

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE 1983



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M.A. (Fine Arts)



Stella Maris College

India - Vision and Reality

1983

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Editorial

At midnight on August 15th 1947, India became independent..... the first step towards making the vision of a group of extraordinary men and women a reality. But political freedom was only one facet of this vision. They “aimed high and looked far” and hoped to revitalize India and raise the level of her people psychologically, spiritually, culturally and economically. They dreamt of scientific and technological achievement, of equality of opportunities, of self-reliance.....

Thirty six years later, the vision has dimmed. Nehru’s question, asked in pre-independence days, is still valid : “Have we had our day, and are we now living in the late afternoon or evening of our existence, just carrying on after the manner of the aged, quiescent, devitalized, uncreative, describing peace and sleep above all else?”

The blind adherence to tradition and the slavish imitation of foreign ways persist even today. In an effort to be modern we have lost touch with what is valuable in our own tradition, and sometimes have missed its essence altogether. We have yet to reach Gandhiji’s ideal of letting the winds blow from all over the world and yet not allowing ourselves to be blown off our feet.

Progress of sorts has been made-in science, industry, agriculture.....
the quality of life has improved. And yet exploitation and inequality
have not been rooted out.....

India continues to strive to realise her great potential.....a glorious
vision of the future which can become a living reality.....

Alpana Sharma	—	I B.A. History
Asha Reddy	—	I M.A. Literature
Geraldine Rodrigues	—	..
Helen Ambrose	—	..
Indira Devi	—	..
Mythili S.	—	..
Sudha, S.	—	..
Susan Mathew	—	..

Staff Editors : Mrs. Seetha Srinivasan
Miss. S. Alamelu



Cover Design

*The Wheel - of the bullock cart...of the supersonic craft...of
agriculture and industry...of tradition and modernity...of stability and
change....*

The associations are aeons old, and still significant.....

*The wheel is also the Vision and Reality that is India, the Dharma
Chakra, the inward law of our being...the resplendent reflection of
Divine Effulgence.*



Yours is

the light that breaks forth from the dark,
the good that sprouts from the cleft heart of strife,
the house that opens upon the world,
the love that calls to the battlefield.

Yours is

the gift that still is a gain when everything is a loss,
the life that flows thro' the caverns of death,
the heaven that lies in the common dust,
You are there

.....for me

.....for all.

—TAGORE.



Visit of the Governor



Geeta and Sudha - Winners, Vishva Hindu Parishad Oratorical Contest

COLLEGE DAY REPORT - MARCH — 1983

Respected Director, Dr. Meenakshisundaram,

Esteemed Members of the Governing Body,

Dear Parents, Friends, Wellwishers, My Colleagues and Students:

I am happy to present this Annual Report for the fifth time as we celebrate with joy and gratitude to God this 36th College Day. Thanks to the unfailing protection of God, everwilling support of the public, generous assistance of the teaching and non-teaching staff and above all thanks to the cheerful co-operation of our students, one more year of peace and success has come to an end. Higher education is meant to respond to the needs and aspirations of the society. Our nation continues to depend on the training imparted in these institutions of higher learning, which try to mould the character and develop the human resource potential. The sound moral values, the healthy inter-personal relationship, the quality of communication that prevail within this Institution creates and fosters a spirit of service, desire for social reform, an endeavour to breakdown narrow domestic walls and directs us towards national integration.

Faculty members and students are well aware of the aims and objectives of this College which leave no room for ambiguity in theory or in practice. Staff and students are constantly and consistently encouraged to search for TRUTH and to grow into mature responsible women ready to face the challenges of life at home and in society. A staunch faith in God and a sound philosophy of life motivates the Stella Marians to show concern for the less privileged and strive for TRUTH AND JUSTICE. This report of mine is a humble attempt to inform the public, the parents and others how these ideals are fulfilled in Stella Maris during 1982-83. Whether a faculty improvement programme or a student extra curricular effort, admissions or examinations, the basic thrust is the same. We develop in order to be of service to society.

The year started in June 1982 when the faculty members attended very useful sessions on Counselling and Communication Skills for College Teachers by

Dr. Emma Gonsalvez. Simultaneously, the Faculty members of the Social Work Department were engaged in the All India Workshop organised by them with U.G.C. assistance on curriculum development for Social Science and Social Work Education. This was followed by another Short Term group programme on Family and Education in India for 17 selected American Professors of Indiana Consortium in July in collaboration with U. S. E. F. I. in the College, directed by Mrs. Radha Paul. Two American Students completed one semester requirement for their Master's Programme in Family and Society under the direction of Sr. Christine. We are happy to announce that the following members of the Staff have been awarded the doctorate degree.

Miss. Thangamani in Mathematics

Mrs. Meena Narayanaswamy in Statistics

Mrs. Verghese in Hindi

Mrs. Yesodha Doraiswamy in Biochemistry

Mrs. Mary John in Social Work

Other members like Mrs. Seetha, Mrs. Meera Paul, Sr. Mary John and Sr. Mary Anne await their Viva Voce examination. A few more will submit their thesis by next year. We are honoured to note that the Hungarian University has awarded a Golden Diploma to our dear Dr. Sr. Edith Tomory, the foundress of the Fine Arts Department of the College for the 50 meritorious years of post-doctoral study and service in the field of Higher Education. I also notify that the Principal of Stella Maris has received the Fr. Theo Mathias Award among the 172 member Principals of the All India Association of Christian Higher Education and is selected to represent the Southern Region in the assembly of International Federation of Catholic Universities in Toronto, Canada during August, 1983.

Miss Gita Samuel was selected for three months training at Gwalior and has returned securing an 'A Grade' as Second Lt. to take care of our N.C.C. wing. As a part of the constant endeavour to update oneself, Sr. Leonie attended a month's course in Advanced Astronomy and Miss Neeraja attended an Advanced course in Sociology at Hyderabad during this academic year. Mrs. Sundari Krishnamurthy of the Sociology Department has been invited to present her scholarly paper on Communication at the 33rd Annual Conference of the International Communication Association at Dallas, Texas, U.S.A.

Mrs. Meena Narayanaswamy and Mrs. Rajeswari of the Mathematics Department will be attending a special programme in Nice, France during this summer. Mrs. Margaret Clarence, Miss Susan Oommen and Miss Usha Lakshmanan of the Literature Department and Mrs. Padmavathi of the History Department are on study leave to complete their research.

The college launched a number of certificate courses for the third year students to make their degree more meaningful and useful when they enter the labour market. The Diploma Course in Journalism is about ten years old and to this we have added Certificate Courses in Public Relations and Advertising thanks to Mr. Bharathan and to H. T. A., experts like Mr. N. Khil Nehru, Mr. S. Kannan, Computer Programming conducted by Mr. Narendran of E. C; Public Speaking by talented Mrs. Rekha Shetty; a Course on servicing Electrical Home Appliances by Mr. Thomas Alphonse, an intelligent electronic expert; Course in Banking Principles - through the generous assistance of the Principal and Staff of the Reserve Bank Training College. Max Muller Bhavan has been organising German Classes for interested students. The tireless zeal and efforts of Sr. David offer facilities to prepare students for Music Examinations and attend Western and Indian Instrumental Music classes.

Besides the College Annual Magazine, our young students find outlet for their creative endeavours in the following departmental journals like the Kilthi Kalyan of the Hindi Department, Ankur of the Economics Department and Udaya, the campus bulletin. This year the 402 students of Tamil under the guidance and direction of their Faculty Members have brought out for the first time the Tamil Magazine 'Mahizhampoo'. The creative Literature Club, declared the best for 1982-83 has released a news Bulletin "Voices" this year. The Chemistry students in their turn won the applause of science lovers with their magazine 'Chemstell'.

Creativity, co-operation, collaboration are never lacking among our young students. The college play "Member of the Wedding" by Carson McCullers directed by Miss Vyjayanthi Naidu staged at Museum Theatre revealed to the public the dramatic talents and co-operative efforts of our young artists who overwhelmed the public with utmost satisfaction.

Regular lectures and assignments and the beautiful spacious library with 50,000 books and the friendship and fellowship, the peace and calm of the green campus foster an atmosphere of intellectual serenity and open new vistas for awareness, development and growth experience.

The College has been recognised for COSIP from 1982 when the Second Phase of COHIP has also been sanctioned by U. G. C. Serious work on curriculum changes and development were started by the Social Work Department Staff in which Dr. Malcolm Adiseshiaiah and Dr. M. Santappa participated.

In September 1982, the Literature Department successfully organised a Seminar on Commonwealth Literature in which eminent men of letters like Dr. C. D. Narasimhiah and Dr. Raghavacharlu participated.

October witnessed a spectacular wildlife exhibition by the Zoology students, the animal lovers. The Botany, Chemistry, Physics and Fine Arts Students had

sent interesting models, items for the Education Pavilion of the Tourist Trade Fair for display.

November with its exciting news and T. V. views from Asiad brought joy to Stella Marians as they watched their Star Athlete Yasmin participating as the only athlete from Tamil Nadu in the Hurdles. The year 1983 started for Stella Maris students with yet another exciting inter-departmental Sound and Light Programme on "The Changing Image of Indian Women" organised by the Sociology Department. Some of the parents were able to see it in the college and the Tamil Skit from this programme was televised on 25th February. The Department of Economics invited the more serious, purposeful students from all the Departments to participate in a very useful seminar on self-employment through Arts and Sciences. The papers and visual aids prepared by the students were of a high standard.

February was a month kept apart for all interesting Club activities filled with youthful exuberance when the campus was bustling with life, jest and meaning. The Club week in February was a new experiment in the process of self-education and pragmatic learning. Each Club organised meaningful activities like exhibitions, seminars, pageants, debates and displays and channelised the talents and resources of the student body. The puzzles and problems of the Mathematics Students, the Electronic Exhibition of the Physics Department, the Listeria Carnival of the Literature Department, Floral Array of the Botany students, the Flying Aero-Models of the N.C.C. Cadets, the Tourists' delight of the History students, the Inter-collegiate dissection competition of the Zoology Department and last but not the least, the Kala Darpan by the artists of Fine Arts Department left one wondering if our budding scientists and artists needed any class room teaching to blossom into full-fledged experts. The Staff, the interested parents and educators do agree that it was a unique and successful venture. The memory of the Club Week will remain for a long time because the digital electronic clock in the Office manufactured and displayed by the young budding Physics students will keep reminding us of the glorious week. So also will the Literature Club Bulletin 'Voices' and the sweet fragrance of Mahizhampoo. We have learnt to appreciate beauty, practise co-operation and to love animals thanks to all that the Science and Art Students presented during that week.

Towards the end of February, there was a three day seminar on Sociological Aspects of Indian Writing organised jointly by Literature and Sociology Departments with assistance from All India Association for Christian Higher Education which gave us an opportunity to meet eminent writers like Dr. Srikanthan and a creative writer and scholar like Mr. Asokamitran and listen to thoughtful discussions.

Turning to the Voluntary Services and commitments of our students, we are happy that 400 N.S.S. volunteers made a record sale of 400 coconut plants in August, 1982 and raised a savings deposit of the order of Rs. 34,315/- by

CONJUNCTION



FOOD FOR THOUGHT





ENLIGHTENING

CONTRIBUTION



MELODIES



December, 1982. Besides participation in the Collegiate and Inter-Collegiate N.S.S. Camps, these volunteers have won appreciation for their service from agencies like Louis Institute for the Blind, Home for the Aged and Corporation Schools. This year the 13th batch of P.T.C. Personnel completed the Functional English Course.

We are happy to announce this year, for the second time the best cadet for Tamil Nadu is a Stella Marian, Shardha Bharadwaj who took the third rank at the All India level. Our Cadets won the first place in All India Home Nursing and First Aid and second place in the All India Women's Cycling Competition. Our Air Wing Cadet returned from her trip to Canada, a trip she won in 1982 at the Best Cadet Competition. Stella Maris seems to be the only College which received an A Grade in the G1 Examination. We are grateful for all the co-operation and support of the N.C.C. officials especially Major Bagawandoss and the enthusiasm of Miss Gita Samuel who trained the Cadets for a spectacular parade on Sports Day when Thiru Sripal, as our Chief Guest, took the salute.

Sports and Games play a vital role in the all-round development of the human personality. There are a number of top players and athletes who have represented the University in Basketball, Volleyball, Shuttle Badminton, Tennis, Hockey, Cricket and Swimming. Yasmin represented India at the Asiad and also created a new record at the Inter-University Athletes meet finishing the event in 15 seconds.

During the prize distribution that is to follow, you will share our joy and pride at the innumerable inter-collegiate trophies and awards won by our students this year. There are many more interesting events in the annals of each department and I will not enumerate all of them for want of time.

I would like to add a footnote about our Examination Results since this is also a very necessary aspect of the all-round development of students. We believe that even the weak students, the first generation learners must be helped with care and concern to reach academic excellence so that they will be able to face the challenges in a highly competitive world and climb up the socio-economic ladder. All the departments have organised coaching classes and remedial teaching for this purpose. We have secured 95% passes in B.A. and B.Sc. Examination and 97% in M.A. and M.Sc. in May 1982 Examination. The Undergraduate Departments of Literature, Sociology, Fine Arts and Botany have secured 100% results; the Post-Graduate Department of Economics, Fine Arts and Social Work have secured 100% passes. To mention a few University rank holders among the first batch of Botany Main students Gowri secured the first rank in the University. Similarly our students have secured University first rank in B.A. Sociology, M.A. Literature, B.Sc. and M.Sc. Mathematics and Fine Arts. We have rank holders also in the Zoology, Sanskrit, French and Economics Departments.

By God's Grace, Stella Maris did not face any major crisis this year. Yet I would like to submit humbly that it does experience financial stringency in the context of rising prices, increase in the number of students without a corresponding increase in income. The damage caused by small creatures like white ants, warranted an expenditure of Rs. 20,000/- this year on pest control measures and repairs. Particularly when audit regulations have disallowed nearly Rs. 70,000/- worth of very necessary items of expenditure already incurred during the audit year 1978-79, the situation has been aggravated. Nevertheless the unfailing Providence of God and the dedication of the management, keep us marching onward with the hope that God will provide and sustain the work of His hands.

Stella Maris has grown considerably over the years and today there are 1800 students of all castes and creeds who enjoy the benefits of a sound higher education. It has been the constant endeavour of Stella Maris to serve the needs of a developing nation. In order to achieve this, we offer various curricular and co-curricular activities about which you have been listening to so far. Our students have excelled in outdoor sports and games. For want of proper facilities we have not achieved much in indoor games; as we do have even an Auditorium or a Gymnasium or even an Examination Hall to house more than 120 students at a time. We feel that these are the vital needs of this growing institution. We intend to launch on more dynamic educational experiments and extension services. We need your help. We depend on your generosity.

I wish to end this report with the same note of gratitude with which I started. It is my duty to place on record our sincere thanks to all those benefactors, friends, parents of students, public bodies and the agencies for their continued support and help.

To mention a few :

Rotary Club
Sundaram Finance
Mrs. Sita Laxminarayanan
Indian Youth Association
Rajasthani Youth Association
Maharani Vidyavati Devi Trust
S. J. Jindal Trust
Women's Voluntary Service Agency
University Women's Association
Mrs. Sankaran
Mr. Thyagarajan and Mr. Mazda

for their assistance through mid-day meal schemes or student scholarships. The smooth working of the college, the peace and harmony within the campus are

ensured by protection and timely help extended by the Police, P & T Department and P. T. C., the M. E. S., the Corporation of Madras and the M. M. D. A. The College owes its gratitude also to the Education Department, the University of Madras, the Xavier Board and the All India Association for Christian Higher Education, the U. S. I. S., the British Council and Max Meuller Bhavan who help us in various ways. Our very special thanks today to Dr. K. Jagadeesan who so generously donated a Xerox machine to the College after witnessing with genuine interest the talents of our students, the wonderful work of the Library and also our limitations.

The success of the College depends on the devotion and dedication of the Staff Members and my co-workers who share the common goal. Therefore, I express my sincere gratitude for the generous help and hard work of all our teaching staff, the non-teaching staff, the office personnel who make the burden of day-to-day administration lighter. It would not have been possible for me to give a report of such achievements and activities in this College, if I did not have such silent giants to support me (and encourage our efforts) at every stage with their willingness and cheerfulness. I sincerely pray that the Lord Almighty may bless everyone of you and may He guide this little boat of Stella Maris in its voyage towards truth and justice through the ocean of Higher Education.

T H A N K Y O U

INDIA : VISION AND REALITY

I slept and dreamt that you were beauty, O! India. And I loved my vision-India, supremely beautiful - a land of evergreen forests and still waters, of graceful dancers and Taj Mahals, of precious stones, caparisoned elephants and the mighty Himalayas.

But into this dreamland strode Reality and showed me gaunt malnourished children scavenging the dustbins of Five Star Hotels, leprous beggars with open sores, the staring eyes of hunger, corruption, slums, massacres and dirt.

And I now hated the Vision for having stolen my heart with loveliness. For I had opened my eyes and seen Reality.

The Vision still murmurs softly in my ear, "You should be proud of the land of your birth. Proud? Of what? I was born in Bihar - the land of Buddha, Mahavira and Bhagalpur blindings. The land of Asoka's Ahimsa; atrocities on Harijans and communal riots. So you ask me to be proud of this land of burnt slums and blinded, oppressed, tortured beings? There are limits to hypocrisy!

"India is unique!" murmurs the Vision. Of course, she is unique. Absolutely unique! A country where nothing works. We pick up a phone, it's dead. We form part of dehumanizing queues to see a movie or buy a stamp. We wander from clerk to clerk in government offices for the privilege of getting the wrong information. We travel, packed like cattle on railway seats, mine reserved in advance or stand on one foot crushed between sweating dirty bodies if we choose to get onto a bus we've waited fifty minutes for. 'Oh the people of India are so warm, so loving. The spirituality!' gushes the foreigner I escort. "Oh, you fool!" I yearn to say, "The human heart is no different, in India or in the West. Don't ever talk to me of India's spirituality. I know her all-pervading corruption. I've been to the fabled places of worship in your guide book. I've seen the terrible commercialization of religion. Spirituality? It's totally compartmentalised and divorced from life. As a means to benefits, to social acceptance to make money-fine. Beyond that-No."

"Have you no eye for beauty, for colour, for tradition?" murmurs the Vision, "For the great festivals of Holi and Diwali?" Oh yes! I'll never forget my Holi in Calcutta. Tar, dung and ditch water flung on unwilling passers-by to celebrate this festival of joy. I'll never forget our cook with obstinate silver paint on his body for three weeks after this Hallelujah chorus of a nation's jubilation.

"But there is Diwali, Festival of Light, of the triumph of good over evil." Yes, Diwali. I like the sweets, I confess. But honestly, they leave a bitter taste in my mouth! Millions of rupees literally going up in smoke with your fire works, lakhs devoured in oil for lamps in a country of dark terrible poverty and miserable lightless lives. Hospitals full of 'accident' cases; children at Sivakasi toiling ten hours a day to produce crackers for other children to celebrate Diwali—the final conquest of good.

And Vision, don't dare talk to me of India's ancient past! Of the Mauryas, Guptas and Mughals. Don't supremely bask in the reflected glory of a sun that is set. We live in a country where nothing works—in a land of a non-functioning Government, non-functioning bureaucracy, non-functioning police—a land of dishonesty, inefficiency, corruption—Harsh words? Well the Reality is harsh.

I trance through India—through the green fields, tranquil waters and tall forest; I see the patient farmer tilling the soil, watch screaming children joyfully bathe in muddy ponds and my heart swells with love for my people. I find myself unconsciously repeating the pledge. "India is my country. All Indians are my brothers and sisters. I must love my country: But wasn't all that part of the Vision? Isn't Reality different?

What is the Reality? The masses moved to fervour by religious discourses, by the sanctity of a Mahatma or worked up into wild animal like



LEAD



KINDLY



LIGHT

... TO A



PROMISING



TOMORROW



frenzy during communal riots. What is the Reality? Our masses who though poor cannot refuse a coin to a beggar? My India! My people—often propelled to evil by poverty, but innately simple, innately spiritual, innately good!

The Vision smiles. You are nearer to understanding India. Come I will take you to her heart! And Reality smiles too and says gently, "Have patience. Explore me! Discover me. At my very heart lies your vision. I am India. I am unique. I am both Vision and Reality."

ANITA MATHIAS,
II Year Literature

A POLITICAL VIEW OF INDIA—DREAM AND REALITY

With increasing enlightenment and appreciation of the vital value of freedom, constitutional as well as revolutionary methods have been adopted for the attainment of political ends. It may suffice to say, "For forms of government let fools contest; whatever is best administered is best," But as there is no consensus of world opinion as to what really is "best" for man, the struggle for political-cum-social reform has been handed down through the ages.

1947 and 1973 are the key dates in India's modern history while the first marked the end of a successful struggle for freedom, the second saw the beginning of the struggle for the preservation of freedom.

Men have always been inspired to make the highest sacrifices at the altar of Liberty. They have laid down their lives for what they believed to be a good cause. To our immediate fore-fathers the 'good cause' was attaining independence and establishing a democratic country. Men of knowledge, intellect and high integrity framed our Constitution, while doing which they had visions of supreme happiness, peace, joy and contentment among their fellows. However Mobocracy has displaced Democracy in the minds of people. The question is whether sanctity of the Constitution will survive or whether the rule of the law will give way under the pressure of anarchy which always gives the crown to the mob with the loudest voices, biggest sticks, and readiest fists. The danger facing us is a combination of dismal economic failure and fragile institutions of rule.

As Johnson said, "Democracy which began by liberating man politically has developed a dangerous tendency to enslave him through the tyranny of majorities and the deadly power of their opinion." That the happiest periods

civilized man has known, have been under benign and enlightened kings and emperors only reflect on the drawbacks of democracy.

A few extracts from the Constituent Assembly Debates will serve to illustrate the great sense of honour which actuated the labours of the outstanding men who framed our Constitution.

On the 10th of October, 1949, Brajeshwar Prasad said, "A nation that sacrifices vital principles, that does not stand by its pledged word, has no future in politics... Our leaders have made certain commitments, we stand by them... We are Sovereign and not the future Parliaments. It is for this purpose that we are drawing up the Constitution."

On the same day, Sardar Vallabhai Patel is known to have said, "Learn to stand up on your pledged word... Have morals no place in the new Parliament? Is that how we are going to begin our new freedom? Do not take a lathi and say, "Who is to give you a guarantee? We are a Supreme Parliament ! Have you supremacy for this kind of thing?"

Acharya Kripalani, on the 17th of the same month said, "I want this house to remember that what we have enunciated are not merely legal, constitutional and formal principles but moral principles; and moral principles have got to be lived in life. They have to be lived whether in private or in public life, whether in commercial life, political life or the life of an administrator. They have to be lived throughout. These things we have to remember if our Constitution is to succeed."

To think that these noble sentiments were expressed about three decades ago, in the same country in which there is such total negation of public morality today! Some politicians refer to the provisions made by the Constitution as having become anachronistic with the times and changes. It is however only the sense of decency and honour which have become anachronisms today.

A famous individual, while talking of a people is known to have said, "They contemptuously rejected temperance as unmanliness.....They mistook insolence for good breeding, anarchy for liberty, waste for magnificence and impudence for courage.....The father gets accustomed to descend to the level of the son, and the son to be on level with his father, having no shame or fear of his parents.....The teacher fears and flatters his pupil, and the pupils despise their tutors...The old do not like to be thought morose and authoritative and therefore they imitate the young.....The citizens chafe impatiently at the least touch of authority, and at length they cease to even care for the laws."

It may seem that these words were very recently written in honour of our democratic set-up. Actually they are the words of Plato when he spoke of

Republicans. This just goes to show how basically irretrievable man is for he has been the same for 2300 years. Still the makers of our Constitution hoped, for there is no life without hope and optimism.

However, despite its shortcomings, democracy as Winston Churchill said, is the least unsatisfactory of all forms of governments. The words of Buddha, "Look not for refuge to anyone besides yourselves," come home to us with a strange poignancy when we have the right to elect our rulers. Human freedoms suffer in the hands of a bad electorate. A grave lesson lies behind Mark Twains' jest, "In our country we have those three unspeakably precious things; freedom of speech, freedom of conscience and the prudence never to practise either."

B. SEETHALAKSHMI
II Year Chemistry

INDIA — THE FUTURE

February 1931. Winston Churchill addressing the House of Commons said, "The loss of India would be final and fatal to us. It could not fail to be part of a process that would reduce us to the scale of a minor power."

India — It is the name given to the vast peninsula which the continent of Asia throws out to the South of the magnificent mountain ranges that stretch in a sword-like curve across the Southern border of Tibet.

India had commercial relations with the countries of the West from time immemorial. But from the seventh Century A.D. her sea-borne trade passed into the hands of the Arabs who began to dominate the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea. It was during this time that Vasco Da Gama found a new route to India and reached Calicut. Perhaps no event during the middle ages had such far-reaching effects on the civilised world as the opening of the sea-route to India. So first the Portuguese, then the Dutch and finally the English made their conquering rounds to India. And hence the responsibility for governing India, the India of the Maharajas was placed by the inscrutable decree of providence upon the shoulders of the British race.

Rudyard Kipling had once observed that providence had created the Maharajas just to offer mankind a spectacle, a dazzling vision of marble palaces, tigers, elephants, and jewels. Powerful or humble, rich or poor, theirs was an extraordinary family whose members had fuelled those legends of India then on

the brink of extinction. The account of their vices and virtues, their extravagances and prodigalities, their follies and their eccentricities had enriched folklore and entranced a world hungry for exotic dreams. Their day was ending but when gone, the world would be a duller place.

But once the Maharajas were gone India struggled in the hands of the British. The struggle was too painful to describe. To quote Jawaharlal Nehru addressing the Indian Constituent Assembly on the 14th August—1947. “**Long years** ago we made a tryst with destiny and now the time comes when we shall redeem our pledge..... At the stroke of the midnight hour while the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom. A moment comes which comes but rarely in history when we step out from the old to the new, when an age ends and when the soul of a nation, long suppressed finds utterance.”

This was India till the fifteenth of August 1947.

There has been a marked change in that picture. We have now filled in a lot of beautiful attractive colours, changing the grey and the ugly to a beautiful green. We can't forget the past, but more important, we have sown hope in the people for the future.

Poverty is still one of our major problems. But as Sri Aurobindo remarked - we are not committed to a national ideal of poverty. We have not been fortunate enough to eradicate it altogether, but we are still trying ceaselessly. Another major problem is the population explosion. If we can control this while simultaneously increasing food production and job opportunities we will be a better nation. Our hopes are firm, enabling a realistic vision of an ideal future.

We have to remember, that India is the best place for us. Whatever our potential, whatever our gift to her and the world, for the simple reason that we belong to her and she to us.

With this in mind and heart, we can envisage the India of the future - with dot machines to provide the customers need, air-services where planes leave every two minutes, trains that rush at 200 kilometres an hour, dazzling neon signs and fabulous streams of long smooth shining cars moving in orderly rows on highways broad enough to take eight rows at a time, while markets bustle with tremendous variety. This will be India, what with her scientific, technological, and religious maturity.

Of course many countries have all this now, but the advantage of beginning late is that we share the experience of others and avoid their mistakes.

ALPANA SHARMA
I Year History

OUR YESTERDAYS AND TODAYS

What is History but a few Big Names plus people ?
What is a Big Name unless the people love it or hate it ?
For what it did to them or for them while it was in the going ?
And this Big Name means pretence and plunder ashes and dung,
While another is armful of roses, enshrined beyond speech.

—'The People, Yes'—

Carl Sandburg

Does not the mention of India evoke images of the glorious past of India ?
India - a vision of Gods and Maharajas ?

India was a land of Gods. An Indian could select his God from three to three and a half million Divinities ! But increasing westernization led scepticism to creep in and eat away the visions of the glorious past.

A court tunic of spun gold. A turban with the largest topaz in the world and three thousand diamonds and pearls. A throne made from a ton of solid gold. Yes, the wealth and pomp of the Maharajas are unrivalled in history even today.

In 1947 there were five hundred and sixtyfive Maharajas ruling over one-third of India and a quarter of her population. "Powerful or humble, rich or poor, theirs was an extraordinary creed, whose members had fuelled those legends of India." They had "enhanced a world hungry for dreams." But, sadly visions and illusions are transient and this reality Carl Sandburg narrates :

"And the King wanted an inscription
good for a thousand years and after
that to the end of the world ?"

"Yes, precisely so"

"Something so true and awful that no
matter what happened it would stand ?"

"Yes, exactly that ?"

"Something no matter who spit on it or
laughed at it there it would stand
and nothing would change it ?"

"Yes, that was what the king ordered
his wise men to write"

“And what did they write ?”

“Five words : “THIS TOO SHALL PASS AWAY”

Visions and dreams have fled and left us to face the stark reality of Mother India. Her poverty, misery, malnutrition, have disillusioned the Indian who has once seen the glory and pomp in the past. All that remains for us is to gather strength and fortitude from our Mother—India :—

“I love you”,
said a great Mother.

“I love you for what you are
knowing so well what you are.
And I love you more yet, child,
deeper yet than ever, child,
for what you are going to be,
knowing so well you are going far,
knowing your great works are ahead,
ahead and beyond,
yonder and far over yet.

—Carl Sandburg
“ The People, Yes”

Let us remember that yesterday’s vision is today’s reality and today’s reality will be tomorrow’s vision.

MANISHA SANGHAVI
II Year B.A. Literature

TOWARDS AN INDIAN IDENTITY

The problem which most Indian writers in English, and particularly Parthasarathy, faces is an inability to relate to the Indian culture with English as their medium. John Wain, a sensitive observer of the Indian literary scene says that an Indian writing in English is “always haunted by a sense of loss and estrangement” since he is chained to an alien and alienating language. This, in essence, is Parthasarathy’s predicament, since he is placed between two traditions, neither of which he can wholly accept or reject - the English which is an inextricable part of his intellectual upbringing and the Tamil of his emotional make-up.

'Rough Passage,' which is his collection of poems is primarily autobiographical and traces the tension between the use of two languages. It sensitively portrays the perplexing literary and cultural situation of bilingualism and biculturalism. The poem is divided into three sections: 'Exile,' 'Trial' and 'Home coming'.

The central problem of 'Exile' is the poet's sense of non-belonging, the personal feeling of inevitable alienation. At the age of thirty he takes stock of himself, but suffers an identity crisis. "At thirty the mud will have settled :

You see yourself in a mirror.
Perhaps, refuse the image as yours" (E1)

With this comes an awareness of cultural isolation which is part of the poet's growth. "He had spent his youth whoring after English gods" which is not only the desire to master the English language, but also to do everything the English way, so much so that the Indian scene ceases to matter. However, now the poet feels a growing dissatisfaction with England, beautifully recreated in the lines :

"Dressed in tweeds or grey flannel,
its suburban pockets
bursting with immigrants -
'coloureds' is what they call us
over there - the city is no jewel, either :
lanes full of smoke and litter,
with puddles of unwashed English children" (E2)

Even the spell of Queen Victoria has worn off and she is now an old hag to him. Along with this comes a new awareness that people cannot change. He cannot be English and must accept his Indianness :

"It's no use trying to
change people. They'll be what they are"

His exile enforces the need for his native roots. It is only rootlessness that makes one aware of the nourishing qualities of roots.

"There is something to be said for exile :
you learn roots are deep".

Moreover, language like a plant is an organic growth which cannot thrive in alien soil - "Language is a tree, loses colour under another sky".

The question that buzzes in the poet's mind is very clear. "Why do I, an Indian, write in English?" Earlier he had not asked this question, because then

English was the only language accessible to him. Moreover, part of the wog's growth is a desire to be completely English, but the stirrings of the heart can't be suppressed for ever, for it awakens a genuine desire for self expression.

The English language, as he uses it, does not blossom as well as it should. In an interview with Ayyappa Panicker, the poet expresses his predicament: 'Not being a native English born speaker, I don't have access to all the resources of that language. It is a language that one has learned and therefore one would like to use it preciously, as clinically as one would use a tool'.

The poem then traces a movement from Europe to Asia, symbolic of the break from the artificial roots in Europe in search of the genuine ones in India, hence the poet returns to India, to the city he had quarrelled with, but there is an unwillingness to accept the Indian language and culture.

Even Tamilnadu fails to please him, for he has adjusted to the chronometer of Europe, symbolic of its advancement in technology as opposed to the hourglass of Tamilnadu.

The exile marks the poet's problem. He is alienated from the English culture and disillusioned with the Indian :

"What have I come/here for
from a thousand miles
The sky is no different ;
Beggars are the same everywhere ; The
clubs are there, complete with bar and golf links.
The impact of the West on India
is still talked about
though the wogs have taken over."

In 'Trial', the second movement of the poem, there is a growing awareness of the importance of one's past, which the poet views as a clinging octopus.

The end of the 'Trial' marks the end of the poet's confusion. He realises that he has to accept and perfect his part in order to look forward to a happier future :

"My past is an unperfect stone ;
the flaws show. I polish
the stone, sharpen the lustre to a point."

The English world eclipses him from the object which stimulates an experience in him. "The language always comes as a kind of barrier to a complete and total identification with the object." But in 'Home-coming' there is a new atmosphere and tone. The poet feels a deliverance from

English. His tongue is no longer bound to English fetters, instead he is ready to re-establish his cultural link with Tamil, although he falters and stumbles over the agglutinative words :

“My tongue in English chains,
I return, after a generation, to you.
I am at the end
of my dravidic tether
hunger for you unassuaged.

The code now is to search for and accept the Indian heritage.

“Turn inward, scrape the bottom of your past
Ransack the cupboard
for skeletons of your brahmin childhood.
You may then
perhaps, strike out a line for yourself
from the iron or life’s ordinariness.”

However, it is interesting to note that Parthasarathy does not totally reject English. Instead, he is eager to establish a synthesis between Tamil and English. The discovery of cultural roots is linked not only to the choice of Tamil, but also to the enthusiasm of a creative writer to cleanse the language of the tribe.

In fact, ‘Home-coming’ is not the final and third part of the ‘Rough Passage,’ it is a prelude to an entirely new dimension in a new language. In ‘Home-coming,’ the poet tries “to initiate a dialogue with his Tamil past, and perhaps ‘Rough Passage’ as it is now points to possibly a future poem in Tamil”. It is, therefore significant that the poet is at present working on a sequence tentatively called ‘Thiruvarangathil’, which takes off from where ‘Rough Passage’ ended.

Perhaps the best example of the fusion of Tamil and English is poem 3 in ‘Home-coming’ about cousin Sundari :

And so it eventually happened
a family reunion not heard of
since grandfather died in ‘59 — in March
this year. Cousins arrived in Tiruchchanur
in overcrowded private buses,
the dust of unlettered years
clouding instant recognition.
Later, each one pulled,
sitting cross-legged on the steps
of the choultry, familiar coconuts
out of the fire

of rice-and-pickle afternoons
Sundari who had squirrelled up and down
forbidden tamarind trees in her long skirt
every morning with me,
stood there, that day, forty years taller
her three daughters floating
like safe planets near her.

As Ayyappa Panicker says: " Even if this poem is translated into Chinese or Japanese, it remains a genuinely Tamil poem."

The final triumph of Parthasarathy is his acceptance of Indian roots and culture with the realisation that English was and will always be a foreign language:

" He went for the wrong gods from the start
and marriage made it worse".

To the poet " Nothing is more incongruous than the presence of the English language in India. English will always remain a foreign language to us. I realised to my immense horror, that I could never function as a poet in English". Yet, in spite of this awareness, Parthasarathy has achieved a synthesis between English and his Indian culture.

J. BHAVANI,
III Year Literature

THE EMERGING INDIAN WOMAN

" But when I began to consider the subject..... I soon saw that it had one fatal drawback. I should never be able to come to a conclusion. I should never be able.....to hand you after an hour's discourse a nugget of pure truth to wrap up between the pages of your books and keep on the mantle-piece for ever. All I could do was to offer you an opinion upon one minor point—a woman must have money and a room of her own"— VIRGINIA WOOLF in 1929.

Feminine consciousness has been growing in India and changes are possible due to it, apart from those that have taken place. Feminine consciousness essentially means becoming aware of the necessity for a woman to have a room of her own. A room, metaphysically speaking, to realise her potential, to realize her strength, to develop in and above all to grow in. Today that awareness

which has been fermenting since ages, has reached its culmination. Today women are emerging from the quagmire of social pressures and finding their voices to demand their rights or even fight for it. But this consciousness, this need for a woman to be recognised as a thinking individual in her own right has been there in the past too.

For example, peasant women in Vietnam as early as 300 A.D. composed this poem :

I shall ride the storm
Tame the waves
Slay the sharks. I shall
Drive away the enemy
to save our people
I shall not be content
with the customary fate
of women
to bow their heads as concubines.

Though woman's status varied from culture to culture, more repressive in some, more liberal in others, the general trends of fighting for greater equality and working towards a new concept of humanism is really a phenomenon of this century. Some of this began in the West hardly a hundred years ago with the suffragettes. They were militant women in England led by the redoubtable Sylvia Parkhurst, whose rallying cry was, "Remember the dignity of your womanhood. Do not appeal, do not beg, do not grovel. Take courage, join hands, stand beside us, fight with us".

Today, the Indian woman though making no claim to militant partisanship is demanding the right for room to grow in, to make decisions for herself without having them forced on her, the freedom to live her life the way she chooses and finally opportunities to realise her potential. Unlike the west, fighting for equality is not the main facet of feminine consciousness in India. Here, women are more concerned with obtaining room for development and trying to break through a male dominated society. Certain aspects, in the light of feminine consciousness help in assessing how far the Indian woman has come in having a room of her own and the obstacles that prevent her from doing so. Biologically, women here as elsewhere are told that they are essentially fragile daisies, to be constantly "protected", when essentially, they and the people who are telling them, know this is not true. So women have an ambivalence created within them about themselves which requires a tremendous amount of revision.

Women's ego has been greatly undermined by this. If you think of yourself as weak, that weakness begins to extend not only to your stature and your muscles but to your thinking process. And women have tended to talk

about women not only as if she were little in height, but as if she had a pea brain. Now at the same time, what is happening all over the world and especially in India is quite schizophrenic. We have taken these apparently inferior weak creatures and have sent them to school and college. And we create now, an enormous number of educated women, who, on the one hand are told that they are incapable of much because of their hormones, or that they are weak-headed. On the other hand, they go to first class colleges, compete magnificently with men, and get honours degrees. After they have taken themselves seriously for years in school and college, they are told: "Forget it honey! you're a girl, you're a woman. Just find yourself a big, strong man, hopefully a rich one, marry him, and live happily ever after".

But today's woman does not want to live "happily ever after" nor are they doing so. And so these educated women now represent what under-utilized, educated women have always represented in any part of the world; they represent a threat to the present society and the present stereotypes. And this basically is an expression of women's liberation. Let's take the example of this college itself - there are many girls who finishing college here may refuse to get married. Instead they would rather sit for competitive exams, if they haven't done already and depending on the results, choose their profession. Or they might opt for further studies. That they can think for themselves and resist their lives being decided for them shows that they are liberated to some extent. And this is where they become a threat to the present society and present stereotypes. These girls cannot be ignored because they are an existing minority.

So feminine consciousness is a symptom of several things. The first is that we have educated such an enormous number of women; the second, we have given them means of planned parenthood; third, women are becoming a very important part of the labour force. And this has helped the relationship between the sexes. Men have to be relieved of increasing kinds of burden that have been placed on them, in terms of sharing them more, and I speak here of economic burdens, and just as much of the psychological burden that says a man is the one who must be strong all the time. Women need to develop their strengths and share them with men. I think the biology is such that women have strengths and men have strengths and they are, perhaps in some of the more extreme aspects of biology, different kinds of strengths. So sharing is beneficial to both. Psychologically, the problem has been of stereo-types which are really constraining to both sexes. It has often been stressful for men to be pressed into the kind of stereotype that for instance says they musn't show their emotions; and for women to have to pretend not to know anything and to play the pseudo-feeble minded game, as we have all seen them do. This is not constructive for a woman, and I think a man who thinks about it very carefully may not be very much flattered after all to have a woman play up to him this way, because there is an assumption that he is so dumb that he isn't able to see that she is deceiving him.

Greater relaxation of these rigid definitions of the sexes is going to be very helpful to both men and women. In this connection, we see that in India, a very significant change is taking place in certain sectors of society - women are transcending role and sex stereotypes of marriage and motherhood. That is because in India that feeling of "Better dead than unwed" is slowly being changed. The time when a girl would expect to be married and then be taken care of for the rest of her life is slowly on the way out. It is just not the way things are. Industrialization, here and elsewhere, has incorporated women as a very important part of the labour force. But socially this has made motherhood a crisis in India and elsewhere - here the working woman has to be very careful for, by working while having a family she is breaking the stereotype. It is in this context that the Indian woman should bear in mind that it isn't good for mothers to give twenty four hour-a-day attention to children. It isn't good for the children. In fact, there is one psychologist at Harvard University who speaks of the "pathogenic mother". That is, she makes her children sick. He is trying to point out that women who invest their entire lives in their children are not doing children a favour. It is not good either for the parents or the children. Nor even good for our society, as a whole, and definitely not good for a marriage.

We should move towards "role-sharing" where work at home is divided equally between husband and wife. This will help women who have risen above the stereotypes to manage both jobs and homes efficiently. But what is most important in the Indian context, more than the change, is the options which have to be made available and emphasised. We have to make them possible and then leave the woman to work it out for herself. And this is where education comes in. It should make, and to a certain extent it has, made Indian women aware of their options, and the opportunities to want something different from the traditional ways. Economically women in India form a very small part of the labour force. But in this sphere, what feminine consciousness and women's liberation have done is to highlight the inequities and create discomfort on the part of both men and women with the kind of roles, they are, in a sense forced to play. What is intriguing in the Indian context, however, is that there are not only men who will not allow their wives to work but men who complacently take the fact of their wives being underpaid, even if they are working themselves into an early grave to keep their families. The physiologist Estettla Ramey has a theory to put forward to such men - "Every time your wife is underpaid, mister, you are underpaid".

Finally, development and feminine consciousness have made women aware of the necessity of having a choice, varying their lives and not necessarily always being placed in a category. Undercutting their possibilities is not only hurting women alone but it also means that their labour is lost to development which signifies a loss of human resources. However, the reality in India is such that the thrust of feminine consciousness is really seen in certain sectors of urban India. Rural India and other parts still harbour women struggling for self-expression and oppressed in an anti-feminine conscious world. Until a radical change in thinking

comes and touches every Indian, in a way that even housework, that very boring laborious job that the majority of Indian women do, is given due respect, progress is not possible. Women's liberation remains a pipe dream. To know what they want to be liberated from, they must want to be liberated in the first place. So the wedge of feminine consciousness where it takes root, as it has in some minds and areas, is to relax stereotypes and make more flexible one's choice of career and livelihood.

SUJATHA KUMAR
II Year Sociology

TRADITION VERSUS MODERNITY IN - POST BRITISH INDIA

"What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow out of this stony rubbish? Son of man, you cannot say, or guess, for you know only a heap of broken images, where the sun beats, and the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief, and the dry stone no water."

This verse from T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" can well be extended to the Indian society, which though to all outside appearances is passive, like stony rubbish, in actuality is pulsating and vibrating beneath. What is visible to most is a heap of broken images—of the caste system, of the romantic Taj Mahal, of Brahmin superiority, of mysticism, of Godmen. But the sun beats after the morning's "Suryanamaskaram" or salutation to the sun, the dead tree is used in the cities for paper manufacture or fuel, and the cricket's chirpings add to the music which is so much a part of Indian culture. Those who know only the broken images cannot guess the roots that clutch with great tenacity to the tradition of the society or the branches that grow outward as a result of western influence—or even the trunk that has roots on one end and branches on the other. The quiet sleepy village where the Chamar mends shoes because of his caste or the bustling metropolis where Bata's sell footwear—both form the paradoxical Indian social reality today. And this paradox arose out of the Indian and British cross cultural encounters.

The British brought in their wake a series of ideas, beliefs, actions, thought systems and reforms—some deliberate, some unintentional, to the areas they administered. These areas soon became urban, first, by way of industrial occupations offered by the few industries there and grew in size due to migrants who sought occupations in these administrative centres. Secondly, a gradual growth of urbanism as a way of life developed, as the Indian elites in these areas imitated the British in their lifestyle and behaviour. Thus, the process

of social change started in urban areas in a queer, unobtrusive manner. Soon the spurt of tall buildings, factories, railways, communication systems and transport systems altered not only the physical structure of the cities, but also the vast web of social relationships to be found within it. The Indian social scene was as much influenced by the Western ideologies, as it was by conflicting traditional outlooks. The roots went deep into the soil and the branches struggled to move outward—the social tree itself was torn between the two. For the sake of simplicity the changes or implied changes in the social relationships can be understood from three essential standpoints the changes in the institution of family and marriage, the changes in the status of women and the changes in the caste system. However, it must be emphasized that there is no clear cut demarcating line between these aspects which fall easily into one mesh in an individual's life.

The tradition versus modernity conflict was first felt in the urban areas. It is fairly easy to identify a traditional society but not so easy to define it. Tradition, as V. K. R. V. Rao pointed out, means "habits, customs, attitudes, ways of life which get embodied in institutions and then tend to get frozen because of the stability and autonomous existence of these institutions". Thus tradition implies age, and with it, a fairly long period of continuity. In this respect it also postulates a certain amount of rigidity which makes adjustment to changing conditions difficult.

The traditional joint family became hazy behind the factories billowing black clouds of smoke. And when the winds of change blew this smoke away—there stood a nuclear family shakily on the one foot of a husband, wife and their children. Necessity has often displayed its maternal instincts to things other than invention—things like adjustment, flexibility and a painful tearing away from traditional forms. The breaking away of a few members to establish their own life-styles in urban areas led to the gradual disintegration of the joint family in structure. And this breaking away came out of the economic necessity to survive in the absence of sufficient agricultural support. The urban areas provided the alternative with more lucrative occupation. Thus, the migrant members were forced to establish their nuclear families in the urban areas. But for the most part, though structurally the change came about, the kinship ties were still maintained. As D. A. Cehkki in his study of Dharwar city in Karnataka observed—"In an Indian city, kinship in the main, far from being atrophied has been resilient. The family without being isolated and atomized is organically fused with the extended kin network and thereby the extra-familial kin relationships do not tend to be alternated". Though the nuclear family has grown on the debris of the joint family, many variations of the nuclear family appear in urban areas. For example some nuclear families include the paternal grandparents or some, the paternal unmarried and widowed aunts etc. Thus, structurally it would be best to view family types as a continuum having at the one end the 'ideal type' nuclear family and at the other extreme the 'ideal type' joint family.

The institution of marriage which is concomitant to the family, felt the impact of the western ideologies just as much. Describing the traditional set, Tagore said, "Love between husband and wife was the result of marriage in the Hindu view, not the prelude to it. " But, legislations like the Special Marriage Act of 1872, allowed a man to contract legal marriage with a person not belonging to his own endogamous group and western romantic fiction added the prelude of love to the traditional marriage system. The spurt of co-educational schools and colleges, the ideologies of democracy, and equality, not only threw the sexes into a greater contact with each other but also increased the percentage of inter-caste marriages.

However all these changes were not without conflict or pressure for the individual caught in the urban mesh. There were traditional ties that bound him to the family, to the caste, to the community and there were occupational obligations that contradicted these. If appearances like cutting the long tresses of a man, and wearing trousers proved conflicting - the imitations of the behaviour of the British made the individual lose his identity. The ceremonial rituals at home had to be sacrificed to be on time for work or for dining with the bosses - The brushing of shoulders with persons of all castes in the buses was contaminating - the fear of non-acceptance by the elites reduced confidence and the ideas of prelude of love to marriage proved the last straw. The urban Indian brought up in a traditional world found western superficialities forced on him and was left to ask like Eliot's Alfred Prufrock—

" And would it have been worth it, after all? after the cups, the marmalades, the tea, among the porcelain, among some talk, of you and me, would it have been worth while, to have bitten off the matter with a smile? "

And if these were the conflicts for the Indian male in a changing society, then the female faced more. In the changed socio-economic as well as the politico-cultural context, urban women became qualitatively a very significant minority. Legislations had much to do with the improvement in the status of women. There are no less than 32 major and minor pieces of central legislation between 1850 and 1962 which relate to marriage and women. The Regulation abolishing Sati (1829); the Widow Remarriages Act (1856); The Age of Consent Act (1891); the Child Marriage Restraint Act (1929) and the Dowry Prohibition Act (1961) were intended to remove some of the disabilities of women and to their exploitation. While the Married Women's Property Act (1874) and The Hindu Succession Act (1956) were to protect the property rights of women, The Hindu Marriage Act (1955) abolished bigamy and made provisions for divorce on certain grounds.

These legislations represented the modernity, and the social system - the tradition. The conflict still persists, and true change cannot come from an outside force like law because as Gandhi said, " Reform must come from within to be truly effective ".

If family and marriage are integral parts of the Indian Social System, then the caste system forms the very structure of this social system. Caste is undoubtedly an all-India phenomenon in the sense that there are everywhere hereditary, endogamous groups which form a hierarchy and that each of these groups has a traditional association with one or two occupations. The conscious and unintentional efforts to break the barriers of caste have to some extent loosened the system, in urban areas. While, once again democratic ideals pushed forth legislations on equality and special provisions for lower castes, the economic pressures forced an overlooking of caste criteria in the urban areas. The Brahmin, if he had to survive, had to brush shoulders with a Shudra in his work situation. It was far from easy to break the deeply entrenched ideas of 'pollution' that went with contact with lower castes. Faced with the dilemma of survival on the one hand and traditional ideas of pollution and punity, the urban individual sought a way out of this by exercising his traditional beliefs within the household.

But for the lower castes, given a legal support, a hope for improvement in status came about only through the process of Sanskritization or an imitation of the life-styles and behaviour of the higher castes. However though these Sanskritized castes rose in the hierarchy, they were not really accepted by the higher castes. Perhaps, the failure of the law and Sanskritization can be attributed only to the time factor. It is next to impossible for a society that has an inbuilt structure of in-equality from the Vedic times to accept equality in a span of 40 years. Nevertheless, the caste system is losing its prime importance in urban areas as can be seen by the facts that education and learning are not the privilege of one caste and that in the larger cities secular upbringings and contact with persons of different castes in the school, college and office environments has lessened the importance of caste.

While all these changes implicit or explicit manifested themselves in urban areas, the rural areas, far away from the western influences, from the tall skyscrapers, factories and transport systems, had been change resistant for a long time. The caste structure determined the social relationships—to the villager, democracy was the problem of the government, - to him, his work and behaviour whether within the tenets of democracy or not, were determined by his caste group and the strong collective consciousness of the community. The family was of the joint family type and kinship ties were very strong. But for the most part caste regulated social behaviour. So much so, that Andre Beteille in his study of Sripuram village found that even the physical layout of the village was determined by caste. There the central area of the village was exclusively for the Brahmins and the untouchables lived on the outskirts of the village avoiding any possibility of polluting the Brahmins. However, in the past 36 years since Independence, the extent of urbanization has increased manifold. The improved transport facilities and suburbanization has slowly made inlets into the secluded, self-sufficient rural life.

The process of westernization has shown signs of filtering down to the rural areas. While land reform was the first manifestation of democratic ideals, the dependence of the rural areas on the urban areas and thereby the influence of the latter has gradually increased—usage of improved technological facilities in farming has not only made the farmer dependent on the urban areas for technological information but also exposed him to urban life and urban thinking which is now, slowly filtering, to the villages. For example, William and Charlotte Wiser in their study of Karimpur village from 1930 - 1960 noted the changes in 1970 when they revisited the village. They wrote, 'Often the youngsters tried their newly acquired English on the visitors. In earlier days, English would not have been taught in the schools nor would children have been as responsive'. Perhaps, as in the urban areas, English will prove to be the instrument of dramatic change bringing in its wake exposure to western ideologies and literature. Transportation between the village and town increased and most boys who go to schools in the town ride cycles. Wiser speaks of the rural migrants with this example: "The first young man to leave Karimpur after completing high school was a Kachchi, a farmer. He enlisted in the Army and being literate, he was assigned to the post of storekeeper in the medical corps. When he returns on annual leave, he wears his uniform for a day or two and is a hero. His prestige is now above that of Kachchis and his peers of all castes have envied him, his equipment and military air. "Thus, the urban areas already have the tinsel image of something desirable. May be some day Rural India will be westernized and cars will speed where the bullock-cart plods—may be the family system will change further.

Who knows what may happen? For the glory of Indian society has been its remarkable capacity for absorbing factors making for change whether internal or external. Like Shiva, who swallowed the deadly poison and survived, while still retaining it, to become Nilakanta, Indian society and culture have shown a remarkable capacity for adoption, absorption and digestion of change, and even when changing, continue to maintain an appearance of stability.

"Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
from creation to decay
like the bubbles on a river,
sparkling, bursting, borne away."

SANDHYA PARTHASARATHY,
III Year Sociology.

THE SENSE OF FAMILY

“ Family happiness is a wonderful thing”-Brij Mohan murmured, “ It is the greatest blessing granted to us, ‘Kusum said. Such warmth, such love as there is in happy family groups. It is God himself laughing in our hearts”.

This emphatic confirmation of the advantage of family life expressed by the characters of Jhabvala in her novel “Get Ready for Battle” is not uncommon in the Indian context. However even in India where the family is glorified it would be unrealistic to presume that familial bliss is unalloyed. Various aspects of the family system have been artistically treated in the novels of Jhabvala, Markandaya and R. K. Narayan.

Till about half a century ago, the concept of family in India was synonymous with the joint family system. The joint family system encompassed three generations or more with the oldest member of the family as its head. Indian tradition which upheld the role of the male in carrying on the family line, created a system under which all sons stayed together in the parental home along with their wives and children. The daughters, on the other hand were packed off to their husband’s home soon after marriage.

In his novel ‘Mr. Sampath’ R. K. Narayan depicts the typical Indian joint family. “Mr. Srinivas’ and his brother were the head of the family, an advocate with a middling practice - a life of constant struggle with rustic clients and magistrates in the small town Talapur, where he had slipped into his position after his father’s death. His father had been an advocate in his time and had a grand practice and acquired extensive property in the surrounding villages and had become a very respectable citizen. The family tradition was that they should graduate at Malgudi in the Albert Mission College, spend two years in Madras for higher studies in the law and then return each to his own room in the ancient sprawling house”. This is the picture of a stable and secure establishment which offers the individual a clearly defined role. Further they naturally assume responsibility for inept sons or brothers who lack any ability to fend for themselves and their wives and children. This feature is interestingly brought out by Jhabvala in “A Backward Place”. Though there is no real intimacy between the brothers Bal and Mukund, it is Mukund as the duty bound elder member of the family who hauls Bal out of trouble each time he gets himself into it.

The joint family system dictates conformism. Therefore it stultifies expression of personal freedom and does not afford an individual adequate scope for the expression of his own aspirations. In “Get Ready for Battle” Gulzari Lal’s favourite dream is this.

“Of himself as a successful family man. He was the provider, the mainstay, the prop behind his son, his daughter-in-law and his little grand-child and all that they had to do was to be happy and comfortable in the luxurious setting which he had devised for them”.

But Gulzari Lal's son Vishnu wants to stand on his own feet and ultimately does succeed in breaking away from an atmosphere which stifles him. Srinivas in Narayan's novel 'Mr. Sampath' also feels the oppressiveness of the joint family system and he comes to Malgudi and establishes his own family. Thus Jhabvala and Narayan depict the basic reason for the disintegration of the joint family system. But after young men make this crucial break from tradition, and the first flush of enthusiasm dies, they find that problems are intricately woven with independence. Srinivas enjoying his freedom in Malgudi finds rather to his annoyance that it is he who has to now support a wife and child, whom he had fostered on his father-in-law and had for a time forgotten. There is no elder brother to offer to assume responsibility on his behalf. Economic strife is another unpleasant reality which has to be faced. In Jhabvala's 'A Backward Place', Bal and Mukund give up experimenting with the nuclear family and decide to live together.

“... .. the two brothers had run together and had not proved a seed-bed of ill-will and strife. There was, everyone soon realised really no point in cooking upstairs as well as downstairs, especially as the children of both households took it for granted that both parts of the house were theirs, to eat, stay and sleep at will in either”.

A family is the commitment of just so many members, willing enough to live together. In such an organic structure, interpersonal relations are important. The joint family system by virtue of its size offers scope for a wide variety of relationships. Three generations are brought into an intimate contact, the older individuals fulfilling roles of grandparents, parents and parents-in-law. Jhabvala's handling of the mother-in-law in the Indian family deserves mention. The critic Meena Shirwadkar maintains, what has been regarded as harsh or fearful reality becomes the subject of humour in her hands. With a clear vision, she sees this unique aspect of Indian family life and with deft strokes captures the motivation behind the behaviour of the mother-in-law”.

In "The Aliens" a story in the collection 'Like Birds, Like Fishes', Peggy observes that the mother-in-law takes up sides in everything with her son, against the elder daughter-in-law. She feels old and tired, if her son and daughter-in-law are ever together. This is a very familiar figure of Indian households. Jhabvala observes the attitude of the mother-in-law with a critical yet clear vision which however does not eschew sympathy or humour.

But the terrifying mother-in-law can also be the tender grandmother. In Narayan's, 'Swami and Friends' she is the benevolent figure. To quote Shirwadkar again :

"The appearance is that the grandmother and grandson are at odds with one another. For throughout the day it appears that Swami is running out to play and does not care for his grandmother while she is fated to sit into the dimly lit hall passage—an unobtrusive place from where she can see everything. But day time hides their inner deep feelings. When lamps are lit at lamp time, it is to Granny that the boy returns for he knows that granny is the person to whom he can boast about the exploits of the day. With granny he feels safe and at home. With the father, the boy feels awkward and afraid and the mother has no time to listen to his tall talk, there is the housework and the baby. So only granny can hear about Rajam the rich and new school friend. Swami wants to speak of cricket, she of the golden day when Swami's grandfather was alive. Both try to push their own stories, both speak at cross purposes, both want to speak and not listen. So when Swami tells how Rajam killed a tiger, granny dozes and when granny begins the story of Harishchandra, Swami sleeps.

In an Indian joint family, granny and her repertory of Puranic and legendary stories is quite a common thing—She is the symbol of a fast disappearing old order, the central binding force in the joint family. Relationship between grandparents and grandchildren are strong, in spite of an apparent communication gap. Grandparents fulfil roles which parents sometimes neglect.

The traditional image of Indian parents is one of maintaining a certain distance from the children, commanding and receiving respect as relationships are governed by mutual concepts of duty. Sons have to be placed in a job and daughters to be married. Later there is a reversal of roles with the sons assuming responsibility for old parents. This picture arises in Jhabvala's "Get Ready for Battle" Sumi's father is a government official in Mathura, a gazetted officer, quite an important man but he has six daughters for all of whom dowries had to be found. When parental duties are fulfilled in the course of time, there is a reversal of roles and responsibility falls on the shoulder of sons. The self styled sanyasi landlord in Mr. Sampath talking to Srinivas mourns the regrettable absence of a sense of duty in his children.

"They neglect their mother and wouldn't spend even an anna when she was ill. I had to pay the doctor's bill—one hundred and seventy five rupees all myself. Not an anna was contributed by any of them. After her death, I'll cut off the entire brood completely. I have no use for ungrateful wretches of that type. Do you agree with me or not?"

Unwritten rules of decorum which dominate family establishments at large govern the relationships between husband and wife in particular. It is the

woman who is subordinate to the man. This is explicit in the elaborate almost ritualistic pattern of service offered by wives to husbands. Srinivas's wife prepares meals and serves them with appropriate care, whenever he chooses to arrive. The tradition bound Indian wife, eats only after she serves her husband.

An opinion often voiced is that traditional family life, for women is one endless process of subordination and denial. Various restrictions are imposed on a woman's life as everything she does is a reflection on the family. In the middle or lower classes conservatism is particularly pronounced as they are more insular to liberalising influences. In "Get Ready for Battle", Shankar's wife tells Vishnu, "Sumi is a girl from a respectable family, a girl like that can't sit in a young man's car and be taken where he pleases. Then she shouted "Please remember her marriage is still to be made. What decent family will take her if she is seen sitting in a car with a young man like you?" In the same novel, Jhabvala portrays a rather contrasting freedom available to the man. Vishnu ignores his wife's objections, tears and protestations and makes merry with his liberated women friends. In Mr. Sampath Srinivas's initial callous treatment of his wife is accepted by her, because she is the Dharma Patni.

But forces of change are operative in Indian society. Jhabvala reflects this in her novels. Women of the affluent classes are portrayed as gradually breaking away from a system which imposes bondage. Jhabvala's pioneers are almost always involved in social service, committees and club meetings. Mrs. Kaul in "A Backward Place" feels that marriage is a gilded cage. Her husband goes to work, her kids are in a hostel and so she starts a cultural dias. Jhabvala is not particularly appreciative of this orientation.

The position of women in the Indian family has as its basis certain deep rooted notions popular through the ages. The barren woman and to a less extent the woman without a son is a stigma on the family. In Markandaya's 'Nectar in a Sieve' Rukmini finds favour in the eyes of her husband only after she gives birth to a son. Rukmini's daughter Ira is sent back from her husband's home, because she does not bear a son, while he marries another woman.

The family upholds and maintains certain values and traditions fundamental to Indian society. In India divorce is frowned upon as it is the root cause of social trauma and instability. For the same reason marriages of convenience finds favour in Indian families - when Sarla Devi in "Get Ready for Battle" separates from Guljarilal and begins to live alone, she is looked upon as an oddity. But her husband can take a mistress with the connivance of society. And when she agrees to divorce, Brij Mohan, her brother who is representative of all that traditional Indian society stands for begins to view her as not quite sane.

The Indian family thus stands in potent opposition to all forces which threatens stability. However forces of change are fast sweeping in. This has set up a conflict between family and society. What the future will be is a source of pure speculation. Would it make towards a more progressive set up, or towards a western-type disintegration ?

A stable family makes for a stable society.

RACHEL CHACKO
MIRIAM LAZARUS
RADHA
III Year Literature

THE SEVENTH NON ALIGNED MEET

Non-alignment is neither neutrality nor indifference. It involves active and free exercise of judgement on certain principles. Peace is not passive.

The Seventh Non-Aligned Summit in New Delhi was a glittering extravaganza of international policies. It had the intimations of an epic Greek drama. Presidents, Prime Ministers and foreign ministers of many nations were engaged in long intense exchanges of ideas, ideologies and insights.

India, for the first time, was given leadership of a movement brought into being some twenty years ago. The non-aligned movement was launched by a small group of 25 nations on September 1st in Belgrade. Today, six summits later, the NAM has drawn almost 100 member nations.

Three words have been very carefully chosen by India— Peace, Disarmament and Development - as the primary objectives of the NAM.

The world has been pushed into an awesome arms race which has to be stopped at all costs. All over the world, protest movements are growing stronger and Nuclear Freeze is the general demand made. The world's military expenditure has spiralled and the weak nations too burden themselves with this at the expense of development.

India will be the primal leader of this movement for another three years. This will mean a giant step in the realization of the Indian vision of the future—peace and prosperity to all mankind.

ALPANA SHARMA
I Year History

INDIA — VISION vs REALITY

'Twas borne on me with wondrous pride,
Alloyed with gentle surprise and delight
As I lay in soothing, reminiscent mood
"What a great country is mine."

Beyond the obscuring mists of time
Lies its origin - beautiful, sublime,
The holy books tell the tale
Of celestial hosts who gladdened the Earth.
Of the rivers of milk, honey and dew,
The valorous feats, battle galore
'Twixt the Gods and the Demons,
The mystic rishis.

It shames the frail human tongue to relate
The splendour of its mighty kings
The Cheras, the Cholas and Pandyas great
who in triumph did reign,
A nation whose skies rained luscious pearls
While the land 'tis said bore
A produce so rich, the Earth cringed.
Then, the reign of aliens came to be.
The alien culture, tongue and taste
'naught did mar but made
Bharat the land it is today!!

Ah! That such contemplation may forever be,
Alas! The roseate clouds disperse in haste
As the gate of reason asserts its sway
That nought shall permit the mind to ease.

As the glare of the sun, harshly brilliant,
On bones bleached and worn, smites the eye
Yet compelled by sad fascination,
I trace the dim tracts of time
Gradually obscured by winds of change
As they recede on the sands of Eternity.

I see, I perceive a nation that lay
Torn and bleeding, 'neath every power
That sought to cross its sacred shores
To ravage, to plunder and to destroy,
Supreme in its passivity it always lay,
Even in its death throes with laboured
Breath sighing - Our Karma.
And so, the land in blissful slumber lay
In peace, in peace, the peace of the grave
Till at last its soul was stirred
With mighty cry to wrench the chains
To breathe, to live, to rejoice !

Ah ! Were this the end !
But truth bids me tell
Of gaunt cheeks, of hollow eyes.
While we pant to force the fruit
The termites breed at the root.
Weeds, weeds, straggling weeds,
More mouths, more and more to feed !
Water the weeds, let them thrive.
Tender them and they shall yield
Fruits, crops - luscious, ripe.

O hungry millions, sick, diseased
O termites of lust, power and greed
Our blazing hope our divine promise
Thou shalt yield, thou shall fulfil
The Vision, the power, the triumph complete !
Come, golden day ! come, golden hour !
I dream, I dream, I dream, content
For who am I to take the lead ?

S. KALPANA,
I Year Literature

DERELICTION

Manacled in the ravening guts
of diseased hollows
Immured in the pall of misty oblivion
The shorn spirit
Scuffles
With lurid nightmares
Of gleaming featureless faces
Strangers all...
Or watches wistfully
Through tiny loopholes
The azure expanse of twinkling skies
Over greener pastures of alien banks...
Proud prisoner, wake up
The eastern gates are opening wide
Your favourite flower has bloomed.

S. SANDHYA
I M. A. Literature

THE RAINBOW MELTED

The rainbow melted in the dew drops
and came to fill the world
Half way thro'
It met the wind
Which scattered the colours.
The Azure blue saw
a humming stream go by
And thought it to be the ideal place ;
The grass on the ground
Invited the green
To live with him for eternity ;
The purple roamed about
Till it met dawn
And knew it was his ;
The sun set sky saw the orange glow
And made it his own for ever more
The young sun-beam and yellow knew
They were made for each other, even
Before they met ;
The red was last
To get his bed
Of soft petals in
Velvet bud.
All found their home
Yet they were alone-so
On the fragile wings of the
Butterflies they met
And floated around in the
Noon - day heat.

AMIRTHANJALI,
I Year Literature

AWAKENING

A bud
enclosing
a murky inner self
Arrogance
and haughty defiance
scoffing
at the surrounding luminescence
Time passed by
and with it
passed the fatuous infancy;
Sepals
studded
With ego
Shed off
the impenetrable shell,
yielded
as light graced the core
and elevated it
to a height it had known not before
the transformation took place
a humble, soft, interior
was formed.
Realisation dawned
Ecstasy and ethereal bliss remains.

NAGAMANI
I Year Literature

POETRY

A gust of wind
Burst into the room,
Lifted the papers strewn on my desk
And sent them wild into the air.
I reached out my hands
To grasp a few,
Then waited.
Watching as they twirled
Like snowflakes to the ground.
Childhood fancies in a childish hand ;
Pictures of frilly frocks and hairbands ;
Scraps of compositions,
Picnics, excursions :
Adolescent rhymics, secretly writ
Attempts at wit
Stilted expressions of tender emotions.
Leaves of a diary recording a story
Of anxieties and fears,
Hopes and silent tears
Into the warmth of a pillow at night.
Recorded triumphs and jotted details
Of rich experiences ; Lists
Of gifts, abundant and free
Joys of the senses ;
A torn recipe
Spice and vinegar.
I gathered them together
At random to see what they held ;
A medley, they made strange melody.
Alone in that room
Alive with the storm,
I reviewed my life,
And found it to be
Poetry.

HELEN AMBROSE
I. M.A. Literature

LORD, LET ME BE A CHILD ONCE AGAIN !

Just for a minute Lord, let me be a child again. Not long ago I knew those feelings but they slipped away one day when I neglected to remember them. If I might just once again...

...Run as fast as I can for no reason but to feel the hard ground under my feet.

...Walk home from school kicking a rock and dragging a stick amazed by the earth's awakening from winter's sleep.

...Press my nose against a rainwashed window pane, allowing the aroma of cakes to pull me from my watch.

...Hear the bat hit the ball into the field, feel my hands sting, the sweater tied around my waist flapping as I run to collect it.

...Push damp hair from my flushed face, cheeks streaked from dirty hands that have built roads, lanes and towns in the mud.

...Stomp through puddles until my shoes are soaked.

...Crouch behind a bush in the darkness during a game of hide and seek, heart pumping wildly, breath tight in my chest.

...Climb on my father's lap, smelling familiar after shave lotion.

...Lift my face, eyes squeezed and mouth wide open to catch huge raindrops on my tongue.

...Run around my mother, when she threatened to punish me.

...Stick out my tongue, when my brother threatened to push my face in.

When did I accept the difference between reality and make-believe? On what day did I start seeing with my mind instead of my heart?

I never planned to let these times escape when I moved into others. I didn't know they would hurry from me to become only fragrant reminders of a scent forgotten.

Please Lord, Let me be a child just one more time...

ALPANA SHARMA
I Year History

THE MINISTER'S VISIT

The chill breeze of the November night woke Appu from his deep slumber. The moon was shining brightly. The whole village was plunged in utter silence occasionally disturbed by the feeble barks of the street dogs.

Appu opened his eyes and straight through the holes on the ceiling of the hut, he saw the moon. He gently smiled at his midnight companion. He winked at the twinkling stars and his heart was overwhelmed with joy. These were the rare moments of his otherwise dull, monotonous pathetic life.

Appu was just thirteen. But the bitter experiences of his childhood had taught him the lessons of life. He gazed at the moon. Tears trickled down his skinny cheeks. He felt the warmth generated by the hot tears and he suddenly remembered his mother - the only soul who understood the young but nevertheless, the noble heart of Appu.

His mother died a year after the birth of her second child, a daughter. Appu was at her side and the last meaningful, penetrating stare of his mother was indelibly imprinted on his mind. The next moment, he was left alone - the sole custodian, guardian and above all the loving brother of his sweet sister. Appu had never seen his father and the only detail he remembered about him was his elopement with the neighbour's wife.

Early in the morning, he splashed the ice-cold water on his face and got ready for the daily routine. He handed over the kid to a woman in the neighbourhood. Once in a way, his uncle would come and give him some money. He worked as a clerk in the next village. Appu worked as a porter boy at the village Railway station.

Appu walked alone towards the station and he heard somebody yelling out his name. He turned back and perceived the figure of his friend Raju who was moving hurriedly towards Appu.

"Aren't you coming, Appu?" queried Raju.

"Coming? But where, Raju?" Appu asked back with a puzzled look.

"Oh, Appu! You mean you don't know what's happening at the village playground today!"

"Absolutely no! What's the matter? Are you going to play cricket today?"

“ How can you be so ignorant Appu! Today the Minister is coming to our dirty village ” - answered the enthusiastic Raju.

“ Minister ?”

“ Yes, the Minister who won the recent election. He is coming to talk to us and solve our problems. Appu, his wife is coming too. Aren't you coming? I'm going to catch the first row of seats for all our friends. Appu, aren't you coming ?”

Raju was dying out of curiosity. He wanted Appu to accompany him. But noticing the unchanged expression on Appu's face, he mustered his persuasive powers once again and exclaimed :

“ The Minister Appu, the Minister ! It is the Minister who is coming to see the dusty streets and the dirty pigs ! Mind you, it's going to be a landmark in the history of our village. You'll never get a chance to see a Minister in all your life. Remember, a Minister !”

Raju's eloquence moved Appu.

“ But how can I come Raju? My sister will be alone. My neighbour will also want to come to the meeting. I can't leave the baby alone !”

Apparently, Raju was irritated, “ Why on earth can't you bring her too? I bet, the Minister will be pleased to see the kiddy ”.

“ Are you sure, Raju ?” asked Appu with an unsatisfied look on his face.

“ Ah ! Appu - don't test my patience, now. You ARE coming today at 10' clock straight to the playground. Please don't run away to the station. I have to go now. Don't forget Appu ! 10' clock, the Minister !”

Raju started running leaving Appu alone to himself. A minute passed and Raju screamed from the end of the lane.

“ Appu ! They're going to serve free meals at 12' noon. You need not work for your bread today. The Minister is very nice, you see !” After the urgent delivery of this valuable piece of information, Raju regained his speed and resumed his running. Appu smiled to himself and returned home.

The serene village life was disturbed that morning and the villagers were very much excited at the prospect of seeing the Minister - the Minister, who lived in the huge building of the city - the Minister who used to fly in aeroplanes and the Minister who won the favour of countless citizens during the elections.

When Appu reached the playground, the whole village was assembled there. The very sight inspired in him a sense of uneasiness. How could he make it with the baby through this flood of humanity? Till then he never knew that there were so many people living in his village. Appu realised the enormity of his task. No. He could never make it.

Suddenly, the familiar scream attracted his attention. "Come over Appu, here's a place for you right in the front. He'll be here in a few minutes' time. Never mind the crowd. Push everybody and come soon."

Appu struggled hard to spot out Raju and finally caught his figure. He held the baby firmly and decided to move on. He wanted to see the Minister. He persevered with undaunted courage. But the ominous fear lurked within him. Sudden shouts and cheerings filled the air. Yes! The Minister had arrived. Appu was caught in the midst of the vast crowd. The baby was screaming its head off. The Minister was garlanded and he was preparing himself to deliver the much awaited speech.

"Dear citizens of India", he began, "My comrades, my own flesh and blood. I'm very happy to share this joy and happiness with you all today".

Appu was pushed down and the people took no notice of the two suffering ones.

"We Ministers are appointed to minister to the needs of the poor. Eradication of poverty and its suppression is my motto. I've resolved to work for the welfare of the downtrodden".

The crowd was excited. The villagers who were infected with the spirit of wild ecstasy, rushed forward. The baby's scream chilled Appu's spine. He was no longer in possession of his sister. He could only hear the helpless cry of the agonised soul. Little did he realise that the baby was being trampled.

"Reach out with love to the poor and needy. Wipe the tears on the cheeks of the orphans. They are our fellow-beings and it is our pious task to work for the betterment of the society."

A loud scream of the baby was gradually reduced to a feeble cry. Appu was breathless. He pressed forward with his hands stretched out and his eyes closed. He was groping in the dark and tears welled up in his eyes. He knew it all before. The faint cry also died out and Appu froze.

"Once again, I remind you all my brethren: Love, Kindness and Compassion are the vital factors which determine the welfare of human life and civilization.

Be kind to your enemies. I hereby declare that I devote myself whole-heartedly to the welfare of the down-trodden. Let love and peace rule our country. Jai Hind!"

The applause of the villagers drowned the last few words of the honourable guest. A mad frenzy possessed the wild countrymen and women. They turned back towards their hovels with a renewed vigour and vitality. The minister had done it.

Appu waited for the clearance and the heavy pulsations of his heart were audible as if he held his heart in his hands. Gradually the crowd gave way and Appu turned and looked around. He stooped down and he found the bloody piece of creation which had just then completed its journey on this blessed earth. Appu closed his eyes and the blood soiled his hands.

The Minister announced the commencement of the free meal service. Appu staggered along the road. After all, who was he to blame the crowd? How could he trust the crowd with a kid? He slowly bowed down and gently kissed the cold, deformed lips of the baby.

S. SUDHA,
I M.A. Literature

CONFLICT

The sun was blazing white in a cloudless sky. The shrill cries of the urchins playing on the pot-holed street, rose sharply against the loud cries of the hawkers. An occasional rickshaw clattered past, shattering the stillness of the hot Calcutta afternoon. Mingling with the noise was the smell of rotting garbage spilling over the biers into the streets, where young men, old women and toddlers foraged for food. I wiped my brow and cursed the sodden humidity and turned again to see if I could spot either the attendants or the people I'd just asked for. Seeing neither, I turned again to the outside world—the peeling, bleached yellow stain on the walls, the rusty blackness of the huge grill gates—all this—wouldn't this make the inhabitants of the place feel cut off, left out, forgotten despairing of ever enjoying life as it used to be?

My thoughts took me back to those times when my eldest brother had just returned from Cornell-U.S.A. We were all so excited and proud of him, most so my grandparents. But things had taken a turn for the unpleasant.

Rakesh had forgotten his background and the importance of religion and his culture. To my grandparents' horror, they found him using his sacred thread, the Upanayan, to tie old books. Not only that, he never seemed to pray and when the Purohit came to do Puja, he had had the effrontery to offer him a cigarette and had told him "to step on it!" Ram! Ram! What a scandal that was. And that, too, in front of Ram Seth, Shanker Dayal, Purushottam Baberjee, Kamal Das and all those other people who were the city's elite.

Dada and Dadi had complained to Ma-Baba about this but the latter understanding their son and Kaliyug better, rebuked Rakesh mildly and let it go at that. But things did not end there. Rakesh argued loudly, smoked heavily—that too, before his elders; he did not hesitate to call the holy Purohit a fool to his face; he kept sitting even when his elders entered the room: he insisted that everyone eat westernized meals in the western way—for their good, he said and oh! so many other things. My grandparents suffered all this but one day was the last straw. Rakesh brought home two of his trousered, smoking, girl-friends, who, according to Dadima did not even look like girls. The ensuing racket and the utter disregard of every kind of etiquette was the immediate cause of the World War III in our home.

Dada and Dadi waited for Ma-Baba and issued their ultimatum—as regally and in as dignified a manner as was their custom. They said that it was with pain that they had decided - it was either Rakesh mending his way - wardness or they leaving their beloved children and moving away where they wouldn't have to witness the gradual disintegration of the family. In the shocked silence, Rakesh's raucous laughter seemed inhuman! Our bewildered eyes turned towards him—first uncomprehending and then dismayed. Rakesh got up, sauntered across the room to Dada and Dadi, put an arm around each rigid back and told them "to come off it" He was sorry that he was such a "damn nuisance" to them but he couldn't help it. Times had changed even though they tried to cloister themselves away from the fact. Sure, couldn't they see that his new job was so full of tension and he was so pressed for time that he had had to have the comfort of a cigarette? Couldn't they see that girls were no longer meant only to be the traditional wife and mother but had come to carve out an important niche for themselves in today's commercial, scientific and social world?

I still remember his affectionate hand ruffling my hair and a voice above saying "One day, Ragini may even be an executive like me."

If they could not tolerate his ways, he was willing to stay elsewhere for he did not want to break up the family.

My Dada and Dadi snorted. They declared their decision—irrevocable—either he changed or they moved. Rakesh shrugged and moved to look out at the wall in front of our window. Baba pushed his glasses further up his nose

and looked uncertainly at Ma. Ma stared firmly at the keys at the end of her pallav. The same sound of rickshaws clattering down the street could be heard. No one had moved. Then an embarrassed Baba asked Dada and Dadi for a compromise but before anything else could be done they stalked out—very indignant that their son dared take his child's part against them.

That was how the taxi had come to take away Dada's huge old tin trunk and Dadi's old tea chest which contained her spotless sarees and her round spectacles—the only concession to modernity—her huge Gita and various knick-knacks that she had collected over the years. The familiar walking stick with the ornate handle, his favourite surma container and his spectacle case secured firmly about his person, Dada strode out into the hot still afternoon after Dadi, without looking back. That's how they had gone. That's the reason why I was standing here at the door of the "Old Folks Home" to meet two people who had been an essential part of our lives some years ago - I've forgotten how many, It had been a happy family then. we used to.....

"Madam! *Aeshche* (they're coming) *Apni boshun* (please sit down)"

"*Hain, Lain! Dhanobadh!* (Thank you)" I sat down but got up again—too agitated to sit still. Waiting was agony! The sun was too hot, those kids had also gone off somewhere, not a leaf stirred. I felt like I was standing on a time bomb.

I heard shuffling inside. The astringent smell of the waiting room with its bare walls made me more than slightly sick. The shuffling came nearer, then stopped. I turned around slowly, the smile struggling for birth upon the table of my face, died just as it was conceived in pain. Before me stood two human skeletons their eyes sunken, lustreless, their lips parched and cracked like the fields of Krishnangore, our native place, when we had faced drought in '57, their skin was a veritable physical map of the places they had been to, the sights seen, the feelings felt, the lines criss-crossed and crossed and again so much so.....

The drab yellow walls were reflecting the sun, I think. My eyes hurt so that I had to blink them a few times.....

I shook my head and waved my hand impatiently at the flies that had appeared from nowhere and were now buzzing incessantly round my head. I felt slightly numb - the shock waves having subsided. I remembered that fatal flaw in time again. My Dadi's scandalized expression and her uttering the name of Ram, my vague but deep uneasiness which children always seem to feel when all is not well in the world of their elders and therefore their own, the sulky, disapproving truce of sometime which disintegrated into the many trips that the taxi took between one home and another newer and stranger one. The deep insight of childhood had told me that what they were doing was beneficial neither to them nor to us and that each and everyone involved—including me—knew it and that everyone knew that the other knew!

Now years later, I stood watching one shrivelled gnarled, pathetic object lead another dilapidated wreck uncertainly towards me. Four eyes stared dully at me, listless in their uncertainty. So many years - So many changes.....

“Dadima, don't you recognise me?”

No response.

“Dada! Dadi! It's me-your Ragini baba! - Desperation.

Somewhere in the inner recess of an old mind, a curtain swayed, lifting slowly but nevertheless lifting. The nothingness faded into a tunnel at the end of which glimmered a candle light!

Rajur Baba, it's our Ragini baba! It is! Isn't it?”-the voice quavered rose and fell pointing itself waveringly at me. I nodded - too moved to speak.

Dadima came stumbling towards me—arms open, fingers clutching long before it established contact. I felt the sweat of the guilty, the sudden embarrassment that confronts one when one realises that the baby hadn't been fed for over twenty hours inadvertently.

I looked towards Dada—he hadn't moved. He gazed sightlessly at me, lost somewhere along the way in the mist of time. The shrivelled, toothless jaws worked mechanically—champing each other, a little spittle wound its way down the chin unknowing and uncared for.

Arms clung to me, a thin high voice quavered and broke into sobs the emotions of a long period suppressed and now let forth. I wound my arms tightly around the light frail body relaxing instinctively, feeling that the bones may snap at any moment. At that moment I cursed modernity, I cursed the situation that had brought them to such a condition.

The old system when the old folks were guaranteed comfort and security in their old age with one of the family, had disintegrated. Now with the emergence of modernity and the new ideals and way of thinking an institution as old as time—honoured and admired as the Kachenjunga had collapsed, No more could parents hope to receive even a particle of what they had given birth to or nurtured and sacrificed themselves for. The birds would fly away in the twilight of their life leaving behind memories, loneliness and living death.

Prem Chand's story—what was it? Something about a servant who worked during illness or health, in truth and sincerity for his master—being turned out in his old age, homeless, to wander about begging for a handful of rice and five metres of ground to lie on at night. And this was contrasted with the grand opening of a “gowshala” (cow shelter) for old infirm cows, a sacred animal for the Hindus—the irony of living.

Parents slaved away their youth and middle-age to bring up their children in relative comfort. educate them and see them settled well in life—they were an investment to them. But now, children grew up, shed their dependence and their old filial ties and set up home away from their old ones. Parents grew older. found that they couldn't manage by themselves and shifted to their children's houses only to find that things weren't the same anymore. This had happened in my family and in many more families the world over. Was this an inevitable happening or were the people becoming callous and careless ?

As I felt Dadima trembling in my arms, I felt a compassion I'd never really felt before—even when my dog had broken his leg when I was twelve—take possession of me. Her tears mingled freely and unashamedly with mine.

As we moved apart, Dadi slowly reached up and wiped her face as I fumbled with my tissues and make-up. She asked me how my parents were and how Rakesh was doing. I told her that they were all fine but had missed them terribly during the years. But as I said it, it sounded false, innane even to my ears. Dadima didn't say anything more. I told her about myself, my work and tried to steer her into an account of their life there. I tried to conceal the great change that had come about in our lives—my extreme independence, my late hours over work—my fiancée and so many other aspects of life in its informalized and changed state. But I knew that she had sensed all this and more so that when I asked her if they would like to come back to live either with my parents or myself, I knew the answer before she even drew herself up to answer “No” firmly.

I don't know how I felt—sad, remorseful, guilty or even secretly relieved. I dared not admit anything to myself. My roots were too deeply entrenched in our ancient culture and beliefs— or rather what I believed and expected myself to be would have shattered into a million silver pieces to fleck a landscape that would certainly become insecure.

As I reached the gate, I looked back. Dadima was still standing as I had left her. but her one difference—her hand was under Dada's elbow and her body seemed to be protecting them both from the corrosive influence of the outside world with its new fangled notions and life style. The yellow of the building paled into a white brilliance. The sun continued on its journey and I walked on, striding into nothingness.

ELIZABETH CHACKO
III Year Literature.

KARMA

Yesterday, when the DC-10. landed at the New York Kennedy air port, I saw snow on the sides of the runway. November is too early for snow. But the snow, like heaps of jasmine flowers, so soft, so white, made my return to the States a memorable experience. Fifteen years back, I used to love the snow fall. I always imagined that jasmines were falling from the sky in showers. I spent my first Christmas holidays in New York during my doctorate study at the University of Maryland. That was the first time I ever saw snow. Looking up at the sky, unmindful of the snow falling on my eyes, I walked up and down the river side. Again during fall session, here I am after fifteen years with my old landlady Nora Mabel, as her guest.

She came to the Washington airport to receive me. She looked hale and healthy, in spite of her sixtyfive years. She welcomed me with open arms, kissed me and said "Welcome home, Sri lovely to have you again." How soothing, comfortable it was to be a teenager, a real kid in her arms. I explained to her I would take one day off, just to rest. I would just take a stroll in the college park and the University. I pushed my business meetings to the day after my arrival at Washington.

Nora welcomed my idea and so she let me sleep. She had gone to church, early in the morning. I closed the windows to cut off the chill wind, went to the closet took out a pair of light grey flannels and a clean white shirt. I washed, showered and dressed. I knew the pantry well. From the refrigerator, I took the milk carton, supplemented it with a few biscuits and an apple for breakfast. I was ready to go out. I took the second key to the apartment, locked up and started walking towards the University.

As I was walking from Simon hall to Jull hall everything seemed the same as it was fifteen years ago. Students were on the ground tossing the ball trying to put it in the net. Some were near the students' union. Some were near the library and in the corridors. Some were sitting with legs stretched and comparing notes. One Bengali lady with two American students was putting her class notes straight just as John, Elizabeth and I did during our student days. Filled with memories I went to the Nutrition Department to meet my old professors. None of the professors under whom I took my courses were on the list. Only one name, Thomas Carter, was familiar. He was a teaching assistant when I had my bio-chemistry lab sessions. I went to his room and greeted him "Hello, Tom." "Ha, Come in Sri. long time. How nice to see you!" "I am glad you could place me, Tom" I was quite happy about this.

"No change in you, old lad! Perhaps you have put on a little weight."

I looked at my growing waistline, pulled the stomach in and nodded an affirmative. Tom spent the next fifteen minutes talking a little about the campus, the campus newspaper, 'Diamond Back' the students and the old professors who took courses for me either retired or shifted to other Universities or to Bethesda Medical School. When it was time for Tom's class, we parted. I walked to the vending machine, pushed the coin in the slot took the orange juice carton out. Sipping the juice I loitered slowly around the campus looking at the dragon flies and damsel flies. The dairy farm, the icecream parlour, the South administration block were all ringing with the same sounds, the same notes with the same frequencies as before. I sat near the tortoise near the post graduate library. This is the place where I first met Peter another Indian, who became a good friend and stuck to me till now. I was feeling quite happy. How proud we were to say that Mary Schrob was from our department. I tried to retrace the path back to College park.

I walked back to the apartment in College park. It was past one thirty and Nora was waiting for me. On seeing me, she said warmly "Sri! The mashed potatoes are ready. Pizza is in the oven. I have made apple pie and tomato soup. Come. We can have something." I nodded and washed my hands and came back to the dining room. Nora was sitting, waiting for me. The table was laid and she placed her best crockery which was used only if guests of importance stayed for dinner. She said her prayers as before and served me with tomato soup. I thanked her and started eating. During the lunch she enquired about my wife and son. We have kept in touch with each other all these years. She never forgot to greet me on my birthday.

I asked her about her sons. "Sri, both have jobs and are married. Bob is now in Canada. He has taken a teaching job. He is in the History Department. Tom is now in New Jersey. He has his own place and has people coming in with tooth troubles." I could have called Tom from New York. I did not ask you. He has gone for a symposium. Today he will be back. When you go back, you can call him. Sri! Next month I want to join the home for the aged. I asked them, they said I could come in this month itself. As you were coming, I thought it would not harm me if I postponed it next month." Nora said it so calmly as a matter of fact. But this decision of hers was like splashing a bucket of ice cold water on my face.

"Why! Nora auntie. Can't you stay with Bob or Tom?"

"Sri! Remember the little discussions we had when you were here. We should not trouble anyone. I am lonely. Not healthy. It is better for me to go to the home for the aged. Why worry Bob or Tom? They have their own lives. I have my savings. My social security is there. My health insurance is there. That will take care of my expenses. My arthritis is troubling me again. Winter is bad for me."



PREMINDA JACOB, M.A. (Fine Arts)

"Sri! how different you Indians are. We haven't got your family system. You were so proud of it. You dreamt of so many things. We have no responsibilities. Bob and Tom were on their own from the age of eighteen. Old ladies are a bother, Sri. So the home for the aged will take care of us. May be some Christmas or Thanksgiving holidays Bob and Tom may visit me. What a shame! I was not born in India with a son like you. Sri! you would have taken care of me. I could have been happy with you and your tiny little boy. But we are not like you people. Each person lives for himself. Your culture is different. Okay Sri! so many times you told me these when you were my paying guest. I am glad I saw you after a long period. You are the same old Sri. How the east and west differ!" exclaimed Nora.

I could not gulp the apple pie any more. Nor could I bring it out. It would be in bad taste. Like Lord Eashwar I had it in my throat and it hurt me. I realised soon that it was not the apple pie but the naked truths which hurt me. I excused myself and went into my room.

What did Nora say? She wanted a son like me to look after her in her old age, to give simple company and nothing more. When I was here, fifteen years ago I used to argue with her how rotten the American system is, how nice the Indian system is and how wonderful the joint family system is. I vociferously argued with her and told her it was wrong on the part of American youth to neglect their parents. How many times I used to see the old people in the home for the aged near Rowland Apartments. Old people clinging to the windows, clutching the bars, looking out for some visitors, for some-one with whom they can talk. I used to hate the sight. I used to curse the American system. I had no hesitation in telling Nora about all this.

I spoke to her about my mother—how she sold all her jewels and land just to make me a post-graduate and to send me to United States for higher education. Very often I used to speak my elder sister Vasantha, that she is "sacrifice personified." She took up a small job near our village just to be near mother till I finished my studies and she refused to marry for my sake. When I first came to Washington I dreamt of the day when I could bring mother and show her all these and then find a husband for Vasantha.

But what have I done in reality! After finishing the doctorate, I attended an interview in Washington itself. I was appointed as a scientist in the research and development section of a private company. I returned to Bombay and met Lalitha at one of the Company dinners. Lalitha, the delicate darling daughter of my company financier. The dark eyes, the long hair, the delicate neck and above all the comforts which would come with the marriage were too tempting.

I plunged into marriage without consulting 'Amma'. Once I married Lalitha it was a hectic time going to Kashmir for honeymoon, attending parties, business meetings and climbing up the social ladder. I dreaded the past when

I had to eat cold rice with mango pickle and walk to my school five miles away from our village. The lower middle class life style did not suit me any longer. I made a choice between that and the present position. I had to pay a price. Lalitha was too delicate and she could not dream of going to my village in the deep interior of Tamilnadu. She could not stay without me even for a day, so the thought of going alone was also ruled out.

After a year of married life I was making preparations to go to Singapore and Japan with Lalitha and her brother Hari. This trip meant a great deal to me. Our Company had expanded and become a big affair. If I brought home good results, I would become the research director. I had put all my efforts in planning my tour.

As I was packing Lalitha's clothes, the servant brought in a telegram. I read 'Mother serious. Start immediately'. It was from Vasantha. I hesitated. If I went now Lalitha had to come with me. All my dreams of becoming a director would be shattered to pieces. My conscience was pricking me so I showed the telegram to Lalitha. I asked her opinion. She told me if once we lost this opportunity it may not come again. She assured me I could go to the village after the trip and that 'amma' would be all right. I meekly agreed with her and went off to see Singapore and Japan.

During the trip once or twice, I remembered Vasantha and 'amma' in the old house in the village, with no taps, no electricity, bare backyard with the well, lime tree and shoe-flower plant. I brushed aside the memories and tried to feel the softness of the bed on which I was lying.

After two months abroad, we returned home to Bombay. A telegram was on the letter holder in the drawing room. I took it and opened it. 'Mother expired Vasantha.' The telegram dated forty days back was lying there. The Marathi servant did not contact me as Lalitha had given him instructions not to send any messages. I went that week end to my village by road. As soon as I parked my beautiful vehicle, the tahsildar came out and told me that Vasantha waited for me for two days and as there was no message she proceeded with the rites. After the monthly ceremony, she also left the village to take up a better job and her whereabouts were not known to him.

With a heavy heart, I started back to Bombay. I remembered 'amma' and Vasantha during my wedding ceremony. Both sat in a corner with happiness and fear. Proud of me, happy about my match, afraid of how they will be a match to the bride's party fear of what others would say about them! Two meek self-sacrificing souls! What did I do to them in return for all the benefits bestowed on me? Only once, I remember sending money to mother and the money order was returned to me. She refused the money. Leave me alone.

How many of us in India are keeping to our heritage? Peter now in Bombay has sent off his father to his sister's house as his wife is not able to bear the sight of the father-in-law. Ram, the clerk in my office due to his economic position is not able to keep his parents. He sends them a meagre thirty rupees every month. Srivatsan our rich neighbour has his parents with him. But can one call it looking after the parents? Vatsan's pet dog has better freedom in that house, than the old couple. Is this what I boasted to Nora Mabel. Why? Why? Why? What is wrong? Where is the cause?

We are neither following our own old heritage nor do we have the 'guts' like Americans, to be 'damned' with everything. We try to ape them and when it suits us we follow our own customs. The net result is we are caught in a whirlpool. The vision is blinded. We become self-centred. With a heavy feeling I went near the window and moved the lace curtains. Only then I realised what a long time I spent thinking about my old dreams and the present reality. I could see the headlights of a car turning into college park from Route-2 and realised that it was dark outside.

The telephone rang and Nora said from the kitchen "I will get it, don't bother Sri" and lifted the phone. The ringing of the phone brought me back to the present and I sat near the desk to prepare my notes for the business meeting to be held next day, brushing aside all thoughts about the past.

I am basically an Indian, a true Indian. I believe in 'Karma' if fate is written like that we are destined to be like that. Who can help? This is my 'Karma'.

YASHODA DURAISAMY
Dept. of Chemistry

'MEMBER OF THE WEDDING' - REPORT AND REMINISCENCE

The play 'Member of the Wedding' by Carson Mc Cullers was presented by Stella Maris College at Museum Theatre on October 21st, 22nd and 23rd, 1982. It formed part of the college endeavour to raise funds for the building of a much needed auditorium. Ably directed by Miss Vyjanthi Naidu of the Literature Department, the play took shape over a period of little over two months.

Adolescence was the theme and for three nights the Madras audience watched as twelve year old Frankie Addams (played by Kamini Shet) wept and laughed her way across the stage, struggling with her longing to be included in the adult world of her brother, Jarvis (Sandhya Parthasarathi) and his fiance. (Shoba Nair). The roles of the Negroes—Berenice (the Addams' housekeeper), Honey Camdan—the young rebel, and staid old T. T. Williams, were skilfully

portrayed by Sujatha Kumar, Arathi Sudhaman and Indira Krishnamurthi respectively. Nor can one forget Mr. Addams (Savitha. K.) pottering round his garden, Mrs. West (Sara Thomas) and her irrepressible seven-year-old son, John Henry (Francesca Soans) the stuck-up Doris and Helen (Astrid Thomman and Odette D'Souza) and young 'Greek-god' Barney Mackean (Hemashree T. M.)

The play however. owed its success as much to the backstage crew as to the actors and the Director - the make-up artists, the prompters, those in charge of the props and the lighting, and the numerous benefactors who lent a helping hand. All in all, it was a splendid performance and understandably, one cannot help feeling a distinct glow of achievement.

“Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.”

—William Shakespeare.

A close-enough picture of our collective state of mind prior to Opening Night—torn as we were, between excitement and despair. The choice of the play, 'Member of the Wedding' (Carson Mc Cullers) set in motion an avalanche of events that swept us off our feet, rushing us inexorably towards the last show on the last day. Understandably, our recollection of those days is a blur, a whirling kaleidoscope of impressions...

...Of the auditorium where auditions were held. A row of critical lecturers on one side. A row of nervous giggling young hopefuls on the other. A hushed silence broken by voices of different pitches, stumbling through different roles while the Director held anxious colloquys with other staff members...

...Of the first play reading session, interrupted by exclamations of horror. "It's so long! Can't we edit it?" Pencils score gleefully through long passages of rhetoric...

...Of the first faltering movements, clumsy, awkward—Jarvis squaring his shoulders masterfully, Frankie trying to be gawky, John Henry trying to be everything an active seven-year-old boy ought to be, Berenice chopping imaginary vegetables...

...Of innumerable glasses of lime juice, cups of coffee and plates of biscuits consumed gratefully...

...Of delving into the depths of our memories to recall an elusive line that dangled just beyond our reach - till we were saved by the script...

...Of exaggerated slapstick in rehearsing our roles till we were called to order by our Director who couldn't quite suppress the laughter in her eyes...



MOMENTS FROM ...



MEMBER OF THE WEDDING





SOCIO-
LITERARY
INTERACTION



...Of tiredness and fatigue and irritation and an ardent wish that this wretched play was over...

...Of twilight conversations, waiting for the bus home...

...Of endless tramps from house to studio, scrounging for props...

...Of costumes tried on and discarded and frequent visits to an exasperated tailor...

...Of a final rehearsal and the agony of having our performances critically and objectively stripped...

...Of the enactment of scenes from popular movies (to the accompaniment of vociferous cheers) to divert our thoughts from the play...

...Of the agony of trying to sing soprano when your voice is really alto...

...Of the thrill of speaking from the stage in Museum Theatre and the slow emergence of the set...

...Of brown grease paint being applied over every exposed inch of the Negroes and tight curls and painful hair clips gouging out bits of scalp...

...Of unforgettable moments of rapport and shared laughter among the staff and students...

...Of the first performance and the hush in the audience and the thick atmosphere of tension...

...Of Frankie's voice emerging mysteriously from the dark owing to the temporary failure of one light...

...Of a perfected Negro rhythmic walk that drew an appreciative laugh from a member of the same race in the audience...

...Of Berenice disappearing behind a cloud of iridescent bubbles blown enthusiastically by John Henry...

...Of desperate changing in the dark and frantic dashes to the other side...

...Of fairy wings that early lost their fairy like transparency through getting caught in the doorway...

...Of wedding cake surreptitiously consumed in the green room...

...Of the end of the play and Berenice's sad voice and the final curtain call

FRANCESCA SOANS
III Year Literature.

CAMPUS LIFE - FAR FROM THE MADDENING CROWD

Set in a calm and serene atmosphere, the Stella Maris Campus is one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots in Madras. The sheer beauty and peaceful atmosphere prevailing over the campus strike an idle visitor.

Stella Maris, cradled by the nature around it, has nurtured many talents and ambitions in the students who give it its very life. While partaking of its glorious heritage, they bring with them the hustle and bustle from the world outside every morning. The animated voices of hundreds of girls cease at the sound of the College bell and everyone observes a few moments of prayer before settling down to serious work. The lunch hour provides the time to socialize and organise activities which are so much a part of college life.

The afternoon, seemingly interminable is hauled back by the intercom, with announcements filtering through. Soon, girls pour out of the class rooms. Some rushing to catch buses home while others stay for games, library work and other such activities. By five peace prevails.

We, the hostelites are a privileged community, experiencing the College in all its moods. For me, I remember the first time I set foot into the College: it was love at first sight. Initially there was a little loneliness, what with wanting to be a part of all of it, all at once. Our seniors were a friendly lot and erased our initial loneliness. There was nothing of the dreaded ragging. Thank God.

We were 'freshies' only until the 'Get Acquainted Social'. That was really a big Event. The seniors put up a 'smashing' good performance. Of course there was our show at first, with all of us trooping down the ramp in resplendent saris, with our chins up, our seniors cheering us on. The Grand Finale materialized. Mouth - watering aromas - hot and delicious 'goodies' were served and in turn devoured. The rest of the night was spent in revelling until the early hours of dawn.

A fortnight later there were afloat plans in the air, for a return social. We did prove our mettle and brought out many a talent amongst us. The show was organised by the first years alone and applauded as deserved.

The days have flown by, so that all that seems so long ago. I truly feel I have been here for ages. The routine remains undisturbed even as holidays come and go. There is so much to look forward to and much more to look back upon. I am waiting to give all I can to the college I love.

USHA, S.
I Year Chemistry

THE IX ASIAD

Everyday the newspaper screamed the headlines about the IX Asian Games to be held in Delhi—the construction of stadiums, the village and all its paraphernalia, and the arrival of teams. To all these I gave scant attention, little realizing that these would become part and parcel of 'D-Day' in my life.

Patiala 20th October 1982, a crucial day—a day which decided whether I would participate at the International level or not. In the face of stiff competition at the Final Games, I was placed second to India's ace hurdler, Alphonsa Kurien for the 100m hurdles event. But this was not sheer luck. It was the fruition of eight years of rigorous and disciplined training supervised by my esteemed coach popularly known as 'A. J.'

The camp at Patiala was a nerve—racking experience. I was the only girl athlete from Tamil Nadu (Sandra having been eliminated because of her injured leg), I had no companion. Each state had its own clique and communication was a major barrier. This upset my mental equilibrium and I missed A. J. and his workouts. Luckily there was another athlete in the same boat as I was, so I made friends with her.

Nov. 15th 1982—we left Patiala for Delhi. In the Asiad village after a lot of running around and confusion, I found my room which I had to share with another athlete from Hyderabad. I wanted to talk to the Chinese and Japanese athletes but everytime I approached them, all I received was smiles for none of them spoke a word of English.

Since Athletics started only on the 25th, the training continued at the Nehru Stadium for about a week. My event was to take place on Nov. 28th at 10 A. M. As the day approached I was a bundle of nerves in spite of frequent participation at the national level.

Nov. 28th Nehru Stadium. The day dawned bright but definitely not very bright for me, as I was anxious about what was to come. I could hardly touch my breakfast, but forced myself to eat something. After the warming up, we were taken inside the stadium. We were just five participants and one look at the Chinese and Japanese, sent my pulse racing.

Finally we were lined up and ready for the gunshot. I told myself, "I'll do my best and God will do the rest." I was disappointed when I was placed fifth for only four were to qualify for the finals. But then I consoled myself that there is always a first time and nothing can be achieved at the first go. If I did not qualify, it was perhaps that I had to work still harder.

The International participation taught me one very important lesson and that was to be independent. Coming from a family where life was so sheltered and where vital decisions were made by others, I learnt to take my own decisions in the future and to feel confident about them. I would like to end by saying "One always learns with experience provided one has an open mind."

YASMIN S.
III Year Fine Arts

THE TREK TO KULU, MANALI, ROHTANG PASS

The trip began on the 10th of June with a journey to Delhi. We had reservations only upto Delhi while our immediate destination was Chandigarh. Consequently we had a tough time transporting ourselves and our considerably heavy luggage from New Delhi to the old Delhi station in the incredible space of 15 minutes. However, we managed it. and boarded our train—the Howrah—Delhi—Kalka mail. We were packed into the unreserved compartment along with other contingents of N. C. C. cadets from States such as Gujarat and West Bengal.

We reached Chandigarh, and were met by an officer of the 1 (H. P.) Naval Sqdn. After breakfast and a short rest we moved on to Shamshi by bus. The ten hour bus drive was lovely in spite of the vehicle being so overcrowded. We travelled over the beautiful mountain roads of Chandigarh, sometimes running beside rivers and sometimes through enchanting valleys. We were supposed to reach Bilaspur in time for lunch, but made it only at 4 p.m. The lunch we were provided with tasted like manna to us.

Just as we were about to resume our journey, it began to rain. Although the showers were a welcome sight after the drought in Madras, our luggage suffered because of inadequate protection.

We passed through some of India's exhilaratingly beautiful mountain highways. The river Mangal, with its huge dam, was an awesome sight. The dam was lit by Sodium vapour lamps when we crossed it. A waterfall spouting from a hole and filling the air with a misty spray of tiny drops had an almost magical air about it, and the whole area was permeated with the fragrance of pine, fir, maple, and eucalyptus which covered the mountain sides.

We reached our base camp at Samshi at 10-30 p.m. The place was pitch dark and the only thing that we heard was the roaring and the rumbling sound, not knowing what it was. We were dead tired and almost famished by then. We un-

loaded our luggage, were served dinner and allotted tents into which we collapsed thankfully and promptly fell asleep. To our surprise, the next morning just 10 feet



away we found the Bias river flowing. The water crashing against the rocks embedded in it was the sound we heard during the night.

That evening the Camp Commandant Lt. Col. S. L. Khanna delivered the welcome address. A short talk by Major Jaeanawala, the Deputy Camp Commandant and a briefing on the trek by the Camp Adjutant and Accounts Officer followed.

The actual trek started on the 14th morning. Each cadet and an officer was allowed to carry a haversack containing a set of civilian clothes and uniform, hand towel, and things like paste and tooth brush, a water bottle strapped across the shoulder and a groundsheet strapped onto the haversack. After a brief talk by the Director of the H.P. Dtc. N.C.C., we were waved off.

The first day was tiring, our haversacks seeming like huge boulders and our



packed lunch-bags being insufficient to satisfy our ravenous appetite. We reached a place called Manrol after a 23km. trek. After roll call and tea, we were marched off to bed in the tents.

We trekked for another 2 days, halting at Naggar, the second staging camp, on the first night, and at Allani on the second. We halted for a day here, it being Sunday, our rest day. The cold was unbearable after 6 p.m. but during the day, we could bathe in the icy waters of the river only a few furlongs away. We went shopping that afternoon at Manali town, 3 kms away. We walked all the way and had good fun. The shopkeepers were Tibetians and the goods sold were Chinese. Semi-precious stones such as jade and opal were in abundance, as well as woollen clothes. Everything we saw was not merely pretty but unique.

The next day we trekked for about 14 kms on the Manali-Leh highway which is one of the highest mountain - roads in the world. There was fairly heavy traffic, it being the tourist season. Our journey was made much easier by the fact that we had packed our luggage in the 3 ton vehicle to be taken to the next staging camp at Kothi. This was the coldest place we had been to. Rain and wind lashed at us and breathing was slightly difficult, but the view of the snow capped mountain peaks urged us forward.

The last leg of the trek was the most difficult. We were at about 14,000 ft. above sea level, and found the climb very tiring. We halted for an hour at Mahri. It was a Sunday and we were able to watch the skiing competition which took place that day. Most of us were witnessing such an event for the first time in our lives and were really thrilled.



It had snowed the previous evening and the higher slopes were covered with a lovely startling whiteness. On the lower slopes however the snow was muddy and fast melting. We ploughed our way through the snow and ice, equipped only with socks and canvas shoes or hunters boots in place of snow shoes-slipping, stumbling and screaming for help. Only walking on the ice was

a terrific experience, even though many of us slipped; we finally reached the top. All things considered, being on the roof of the world was an exhilarating experience.

We returned to our camp at Kothi, and the next day we visited a place called Vasisht, famous for its hot springs and Sulphur baths. After a refreshing hot Sulphur bath we returned to our camp at Manrol and from there went to Shamshi. Two days went by in preparation for our departure, and on one night the Hindi movie 'Mukti' was screened for our benefit.

On the 22nd night we ended the camp with a little cultural programme. Each contingent contributed items and made it enjoyable.

We were to leave for Chandigarh on the 23rd morning but our journey was made difficult as we did not have a bus booked for us. After many adventures we reached the Chandigarh station. We loaded our luggage into the packed unreserved compartment of the Kalka Delhi-Howrah Express, which was already filled with N. C. C. cadets from different States.

Problems of transporting ourselves and our luggage over long stretches was tough but was an experience in itself. We stayed in Delhi for 2 days. Though the nights passed comfortably in the first class waiting rooms, we eagerly boarded Tamil Nadu Express on 26th June convinced that there was nothing "like home sweet home."

The trek on the whole was exciting. To each one of us it was an experience indeed and an unforgettable one at that.

GITA SAMUEL
N.C.C. Officer

YOUTH FOR ECOLOGY - MORE THAN AN EXPERIENCE

"Man is his own enemy." This was my observation when I was shifted from the superficialities to the realities of life. Man is heading not only towards the annihilation of his own race, but is also aiming to deplete natural resources through deforestation and industrialisation.

The N. S. S. has taken up the Herculean task of not only moulding individual character but also building a better India and maintaining an evergreen India.

Hence through Youth for Ecology Development (YED) camps and programmes, the N.S.S. strives to emphasise the importance of ecological balance, forming a link between the government and the villager.

It was the 28th of September 1982, when a fine dream came true—a novel experience of holding a spade, bending down to the earth whence man sprung and feeling like the villager - the life of a true Indian. The luxuriant greenery of the Yercaud hills was soon fading. And my first manual labour project was launched around the Yercaud lake, with "tree planting" as the main scheme of this project. At first the task seemed impossible. In front of me, lay a vast stretch of land that had to be cleared of weeds, then pits were to be dug and saplings planted. Each time I felt the prick of thorns, and found myself staggering, I visualised the villager, whose life was this and much more. Each time I looked at the redness of the blisters on my palms—I did not cry with physical pain but with compassion for those whose hard work could not keep them even self-sufficient. I did not pity them, but pitied myself, for being part of this corrupt world, and feeling responsible for their poverty.

I derived a kind of pleasure in putting myself to laborious tasks, both physically and mentally. After clearing weeds from the entire island, digging pits was more challenging. And no child's play. But the determination and conviction displayed by another college in the vicinity, set our bodies working and our minds thinking. The pioneers and stalwarts of K. K. College, Vellur, swam eight and a half hours in water, cleaning weeds from the lake and dishing out water continuously. Seeing that huge canal construction project amidst the rocky island, I felt our endeavour was so trivial and trifling. Someone said, "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm." And this is why today we are proud that a group of only twenty-five girls planted 650 silver oak saplings, in the entire region adjoining the Yercaud lake.

Camp life teaches us to be able to sacrifice what we are, for what we can become at a moment's notice. This calls for a lot of discipline and dedication to the job with adjustment in all areas of group living. In Jan '83 Stella Maris was given the unique privilege of conducting a joint inter-collegiate manual labour camp for women in which the district colleges participated as well.

"Tribals have a culture of their own and a unique mode of life." Keeraikadu the tribal village about 12 Kms. from Yercaud gave us this rare opportunity of knowing the same. It was indeed a novel experience to feel the hard necessities of life, to realise what it was getting into the slush and dirt, while clearing the pond, to feel the small crags beneath your feet, to strain a little and endure the pains of poor tribal life. "Development should not deprive a country of its priceless heritage." Abundance of man-power by itself is a heritage. But today's man seems to misuse this resource.



CAMP FOR

ECOLOGY DEVELOPMENT





FOREVER



ONWARD



Only when I got into the knee-deep slush and got accustomed to the rhythm of work, the digging of wet mud with a spade-then did I feel the ache of my physical self, and the injustice of humanity. And I thought "We boast of compassion and mercy as our second dharma." But our society displays a strange streak of callousness in exploiting the weak. I felt, I had no right to eat in front of those hunger-stricken tribals, that I was a traitor being an educated person in an environment of poverty and illiteracy.

National feasts and festivals are almost unknown and unheard of by those rustics. Hence we had planned to celebrate Republic Day with them in an interesting manner. Innovative programmes for the elderly village folks and games for the young were held. There were prizes distributed and the entire village cherished this festive occasion with great delight and pleasure.

Having worked for a week in the slush and dirt from morning to evening and having moved so closely with the tribals, my mind for a moment was devoid of social guilt. But when I returned after a successful and satisfying trip I brought back indelible memories—not only the scars of thorns on my feet caused by sharp crags and stones whence sprung the crystal clear spring of water, but more important, the evils of the social system and its lack of humaneness.

For clearing and deepening a pond was not a stupendous job for me—as were the finer qualities acquired from camp life. Social awareness it is said, should be looked upon with pride in the past, pain in the present and with passion for the future. It is not a future for the youth, but youth for the future.

Camp life is more than an experience. Let every Stella Marian be aware of this ignominious situation and try to "Strive, to seek, to find, and never to yield."

FARHANA S.
II Year Literature.

THE NSS AND I

"As dew to the blossom,
As bud to the bee,
As scent to the rose
Are those memories to me....."

Retrospection:—Its pleasant and painful sides. And mine is one of joyful enriching experiences. As I look back nostalgically at my days in Stella Maris, I wish I were back in the first year and asked to sign up for the NSS - the

NSS that offered me rich experiences, taught me new lessons, moulded me into a more mature individual and above all made me more humane. My attitude towards life and the people around me changed and I felt a new satisfaction and a sense of achievement I had never felt before. The change was slow, but very significant - thanks to the NSS.

What started off as periodic peeps into the NSS room out of curiosity, soon became a passion, for I realised that there was more to life in college than just Economics and enjoyment. I became totally involved in the NSS and from then on there was no turning back.

The regular projects demanded very little time (just about 2 to 3 hours a week) but they were eye-openers that brought me to reality and shattered the little niche I had built for myself. I had only heard, studied and read about poverty. But now, I saw what it is. "The rules which experience teaches are better than those which theorists elaborate" — How true !

I wanted to spend more time discovering and learning about this new side of life I had seen. The opportunity came to me in the form of a 10-day camp - 10 whole days with the unfortunate people. These camps conducted once a semester were undoubtedly the most unforgettable and enriching experiences for me. It was through these camps that I realised that life was also filled with hardships and miseries and that the duty of each one of us is to make life less miserable for these poor people. For that, we the fortunate had to play the more dominant role.

Working in the villages with the poorest of the poor, has taught me they have as much right as we have, to live and enjoy life—and that we ought not to exploit their ignorance and poverty to further our own selfish goals.

Camping has also rewarded me with many fine qualities I never knew I could possess—self reliance, perseverance, patience, a sense of co-operation and co-ordination and the spirit of oneness which is so important in a world of raging priorities and busy schedules.

Because of my interest and devotion in my project and during my first camp I was sent for various programmes—to the University for many educative seminars—to other colleges to share with other students my thoughts and suggestions and to various leadership training camps. These trainings and programmes were instrumental in making me discover for myself what I really was capable of doing—something worthwhile and concrete which helped me come up with new ideas. My enthusiasm urged me to spread some of it to my co-workers who in turn were eager to gain the same experiences.

Being in the NSS not only gave me the confidence to take decisions on my own, but also to cope with life that is ever changing.

As I look back, something impels me to say a few lines of friendly advice—Life is what you make it—it can be a bed of roses or thorns. Make the best of every opportunity that comes your way, for “the greatest things were done by those who made the best use of the smallest opportunities”—It all depends on YOU.

SHYLA CHERIAN
III Year Economics

ON CAMPUS - THE CLUBS

The spirit of competition prevails on the campus with clubs literally “zooming” into action. While many activities are discipline-oriented and have attracted student-participation, yet some club programmes have given the impression of “doing for doing’s sake” because someone else has organised it and “we shouldn’t be left behind”. One wishes for greater discrimination in the choice of activities even as one appreciates the enthusiasm for action. The reports which follow amply justify the comments.

Continuous activity marked a very exciting year for the club with Zoo-do Caption Contest, the “Zoo who” and the Campus Collection Competition being immediate eye-catchers. The Sea-Food Cooking Competition saw the creation of delectable fishy dishes.

The Wildlife Week caused a stir, with its snake demonstration, sketching and paintings, competitions, exhibition and film on Wild Life in India.

Club activities reached a climax during the Club Week, when the Pet Show lured large crowds, with its performers-dogs, rabbits, birds and also a goat. During this week, there was the Dissection Competition and an exhibition.

The Zoo Club won the second place among department clubs.

The Lord sheds his love on "each bud and blossom and on each sleeping bosom", and the Botany Club sought to awaken the fast dying love of nature among us care-worn mortals. Floral contributions came in with an Ikebana demonstration relating to which was a talk on Interior Decoration. Besides the customary predictable items every club makes use of, it was flowers all the way withering in the heat, but undaunted. There was the treat of a well organised and interesting exhibition at the end of the year, which made the mysteries of botany accessible to the layman.

The Physics Club, despite its infant status, provided Inter and Intra-College programmes which smacked of the "physical". Towards the end of the year, Spectrum 83 dawned on us and it was spectacular. It was unbelievable that so much of talent had despite constant activity, been so unobtrusive. An intelligent and mature effort, it was adjudged the best exhibition.

The Chemistry Club was active, with its excursion to Ranipet and its release of a club magazine 'Chemstell'. There was also organised a textile project "Chemashion". These efforts showed originality. Another activity of interest was the talk on "Computer Hardware".

The Zodiac launched into the fray, with its weekly feature 'The ZodiacTeaser'. There was also the Science Quiz, a lecture by Mr. Subramanian, and Inter-Club Dumb Charades. The club week was replete with humorous skits, exhibition of mathematical puzzles, slide show on the solar system with Rubik's Cube Competition topping it all.

The Economics Club retained their usual A. D. Shroff Memorial Elocution Competition and the Inter-Year debate. There was the Pot-Pourri of inter-intra Collegiate Competitions, Quizzes, tete-a tetes and lectures.

The screening of a definite crowd puller 'Raja Parvai' and the discussion on the Rehabilitation of the Blind which followed did not quite synchronise. The traditional wool, as all clubs know and have experienced, was effective-in convincing the less myopic eyes of Campus wits, of the relevance of these two concomitant events. A film show by itself is accepted for its entertainment value. Nevertheless, one hopes such efforts do not set precedent, all too easy to take advantage of.

Budding artists had yet another opportunity in the poetry and short story writing competitions, of Lit Club which was adjudged the best of the clubs.

The Lit-wit serial comprised, besides other features 'Lit Parley' and discussions on mass communication and Nissim Ezekiel. There was, later the inter-club event Genesis, the usual inter-collegiate competitions like the 'Evening of



CLUB ACTIVITIES





LA CUISINE

CREME DE LA CREME



Parodies,' and a quiz on Books and Authors. A highlight of the club's activities was the Seminar on Drama. The guest speakers were veritable veterans in the art of the theatre, such as Mr. Mithran Devanesan, Mrs. Sushma and Mrs. Kamakshi Sundaram. Activities reached their height during 'Lysteria,' the Club Week.

'Drama through the ages,' 'a book-exhibition pertaining to Drama,' 'Sale of books,' 'a Gay Carnival' were crowded into this busy week. The proceeds from the sale of books and the popular Carnival went to rehabilitate a prisoner. The club landed laurels in a Lit Quiz at Loyola, with the team prize. Anita Mathias won the first prize in JAM, and the third in the Extempore Competition.

Tourism draws to light, places of historical interest and significance. Nevertheless anticipating reactions to the desert topography of drought-ridden Madras, the History Club saw green in this exhibition on Tourism. There was besides, no dearth of eminent personalities, talks and films on Tourism.

The Social Work Association launched into work with an Oratorical Competition, a Photographic Competition, and several useful lectures by Mrs. Shanthi Ranganathan, Mrs. George and Mr. Jayaram. The club reached a new dimension when it sponsored the education of two poor children and helped to sell the products of Welfare Agencies at a sale in College.

"Development" was the theme during the Club Week and there were a series of interesting lectures by Mr. C. T. Kurien, Mr. Perumal, I.A.S. and Mr. Ahmed, I.A.S.

The activities ended on a hilarious note with the 'Aruvai Potti' and 'Prove your Alibi' items.

The Tamil Club provided informative talks by eminent Tamil Literary personalities like Dr. Mrs. Valliammal and Mr. Chidambaram Swaminathan. The club was 'dramatically' busy with its creative endeavour 'Cheran Chenguttuvan' sponsored by the club and enacted by the students of Vidya Mandir.

The club reached a very special mark with its club magazine 'Magizhambu'. There was also 'Instant 82', an inter-collegiate activity, comprising a Bharathiyar Music Competition, Guess the good word, and the usual fare of all clubs-Poster Competitions, mono-acts and story-telling.

Vociferous Demostheneses and Ciceros were resurrected under the ensigns of the Debating Club. There was '2082' the World of Tomorrow, an oratorical competition which revealed the private apocalyptic visions of speakers. The visions, interestingly, ranged from the mildly hallucinatory to the absolutely bizarre. The club activities included a series of inter, intra-collegiate activities,

story-telling, competitions, an About-Face, Ship-wreck, Elocution, a pot pourri of teteatete, and debates. There was also an opportunity for personal and communal development, with the productive workshop on voice modulation and tone control.

The Quiz Club rose to the pitch during the Club Week in February. The activities very appropriately indeed came under the title, "Quizzical '83". There was an Audience Quiz luring the audience with 'chocolaty' attractions. The Inter-Year, and Inter-Collegiate Quiz which had a rolling trophy at stake, reached an equally enthusiastic finale, the trophy being claimed by the Vivekananda College. The Treasure Hunt, and Inter-Collegiate Twenty Questions Competition, with its innovations, brought club activities to a triumphant close, supplemented with a 'Housie' open to both staff and students, an Inter-Departmental Twenty Questions Competition and a take-off on the 'Guess the Good Word' Quiz aptly titled 'What chamma calling ???'

Editorial Board.

THE WORLD OF SPORTS

A sparkling array of cups - a dazzle of medals - what's all this splendour about? A simple answer - the Games Club has decided to step out decked as a bejewelled bride, all "starry eyed". Well now to give you readers a clearer insight into the source of all the rather abstract ideas referred to earlier, we propose to sprinkle this page with those who form the quintessence of it all. The spot light focusses on one section of the stage - "The Tamilnadu Amateur Athletic Association Open Meet" is in progress - Headlines flash - Yasmin of III B.A. Fine Arts, wins the first place in the 100m hurdles and is third in the 400m hurdles. Sandra of III B.A. Literature wins the 100m run and is second in the 100m hurdles; Jayashree of II B.A. Sociology is placed second in the Heptathlon, second in the high jump and third in the Long Jump. Rathi Raman of II B.A. Literature wins the Shotput and Javelin and is second in Discus Throw, and Reena Chandran of I B.A. Sociology is placed second in the 100m run.

Now we bring you a first-hand report (so much for racing against the stop watch) from Sandra Thomas, who took part in the Inter-Division Railway Athletic Meet, and the Inter-Railway Meet—"Well at the Inter-Division Meet I was placed first in the 100m hurdles, second in the Long Jump and third in the 200m. At the Inter-Railway Meet, I was placed second for the 100m hurdles, second in the Long Jump and third in the 200m."

Meanwhile, the bustle at another side of the stage clamours for attention - the focus shifts over to Delhi to the XXI All India Open Nationals (The trial Games of the IX Asiad). Three Stella Marians found a berth in the Tamilnadu team - Yasmin of Third B.A. Fine Arts, Sandra of Third B.A. Literature and Rathi of Second B.A. Literature. The Meet has proved very successful for our star athletes - Yasmin who was placed second in the 100m hurdles and Sandra who was placed third in the 100m hurdles. Both of them have been selected for the Asian Probables Camp. But before we bring you excerpts from the grand spectacle itself, there is an interim which has to be filled. Back on home soil, at the Rajaratnam Stadium, a very important event was taking place - the A. L. Mudaliar Meet, a meet that kept all City Collegiate athletes taut with tension. Stella Maris was represented by Sandra (III B.A. Lit.) who won the 100m hurdles, Pentathlon, and was placed second in the 100m run and Long Jump, Uma Dayanidhi (III B.A. Lit) who was placed second in the High Jump, Reena Chandran (I B.A. Socio) who was placed third in the 100m run, Jayashree V, (II B.A. Socio) who was placed second in the Pentathlon and High Jump and third in the Long Jump and 100m hurdles, Shabnam Lawrence (I B.A. Lit) who was placed third in the Discus and Rathi Raman (II B.A. Lit.) who won the first place in the Shotput, Discus and Javelin throws. The College came second in the 4 X 100m relay, represented by Molly Joseph, Reena Chandran (I B.A. Socio), Jayashree and Sandra. Stella was unlucky to lose the A. L. Cup to our traditional rivals WCC after an unbroken victory cycle of seven years !

Well, the wheel of fortune can never be stationary, so undaunted stayed the Stella Marian Spirit of active competition over and above petty rivalries !

The months have rolled by, and now the IX Asiad - the grandest sports spectacle in India, has arrived, staggering us with the immensity of its grandeur. India stands on the threshold of entering into the rat-race of International "Sportsdom." Why go so far as to identify with a country in its totality, when we can channelise all our pride and sense of identification to the very name that adorns the cover of this magazine? Stella Maris has within its fold a star athlete who has crossed the boundary of domestic competition to an international one - S. Yasmin (III B.A.) is the only girl athlete from Tamil Nadu, who represented India at the IX Asian Games in the 100m hurdles event. The Games Club is proud to announce that India has been represented at the Games by one of its own star athletes. Try interviewing her about her feelings about the fact that she represented India at the Games - you don't get much further than a shrug, a blissful smile perhaps, or in all probability, a flush stealing up the cheek. Soon after the Asiad she took part in the VI National-International Meet at Bombay, where she was placed fifth in the 100m hurdles.

Well now back to more scaleable heights-perhaps a steep descent from the Asiad summit to the Pongal Sports Meet at Madras-but heights pose no

difficulties to "stars". Yasmin won the first place in the High Jump (Q.E.D.-aforesaid assertion is therefore correct). She also came second in the Long Jump and second in the 100m run. Sandra came first in 100m run, Reena Chandran second in the same event, and V. Jayashree came first in Long Jump and second in High Jump.

To complete this bulletin on Athletic Round-up we have three more important Meets to highlight. Firstly, the 55th Tamil Nadu State Athletic Meet-another heap of medals into the Games Club-Kitty-Sandra placed second in the 100m hurdles, and third in the 100m, Reena placed first in 100m and 200m, Rathi placed first in the Discus Throw, Jayashree placed second in the High Jump and third in Long Jump and S. Yasmin placed first in 100m hurdles. The second important event was the Inter-Varsity meet at Mysore where Yasmin won the first place in 100m hurdles, in a record timing, and Sandra was placed third in the same event. V. Jayashree and Rathi Raman also represented the Madras University. As a grand finale. the XXI Inter-State Athletic Championships at Calcutta served as a fitting farewell to the Athletic scene for 82-83. Yasmin and Sandra continued to be favoured by success, winning the second and third places respectively in the 100m hurdles. They were the members of the 4x100m relay team which was placed third.

A tremendous burst of applause "Pass Kavi!" "Here Madhavi!" What's up? The Stella Basketball players are in the midst of a practice session. After the game, we questioned them about their successes during 82-83. A list of commendable victories came in the wake of such questioning. They were the winners of the Inter-Collegiate matches and winners of the Post-Centenary celebrations. Three Stella Marians were selected for the University Team-Elizabeth Joseph (II Maths) Kavitha Nathan (III Eco) and Kala Reddy (I Zoology). Kavitha was also selected for the Women's Festival at Delhi, and she also participated in an All-India tournament at Calicut. Elizabeth Joseph captained the Madras University Volleyball team.

Looking at Handball, we find yet another star in the making, Meenakshi Muruges (III Zoo) was declared the best goalkeeper of South India, and she won a monthly scholarship of Rs. 200/- for proficiency in both studies and sports.

Moving to games that are fast gaining tremendous importance in the International map - Tennis, Table tennis, and Shuttle Badminton—At the Tamilnadu Badminton Association State Championships - Neera Sachdev (II M.A. Eco.) and Uma Maheswari (III Eco.) were declared the doubles runners-up. Neera also won the mixed doubles. The shuttle team were the winners for the Inter-Collegiate, Post-Centenary Celebrations, and the divisional tournaments. Three Stella Marians were selected to represent the University. Neera (II M.A. Eco.), Uma Maheswari (III B.A. Eco.) and Teresa (I B.A. Socio.) In Tennis, the



ON YOUR MARK..



SET..



GO

SPORTS DAY



Stella team represented by Madhavi (I B. Sc. Phy.) Gowri (I B.A. Socio.), Revathi and P. Gayathri were selected for the University team. In Table Tennis, Uma Maheswari and Shoba (II B.A. Eco.) participated in the I. I. T. Tournaments. A row of victories in Basketball, Shuttle Badminton, Tennis and Volleyball, made Stella the winners of the Group Championships in Major Games, with a total of 18 points.

Agility and quite masterly dribbling, sophistry in passes - Hockey is a combination of stamina and speed. The Stella Marian proved to be a cut above the other city colleges by winning the Champion Cup Tournament. P. Gayathri (II Socio.) and Rashmi Sunder Raj (II Eco.) represented the University and Lakshmi and Madhavi, were selected for the All-India Women's Festival held at Delhi.

The Sunil Gavaskars and the Kapil Devs of our College took part in three important Cricket Matches-The Inerstate (seniors) Cricket Tournament at Hyderabad, in which Dhakshayani B. (III FA) and Vasanthi B. took part; Inter-varsity Cricket Tournament at Jaipur where three Stella Marians represented the Madras University team-Malvika Kripal Singh(III FA) Dhakshayani (III FA) and Vasanthi B., the inter-state (senior) National Cricket Championships at Varnasi, in which Dhakshayani and Vasanthi participated.

Now to move on to an indoor game where encounters of the intellectual kind are going on-a tussle for supremacy in a game of wits. Stella Maris, represented by V. Jayanthi (III Phy.) N. Meenakshi (III Maths) and Meena Raman (III Maths) won the third, fifth and sixth places respectively at the Inter-Collegiate Women's Chess Tournaments held at Ethiraj.

For the first time in the history of the College, Stella Maris entered the expansive realm of Yachting. Deepika Kanagaraj (I Socio) represented the Madras team at the Inter-Port Trophy Regatta (56th) held by the Royal Colombo Yacht Club. She was sponsored by the N.C.C. and was the only girl taking part in it. Unfortunately the Madras team after giving the Sri Lankans the toughest fight that they had ever experienced in their own waters, lost by a narrow margin of 3½ points! Stella Marians however proved to be a case where "Still waters run deep" when much latent talent was unearthed in so far as swimming was concerned. P. Gayathri (II Eco) won two bronze medals and one silver in the Post-Centenary S. J. Competition. She also had the distinction of representing the Madras University in the 100m free style event, and of representing the State in the Women's Festival in the same event.

Before bidding adieu, there is one more very important event that stole the show - the Stella Maris Sports Day held on our own College N. C. C. grounds. For the first time, the Sports Day concluded under the auspices of a Chief Guest who was other than Sister Principal - Mr. S. Sripal (Police Commisioner),

who gave away the prizes. After a hectic day of running and skipping, staff moped races and tug-of-war, potato picking and sack races, relays and cardboard walking, Stella Marians witnessed a smart N. C. C. turnout followed by a well-organised Mass Drill by the I year students, and an impressive Karate Demonstration, not to forget the Fancy Dress Parade, wherein 'Stelliad, Fashion, the III years, depicted in a humorous way their edited version of the IX Asiad. The II years in their turn depicted how India could emerge "The Master of the Game" in the coming Asian Games. The III years were finally declared the overall winners and a day of hectic competition, healthy rivalry and fun finally came to an end.

The curtain falls over the stage—an atmosphere of calm prevails—that which normally precedes a brewing storm which will burst forth in the ensuing year with the new season of competition beginning.

Echoes from the corridors of the past, synchronise with familiar sounds—the thud of leather on wood, the struggle to put the ball in the opponent's court, the muffled thud of wooden sticks clamouring together for possession of the little white ball, the sound of running feet coming off the turf... The wheel spins forever though the hourglass quickly runs out its time—Reminiscences will be plentiful when active participation has done the needful.

RATHI RAMAN
II Year Literature.

CHANGING IMAGES OF WOMEN IN INDIA

Woman - her potential is vast, yet her talents remain to be used with pride. This is the predicament of India's female population. Education brings her status, but, its ultimate utilitarian value is non-existent, especially after an early marriage and family responsibilities. She cannot always further her own interests, but must keep them down, so that they do not conflict with those of the male—the traditional breadwinner. Rural India which makes up seventy per cent of the country's population, was the logical target at which our programme "Changing Images of Women in India" was directed. It is here primarily that woman's creativity is thwarted at grass root level and she disappears behind the walls of family life. The purpose of the programme was to provide for the viewer a glimpse of her present situation, hypothetical remedies, all with an eye towards the future, where she can look forward to attaining parity with her male counterpart.



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HIGHER ...



FURTHER ...





WOMEN IN SOCIETY



This programme judging from general reactions, was certainly an eye-opener to all present. Numerous women were totally oblivious of the conditions of their own sex of different levels in society. Most have been blind, some others may have chosen to ignore, and for still a vast majority, comprehension is yet to dawn.

What is the position of Indian women in society today in urban and rural areas? What was their position in the past? What is their position in our culture and way of life? What value does society place on women? These are a few of the questions that this programme attempted to provoke in its audience.

The programme itself was the combined effort of the 1 year students and produced under the guidance of Sr. Christine, ably assisted by a number of other staff, and the interest shown by Sr. Principal.

The audio-visual feature got underway with the Fine Arts and Sociology Departments enacting the social, cultural and religious aspects in which the woman takes part. It was a vivid portrayal and eloquently expressed the feeling that women have much to offer and should be set on an equal footing, both in decision making at home as well as in the job market.

The Botany and Zoology Departments dealt with the delicate issue of women and marriage. Traditional India is not accustomed to seeing women being the bread winners. The males feel their position is being usurped. And rightly so, for it is time that the women took an active part in shaping their destiny rather than getting moulded along with all the other plans the male member has mapped out. The Vedic times attached great importance to the equality of the sexes and the male was considered an inadequate person without the female. But that attitude faded away and women found themselves hopelessly trapped and in many cases, regarded as little more than an unpaid servant. Yet education is making inroads into this longheld belief and the fact that women, is a force to reckon with' is slowly emerging.

There is a saying that "Charity begins at home." So also does the development of an individual. If this base is unsteady, where does the woman stand? The Chemistry and Physics Departments dealt with the position of women in the home. One has long got accustomed to seeing the women surrounded by a clutter of pots and pans, or pounding relentlessly of her pestle. Yet now she is ready to step in the wider spheres - places where her dormant creativity could be used.

The Mathematics and Literature Departments dealt with the all important topic of women and education. With education, woman's confidence is slowly being restored and she feels ready to participate in fields which have for so long been the male's domain. It is inevitable that as the traditional patterns of society

are being disturbed, conflict has emerged and man must get familiarized with the fact that women also need to channelize what talents they have to offer. With this mutual understanding and acceptance, society can be restored to an amiable equilibrium, and above all women will have achieved the equality they should rightly hold. It is education that can help to lead women from the darkness of ignorance to the light of knowledge.

The programme was well received by the audience and several parents had these comments to make - "Looking at it from the point of view of its theme, it was very well conceived. The players were able to bring to the fore living realities which we often take for granted, with special reference to the status of women. If your intentions were aimed at evolving changes in social traditions and customs, I would suggest that shows of this kind be put forth for public viewing on T. V. as it is people who can make and break traditions. Another parent had these comments to offer. "A fantastic and superb programme. I didn't expect to see such maturity among the First Year Students. The students portrayed what happens in the family every day. I feel that alone, as a woman I cannot do anything, especially about something like the dowry system. May be if we women could get together, we could do something about it". Another viewer of the programme remarked "I really enjoyed the show. Events that really happen in our society were portrayed by your students on the stage so well and realistically. Plenty of food for thought indeed!"

For too long we have remained embedded in existing traditions and values. There comes a time when some of these values have to be re-interpreted and existing trends altered. The status of women in today's society is one such. Women should be accorded equal status and command, the respect that is so freely given to society's male members. Change is needed, the initiative is ours to take.

FERZANA MOOSAKOTTY
KALPANA VISWANATH
I. B.A. Sociology

N.C.C. Calling

Bravo! Clap, Clap! Those cheers are for none other than the Cadets of Stella Maris who have completed another year of N.C.C. successfully. Each year seems to bring in more achievements, more students and better efforts.

The year started off with a bang, many more students wanting to join but leaving the selectors with no choice as the vacancies were limited. In all 60 cadets were enrolled of which 46 were Army, 13 Airwing and one Naval, all eagerly looking forward to the endless activity and fun.

Most of our cadets took part in the various activities that N.C.C. offers us and with positive results.

Sgt. Vincy Mary came All India First in Home Nursing and First Aid in the Basic Leadership Course at Howali.



Sgt. Vincy Mary John



Cpl. Sharada Bharadwaj

Cpl. Sharada Bharadwaj was chosen to represent Tamil Nadu and Pondicherry as the Best Cadet at Delhi on Republic Day. She stood third which was indeed a commendable effort. She has also completed a course in parajumping.

L.Cdt. Deepika Kanakaraj, the only naval cadet, was selected to represent the Madras team which took part in the 54th All India Interport Trophy Regatta at Colombo. She also participated in the sailing competition from Pondicherry to Cuddalore and back. She was also adjudged the Best Sailor, Best Firer and Best Cadet at the INS Camp held at Cochin.

Flt. Lt. Padma Srinivasan represented Madras at the State Best Glider selections.

Others who received honours were Sgt. Elizabeth Thomas and Cdt. Swapna Trivadi. Cadet Vyjayanthimala stood second in the All-India Women's Cycling competition at the Tribal Games in the IX Asiad.

For the year 1982 A.T.C. Ordetta Mendoza was awarded a medal for the Best Senior Cadet.

Sharada B., Swapna, Deepika and Padmini R. attended the First Aid Training Camp at the Military Hospital in which Sharada was graded first and Padmini second.



Leading Cdt. Deepika Kanakaraj



Cdt. Vyjayantimala

A unique feature of this year was an exhibition conducted by Stella Maris in which the cadets took part. Held on the 3rd and 4th of February, it tastefully displayed the various activities of the N.C.C.

The exhibition was visited by both young and old and much appreciated. It was inaugurated by the Principal of our college. The necessary equipment was the result of the generous help of the Army, Air and Naval units of N.C.C., Tamilnadu.

In the Republic Day Parade held at Marina, cadets of Stella Maris took part to put up a good show of all that they have been taught. The day was also celebrated at the college and our N.C.C. Cadets took the salute.

On March 12th, the N.C.C. Cadets put up a spectacular display in honour of Mr. Sripal, Commissioner of Police, who was the Chief Guest of the College Annual Sports Day.

N.C.C. is just not all taking. It consists of a lot of giving too. This year the N.C.C. took up a social service project in which the cadets donated blood for open heart surgery.

The adventurous activities of the cadets included a cycling trip to Golden Beach conducted by our parent unit. The trip to and fro was made in the best of spirits and in a congenial atmosphere. In a trek to the Manali Rohtang Pass, the participants were 2nd /Lt. Gita Samuel, Sgt. Elizabeth Thomas and Sgt. Ordetta Mendoza.

The year culminated with a significant event, G1 and G2 exams, the results of which were creditable. In the year 81-'82 for the G1 exams the College received an 'A' grade. Four of the cadets secured 'B' and the rest 'C'.

Special mention must be made of Rajeswari Kumar, one of our Airwing Cadets who was sent to Canada on a Youth-exchange programme. She returned with a broader perspective of the world and its people and readily imparts her knowledge to all.

We are specially proud of our N.C.C. officer on her completion of 3 months course at Gwalior, in which she secured an 'A' Grade. Our special thanks also goes to Major Mrs. Bagavandoss, the Commanding Officer of our parent unit, Sqdn. Cdr. D'Cruz, Lt. Commander Ramachandran, and their respective staff.

In retrospect, the year has been a good one. Much was hoped for and much gained. We hope that in the years to come the N. C. C. of Stella Maris will grow in the same spirit and produce better efforts and results for the welfare of the individual and the nation.

IN MEMORIAM



Maria Christina

Maria Christina had just entered her final year of studies when she was called to her eternal reward. She was a keen student of Mathematics and had been a diligent worker. She was quiet in her ways and possessed pleasant manners. May her soul rest in peace.



Lakshmi Muthuswamy

Lakshmi Muthuswamy was a student of the Second Year Literature class of 1982. Through her charming ways, she endeared herself to her classmates. Being an earnest student, in spite of her pain, she insisted on doing her examinations. It was then that she was called to rest. May her soul rest in peace.

THE ALUMNAE SPEAKS

Shanthi Chinniah (B. Sc Zoology 1982) writes nostalgically from Sri Lanka!

"I am truly grateful for the opportunity I had to qualify for my degree from Stella Maris. There are many times when I miss the fun and companionship of campus life. Thank you for everything that you and the college have done for me."

Lakshmi Venugopal (B.A. Economics 1982) writes from Delhi even as the Asiad is awaited :

"Will Sandra and Yasmin be participating in the Games? If they are going to be in Delhi and need any help, please tell them to contact me."

She adds :

"Do we have an OSA which I could join?"

Of course, we do and expect you to become a member.

From Atlanta, U.S.A., Carine writes, extending a warm invitation :

"We have moved into our own place quite recently and will be having a house-warming party at the end of the week. I wish you all could be here to join us. If you're ever in Atlanta, come and look us up!"

Michaeline Newman writes from U. K. with gratitude :

"Thank you very much for all your prayers, encouragement and support given during and after my college days especially for your help in the evaluation of my M.A here in London."

Uma Gowri (M.Sc 1979) writes from U.S. :

"Life is busy and studies demanding. I recollect with gratitude all that Stella Maris has offered and I owe it to all my teachers for what I am to-day"

Sharada (B.Sc 1983) writes from Lagos before joining the Computer Course there :

"I really appreciate your support and guidance all through. I do miss Stella Maris especially the hostel."

Anita, (B. Sc Maths) too busy with home, writes from Madras :

"All of you remain fresh in the album of my memory. I do want to see you all but somehow time flies....."

And those who have not written have dropped in to say 'hello' and many of our old students in the city have revived 'old connections' by coming regularly to OSA meetings. We do hope many more will become members of the Alumnae Association and come more often to see the 'old folks at home'!

एक ईश्वर-भक्त की भावना में सत्य-शिव

(संत अगस्तिन् की प्रार्थनाओं से)

अभागा मेरा मन तुमसे उदासीन होकर निज आनन्दों में मस्त, क्षुब्ध समुद्र-सम चंचल रहा, पर तुमने प्यार भरी कठोरता से मेरे अनुचित आनन्दों में कटुता घोल दी ; जिससे मैं बिना मिलावट के, शुद्ध आनन्द को खोज सकूँ। वह आनन्द मुझे तुममें हीमिल है, जो मुझे इसलिए धायल करता है, कि मरहम लगाकर चंगा करे और इसलिये मारता है कि मेरा संबंध तुम्हारे साथ कभी नहीं मरे।

नाथ! मुझमें ऐसी क्या योग्यता है कि मेरा प्रेम पाने को तुम इतना तरसते हो और प्रेम नहीं पाने से मुझसे इतना क्रोधित होते हो कि कष्टों के चपेटों से मुझे सावधान करते हो।

ओ भगवान! किसी के प्रति मेरे मुँह से ऐसी कोई बात नहीं निकले, जो तुमने पहले मुझसे नहीं सुनी है तथा ऐसी कोई बात मुझसे कभी नहीं प्रकट होवे, जो तुमने पहले मुझे नहीं बताया है।

स्वप्न और सच्चाई

मानव मन भी कितना निराळा है। पहले सोचता है फिर उसे यथार्थ में लाना चाहता है। स्वप्न देखता है फिर प्रत्यक्ष साकार रूप में देखना चाहता है। कभी-कभी वह इतने बड़े स्वप्न भी देखता है जिन्हें सच्चाई में परिणत करना अत्यन्त कठिन हो जाता है। यदि परिणत कर सकने का सामर्थ्य उसमें है; तो भी उसकी उन्नत में कोई न कोई बाधा अवश्य आ ही जाती है।

गौरी जी भगवत को रामराज्य बनाना चाहते थे। जहाँ ऋद्धि-सिद्धि, सुख-शान्ति का साम्राज्य हो; मगर उनका यह स्वप्न पूरा नहीं हो सका। सत्य तो यह है कि पूँजीवाद अपनी पूँजी, अधिकारी अपना अधिकार किसी

को नहीं देना चाहता और परिणाम वातक होते हैं। जवाहरलाल समाजवादी थे अतः सब नागरिकों को समान देखना चाहते थे, राजाजी, निजाम आदि ऐसे कई नेता हैं जिनके स्वप्न अधूरे ही रह गए।

देश के प्रत्येक राज्य को मिलकर बढना चाहिए। राज्यों में यह स्वार्थ भावना, कि मात्र अपनी ही उन्नति हो, कदापि नहीं होनी चाहिए। उदाहरण के तौर पर - देश की भाषा अर्थात् 'राष्ट्र भाषा' को ही लीजिए। सब राज्य अपनी प्रान्तीय भाषाओं को राष्ट्र भाषा बनाने का स्वप्न देखते हैं। यदि सब अपनी-अपनी भाषा को राष्ट्रभाषा का पद दें तो सात अंधो वाली कहानी सत्य ही होगी—एक बार सात अंधे हाथी को देखने जाते हैं। वे देख तो नहीं सकते हैं मगर कोई हाथी का पैर छूकर कहता है; हाथी लम्बा है। कोई पूंछ छूकर कहता है यह पतला है। सातों सात तरह का वर्णन करते हैं और फल यह निकलता है कि हाथी आकृति - हीन हो जाता है; उसी प्रकार हर राज्य की भाषा राष्ट्रभाषा का पद ग्रहण करेगी तो उलझने ही उलझने होंगी, सुलझाएगा कौन? किसी भी स्वप्न को सत्य सिद्ध करने के लिये कड़ी से कड़ी मेहनत करनी पड़ती है। आज वैज्ञानिक युग है; हर तरफ रसायन शालाएँ हैं भिन्न-भिन्न प्रकार के प्रयोगों द्वारा नवीन अविष्कार हो रहे हैं; आज भौतिकता की परीधि में जीवन संकुचित होता जाता है। जीवन के महान आदर्श लुप्त होते जा रहे हैं; अतः हमें उच्चादर्शों की प्राप्ति के लिए सादा जीवन उच्च विचारों के आदर्श पर बल प्रदान करना चाहिए।

आज कमयूटर युग है; इससे लोग और आलसी बन जाते हैं आलस्य के कारण इच्छा-शक्ति भी मरती जा रही है। साथ ही उन्हें जान का खतरा भी बना रहता है। उदाहरण के लिए बिजली से मनुष्य के असंख्य काम होते हैं; वाहन यातागत की सुविधाएँ प्रदान करते हैं किन्तु हर क्षण मौत सिर पर सवार रहती हैं। देखा जाये तो स्वप्नों को कड़ी मेहनत कर साकार किया गया; आज घर बैठे सब कार्य सुविधापूर्वक कर सकते हैं; फिर भी सादा जीवन ही श्रेयस्कर है। उसी से भारत तथा भारतीयों का मंगल होगा।

सीमा गुप्ता, Ilyr, इतिहास

सुनहरे सपने

दूर.....अति दूर संसृति के उम छोर में
घने काले मेघों मध्य कौंचती बिजली;
बिजली के क्षणिक तीक्ष्ण प्रकाश में;
सुनहले स्वप्नों भरे दीप्तिमान महलों के प्रतिविम्ब
आह! अपूर्व सौंदर्य आत्मविस्मृत हो निहागते;
मंत्र—सुग्ध नेत्र अनुपलब्ध अगोचर सच्चाईयों;
पगलाईयों सी यथार्थ का स्पर्श कड़ी दोपहरी सी;
तिलमिला देने वाली बेंचेनी, उदासी
विवशता; लाचारी, बेकारी के तीव्र स्वर्गों की गूँज
विकीर्ण होती धुँव में ओझड़ होते सुनहले स्वप्न

नयनतारा
द्वितीयवर्ष अर्थशास्त्र

‘आज.....’

“जहाँ डाल डाल पर सोने की चिड़िया करती है बसेरा-पह भारत देश है मेरा,
पह भारत देश है मेर।” आज, जब इस गीत की पंक्ति पर ध्यान अनायास
चला जाता है तब शायद मन में एक कसक सी उठती है; भारत पर यह गुमान,
यह गुरुर की झलक पाकर हृदय आश्चर्य चकित इसके रचयिता की मनः स्थिति
टटोलने के लिए आकुल हो उठता है-क्या सचमुच भारत कभी इतना सुन्दर
था? क्या सचमुच भारत वासी कभी इतने सुख सुविधा समृद्धि से पूर्ण थे
जो कवि ने भारत को एक सोने की चिड़ियों का देश कहा है? क्या
कवि ने सचमुच अपने मनोरथ को ही इस कविता में अंकित किया है या
उसने बढ़ाने चढ़ाने की कोशिश की है? मैं कवि से सहमत नहीं हूँ आज।
कुछ वर्षों पहले कविता की एक एक पंक्ति शायद मेरे लिए गूढ मायने
रखती, कवि के वास्तविक चित्रोक्तन पर मनन करती, कवि की दाद देती,
पर आज

आज . . . ? आज की वास्तविकता को तो नकारा नहीं जा सकता । सब का यही मत है आज-भारत का वह स्वप्निल युग बीत चुका । विज्ञान के विकास ने चाहे हमारे उद्योगों को परीक्षा के नवीनतम उपयोगी सहयोग उपलब्ध-करवाये है परन्तु वह गरीब को रोटी न दे सका । गरीबों की दशा जर्जर हैं; वे अमीरों के शोषण में इभर जिदगी व्यतीत कर रहे हैं; अपनी दुर्दशा की उसाँसें भर रहे हैं । भारत में अमीर और गरीब के दरमियान एक ऐसी विशाल खाई का निर्माण पूर्ण हो चला ह जो पाटने से भी पाटा नहीं जा सकता है । अमीर दिनोदिन धन संपत्ति एकत्र कर कर के लखपति, करोड़पति बनते जा रहे हैं; गरीब दिनोदिन पसीने की बूंदों को बहा बहाकरभीदो जून की रोटी एकत्र करने में अपने आपको असमर्थ पा रहे हैं । हालत यह है कि “वे भी वही जो अपने कुत्तों को दूध-से नहलाते हैं वे भी वही जो अपने कब से दूध-दूध चिलाते हैं” क्या विडम्बना है; क्या तकदीर है ।

भारतीय संविधान का निर्माण, लोगों में बराबरी और भाईचारे की भावना बढ़ाने तथा प्रत्येक व्यक्ति को उसके पूर्ण अधिकार प्रदान करने के लक्ष्य से किया गया था । यह हमारे महापुरुषों का स्वप्न था । परन्तु अभी-तक गरीबों की जरूरतों पर ध्यान नहीं दिया गया है ।

बढ़ती हुई आबादी गरीबी का एक प्रमुख कारण बताया जा सकता है । जिसे आज हम “आबादी विस्फोट” के नाम से जानते हैं, यही हमारे देश की अनेक परेशानियों की जड़ है । पहले हमारा देश का संचालन केन्द्र ही सुगठित था क्योंकि आबादी नियंत्रित थी । हर व्यक्ति हर काम में पूर्ण सहयोग देने में पूर्णतया समर्थ-था ।

आग बेरोजगारी का बहुत बोलबाला है जिसका श्रेय भी आबादी विस्फोट को ही जाता है । एक तो महंगाई बढ़ती जा रही है और दूसरी ओर बेरोजगारी । ऐसे विपरीत स्थिति के चक्रव्यूह में फँसकर आज का युवक बेहद ड्रटसा गया है । कुछ इस स्थिति से उबरने के लिए गुमराही का सदाएँ ले रहे हैं । भारत की स्थिति शोचनीय हो गई है—न बड़े बूढ़ों की इज्जत, न शिक्षक-गुरु

के प्रति सम्मान, न परिवार में सुखपूर्वक रहने का खाज, न कायदे कानून पर चलने की शक्ति-यह सब जैसे भारत से बिल्कुल आलोप होता जा रहा है ।

पर— ! हर सिके के दो पहलू होते हैं । जहाँ पिछले-वर्षों की अपेक्षा भारत का औसत स्तर मिरता प्रतीत होता है वहाँ कुछ क्षेत्रों में भारत ने प्रगति की है । विज्ञान के विकास से हमारे उद्योगों को बहुत सहायता मिली है, कृषि के क्षेत्र में विज्ञान की मदद से उत्पादन में बढ़ोत्तरी हुई है अदि आदि । यदि आज हम अपना ध्यान विध्वंसकारी कार्यों से हटाकर सृजनात्मक कार्यों की ओर केन्द्रित करें अपने कर्त्तव्यों का उचित पालन करें और विज्ञान की उचित सहायता ले तब भारत की स्थिति अवश्य दी सुधर सकेगी ।

ANUJA SINHA
III B.Sc. Zoology

शिक्षित की ओर

ट्रेन की रफतार के साथ-साथ मन की गति भी बढ़ती जा रही थी । 'बग खोल कर 'सारिका' निकाली और उलट-पलट कर समय बिताने का अनायास प्रयत्न करने लगी; अचानक मेरी नजर व्यग्य चित्र पर पड़ी;

'माई तुम डकैती छोड़कर राजनीति में क्यों नहीं चले आते' ?

'क्यों'

'यहाँ ज्यादा लाभ है ।'

मुझे यह वाक्य शौर्य के लिए बड़ा सार्थक लगा । शादी हुए अभी चार महीने भी नहीं हुए थे; किन्तु इन चार महीनों में ऐसे-ऐसे दृश्य देखे जिनके कारण जीवन झटके से फिसलता हुआ दिखायी दिया । बार-बार शौर्य के घर का, गली का चित्र विविध प्रश्नों को लिए घूम जाता, कीचड़ से भरी गंदी नालियों पर बने झोंपड़ीनुमा घर, मच्छरों मक्खियों से युक्त दुर्गन्धपूर्ण, वातावरण, उसी के अनुरूप धिनौने आचरण युक्त लोग, कड़कती, चिलचिलाती धूप म बच्चों का शोग, गुल्ली-डंडा खेलते हुए गाली-गलौज की आवाज़, जोर-जोर से औरतों की बातों की आवाज़ें पानी भरते-भरते सारे

मुहल्ले की बहू-बेटियों की चर्चा, किसी जुआरी की पत्नी का गालियों से तति का स्वागत, भूरव से चिल्लाते बच्चों के रोने का स्वर, फेरी वालों की आवाजों सामने चाय की दूकान पर जोर-जोर से बजता ग्रामोफोन, साइकिल, रिक्शा, बसों, गाड़ियों की ट्रिन-ट्रिन पों-पों पी पी; गली के नुक्कड़ पर बने सिनेमा-घर की लम्बी कतार, चाय की दूकान के साथ ही मोची जो ज़ोर-जोर से अखबार की खब्रौ सुनाता है; मद्रास में पानी की भारी कभी, गुजरात में बाढ़, हैदराबाद में भूकम्प, दीनानाथ जी ने महँगाई के कागण सपरिवार जहर खा लिया। कलकत्ता में सेठ लक्ष्मीदास के घर छापा मारा गया और अष्टाईस लाख जघ्त किये गये। एक ही दिन में इतनी सारी बातें घटती हैं।

सन्ध्या समय मन्दिर के घंटे के साथ-साथ दिल दहला देने वाली चीखें वातावरण में गूँज एक विषलापन फैला देती हैं। साथ वाला टिम्बर मर्चेंट सतीश रखैल समेत घर आता हैं और पत्नी चेतना को पीटता हैं; न मरने देता है और न ही जीने। नीचे के फ्लैट वालों का इकलौता पुत्र उर्फ मोहल्ले का दादा; तस्करी करता है। पत्नी यदि कुछ भले की बात कहे तो उसे रात भर गली में फेंक देता है; सहानुभूति दिखाने वाले अपना उल्लू सीधा कर चलते बनते हैं। सारे दृश्यों में को देख खेद होता है कि कहाँ भारत देश महान था; महान संकल्पों एवं आदर्शों से युक्त यहाँ के नागरिक थे; किन्तु अब पाश्चात्य देशों को हमने अपनी उन बहुमूल्य परम्पराओं को दे दिया है जिनके लिए वे अशान्त हो भटक रहे थे; और स्वतः रिक्त हो धिनौना जीवन व्यतीत करने लग गए हैं। समस्त वातावरण के साथ-साथ शौर्य की माँ के शब्द कानों में गूँज उठते हैं “राम-राम यह डोली आयी है या.....।” जब से विवाह हुआ है पति ने आज तक बात नहीं की; पिता ऊँचे ओहदे पर हैं इसलिए सास-ससुर तथा शौर्य तीनों पूरी तरह से फायदा उठाना चाहते हैं। आलसी शौर्य ऐयाशी जिन्दगी चाहता है; बात-बात पर काटने को दौड़पा है। अभी शादी को महीना भी नहीं हुआ था तलाक देने की धमकी देने लगा; बस एक ही रट है; स्मृति! यदि मेरे साथ रहना है तो पिता से कह फैंकटरी खड़ी कखाओ तथा एक अच्छी जगह पर कोठी बनवाओ तभी मैं तुम्हें अपनाऊँगा।” पिता जी ने जब यह बात सुनी तो उन्हें दिल का दौरा पड़ गया।

वह दृश्य आँखों के समक्ष नाच उठता है जिस दिन शौर्य के घर मेरी डोली पहुँची थी। सर्वत्र तहलका मचा हुआ था; नानी जी की साँस फूल रही है; और देखते ही देखते सब खुशियाँ समेटे नानी चल बसी, किन्तु मेरे जीवन में चिनगारी लगा गई। जो उठता यही कहता लड़की मनहूस है आते ही नानी को खा गई अब न जाने किस-किस को खायेगी।

गाड़ी के झटके से विचारों की श्रृंखला भग्न हुई; कोई छोटा सा स्टेशन था स्टेशन से कुछ दूर पर ही स्कूल था, स्कूल का खुला अहाता साफ पाशाकों में खेलते बच्चों का समूह अत्यन्त भला लग रहा था, डिब्बे के दूसरी छोर पर लगे टूजिस्टर पर इन्दिरा गाँधी की स्पीच चल रही थी; 'आज भारत ने जो प्रगति की है उसी के परिणाम स्वरूप अंतर्राष्ट्रीय देशों में उसका अपना भी कुछ अस्तित्व है। आज अगणित स्कूल-कालेज तथा शैक्षणिक संस्थाएँ खुल गई हैं। जगह-जगह भाँति-भाँति के कल-कारखानों का निर्माण हो चुका है। नागरिकों को चाहिए अपने आदर्शों का न छोड़ें; मेहनत करें और धर्म का पालन करें.....।' स्पीच के प्रभावशाली शब्दों से पुनः मस्तिष्क क्रियाशील हो गया। सच; नवीन आधुनिक दृष्टिकोण के परिप्रेक्ष्य में भारत ने हर क्षेत्र में प्रगति दिन दूनी रात चौगुनी की है राजनीति के क्षेत्र में उन्नति की है एशिया के अन्य देशों की अपेक्षा भारत की स्थिति स्थिर है और सुदृढ़ होती ही जाएगी। मार्थिक दशा दिन-दिन प्रभावशाली स्यान ग्रहण कर रही है और गृही सामाजिक स्थिति; क्या ही अच्छा हो यदि भारतीय नर-नारी अपने सीमित दायरे से बाहर खुले स्वच्छंद वातावरण में साँस लें जिसमें स्नेह उदारता, विशालता की असीम दृष्टि निहित हो। हर प्रकार के अंश-विश्वासों, दकियानूसी विचारों खडियों को तज एक ऐसे मुक्त वातावरण का निर्माण हो; जिसमें जीवन को नवीन माधुंय युक्त स्वर लहरी हो; जिम्के शकृत होते ही नवोत्साह, प्रेरणा, जागृति, पारस्परिक प्रेम का प्रस्फुटन हो; और एक नवीन आनन्द की अनुभूति का निरक्षर बहे जो देवों का भी दुर्लभ हो।

स्मृति.....स्मृति। की आवाज ने मुझे चौंका दिया। गाड़ी किसी स्टेशन पर खड़ी थी और समक्ष मुस्कुराती हुई फातिमा सुन्दर परिधान में लिपटी थी।

स्मृति। कहाँ जा रही हो?

'लखनऊ'—और तुम—?

अगले स्टेशन वहाँ स्कूल की प्रीसिप्रल हूँ। उत्तर सुनते ही आँखों में चमक भर गई नारियों ने भी हर क्षेत्र में प्रगति की है। मैंने पूछा-तुम्हारे घर वाले तुम्हें नौकरी करने देते हैं? तपाक से बोली; 'क्यूँ नहीं: अब हम दकियानूसी विचारों वाले नहीं रहे। फातिमा मेरी पक्की सहेली थी। हम दोनों में इधर-उधर की बातें होती रहीं; कालेज तथा, स्कूल के दिनों को याद कर खूब हँसती रहीं। मैंने फातिमा को अपनी समस्या भी बताया। वह बोली बस इतनी सी बात है। देखो दिन रात सब नये-नये उद्योग-धन्धे खुल रहे हैं आगिर किसी ने तो मेहनत की होगी; और तुम भी अर्थशास्त्र में एम

ए हो स्वयं फैक्टरी चलाओ। फातिमा की बात सुनते ही चेहरे की उदासी फरार हो गई। सच, कितनी सुखद बात थी। जीवन में क्लेशों के आने पर ही हम सम्भलते हैं और दुःखों की नींव पर ही रचनात्मक कार्य होते हैं।

फातिमा जा चुकी थी। लखनऊ आने में अभी पूरे दो घंटे बाकी थे र अब मन में नवीन उत्साह था। निर्णय किया; लखनऊ स्टेशन पर उतर पहला काम यही करूंगी कि शौर्य को टैलक्स दूँगी; तुम शीघ्र ही लखनऊ आ जाओ। हमदोनों कंधे से कंधा मिलाकर फैक्टरी की योजना बना जीवन को सफल बनाएंगे। सुखद विचारों के आते ही होंठ खुशी से फँल गए।

ट्रेन की रफ्तार तेज हो गई थी; रह-रह कर सीटी बजा रही थी मानों उसे भी दिशा मिल गई हो और आह्लादित हो सरपट गन्तव्य की ओर बढ़ जाना चाहती हो। मेरा मन भी उसी रफ्तार में दौड़ता जा रहा था; उस क्षितिज की ओर.....।

मधु धवन

பெண்ணே நீ பேதையாகாதே

ஓ . . . பெண்களே!
கோடையின் பேரிடியென
குமுறிடும் நெஞ்சங்களே
உங்கள் கடைக்கண்ணில் தெரிவது
காவிரியாறா? கங்கையின் நீரா?
நீரோடை மேல் தோன்றும்
பாலாடை போன்றவளே
நீ, நீர்விட்டு நிற்கும்
நிலை என்ன நிலையோ?
கண் மலரில் உதிரும்
மென் மலர் கண்ணீரில்
சோக காவியம் படைக்கின்றீர்.
மேனியில் பொன்னாக,
மெல்லிதழில் பவழமாக,
வெண்பல்லை முத்தாகக் கொண்டீர்கள்.

இத்துணை பொருளிருந்தும்
எத்தர்கள் உன்னிடத்தில்
பித்தாக்கும் பொன்னுக்காக
கொத்தித் திரிகின்றனரே .

உங்களிடத்தில்—
வரவை எதிர் பார்த்து
வரனாகக் காத்திருக்கும்
வல்லூறுகள் எத்தனை பேர்
இத்தனை எதிர்ப்பினூடே
இருப்பதைக் கொடுத்துவிட்டு
இல்லறத்தை நாடுகின்றீர்
உன் தலையில்—
கொட்டிடும் எண்ணெயை ,
கொளுத்திடும் எரிக்குச்சியை
அங்குக் கட்டித் தழுவிடவோ ?

எரிந்தது உன் மனம் அன்று
எரிந்தது உன் உடல் இன்று .
பாவம்,
தனிமலர், சொட்டுகின்ற
பனிமழையைத் தாங்கும்
தறிகெட்டுக் கொட்டுகின்ற
கொடுமழையைத் தாங்குமா ?
அம்மலர்—
மது தீர்ந்து
மனம் சோர்ந்து
இதழ் வீழ்ந்து போய்விடுமே
இது போனால்
'இன்னொரு மலர் தோன்றாமலா
போய்விடும்' என
இறுமாந்திருக்கும் இருளர்களின்
இன் செயலை வீழ்த்த
பெண்ணே ! நீ
பேயானாலும் பேதையாகாதே .
கொடுஞ் சொல் புரியும்
கயவரின் குருதியைக்
குடிக்கத் தயங்காதே !
இக் கொடுமை உனக்கு வர—
தட்சணை இல்லையே என்பதால் !

சா. வளர்மதி
இரண்டாம் ஆண்டு
இளமறிவியல் (பௌதிகம்)

இளநெஞ்சே !

மீனாடு மாநதிகள் பல இங்கு உண்டு;
மகிழ்ந்தாடிச் சிரிக்கின்ற மண்ணிங்கு உண்டு;
மானாடு கானதனில் வளங்கள் பல உண்டு;
மாதரார் கற்புநெறி நிற்பது மிகவுண்டு
வானாடு வரையோங்கு ஈகைமிகக் கொண்டு
வஞ்சனை இன்றியே வாழ்வோர் பலருண்டு;
தேநாடு இங்கிதற்கு இணையேது உண்டு?
திருவோடிப் பாரதம் வாழ்க நலம் கண்டு!

எந்நாளும் அழியாத அறமதே உடலாய்,
எழிலார்ந்த அணி அன்பே என உடையாள்;
பின்னாளில் வன்புலையர் வஞ்சகரின் சூதால்
பரிவில்லா அந்நியரின் வசப்பட்டு நின்றாள்;
பன்னாளும் தானுற்ற புல்லடிமைச் சிறையைப்
பல்கோடிக் கரங்கொண்டு இறையருளால் நீத்தாள்;
இந்நாளில் எவ்வுலகும் கேட்டு உணர்ந்தறியா
இன்பநன்னெறி சார்ந்து சுதந்திரமிங் குற்றாள்!

அடக்கும் வெளித்தளையிங் கெற்றிய பின்னாலும்
அடங்கிய உள்ளத்தின் தளை நீங்களில்லை;
மடக்கியே வளர்ந்தாலும் முது ஆலமர மிங்கு
முழுமை குறைந்து கொடி ஆகுதலும் உண்டோ?
நடக்காத செயலன்றோ? நம்பிக்கை கொண்டே
நலத்தாராக் கொடுநீசத் தீமையிருட் கடலைக்
கடக்கின்ற திறனிங்கு உற்றோமேயானால்
கடவுளவன் அருளாலே சீரெல்லாம் பெறலாம் !

வறுமை, பிணி, அறியாமை, உறுமக்கள் பெருக்கம்,
வேலையிலாத் திண்டாட்டம், மிகுமுணவுப் பஞ்சம்;
வெறுமை சூழ்வாழ்வு, நலம் காணாத தாழ்வு,
வஞ்சனை இருளெங்கும் சூழ்கின்ற நிலைமை;
கறுமை செறிந் தடர்ந்திட்ட கருணையிலா மக்கள்;
கலங்கும் உள்ளங்கள்—மாற்றமிதற்கெங்கே?
பொறுமைபறி போகுமுன்னே புதுவழிநாம் கண்டால்
புதுபாரதம் மலருமிங்கு உண்மை! இது உண்மை!

பேசிப் பேசினம் நேரமதே கழியும்;
 பாங்காய்ச் செயலொன்றும் நடக்க வழியில்லை;
 எசிப்பிறர் பழிக்க வாழ்வதொரு வாழ்வோ?
 ஏற்றமுறு இளநெஞ்சே! சிந்திக்க வேண்டும்!
 கூசி உடல் குறுகாமல் நந்தாய் உயர வேண்டின்,
 கடமை மறவாதே செயலாற்ற வேண்டும்;
 நேசித்திம் மண்ணை, நம் கடனைச் செய்யின்
 நம்நாடு அமரர்புரி ஆகிவிடும் மெய்யே!

B. கீதா

மூன்றாம் ஆண்டு
 இளங்கலை அறிவியல்
 (பௌதிகம்)

புதுக்கவிதை

எதையும் தாங்கும் இதயங்கள்

சேற்றுச் சாலையில் படுத்து விடும்
 இந்த எமன் வாகனங்களுக்கு மட்டும்
 சக்கரக் கால்கள்.

பெட்ரோல் பாலைப் பருகும்
 இவற்றின் பள்ளியறைகள்
 பேருந்து நிழற் கொடைகள்.

பட்டாம் பூச்சிகளைச் சுமக்கும் போதுமட்டுமே
 இந்த வாகனங்கள்
 அழகாகி விடுகின்றன
 கோவில் கல்லூரிக்கு மட்டுமின்றி
 இந்த வாகனங்கள்
 கடலுக்கும் செல்லும்.
 மனிதனைப் போலவே சண்டையிடும்
 இவ்வாகனங்கள்
 மருத்துவ மனைக்கும் செல்லும்
 இந்த வாகனங்களை
 வானத்தாய் குளிப்பாட்டுகிறாள்
 குளித்து புது வண்ணச் சட்டையணியும் தினம்

பொங்கல் அன்று மட்டும்
கல்லடிக்கும் சொல்லடிக்கும் கலங்காத
இந்த வாகனங்கள்
எதையும் தாங்கும் இதயங்கள்

சாதி மத பேதமின்றி சுமந்து செல்லும்
இந்த வாகனங்கள்
இயங்கும் ஜனநாயகங்கள்.

C. ROSELINE MARY
B. A. History II year

அனுபவம்

அன்பே கடவுள் என்பர்—இறைவா
அதனால் யானும் கூற வில்லை
அன்பே கடவுள் என்றேன்—என்
அனுபவம் அறிந்த உண்மை ஆதலால்

கேட்டவை அனைத்தும் அளித்தாய் இறைவா
கேளாத நாளில்லை நீ என் குறையை
உள்ளத்தின் மாசினை அழித்தாய் இறைவா—என்
உள்ளத்தே அன்பும் அருளும் நிறைத்தாய்

நின் பாதம் சரணானக் கிடந்தேன் என்றும்
நின் பார்வை ஏனோ கிடைக்க வில்லை, இன்றும்
நின் பாதம் விட்டகன்ற போதோ அங்கு
நின் பதம் எனையே தொடர்வதேனோ?

யானிங்கு செய்த தீவினை ஏராளம்
யான் பெற்ற பேரோ தாராளம், தாராளம்
யான் உனை மறந்தேன், நீ எனே நினைத்தாய்
நீ எனக்காக்க, இடர் எனக்கில்லை.

அன்பு செய்தபோது எனே அனைத்தாய் இறைவா,
அன்பு செய்ய மறுத்தாலும் அவனைத்தாய்
அன்பே! நீதான் என் தெய்வ மென்பேன்
அனுபவம் இதைப் பலர் உணர்ச் செய்வேன்.

Sr. ROZARIO

தேசிய ஒருமைப்பாடு சாத்தியமா ?

'கல் தோன்றி மண் தோன்றாக் காலத்தே முன் தோன்றி மூத்த' முதுகுடிப் பெருமக்கள் சிந்தையால், சொல்லால், முந்து பெரு வீரத்தால், முயற்சியால், அறிவால், ஆக்கச் செறிவால், பண்பாட்டால், புது நலம் கமழும் பேரிலக்கியங்களால்-இவ்வாறு அனைத்தாலும், மூத்து, பெருமையெனும் குன்றின் உச்சிக்கே போய் நலம் கண்ட நாடு 'நீராரும் கடலுடுத்த நிலமடந்தைக்கு எழிலொழுகும் சீராரும் வதனமெனத் திகழ்' பாரதநாடு. பண்பாட்டு வளத்தால் பாரில் எந்நாடும் எதிர் நிற்க இயலாப் புகழுடை நாடு. காலம் இன்னதென்று கணிக்க முடியாத காலந் தொட்டே கவினுறு பண்பாடு செழித்த இந்தத் தேசத்திலே, ஞாலத்தில்வேறெங்கும் காண இயலாத ஒரு புதுமை மிளர்கிறது. அதுதான், இந்தியா என்ற ஒரே தேசத்திலே, பதினான்கிற்கும் மேற்பட்ட மொழிகளும், உலகில் வழங்கும் அனைத்து மதங்களும், இட மாறு பாட்டால் இடம்பெறுகின்ற பலவகை பழக்க வழக்கங்களும், இங்குள்ள மக்களால் பின்பற்றப்படுவது. இவ்வாறு பல வேறுபாடுகளைக் கொண்ட மக்கள் வாழும் இந்தத் தேசத்தில், ஒருமைப்பாட்டிற்கு இடமுண்டா என்பது இப்போதையப் பெருங் கேள்வி. சற்றே ஆராய்வோமா?

செந்தமிழ் நாடு தந்த செழுங்கவி பாரதி நமக்கெல்லாம் அன்றோர் கதை சொன்னான். 'வெள்ளை நிறத்து ஒரு பூனை எங்கள் வீட்டில் வளருது கண்டீர்' என்று துவங்கி அப்பூனை பிள்ளை பெற்றதையும், அதன் நான்கு குட்டிகளும் நான்கு வெவ்வேறு நிறம் பெற்று விளங்கியதையும் பேசுவான். இறுதியிலே, நிறத்தில் வேறுபட்டாலும் 'அவையாவும் ஒரே தரமன்றோ?' என்று வினாவும் எழுப்புவான். ஆம்; ஒரு பூனையின் குட்டிகளுக்கிடையே எவ்வாறு வேறுபாடு உண்மையில் இல்லையோ, அது போலத்தான் ஒரு தேசத்தின் மக்களுக்கு இடையிலும் உண்மையில் வேறுபாடில்லை; நாம் இந்தியர் என்ற உணர்வு ஒவ்வொருவர் உள்ளத்திலும் நிலைத்து நிற்கும் வரை, நமக்கிடையே எவ்வித வேறுபாடும் வராது.

இந்த ஒற்றுமையை விளக்கவே, அன்றே பாடினான் பாரதி. 'முப்பது கோடி முகமுடையாள் உயிர் மொய்ய்புற ஒன்றுடையாள்; இவள் செப்பு மொழி பதினெட்டுடையாள் எனில் சிந்தனை ஒன்றுடையாள்' என்று பாரதத்தாயின் புகழைப் பாடுவான். ஆக்கத்திலும், தொழில் ஊக்கத்திலும், புய லீக்கத்திலும் உயர் மக்கள் வாழும் தேசத்திலே, எவ்வாறு அறமும் மறமும் ஆகிய இரண்டும் மக்களின் ஒருமைப்பாட்டால் நிகழ்கின்றன என்றும் விளக்குவான். 'அறுபது கோடி தடக்கைகளாலும் அறங்கள் நடத்துவள் தாய்; தன்னைச் செறுவது நாடி வருபவரைத் துகள் செய்து கிடத்துவள் தாய்' என்பன, அவன் உள்ளக் கருத்தை உணர்த்துகின்றன.

எத்தனையோ நூற்றாண்டுகளுக்கு முன்னால் ஆதி சங்கரர் என்னும் சான்றோர் தோன்றி 'அத்துவைதம்' அதாவது 'ஒன்றன்றி வேறில்லை' என்ற உயர் கருத்தைச் செப்பிச் சீர்பெற்ற நாடன்றோ இது! அன்பு, அருளின் தாய் என்பார் வள்ளுவர். விட்டுக் கொடுக்கும் மண்பாங்கை வளர்க்கக் கூடியது அன்பே என்பதில் எவருக்கேனும் ஐயம் இருக்க முடியுமோ? இவ்வாறு ஒற்றுமைக்குக் காரணமான அன்பையே அடித்தளமாகக் கொண்ட புத்தபிரான் பிறந்த பூமியன்றோ இது! பற்பல நூற்றாண்டுகளாக தேசத்தின் ஒவ்வொரு பகுதியிலும் காலத்தின் தேவைக் கேற்ப, புண்ணிய புருஷர்கள் தோன்றி, ஆன்மீகத்திலும் உலகியலிலும் ஒருமைப்பாட்டை நிலை நாட்டிய நேச பூமி இது. இங்கே மொழிகள் வேறாயிருந்தாலும் அன்புள்ள மனம் ஒன்றுதான். இனங்கள் வேறாயிருந்

தாலும் இடையிலே தடையேதுயில்லை. மதங்கள் வேறாயிருந்தாலும் மன அமைதிக்குக் குறையில்லை.

இவையெல்லாம் கேட்பதற்கும், படிப்பதற்கும், சுவையுள்ளதாய் இருந்தாலும், இன்று, இருபதாம் நூற்றாண்டின் இறுதியில் இந்தியாவில் இருக்கின்ற நிலை என்ன என்று காண்போமாயின் மேற்சொன்னவை யெல்லாம் கனவுகளோ என்று எண்ணவே தோன்றும். ஆம்; இதனை நிரூபிக்கும் சான்றுகளாய், மீனாட்சிபுரமும், தியோலியும் தென்கோடிக்கு ஒன்றும் வடகோடிக்கு ஒன்றுமாய் நிற்கின்றன. (இதிலா வேண்டும் ஒருமைப்பாடு?!) காவிரி நீர்ப் பிரச்சனை, தீராத தலைவலியாய் மாறிவிட்டது. ஒருவரை ஒருவர் மதிக்கும் நிலை மாறி-நாடு தழுவிய நிலையிலே ஒற்றுமையின்றிப் பல போராட்டங்கள் துவங்கிவிட்டன. இன்னும் எவ்வளவோ!

மக்கள் தொகை பெருகி, அனைத்திலும் பற்றாக்குறையென்னும் பேரரசர்கள் அரசாட்சி செலுத்தும் நேரத்தில் இந்த வேற்றுமைகள்—ஒருமைப்பாட்டை மறந்து மக்கள் செய்யும் செயல்கள்—இவை தேசத்தின் முன்னேற்றத்திற்கு முட்டுக்கட்டையிடுகின்றன. பாரதியார் அன்று பாடினார். 'எப்பதம் வாய்த்திடுமேனும் நம்மில் யாவர்க்கும் அந்த நிலை பொதுவாகும்; முப்பது கோடியும் வாழ்வோம் வீழில் முப்பதுகோடி முழுமையும் வீழ்வோம்' என்று. அத்தகைய ஒற்றுமை உணர்ச்சி—வாழ்விலும் தாழ்விலும் ஒன்றாக இருப்போம் என்ற எண்ணம் இன்று மக்களிடையே மறைந்து வருகிறது. ஒரு தெருவில் வசிக்கும் பல வீட்டுக் காரர்களும், ஒரு தீ விபத்து நடக்கும்போது ஒடி வந்து தீயை அணைக்க அரும்பாடு படுகிறார்கள்—ஒன்றிணைந்து தங்கள் பழைய மன வேறுபாட்டையெல்லாம் மறந்து. அது போலத்தான், இன்று தேசம் என்னும் தெருவிலே பற்றாக்குறை, மக்கள் பெருக்கம் முதலிய பல நெருப்புகள் சுடர்விட்டுக்கொண்டிருக்கின்றன. இந்த நிலையிலே பல மாநிலங்கள் என்னும் வீடுகளிலே வாழும் மக்கள், தங்கள் வேற்றுமைகளை மறந்து, அத்தீயை அணைக்க ஒன்றுகூட வேண்டாமா?

“இந்தத் தேசத்தை எக்காரணம் கொண்டும் பிரிப்பது என்பது உயிரோடு ஒருவனைப் பகுதி பகுதியாக வெட்டுவதை ஒத்தது; இந்நாட்டில் வாழும் மக்கள் எல்லோரும் ஒன்றுப்பட்டவர்; இந்தியர்” என்று கூறினார் அண்ணல் காந்தியடிகள். இதையே 'எல்லோரும் ஓர் குலம்; எல்லோரும் ஓர் இனம்; எல்லோரும் இந்திய மக்கள்' என்று பாடினார் பாரதியார். இந்தக் கருத்துக்கள் எல்லாம் மக்கள் மனத்தில் ஆழப்பதிந்து அவற்றின் பலன் செயலாக மலரும் போதுதான், ஒருமைப்பாடென்னும் கனி கனியும். இன்றுள்ள நிலையிலே, மக்களின் ஒருமைப்பாடு ஒன்றுதான் உயர்வுக்கு வழிகாட்டும்.

ஆகவே, இமயப் பனிமால் வரை முதல் தென்குமரிச் செழுங்கரை வரை உள்ள மக்கள் எல்லோரும் மொழி, மதம், இனம் முதலிய எவை இடையில் வந்தாலும் அதைச் சுவராகக் கட்டாமல், சீந்தாமல் விட்டுவிட்டால், சிறப்பான பாரதம் நிச்சயம் உருவாகும்.

‘ஒன்றுப்பட்டாலுண்டு வாழ்வு நம்மில்
ஒற்றுமை நீங்கிடி அனைவர்க்கும் தாழ்வு’

என்ற எண்ண விதை அனைவர் மனத்திலும் பதியுமானால் இந்தியக் குடியரசு முழுப் பொலிவும் பெற்ற புண்ணியத் தருவாகத் தடையேது? அங்கே, தேசிய ஒருமைப்பாடு சாத்தியமா என்ற கேள்விக்கும் தான் இடமேது? முயற்சியுடையார் இகழ்ச்சியுடையார்

என்பது பழமொழி. முயன்றால் முடியாததில்லை என்பது புதுமொழி. ஆகவே இப் புண்ணிய பூமியில் ஒருமைப்பாடு காண முழு மனத்தோடு முயல்வோம்! வெல்வோம்!

வாழிய செந்தமிழ்!
வாழ்க நல் தமிழர்!
வாழிய பாரத மணித்திருநாடு!

உழவுக்கும், தொழிலுக்கும் வந்தனை செய்து, வீணில் உண்டு களித்திருப்போரை நிந்தனை செய்து, மனவேறுபாடுகளை நீக்கி, ஒருமைப்பாட்டுடன் ஊக்கம் சேர்த்து உழைத்து உயர்வு பெறுவோம்! பிறரையும் பெறச் செய்வோம்!

G. கீதா

இளங்கலை பௌதிகம்
முன்றாம் ஆண்டு

வரதட்சிணையும் முதலாளித்துவமும்

அரசியல்வாதிகளின் தேர்தல் வாக்குறுதிகளைப்போல் அனைவராலும் பேசப்பட்டு யாராலும் கடைப்பிடிக்கப்படாத “வரதட்சிணை ஒழிப்பு” பற்றி நான் இங்குப் புரட்சி கரமாக முழங்கப்போவதில்லை. யாவரும் எண்ணியிராத (என்று நான் நம்பும்) ஒரு கண்ணோட்டத்தில் அதைப் பார்க்கப் போகிறேன். வரதட்சிணையையும் முதலாளித்துவத்தையும் தொடர்புபடுத்துவதன் மூலம் நான் மொட்டைத் தலைக்கும் முழங்காலுக்கும் முடிச்சுப் போடவில்லை. இந்தியாவில், முதலாளித்துவம் வளர வளர வரதட்சிணையும் வளர்ந்து வந்துள்ளது. முதலாளித்துவத்தில் பணமே முக்கியமாக இருப்பது போல வரதட்சிணை வாங்குவதன் இன்றியமையாத நோக்கமே பண வரவுதான்! பணத்தின் முக்கியத்துவம் அதிகரிக்க அதிகரிக்க, வரதட்சிணை வாங்கும் வழக்கமும் வளர்ந்துவிட்டது. இதனால், அமெரிக்கா போன்ற முதலாளித்துவ நாடுகளில், ஏன் வரதட்சிணை எழவில்லை என்று சிலர் கேட்கலாம். முதலாளித்துவம் இருக்கும் நாடுகளில் எல்லாம் வரதட்சிணை இருக்கும் என்பதில்லை. ஆனால் வரதட்சிணை இருக்கும் நாட்டில் முதலாளித்துவம் இருக்கும். இதை மேலும் விளக்கலாம்.

நாற்பது, ஐம்பது வருடங்களுக்கு முன்பு, பணத்தின் உபயோகம் குறைவாகவும், பொருள் மாற்று முறை (Barter system) இருந்த காலத்தில் வரதட்சிணை இருக்கவில்லை. வரதட்சிணை, அண்மையில் தோன்றிய வழக்கமாகும். இன்றும் பண வாடை காணாத சில சிற்றுர்களில் பெண் வீட்டார் பிள்ளை வீட்டாருக்குப் பணமோ, சீதனமோ கொடுப்பதில்லை. பிள்ளை வீட்டாரே பெண்ணிக்குப் ‘பரிசம்’ போடுவார்கள். பெண்ணிற்கு நகைகள் செய்து போடுவார்கள். சீதனம் கொடுக்கும்போதும் பொருளாகவோ, நகையாகவோ தருவார்களே ஒழிய, ‘ரொக்கமாக’ பணம் தரும் வழக்கம் அக்காலத்தில் இருந்ததில்லை. “எனக்குக் கலியாணமுங்க பரிசம் போடனுமுங்க” என்பான் கிராமத்தான்.

ஆனால் இதே கிராமத்தான், பணத்திற்கு மதிப்புக் கொடுக்கும் நகரத்திற்கு வந்தான் என்று வைத்துக்கொள்ளுங்கள். ஒரு கௌரவமான ‘ஆபீஸ்’ உத்தியோகமும் கிடைத்து விட்டது என்றால், அவன் பணத்தின் மதிப்பை உணர்ந்தவனாகி, திருமணம் செய்து கொள்ளும்போது, ‘வரதட்சிணை’ வாங்குவான். கிராமத்தில் வாழ்ந்தவன் முன்னர் ‘பரிசம் போட’ ஒப்புக்கொண்டு, ‘நாகரிகம்’ மிகுந்த நகரத்திற்கு வந்துவிட்டபின் ‘பரிசம் வாங்க’ காரணம் என்ன? கிராமத்தில் பணத் தேவைகள் குறைவு, எல்லாம் பொருளாகக் கிடைப்பதால். ஆனால் நகரத்திலோ தண்ணீர் குடிப்பதற்குக்கூட காசு தரவேண்டி இருக்கிறது. எனவே அக்கிராமத்தான் நகரத்திற்கு வந்து வேலை கிடைக்க நிச்சயம் பணம் செலவு செய்திருக்கவேண்டி இருக்கும். இவ்வாறு செலவழித்து ‘நல்ல’ வேலை கிடைத்தவுடன், அந்தக் கௌரவமும், அந்தஸ்தும் அவனை ‘உயர்த்தி’ வரதட்சிணை வாங்கத் தூண்டுகின்றன.

நகரத்தில் வாழும் பெற்றோர்கள், தங்கள் பிள்ளைகளைப் பள்ளியில் சேர்க்கும்போது ‘நன்கொடை ஒரு 300 ரூபாய் தாருங்கள் இடம் தருகிறோம்’ என்ற பள்ளித்தலைமை ஆசிரியர்கள் ‘வேண்டுகோள்’ முதல் கல்லூரி சேர்க்கும்போது ‘கட்டட நிதி’, ‘நன்கொடைகள்’ ஆகிய லஞ்சங்களும், கௌரவமான உத்தியோகம் கிடைக்க ‘பெரிய, மனிதர்களுக்கு வெட்டும் தொகைகளும், செய்யும் மரியாதைகளுக்கும் செலவு செய்யும் பணம் எல்லாம் வீணாகலாமா? எனவே, உத்தியோகத்தில் அமர்ந்துவிட்ட பிள்ளையை மணமுடிக்கும்போது பிள்ளைக்காக மேற்கூறிய செலவுகளைச் செய்த பெற்றோர்கள் அச்செலவுகளை ஈடு செய்ய பிள்ளையுடன் அவன் உத்தியோக கௌரவத்தையும் வாழ்வையும் பகிர்ந்து கொள்ளப்போகும் பெண்ணிடமிருந்து திரும்பப் பெற எண்ணுகிறார்கள். இவ்வாறு பிள்ளையின் வாழ்வின் பல நிலைகளிலும் பள்ளி, கல்லூரி அலுவலகங்கட்குக் கொடுக்கும் ‘டெளி’ (லஞ்சம்) எல்லாம் பிள்ளையின் கல்வியையும் அந்தஸ்தையும் பகிர்ந்து கொள்ளும் ‘இல்லாளிடமிருந்து’ கறக்கிறார்கள்.

எனவே வாழ்வின் தகுதிகளைப் பெற ஒவ்வொரு முறையும் ஒருவன் பணம் செலவு செய்ய வேண்டிய நிலை, அதாவது எல்லாவற்றிற்கும் பணமே முக்கியமானது என்ற கொள்கை (முதலாளித்துவம் இதுதான்) இருக்கும் வரை, நம் சமுதாயத்தில் தகுதிகளைப் பெற்றவனை மணக்கப்போகும் பெண், அத்தகுதிகளுக்கு அவன் செலவு செய்த பணத்தை ‘வரதட்சிணை’ என்ற பெயராலே திருப்பித்தர வேண்டி இருக்கும் என்பதில் ஐயமில்லை.

வி. சுஜாதா

II Year B.A. Sociology

(சமூகவியல்)

गुरुः माहात्म्यम्

गुरुर्ब्रह्मा गुरुर्विष्णुः गुरुर्देवो महेश्वरः ।

गुरुः साक्षात् परंब्रह्म तस्मै श्रीगुरवे नमः ॥

यः ईश्वरं परमां भक्तिं निबद्धाति तथैव गुरौ अपि, स एव महात्मा, तस्यैव सर्वेषु अर्थाः प्रकाशन्ते । अयं एव अर्थः श्वेताश्वतरोपनिषदि वर्ण्यते ।

यस्य देवे पराभक्तिः यथा देवे तथा गुरौ ।

तस्यैतेऽकथिताप्यर्थाः प्रकाशन्ते महात्मनः ॥ १ ॥

वेदान्ता एव प्रतिपादयन्ति यत्—‘गुम् (अज्ञानं) रुणद्धि (निवारयति) इति गुरुः’ । गुरुः शिष्यस्य अज्ञानं निवार्य तस्मै तत्त्वं प्रकाशयति । अत एव गुरुः इति उच्यते : इदं अत्र उच्यते ।

गुशब्दस्तु अन्धकारः स्यात् रुशब्दः तन्निरोधकः ।

अज्ञानध्वंसकत्वाच्च गुरुरित्यभिधीयते ॥ २ ॥

पापपूर्णे अस्मिन् लोके सर्वेषु अन्धकारनिमग्नाः सन्मार्गं न जानन्ति । गुरुः तान् सन्मार्गं नीत्वा तेषां मोक्षलाभाय उपकरोति । गुरुः शिष्यं अविद्याबन्धात् विमोचयति । सा गुरुः एक एव तादृशीं अविद्यां निवारयितुं शक्नोति या नरस्य आत्मस्वरूपावबोधे विघ्नीभवति । यः गुरूपदेशे अवधानं करोति, स एव अस्मिन् लोके सत्यं अनृतं च सम्यक् जानाति । तस्मै गुरुः ‘तत् त्वं असि’ इति जीवात्मपरमात्मनोः अभेदं उपदिशति । सः अनेन गुरूपदेशेन अविद्याबन्धात् विमुक्तः मोक्षं लभते । अत एव ‘भवरोगिणां भिषक्’ इति उच्यते ।

Shanta Sundaram

I Year Economies

CAMPU KAVYA—Origin

In most of the literatures, especially Indian poetry appears to have preceded prose. But a mixed use of these two forms—poetry and prose, perhaps not a highly developed and literary prose, was in vogue in South India, in the early works of Telugu and Kannada, in Manipravala form, and in epigraphs. This mixed form was the fore-runner of the Campu Kavya in Sanskrit.

The word campu should have been derived from the Kannada words 'sampu' सम्पू and 'campe' चम्पे which mean, 'charming' and 'mixed'. Dr. Chavinath Tripathi thinks the word campu is derived from the root चपि meaning 'movement'. This root has taken the form चम्पू. The term 'movement' is meant to imply 'conjunction' according to Ramanath Vedalankar.

Haridas Bhattacharya contends that this form of literature delights the heart of the sahrdayas with its camathara.

चमत्कृत्य पुनाति सद्दयान् विस्मयीकृत्य प्रसादयति इति चम्पूः

Perhaps, it is not improper to take चपि धातुः in its own sense as 'Movement' and construe these Kavyas as the ones which facilitate quick 'movement', because of the variety afforded.

This pattern of mixing up poetry and prose is discernible in Sanskrit even from the time of the Vedic literature, though as well-developed form, campu came into existence much later, after the 9th Century A. D. In the *Taittiriya Maitrayani* and *katha samhitas* of the Krsna Yajurveda, the combination of prose and poetry is seen. In the Atharva Veda too, there is a considerable section of prose passages. The Brahmana literature offers even more striking evidence, the *Haricandra Upakhyana* of the *Aitareya Brahmana* forming a fine illustration.

In the next stratum of Vedic literature, the Upanisads afford examples of the mixed form. Some Upanisads are entirely in prose and some are in metrical form, while a few have both prose and verse. The parables in the Upanisads are didactic and metaphysical in nature, and are mostly in verses while the prose part, generally employed in introduction, is mature and elegant.

The prose-poetic form is seen in the *Prasna*, *Mundaka* and *Katha Upanisads*. The most striking pattern is to be found in the *Katha Upanisad* where the theme is developed right from the start in both prose and poetry.

The Sutra literature which follows does not have the mixed pattern as it is essentially aphoristic in nature. The post-sutra period has been an exercise in the writing of prose. Patanjali's *Mahabhasya* is an illustration in this direction.

It is only reasonable to think that Campu Kavyas arose only when prose-kavya, like the poetry in Sanskrit, had attained its full-fledged and maturest form. Campu arose after the prose Kavya. As the latter approached more and more the ornate Kavya and began to incorporate verses, there came a time when form gave up all pretence of being a prose work, with occasional verses, and became one in which prose and verse balanced in their proportion.

The Buddhist and Jain literary texts are found to employ this mixed form. The Jataka takes illustrate the existence of Kavya in prose and verse. Speaking of Buddhist Literature, Winternitz refers to Mahavastu as a treasure-trove of Jatakas which are related partly in pure prose, partly in mixed prose and verse, sometimes first in prose and then again in verse. The Jataka Mala of Arya Sura is again a mixture of prose and verse, exhibiting a Kavya Style. The Buddhist sacred literature like the Sutta Pitaka of Pali canon also has the prose passages interrupted by verses, (gathas) introduced for elevating prose at particularly striking passages.

The Jain Literature offers even more concrete and striking illustrations of the Campu form. Several angas of the Jain sacred text have mixture of prose and verse. The Ayaranga-Sutta, for instance, has both prose and verse passages. We have long series of stanzas, now long prose passages without verse, then again a rapid change between prose and verse. In the later period we have regular Campu Kavyas in Prakrt and Sanskrit written by Jain writers. Haribadra, an eminent logician and author of 8th century wrote the Samaaicca-Kaha, a Prakrt Campu.

After this period, we find a tendency towards ornate or embellished Kavyas. In the long chain of the compounds, the insertlon of the alankaras became a special feature of this period, as evidenced in the inscriptions of this period.

It is however, in the inscriptions that the real proto-type of a Campu Kavya could be seen. The inscriptional Kavya in Sanskrit may be termed the fore-runner of the Campu Kavya in Sanskrit. Harisena's panegyric of Samudragupta engraved on the stone pillar at Allahabad (350 A.D.) is a fine example of the early Campu. The inscription is in the form of one long prose sentence, with nine stanzas of poetry. The style in the metrical and prose passages shows the distinct features of literary form. Mention may be made of other inscriptions like the 'Banskhera Copperplate Inscription of Harsa' (628 A.D.) and the Ragim Copperplate Inscription of Tivaradeva (probably of the last quarter of 8th Century A. D.) which exhibit features of the Campu.

When Campu Kavya, almost in a full-fledged form, was beginning to make its appearance in the various inscriptions, the south had already to its credit several campu compositions, in the literatures of the southern vernaculars like Telugu, Kannada and Tamil.

Most of the early works in Telugu and Kannada are written in Campu form. In fact, it is said that ever since the start of 'Kavyaracana' in Telugu, the campu form alone was prevalent. Nannayya is the first great name in Telugu Literature and his work, Bharata is in Campu form. Tikkana (13th Century A. D.) a later poet, is said to have composed his Uttara Ramayana completely in verse, eliminating prose altogether.

Nannayya is said to have inherited this from the Kannada literature which could boast of several Kavyas in Campu form. A Jain version of the Ramayana was written by Nagachandra in Kannada in Campu form. Referring to the work in the 'Struggle for Empire, Prof. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar remarks that Nagachandra's ethical tone is unassailable and its dignified style and Campu form make it a popular literary treasure. Jain writers continued to flourish under later Hoysalas and the lives of the Tirthankaras formed the theme of many Puranas in the form of Campu.

The great Tamil classic, Cilappathikaram, assigned to later Sangam period in Second Century A.D. also shows traces of a Campu Kavya, though the name 'Campu' is unknown in Tamil Literature. Prose in Tamil is of later origin, though reference is made to some works in prose, perhaps lost now, in the Tolkappiyam. It is said that prose came to be employed widely in Tamil literature only after the European impact. But, in the classic poetic work of 'Cilappadhikaram' there are elegant passages of prose, interspersed with the poetic tint. This pattern of prose, interspersed with poetry, referred to as '*urai-idai-itta-pattudai-cheyyul*' is also found in Perundevan's Bharatam.

The Bhakti period in Tamil literature is said to begin from the close of 600 A. D. which is also the period of ornate language in Sanskrit. The poets of this period, especially the Jain writers, began to employ Sanskrit words or equivalents in a large measure, in their Tamil works.

This gave rise to a new style called 'Manipravala' and gradually, the sphere of influence of Manipravala extended also to neighbouring languages like Telugu and Kannada. As a result, Manipravala brought the Southern Languages closer to Sanskrit and each had its impact on the other. There are several inscriptions with an abundant use of the mixed pattern, in the Manipravala style and these clearly manifest all the features of a Campu Kavya.

With the ground thus prepared by the earlier forms, the Campu Kavyas came to be composed in Sanskrit from the Tenth Century A. D. in a regular form. The admixture of prose and metrical passages in more or less equal proportions took a definite form in the classical period and this became a special pattern of literary art.

Mrs. MYTHILI RAMAN
Department of Sanskrit

Dans la salle de classe

Le matin, chaque jour
Nous attendons notre professeur
Puis, la prière
et la revision :
Molière et sa Dévotion
La Fontaine et son chien
Et Voltaire forçait notre Tolérance, vertu suprême,
Et le français est 'une Magnificence toujours Nouvelle'
Toujours nouvelle,
Toujours étrange,
Comme le latin ou le grec
Les Révolutions de Lamartine.
Et la Muse me dit de prendre mon luth
Et de lui donner un baiser,
dans 'Une Nuit de Mars'
Et je dis 'Ah Dieu',
Heureux ceux qui sont morts
Car il ne leur faut pas attendre
le résultat de l'examen.
Et ces sentiments se combattent dans mon coeur
Tout de même, 'Pour moi, j'aime la vie'
Il me faut avoir 'L' effort' d' étudier avant l' examen
qui s' approche vite,
Parce que ce sera futile à le 'Regret' ter après.

PROMILA
II Year Fine Arts

Un Rêve Perdu !

Pas un monde, mais dix fois dise
La voix de mille langues
L' Inde ! Qui sont tes fils,
tes filles ? Vois le sang
C'est toujours rouge ! Mais,
On voit des couleurs sans cesse.
Pas un t'aime ! O pays !
La religion, la croyance, la caste
Tout pèse sur l'âme ;
It n'existe pas d' Indien
Parce qu'on a peur de toucher son frère
Il n'ya gu' un coeur vide; gu' un amour de rien ;
Les larmes tombent O Mère !
Personne n'entend, la voix sombre
D'une mère sans enfants, d' une mère désolée.
Orpheline du temps, cachée dans l'ombre
Tu n'es qu'un rêve perdu !

MALLIKA ASIRWATHAM
II Year Literature

Results—May 1982

	Number Appeared	Total No. of passing	Number of Failure	Percentage
III — History	47	46	1	97.8
III — Economics	63	58	5	92.00
III — Fine Arts	26	26	—	100
III — Sociology	53	53	—	100
III — English	57	57	—	100
III — Maths	54	47	7	87
III — Chemistry	30	28	2	93
III — Botany	22	22	—	100
III — Zoology	31	30	1	96.7
	383	367	16	95.8
M.Sc.—Maths	25	22	3	88
M.A. —English	28	27	1	96
M.A. —Economics	23	23	—	100
M.A. —Social Work	22	22	—	100
M.A. —Fine Arts	1	1	—	100
	99	95	4	97

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Form IV —(See Rule 8)

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

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