not concerned about a mere six year old's thoughts. The world powers were busy supporting this apartheid regime just to maintain trade relations when more valuable things were at stake. The next day found Jim asking his school teacher,

"Am I black inside too, Ma'm ?"

"No, Jim, you are not".

"Then do I have the same things inside my body as white people do?"

"Yes". "Then am I not their equal ? Why am I not allowed to go to the same school or church as they do?"

"You're too young to understand all this, Jim. It has always been like this. You, a little boy can't change it".

"Why not" thought that six-year old's mind ; "When my father went to the prison fighting for my country's freedom, why not me ?" worked his patriotic soul. He was deeply disturbed by this. The bare, naked truths were chiselled in a tender heart.

Summers chased Autumns. Jim was fourteen and nothing had changed in those eight years which had not for almost centuries. Jim was now a militant youngster. He led protests by his classmates against the unjust acts of discrimination : and against which thousands had protested, fought and lost. He was admired by other boys older to him and thus he got invited to a rally in which they were to march along the roads, raising slogans against apartheid, through

the white quarters which was forbidden to them. Earlier a black boy was actually shot in the leg for straying there. "Jim", said the other boy, "the country shall realise that this land forbidden to us is not beyond the reach of a few school and college students and then I hope their ignorance shall fade". Jim was thrilled. His visions were at least having a practical start. The day of the rally dawned bright and hot. Jim was at the head of the procession that was most actively raising alogans. The inevitable happened. The security department tried to stop them with tear gas bombs. The people retaliated with all that they could lay their hands on. The police opened fire. Jim was gravely wounded. As he would have wished, his blood slowly dripped on his soil, red against the parched road showing once and for all that the blood of the white and the black is the same red. Till those stains vanished and long after that, they will remind the African nation of a fourteen year old boy's sacrifice. Though in that area a hospital run for the whites was there, Jim was taken to a far away hospital, where he died.

Jim was buried in a graveyard which was 'exclusively' for black people. Not even injury and death could gain Jim the basic human right of freedom that he valued most in his short life.

LAKSHMI RAMAKRISHNAN
III year. Mathematics.

CINDERELLA (Updated)

Our tale begins right away in the present just after Cinderella has bagged her Prince.

'Mother' screeched Ugliana Sistaire, 'I'm finished! You've let that twit Cinderella walk off with my Prince! 'Oh, how could you ?' 'My dear, 'said the wicked step mother (of course she was Ugliana's mother, but as she had identified with the role rather thoroughly, she found it difficult to discard it even when the situation was inapposite) 'I know after Freud one does tend to fix everything on the Mother, but aren't you overdoing it a little?'

"You could have done something" said Ugliana sulkily. "Well, I was rather preoccupied with affairs of my own, but relax, I'll take care of everything now".

"But haven't you heard mother, they're going to be married" moaned Ugliana.

"I must request you not to speak of marriage as if it were as final as the coffin, Ugliana, try to be a little more up to date."



“What are we going to do?”

“The sensible thing of course, take professional advice”.

They were directed to the latest in charm schools run by the most elegant and qualified of experts, a Ms. Faerie Godperson who had taken twin degrees in Cosmetology and Psychoanalysis (she never failed to impress this achievement on potential and captive clientele). She boasted of ‘result-oriented approach’ and was credited with (near) magical transformations.

“Really a most challenging case; I shall be delighted to help Ms. Sistaire” said Ms. Godperson, condescendingly gracious.

“Yeah, but we’d like to make it plain that we’ve already spent a fortune on products like Dreamy Cream, Slippery Hip and the like. We don’t want to go through that again,” said Uglia’s father who W. S. had tried to leave behind

failed. Ms. Godperson waved that aside. “These products have a certain utility of course, but unless reinforced by the properly projected idea fail to achieve the target. As my thesis will prove, cosmetology and psychology are indivisible, fusing metaphysically the inner and outer worlds...”

“Regarding my daughter’s ball dress...” said W. S. who had an uneasy feeling that Ms. Godperson charged by the minute and didn’t want her husband to turn nasty when the bill came in.

“Trousers of course; purple I think—the regal note of confidence would be important—crepe de chine is again in vogue—it would have to be of a transparent delicacy...!”

“Er...don’t you think, in view of the limitations of my daughter’s figure something more solid... some support...”

"Nonsense" said Ms. Godperson glacially. The upholstered look is quite, quite out. It's the natural uncorseted, liberated carefree Uglia that we shall emphasize. Ms. Step mother you are not 'ausait' with the ideas. You don't—latest attempt to conceal a deficiency there by deceiving no one and admitting you are lacking—you **emphasize** all that is unbeautiful with such superb assurance that the viewer accepts failing for fulfilment".

"Rather a tall order, isn't it?"

"I suggest you leave it to me Ms. Stepmother. Now, your daughter's feet for instance, they are not as tiny as one considered beautiful."

"Any footwear I get into would have to be nearly big enough to fit the Prince," said Uglia.

"Precisely. So do we try to fit you into a slipper two sizes too small? We do not. You will wear half-boots in white studded with amethysts".

At this stage W. S. suggested to her husband that he had better attend to getting the car repainted. They wouldn't want to arrive in something that looked more like the pumpkin.

'Do you really think this will work?' asked W. S. nervously surveying the finished product.

'I have every confidence—all men are fools. If you really want to make assurance doubly sure I would advise you to do a little lobbying in palace circles. Once there is an avalanche of public opinion even the Rhinoceros is acceptable. 'While I admit her looks are not entirely satisfactory—

'Rhinoceros?' that really is a bit thick' said W. S. stiffly.

'You are being absurd. I was of course referring to Ionesco'.

I'm surprised you didn't recognize the name'

'Ah, well, what's in a name?' said W. S. turning that off as airily as she could.

"Plenty—Uglia tells me you have a habit of shortening her name to 'Ugly' or even 'Ugh'—really Ms. Step!"

W. S. had the grace to look ashamed.

"You know how it is—one just falls into the family idiom".

"Quite—I would say a little group therapy is indicated".

As one of my prospective clients unexpectedly got married, I can give you an appointment next week..."

W. S. managed to wriggle out of that one, but it was a near thing.

Ugliana's ball was a resounding success. W. S. had pulled everything she could lay hands on. Everyone acclaimed Ugliana as the undoubted beauty of the ball. The Prince made some difficulties but that had been expected. He corresponded fairly closely to Ms. Godperson's dictum and was as dumb as could be reasonably hoped for, but even he could see Cinderella's definite superiority.

"My Cindy's a lot better looking', he objected to the hundredth singer of Ugliana's praises.

'I will grant that she has a certain crude appeal...but Ugliana, has more. Ugliana is "une belle laide".'

"Uh.....actually I graduated in Political Science" said the Prince sheepishly.

"Ugly beautiful ie. her ugliness is part of a very superior and distinguished beauty. You will be a fool if you don't snap her up".

The Prince felt that he couldn't afford to allow, in view of his position, an impression of that sort to circulate; one of the most elementary lessons in Political Science had been the importance of Public Opinion.

Ugliana and the prince were the cynosure of all eyes as they danced. When the clock tolled midnight the Prince did feel a qualm 'Actually, er...I ought to be getting back to Cinderella...' "But Ugliana could cope with that: 'Darling let's just give Cinderella the glass slipper...'"

Moral: In worlds where desire rules, illusion is all.

SARADA BANU
Department of English.

MOOD TRANSPLANTATION

"Lalla Lalla la la", Mr. Scient was walking along Second Street. He suddenly stopped and listened. There was a feeble cry breezing out of the house. He knocked. After a while a dark unattractive personality peeped out.

"Hey! Were you crying just a while ago?"

"Oh please do come in Sir. mmm"

"M m m, please sit down" (Still sobbing).

"M m m, would you like some drinks?"

"Tell me what is this 'mmm' for?" Mr. Scient roared.

"I wish to mix and chat with everyone"

"Go ahead! You've every right to do that".

"But, But! I am so dark and ugly."

"What of that? God created you so! No fault of yours! First, tell me your name."

"Cee" "Cee?" "Yah!"

"Oh! Come on" Mr. Scient shook hands with Cee.

Your family is so well known and you are so very important for us".

"I don't follow. Tell me how"

"I know all your ancestors. Isn't your great grandfather Mr. Carb?"

"Exactly! even my father was named Mr. Carb. You know him?"

"Oh I see! Then I know many of your kith and kin. The whole world of business science is full of them. It's almost bursting to the seams. The whole rich class is there with us! Have you heard of the 'Orchem' family? The entire lot is so popular."

"Yes, I've heard about them. My God! What a huge rich family! One should be born like that. mmm!"

"Sniff back that sigh! You belong to their family really. Lady Diam for whose hands people crave, is your aunt."

“Really! Then why do I feel that people are laughing at me?”

It’s your ignorance.”

“How nice! Thank you very much Mr. Scient. I feel elated. Will you please help me to fulfil my desire?”

“Certainly”

“Thank you very much. You are so nice. Will you take me around and introduce me to everyone?”

“It is my pleasure! I know all your people around here too well. Come on, get started”.

‘Cee’ was very excited and happy, when he returned home after his visits with Mr. Scient. All around him were so kind and good. He realised that he had remained in his shell for too long. On the way Mr. Scient kept enlightening ‘Cee’ with his personal experiences with “Cee’s” family.

“Mr. Scient, are you tired?”

“No never! I cannot afford to get tired of being with you!”

“Then will you do me a favour?”

“Hm” “Thank you so much for removing my complex. In a way I am happy to know that you are also related to me. But still, I have one more wish.”

“Tell me fast. I must go home. My wife will be worried.”

“You are so kind and knowledgeable. I am eager to visit my vague relatives in your circle”.

They walked out together and roamed around Mr. Scient’s area. ‘Cee’ was very happy to see the beautiful gardens, big buildings, factories, and the racing vehicles.

“Mr. Scient, I want to see that place over there” screamed ‘Cee.’

“Don’t bother, there’s nothing there.”

“Even then! Please accompany me.”

‘Cee’ pulled Mr. Scient and walked towards the place. Mr. Scient’s face changed colour. He said “I’ll take a little rest here. You go around and come back fast”. Cee went off. Mr. Scient was feeling restless. Cee came back after a long while roaring with laughter.

“Hah, Hah, Hah, Haha”.

"Now come on, stop all this and tell me what happened."

'Cee' subsided and said, "Mr. Scient, you have fallen flat"

"What do you mean?"

"I realise now why you went out of your way to remove my complex."

"... .." Scient waited for 'Cee' to continue "Because you can meddle with me also and make me produce another Orchem or Diam."

"Don't blabber."

"Oh, truth is labelled this way? There lives a society so neglected and uncared for. You didn't even feel like stepping in there?"

"....." "Shame on you. My people are better. The fault was on me when I came out to mix with them they welcomed me with open arms."

"....."

"Hah Hah Ha! If I could meet my fore-fathers I'll certainly laugh at them for creating you selfish people."

"My town is certainly heaven" 'Cee' thought to himself and walked back.

"Lalla Lalla lala" The music faded.

Mr. Scient was stunned. He sat there brooding. Tears fell out of the sockets. "Hey, Are you sleeping?" Somebody on the road shook him up.

He wearily made his way home.

Carb—Carbon

C—Cee Carbon

Diam—Diamond

Scient—Scientist

2nd street, Middle house—position
of carbon in the periodic table.

Orchem—Organic chemistry.

RUKMINI SRINIVASAN,
Department of Chemistry.

FIBONACCI NUMBERS

“MATHEMATICS is the King of all arts and Queen of all Sciences”

“Number theory is the Queen of Mathematics”

The system of numbers has many interesting patterns, applications and features. We shall see a special type of numbers in the following pages.

We are all very familiar with 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7,.....the set of natural numbers. But what are 1, 1, 1+1, 1+2, 2+3, 3+5, 5+8...ie. 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144...These are the Fibonacci numbers named after the most talented mathematician Fibonacci of the West in Middle Ages. He was also known as Leonardo of Pisa - an Italian merchant who learnt most of the mathematical techniques while travelling in the Orient. His famous work, 'Liber Abaci' containing his algebraic and arithmetical writing is one of the means by which the Hindu Arabic mathematics got introduced to the West.

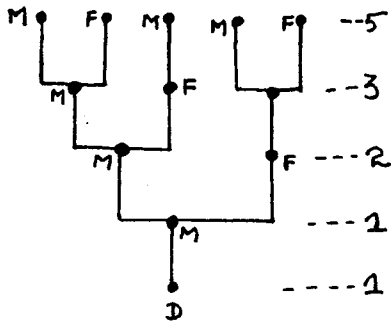
But, today he is remembered more by the sequence of numbers known after his name.

1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55,Any number after the first 2 numbers is the sum of the previous 2 numbers. ie. $F_{n+1} = F_n + F_{n-1}$

These numbers have many interesting properties and applications. They turn out in most unexpected areas like chemistry, botany, architecture, celebrated paintings, and even music. There are 2 different theories about the origin of these numbers.

Some claim that he found these numbers when he observed the number of bees in each generation and there are some others who claim that he found these when he observed the growth of rabbits.

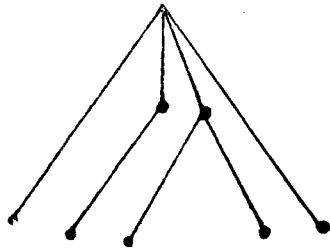
We shall discuss both the theories. Let us first consider the bee problem. He observed that whenever a female bee gave birth to a drone (male) it ate away its partner alive. Therefore, he found that a drone always had a mother alone, while a female bee had both mother and father. Keeping this in mind he tried to trace the ancestors of a single drone.



Here D denotes the drone bee whose ancestors we are tracing.

F denotes father and M denotes mother.

Thus Fibonacci arrived at the sequence 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8.....Next, let us consider the problem on rabbit reproduction. He kept a male female pair of rabbits in an enclosure and studied the number of pairs of rabbits at the end of every month. He found that many new pairs did not yield progeny till the end of its first month and every pair thereafter gave birth to a male female pair every month (assuming no death occurs in a year). Now, consider a single pair of rabbits in the first month. Number of pairs of rabbits produced each month is as shown in the figure.

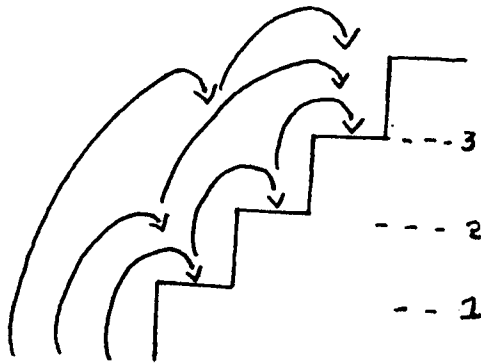


Here ● denotes a pair of rabbits. Rabbits produced in the same month are drawn in the same level.

We purposely denote the number of rabbits at the end of every month in this box to show that Fibonacci did all his calculation only in the margin.

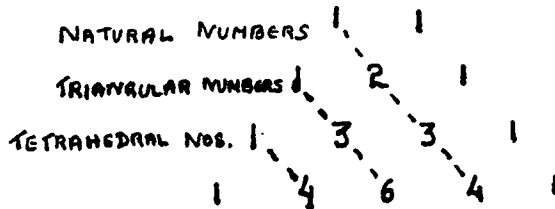
We can also form this sequence of numbers by finding the number of ways climbing a stair case (assuming that we can at the most skip one step while climbing).

A single pair	(1)
1st month	2
2nd month	3
3rd Month	5
4th Month	8
5th month	13
6th month	21
7th month	34
8th month	55
9th month	89



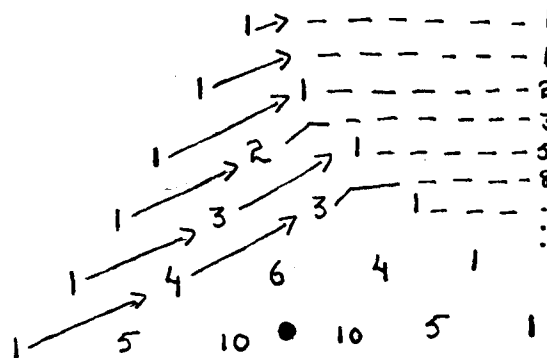
Here arrows indicate the way in which we climb the staircase.

Next, consider the Pascal's triangle. This triangle can be formed by adding the number left to it.



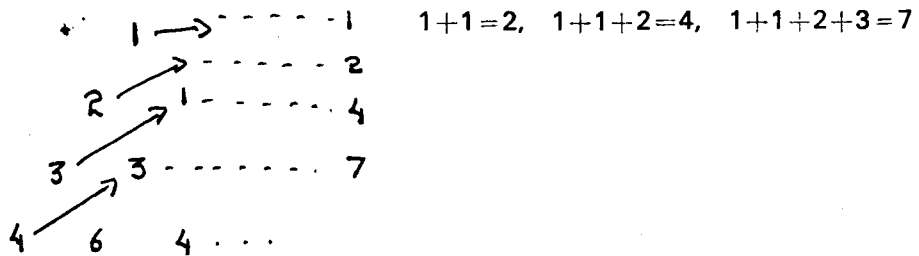
The 1st row will be 1; Next row, $1+0=1$, $0+1=1$, $1+0=1$ $1+1=2$, $0+1=1$ and so on.

When Pascal formed this D, he knew that the natural numbers, triangular numbers, tetrahedral numbers etc. were lying along the diagonals of this D. But not until the 19th century did any one know that Fibonacci numbers were embedded in this D. Pascal himself was not aware of this.

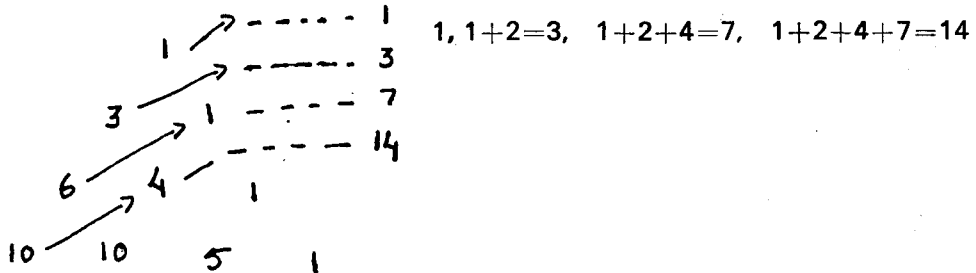


If we add the numbers along the diagonals as indicated by the arrows we get the Fibonacci sequence.

When we slice off the zero diagonal of the Fibonacci diagonals we get the partial sums of the Fibonacci sequence.



When we slice off the next diagonal also we get the partial sum of the partial sum of this sequence.



Similarly if we trim off k diagonals we get the k -fold partial sums of this sequence of numbers. This was discovered only recently.

This sequence of numbers often turns up in combinatorial mathematics. eg :—Consider a row of n chairs. In how many different ways can you seat men and women in the chairs provided no 2 women are allowed to sit next to each other. When $n = 1, 2, 3, \dots$ the answers are 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, \dots

We shall first see some of the mathematical properties. We know that we define this sequence as $F_{n+1} = F_n + F_{n-1}$. Such sequences in which each term is defined as some f_n of the previous ones are called **recurrent sequences**. The process of successive definition of the elts of such sequences in itself called the **recurrence process** and the equation is called the **recurrence relation**.

But this relation does not completely specify the sequence. There are many more sequences which obey this relation. For instance:

1, 3, 4, 7, \dots

1, 4, 5, 9.....These are surely different from Fibonacci sequence. Therefore **Binet** realised the need for a general nth term and gave the formula as

$$F_n = \frac{1}{\sqrt{5}} \left(\frac{\sqrt{5}+1}{2} \right)^n - \left(\frac{-\sqrt{5}+1}{2} \right)^n$$

Actually, coming to the properties we find that any 2 consecutive numbers of this sequence are prime to each other.

From the recurrence relation $F_{n+1} = F_n + F_{n-1}$ it is obvious that the sum of any 2 Fibonacci numbers is always a Fibonacci number.

For eg. $1^2 + 1^2 = 2$, $1^2 + 2^2 = 5$, $2^2 + 3^2 = 13$

This is a special case of a more general property which is as follows. Take any 2 pairs of consecutive Fibonacci numbers. Multiply together the 1st number from each pair and the other number from each pair and add their products. The resultant number is a Fibonacci Number.

Eg :—Consider 1, 2, and 5, 8.

$1 \times 5 + 2 \times 8 = 21$; 3, 5, and 8, 13 then $3 \times 8 + 5 \times 13 = 89$ This, if we consider the pairs F_n, F_{n+1} and F_m, F_{m+1} then $F_n F_m + F_{n+1} F_{m+1} = F_{n+m+1}$. The property which we have stated before is a special case when $n=m$ so that the resultant number is F_{2n+1} . If the subscript of a Fibonacci number is divisible by the subscript of another Fibonacci numbers, then the number itself is divisible by another. For eg. 12 is divisible by 6. $F_{12} = 144$ & $F_6 = 8$. 144 is divisible by 8. 9 is divisible by 3. $F_9 = 34$ & $F_3 = 2$. 34 is divisible by 2. There is only one square number viz $144 = 12^2 = F_{12}$! If a, b are the sides of a rectangle such that $a : b = b : (a-b)$ then the ration b/a is called the (Golden Ratio'. Such a name is given to this ratio since the psychologists consider those rectangles to be the most beautiful ones. ie.

$$\frac{a}{b} = \frac{b}{a-b} \text{ then } a^2 - ab = b^2$$

$$a^2 - ab - b^2 = 0; \quad a^2 - ab = b^2$$

$$\left(\frac{a}{b} \right)^2 - \left(\frac{a}{b} \right) = 1 \text{ ie } \frac{a}{b} = \frac{1 \pm \sqrt{1+4}}{2} = \frac{1 + \sqrt{5}}{2}$$

$\therefore \frac{b}{a} = \frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2}$ $\therefore \frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2}$ is the Golden Ratio. But some authors say that $\frac{5+1}{2}$ is the Golden Ratio. Any way $\frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2}$ & $\frac{\sqrt{5}+1}{2}$ are reciprocals and so

the properties of $\frac{\sqrt{5+1}}{2}$ will also be true for $\frac{\sqrt{5-1}}{2}$ with slight adjustment.

But for our discussion, let us take $\frac{\sqrt{5-1}}{2}$. Consider the ratios formed by the consecutive numbers of the Fibonacci sequence of numbers.

$$\frac{1}{1}, \frac{1}{2}, \frac{2}{3}, \frac{3}{5}, \frac{5}{8}$$

We can obtain the limit of this sequence by using continued fraction.

$$\frac{1}{1 + \frac{1}{1 + \frac{1}{1 + \frac{1}{1 + \dots}}}}$$

This is an infinite continued fraction.

The fraction obtained by stopping at any particular stage is called as convergent. In

this case, if we take the successive convergents we get $1, \frac{1}{2}, \frac{2}{3}, \frac{3}{5}, \frac{5}{8}$.

Therefore in order to find out $\lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \frac{f_n}{f_{n+1}}$ it is enough if we find the above

sum i.e. $x = \frac{1}{1+x} \quad x^2 + x - 1 = 0: \quad x = \frac{-1 \pm \sqrt{1+4}}{2} = \frac{\sqrt{5-1}}{2}$

Here we take only the +ve sign, since all the terms are positive the limit will also be positive. Thus the rectangles with consecutive Fibonacci numbers for their sides are known as "Golden Rectangles". These rectangles seem proportional and are pleasant to look at. Things of this shape are convenient in use. Therefore many rectangular objects of everyday use (books, match boxes, suit cases and similar things) are given this particular form.

Various idealists and philosophers of ancient and mediaeval times raised the outward beauty of golden rectangles and other figures which conform to the rules of the golden section into an aesthetic and even a philosophic principle. It is believed that the structure of all living things including the human body have a certain proportion. It is found that the average ratio between the height of a man and his navel is the Golden Ratio.

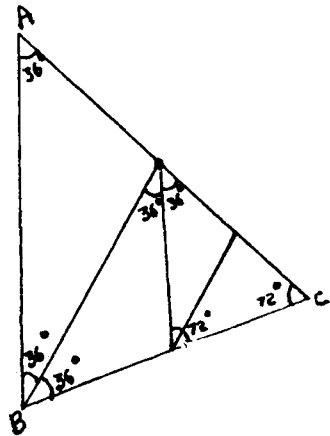
Next, let us have a look at an interesting triangle (isosceles triangle) with base angles = 72° and vertical $\angle = 36^\circ$. Bisect ABC and let this bisector meet AC at D. We can now find out BD. In $\triangle BDC$, $BD = BC$. Applying sine formula

for $\triangle ABC$, we have $\frac{AB}{\sin 72} = \frac{AC}{\sin 72} = \frac{BC}{\sin 36}$

$$BC = AB \frac{\sin 36}{\sin 72} = \frac{AB \sin 36}{2 \sin 36 \cos 36} = \frac{AB}{2 \sqrt{5+1}} = \frac{2 AB}{\sqrt{5+1}}$$

If we take AB as 1 unit, we get $BC = BD = \frac{2}{\sqrt{5+1}}$

units. ||| ly if we bisect BDC



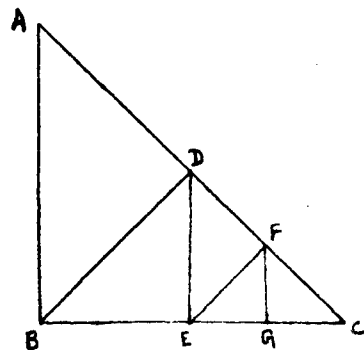
and if the bisector meets BC at E we can find DE in a ||| r fashion. $DE = \frac{4}{(\sqrt{5+1})^2}$ units. If we continue this process, we get EF, FG etc. so that the lengths of these

segments form a sequence $1, \frac{2}{\sqrt{5+1}}, \frac{4}{(\sqrt{5+1})^2}, \frac{8}{(\sqrt{5+1})^3}$

ie. $1, \frac{\sqrt{5-1}}{2}, \left(\frac{\sqrt{5-1}}{2}\right)^2, \left(\frac{\sqrt{5-1}}{2}\right)^3, \dots$

Ratio of 2 consecutive terms is always a Golden Ratio. We also see that the triangle we get on bisecting one of the base angles we get back a similar to the one we have considered. Such triangles are known as "GOLDEN TRIANGLES". These triangles are proporfional and most pleasing to look at. There is only one other \triangle which has this property viz the isosceles right angled \triangle .

We have seen that the Golden ratio satisfies the equation $x^2 + x - 1 = 0$. One immediate consequence of this is that we can get any power of the golden ratio by addition or subtraction. If x is the Golden ratio, then $x^2 = 1 - x$ and $x^3 = x - x^2$ and so on. Thus we can say the square of the golden ratio can be obtained by subtracting the golden ratio from and we get the cube of the golden ratio by subtracting the square of the golden ratio from the golden ratio and so on.



$$\left(\frac{\sqrt{5}+1}{2}\right)^2 = \frac{6+2\sqrt{5}}{4} = \frac{3+\sqrt{5}}{2} = \frac{\sqrt{5}+1}{2} + 1 = \frac{3+\sqrt{5}}{2}$$

Similarly $\frac{1}{x^2} = \frac{1+1}{x}$ Thus we can get the square of the reciprocal of the Golden ratio by adding the reciprocal to 1. We get the cube of the reciprocal by adding the square of the golden ratio to the reciprocal of the golden ratio and so on.

If we take $\frac{\sqrt{5}+1}{2}$ as the golden ratio this property will be reversed since the reciprocal of $\frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2}$ is $\frac{\sqrt{5}+1}{2}$. In any case, we get the powers of the golden ratio by simple addition and subtraction.

Next, take any 3 consecutive numbers of this sequence. The product of the extreme numbers differ from the square of the middle number by 1.

Eg:— 3, 5, 8, $3 \times 8 - \sqrt{5^2} = 1$ $5 \times 13 - \sqrt{8^2} = 1$

This property gives rise to an important fallacy.

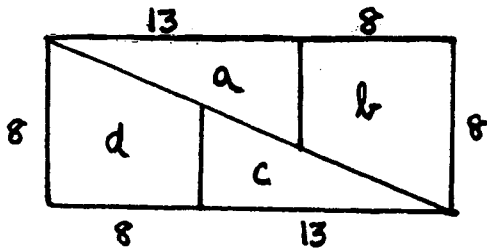


Fig. (1)
 $21 \times 8 = 13 \times 13$

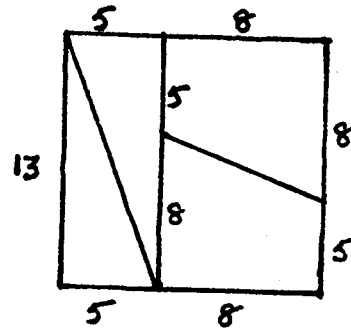
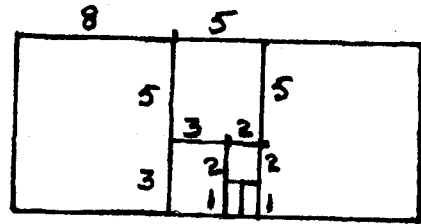


Fig. (2)
 $13^2 = 169$
 $168 = 169!$

Cut the rectangle in Fig. (1) as indicated by the figure into 4 parts a, b, c, d and assemble them as shown in Fig. (2). We find that these exactly join to form a square with side 13 units.

If we take the golden rectangles i.e. rectangles with sides as 2 consecutive Fibonacci numbers and if we cut a square, we find that the remaining rectangle is again a golden rectangle. If we continue this process, we find that the rectangles which remain are always golden rectangles and these rectangles are known as "Self Perpetuating Golden Rectangles."

If we join the diagonal points of this series of squares in order we get the curve known as **logarithmic spiral**.



Such spirals are frequently found in nature eg; in the arrangement of seeds in the sunflower. We find that there are spirals in 2 directions (one in the clockwise and the other in the anti-clockwise). It is interesting to note that there are 34 spirals in one direction and 55 spirals in another direction which are 2 Fibonacci numbers.

In the pineapple we find thorny projections and black dots on them. They are known as the eyes of the pineapple. These eyes are arranged along spirals in 2 different directions. The number of these eyes in each direction is invariably a Fibonacci number.

Fibonacci numbers also turn up inside atoms.

Like atoms taking part in chemical reactions, nucleus takes part in nuclear reactions. It was found that whenever the number of neutrons were 2, 8, 14, 20, 28, 50, 82, 126.....the nucleus was extremely stable. If we divide these numbers by 10, and round them off we get 0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13.....which is the Fibonacci sequence of numbers.

In the arrangement of stems and leaves we find that these Fibonacci numbers are present. When we find the number of internodes between any 2 nodes it always turns out to be a Fibonacci number.

Even in a piano key board an octave of the piano key board consists of a group of 2 black keys and another of 3 black keys making a total of 5 black keys for the octave along with a total of 8 white keys making a grand total of 13 keys for the octave. Here 2, 3, 5, 8, 13.....are all Fibonacci numbers.

Architects and painters also used the golden ratio for perfect architecture and paintings. Psychologists say that whenever we are given a number of rectangles and asked to choose one, then we are sure to choose a golden rectangle since they are most pleasant to the eye.

Thus, these Fibonacci numbers turn out in all walks of life. So it may be a useful hobby to observe nature and get some more applications of these numbers. 'Fibonacci Quarterly' is the main source of information about these beautiful numbers.

L. USHA
II M.Sc. Mathematics

MYOPIA

My eye is a sphere of obscurity.
Clean, precise lines merge into a grey blur.
In front of it.
The rainbow's iridescent arc
Blazes into a band of fiery red-green.
Stars softly blink,
Their astral incision forgotten
Into a genial shimmering ball.
Trees, spring budded
Are parasols filtering
The rain of sunshine.
No leaves are seen
But an encompassing serene green
Flecked with hot blossoming red.
Fat women, their obese limbs
Melting into a healthy mass
Waddle like mobile Roman pillars.
Stringy men shed their cancerous hunger
And hop like energetic sparrows.
The world is round,
The claws are filed,
The thorns are blunt.

SUCHITRA S.
III Literature

BEHIND BARS

I
Am confined behind bars
Fettered by the farce
That is Society.

I
Live in oblivion
Of the world beyond
That is Reality.

Imposing obligations
That drive me from myself—my chains,
A desire to do
Nothing that doesn't befit me—my shackles,
A yearning to be
What my people expect of me—a leash,
A world of Illusions, a mask—
A facade, an image – My Prison I

I am tortured
By a longing to be myself—
To be an Individual
In the Multitudes around me
And yet
Fear of indecorous doings is my restraint.

I am drowned
In a deluge of beliefs and reasons
And yet
A fear of looking at myself—
Of delving into the Unknown—
Without invidiousness, without bias,
Represses me.

I am smothered
Under a heap of Ideas, Opinions, Ideals
I struggle to sort—
Out of this jumble—my own.

I am torn
Between an urge
To be the Rationalist
To listen to Reason
To discern the Right from the Wrong
To recognise others as I would—myself,
And the urge
To be led by conformists—
(by Hypocrisy)—
By blind faiths based on no reason,
By a fear of fathoming mysterious,
dangerous waters.

In the more reasonable state of mind
It now comes to me,
That
More basic than my most basic Rights
Is the right
To Reason and not Believe
To think and not be led
To crawl out of my guise and be myself,
To assert my Freedom from the prison of illusions,
To be a *HUMAN*.

BHARGAVI, V.
II Year Zoology

FANTASY

Clamber over water,
Clamber over the sea
Clamber up the rough trunk
 Clamber up the tree.....
'Cause my mind is going up
On a summer fantasy.
I could rock, I could hiccup
Into a scotch whisky spice.
Dig up the star spangled rings
I'll climb them one by one.
I'll rope the meteorites.
And hang them round my neck.
Soft pendants in the sky
They are. I reach up to try
Shake them out of dormancy
Asteroids are such fun
All trinkle, bluster and fiery run;
They make a cross eyed vision
All a shower of diamond light and platinum spray.
Let me pirouette
Down the milky way.
Midst the raging satellites
I'll show my orbital right.
Look, I'm under no gravity.
Give me a telescopic lens,
Damn you, hand it to me
Welcome Cojumbia,
 You've made it, honey I

SUCHITRA S.
III Literature

LAND OF ISLAM

In this land of Islam,
Is where one hears the greeting Salaam,
 In this community
 Brethren work in unity,
Two holy shrines Medina and Mecca
Latter which possesses the holy Kaaba,
 Eminent are the Prophet Mohammed, and
 Muhammad Ali,
 Followers of the latter are Shiah and that of the
 Prophet Sunni,
Our holy book is the "Quran",
Which is read by all Muslims, every Dauran,
 Most prominent of festivals "Idd" and "Ramzan",
 The other, "Muharram",
Muharram is when we mourn all day,
And Ramzan is spent joyfully away,
 Equanimity is achieved when we dedicate ourselves
 to "Allah",
 Success is ours when we commence with the word
 "Bismillah",
Khalifa is one who governs big Sheikdoms,
Large and magnificent Kingdoms.
 An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth
 That is the law of the land.
Modest is the woman in 'Purdah'
God-seeker men in 'Kameej-pyjamah',
 But the dress, does not make an 'Imam',
 Nor a 'chador' a good woman.
But faith and submission to our good lord
The most austere and reverent our God,
 Sweet and chaste is a child who utters the word
 "Allah",
 Clumsy and arrogant is one who denies "Bismillah",
We belong to a family of unison,
For each are God's daughter and son.

SABINA ALEEM
II B. Sc. Physics,

MAN

A cobbled street, dust encrusted, vermin-infested and
...Man.

Summer lanes woven with the silken fabric of women's
voices

Shrill melodies spear-heading a cascade of jewelled
consonants.

Precious entreaties with the brilliant intensity
of Persia's rubies, Turkistan's emeralds, Samarkand's gold
Soothing sedative of scintillating sounds.....

The jasmine vendor's perfumed cries, to grimy harassed
passers-by

The snake charmer, cheeks inflated, filling the hollow reed
With his life's breath.

The glittering palanquin threading its brocade path
In arrogant nonchalance.

A ripple of thunder...vibrations age old,
Chimes the bronze bell of impending doom,
Quickens the erratic pulse-beat of the
Human tragedy.

Life hobbles on, leaning heavily on the crutch of so-called
Civilization !

Man follows,...swaddled in the dark cloak
of shame and Disillusionment:

AROONA REDDY.
III year Literature

TO LOVE

I know your heart
You know mine...
But we stand apart
On either side
Of the bridge of silence
When I behold you
Your rays of vision
radiate mine,
When you smile at me
Your gushing love
quenches mine.
But eternity yawns
Between you and me
I cannot cross...
For the breach in the bridge
For the breach within me.....
But let us tread
On Hope's strength
Should the bridge break
Our living love
Will tide us over.

S. SANDYA
III year Literature

LIFE - LOVE AND HOPE

The Pristine blue
Of the tender pool
Vaporises...
Leaving behind
imprints precious.
Like welcome showers

On wilting flowers
the majestic elixir
bursts in.
The receptive womb
jerks out
of Sterile languor
conceiving
Roots, plumules and tendrils
of
Hope, Life and Love.
We await the fruits.

SANDHYA, S.
III Literature

TO AN EAGLE IN THE SKY

High, sun-caught, fortunate Eagle,
Riding the air with untaught art,
Do you feel anything
When you turn with the wind, and show off?
You needn't tell me, I know;
I can see :
You have one Dream :
Your Body, Self and All
Must ever talk to the Wind.
Fly over, ever high.
Destroy the cool of blue Sky.
And be allured by no enchanting cloudy forms,
Hence to perish with giddy gaze,
Upon a lonely mountain-top.
For Your splendour lies too much in Space ;
In floating glides, wide-winged, supreme.
The envious Earth too will always call for You.
Let Her call without answer
And She will worship You.
But if You think that some green Field

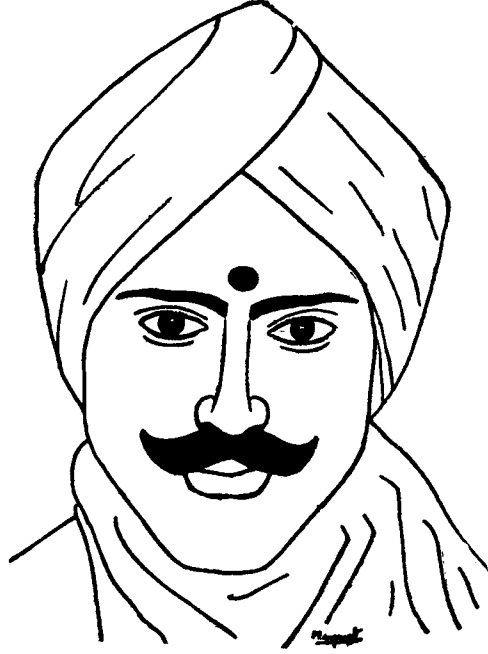
Full of feeding Worms
Will make You forget all your hunger and thirst.....
I'm the greatest fool
For letting myself reach out to you.

PADMA REDEPPA
I M.A. Literature

RAIN

Rain I
Why did it rain?
Did the colossal sky
lose control over its
emotions ?
Does the sky know
of its blotched grey
appearance -
smudges and ugly streaks
of grey hues ?
How could it escape
the ugly vision
mirrored in
muddy puddles !
The cost of purgation
Was it filth
Or filth transferred
to the scummy earth
viewed through a clear
vision of blue ?

SUJATHA CHOWDURY
I M. A. Literature



கவித்திறம் அருளுக !!

காலத்தை வென்றென் கருத்திலே நிறைந்திட்ட
 சுடருறு கவியரசே !
 ஞாலமும் சிறுத்திடப் பெரும்புகழ் படைத்திட்ட
 பேரெழில் திருக்கோவே !
 நீலக் கடலெனக் குமுறிடும் உணர்வின்
 ஒப்பில் திருச்செல்வா !
 கோலச் சுவையுறு கவியால் ஈர்த்திடும்
 தமிழ்மகள் காதலனே !
 எல்லையில் வண்ணம் காட்டிடும் உன் திருக்
 கவிதைச் சோலையிலே
 மெல்லவே நுழைந்தேன் மயங்கியே நின்றேன்
 செய்வது அறியாமலே ;
 கல்லொத்த மனமும் களிந்து நெகிழும் உன்
 கடவுள் துதிப்பாட்டில் ;
 புல்லொத்த மாந்தரும் வீறுகொள்ளும் உன்
 தேசியத் திருப்பண்ணில்
 அறிவிலியும் தமிழார்வம் பெறும் உன்
 சுந்தர அமிழ்திசையில் ;

செறிவுடன் விளங்கிச் சிந்தையில் நிற்கும் உன்
சமுதாயக் கனவுகளில் ;
நறவுசேர் கனியென நெஞ்சிலே பரவும் உன்
கண்ணன் குழலிசையில் ;
உறவெலாம் விளக்கி உன்னதம் காட்டும் உன்
வேதாந்த போதத்தில் ;
பாமரரும் கற்று அமரரே ஆகும் உன்
பாஞ்சாலி சபதத்தில் ;
ஏமமுற எமக்குதவிய தலைவ ! உன்
சிந்தையைச் சிறிதுகண்டேன்
பொங்கிடும் உணர்வின் ஓவியந்தனிலே
என்னைப் பறிகொடுத்தேன்
தங்கிடும் உன்புகழ் என்றும் இத்தரணியில்
என்றே உறுதி கொண்டேன்.
செந்தமிழ்க் காவிலே சந்தமோடிசைந்திடும்
செவ்விய எழிற்குயிலே !
வந்தனை புரிந்துணை வாழ்த்தி நிற்கின்றேன்
கவித்திறம் அருளுகவே. !

தொ B.
முதலாண்டு (பௌதிகம்)

உறவாடு !

குழலோ	டுறவாடு ;	இசைத்தேன்	பருகு !
மழலையோ	டுறவாடு ;	மகிழ்ச்சி	பெருகும் !
தேனோ	டுறவாடு ;	இன்சுவை	கிடைக்கும் !
தென்றலோ	டுறவாடு ;	சுகமே	கிடைக்கும் !
அறிஞரோ	டுறவாடு ;	நன்னெறி	காட்டும் !
அழகோ	டுறவாடு ;	கவிதை	பிறக்கும் !
கல்வியோ	டுறவாடு ;	ஞானம்	பெறலாம் !
ஒழுக்கத்தோ	டுறவாடு ;	விழுப்பம்	பெறலாம் !
இயற்கையோ	டுறவாடு ;	அமைதி	கிடைக்கும் !
இதயத்தோ	டுறவாடு ;	நட்பே	மலரும் !

சகோதரி மேரி அல்போன்சா,
இரண்டாம் ஆண்டு (தாவரவியல்)

வேண்டுவன !!

ஏழையில்லா உலகம் வேண்டும்
இன்பம் கூட்டும் அன்பும் வேண்டும்
பிழைகள் துன்பம் பிணிகள் அறியாப்
பெருமை வாழ்வு தழைக்க வேண்டும்.

இனிமை தோய்ந்த எண்ணம் வேண்டும்
உரிமை மனிதன் வாழ்வில் வேண்டும்
பூவைப் போன்ற நகையும் வேண்டும்
உடைமை யார்க்கும் பொதுவில் வேண்டும்.

எதிலும் அச்சம் தொலைய வேண்டும்
கனிவும் குழைவும் நோக்கில் வேண்டும்
கருத்தில் என்றும் உயர்வு வேண்டும்
கம்பன் போன்ற சொல்வளம் வேண்டும்.

கவிதை இன்பம் கலையில் இன்பம்
அவனி யெங்கும் பெருகிட வேண்டும்
புவியில் வாழ்வே அமர வாழ்வாய்
உரிமை, உயர்வு, இணைதல் வேண்டும்.

யார்க்கும் உரிமை பொதுவில் வேண்டும்
யாதும் ஊரே ஆதல் வேண்டும்
எங்கும் எதிலும் நிறைவு வேண்டும்
எல்லாம் இறைவா நீதர வேண்டும்.

—ஷஃபீகா,
சமூகவியல்—முதலாண்டு.

காற்றிலாடும் உரிமைகள்

நாளேட்டைக் கண்டேன் அதன்
நாற்பக்கமும் உரிமையென ஏதோயிருக்கக் கண்டேன்
என்னவென்று விழைந்தயானும்
ஏந்தினேன் அவ்வேட்டைக் கையில்
மண்ணி லுதித்த யாரும் மாண்புடையாரெனவும்
உரிமையும் உடைமையும் உரியது அனைவருக்குமென்றும்
வரிவரியாய் இருக்கக் கண்டேன்.

ஏழைந்தாண்டுகளாய்ப் பேணப்பட்ட சுதந்தரம்
ஏழைகளும் எளியவரும் வாழவழி செய்யுமென்று
என்றென்றும் கனவாய் கற்பனையாய் கானல்நீராய் ஆவதையே
சுதந்தர இந்நியா பறைசாற்றும் நேரத்தில்
மனித உரிமைகளை அசைபோடும் இங்குள்ளோன்
தட்டிக் கேட்டால் தலைசீவி அவர்தம்
கபாலத்தைக் கயத்தி லெறிந்து விட்டுத்தம்
உரிமையை நிலைநாட்டி நிற்கின்றான்.

உள்ளதைக் கேட்டால் உதை கொடுத்து
பள்ளத்தில் வீழ்த்தி வுரிமை கொண் டாடுகிறார் வேறுசிலர்
அன்றாடம் கஞ்சிக்கு அல்லல் பட்டுத்
திண்டாடித் தவிக்குமெனியோர்—தம் உரிமைகள்
ஆடிப்பட்ட மெனக் காற்றில் ஆடுகின்றது.

பெண்ணுரிமை, பெண்ணுரிமை யெனப் பேசுவோர்—அப்
பெண்டிரை வறுமையின் நிறங் களாயும்
திசைமாளும் பறவைகளாயும் ஆக்கி மற்றும்பலரை
மோப்பக் குழையும் அனிச்சங்களென மாற்றுகின்றனர்.

கட்டிக் காத்த சுதந்தரத்தைக் கைவிடோமென
வெறும்வாயில் கதைத்துக் கொண்டிருப்போர்
கற்பனையுலகில் சஞ்சரித்து எளியோர்தம் உரிமைதனைக்
கடைத்தெருவில் விலைபேசு கின்றனர் ஆகவே
இளந் தலைமுறையினர் நாம்
வளர்ந்து வரும் இச்சமுதாயத்தின்
வருங்காலத்தை வளமுடையதாக்கிடுவோம்.

காற்றிலாடும் உரிமைதனைக் கட்டிக்காத்திடுவோம்
மனித மாண்பினையுலகிற்கு எடுத்தியம்பிடுவோம்.

மரியா

சமூகவியல்—இரண்டாமாண்டு

குடும்பக் கட்டுப்பாடு, உரிமைக்குக் கட்டுப்பாடல்ல

‘ கோழி கூவி
விடிந்த நம் பொழுது
இன்று
குழந்தை கூவியல்லவா
விடிகிறது? ’ என்றும்.

‘ நம்மவர் செய்தது சிறுபிழை தான்
இயற்கை,
சூரியன் போலொரு சுந்தரப் பிள்ளையும்
பால்நிலா போலொரு பாவையும் மட்டுமே
போதுமென்று போதித்த போது
நம்மவர் பிள்ளை உவமைக்கு
நட்சத்திரங்களை நம்பத் தொடங்கினார்கள் ’

என்றும் நமது மாளாத மக்கள் செல்வத்தைப் பற்றி நையாண்டி செய்கின்றன சில நவீன கவிதைகள். வயிற்றுப் பாட்டுக்கு வழியற்று, புழுதிக் கட்டிலில் புரண்டாலும் வாழைக்குலைபோல அடுக்கடுக்காய் பிள்ளைகளை ஈன்றெடுக்கும் ஏழைகளால் நமது பாரத வண்டி குடைசாய்ந்து வருகின்ற காலமிது.

‘ தாய் தனது குழந்தைகளுக்காகக் கண்ணை விளக்காக்குகிறாள் ; கையைத் தொட்டிலாக்குகிறாள் ; இரத்தத்தைப் பாலாக்குகிறாள், ’ என்று பாராட்டுகிறான் ஓர் அறிஞன். இது உண்மை என்பதை மறுக்கமுடியாது. ஆனால் அதற்காக அந்தத் தாய் தனக்கு அம்மா என்ற பட்டத்தை ஆறேழு குழந்தைகள் சூட்ட வேண்டும் என்றெண்ணுவது எத்துணை அறியாமை ! கணநேர சுகங்களில் — அறியாமையின் அழுத்தத்தில் அவள்—அத்தத் தாய் “ஆராரோ ஆரிரரோ” என்று ஆண்டுக்கு ஆண்டு பாடிக்கொண்டிருந்தால், அவளுக்கும் அவள் பெற்றவைகளுக்கும் ‘ஆர் ஆரோ? ஆர் இவரோ?’ என்ற உறவுமுறை பஞ்சத்தின் பிடியில், பசியின் வதையில் ஏற்பட்டு விடாதா ?

‘ வெள்ளி விளக்கெரிய
வெண்கலத் தேரோட
புள்ளிமயில் போல
புலந்திரனே கண்ணுறங்கு ’ என்று

பாடி வளர்த்த தாய்க்குத் தன் பாட்டில் வளர்ந்த பிள்ளைகளைப் பாழும் கிணற்றில் அள்ளிவிச ஒருநாள் மனம் வருகிறதென்றால் அதற்கு என்ன காரணம் ?

வாழ வந்த இல்லாமை வயிறுகளில் புகுந்தவுடன் இரவுக்குப் பின்னாலே கேள்விகளே விடிகிறதே என்கிற மெய்ஞ்ஞானம் மெது மெதுவாய் உரைத்தவுடன் தான், தன் நிலை, பிள்ளைகளால் தள்ளாடும் குடும்பநிலை, தன்போன்ற குடும்பங்களால் தள்ளாடும் நாட்டு நிலை இதெல்லாம் புரிந்து நீர் நிலைகளில் தம் வாழ்வை முடிக்கும் அளவுக்கு மக்களின் அறியாமை மந்தப்பட்டிருக்கிறது.

‘மோக வேகத்திலே, இருக்கும் பிள்ளைக்கு விளையாட இன்னொரு பிள்ளையைப் பொம்மையாக்கி வந்த சுசீலைகளின் குடும்பமே இப்போது நடைபாதைகளில் நடக்கும் பொம்மலாட்டம்’ என்ற உண்மை இன்று விசுவரூபம் எடுத்து நிற்கின்றது. சரம் சரமாய் சிற்றெறும்புகள்போல் குடும்பங்கள் குழந்தைகளைக் கூட்டிக் கொண்டு கிடக்கின்றன. இது தொடர்ந்தால் தற்காலம் மீண்டுமொரு கற்காலமாகும். ‘உடுக்க உடையில்லை; இருக்க இடமில்லை; உண்ண உணவில்லை’ என்ற உயிர்க்குரல்களே எங்கும் எழும். அந்த சந்தடியில் ‘தனியொருவனுக்கு உணவு இல்லையேல் சகத்தினை அழித்திடுவோம்’ என்ற கவிக்குரலும் சத்தம் போடாமல் அடங்கிப் போகும். இந்த நிலவுருண்டை குழந்தைகளாலேயே விழுங்கப்படும். இந்த விபத்தை—மனிதர்களால் ஏற்படும் மனித விபத்தைத் தடுக்கவே நமது அரசு நல்லதொரு சட்டமியற்றிக் குடும்பக் கட்டுப்பாடு திட்டத்தைப் பாமர மக்களிலிருந்து படித்தவர் வரைக்கும் நெஞ்சில் பதியுமாறு பரப்பி வருகிறது.

புத்திர காவியத்தைப் புள்ளி வைக்காமல் எழுதி வந்ததால் இற்று விழுந்திருக்கும் எழுத்தாணிகளாக, நாட்டுத் தராசில் பொருள் தட்டை ஏற்றி உயிர்த்தட்டை இறக்கும் வேண்டாத வியாபாரிகளாக ஏன் மாற வேண்டும். நமது மக்கள் என்று தான் நல்ல பல வழிகளில் பெருக்கத்தைக் கட்டுப்படுத்தச் சொல்லி, சட்டத்தின் வாயால் மக்களைக் கேட்கிறது. அது கேட்கும் வரத்தை அளிப்போம்.

—மு. முல்லை

முது அறிவியல், முதல்நிலை (கணிதம்).

மனித உரிமைகளின் உண்மையான பரிமாணங்கள்

வருடம் ஒருமுறை எங்கள் கல்லூரி வெளியிடும் கல்லூரிச் சிறப்பிதழில் இவ் வருடம் ‘மனிதனின் உரிமைகள்’ என்ற தலைப்பின் கீழ் என்ன எழுதுவது என்று தீவிரமாகச் சிந்தித்துக் கொண்டிருந்தேன். அப்போது சில கல்லூரி மாணவர்களும் மற்றும் பல வேலையில்லாப் பட்டதாரிகளும் தங்கள் உரிமையை நிலைநாட்ட மறுதினம் புரட்சி செய்யவிருக்கிறார்கள் என்ற செய்தி கண்ணில் பட்டது. ‘‘இது என் உரிமை’’, ‘‘நம் உரிமை’’, ‘‘எங்கள் உரிமை’’, உரிமை! உரிமை! எங்கும் உரிமை! என் மனம் எண்ணப் புயல்களில் சுழல்கிறது.....

மனிதனின் உரிமைகள்! பந்த பாசங்களுக்கு அடிமைப்பட்டு, நம்பிக்கைக்குக் கட்டுப்பட்டு வாழும் மனிதனுக்கு உரிமைகள் என்று ஏதேனும் தனிப்பட்டனவாய் உள்ளனவோ? இவற்றுக்கெல்லாம் அப்பாற்பட்டு, பகுத்தறிவுடைய விலங்கு எனக் கூறப் பெறும் மானிடனோடு இணைந்திருந்து ஒன்றியது உரிமை உணர்ச்சி. இங்கு உலகம் தோன்றியது முதல் மனிதனால் நிர்ணயிக்கப்பட்ட சமுதாய உரிமைகளைக் குறிப்பிடத் தேவையில்லை. அவை யாவரும் அறிந்ததே! சமுதாய உரிமைகளை மீறினால் சட்டம் அவனைத் தண்டிக்க வல்லது.

மனிதனின் சிந்தை 'உரிமை' என்பதை எவ்வாறு கருதுகிறது, அவ்வுரிமையின் பால் மனித மனம் எவ்வளவு ஈர்க்கப்படுகிறது என்பது நோக்கத்தக்கது.

சுதந்தரம் பெறுவதற்கும், கல்வி கற்பதற்கும் மற்றும் பல நல்ல செய்கைகளுக்கும் உரிமை கொண்டாடுவது நியாயமானதே! எனினும் பெரும்பாலும் தம்முடைய செல்வாக்கை அதிகாரத்தை நிலைநிறுத்தவே மனிதன் உரிமையை நாடுகிறான். மனிதனுக்கு இவ்வுலகத்தின் கண் உள்ள படைப்புகளின் மீதும் அத்தீதமான பற்று உண்டு. உடலில் 'தான்' என்ற பாவனை வியாபித்ததன் காரணமாக மனித மனம் உரிமையின் முழுமையான அர்த்தத்தையும் அதனால் விளையும் பாதிப்புகளையும் உணர்வதில்லை.

சிறிது ஆழ்ந்து சிந்தித்தால் உரிமை என்பது அனைவர்க்கும் பொது வானது என்பது விளங்கும். ஒருவன் தன் உரிமைகள் எனக் கருதுவனவற்றைப் பிறர் உரிமையும் கொள்கையும் பாதிக்காமல் பார்த்துக் கொள்ளுதல் தேவை. ஒருவன் தன் கோபத்தையும் வெறுப்பையும் பிறரிடம் வெளிக்காட்ட தனக்கு உரிமை உண்டு என்று எண்ணினால் பிறரும் தங்கள் உரிமை என்ற அடிப்படையில் இத்தகைய உணர்ச்சிகளை வெளிப்படுத்தக் கூடும் என்று சிந்திப்பதில்லை.

உலகத்தோடு இணைந்து வாழ்ந்து பிறர் மனத்தைப் புரிந்து கொண்டு அவர்களைப் புண்படுத்தாமல் வாழும் பொழுது தான் ஒருவன் மனித உரிமைகளின் பரிபூரண பொருளை அறிகிறான். உரிமையையும் கடமையையும் பாசுபடுத்தி உரிமைகளைத் தக்கபடி அறிந்து செயல்படுத்துகையில் மனித உறவுகளை இணைக்கும் மென்மையான அன்பிழைகளை வலுப்பெறச் செய்யலாம்.

மனிதன் தன் உரிமையைப் பல்வேறு விதங்களில் நிலைபெறச் செய்கிறான். சிறிது ஆழ்ந்து யோசித்துப் பார்த்தால் ஒவ்வொருவரும் தங்கள் உரிமை என்று தாம் நினைத்தவற்றைச் செயலாற்ற முயன்றால் இவ்வுலகம் சண்டை சச்சரவுகளின் இருப்பிடமாகவும் குழப்பத்தின் உறைவிடமாகவும் விளங்கும் என்பது புலனாகும்.

நாம் சின்னஞ்சிறு விஷயங்களில் விட்டுக் கொடுப்பதன் மூலம் நம் உரிமையை இழக்கவில்லை. மாறாக, அன்பென்னும் அரணால் பேணிக்காக்கின்றோம்; ஏனெனில், சிறு சிறு விஷயங்களில் தான் வாழ்க்கையின் பெரிய பெரிய சந்தோஷங்கள் அடங்கியுள்ளனவன்றோ!

என் மனம் மெல்ல, மெல்ல, எண்ணப் புயல்களிலிருந்து தெளிவடைந்து விடுபடுகிறது. 'உரிமை'யைப் பற்றிச் சிறிது சிந்தித்து, தெளிவு பெற்றேன் என்ற நினைவுடன் கட்டுரையை முடிக்க.....கொஞ்சம் இருங்கள்.

வெளியே ஆரவாரம் கேட்கிறது. உன்னிப்பாகக் கேட்கிறேன். "தொழிலாளர் உரிமைகளைப் போற்ற வேண்டும்" என்றும், "பெண்களும் ஆண்களும் சரிசமம். ஆண்களின் உரிமைகளைப் போல் பெண்களுக்கும் தனிப்பட்ட உரிமைகள் உண்டு" என்றும் போன்ற கோஷங்களைக் கேட்கிறேன்.

போகப் போக மனித உரிமையின் உண்மையான பரிமாணங்களின் உணர்வுகள் இவர்களிடத்திலும் விழிக்கும் என்ற புதிய எதிர்பார்ப்புடன் நான் மறுபடியும் என் சிந்தனையில் மூழ்குகிறேன்.

—கி. ஜெயந்தி,

இள அறிவியல்—முதலாமாண்டு



சுவாமி விவேகானந்தர்

கருநீல வானில் கோடானு கோடி விண்மீன்கள் மின்னிக் கொண்டிருக்கையில், “இப்பரந்த வானில், எந்த விண்மீன் உன் கண்ணிற்குப் புலப்படுகிறது?” என்று கேட்டால், எப்படி விடை கூறுவது? அதுபோலத்தான் இருக்கிறது இத்தலைப்பு. சுவாமி விவேகானந்தர், தெய்வப்பிறவி, ஞானஒளி, கலாசார தூதுவர், ஆன்மிகச் சுடர், கலங்கரை விளக்கம், காவியத்தலைவர், ஊருக்கு உழைத்தவர், உண்மைத் தொண்டர் என்று பல கோணங்களில் காட்சியளிக்கிறார்.

“நிலத்தியல்பால் நீர் திரிந்தற்றாகும்” என்று வள்ளுவர் கூறியதுபோல, நம் அறிவின் வளர்ச்சிக்கேற்ப, நம்முடைய நோக்கைப் பொறுத்து, அப்பொருளாகக் காட்சி யளிக்கக் கூடியவர் விவேகானந்தர். ஆகவே, என்னைப் பொறுத்தவரை சுவாமி விவேகானந்தர், மாக்களாக இருந்தவர்களை மக்களாக மாற்ற முற்பட்ட மகானாகவே காட்சியளிக்கிறார். விலங்கை மனிதனாகவும், மனிதனைத் தெய்வமாகவும் மாற்ற வல்லது மதம் என்ற கருத்தில் அசைக்க முடியாத நம்பிக்கை கொண்டிருந்தார்.

விவேகானந்தர், பாரத நாட்டில் நாம் மனிதர்களைப் படைக்க வேண்டும் என்று முழுங்கினார். அதுதான் தங்கு தடையின்றி நடக்கின்றதே என்று நினைக்க வேண்டாம் விவேகானந்தர் முழுமையான மனிதத்தன்மை படைத்தவரை உருவாக்கவே விரும்பினார்.

அவர் எதை முழுமையான மனிதத்தன்மை என்று கருதினார் என்பது, அவர் அமைத்த ஸ்ரீ ராமகிருஷ்ண மடத்தின் சின்னத்தை நோக்குங்கால் நமக்குப் புரியும்.

இச்சின்னத்திலுள்ள அலைகள் கருமத்தையும், சேதாம்பல் பக்தியையும், உதய சூரியன் ஞானத்தையும், அதைச்சுற்றி விளங்கும் அரவம் யோகத்தையும், ஹம்ஸ பக்ஷி பரமாத்மாவையும் குறிக்கின்றன. அதாவது, கருமம், பக்தி, ஞானம், யோகம் ஆகியவற்றை இணைந்து செயல்பட்டால் பரமாத்மாவை அடையலாம் என்ற அரும்பெரும் தத்துவத்தை அடிப்படையாகக் கொண்டு அமைந்தது இச் சின்னம். மேலும், ஒருமுறை கல்வியைப் பற்றி பேசும்போது, ‘‘மனிதனிடம் முன்னதாகவே அமைந்திருக்கும் பரிபூரணத்துவத்தை வெளிக் கொணர்வதே கல்வி’’ என்றார். இவற்றின் மூலமே, மனிதனின் முழுமையான வளர்ச்சியையே விவேகானந்தர் தன் உயிர் மூச்சாகக்கொண்டார் என்பது உள்ளங்கை நெல்லிக்கனி போல் தெளிவாகின்றதன்றோ ?

இனி, முழுமளர்ச்சியடைய, சுவாமிஜீ கூறிய வழிகளைக் காண்போம். முதலாவதாக, உடலில் வலிமை இருந்தால் தான் உள்ளத்தில் தெளிவிருக்கும்; உயிருக்கு உரமிருக்கும் என்று சுவாமிஜி கற்பித்தார். எனவே, அவர் உடற்பயிற்சிக்கு மிகுந்த முக்கியத்துவம் அளித்தார். அடுத்து, ஒருவன் தன் கடமையைச் செய்ய உடலில் வலிமையிருந்தால் மட்டும் போதாது, முயற்சி வேண்டும். அம்முயற்சியும் விடாமுயற்சியாக இருக்க வேண்டும் என்றார்.

பக்தியைப் பற்றிப் பேசும் போது, ‘‘இறைவனிடம் நம்பிக்கையற்றவன் நாத்திகள் என்றது பழைய மதம். ஆனால், எவனொருவனுக்குத் தன்னம்பிக்கை இல்லையோ, அவனே நாத்திகள் என்பது புது மதம்’’ என்றார். பின்னர், வேறொரு கோணத்திலிருந்து பார்த்து, அன்பை அடிப்படையாகக் கொண்டு அமைந்ததே சிறந்த பக்தி என்றார். ‘‘என்னுடைய தவத்தின் பயனாக நான் அறிந்து கொண்டதாவது, கடவுள் எல்லா-ஜீவனிடத்தும் இருக்கிறார். இதைத் தவிர வேறு இறைவனில்லை. எவனொருவன் ஜீவன்களின் சேவையில் ஈடுபடுகிறானோ, அவனே இறைவனுக்குச் சேவை செய்தவனாவான்’’ என்றுரைத்தார்.

இவ்வாறு சுவாமி விவேகானந்தர், ஆண்மையின் உறைவிடமாக, அடியவராக, அறிவுப் பெட்டகமாக ‘அருட் செல்வ’ராக, இருந்து, மனிதனின் முழுமளர்ச்சியின் மூலம் உலகம் உய்வதற்கான உபாயம் வகுத்தார். அத்தகைய விவேகானந்தரை,

‘‘பலமதப் பார்வை தன் மேல்
படிந்திட தன் மதத்தின்
நலமதை எடுத்து வேற்று
நாட்டிலும் முழக்கி மக்கள்
குலமது உய்ய ஞானக்
கொடியினைப் பிடித்த வங்கத்
தலைமகன் விவேகானந்தன்
தாளிணை போற்றி போற்றி!’’

என்று பணிந்து வணங்கி, அவன் சொற்படி செயலாற்றி, சிறப்புற முயல்வோமாக!

—டி. சுவாமி,

தேசிய ஒருமைப்பாடு சாத்தியமா?

கன்னித் தமிழ்த் தாய்க்குச் சேவை செய்ய, தணியாத தாகம் கொண்டு, “பாட்டுத் திறத்தாலே இவ்வையத்தைப் பாலித்திட வேண்டும்” என்ற வேகம் கொண்டு பாடல்களால் பாரதத்தை அலங்கரித்து நம்மிள நெஞ்சங்களில் குளிர்த் தென்றலாய் நின்றலவும் சிங்கத்தமிழன் பாரதி,

“பாரத நாடு பழம்பெரும் நாடு
நீரதன் புதல்வர் இந்நினை வகற்றாதீர்”

என்று நமக்கு அழகாக, நம் தேசத்தின் பெருமையைப் படம் பிடித்துக் காட்டுவார். பாரதி கூறுவார்,

“சிந்து நதியின் மிசை நிலவினிலே
சேர நன்னாட்டினம் பெண்களுடனே
சுந்தரத் தெலுங்கினில் பாட்டிசைத்துத்
தோணிகள் ஒட்டி விளையாடி வருவோம்.”

இந்தப் பாடலைச் சிறிது உற்றுநோக்குவோம். நோக்கின், ஒருமைப்பாடு காணலாம். சிந்து நதியின் மிசை தமிழர்கள், சேர நன்னாட்டினம் பெண்களுடன், தெலுங்கரின் தாய்மொழியாம் சுந்தரத் தெலுங்கினில் பாட்டிசைத்துத் தோணிகள் ஒட்டும் போது ஒருமைப்பாட்டைப் புரிந்து கொள்ளலாம். ஆம்! தமிழரும், மலையாள மக்களும், தெலுங்கரும் ஒருங்கிணையப் பாடுவது அவரது ஒருமைப்பாட்டு உணர்வினைக் காட்டுகிறது.

‘தேசிய ஒருமைப்பாடு’ என்பது ஒரு நாளில், ஒரு வரியில் புரிந்து கொள்ள முடியாத ஒர் அருமையான கருத்து.

“எல்லோரும் ஒர் குலம்
எல்லோரும் ஒர் இனம்
எல்லோரும் இந்நாட்டு மக்கள்”

என்ற உணர்வில் அனைத்துத் துறைகளிலும் மனத்தால் ஒன்று கூடி, அன்பால் பிணைக்கப்பட்டு வாழ்வதே ஒருமைப்பாடு.

இப்போது நம்மிள நெஞ்சத்தை நெருடிக் கொண்டிருக்கும் கேள்வி ‘தேசிய ஒருமைப்பாடு சாத்தியமா?’ என்பது. விடை சாத்தியம் என்பதே. மனிதன் முயன்றால் முடியாத காரிய மென்றுண்டோ?

தமிழ்த்தாய் தன்னை அலங்கரித்து அணிசெய்யும் அரும் பெரும் காவியங்களையும், வரலாறுகளையும் கண்டால், ஒருமைப்பாடு நடம் புரிவதைக் காணலாம்.

“ஒருமைப்பாடு தேசத்திலா? அது நடக்காத காரியமையா! நாட்டிலே மலையும் உண்டு; அருகே மடுவும் உண்டு. பயிர் வளரும் சோலையும் உண்டு; பாலைவனமும் உண்டு. அவ்வாறிருக்க பல்வேறு நிலைபட்ட மாந்தர்கள் ஒன்று கூடுதல் சாத்தியமா?” என்று கட்டுக் கதையடித்து, காலன் வாய்ப்படு முன் இயன்றவரை மற்றொருவரின்

வீழ்வினிலே வாழும் ஒரு சிலர் இருக்கும் வரை தேசிய ஒருமைப்பாடு சாத்தியமில்லை. நல்ல நிலத்திலே வளரும் புல், பூண்டு, செடிகள் சத்துப் பொருட்களை உறிஞ்சி நிலத்தையே வாட வைத்து விடுவது முண்டு.

“பொன்னகை அணிந்த மாளிகைகள்
புன்னகை மறந்த மண்குடிசை
பசிக்கு அங்கே மாத்திரைகள்
பட்டினியால் இங்கு யாத்திரைகள்”

என்ற நிலை மாறும் நாளில் ஒருமைப்பாடு நிச்சயம்.

இப்பழம் பெரும் பூமி தன்னுள் பலவித மக்களையும், சாதிமத பேதங்களையும் உள்ளடக்கியது. கல் தோன்றி மண் தோன்றாக் காலம் முதல் சீரிளமை குன்றாது நிலவும் இந்தப் பாரத சமுதாயத்தில் அன்று முதல் இன்று வரை பேதங்கள் எத்தனை எத்தனை? அப்படிப்பட்ட சமுதாயத்திலே ஒருமைப்பாடு என்பது ஏதோ ஒன்றிரண்டு விஷயங்களில் மட்டும் கண்டு நிறைவு பெறும் செயலல்ல. ஒருமைப்பாடு என்றால் தேசத்திலே, மக்களிடையே, மதங்களிடையே, இனங்களிடையே, பொருளாதாரத்திலே எனப் பல்வேறு வகையாகத் திகழ வேண்டிய ஒன்று. ‘இந்த ஒருமைப்பாட்டை அடைவது சாத்தியமா?’ என்றால் நிச்சயம் முடியும். இன்று இது நமக்கு நல்ல சூரிய வெளிச்சத்தில் கனவு காணும் பேதமையாய்த் தோன்றலாம். ஆனால் எறும்பூரக் கல்லும் கரையும். தாளாது பாடுபட்டால் இதனை நிச்சயம் அடைந்து, பகற்கனவை நனவாக்க முடியும்.

ஆயின் ஒன்று! இது ஒருநாளில் அல்லது ஒரு மாதத்தில் அல்லது ஒரு வருடத்தில் நடந்து விடக் கூடிய அதிசயமன்று. சூரிய வெளிச்சம் வேண்டுமென்றால் அது வரும் வரை பொறுமையுடன் காத்திருக்கத்தான் வேண்டும். மனிதனாகப் பிறந்துவிட்ட அனைவருமே என்றோ ஒருநாள் இடுகாட்டிற்குச் சென்றுதான் ஆக வேண்டும். அதில் யாருக்கும் பேதமில்லை. “கங்கையில் குதித்தாலும் காவிரியில் மூழ்கினாலும், சென்று அடைவது கடலைத்தான்” என்று இராமகிருஷ்ண பரமஹம்சர் அழகாகக் கூறுவார்.

இன்றைய சமுதாயத்தின் நிலையில் இந்த ஒருமைப்பாடு சாத்தியமற்றதாகக் கூடத் தோன்றலாம். ஆயின் இது மனிதர்கள் பிறருடன் “அவனும் மனிதன்” என்ற உணர்வோடு பழகும் மனநிலையால் தான் அடையத் தகுந்த ஒன்று. இன்று மேலை நாடுகளில் இந்தச் சாதி மத பேதங்கள் ஓரளவு குறைந்திருக்கின்றன. இந்திய சமுதாயத்திலும் அந்தநிலை ஏற்பட வேண்டுமென்றால் அது இந்தியர்களின் ஒருமைப் பாட்டினால் மட்டுமே சாதிக்கக் கூடிய செயல்.

அன்று அமெரிக்க ஜனாதிபதி ஆப்ரகாம் லிங்கன் என்பவர் வெள்ளையருக்கும் கறுப்பருக்குமிடையே நிலவிய நிறவெறியைத் தணிக்கப் பாடுபட்டார். இடையே பற்பல இன்னல்களைத் சந்தித்த போதும் மனம் தளர்ந்துவிடவில்லை. அதன் கறுப்பர், வெள்ளையர் என்ற பேதம் முழுமையாக இல்லாவிட்டாலும் குறிப்பிடத்தக்க அளவு குறைந்தது. இது சாத்தியமான போது ‘தேசிய ஒருமைப்பாடு’ மட்டும் ஏன் சாத்தியமாகாது? ஒவ்வொரு தேசத்திலும் இந்த ஒருமைப்பாடு இருந்தால் அது உலக ஒருமைப் பாடாக ஏன் மாறாது?

என் நம்முடைய மூதறிஞர்களையே எடுத்துக் கொள்ளலாமே! மூதறிஞர் இராஜாஜி, காமராஜர், மகாத்மகர்ந்தி, பண்டித ஜவஹர்லால் நேரு ஆகியோரும் இதற்காகத்தானே

வாழ்ந்தனர். புரட்சிக்கவி பாரதிதாசனும், தேமதுரத் தமிழோசை தரணி எங்கும் பரவத் தாளாத தாகம் கொண்டு உழைத்த பாரதியும் காண விரும்பியது இந்த நிலையைத் தானே. அவர்கள் எல்லோராலும் தம் இலக்கை விட்டு விடாமல் ஒன்றுகூடிப் பாடுபட முடிந்தபோது நம்மால் மட்டும் ஏன் முடியாது?

ஒருமைப்பாடு சமுதாயத்தைக் காண முதலில், இந்திய சமுதாயத்தைப் பொறுத்த வரையில் பொருளாதார மேடு பள்ளங்களை அழிக்க வேண்டும். அது அவ்வளவு சுலபமான செயல்தானா? இன்றைக்கு மலைகளிருக்கும் இடத்தில் அக்காலத்தில் மடுவும் மடு இருக்கும் இடத்தில் மலையும் இருந்ததாக வரலாறு கூறுகிறது. மலையும் மடுவும் மாறும் இந்த சமுதாயத்தில் மனிதரால் மட்டும் ஏன் ஒருமைப்பாடு காண முடியாது?

மற்றுமொரு விஷயம். ‘நீ உயர் சாதியைச் சேர்ந்தவனா? முழு அறிவு பெற்று இங்கு வா! நீ தாழ்ந்த சாதியைச் சேர்ந்தவனா? உனக்குப் பாதி அறிவு போதும். நீ பிற்பட்ட வகுப்பைச் சேர்ந்தவனா? உனக்கு அறிவு இல்லையென்றாலும் பாதகமில்லை’ என்ற நிலை நிலவுவதை உணரலாம். ‘சாதிகள் இரண்டொழிய வேறில்லை’ என்று எத்தனை எத்தனையோ பேர் பாடிய போதும் நிலை சிறிதும் மாறவில்லை.

உதாரணமாக, கல்லூரியில் சேர்ந்து பயில விரும்பும் மாணவனை அவனுடைய ஒழுக்க நடைமுறைகளையும் மதிப்பெண்களையும் கொண்டுதான் மதிப்பீடு வேண்டுமே அன்றி, அவனது வகுப்பைக் கொண்டு அல்ல. இந்த கருத்தை மக்கள் மட்டுமல்ல, மக்கள் தலைவர்கள் கூடி இயங்கும், இந்த ஆண்டையே தேசிய ஒருமைப்பாடு ஆண்டாக நியமித்திருக்கும் தமிழக அரசும் உணர வேண்டும். அமரகவிக்கு அஞ்சலி செலுத்துவதில் அக்கறை காட்டும் சமுதாயம் அவன் கருத்துகளை மட்டும் இன்னும் ஏன் ஏற்க மறுக்க வேண்டும்?

‘ஆணுக்குப் பெண் இளைப்பில்லை’ என்று அன்று பாடினான் பாரதி. அன்று இருந்த அடிமை நிலை இன்று இல்லை. எவ்வளவோ மாறிவிட்டது. இருந்த வகையில் குறிப்பிடத்தக்க மாறுதல்கள் ஏற்பட்டால் ‘ஒருமைப்பாட்டை’ சமத்துவத்தை நிச்சயம் காணலாம்.

நிற்க! திருமண காலத்தில் சம்பந்தியாக (சம்பந்தி) மாறும் இருவர், பெண்ணைப் பெற்றவனை விட ஆணைப்பெற்றவன் உயர்ந்தவன் என்று கூறிக்கொண்டிருந்தால் இங்கு விடிவுகாலம் சாத்தியமில்லை. இங்கேயே சமத்துவம் இல்லையென்றால் தேசத்திலே சமத்துவத்தைத் தேடுவது புதை மறைவில் பொற்காசு தேடுவது போல் ஆகும். இவ்வாறு சிறு சிறு துறைகளில் ஏற்படும் சிறு சிறு மாற்றங்களால் தேசியத்தில் ஒருமைப்பாட்டைக் காண முடியும். நிச்சயம் இது சாத்தியம்.

இந்த மாற்றங்களை ஏற்படுத்த யார் முன் வருவார்? இது அடுத்துச் சிந்திக்க வேண்டிய கேள்வி. மேடையேறி புகழுக்காகக் கத்திவிட்டு வீட்டு வாசல் ஏறி மாறிவிடுவது சுலபம். அத்தகைய மக்களே இன்று அதிகம். உதாரணமாக,

அன்னியர் நாட்டிலே, அண்டையர் வீட்டிலே காதல் என்றால் வரவேற்கும் மனிதர்கள் அடுப்பங்கரையிலே, கிணற்றடியிலே தன்வீட்டில் காதலென்றால் சீறும் சிங்கங்களாக மாறும் மனிதர்கள் அன்றுமுண்டு! இன்றுமுண்டு!.

இந்தச் சிங்கத் தமிழர்கள் ஆண்மையும், வீரமும் இன்னதென்று புரிந்து கொண்டால் சமத்துவத்தைக் காணலாம்.

மொழியிலே, மதத்திலே, பொருளாதாரத்திலே, சமயத்திலே, சமத்துவம் காண மக்கள்,

“அச்சமில்லை அச்சமில்லை அச்சமென்ப தில்லையே
உச்சியீது வானிடிந்து வீழுகின்ற போதும்
அச்சமில்லை அச்சமில்லை அச்சமென்ப தில்லையே”

என்று தடைக்கற்களை உதறித் தள்ளி முன்னேற வந்தால்,

“ஐயமில்லை ஐயமில்லை ஐயமென்ப தில்லையே
பெறுவது வெற்றியே என்பதில்
ஐயமில்லை ஐயமில்லை ஐயமென்ப தில்லையே”

என்பதை அடித்துக் கூறலாம். தேசிய ஒருமைப்பாட்டைக் குறிக்கோளாகக் கொண்ட இந்த ஆண்டிலேயே முயன்றால் இன்னும் சில ஆண்டுகளில் முழுமையான சமத்துவம் இல்லையென்றாகிலும் முடிந்தவரையில் நிச்சயம் சமத்துவம் அல்லது ஒருமைப்பாடு காணலாம்.

“முயற்சி திருவினை யாக்கும் முயற்றின்மை
இன்மை புகுத்தி விடும்”

S. ரேவதி

இள அறிவியல், மூன்றாமாண்டு (வேதியல்)

(குடியரசு தின விழாவை முன்னிட்டு, ஸ்டெல்லா மாரிஸ் கல்லூரி சங்கத்தால் நடத்தப்பட்ட கட்டுரைப் போட்டியில் முதல் பரிசு பெற்றது.)

दस दिसम्बर

एक सुनसान जगह में तुम बैठना चाहते हो या किसी कोने में खमोशी को महसूस करना चाहते हो। पर यह खुशी पाना आज मुश्किल है। ऐसा करने में लगोगे तो जिन्दगी की दौड़ में पीछे रह जाओगे। बचपन में मैंने कभी कभी अकेले होना चाहा। मैंने सोचा, “जब मैं बड़ा हो जाऊँगा तब मैं किसी शान्त जगह में अकेले रहूँगा” बड़े होने पर मैंने सोचा, “जब मैं बूढ़ा हो जाऊँगा, तब। इस तरह जिन्दगी बीत गयी — अब जो रह गया है, उसमें मैं शांति चाहता हूँ। पर मुझे आवाजें ही आवाजें सुनाई पड़ती हैं चारों तरफ से और शांति केवल सपना रह जाती है।

पड़ोस में एक पत्नी अपने पति से कह रही है, ‘दहेज, दहेज, दहेज! क्या मेरा कोई मूल्य नहीं है? पति का उत्तर है “शादी के पहले जो वादा किया था, उसे पूरा करो या वहीं रह जाओ।’

इनकी रोज रोज की चिल्लाहट से तंग आकर बाहर निकला तो सुना— “भूख लगी है, पैसे दो, भूख लगी है, पैसे दो।” दूसरी तरफ मुड़ा तो यह आवाज कानों में पड़ी, “अब बीमारी का ढोंग मचा रखा है? अगर तुम्हे अपनी नौकरी प्यारी है तो करो काम। दो रुपये में कुछ नहीं मिलता तो मैं क्या करूँ? चाहिए तो ले लो बस।”

बाहर से निराश मैं फिर घर में आया, तो पड़ोस के बच्चे के रोने की आवाज आ रही थी, “मुझे मत मारो, मुझे मत मारो”।

अखबार उठाया, तो उसमें यह खबर मिली—“डा. जैन ने अपनी पत्नी की हत्या की है। पुलिस की रिपोर्ट के मुताबिक डा. जैन अपनी नर्स से विवाह करना चाहते थे; इसलिए उसने उसने पत्नी की हत्या गुण्डो से कखायी।”

दिन-ब-दिन, दुनिया के हर कोने से बेचैन करनेवाली आवाजें ही सुनाई पड़ती हैं। इन आवाजों से क्यों मुझे अपने मन को दुखी करना है? रात हो गयी है। अब

बस थोड़ी देर रेडियो सुनकर सो जाऊँगा। “यह आकाशवाणी है, अब आप समाचार सुन रहे हैं—आज सब राष्ट्रो में मानवीय अधिकार - दिवस धूम-धाम से मनाया गया। इस अवसर पर प्रधान-मंत्री ने देशवासियों से कहा”।

दिन भर के अपने अनुभवों के सामने इन शब्दों को रखकर उनका मूल्य आँकते हुए, मैंने सोने की कोशिश की।

सन्ध्या पार्थसारथी

II बी. ए. समाजशास्त्र

मानवीय अधिकार

अब न उसकी मंगनी होगी और नही शहनाई की आवाज गूँजेगी। दुलारी को सिर्फ कुत्ते की मौत नसीब थी। यह वही दुलारी है, जिसके साथ मैंने बचपन के अनोखे खेल खेले और किशोर अवस्था के मधुर सपने देखे। पर दोनों में आकाश-पाताल का फर्क था। मैं ठाकुर रतनसिंह—गाँव के जमीन्दार की बेटी और दुलारी एक मामूली नौकर की बेटी।

बचपन की मेरी सारी स्मृतियाँ दुलारी के प्यार से सनी हैं। वह मेरी उम्र की होने पर भी मुझे खिलाती, कपड़े पहनाती बाल सँवारती और कहानियाँ सुनाती। जब मैं रोने लगती और हठ करती तब वह मुझे मनाने की हर चेष्टा करती। माँ ने दुलारी के साथ मेरा हिल-मिलकर रहना पसन्द नहीं किया। जब भी दुलारी को मेरे कमरे में देखती, तो उसे फटकारती। यह सुनकर दुलारी की माँ उसे एक-दो तमाचे भी लगा देती। मेरेलिये हर पर्व पर नये कपड़े सिलवाये जाते और मेरे फटे पुराने कपड़े दुलारी को दिये जाते। तेरहवें साल में मुझे शहर के स्कूल में भर्ती किया गया और हम बचपन के साथी विछुड गये।

उस दिन की याद में आज भी मेरी आँखों से आँसू उमड़ते हैं। मैं दुलारी को हिन्दी के अक्षर सिखा रही थी। सीखने के उत्साह में वह मेरे बहुत पास आकर बैठी थी। इतने में बाबूजी कमरे में आथे और दुलारी को देखकर गुस्से से गरज उठे। उसके माँ-बाप बुलाये गये। बाबूजी ने कठोर आवाज में कहा, “अपर्ना के इतने निकट बैठने की हिम्मत कैसे हुई इसको ! झोंरू। मैंने तुमसे कितनी बार कहा है—अपर्ना के संग इस छोकरी को खेलने न दो। अगर फिर मैंने उसे यहाँ देख लिया तो तुम दोनों की नौकरी चली जाएगी। समझे। दुलारी की उस दिन खूब पिटाई हुई।

स्थिति यहाँ तक पहुँची कि माँ ने उसकी शादी पक्की कर दी। दुलारी को दूल्हे से नफरत थी, पर उसकी कोई सुनता ही नहीं। मैंने माँ को बहुत बार समझाने की कोशिश की। लेकिन कुछ फायदा नहीं हुआ। मां कहती—‘तुम्हे इन मामलो में दखल देने को जरूरत नहीं। कुम्हार धराने की लडकी क्या राजकुमार से ब्याह करेगी ? मेरे जैसे नौकरों की देखभाल करनेवाला तुम्हे कौन मिलेगा? जाति और निम्न आर्थिक व्यवस्था की बेडियों में फँसकर जो वेदना दुलारी सह रही थी, उसकी तो मैं कल्पना भी नहीं कर सकी !

आज वह इन सब बंधनों से मुक्त हैं। कल घर में कोई नौकर नहीं था। बाबूजी ने दुलारी से बैल बधवाना चाहा। मेरे विरोध करने पर मौसी ने कहा, “तुम पढे-लिखे लोग बस दूसरों को अधिकार बांटने में ही लगे रहते हो। दो बार जो भर-पेट खा सकती है, क्या वह यह छोटा-सा काम नहीं कर सकती ?”

दुलारी ने आज्ञा पाकर बैल की रस्सी खींची और एकाएक बैल उसकी ओर दौड पडा। देखते ही देखते उसने अपने सींग दुलारी की छाती में भोंक दिये। वह बही बेहोश होकर गिर पडी। यद्यपि सरकारी अस्पताल में पहुँचाई गयी तो भी उसके प्राणों की रक्षा नहीं हुई।

समाज के अत्याचारों को सहना ही दुलारी की जिन्दगी थी। उसे तो अपने मानवीय अधिकारों की खबर ही नहीं थी।

लता सी.बी.

II बी.ए. समाजशास्त्र

कामदहनं कालिदासः च

संस्कृतकाव्येषु कविकुलगुरुः कालिदासः प्रथमपदवीं लभते । तस्य काव्यानि कुमारसंभवः, रघुवंशः मेघमंदेशः च । तस्य नाटकानि मालविकाग्निमित्रं, विक्रमोर्वशीयं, अभिज्ञानशाकुन्तलम् च । तेन कृतेषु काव्येषु सुमधुरा शैली, हृदयङ्गमं प्रकृतिवर्णनं, निरूपमाः उपमाः, मनोविज्ञानानुकूलः अर्थान्तरन्यासः च दृश्यन्ते । अतः एव संस्कृतसाहित्ये कालिदासकृतयः उत्तमाः मन्यन्ते । कविलोके कालिदासः महाकविः इति च प्रसिद्धः । उक्तं च “पुरा कवीनां गणनाप्रसङ्गे कनिष्ठिकाधिष्ठितकालिदासः । अद्यापि तत्तुल्यकवेः अभावात् अनामिका सार्थकनामधेया ।

तस्य कुमारसंभवे पार्वतीपरमेश्वरयोः विवाहं कुमारस्य संभवं च कविः वर्णयति । तारकः नाम राक्षसः लोकपीडनस्य कर्ता आसीत् । सर्वे सुराः ब्रह्माण आसाद्य तारकं हन्तुं उपायं अपृच्छन् । ब्रह्मा पार्वतीपरमेश्वरयोः उत्पन्नः पुत्रः एव अस्य राक्षसस्य मरणाय कारणं भविष्यति इत्यवदत् ब्रह्मा । ततः इन्द्रेण मन्मथः पार्वती-परमेश्वरयोः विवाहाय तपोवनं प्रथिनः । यदा सः पृष्पचापः मधुमासेन सह तपोवनं आगच्छन् तदा सर्वं तपोवनं कामपशवशं अकरोत् । यदा सञ्चारिणी पल्लविनी लतेव स्थावरराजकन्या ईश्वराय मालां उपनिन्ये तदा सः स्मरः संमोहनं नाम बाणं समधत्त । ततः लुप्तधैर्यः शिवः उमामुखं अपश्यत् । ततः क्रुद्धः ईश्वरः स्वस्य इन्द्रियक्षोभाय कारणं मन्मथं भस्मसात् कृत्वा तस्मान् स्थानात् अन्तर्दधे ।

कामदहने कालिदासीया निरूपमाः मनोहराः उपमाः रसिकान् आनन्दसागरे निमज्जयन्ति । तस्य प्रकृतिवर्णनं, ज्योतिःशास्त्रं ज्ञानं अर्थान्तरन्यासस्य उपयोगः च कामदहने दृश्यन्ते ।

नन्दिकेश्वरस्य आज्ञया काननं निष्कम्पं शान्तमृगप्रचारं च आसीत् । अत्र चित्रापितेन काननेन उपमां ददाति अयं कविः । अत्र कवेः प्रकृतिवर्णनसामर्थ्यं च दृश्यते ।

यदा मन्मथः तपोवने नन्दिकेश्वरस्य दृष्टिं परिहृत्य प्रविशति तदा ‘शुक्रं इव प्रयाणे’ इति कविः वदति । अत्र ज्योतिःशास्त्रं विद्वान् अयं कविः इति ज्ञायते ।

समाधिस्थं शिवं एवं कविः वर्णयति ।

“अवृष्टिसंरम्भं इव अम्बुवाहं अपां इव आधारं अनुत्तरङ्गम् ।
अन्तश्चराणां मरुतां निरोधात् निवातनिष्कम्पमिव प्रदीपम् ॥”

अत्र अवृष्टिसंरम्भेण अम्बुवाहेन साहृष्यात् शिवस्य लोकानुग्रहसामर्थ्यं सागरसाहृष्यात्
गाम्भीर्यं, निवातनिष्कम्पेन प्रदीपेन दीप्तमत्वं च सूचितम् ।

पर्याप्तपुष्पस्तवकावनम्रां तरुणार्करागं वासः वसानां आगच्छन्ती पार्वतीं
सञ्चारिण्या पल्लविन्या लतया उपमां ददाति अयं कविः । यदा पार्वती ईश्वराय
प्रणामं चक्रे तदा ‘अनन्यभाजं पतिं आप्नुहि’ इति ईश्वरः अवदन् । अत्र “न हि
ईश्वर व्याहृतयः लोके अस्मिन् विपरीतमर्थम् पुष्णन्ति ।”

इति वदन् कविः अर्थान्तरन्यासप्रयोगे नैपुण्यं च दर्शयति । पार्वतीं
पुरतः दृष्ट्वा; मन्मथः शरबद्धलक्ष्यः आसीत् । तत्र कविः ‘पतङ्गवत् वहिमुखं
विविक्षुः’ इति वदति । अस्यां उपमायां वहिमुखं प्रविशतः पतङ्गस्य मरणं यथा
निश्चितं तद्वत् स्मरस्य मरणं निश्चितं इति कविः सूचयति ।

“तावत् सः वह्निः भवनेत्रजन्मा भस्मावशेषं मदनं चकार ।” इति कामदहन-
समये कविः वदति । अत्र हरनेत्रजन्मा इति केचन वदन्ति परन्तु व्याख्यासंमतपाठः
भवनेत्रजन्मा इति एव ।

यतः तत्रैव भविष्यकथां सूचयति । मन्मथस्य पुनः उज्जीवनं ईश्वरानुग्र-
हात् भविष्यति इति अमुं अर्थं भवशब्दः सूचयति ।

एवं कालिदासः कामदहने, अनङ्गस्य दहनं वर्णयति । अत्र प्रकृतिवर्णने,
उपमाप्रयोगे, ज्योतिःशास्त्रे च निपुणः अयं कविः इति ज्ञायते । अत एव

“निर्गतासु नवा कस्य कालिदासस्य सूक्तिषु ।
प्रीतिर्मधुरसान्द्रासु मञ्जरीष्विव ज्ञायते ॥”

SHANTHA SUNDARAM
II B.A., (Economics)

Coiffée à la chien
elle vient
Rouquine, mesquine et papillonnante
Visage criblé de boutons
en luttant
Contre les corniauds, les bourreaux, et les lâches
Discours pétillant d'esprit
Elle insiste d'ergoter sur des vétilles
Disant, "je vais vous mettre en charpie"
Une belle fille cependant
Què je connais depuis longtemps
Je la défends
Aucun ne lui arrive à la cheville

AROONA REDDY
III Year Literature

UNE GOUTTE DE MON COEUR

Je vois quelque chose brûlant au rivage
Oui, c'est la 'crémation' de mon cher ami
La flamme chaude et' méchante étend
Essuyant si vite le cher rêve de ma vie
Le feu orange et jaune me souvient
De ses banalités de son avenir si brillant
Le bruit que la flamme fait
Me souvient de son rire avec moi.
Je vois son crâne me contempler
Je sens qu'il rit et qu'il me dit
"Sais-tu ? je vais voyager au paradis"
Et moi, je lui réponds
Mais mon cher, tes parents pleurent et lamentent
Comme tu es leur unique fils
Dix-huit ans de accroissement est tout condamné
A la poignée de cendres
Les cendres que l'air souffle tout autour
Tombent sur moi, légèrement et lentement

Je sens mon ami qui vient
Et il me touche encore
Quelque chose brûle en moi
Oui, c'est mon cœur
Qui brûle, brûle et brûle jusqu'à ce que je sois brûlée
Pour que la nature ne brûle jamais dans l'avenir
Un adolescent si jeune.

SHEELA BALAGOPAL
II Year Economics

QUI SUIS - JE ?

Je suis le ciel, et toi, l'étoile ;
Si tu n'existes pas, je ne suis que l'obscurité
Je suis l'océan, et toi, une goutte ;
Si tu n'existes pas, je ne suis que le désert
Je suis l'aurore, et toi, la fleur ;
Si tu n'existes pas, à quoi sert ma lumière ?
Je suis l'écho, et toi, l'air ;
Si tu n'existes pas, comment j'existerai ?
Je suis l'arbre, et toi, la racine ;
Si tu n'existes pas, qui sera la source de ma vie ?
Je suis la prière, et toi, le Dieu ;
Si tu n'existes pas, pourquoi j'existerai ?

SUNITA
I Year Chemistry

L'EMANCIPATION FÉMININE

Nous vivons supposément dans un monde éclairé mais Si Seulement on entend l'homme moyen parler de la Femme moyenne, on n'aurait guère cette impression. Les Femmes ont acquis leur indépendance des années de cela. Après une longue lutte acharnée elles peuvent jouir maintenant des mêmes Facilités éducatives que les hommes dans la plupart des pays du monde. Elles ont à plusieurs reprises donné la preuve qu'elles sont égales, sinon supérieures à l'homme dans presque tous les domaines de l'existence. La bataille qu'elles ont menée pour être reconnues, a été remportée mais elle ne s'est en aucun cas terminée Même dans les Sociétés les plus progressives les femmes sont toujours considérées comme des citoyennes de second degré. A entendre parler certains hommes on croirait que les femmes appartiennent à une autre espèce.

L'homme ne cesse de faire des plaisanteries désplaisantes relatives à la femme chauffeur. Ces plaisanteries en somme cachent un certain mépris pour ne pas dire un mépris certain. Les statistiques ont prouvé que la femme au volant est plus consciencieuse, plus responsable, plus prudente que l'homme et qu'elle ne conduit pas comme un maniaque.

La femme a prouvé qu'elle peut réussir dans n'importe quelle profession qu'elle embrasse comme politicienne, femme soldat, fermière, directrice de Compagnie, professeur à l'université, avocate, présidente de pays. Elles remplissent toutes ces fonctions avec succès et en plus elles sont en mesure de faire quelque chose que l'homme malgré ses prétentions n'a jamais pu le faire et ne le pourra jamais ; mettre au monde des enfants.

L'homme continue d'alimenter cette fiction selon laquelle la femme ne peut pas accomplir certains travaux. Le fait est que les hommes monopolisent jalousement certaines professions, négociation politique à un haut échelon les prétextent que les hommes avancent la femme est un être irrationnel sur lequel on ne peut pas se fier c'est qu'elle est incapable de raisonner à tête reposée et dépend trop de son intuition et de son instinct. Mais le fait est quand les femmes prouvent qu'elles possèdent certaines ressources les hommes refusent de les connaître. On se demande alors qui est incapable de raisonner lucidement ?

Le fond du problème est que l'homme s'accroche trop à sa suprématie à cause de son complexe d'infériorité. L'homme redoute et évite la compétition. En leur Par inferiorité Savent que les femmes sont valables et ont peur d'être battus sur leur propre terrain. Une des plus grandes préoccupations du monde c'est d'amener la paix entre les nations. On peut être sûr que si ce sont les femmes qui dirigent les négociations de paix, elles réussiront là où les hommes ont échoué pendant des siècles.

L'émancipation féminine ne doit pas être tout simplement une vague théorie mais doit être traduite dans la réalité. Trois grandes Féministes Gsèle Haliui German Greer, Simone de Beauvoir ont toutes parlé de la capacité de la femme dans leurs œuvres. Après cet éclaircissement à l'égard de la femme on pose cette question : Pourquoi faut-il élever l'homme alors que l'homme lui-même est un être passionné ? Que la faiblesse devient force quand naît la conscience. et que de cette farce consciente naisse la femme adulte.

MARIE LOURDES
I Year Literature

Hindu...



Wedding Rites



Christian.

Muslim...



Lit Club



Elizabethan Extravaganza





Mylapore Academy Trophy for Best Academic Performance
at Undergraduate level 1981 - 82



Hearty Congrats

Dear Sr. EDITH

A MEMORABLE DAY

Sister Edith Tomory, one of the foundresses of Stella Maris College, celebrated the completion of fifty years of her religious life amidst great rejoicing and jubilation on the 19th of March 1982.

After a very meaningful, solemn thanksgiving Mass in the College Chapel, the devoted workers were the first in the long queue to garland the first Vice-Principal of Stella Maris College.

To mark the day, Sr. Edith's new book "A History of Fine Arts" was released by Prof. Ramachandran, Director of Collegiate Education, who handed a copy to Thiru. Ramdas, I. A. S., Secretary for Education, Government of Tamil Nadu, in the presence of the Director of Museums, the Publishers, the Staff and friends of Stella Maris College.

A significant felicitation of the day was the presentation of a golden shawl (பொன்னாடை) by Mrs. Sharada, one of Sr. Edith's past students, while her daughter, a First Year Student, garlanded her "Mother's Mother"! Sr. Edith had a smile and a picture of da Fonseca's 'Master' for everyone present.

The Fine Arts Department celebrated the Jubilee of their Foundress with programmes throughout the week. Sr. Edith inaugurated the Kala Darpan Exhibition in the presence of her Guru, staff and students.

The happy day left behind many beautiful souvenirs for Sr. Edith and for all of us. Her very precious life of love, sacrifice, prayer and zeal, her diligence and wisdom...all these, like little lamps, keep shining for all of us to see and glorify the Lord for the marvels He has done for us and the blessings He has showered on her.

Congratulations, dear Sr. Edith! We say "AD MULTOS ANNOS"! India is grateful to you for your contribution to higher education and we thank the Lord for the precious gift to us - that is you.

OF CLUBS AND CLIQUES

"What a bore!" is the phrase usually employed with reference to club reports, annual reports and reports of various other genera and species. However, if one conducts a survey of the activities of the clubs scattered in our campus, one might be pardoned for assuming that the Marian Star is on the ascendant. 'Variety' seems to have been the slogan for the year 1981-82. The year started with a bang for almost all clubs and ended with the same noise. Of course there were 'whimpers' between the start and finish, part of the activity.

The Tamil Club pepped up its activities this year with 'Bharathi Vizha' - a week-long inter-collegiate competition. The 'star' attraction was, of course, Miss Suhashini. March saw a week of Tamil - 'Muthamiz Vizha'. And to make those who do not know Tamil suitably ashamed, there was Mr. Richard Armiand Frasca, who, we are told, gave an inspiring educational speech on 'Therukuttu'.

The Literature Club lived up to its spirit of variety and so the college saw novel evenings, tête-a-tête's, Indo - Anglian poetry reading competitions and literary parleys, in bewildering succession. But the crowning point of its activities was the 'Elizabethan Extravaganza' with its colourful, noisy, very realistic 'Bartholomew Fair' - right down to the last pig !

The History Club, winner of the Best Departmental Club award proved incontrovertibly that we do have wings. It was a pleasure to see one's illusions regarding the antiquity of history stripped away with historical figures strutting across the stage in the Pageant or having their portraits painted by our budding artists. A notable feature was the symposium "Communism and the Third World countries". Who says history is decayed and defunct ?

Appearances as they say, are deceptive and it was certainly the case with the Economics Club. 'Econowix' anticipated the National Budget with the presentation of the Budget of 'Maristhan'. The Mari Sabha erupted into life with cat calls, jeers, cries of 'Order, order' from the speaker, arguments, debates, walk-outs - not to mention the plaintive request to be allowed to sing a song to the Prime Minister.

The 'Kala Darpan', needless to say, was the highlight of the Kala Club's activities. For an exhibition-cum-sale, its exhibits were eminently saleable - life-like portraits, breath-taking landscapes and a wide range of handicrafts.

The Science Clubs were not far behind. Considering its infancy, the Physics Club has been quite active with its talks, its science - fiction writing competition (which enjoyed a good response) and its inter-Science Department Quiz, in which it emerged the winner. For its members, the most interesting of its activities was the trip to the Madras Atomic Power Project at Kalpakkam.

'Beep.....beep.....This is Zodiac 1981—82!' The Zodiac Club took off this year, determined to prove that Mathematics could be 'sum fun'. Did you know, for example, that $\text{Arch} + \text{midies} = \text{Archimedes}$? Or that women are integrated when differentiated? Nor was it neglected to bring to light hidden talent through 'Modello '82' - an inter-school mathematical models competition. The club put up posters on APPLE, Aryabhata, Oil Explorations and had an inter-collegiate 'Guess the Great Scientist Competition'.

March saw Stella Marians dashing over the campus, chasing butterflies and toadying frogs for the intra-col specimen - collecting competition. But it was the dogs who stole the show and a large chunk of the Stella Marian heart on 12th March at the Dog Show organised by the Zoology Club.

The Literature Club was not alone in providing the staff with an outlet for those talents not displayed in the classroom. A novel feature of 'Chemotsav '82' was the 'Guess the good word' competition' for the Staff. The club also provided a fascinating array of cosmetics, detergents, drugs and dyes in Regalia '82, which must have been welcomed with open arms by the beauty-conscious.

For those of us with a taste for the Lilliputian, there was the bonsai demonstration organized by the Botany Club. Possibly in an attempt to raise salad - dressing and flower - arrangement to the level of arts, it organized competitions for Stella Marians to display their skills in these spheres. And, as an elixir for young plant lovers, there was the Botanical Exhibition.

When we turn our attention to the non-departmental clubs, we find the Quiz Club in the forefront, winner of the Best Club award by a good-head. 1981—82 was a 'pot-pouri' of activities for the Club - intercol quizzes, inter - year quizzes, on-the-board quizzes, inter - departmental quizzes and the crowning glory, - the open house quiz when an éclair inspired the college audience to intellectual heights. Did some one say éclairs were for children?

"The desire to impart harmony, rhythm and joy through music to anyone who feels the need for it" - this seems to have been the theme for the Music Club's festival in September '81. It ended its activities on a harmonious note with a special performance by the Sikkil sisters.

'Adzaps', skits, plays, mimes - for the Dramatics Club it was all this and much more. Through Spotlight - Info-Drama" and its twin workshops, the club has certainly attempted to lift drama out of the doldrums in which it tends to fall, when performed by amateurs.

Despite its amateur status, the Debating Club had an impressive array of shields and trophies to its credit - a testimony to the wealth of oratorical and debating talent within the club. The fairer sex certainly seems to have been eloquent this year.

Actions however speak louder than words. "Play up? Play up! And play the game, "sang the Games Club and followed its own advice whether it was University Games or the National Women's Festival, intercol or intracol - our sportswomen distinguished themselves, winning laurels both for themselves and the college.

One cannot help being pleased at the energy displayed by the various clubs. However, one must object to the rash of "Guess the good words", dumb charades, quizzes, just-a-minute sessions - both intercol and intracol - where an attendance of three teams was considered an achievement.

If 'Variety' was the motive for 1981—82 let us hope that originality will be the motive for 1982—83.

FRANSESCA SOANES
II Year Literature
S. SITALAKSHMI
I Year Chemistry

SPORTLIGHT

Come 3.40 and the college green abounds with enthusiastic sportswomen warming up for their respective tournaments. And within the heart of every other student rushing to catch her bus on time, is the fervent prayer : Go to it, girls we would all love a holiday to crown your victories.

Yes it is to the sportswomen that the rest of the college looks to, for the occasional holiday to celebrate victory in some tournament or the other.

Athletics :-

There is a touch of *deja entendu* in stating we have won the A.L. Mudaliar tournament. This is for the sixth time in succession and we've almost come to expect this trophy as the birthright of the Stella Marian athletes ! The team for 1981-82 consisted of Susan Verghese, III Zoology, S. Yasmin, II Fine Arts, Sandra Thomas, II Literature, Rathi Raman, I Literature, Lakshmi Naidu, II Fine Arts, V. Jayashree, I Sociology and Sunitha Motilal, I Zoology. It was Yasmin and Rathi who won the laurels in the A.L.M. meet. In the Inter-Varsity Athletic Meet held in Varanasi, S. Yasmin secured the second place in 100m hurdles and Rathi won the 3rd place in Javelin throw. In the Inter-State Athletic Meet held at Calicut, Yasmin won the 3rd place in 100m hurdles.

Yes such sports meets for our athletes are hurdles scaled with the graceful ease of consummate artistes.

Basketball : This is another field where Stella Maris has a long row of successes. The team is captained by Janine Coelho, III Economics and includes Banu Vasan, III Economics, Kavitha Nathan, II Economics, Elizabeth Joseph, I Maths, Angu Murugan,



Sports Day

Care... fulll...



Haard... mmm...

Sollow...



Eeeks ...



Lighting the torch

A cup for you



A shield for you

Ooh, Aaa, Ooh...



I M.A. Economics, Latha Balan I Fine Arts, Shoba Victor, II Zoology, Aneurin, II Literature, Uma Dayanidhi, II Literature. For nine years we have been holding the W.I.A.A. crown but unfortunately this year the finals could not be conducted.

But elsewhere the team managed to snatch the deserved laurels. Janine, Banu and Kavitha took part in the I.W.Y. tournament at Hyderabad. Janine, Banu, Kavitha and Elizabeth represented the University. The four of them along with D. Uma are the Inter Divisional tournament winners and in the I.I.T. tournament our team was the winner; Kavitha Nathan was adjudged the most valuable player. Verbal congratulations seem inadequate for such a string of achievements and we can only be silently proud of this team.

Hockey :

The Hockey team captained by Nadeera III Literature consists of Yamuna, III Economics, Shantika, III Economics, Bavany, III Zoology, Haritha, III Chemistry, Gomathi, III Economics, Meenakshi Murugesh, II Zoology, Meenakumari, II Zoology, Rashmi, I Economics, Jayanthi, I Physics, Mary Mammen, I Maths, S. Chatvadee, II Socio, Elizabeth Prosper, II Litt. and S.A. Meena, III Maths. Again here too we are the Inter-Collegiate Winners and Rashmi, Jayanthi and Nadeera are University representatives.

Table Tennis :

Pallavi Bheda is too well known for her skill in the game to be really talked about. Among her achievements in the last year are her representing the University and the Captaining of our successful T.T. Team consisting of Uma Maheswari, II Eco., Shoba John, I Eco. and A.L. Sharada, III Maths through the Inter-Divisional Tournament which we won and an Inter-Collegiate Tournament which we also won.

Tennis :

The tennis team of Uma Ratnam III Eco., (Captain), Gayathri, I Eco., Ashwini, II Litt., were the winners of the Inter-Divisional and Inter-Collegiate tournaments.

Cricket :

We have this year a most impressive record of accomplishments in cricket. The team consists of Kathyaini, V. N. III Chemistry (Captain), B. Dakshayani, II Fine Arts, B. Vasanthi, II Physics, Malavika, II Fine Arts, Varalakshmi, I Economics, Farhana, I Litt. Manisha, I Litt. Rekha II Zoology, Anita II Fine Arts, Kala, II Soc., Sandhya, II Socio, Hemashree, II Eco., Meenakshi Murugesh, II Zoo., Chitra Anne, II Zoo., Asha, I Zoo. Kathyaini needs special mention because not only did she captain the college team but also led the Junior team for the Inter-State South Zone Tournament and was Vice-Captain of the Varsity team. Others who participated in these

two tournaments are Dakshayani, Vasanthi and Malavika. Our team secured the third place in the Mayor Sambandan Trophy. Dakshayani and Vasanthi participated in the Inter State Nationals and Kathyaini, Dakshayani, Vasanthi participated in the Inter-State South Zone where the Tamil Nadu team was the winner.

Shuttle Badminton :

Hitha III Sociology (Captain) Uma III Economics, Neera Suchdev, I M.A. Eco. and Vasudha, I M.A. Eco. represented our college in Shuttle Badminton and secured the runners-up place. Hitha and Uma are also University Representatives. Just a step more to the final victory. We'll make it next year for sure !

The Ball Badminton and Volley-Ball teams are still in their apprenticeship but show definite potential for glory in the near future. Elizabeth Joseph, I Maths from the College Volley-Ball team represented the University and shows great promise.

Badminton : Hannah Parimala II Economics (Cap.), Meenakumari, II Hist. Latha, II Phy., Radha, II Fine Arts., Olive Snehalatha, II Botany, Sujatha, I Bot., Chandra I Botany.

Volley Ball : Vanmathi III Economics (Cap), Sarala II Literature, Dakshayani, Nadeera, III Lit., Meenakshi Murugesh, Kanchana, II Fine Arts., Geeta George, I M.A. Lit., Soli, II Socio., Elizabeth, I Maths., Shantini, I Socio., Aruna, I Eco., Gayathri, I Eco.

Hand-Ball : As for handball, Stella Maris can proudly boast of a probable for the Asian Games-Meenakshi Murugesh, II Zoology.

College Sports :

The year ended with an exciting finish when all top athletes were seen in action. S. Yasmin won the individual championship and the II years claimed the group championship. Meenakshi Murugesh was adjudged the best all rounder for the year 1981-82.

All our efforts were fruitful because of Mrs. Mangaladurai who was at the helm of our efforts. On behalf of the III years, I wish her and all the Stella Marian sportswomen a wonderful future.

What we have cited here is only a small portion of the success of our sports women. To catalogue every victory when successes are innumerable is an impossible task. All we have tried to do is to give you a glimpse of the rich harvest of triumphs that this year of sports activity has accumulated for the pride and glory of our college.

SUSAN VERGHESE
III B.Sc., Zoology

VILLAGE CAMP PROJECTS

This year the Sociology Department organised two study camps in the villages of Pandarvedu and Manampathi Kandigai. The objective of the camps was to gain a practical understanding of village life and to study the power structure of the village. The duration of each camp was 8 days and only 10 students were selected to participate. A lecturer accompanied each group as the guide.

It is a point to muse that at first we were apprehensive and needed a little persuasion to attend the camp but on our return we were camp crusaders. It was with sentiment and reluctance that we said goodbye to the village folk for we were met with touching warmth and hospitality in every home we visited. The experience on the whole was most memorable and personally enriching.

Our study was conducted systematically beginning with an orientation. A questionnaire was formulated covering aspects of education, caste, occupation leadership and operation of external agencies. The sample constituting 1/5 (100 families) of the village population was selected on a random basis. The methodology used was participant observation and personal interview. A visit was made to the Block Division Office as well to gather information. Our findings were presented in a seminar to the rest of the department on our return.

In our study and observation we were distressed to find that rural people are still steeped in caste consciousness. The lower castes, (the chakalis, in this instance) were found to settle on the fringe of the village and function to serve the upper caste in menial work and field labour. Social distance is a salient feature in village life.

More distressing was the state of the Harijans who are found in a colony even further away and separated from the village by a natural boundary. Even nature seemed against them. Water is scarce in their wells because they are settled on higher ground. If they attempted to draw water from the wells used by the upper castes they were harassed and their pots broken. They faced discrimination of wages and labour.

In them, we found a minority group denied the fundamental right of a decent existence. When we talked to them of their rights and the appeals they should make to government bodies and external agencies they indicated a certain awareness but what they lacked was leadership. This is the state of 2 of the more modern of the 5 lakh villages in rural India. Our findings indicate that there is a great need for extension workers to initiate and guide striving rural folk especially the Harijans.

The camps were very well organised and the objectives were largely achieved. A big thank you to Sr. Christine, Mrs. L. Narayanan and Mrs. Sundari for making the camps possible.

Some comments from camp participants :-

"It was rather pleasing to know that the village had a high literacy rate with women playing a prominent role for the welfare of the community, unlike some women in urban areas. But to my distress, untouchability and caste discrimination are prevalent with nothing forceful being done to eradicate them".

FAREEDA HAMEED.

"I was able to see a true picture of a cruel rigid caste system which many claim is dying in India".

Y. V. MADHU.

"The camp was a wonderful learning experience."

KALYANI.

"We learnt to lend ourselves to situations, be alert to observation and to work in co-operation."

SHEILA MAJID.
Department of Sociology

N.C.C. REPORT

The National Cadet Corps is an established avenue for channelising the physical resources of the youth of our land. Being only the second year of its inception in Stella Maris, 1981-82 has proved a year of noteworthy success and positive achievement for the cadets.

Some of our senior cadets attended the annual training camp held at St. George's from 8th January to 17th January 1982. They were chosen to participate in the Republic Day parade held at Marina, Madras. Three of our cadets received prizes from Mr. Aranganayagam, on the N.C.C. Day held at Madras Medical College on 4th February 1982.

D.C.C

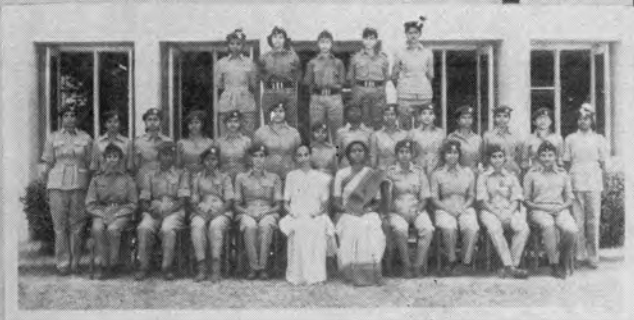


Table Tennis



Hockey Team



Athletic Team

The following are some of the outstanding cadets :

CWO Rajeshwari of II B.A., our Air-wing Cadet was adjudged the Tamil Nadu and Pondicherry Best Cadet. She was also selected as the second All-India Best Cadet at the R. D. Camp held at New Delhi. She has been chosen for the youth exchange programme to Canada.

Flt./Cpl. Elizabeth Thomas of II B.A., is the only Cadet selected from Madras for parajumping. She finished the parajumping successfully from the Parajumping Training School at Agra.

Cpl. Odetta Mendoza of the III B.Sc. Botany represented the State-Tamilnadu and Pondicherry at the All India level in First Aid and was placed first.

Sgt. Sumathi Natarajan of the III B.A., represented the State-Tamil Nadu and Pondicherry at the All India level in Signals and stood fifth.

Cpl. Elizabeth Mani of the II B.A. attended the First Aid Training Camp at the Military Hospital where she stood second.

The annual picnic for the Cadets on March the 13th was an opportunity for thorough relaxation, good fun and cheer, not to mention the enthusiastic sharing of home-made delicacies.

All play and no work is a state that can't exist too long. The crescendo of activities came to a sober close with the G-1 exam which was held on the 17 th of March. The exam was held at Stella Maris for the Cadets here and for those of three other colleges as well.

Looking back at the activities of the N.C.C. over the year, one sees the strengthening of the tradition. The Cadets with significant achievements and hope in various fields are filled with enthusiasm to do even better in the years to come. The encouragement given by the Principal and the N.C.C. Officer, Miss Gita Samuel deserve special mention - so also the services of Mrs. Bagawandoss, our Commanding Officer - all of which helped to make it a year of accomplishment for the N.C.C.

NATIONAL SERVICE 1981-82

The regular activities for the NSS and the CSS began in the month of July 1981, after an orientation to the students regarding the types of activities. The NSS projects numbered 16 while the CSS had two main projects. The activities were guided by four NSS programmes officers and the projects were supervised by 40 Staff-members from various departments. A total of 484 students were involved in 18 projects. The areas of activities were :

1. Formal education.
2. Non-formal education.
3. Institutions for the Handicapped and Aged.
4. Hospital and Blood Bank.
5. Social Education.
6. Co-operatives.

Many of these activities had been initiated at the request of the schools, institutions and agencies concerned. The co-operation and co-ordination extended by the authorities and the staff of these institutions have been a source of encouragement to the volunteers.

This year there has been a record of special programmes which highlights the tremendous growth of the NSS and CSS in the college since its inception. The following were the special programmes and projects :

2. The college had a unique opportunity and honour to be invited for involvement in the DANIDA Assisted Tamil Nadu Area project. The work spots were the villages in three tribal pockets namely Pachaimalai, Kalrayan and Kolli Hills in Salem district. The camp organised from 10th-20th August 1981 was attended by a group of twenty Sociology students. A Base-line Survey was conducted and the group worked in close co-ordination with the Block officials and Lamp Society Staff. The District Project Officer at Salem and the Director appreciated the timely work of the students.

3. The N.S.S. Special Camping Programme, with 50 students from the various disciplines and 2 Staff members, was planned in collaboration with the DANIDA Assisted Tamil Nadu Area project and held from 11th - 22nd December 1981.

Kolathur Block in Salem District was the camp venue. Households numbering 2155 from 27 villages in 5 Panchayats were successfully covered. Extensive commuting was done in order to reach some of the villages. The District Project Officer, the Block Officials, Medical Officers and other Primary Health Centre Staff guided the group in their work.

This camp provided the students with the experience of working in close liaison with the Government machinery at the District level.

4. The year 1981 being declared as the year of the Disabled, saw the NSS in action. It was a rare privilege for the NSS units of Stella Maris to be one of the organisers of a one-day programme for the disabled. The Day for the Disabled was celebrated on 29th December, 1981, on our campus with DRBCC

Hindu College, Pattabiram and Government Arts College for Men, Nandanam as the two other organisers. Seventeen colleges contributed towards making that Day a grand success.

It is noteworthy that about 400 participants from 17 institutions run for the disabled, participated in the various events. Competitions in painting, singing, debating and sports made the day an enjoyable one for all. The Vice-Chancellor, University of Madras, gave away the prizes to the winners while the Collector of Madras presided over the function. Mementos were presented to all institutions that participated.

5. At the request of the Principal from the Natesan Co-operative Training College, Anna Nagar, Madras, the students, Staff and Community Worker gave a session on their views and experiences in working with the tribals. This session, held on 24th February 1982, was part of an Orientation Course for the Deputy Registrars of Co-operatives and the Managing Directors of LAMP (Large Aid Multi-purpose Societies) functioning in tribal areas throughout the State.

It was a very thought-provoking session, wherein various measures were suggested to improve the image and working of the LAMP Societies. The Training College authorities appreciated the motivation, enthusiasm and conviction of the project group and their action dynamics.

A similar session was conducted by the Staff-in-charge and Community Worker of the Project, on 27th February, 1982 at the Training College premises. This time it was with the Presidents and Member representatives of the LAMP Societies. The significance of the participant group was that it included mostly tribals and also some MLA's. This combination afforded the resource persons an opportunity to speak strongly in favour of certain benefits for the tribal population. It is hoped that the suggestions put forth will find their way to the Tamil Nadu Assembly at the appropriate time.

6. A one week Training Programme from 19th - 24th April 1982 was organised in Dairy Farming at the Farmer's Training Centre in Kattankolathur, Chengalpattu District. Twenty-three farmers, from 8 tribal villages in Javadhi Hills, were the participants. This residential programme offered a very enriching experience to them. Visits to the different farm sections, the Cattle Breeding Centre at Alamadhi, Red Hills, the Madras Veterinary College as well as individual farm units served as an eye-opener to them.

The Programme Co-ordinator of the ITPP project and the Community Worker's constant presence during this one week training helped the tribals tremendously to tide over the cultural shock, as this was their first visit to the city of Madras.

New techniques in animal husbandry were demonstrated to the participants and it has motivated them to start poultry, piggery and dairy units on a small scale in their own areas. Follow up activity is to be taken up after this.

7. Four NSS volunteers attended a leadership Training Programme from 3rd - 5th March 1982, organised by the NSS, University of Madras, at AICUT House.

8. A Programme Skill Training was also conducted, by the DRBCC Hindu College on 15th March 1982. The training was imparted to those involved in Educational services. Ten students from the NSS units of our college participated in the Programme.

9. The Madras Voluntary Blood Bank presented an Award to Stella Maris College on its Annual Day Function. The Award is in appreciation of the College having the largest number of donors for the Blood donation camp.

1. Special Project :

TRIBAL WELFARE : An integrated Tribal Development Programme, in Veerappanur and its hamlets, situated in Javadhi Hills, North Arcot District, is completing its second year of the Extension Phase. Initiated in 1977, this project has been functioning with the financial assistance from the Social Welfare Department, Government of Tamil Nadu. Consistent efforts with the Government officials, helped the project to tide over certain major problems and continue with the work undertaken.

Motivating the tribals for their own development, guiding them to tap the resources available, being a liaison between the people and the Government officials as well as agencies form the major part of the activities. Community involvement and participation are the significant features in the methodology used to educate the tribal community.

The project group is striving hard to implement some socio-economic programme in its efforts to provide subsidiary income and generate off-seasonal employment opportunities.

An opportunity to enable the tribals to understand their situation better and become more knowledgeable about the resources, was provided through a four days Tribal Welfare Educational Camp. This was in collaboration with the Zonal Director of Workers Education, Government of India, Madras and the camp was conducted in February 1982. A total of 40 tribals, drawn from Veerappanur and 8 interior villages, attended this educational camp. Incentives in the form of cash were given. The Extension Phase is scheduled to be carried on till June 1982, after which the financial assistance from the Government will cease.

Although all the objectives laid down for the entire programme have not been realised, a significant contribution towards the education and the motivation of the tribals have been achieved. The realisation of their needs and wants leading them to community as well as individual action, is a concrete proof of the efforts of the group and the presence of the residential worker in the area.

HUMAN RIGHTS DAY

"I have a dream that one day.....the sons of former slaves and former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood..... I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the colour of their skin but by the content of their character...I have a dream....." These words of Martin Luther King Jr., speak of a great dream that the world today is striving to make a reality - a dream of the fulfilment of basic human rights to each and every individual.

The expression 'human rights' is of recent origin and even in its French - inspired form of 'droits de 'homme' it goes back only to the last decades of the eighteenth century. But, the idea of human rights evolved through the centuries, from the Bill of Rights (1689) in England to the French and Russian revolutions against social and economic injustice. It was only after the World War II, when the world had passed through the barbarous acts of totalitarian regimes, that the members of the United Nations pledged themselves to take action for the achievement of universal respect for and observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms for all.

The declaration of 1948 brought new hope for the realisation of the dreams of many who thought like Martin Luther King Jr. The very first step in the realisation of this dream is an awareness of human rights. It was with this objective of spreading an awareness, that the Department of Sociology decided to celebrate Human Rights Day on the 29th and 30th of October, 1981, a week after U. N. Day. The preparations began long before the 29th and the college was splashed with posters heralding the event. Overheard in the college canteen on the 26th was a loud cry, 'I have a right to a dosa, please,' which was followed by helpless giggles. Perhaps not quite in the context in which it was intended, but the first step towards creating an awareness was achieved. The 29th of October had on its itinerary, a Seminar on Human Rights with four eminent persons from different walks of life on the panel. The programme was inaugurated by Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali, who in the course of her speech commended the college for tackling an international problem in a small way at the college level. Justice Ramprasad Rao, as the chairman of the seminar,

in a lighter vein protested against being denied the right to speech. The first speaker was Mr. P. Chidambaram who is no stranger to Stella Maris. Speaking on 'Human Rights - the Fashionable and the Forgotten,' Mr. Chidambaram elucidated the lesser known rights that are as essential to every individual as the right to freedom or the right to work. The second speaker was Dr. Malcolm Adiseshiah, former



Vice-Chancellor of Madras University. Speaking of 'The U. N. O. and Human Rights', Dr. Adiseshiah sought to differentiate between the idealistic viewpoint and the pessimistic reality that exists. He was, followed by Mrs. Gopalarathnam who spoke on 'Women and Human Rights' and as she herself remarked, it was ironical that being a woman she was the last speaker. The seminar concluded successfully as P. S. Radha (I M. A. Economics) remarked, "It was really very enlightening."

The college was full of action the following day with an Inter-Departmental Competition based on the articles of the Human Rights as stated in the Declaration of the U.N. Each department had been given the summary of an article or few articles, based on which they had to stage a performance for ten minutes. Ideas came alive in O-1 on the 30th from 2-30 p.m. to 5-30 p.m. An auditorium packed to capacity witnessed a variety of viewpoints in the presentations of international issues. An 'Out of this world' performance of the Economics Department called 'Close Encounters of the U.N. Kind' based on the

rights to take part in the government of one's country and have equal access to the public services of one's country, won them the first prize. They were followed by the Chemistry Department who presented the rights on equality before law in the form of a folk song.

No doubt a success, the celebrations ended on the 30th evening, with the dream of Martin Luther King Jr., seeing the first step towards reality. Someday his dream will be a glaring reality for, as Patience Strong said, "If you can dream it, it lies within your power to make it true."

S. THANAM,
III Year (Sociology)

MARRIAGE - A COMMITMENT AND COVENANT

Nothing less than a lifetime is enough to bring out the full potentialities of a commitment in marriage. Yet not enough serious thought is given the preparation of young couples for married life. Marriage ceremonies today are conducted with so much pomp and paraphernalia that emphasis has shifted to the accidentals of the ceremony rather than its significance.

It was with the intention of making explicit the implications of the sacred vows taken on this auspicious day, that the final year students of the Sociology Department embarked on a project of enacting the marriage ceremony according to Hindu, Muslim and Christian rites. Little attention was given to dress and stage settings. The symbolic references in the various acts of the marriage rite were brought out in the narrative.

The beautiful verses the groom recites during the 'Saptapadi' - 'May you be the expression and I thought, May you be heaven and I earth' - echoes the unity of the couple who become one in body and soul. The woman is implored to be as firm as the grindstone on which the groom places his foot, in all adversity and prosperity.

The fidelity, love and indissolubility of marriage is again emphasized in the Christian marriage. It is a sign and sacrament of Christ's love for all mankind. The marriage vows are profound and solemn - 'to be true to you in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health until death do us part.'

In the Muslim marriage although the ceremony is short the gravity of contract is emphasized by the presence of the 'Kazi' and the importance attached to 'Mehr'.

In all the three marriage rites, it is clear that the aim of marriage is progeny. Marriage is a union finding its highest expression in having children and educating them. The woman is specially blessed that she may bear children and perform gracefully her duties as a mother.

There is no denying the beauty of the prayers and ceremonies in all the marriage rites. This itself is a clear indication of the importance attached to it. Marriage is not an occasion for sentiment; it is a covenant in the presence of God.

A feedback on the project revealed that the programme was successful in its attempt. "It was an eye opener.....the totality of it seemed to have escaped us" was the comment from a lecturer of the Fine Arts Department. Mrs. Urmilla of the Economics Department congratulated us on the effort saying "the dresses were simple yet the essence of the three marriages was successfully brought out". What we have to say is that it was an enlightening experience for us too.

S. THANAM
III B.A. Sociology.

"PERSONAL" GLIMPSES IN HARMONY

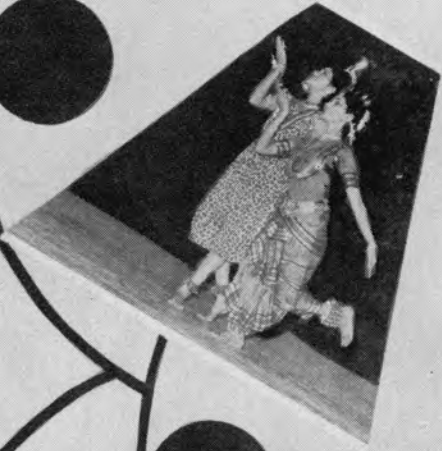
"GLIMPSES IN HARMONY" - was not all one melodious flow of harmony. It had its moments of discord as well. Taking a hurried glimpse of those feverish days full of activity and dedicated endeavour something goes 'twang' in my memory and I chuckle with amusement watching a valiant Mrs. Geetha and Urmilla battling with a furious main-curtain which threatened to suffocate all harmony in the programme. (The rope supporting it had snapped in mid-air right at the start). But all said and done, :

"The Lord of the Universe.....

Giver of Light and Beauty, did prove the author and protector of harmony.....and "Glimpses in Harmony" was left free to stride into the appreciative vision of the audience in a tantalising whirl of colour and sound effectively managed by Mrs. Geetha and Miss Gowri.

The 'Jeya Berigai' group in spite of a full-throated pressure on the sensitive ear of the audience won its well-deserved applause and recognition when it was invited to make an appearance on the Madras Doordarshan screen. Its harmonious blend of voices and musical instruments - the flute, the sitar, the veena, the violin and the drums contributed immensely to the success of the programme, playing on the heart-strings of many a person in the audience.

Glimpses in Harmony





Hostel Day

The good times together



But in my opinion, it was the dancers - Shraddha, Meena, Asha, and others with their brilliant foot-work and graceful movements in 'Shiva-Parvathi', and in 'Pinnal Kollatam', who stole the show. Perhaps the 'Pinnal.....' was a little too long but it was fascinating enough to make the audience to keep their seats.

'Tanabatta Odori' - the Japanese dance with its languid charm, its almost professional costumes was indeed a credit to the Hercullen efforts put in by Mrs. Padma Malini to get it going. The 'Summer Festival of Japan' was received with hearty applause and genuine appreciation by an audience lulled by the oriental strains of its music.

The Irish jig - Well ! It w-a-s good..... the smiles were there, the gaiety was there, the enthusiasm was there..... but the Leprechauns could not prevent some hair-raising comments like, "Did they get permission to wear the local School uniforms on stage?"

The Thai dance was something new but very much like the Japanese dance to the inexperienced eye. The long gold nails worn by the dancers had a captivated audience 'in thrall'. They gleamed eerily in the light and were later borrowed by an ecstatic Litt. Club to be used by one of the witches in 'Macbeth'!

The English Country-Dance - hats off to a sportive foursome who readily filled in a gap in the programme at the last minute. It was fun to watch them having fun. Patricia looked the pretty ballerina alright in her pale-pink daintiness.

The skits were all huddled in together one after the other in the second half of the programme which resulted in a mass exodus soon after the interval. They should have been spaced out better, in between songs and dances.

The props for 'Ibrahim' were good - the mountain, the rocks which devoured a lot of hard work, patience and skill. Ibrahim the anguished old father (Monica) was convincing enough until his shoulders shook spasmodically with ill-concealed mirth rather than grief, delighting an obstreperous audience.

There were two Meera's on two different days - with two different faces, different make-up, different costumes, different movements. The one was the badder dancer, but the other, Teju looked the part without the glamour and glittering array of jewellery of her predecessor.

Mary also succumbed to a miraculous feat.....switching roles with Angel Gabriel on the eve of the programme. Tears were shed, grievances nursed but it paid. The little skit was good.

People were a little too harsh, I think, on 'Chandalika' - too long, too dramatic, and totally devoid of action. But Meera as 'Prakrithi' looked pretty enough to command the attention of not only 'Ananda' but an impatient audience,

and the more than sinister scene with its smoke, its fire, and its bell not to forget the grotesque skull was powerful enough.

'Hound of Heaven' - Brilliant acting by Yeshodara. She could perhaps have been a bit louder but her role demanded too much emotional portayal to concentrate on 'loudness'. And this certainly does not justify the hooting and howling of an audience scenting out the faintest draw-backs and pursuing them with malicious spirit.

The Choir, I had almost forgotten the famous Stella Maris Choir! But in spite of professional guidance from Mrs. Menon they did not seem to give of their best. Or were they judged by the excellent standard of their previous performances?

And finally..... 'Glimpses in Harmony' came to a grand finish winning hearty applause which heightened considerably when one of Stella's nuns was declared the winner of the lucky draw. The prize..... Pond's Cosmetic Case!

It was a grand success..... and at the end of a hard week, in spite of disruptions like the postponement of the programme on the final day, we had no regrets about the slogging it had involved, for we had succeeded in effectively portraying - 'Glimpses in Harmony'.

AROONA REDDY
III Year Literature

STELLA (R) SPLENDOUR

"What is this life, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare!"

Indeed, how many of us have had our eyes opened to the grandeur of the starlit heavens on a moonless night? How many of us have paused to reflect on the perfect harmony that cradles the infinite universe in its loving arms? How many of us have marvelled at the exquisite touch of that great architect in designing such a breathtakingly beautiful world? We, as students of astronomy have delighted in discovering the visible universe, and now rest content, wondering at the unity which binds this incomprehensible universe.

The lunar eclipse which occured on January 9th, 1982, opened our eyes to the splendour of the skies above. Guided by our lecturers, we had the rare opportunity of witnessing the eclipse from the Kavalur Observatory where India's present largest telescope proudly scans the heavens. It all began at about 11-30 p.m. when

the disc of the moon began to be eclipsed. As the minutes passed, the earth's shadow on the moon grew in size and more stars twinkled into view. Inconspicuous constellations greeted our naked eye as the shadowed disc of the moon emitted a pale orange glow. But no words will suffice to describe the magic of the moment when the eclipse reached totality. With the sky literally ablaze with billions of stars strewn in intricate patterns and embedded with rich clusters, even a thousand eyes feasting on the sight could not have savoured the perfection of that moment to satisfaction. The infiniteness of the universe before our staggering eyes made us feel small and insignificant. Man.....a universe of atoms..... an atom of the universe? But the feeling was engulfed by a strange, inexpressible sense of belonging, arising out of the joy of being nurtured as children of the same universe.

N. VASANTHI
III Year Mathematics

TO HOME - AWAY - FROM HOME

4-30 p.m. - A Sunday in the second month after reopening. Mixing up. "Hello, what's your name, where d'you come from?" a tirade of similar questions. The girl whirls round and round answering her circle of questions, and is finally rewarded with smiles and asked to sit in that crowd. And then another fresher comes along.....

So that's how it is at the hostel. First week hesitation; second week smiles; third week questions and fourth week mischievous replies with smiles.

Then comes the day—Welcome Social. All the freshers came in their shiniest best and simply got into the mood of it. The seniors did their bit too, with whistling and clapping, sending the spirits of the freshers spiralling high. Everyone loved every minute of it. Supriya was crowned "Fresher Queen", while Suja and Glenda were declared runners up. Seeli and Chitralekha were the "Most Friendly Freshies". The freshers insisted and the seniors took part in the fancy dress competition. The responsible representatives of this year were Gowri, Alice Thomas, Yamuna, Sam, Bavani, Shanti and it must be said that they all did a lovely job of it.

Then came the mid-term break and when life returned to the hostel, it returned with full force indeed. 200 bright candles, 200 voices caroling lustily in chorus. This is Christmas at the hostel. A beautiful sight which leaves everyone gasping at the sheer beauty of it. After a special mass at the chapel, everyone headed for the

mess (At the hostel, all roads lead to the mess). Sr. Principal gave out gifts to the maids and other gentlemen-Francine, Theresa and Veeran sang a song and left amidst loud cheering.

The next item on our calendar this year was Hostel Week, when each hostelite suddenly finds herself transformed into one bright spark of energy—something which leaves the ‘dayokies’ at first bewildered and then interested. The academic half of one’s life is clean forgotten.

The week began on 1st March, with the Inter-floor soap box competition held near the Open Air Theatre. Meenakshi Murugesh with her ‘Goin’ Coconuts’ and A. L. Sharadha with her ‘‘Too many books broil the brain’ came first and second respectively. There was, of course, a lot of humour punctuated by missiles and such like. The two day Inter-Hostel Sports began with football, when Our Lady’s beat St. Joseph’s by a solitary goal; a thrilling game which went without a goal being scored for a long time during which several hearts perched on precariously.

Both hostels went off on marches round the campus and the winners returned to a heavy session of victory - whooping round the common room table. St. Joseph’s won the cup for athletics and Our Lady’s pulled themselves to victory in the exciting tug-of-war.

The dazzling ‘Mock Fashion Parade’ was an unforgettable evening in which one saw sights like a genuine ‘hep’ cowboy in a very comfortable dhoti lassoing the hearts of the audience. Baby Winny (Vinitha Timothy) in diapers, ‘‘thocks and shoes’’ was ‘‘Miss Oddity’’ and Yamuna (Miss Petty-layers) in God knows how many petticoats was declared runner-up. The ‘day skies’ were a bit shocked but the hostelites were as normal and as excited as ever (They work in a completely different and higher frequency).

As for the Rangoli Competition, it was all there-not necessarily in black and white, from abstract art to the traditional ‘Pulli Kolam’, including a beautiful dharri with a realistic crease in the corner. Ann and Uma of Our Lady’s bagged the first prize with their beautiful peacocks, while Tamil Selvi and Radha came second.

Girls had already begun burning the midnight oil on the decor theme ‘‘Gift of the Nile’’..... and the sun shone bright on Hostel Day. It started off with Mass at the Chapel. Overnight, both hostels seemed to have zoomed back to Egyptian civilization, the Pharaohs, the Nile, its market places, Cleopatra and hieroglyphics.

‘Yummy’ breakfast occupied the minds of every hostelite as the judges went from one hostel to the other. The suspense was too overpowering and deviating from the traditional lunch time announcements, St. Joseph’s was declared the winner of the Decor Cup, at Brunch time. The mess went crazy with cheering.

The sun had begun setting when the evening entertainment started. 0—1 again saw all the hostelites in the highest of moods—dances, plays, song parades, and finally the prize giving ceremony, followed by a surprise guest—Claira Baby, one of the ex-hostelites, who came back to sing for us like old times.

Moonlight dinner on the lawns, disco music from 0—1 and old Hindi film songs left the hostelites with a feeling of "God's in His Heaven and all's right with the world."

Sunday morning saw them coming late for breakfast and preparing for postponed tests, seminars and assignments. Once again they trooped into each other's territories (some thrills) at 8-30 p.m. (gosh) and sang "Happy Feast Day" as lovingly as they could in that much of noise.

BRINDA G.
II year Literature

CARAVANSERAI

As part of the curriculum, many departments went on study tours which were as pleasurable as excursion trips. The Zoologists and Botanists reminisce about their 'collection hunt' at the Andamans and Ootacamund respectively.

TO THE ANDAMANS

An unusual and rather adventurous decision was taken by the final year Zoology students to visit the Andamans for the collection tour. 26th January saw the beginning of our adventure when we boarded the ship T.S.S. Nancowry around noon. At about 3-45 p.m. we slowly steamed out of Madras harbour. After the initial stages of mild (fortunately) seasickness, we settled down to four days of enjoyment on board. For most of us, this was our first voyage and we found everything novel and interesting. We were lucky to have a really helpful crew, especially the Captain who took every care to see that we lacked nothing.

On the second day we were taken on a conducted tour of the engine room, navigation bridge and galleys. On the evening of the third day, the ship anchored for a few hours at Car Nicobar to drop supplies. It is something unforgettable—the shadowy outlines of the little islands drifting slowly past us in the early hours of the morning and the stillness of dusk. The four days spent in the sun and balmy breezes of the Indian Ocean have made an indelible impression on our minds.

On the morning of the 30th we reached Port Blair, but we disembarked only in the afternoon. Mr. Bojarajan, who made all the stay arrangements for our trip, provided us with a rather unusual means of transport-a lorry. We threw our baggage in and jumped in. The day's programme included visits to the Zoological Survey, Botanical Survey, Fisheries Department, Cellular Jail and the Anthropological Museum. The last two are worth special mention. The jail with our footsteps echoing eerily down the empty passages conjured up rather awful visions of the privations of the unfortunate prisoners. The museum has a beautiful collection of photos and artefacts of the elusive Andaman tribes-the Tharawas and Onges, both considered very primitive.

In the Andamans, we stayed in a beautiful Home on Marine Hill, overlooking the sea. On the 31st we visited Chidia Tapa and Burman Alla, two collection spots, and then spent three hours of riotous fun at Corbyn's Cove. A little shopping in the evening followed by a grand dinner in Mr. Bojarajan's house ended the day. The next day, we visited Panighat and Ross Island - both collection spots. Ross Island is a naval base, a wild beautiful island, complete with a little lake of its own where peacock and deer roam freely. That night we were shown a few educational films on the tribals, including the famous award-winning one - 'Man in search of man' about the Tharawas.

On the 2nd February we set sail again from Port Blair back to Madras. During the voyage we saw flying fish several times, a school of sharks and a dozen dolphins. On board, we entertained the crew with a variety entertainment programme. It was a tired but happy bunch of students who waved goodbye to the ship on 5th February after a memorable experience.

BOTANISTS AT OOTY

Ooty being associated with plants, the first set of Stella Maris botanists took a trip to the Blue Mountains.

The Hotel Tamilnad in Ooty became the nucleus of our activities there. Hit by the first wave of cold and chillness, we huddled under our wollen blankets and sweaters. On the first day we just breathed in the atmosphere of the hill-station, admiring its scenic beauty even while being interested in learning all about the extraction of eucalyptus oil.

Our plant collection started with our visit to the Sim's Park at Coonoor. Rushing around with plastic bags, paper tags, cameras, field note books and chattering teeth, we collected all sorts of flora that we could lay our hands on. Our night back at the hotel was spent in pressing the plants meticulously, much to the surprise of the fellow tourist residents.

The next day we visited the Governor's summer bungalow and were swept off our feet on seeing the collection of antiques (we even played the giant piano much to the annoyance of our guide). We celebrated a chilly Independence Day on the Dodabetta peak with the clouds showering dewdrops on our heads. We were indeed 'on top of the world' looking down on creation.

Our collection tour in the Botanical gardens turned out to be the most tiring. Many a girl slipped in the slush trying to collect plants growing on wierd mountain slopes at dizzy heights. Our proposed boating in the Ooty lake had to be cancelled as the lake was infested with water plants. Our much anticipated trip to Mudumalai was adventurous and interesting.

Carrying bouquets of beautiful roses, we finally boarded the train back, with hoarse voices, extra luggage and memories of a week of pleasure.

Y. LAKSHMI
III Year Zoology
V. MEENA
III Year Botany

CONFERENCE OF THE DEAF

The first International Deaf Women's Conference was held at New Delhi from October 22nd to 26th, last year by the Delhi Foundation of Deaf Women to commemorate the International Year of Disabled Persons. The conference was a great success. Deaf women from all over India and abroad participated in the conference. Women interested in rehabilitating the disabled, were also invited to take part in the function to enable them to give their valuable suggestions. The Minister for Planning, Mr. S. B. Chavan inaugurated the conference.

I was one of the fortunate few who attended the conference and I enjoyed the days I spent there. All who attended the conference were accommodated in 5-star hotels. The food was splendid and delicious. Many cultural programmes were held. Competitions in general knowledge, Rangoli Art and Mahendi painting were conducted. There was a beauty contest also in which the Miss (Deaf) India was elected. I was highly enthusiastic about everything and took part in almost all the competitions. I am proud to mention that I was placed second in the general knowledge test and third in Rangoli



Art Competition. I became the first runner up in the beauty contest and bagged the prize for the same. T.V. coverage was given for the whole programme by Delhi Doordarshan. We all felt happy and honoured when we were invited to Rashtrapathi Bhavan for a tea session with the President of India. Mrs. and Mr. Sanjeeva Reddi were very kind to us and we had a pleasant and memorable evening with them. I was moved by the warm reception given to us by the President. He put his arm around me and said that I was like his own daughter to him. I requested him to honour me by coming to my house at Madras and he readily agreed. I was highly elated. How nice it is to realise that our President is so simple and kind!

At the closing ceremony on 26th October, the Minister for Information and Broadcasting Mr. Vasant Sathe and his wife graced the function by their presence. Mrs. Vasanth Sathe distributed the prizes for the winners in the competition. She was pleased when I bagged many prizes for various competitions. Mr. Sathe was interested in learning the sign language of the Deaf. We demonstrated a few for his sake. Thus the first Conference for the Deaf was celebrated on a grand scale with great success. The next will be held at Madras in 1983 and I am sure it will also be a memorable one.

S. AMUDHA
II Year Fine Arts

CROSS-CULTURAL INTERACTIONS- EXCHANGE VISITS

From U. S.

The U.S. Educational Foundation in India chose Stella Maris College for affiliating a group of 20 professors from Atlanta University, Georgia, U.S.A. for a two week Inter-disciplinary Seminar on "Family and Women Studies" in India, in July 1981. The participants were drawn from different academic disciplines. The seminar consisted of a series of lectures on various aspects of the theme, discussions, field visits, cultural programmes and visits to Indian homes. Opportunity was also provided for the participants to meet various people and visit various organisations according to their individual areas of interest. The college staff and the visiting professors had an opportunity to meet and hold informal discussions. The seminar was directed by Mrs. Radha Paul, Professor and Head, Department of Social Work, Stella Maris College, under the guidance of Sr. Helen Vincent, Principal. The participants appreciated greatly their experience at Madras especially in Stella Maris, which added a very important dimension to their understanding of Indian society with particular reference to Indian family and Indian womanhood.



*The visit of
the American
Professors*



*East meets
West*





Kala Darpan '82.

*The Veteran
Inaugurates*



*Youth
&
Expression.*

*Day of the
Disabled.*



Different.....



...yet enterprising enough

...and happy too.



In Memoriam



GANGA GANESAN
(Department of Economics)

Ganga Ganesan (nee S. Bhagirathi) was a bright star illuminating the Economics Department of Stella Maris College. She entered the college as a second year student of the B.A. course in 1959 full of the zest for learning which she possessed all through her life. She continued her post graduate studies which she completed in 1963. She went to Delhi to pursue her research work.

As a student, she showed a great sense of dedication, a thirst for knowledge and a spirit of perseverance. Academic excellence was her main goal and this made her unique in many ways. In 1969, two years after her marriage, she joined the college as a faculty member. Her field of specialisation was Indian Economics and she won many laurels by proving to be a 'walking encyclopaedia' in that subject. Her shrewd analysis and surmises often proved to be correct. She inculcated in her students a love for the subject and inspired many of her students to pursue further study and research.

In 1978, she was deputed by the college to continue her research under the F.I.P. Research was almost an obsession with her. Earlier, she had made two unsuccessful attempts to complete her research programme. It is rather saddening to note that her third attempt to get the ever eluding doctorate degree was a fatal one. She offered a great sacrifice, a high price to get a Ph.D.—her own precious life to the cause of research leaving behind an unfinished thesis.

May her soul rest in peace.

CHELLAM MITRAN,
Department of Economics

In Memoriam



RADHIKA
(II B.Sc. Botany) 1980

“O for the touch of a vanished hand,
O for the sound of a voice
that is still”.

Radhika had been the life and soul of the class on many occasions. Her sense of joy made even the gloomiest among us smile.

We remember her talents and her generosity in sharing. She was a good dancer, singer and mimic - many a time her songs have lightened the 'heavy weight of studious hours'.

Her courage in the face of pain was boundless. In spite of adversity, with even doctors giving up hope, Radhika never once lost her cheerful spirit - She made happy those who presumably visited her to make her happy! She battled with her fatal disease using smiles and never-failing cheer as her weapons. And she filled us all with awe and admiration.

She has left a painful void; her presence is sorely missed, but God's will hath no why. It is said that death loses its terror for those who hear the word. Perhaps, that was why she could bear her suffering with graceful maturity - astonishing in one so young.

We will remember Radhika for ever - a perennial symbol of courage, a symbol radiating His joy in spite of adversity in this uncertain world of ours.

Department of Botany

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இரங்கற்பா

மண்ணில் பூத்த மலரொன் றிங்கு
மணந்தனைப் பரப்பு முன்னரே அங்கவன்
மலரடியில் பொழுது விடியுமுன்
அணைந்ததே
எங்கள் இதய மலராம் ராதிகா!

மங்காப் புன்னகை தவழும் இதழ்கள் ;
துறுதுறு வென்றே பேசும் கண்கள் ;
இறைபற்றும் பொறுமையும் மிக்க வுன்னை
இறைவன் தானே பற்றிக் கொண்டானே?

பொறுமையுடனே துன்பம் பொறுத்தாய் !
வெறுநில மாயிற்று இவ்விடம் நீயின்றியே!
ஐயிரு திங்கள் சுமந்த அன்னைக்கு
ஐயிரு ஆண்டிலும் ஆராதே துயரம் .

சுவர்க்க வாசல் திறப்பு விழாவில்
உவப்புடன் முதலில் நுழைந்தாயோ
விடியலில்
நன்னனை எதிர்நோக்கிக் காத்திருந்
தாயோ?
பொன்னான புதனில் பொன்னாடு
புகுந்தாயோ?

விரஜையில் நீராடி விண்ணோர் வரவேற்க
பரவாத தேவனைக் கண்குளிரக்
கண்டாயோ?
நாடிய அமைதியும் இங்கிலை என்றே
தேடியே சென்றாயோ? பூமகளை! வாழி!

பா. ஜெயலக்ஷ்மி
தமிழ்த்துறை

From U. K.

At the request of Mrs. Shrikala Warriar, who was formerly in the Sociology Department, Stella Maris College arranged a one day programme for a group of teachers from the Community Education Team, Southall, Middlesex on April 15th, 1982.

We were happy to welcome fourteen teachers of this group to orientate them on the socio-economic and cultural background of India. Southall is predominantly populated by Asians, especially Indians, and most of the schools catered to Indian children. The Community Education Team was interested in providing the teachers with the background information on the Indian socio-cultural scene.

The morning session consisted of informal talks by the college staff on the socio-economic and cultural background of India. Mr. Chidambaram responded to our invitation and he shared his views on the ' Indian Immigrants in Britain '.

Mrs. Padma Anantaraman (History Department) and a group of students gave a demonstration of classical dances of India. This was followed by visits by the teachers to the homes of some of the college staff.

The success of the day's programme is summed up in the words of the Director Mr. Walsh :

"What a wonderful day we had at the college. Of all the marvellous things that happened to us in India there was nothing quite like the day you arranged for us.....Naturally we enjoyed the lighter side of the day, the dancing and the entertainment in the homes of your staff, yet for me personally the morning was special. It was an inspiration to hear your staff lecture and discuss with such skill and dedication.

RADHA PAUL,
Department of Social Work,
Sr. CHRISTINE,
Department of Sociology.

THE ALUMNAE SPEAKS

"The light of other days," the memory of the good old times finds expression in a few letters from our past students. Of course, those who did not write do remember us nostalgically and many have surprised us with their flying visits.

The students and staff change through the years but the institution and its ideals remain. This is reinforced in the letter from Rosabelle Thangiah in Alabama, who enjoyed the proud privilege of being in the first batch of students. (1947 - 1951).

"I remember Stella Maris very often both affectionately and gratefully. There are many pleasant memories of my college experience, which will always inspire me. We, both staff and students knew each other professionally and personally. We had our headaches and heartaches, tears and laughter, learning new values and unlearning some old habits, winning and losing in a profoundly enriching experience. As the name implies, Stella Maris continues to shine for me, as a bright star, unclouded and clear, however distant in space and time to me."

Sangeetha who is at present taking a Master's Degree in Management in Bombay University writes :

"Things here are different from Madras, but of course nothing could be more fun than Stella.....Pardon me if my letter is so informal but somehow I think of Stella and everything there with affection and so formality does not come into the picture....."

Uma Gowri, College President of 1977 has won a Rotary Scholarship and proposes to pursue higher studies at the University of Central Florida, Orlando. She recollects with gratitude the love and discipline of all those who taught her and writes :

"The sweet memories of those sunny days in Stella continue to grow sweeter with each passing day as the challenges of life grow bigger."

Philomena Saldanha, (B.Sc. Zoology 1979) is now studying in the Madras Law College. She writes of having recently presented a paper in Bordeaux, France on "Coastal Lagoons" at an International Symposium. She expresses her pleasure in having been able to share the field trip to the Andaman Islands recently undertaken by the III years and adds.

"I won't ever forget you S.M.C. I have very strong ties with you which are not broken so easily."

From Hantford (U.S.A.) Shyamala Raman of M.A. Economics 1965 who was also on the staff, writes of her experiences in the academic world of U. S. and her energetic participation in 'Life.'

"I belong to the Committee on the Status of Women in the Economics Profession which happens to be a Subcommittee of the American Economic Profession'.....I belong to the American Association for University Women and volunteer whatever available time I have to the volunteers in Service to Education in India."

And from nearer home, from Trichi, Pushpa of M.A. Economics 1981, writes of her preparation for teaching at Holy Cross College.

"In summer I attended a course in the University, conducted by the Department of Econometrics. I have to teach Mathematical Methods and am taking special lessons, so that I will not be at a loss to take classes."

* * * *

This year, more than before, we've had many of our old students visiting us. While visits do say a lot, we welcome the letters and we hope the alumnae will oblige and show that we are not in a 'lost cause' - surely not with Stella Marians seeking admission to the college for their offsprings !

The Alumnae Association reports with sorrow the passing away of Mrs. Latha Radhakrishnan (V. S. Latha) of B.A. Sociology (1966-69) last year leaving behind her sorrowing husband and two daughters. She was in love with life spreading cheer wherever she went. May her soul rest in peace.

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