



Stella
Zaris
College



Stella Maris College

1984



We dedicate ourselves to the values of the
International Year of Youth

Participation — in our environment and in the joy of the self ;

Peace — within the heart and within society ; and above all,

Development — the radical power of transformation

Transformation

For our theme this year we take youth and for our emblem, the tree. As plant life, it represents a crucial stage in evolution which has made possible higher forms. It traps the light by which we live, diverting 'the physical energy of the sun into the chemical process of living things'. In a universe which sometimes seems a nightmare vision of depletion, of finite stars expending themselves into space, it represents an assertion of the creative principle, a throwing back towards the source. It renews while it consumes; actively cleansing the atmosphere, it exhales the sustaining air we breathe.

The tree, while it belongs irrevocably to the world of becoming, is yet a 'natural' symbol of unity of being. It is anchored in, and absorbs from the ground, yet reaches out to the sky. It unites the four elements—rooted in earth, taking in water, leafing out into the air and making food from fire. It is fixed, but free; static and yet dynamic. Not surprisingly, the tree is a potent archetypal image which has obsessed the collective unconscious for centuries, figuring repeatedly in the myths of varied cultures.

Parvathi Nayar's enigmatic 'Young Tree' on our cover, is very much the tree of the machine age - abstracted, ambiguous. If it bristles with mechanical protrusions, its embryonic swirls yet hold a promise waiting to be released. If its form seems the spirit of rigidity its eager lateral thrusts suggest the profuse growth which is maximum at this stage in the life of the plant.

Green, the single colour used, is, for this planet at least (post chlorophyll) the colour of life. It has received other suggestions from different cultures. In India it is seen to denote tranquillity, as the colour of all colours restful to the eye. In English usage it has been extended to suggest the naivety of youth. The Luscher colour test, which attempts to systematically analyse human reaction to colour, sees green as an expression of firmness, astringency and self-affirmation. In the Buddhist tradition green is the attribute of the ultimate stage in the development of the soul - Amoghasiddhi - all accomplishing wisdom, the stage at which creative transformation is achieved.

Of all qualities, perhaps that which is most appropriate to youth is the ability to transform the self and the world. Generally, pronouncements on youth tend to lament its ephemeral nature. Richter is an exception 'The youth of the soul is everlasting and eternity is youth'.

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STELLA MARIS PAYS HOMAGE TO Mrs. INDIRA GANDHI

*“Greater love no man hath
than to lay down his life for others”*

We grieve the assassination of Mrs. Indira Gandhi.
We grieve the times that made the assassination possible.
We grieve the violation of a tradition that upheld the woman.

We remember Mrs. Indira Gandhi with pride and gratitude.
We remember her commitment to the nation.
We remember her with prayer and thanksgiving.

We are young. The nation is ours. The time is ours. May we move towards a vision that was Mrs. Gandhi's... an India of peace and trust, of progress, of development, of goodwill, of communal harmony.

கவிதாஞ்சலி இந்திரா அறுபத்தாறு

நெருவின் அருமருந்தே! பேரறிவுச் சுடரே!
மேரு போல் உயர்ந்துளாய் உலகிலே!
இந்திரா காந்தி! உலகின் காந்தி!
சந்ததம் விரும்பியதோ உலக சாந்தி!
கண்ணுக்கினியர் பலர், செவிக் கின்னாதார்
செவிக்கினியர் சிலரே, கண்ணுக் கின்னாதார்.
நீயோ
செவிக்கு இனியை! கண்ணுக் கினியை
இனியை மட்டுமோ! எளியையு மாவாய்!
காட்சிக் கினிய பிரியதர்சனியே!

(10)

சரீரம் நன்று சரீரம் நன்றன்று பலர்க்கு
சரீரம் நன்று சரீரம் நன்றன்று சிலர்க்கு
இரண்டும் நினக்கமைந்த திறைதந்த வரமே
இளையோர் நாணும் நடைத்திறம் உடையாய்!
இளமையையே முதுமையாய் சமப்பவர் இடையே
முதுமையே அறியாத மாறா இளமை நீ!
தேனீயும் உன்னிடம் சுறு சுறுப்பைக் கற்றதோ?
தேனும் உன்னின் இனிமை பெற்றதோ?
நவபாரதம் சமைக்க வந்த அன்னையே!
பல்லோர் பகுத்துண்ண சமதர்மம் வகுத்தாய்!

(20)

நவபாரத வளம்பெருக்க முன்னின்றாய் நீயே!
பலப்பல சொல்லுதல் யார்க்கும் எளிதே!
நல்ல திட்டம்பல தீட்டலும்எளிதே!
சிந்தனைக்குக் குரலும் வடிவமும் தந்தாய்!
வந்தனை நிந்தனை சமமெனக்கொள் எம் தாய்
உன் தாதை தந்ததோ ஐந்தாண்டுத்திட்டம்
புலிக்குப் பிறந்தது பூனையாமோ? புவிவாழ
நாலைந்து அம்சத் திட்டம் தந்தாய்!
எளியோரை வலியோர் வாட்டும் துயர்நீக்கிக்
களிப்புடன் வாழ வழியும் செய்தாய்

(30)

பொன்னானது காலம் எனப்பேசிக் கழிக்க
பொன்னாகக் காலமதை எண்ணி எண்ணி
வாணாள் வீணாளா காவாறு பணிசெய்தாய்
உலக அரங்கில் பாரதம் சீரிடம் பெற
உலகத் தலைவர் பலரிடை சீருற நின்றாய்

“தோன்றின் புகழெழுந் தோன்றுக” என்பதும்
“செயற்கரிய செய்வார் பெரியர்” என்பதும்
“கேட்டார்ப் பிணிக்கும் தகையசொல்” என்பதும்
“சொல்லவல்லன் சோர்விலன் அஞ்சான் அவனை
இகல்வெல்லல் யார்க்கும் அரிது” என்பதும்

(40)

“எண்ணிய எண்ணியாங் கெய்துப” என்றின்ன
வள்ளுவத்தின் விளக்கம் நீயே அன்றோ?
“நியிர்ந்த நன்னடை நேர்கொண்ட பார்வை
நிலத்தில் யார்க்கும் அஞ்சாத நெறிகளு”மெனப்
பாரதியின் புதுமைப்பெணும் நீயே அன்றோ
“மங்கையராய்ப் பிறப்பதற்கே மாதவம் செய்திட
வேண்டும்
பங்கயக் கைந்நலம் பார்த்தலவோ பாரினில் அறங்கள்
வளரு”மென்ற

கவிமணியின் மங்கையும் நீயே அன்றோ?
“நன்மை ஆவதும் பெண்ணாலே” எனவும்
“துன்பம் அழிவதும் பெண்ணாலே” எனவழங்கும்

(50)

பழமொழியின் பொருளும் நீயே அன்றோ!
மாட்சியுற வாழ்ந்தாய்! தாழ்ச்சி நினக்கிலையே!
எல்லாரும் எல்லாமும் பெறவே உழைத்தனை!
எல்லாரும் எல்லாமும் பெற்றால் போதுமா!
நீரும் வேண்டும், நீர்மையும் வேண்டும்;
உணவும் வேண்டும், உணர்வும் வேண்டும்;
உடையும் வேண்டும், தீமையகற்றவும் வேண்டும்;
தங்குமிடம் வேண்டும், பரந்த உள்ளமும்வேண்டும்;
சாதிவெறி சமயவெறி இனவெறி இல்லையாக
இவைகடந்து ஒருபடி முன்னேறினாலே

(60)

‘நாடு படிப்படியாய் முன்னேறும்; ஐயமிலை;
இனியொரு விதிசெய்வோம் அதையெந்த நாளும்
காப்போம்
எனுமோர் உறுதி கொள்வோம் துணியோடு
‘நானோர் இந்தியன்’ எனமுணர்வு பெற்றாலே
உன்கனவு நனவாக வழியுண்டு எனவுரைத்து
“வாழ்க பாரதம்” எனவாழ்த்துவன், நானும்.



Sister Marie Klemens Maria Hofbauer

1897 - 1984

A TRIBUTE



When dear Sister Klemens was taken to her last resting place, the cemetery of Eichgraben (Austria), heavy rain clouds darkened the sky. But when the coffin was laid on the brim of the grave to be lowered into the

open tomb, suddenly the sun broke through the black clouds and with its warm rays enveloped the coffin.

Whatever may have been the climatic reason of this rather unusual phenomenon, can we not interpret it as God's word coming down to His humble servant to say "Good and faithful servant, you were faithful in little things; come and enter the joy of the Lord"?

The last years spent in Eichgraben by this fervent missionary who worked for 47 years in India, were peaceful and serene, though full of silent suffering. She showed herself always content, never complained, constantly said she was well, and that everything was so beautiful. The end of her life was like the slow extinguishing of a flickering light.

Henriette von Hurter, in religion Sister Marie Klemens Maria Hofbauer, was born on Christmas eve, 1897. Though an Austrian national, it was in Bucharest, Rumania, that she saw the light of day. Her father was on a diplomatic mission there.

Belonging to an illustrious family whose known history dates back to the fifteenth century, Henriette grew up highly conscious of the word of God. How far her family was responsible for the choice of a religious career is quite obvious. Interested in history her grandfather Frederick von Hurter executed the mammoth task of writing a biography of Pope Innocent III of the Fourth Lateran council, with an impartiality that surprised both

Catholics and Huguenots (Protestants). A pastor of the reformed church, he embraced Catholicism in 1840. Thus began the family's deep involvement with the catholic church. Three of his four sons followed the call to priesthood and several of his grandchildren followed suit. One of his sons Josef von Hurter married Augusta Ajrolda di Robbiate and they had five children-Hermine, Felicie, Frances, Henriette and Louis. Hermine became a religious in the congregation of the Sacred Heart.

Henriette heard about the FMM and tried to make contacts with Eichgraben through her friend Ida Eltz (later Sr. Carla Elena, FMM). To acquaint her better with this congregation the sisters of Annuziata Convent invited Henriette to attend a clothing ceremony on March 24th 1919. Felicie who accompanied her received a strong call from God during this ceremony and yielded to the Lord there and then refusing to return home. Henriette too obtained permission to enter the congregation and did so on the 1st of May. The two sisters took the habit on the 4th of November, Felicie taking the name of Marie Chrysanthe of Jesus and Henriette that of Marie Klemens Maria Hofbauer. At last Henriette found what she most wanted; adoration of the Eucharist, devotion to the Blessed Virgin and work in the missions.

It was in 1926 that Sr. Klemens arrived in India. Her first appointment was as Assistant at the Convent of the Immaculate Conception at Coimbatore, where she showered her tender love on the numerous poor children who were brought to the orphanage.

Later her activity centred in Mylapore. The St. Joseph's Secondary Grade Training School was one of the first landmarks of her educational activities. This training school was the formation centre for a good

number of sisters who later became headmistresses of schools.

The compound of St. Thomas Convent became too small for all the schools. She started a school in Mambalam in 1953 for Anglo-Indians (transferred from St. Thomas Convent).

In 1942, she became Superior and foundress of the Convent in Palmaner, where the Anglo-Indian School of Mambalam was transferred, when the buildings in Mambalam were taken by the soldiers during the war.

In 1945 she was again appointed Superior at Mylapore and Vicar Provincial. Dr. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Madras, who saw the need for a girls' college, approached Mother Klemens, who acceded to his request and made all the preliminary arrangements for starting a college. Stella Maris College was opened on 15th August 1947, the very day of India's Independence, with 32 students. When asked by the Vice-Chancellor which subjects would be offered by Stella Maris, she replied that Music, Indian and Western, and Drawing and Painting and Fine Arts would be offered. In December she handed over the administration of the College to Mother Lillian, who arrived from America to become its first Principal.

In 1948 Sister Klemens founded the Child Jesus Hospital at Thiruchirapalli. In 1949 she was appointed Superior in Hyderabad. She was in charge of the surrounding mission stations and used to visit remote villages like Bhimanapally and Brahmanapally. A new mission was opening to her. Mgr. Alphonsus Beretta

of Warangal requested her to start a school and an Orphanage in the barren, uninhabited area of Kazipet. In 1953, Sr. Klemens arrived with 8 sisters and 50 poor children to live in thatched sheds, and thus started the first high school in Warangal. In 1955 she became Superior of the mission. With great courage and determination, and with unbounded faith in Divine Providence, she started building the first three-storeyed building in Kazipet.

Other houses were opened gradually :

1952—Kethapally

1953—Munogodu

1954—Theredapally

1955—Immaculate Convent, near Kazipet, a novitiate for young Telugu women who wished to join the Congregation of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary.

1958—The Pre-University section was opened in Kazipet under the name of Fatima College for Women. It was later shifted to Vijayawada and became Maris Stella College in 1962-63.

In 1960 Sr. Klemens attended the General Chapter at which Mother St. Agnes was elected Superior General. The Indian Province was divided into two provinces and Sr. Klemens became Provincial of St. Joseph's Province comprising Tamil Nadu, Karnataka and Kerala.

In 1961 - Stella Matutina College of Education affiliated to Madras University was one of the

most important educational institutions founded by Sr. Klemens.

- Stella Maris College was transferred to "The Cloisters", Cathedral Road.

Other houses were opened :

1962 - Shirva, Mangalore - school

1965 - Soosaipuram (on the Karnataka—Tamil Nadu border) - school, dispensary, village visits, free boarding for destitute children.

- In Ootacamund, the Mercy Home was opened.

1966 - At the special Chapter, the Indian Province was divided into three. Sr. Klemens became Provincial of St. Joseph's Province (Madras State).

New Foundations were :

1970 - Amali Seva — work-room, social work
Illam in Tiruchi

Vippedu — a school, dispensary and
near Kancheepuram community development
programme

1971 - Tirumangalam — dispensary, school; serves
(near Madurai) also as an open house
for inter-religious prayer.

Adaikalapuram — two dispensaries were
near Tuticorin founded in another apos-
tolic field of Mother
Mary of the Passion.

- Mulli on the Kerala border — of Ooty diocese — for the uplift of the Irulas- a small hospital, visits to families
- Gundri in the mountains behind Satyamangalam — to re-evangelize a primitive tribe of hunters, the Uralis; to educate and teach them the value of work, and to care for their health.
- 1972 – Mercy Home, Tiruchi — for the old, destitute and disabled.

The terrible accident with which she met travelling to Tanjore when her car was knocked by a speeding truck, and later her eye operation, exhausted her health.

After the General Chapter of 1972 Sr. Klemens was kept in Europe, and was posted to Eichgraben where she started her religious life. First, she was Superior of Three Archangels Convent, and when her strength failed she was transferred to Annuziata Convent, both in the same place.

But what was the real greatness of her heart? The secret was that she was genuine, i.e., she showed herself as she was. Profoundly humble, forgetting self, she was deeply concerned about others and this filled the hearts of all with confidence and trust. In this way Sr.

Klemens was able to bring out the very best in everyone. Her speciality was working with the hopeless cases in whom she was able to detect the spark of good, and to fan it to flame. She did not impose her personal views, because this would have prevented the other from expanding and growing. Her deep relationship with God was the source of her strength. It was the light that guided her in her contacts with others.

She was optimistic and viewed things from the brighter side. She would not make simple things complicated. This characteristic stemmed from her humility and integrity. She was true to herself, to others and to God. There was truth in her life. She did not want to appear anything other than what she really was.

But her greatest quality was her capacity to love; to give rather than to receive. It was a giving which enriched the giver as well as the recipient, because through her joy, interest, and understanding, she enkindled in others the capacity to love. In how many she enkindled this flame! The memory of dear Sr. Klemens will be a continuous source of encouragement to many of us.

May her soul rest in peace!

Sister EDITH TOMORY, FMM
Fine Arts Department



C
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'84

A parade of Seasons on stage



The deer whispers a shy welcome to spring



A beautiful wintry night



Summer at its angriest best



And not far behind, is spring

College Day Report - 1984

Respected Director Dr. Thirugnanasambandam, Esteemed Members of the Governing Body, Parents, Friends, Well wishers, my Colleagues, Staff and dear Students :

Another happy year is coming to a close as we celebrate the 37th College Day of Stella Maris under God's protection and blessing. It is my privilege and pleasant task to present to you in brief, how Stella Maris College has fared during the past academic year. We share with the public, parents, friends and well wishers of the College the joy of achievements and the struggles in achieving our goal to serve society more effectively. Let me begin this report with some views on higher education in today's context.

Universities and Colleges can no longer survive in a society where social injustices are not resolved. Education must of necessity include an awareness of contemporary problems. In order to prepare, train and educate the youth to serve their society with open minds and open hands, we have to inculcate in students a positive force for positive changes. Transcending the differences in political ideologies and social structures we would like our women students to think more in terms of academic responsibility than of academic freedom when they begin to work for this society. Stella Maris started the year with the motto, 'to reach out', to make the best out of its educational experiments, academic achievements and co-curricular endeavours.

The academic year began with international arrivals ; some of our faculty members returned after attending

conferences, seminars or summer programmes abroad. In June, Mrs. Sundari Krishnamurthy returned from Texas after presenting a paper at the International Conference on Communication; Mrs. Meena and Mrs. Rajeswari from France after attending the summer programme for special invitees; Mrs. Ilango from France after attending a summer course in French, sponsored by UGC; Miss Shanthakumari from U. K., after spending a year as a British Council scholar; Sr. Principal returned from Canada and U. S. A. after attending an International Conference of Catholic Universities. Mrs. Raja of the Social Work Department has been invited on a goodwill mission to Korea this month. We started reaching out—Sr. Mary John of the History Department successfully directed one full semester course in India for 9 students from Sr. Marys', Notre Dame, Indiana, as part of their Semester Round the World Programme between August and November, 1983. We had interesting visitors like the Korean Delegates and the Chrysalis groups of Professors from Indianapolis, an expert team from Asian Women's studies, Wellesly College, U.S.A. a group of Japanese students and last but not the least, the soul enriching visit of Mother Teresa at the reception given to her this month.

On the academic side, we are proud to assert that the strength and quality of our Staff is a great blessing to the college. Their academic qualifications and high motivation and keen interest in the development of individual students make them professionally competent and co-operative in all curricular, co-curricular, and extra-curricular endeavours. Realising a

teacher's vital need for communication skills, counselling techniques and qualities of human relationship the faculty members have been given opportunities to attend orientation courses of various types throughout the year.

Value education forms an integral part of the curriculum in all classes in Stella Maris. The college strives to inculcate a sound philosophy of life based on faith in God, respect for the individual, concern for the less privileged and the ideals of Truth and Justice. The Director of Don Bosco Youth Animation Centre, Ennore, has helped to equip our staff with the skills required to impart this value education. Our faculty members participate in relevant seminars, get involved in examination work or curriculum planning at University, Inter-collegiate and U. G. C. levels.

This year we are happy to receive on the roll of Ph.D. 's., Mrs. Seetha Srinivasan of the English Department, Mrs. Meera Paul of the Zoology Department and Mrs. Raman of the Sanskrit Department, while several others are awaiting their viva voce examinations. Several M. Phil. and Ph.D. dissertations are in progress.

In spite of admitting a large number of first generation learners, academically weak and economically needy students, we have received the trophy from the Mylapore Academy for the highest percentage of passes secured among the City Colleges for the past two years. We have a number of University rank holders among our students. There are 10 rank holders in the various Departments who have distinguished themselves in securing high marks.

Overall passes :— 90% at the Undergraduate level
85% at the Postgraduate level

Our students are trained to work consistently and with honesty and perseverance. While announcing the laurels of our students I am unable to experience the fullness of joy because of the disappointing results for several of our good students due to defects in the University evaluation during the October examinations. We can only hope that the examiners will rectify the mistakes and restore justice and security to the students in future. The trophies and cups on display here, the expression on the faces of happy students, proud parents and staff in front of me, proclaim without words and a lengthy report, the achievements of our students in the various fields. Nevertheless, permit me to share a few useful programmes we have organised for our students. All the Departments have earnestly undertaken remedial teaching and coaching classes for the weak students. The latter's inability to cope with English medium at the College level, the struggles in following a syllabus for which the plus two stage did not prepare them, the excessive fear and diffidence which inhibit students from mofussil schools, are all identified, recognised and gradually rectified. Although the task is difficult, we remember our motto and strive to reach our goal.

The Seminar on Environmental pollution organised by the Zoology Department in collaboration with the Department of Environmental Studies, on an Inter-Collegiate basis was an eye opener to most of us. The "interact" between the Literature and History Department, presented through interesting papers, the impact of history on literary works. The Kala Darpan of the Fine Arts Department revealed the creative talents of our young artists to the enchanted public. "Maghizhampoo" of the Tamil Department, 'Khilthi Kaliyan' of the Hindi

Department, "Udaya", the Students Bulletin are only a few examples of student enterprise.

Under COSIP and COHIP all the Departments have organised various curricular projects consisting of lectures, seminars, field trips, all of which cannot be enumerated. Nevertheless, the parents, and the enlightened public may feel happy to know that there were talks on Dr. Chandrasekhar and Astrophysics, Colour Television, Medico Ultrasonics, CTUC for diagnosis, CHAOS, Digital electronics, Molecular spectroscopy, Reaction mechanism etc. for the science students, and New International Economic Order, Indian Philosophy etc. for the arts students. The Physics Department alone launched 8 Electronic projects during the second semester. The Botany students started projects on horticulture, ecology, genetics etc. Their special programmes like Vegetarian Cooking competition, Floral arrangement, Herbal therapy etc. were very much appreciated. The Pongal Celebrations and Republic Day Special at A. I. R. organized by the Tamil Department set a record this year and they deserve special mention.

Students of Stella Maris College are provided with innumerable opportunities for the all round development of their personality. Sound principles of education recognise the importance of student involvement in co-curricular and extra curricular activities geared to promote their moral, intellectual, social, emotional and physical development.

The AICUF this year has aimed to create a deep sense of awareness of the needs of people through active involvement and genuine Christian principles. Their study camp in villages, personality growth

sessions and seminars have made them more enthusiastic in social analysis and social change.

The leadership training service group also organized a number of activities like week-end camps, meaningful discussions, regional and national leadership camps etc. for its members. Seventy students of the final year were happy to receive merit certificates and silver medals for good conduct and proficiency from Kanchi Kama Koti Peetam. The shield for the Best College was given to Stella Maris College by Queen Mary's College and Guindy Engineering College for its performance in Inter-Collegiate competitions. The outgoing students have also completed successfully, a Certificate Course in Operational Research or Computer Programming or Journalism or Management as organized by the respective departments. This would surely be an additional qualification in today's competitive world.

Some of the very best training Camps were organized by the N.S.S. Co-ordinator, Miss Prabha Nair for the 434 students in the 22 projects with the guidance of the 4 Programme Officers. Regular activities of the N.S.S. are Educational services, Non-formal education, Institutional care such as helping the aged or handicapped, Medical Services and Blood donation camps.

Special activities for this year include a massive fund raising campaign for Helpage India and volunteering work at the prestigious Post Centenary Silver Jubilee Celebrations of Madras University. Our volunteers have helped at the 8 day Eye Camp organized by Lions Club, Perambur, Crimex Exhibition at Rajaji Hall, Leadership Training Programme at Madras Christian College, an All India Radio Programme, Exhibition on Leprosy at

Shenoy Nagar, W. I. A. Sports meet at Y. M. C. A. grounds etc. to the great admiration of the public.

The Integrated Tribal Development Project at Veerappanur, Javadhi Hills which our students of Sociology are completing is a unique venture under the dedicated direction of Miss Prabha Nair. The project group proposes to focus on youth, after completing its first two phases which emphasize awareness and entrepreneurial skills for the adults of the Javadhi tribes. Students have worked in the fields of leadership training, agriculture, animal husbandry and other social education programmes through this project.

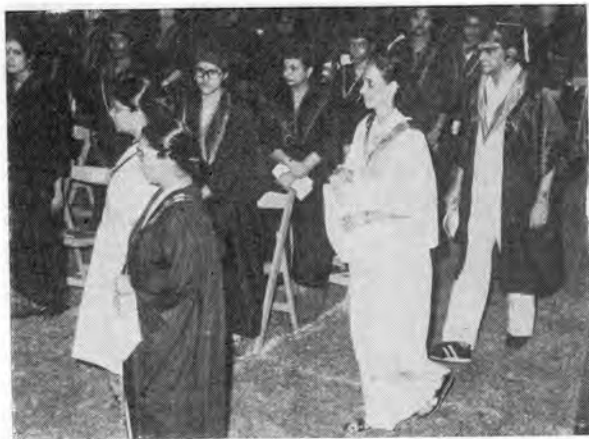
The N. C. C. in Stella Maris ranks as one of the most active units in Tamil Nadu. At the Republic Day Camp Stella Maris had the maximum representation for Tamil Nadu. For the third year our cadets secured the All India first for Home Nursing and First Aid. The merit goes to Sudha Kidao of II B.Sc. Zoology. Deepika Kanakaraj secured the All India third place as the only girl competing with boys in the sailing event, while Cadet Padmini won the All India third place for Signals. At the Republic Day camp in Delhi 4 Stella Marian cadets participated. Sudha Vaidyanathan was selected as the best cadet for Tamil Nadu and Pondicherry. Kalpana and Shoba Chari helped Tamil Nadu move to 4th place from the 14th place in the cultural activities at the All India level. This is the third year that Stella Maris has sent the Tamil Nadu best cadet, thanks to the training, direction and encouragement they received from 2nd Lt. Miss Gita Samuel.

Every year the first and second year students are expected to participate in N.S.S., N.C.C., Karate or

Games. Apart from our star athletes and players 400 students have opted to participate in games.

For the 14th time we won the A. L. Mudaliar Championship Trophy at the Post-Centenary Silver Jubilee Sports Meet of the University. Our athletes won the W. I. A. Championship as well. We are winners in Hockey and Tennis this year. Our students have represented the University and the State in several major games and athletic meets. Our congratulations to all of them.....especially to Yasmin the Champion; Meena Gopal who came first in the National Physical fitness programme; Sandra Thomas who came first in the hurdles at the Open Nationals in Jamshedpur; Gowri Krishnan and Latha Rajagopal who won the All India Inter University Tennis Tournament; Jayashree who came first in Heptathlon; and Razia, the best Batswoman of South Zone Championship. We applaud Mrs. Mangaladorai's tireless and conscientious efforts which also contributed to a memorable Sports Day full of joy and fun, co-operation and achievement. We will also remember the thrilling Karate demonstration by Karate Master Vasanth and his group.

That is news in brief, perhaps we have given you only the headlines. All this was possible because we have a set of dedicated teaching and non-teaching staff without whom we cannot plan or execute meaningful learning programmes. Secondly, the wonderful support, co-operation and enthusiasm shown by the students union in all the projects and programmes, problems and prospects of campus life has been a source of strength and cause of success. The great success of Thiru M. S. Viswanathan's Benefit Show in aid of the College Building Fund was entirely due to



Convocation—1984



M. S. Vishwanathan's benefit performance in aid of College Building Fund

Students of Indiana University at Stella Maris



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Laying the Foundation for St. Francis' Hall, our new gym.

Lights on . . .



And after . . .



the initiative and co-operation of the staff and students. I thank them most sincerely. May God bless them all. We will always remember Srikala and her team. This year the election for the Union displayed the maturity and the democratic spirit of our students. We are proud of them.

I thank the public, the parents, the benefactors, the P. T. C., the Police, the Corporation Authorities, the Education Department and the University and all who participated in our educational endeavour at

every stage all through the year. I express my gratitude to my colleagues, co-workers, the office staff, the workers, the library staff, the Staff Council, and the faculty members for helping me to reach this day and present a happy report of Campus life. May the Lord of wisdom and peace, source of strength and light, bless us all as we seek to share His message of Truth and Love, Justice and Peace with everyone in this Campus through this College for His glory.

THANK YOU

Youth - A Perspective

*How beautiful is youth ! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams !
Book of beginning, Story without end,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend !*

— Longfellow

'Youth' is a phase difficult to evaluate and to understand because when you *ARE* going through it, you don't realize its full value. You only want to get through with this phase, go ahead and grow up. Yet, when you have put it behind you, you want to return.

The word 'youth' conjures up all too often images of juvenile delinquency, violence, drug abuse, carelessness and so on. It cannot be denied that some of today's youth rebel, but their rebellion is only a reaction to the blank walls they come up against, to the questions which are never answered. They walk out into the streets, but that is because their homes have been broken in the first place. And they make mistakes, expensive ones at that, but these very mistakes are proofs that they *WERE* trying, they were striving to get somewhere. Their activity is a sign of their growth and their creativity. To discover, they have to experiment, and in any process of experimentation, the heat and the waste material discharged by the reacting elements are absolutely essential to get to the finished product. Inactivity might have been more peaceful, but it would have also been a sign of stagnation.

To understand what 'youth' really is, it is necessary to remember its quality of intensity. Every emotion is felt deeply, and one is prepared to burn oneself out in

the pursuit of a goal. There is total involvement and enthusiasm in one's work. Youth is a period, of wonderful optimism, but also one of plummeting dejection. In fact, it's rather like a roller coaster ride - intense, exhilarating, enchanting, depressing but always dynamic. And while the level headed work of a mature adult is absent, the sheer spontaneity of one's youthful work can never be matched - Michelangelo carved his 'Pieta' in his youth, Ramanujam was a mathematical genius when he died at 32, Vivekananda spread his master's message at a very young age, John McEnroe won his Wimbledon when he was only 22. There are limitations no doubt, but the young give no thought to them. The possibility of accepting one's own mediocrity comes much later in life.

'Youth' of course is a relative term depending on longevity, environment, financial and educational circumstances. A 20-year old in the village is a man old enough to earn a living; in the city he is only a student. What, if anything, does youth all over the world share? The answer could be aspirations, the desire to be and to become.

The problems faced by youth today are certainly unique. One such problem is that of specialization. Four hundred years ago it would have been possible for the Renaissance man to know all there was to know in the world. Today, there is just too much knowledge for any one person to acquire. To be excellent, today's youth must take the decision of specialization. We have to accept the fact that an all-rounder today is, at best, a second rater.

On the mental level there are numberless problems, like the identity crisis, the anti-establishment syndrome, the vagaries of temperament, the crippling doubts and insecurities. This disturbed state of mind is due to the lack of an anchor, the failure to find a rock in the shifting sands of life. Religion could provide the answer to these problems. Unfortunately, not many of the older generation have been able to steer the young towards a live faith or a meaningful way of life, and this has left the latter, rudderless.

The creative potential of youth is unlimited. It only needs channelisation, a chance to find 'its own thing', so to say. For instance, young people find an emotional outlet and a vehicle for expression in art. They appreciate the value and richness of their culture, the inevitability of change, the transience of life and the permanence of excellence.

Youth is a preparatory phase, a ticket for the future. It is the time when foundations are laid; otherwise there

is nothing to build upon later in life. Indeed, it is a time of dreaming, but it is also a time during which the first steps towards translating those dreams into reality are taken. Edwin Markham, recognising the value of that faith in the dream of youth has this to say—

*"Great it is to believe the dream
When we stand in youth by the starry stream,
But a greater thing is to fight life through
And say at the end, the dream was true".*

Youth is a time akin to the ripening of grapes, for the quality of the wine depends on the quality of the grapes. Youth is, essentially, a time when one feels alive, a time when it feels good to be alive.

PARVATHI NAYAR,
III B.A. Fine Arts.

One Voice Through the Ages

—Speculations on the relation between myths and science

*“Passage O soul to India
Eclaircise the myths Asiatic, the primitive fables
Not you alone proud truths of the world,
Nor you alone ye facts of modern science,
But myths and fables of eld, Asia’s, Africa’s fables,
The far-darting beams of the spirit, the unloos’d
dreams,
.....
You too I welcome and fully the same as the rest!
You too with joy I sing.*

These lines of Walt Whitman adequately express the deep fascination which mythology has always exerted upon the human mind. Myths can be regarded as metaphors of some subtlety on a subject difficult to describe in any other way; as symbolic representations of the human condition, as the allegorical representation of the unknown. Questions on time, space, life and death, the mind and soul, and ontology have been raised through the ages and answering theories postulated. The oldest of these are called myths.

Science is generated by and devoted to free enquiry; the idea that any hypothesis however strange, deserves to be considered on its merits. It is this which accounts for the interest in the possible interaction between insights obtained from systematic experimentation and insights obtained from human introspection. Hence, the new link between mythology and science.

One of the newest and most fascinating areas of scientific study is that related to brain evolution and brain function. An intriguing theory has been advanced by Paul Maclean, Chief of the Laboratory of Brain Evolution and Behaviour in the National Institute of Mental Health, U.S.A. According to this, the human brain consists of three divisions - the hind-brain the mid-brain and the fore-brain. Of these, the hind-brain and the mid-brain are common to all vertebrates, reptiles and mammals. What distinguishes man and the higher animals is the substantial development of the fore-brain. This development is preceded by a process of accretion, the successive addition of three layers, one over the other: The R-complex, (Reptilian complex), the limbic system, and the neo-cortex. The R-complex, the oldest part of the neural chassis, is common to all reptiles and mammals. Even today, it conditions aggressive, ritualistic and hierarchical behaviour in human beings. Over this is the limbic system, common to all mammals, in which is localized the emotional aspect of our behaviour. But the most recent and significant evolutionary accretion is the development of the neo-cortex. This development accelerated with the emergence of the human race. It is the neo-cortex which gives us the ability to reason; curiosity, foresight, planning for the future, abstract thought are all localized in the neo-cortex.

We may find a remarkable anticipation of this concept in Plato’s ‘Phaedrus’. Here Socrates likens the

human soul to a chariot drawn by two horses - one black, one white - pulling in different directions and weakly controlled by a charioteer. The metaphor of the chariot itself closely resembles Maclean's idea of the neural chassis. Moreover, while it is true that virtue, emotion and reason are all aspects of human nature, the most peculiarly 'human' attribute is undeniably the capacity to reason. It is this which tries to control and keep in check the other, and very largely independent, aspects of human behaviour. Thus, the two horses can be seen as the R-complex and the limbic system. The charioteer, barely managing to control the careening chariot and horses, is the neo-cortex. Plato's metaphor thus emphasises a significant point about the human condition - the considerable independence of and the tension between the constituent parts of the human psyche.

For metaphors of greater poignancy and depth one need not look farther than the Bible. The stories have a richness of meaning which have kept them alive through the centuries. The Fall from Eden seems, then, to be an appropriate metaphor for explaining some major biological events in the recent history of Evolution. Certainly the most spectacular of these was the accelerated development of the neo-cortex in the human brain. It brought to man cognitive and perceptive abilities far beyond what had been known before. More important, it gave him the power of abstract moral reasoning, the capacity to distinguish between right and wrong. It is this power, perhaps, that is seen as lodged in the Tree of Knowledge. Examining the Genesis account, it is interesting to note that it is not just ANY knowledge that God forbids, but specifically the knowledge of the difference between good and evil—

'Behold, man is become as one of us, to know good and evil.....' (Book of Genesis, 3:22) - that is, that knowledge which resides in the neo-cortex. We may go farther. The neo-cortex brought not only the reasoning capacity, but also anticipatory skills which enabled man to look at the future. Foresight brought anxiety; it also brought, for the first time, an awareness of death. According to Carl Sagan, "Man is probably the only organism on earth with a relatively clear view of the inevitability of his own end." We may look again at the Genesis - death is the punishment meted out to man **BECAUSE** he has gained, through disobedience, the knowledge of good and evil. God says; "and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the Tree of Life, and eat and live forever," he must be driven out of the Garden (3:22). Thus, two major consequences of neo-cortical development - the capacity for moral judgement, and the awareness of death - have been richly combined in the metaphor of Eden.

God's punishment to the two tempters - the serpent and Eve - also has evolutionary significance. As human intelligence evolved, there was a significant increase in cranial volume. It is this proliferation of large-brained babies that makes child-birth painful. The connection between the evolution of intelligence and the pain of child birth is unexpectedly made in the Book of Genesis. The Fall, brings with it a curse, God says to Eve, "In pain thou shalt bring forth children". Again this representation is one of the results of neo-cortical development. God's punishment to the serpent, on the other hand, is that henceforth: "upon thy belly thou shalt go". The implication, then, is that earlier they travelled by an alternative mode of locomotion. This, of course, is precisely true - snakes have evolved from

reptilian ancestors, resembling dragons, which walked on four legs.

Amazing as are these insights of human intuition, what is far more amazing is the audacity of the human mind. Not content with knowing its own origins, it has ever sought to probe the mysteries of the heavens. In the rich ancient mythology of China and India, we find poetic expressions of the birth and evolution of the universe itself; insight, which surprisingly coincides with the discoveries of modern cosmology.

According to the widely accepted Big Bang Theory all the matter and energy now in the universe was concentrated at extremely high density - a kind of cosmic egg - reminiscent of the Creation myths of many cultures. When this burst, space stretched, all the concentrated energy and matter began to expand. The universe was born.

This hypothesis, which gained scientific validity only in the early years of this century, finds its first clear expression as early as the third century A. D. As the great P'an Ku myths of China put it: "First there was a great cosmic egg. Inside the egg was chaos, and floating in chaos was P'an Ku, the Undeveloped, the Divine Embryo. And P'an Ku burst out of the egg, four times larger than any man today, with a hammer and a chisel in his hand with which he fashioned the world".

In that titanic cosmic explosion of the 'Big Bang', the universe began an expansion that has never ceased. Clusters of galaxies have formed since then, but the fabric of space continues to extend, and the galaxies and planets are forever moving farther away from one another. What, then, is the future of the universe? Will this

expansion go on until the celestial bodies topple over some yet unknown horizon? Or will the expansion gradually slow down, stop and reverse itself? The latter is seen as the more likely possibility, by scientists.

What this suggests is an endless succession cycle - expansion followed by contraction, contraction by expansion, universe upon universe, Cosmos without end. How closely this resembles the Hindu idea that the Cosmos undergoes an infinite number of deaths and rebirths, is evident in an examination of the Nataraja motif.

*"The Lord of Tillai's court, a mystic dance performs
What's that my dear?"*

asks the Thiruvachakam. Indeed, as the Chidambara Mummani Kovai asserts, the rich symbolism of the Nataraja motif represents the whole cosmic activity itself, the endless pattern of creation and destruction. The lord's right hand holds the drum whose sound is the sound of creation; in his left is the flame, a reminder of the inevitability of destruction. Alternatively, this Universe itself is but a dream of the god. When he stirs, it will end, to begin anew as he begins again to dream the great cosmic dream. The Cosmos is eternal, contraction will inevitably follow expansion, only to explode again into a new universe.

Fritjof Capra, physicist, sees the same motif in a microcosm—the world of sub-atomic particles. Though matter seems solid and static to the naked eye, modern physics has revealed movement and rhythm to be essential properties of matter. The constituents of atoms like protons, neutrons, electrons and elementary particles do not exist as isolated, static entities. Rather they are dynamic patterns which are part of a network of

interactions, involving a ceaseless flow of energy. All particles are being created or annihilated in collision processes, leading to the creation of other particles and this is a continuous and endless process. As Ford says in "The World of Elementary Particles", "Every proton occasionally goes through exactly this dance of creation and destruction". Capra himself feels that "Shiva's dance is the dance of sub-atomic matter. As in Hindu mythology, it is a continual dance of creation and destruction involving the whole cosmos; the basis of all existence and of all phenomena."

Human introspective knowledge and intuitive human perceptions, of which myths are a product have gained new dignity and importance in the light of recent scientific discoveries. What unites the two is the compelling

human need to know. Johannes Kepler, in a profound tribute to the human intelligence, said; "We do not ask for what useful purpose the birds do sing, for song is their pleasure since they were created for singing. Similarly, we ought not to fathom the secrets of the heavens... The diversity of Nature is so great, and the treasures hidden in the heavens so rich, that the human mind shall never be lacking in fresh nourishment." (Mysterium Cosmographicum). We will continue for ever to probe the mysteries of an intricate and elegant universe. Knowledge is Indeed our destiny.

KALPANA G.
II M.A. Literature

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- Sources : 1. Sagan, Carl : Cosmos, Random House, New York, 1980.
2. Sagan, Carl : The Dragons of Eden, Hodder and Stoughton, London, 1977.

Directing: The Agony and the Ecstasy

A lone figure creeps into the dark recesses of a library and crouches menacingly near the section marked 'DRAMA'.

The figure is recognisable: a Director.

Her purpose is also recognisable; the selection of a play.

If the observer approaches within hearing distance, he might be puzzled by the occasional grunts of approval emitted by the primeval figure. And if he were foolish enough to pick up one of the figure's books, he would be faced with proprietorial fury in all its primitive splendour.

The selection of a play remains one of the most crucial and traumatic tasks of a Director. Buffeted by various demands - the nature of the occasion, the mental level and receptivity of the audience, the quality of the action, material available and her own limitations - the Director has to steer an even course. Should it be a comedy or a tragedy? A cast of few or many? Hamlet was faced with just two choices - to be or not to be-but a Director's task is complicated by the myriad choices open to her. In youthful ignorance and folly, she might opt for a play with a large cast but with the dawning of wisdom, she confines her choice to plays with a maximum of five characters.

Once the play is chosen, the Director has to brush up her knowledge of anatomy and with incisive strokes, cut away all that she considers dispensable. For this, a ruthless nature is recommended, to overrule the whim-

pering of one's own conscience and the faint but audible squeals of the play and playwright in question. What the playwright can do, the Director ought to be able to do better. Accordingly, a three-hour play can be made to run for half an hour. One is left with the hope that the surgery has not destroyed the essence of the play.

Auditions are conducted in an obscure corner of the college building since, inevitably, all other rooms are occupied. For a cast of twenty-four, one is faced with ten hopefuls. The Director now has two alternatives - either to perform mathematical cart wheels and stretch ten into twenty-four; OR to persuade irritatingly indifferent individuals that *this* is their tide, which, if taken at the flood, will lead on to fortune. A third alternative also exists for emergencies: to eliminate *all* the characters except the ten most essential which means hacking the play to such an extent that it is not worth staging anyway. No one enjoys funerals.

For the allocation of the various roles, an inner vision of twenty - twenty is a must, since, without the benefit of a full-fledged audition, a Director has to spot talent with all the acumen of a bald-headed eagle, or a vulture. In this the Director is guided by a complicated mixture of criteria - acting ability, appearance, voice and her own intuition-chiefly intuition. This means that she spends hours of agony wondering if she has made the right choice. However, there are moments when the Director is faced with such talent that she knows she does not have to look anywhere else. And for the first time, excitement stirs within her.

To the crack of the Director's whip, and often hotly pursued by her, the actors copy the script on bits of paper that are held together, apparently, by will power.

And then the readings begin. And the first halting movements. And practices are now in full swing. Not quite. Empty places on the stage testify to the numerous activities being held on the campus. The Director stares at those empty places and then, with murder in her heart and suicide on the brain...she smiles. She picks up the script and, under her expert guidance, a strange kind of shadow play is enacted. Actors embrace thin air, non-existent individuals are beaten, and weird, disembodied voices respond to cues. However, the Director is resourceful and her cast well meaning. So practices are fixed for the early hours of the morning, each scene in rotation. This means that after hurried or forgotten breakfasts, frayed tempers and strained family relations, one comes to an empty stage and waits.

But these are only the pangs of birth. Gradually, a warm affection springs up between Director and cast. These are the most creative moments in the history of the play, for it is at these moments that tragedies are transformed into comedies and vice versa, with an ease and assurance that would have been envied by the playwright, had he been a privileged spectator. Tension breaks into a million fragments and a scene leaps into vibrant life. Actors slide smoothly in a carefully choreographed pattern. And gradually the excitement grows within.

But even as the flesh is being put on the bare bones of the script, the Director has other calls on her attention. She is, and has to be, her own financial

expert. She calculates the funds at her disposal and devises Machiavellian schemes for keeping expenses to the minimum. This often results in flashes of sheer genius as paper, gum and paints are made to accomplish the difficult and often, the impossible. The Director spends sleepless nights attempting to visualise the stage setting. Suddenly, behind closed eyelids, she sees it and leaping out of bed, she hurriedly scribbles down her idea - but not till she has barked her shin and hopped about for several excruciating minutes. If she is lucky, she will have a splendid team of helpers who efficiently translate her ideas on to paper.

But the area where a Director's creativity has to surpass itself is with regard to costumes. Hours are spent crouched over ancient family trunks, sifting through moth eaten and archaic clothes. A keen eye for potential is required to detect in a salwar kameez the makings of Elizabethan breeches; to transform 'monkey caps' into helmets; to use ballet shoes and leotards for the 18th century man; and to run tapes through old silk sarees to form gorgeous hooped gowns. The Director, at this stage, usually has an avaricious gleam in her eye. She lurks in dark corners or at the foot of staircases and springs upon hapless passers by with a frenzied cry on her lips "That's what I want!" her rigid finger pointing at the blouse, the skirt or the shoes, as the case may be. These are trying moments for the Director's friends, who are called upon to travel long distances by bus, obscured by walking sticks, sheets of aluminium foil, egg shells and other odds and ends required for the stage.

But finally, chewed fingernails and high blood pressure pay off. The stage is set. The actors take their places. The mikes are in position. The first strains of music are heard. And the curtain rises.

The rest is silence.

FRANCESCA SOANS.

B.A. Literature

1981—84

Jamini Roy - an artist with an Indian statement

It is very easy to be hypnotized by the impassive, yet curiously compelling gaze of Jamini Roy's, 'Three Women'. Every line in the picture is strong and sure, and the total image is one of sweeping simplicity and directness - as though the artist knew where he wanted to go and how to reach there. Three monumental, architectonic figures of women, as evocative of the universal mystery of woman as *da Vinci's Mona Lisa* yet completely, wholly, and intrinsically, Indian. They sit, rooted to India's soil, to her heritage. And indeed, it is as an artist of India and her people that Jamini Roy is remembered.

Born in 1887, Jamini Roy was one of the first Indian artists who turned to indigenous folk art and tradition for inspiration, and used a method of representation that was completely Indian, to present what he found there.

Indian art at that time had no special motivation and had in effect reached a point of stagnation. Art had been driven from the cities to the villages. The village was its last resort. But, as Havell said, "This last refuge will always be its surest stronghold." Prophetic, perhaps, because it was to the Bengali village that Jamini Roy turned, tired of the squalor of city life. His sources included designs from pottery, from the embroidered quilts or kanthas, from floor designs or alpanas and, most important, from the pats and patuas.

There existed in rural Bengal a tradition in which the arts of painting and story telling were beautifully combined. That was the tradition of the patuas, namely, those who painted pats or pictures. These patuas painted scrolls in which the stories of heroes, and the legends of the Santhals were picturesquely and colourfully narrated. The colours were clear and bright and the contours firm, in keeping with the vigour and vitality of village life and of the tale narrated. The Kalighat pats in particular were famous for their boldness of technique, colour and satirical quality. Jamini Roy's fascination for the Kalighat style is seen in his earlier works, with their curvilinear forms and broad flowing lines.

It is interesting to note that the influence of these patuas was never to wholly leave him. Much later, in his efforts to reach the average Indian home and to make his paintings inexpensive and plentiful, Jamini Roy went back to the patuas of Kalighat. Patua making was a collective effort involving a few masters and several assistants. He never hesitated to call himself a 'patua', and in fact started a workshop, where copies of his originals were made by his apprentices. His name was used as a trade mark and not really as a signature.

Soon after the Kalighat phase however, Jamini Roy moved closer to the rural pats of Hoogly and Bankura, shedding even the semi-sophistication of this Kalighat work. He tried to eliminate the story content of his

pictures, as well as irrelevant details, to give them a universal quality.

Many critics feel that the brusqueness and harshness of his mature phase was because of the influence exerted by the national movement and the struggle for Independence. This had taken a particularly savage turn in Bengal, spurred by the frustrations of the partition; unemployment and terrorism were rife. It was but natural that this violence left its mark on the sensitive artist.

With Jamini Roy's progressively greater Indianisation, his techniques and materials underwent a change too. Clay, or lime coated paper, or cloth and wooden boards were used in preference to canvas. He also began to use tamarind seed glue as a binding medium. His palette was reduced to a bare six or seven colours—Indian Red, Blue, Yellow, Ochre, Grey, Cadmium, Green, Vermillion—all made from easily available materials like lime stone, hingul and chalk. Despite these limitations his pictures continued to glow with colour and life.

His themes were thoroughly Indian, the village folk such as the Bauls and Bauries, Indian heroes like Rama, Krishna and Siva, or animals like the cow and the cat. His favourites of course, were the studies of women and of the Santhals. In fact, even his depictions of Christ have been interpreted as extensions of the Santhal theme.

Jamini Roy's place as a pioneer of Indian art is undisputed. Walking away from the paths so often trod by others, he rooted Indian art in its own traditions. His studies could be considered the basis of some of the later movements in Indian art such as the 'Tantric' movement. But what is most important is that he energised art and gave it a direction. From the state of flux that Indian art was in, he was able to develop and present a definite, coherent statement - an Indian statement.

PARVATHI NAYAR
III B.A., Fine Arts

Hoax E

The other day, I went to see my friend K. R. who's a journalist working for "The Observer." I found him banging away at his word-processor, engulfed by encyclopaedia, history books, books on weaponry and other assorted literaria.

"What are you up to, K. R. ? I asked him.

"I'm writing a story",

"For the News? I knew it. You guys are all the same. Yellow to the gills".

"No, but this is different". He left off his tapping and turned towards me. "It's about.....um.....Youth".

That stilled me. "Oh".

He continued as if he were reading a rather vexatious patient's progress-chart.

"No demonstrations for the past five months. Haven't you noticed?"

"Oh, no !" I cried distressed.

"Oh, yes. Now the government's getting worried too." He lowered his voice confidentially. "Unemployment, the government doesn't mind. Unavoidable, you know. Inactivity—that's what it can't excuse. The Government feels that even in the absence of jobs, youth can, and ought, to be busy." His lip curled. "But they - they're dissipated, ambitionless, and resigned."

"So what's the government going to do about it?" I enquired earnestly.

"You've got to credit them with quick action. The catalyst came when thousands of worried parents in Delhi launched a WHY-NO-MORE-DEMONSTRATIONS-PROTEST over the fact that their idle offspring were spending so much of their leisure at home, without "that salubrious interaction with their friends to mount educative and useful intrigues," to quote the spokesman. The nation's breaking up, Devadoss," he told me.

Although he kept his voice quite steady, I could see that my old chum was deeply moved. In the afternoon of our lives, and well into the new century, we had seen much, but *this* was new to us. I suppose realizing the futility of life early had something to do with Adaptation to Environment and Survival of the Species.

But parents the nation over were now witnessing the fearful phenomenon of young men lounging at home (instead of elsewhere), young women never complaining of Discrimination and all of them singularly jobless. No more did they meet, chagrined, to mount yet another protest. The joyful din of young agitation did not echo through the boulevards. Elderly people had already begun to nostalgize about the cheerful sweating crowds, the wildly-waving banners and outrageous posters, the camaraderie in hoarse slogan chanting, the inevitable, picturesque confusion and the general sparkle of indignation, righteousness and anticipation of the lunch-break.

On the surface, people remained calm, and the subject somehow never got discussed much, but most people were genuinely concerned. Again, some

dismissed it as a trendy phase like the hippie movement of the latter half of the 20th century. But to see a Punjabi boy sans his trusty firearm by his side—!

K. R. was by now openly overwrought, "How are we going to fill our Youth-Quota in the columns? We've exhausted everything from Generation Gaps to College Howlers to The Influence of Telemidia on Present-Day Youth. Planes! No PLANES HIJACKED! No aquaducts breached. Or airports or anything else blasted! No riots or stone-throwing or arson or kidnapping by young delinquents! A dreaded shadow's brooding over the land, Devadoss. And what's going to keep Public Interest in Government moves, if not a bunch of near professional and wide-ranging mobsters? Just nothing seems to be nudging them into a helpfully destructive mood."

"Didn't the Poet Tennyson say something about a land in which it always seemed afternoon, and where all round the coast the languid air did swoon like a weary dream?"

A lugubrious sigh escaped him as he heard the immortal lines. "They always did the needful," he quavered, "and spared us the trouble. Nothing but a bus burnt by angry young terrorists could induce the Transport Corporation to buy new ones."

Another thought struck him. The sight of his Apple Computer must have reawakened the memory of a well-nigh forgotten form of protest. "Hunger Strikes!" It came out like a Siberian timber wolf's moon-dirge. "What about hunger-strikes? The Gandhian Spirit is dying."

I could see that this wouldn't do at all, but neither would talking of the approaching cold-front or Aunt Thingummy's rheumatism.

Steering him tactfully on to more hopeful ground, I asked him again, "So what is it they're going to do?" Whatever his enemies may say of Comrade K. R. they had never so far actually accused him of looking like something out of Madam Tussaud's.

Yet, here he stood, his glazed eyes locked in unseeing gaze a few millimetres above my head.

Presently—just as I was about to go and fetch a doctor, he licked his chops, and whispered fiercely, 'WE'LL FALSE-MASSACRE THEM!'

I was more than ever determined to fetch that doctor.

"You know that story I'm writing?"

I made an ambiguous noise. Yet hope had finally lit its flickering flame on his face.

"It's the - story - of the massacre of hundreds of altogether peaceable youths by persons unknown in a remote and obscure corner of Patiala district. You may supply me with a likely name for my chimerical village. Visualize it," he said, with a sort of dreamy glee, "'MASSACRE' splashed across the day after tomorrow's papers. A few hazy pictures of strewn limbs, heads, etcetera. It's all been arranged. The P. M's given me the Go-Ahead. I'm polishing up the model-article for the cover-stories. We leave latitude for individual interpretation on the part of the journals. Mind, this is Top-Secret. Settle this for me, Devadoss. Would an ambush

be fine?" he asked me in the manner of one dispensing with lumps of sugar at afternoon tea, "Or would a shoot-out be preferable?"

"Bombs could be an effective via-media," I suggested.

I understood. It would be the greatest tragedy since the Jallianwallah Bagh massacre a hundred years ago, only it wouldn't be true. But all the press would agree, quoting the local D. I. G., and the P. M. would hint darkly at a Foreign hand in the destruction of so many of the Future Citizens of India. So who was to dispute it? But the waves of shock and teeth-gnashing would spread through the slumbering multitudes of Youngsters, till they would all rise with a common cry choking their throats and the stagnancy would once again give way to the fresh-churning waters of Protest. Only a few, of course, would be admitted into the secret of the Hoax.

"The Observer's the G.H.Q. for Operation Hoax-E". He hardly listened when I told him to cut out the Espionage-stuff. After assuring him of my sealed lips, I left.

I had no intention of acting like a sitting goose. Like the rain that falls on both just and unjust, riots tend to be indiscriminate in their victims. I retired promptly to the remote village of Neeruthu for good measure, and tried to follow the daily holocausts.

Overwhelming curiosity made me return to civilisation. I found an urgent message from K. R., C/o. Shanti Nursing Home. My initial shock gave way as I deduced that K. R. must have been an unfortunate victim of Youth's fury. He had probably got caught in some riot

while on assignment. But K. R., I thought., with a touch of pride, was dedicated enough not to mind being a martyr to his cause, to make sacrifices for the good of the nation.

So the ploy had worked! I thought. On my route to the Home, I saw many a heart-warming sight. Here was where the Insurance Building used to be. A good starting point, that, if you meant to take it out on a lot of well-insured establishments. Here was a child hawking twisted iron remnants of police jeeps as paper weights. Ingenious! He assured me that they were authentic-anyway, I bought one as a souvenir for K. R. Of The Observer's office building, quite a few fragments still remained.

There were security guards around a house or two. The city was in shambles. I was so happy for K. R. I wondered what sort of fabulous reward the superb management of this scheme would warrant.

"Well K. R., old buddy!" I bellowed cheerily as soon as I was able to discover his face among the bandages. He stared at me impassive and glassy-eyed for some time. Then a look of curiosity came into his eyes, as he prised his mouth open, and croaked.

"You're not my past life flashing before my eyes at the moment of passing, are you?"

I categorically denied the implications, and congratulated him effusively on his victory. His long string of engaging and wild-hued oaths in answer to my bubbling merriment frankly bewildered me.

Operation Hoax-E had slid with the grace of an egg-yolk into the nog of its success and was frothing just right, wasn't it? I mean, it had worked. The debris all around proved it. I said as much.

Then he told me, "The healthy activity that you see now has as much bearing to the Hoax as Darwin's early fondness for bananas had to the formulation of the Theory of Evolution."

"Operation Hoax-E," he continued with an admirable directness, "failed. No, don't interrupt me. All you see around you is not the happy result of the Hoax."

He weakly moaned the whole sordid, bungled story to me and I was horrified at how facile the government

had made it for careless and thoughtless leakers to do just that. The story was soon out. And after that, retribution was quick. It wasn't the Hoax that had worked, you see. What enraged youth was the FACT of the Hoax, the well-hatched deviousness of it all. K.R.'s and The Observer's horrible fate was the direct outcome of their respective roles as chief plotter and G.H.Q.

Had K. R. failed or had he indeed succeeded? I wondered.....

SUJATHA DEVADOSS
I B.A., Literature

When the Pie is Opened.....

Fairy tales have now become "scary tales". Psychoanalysts see the story of Little Red Riding Hood not simply as the adventure of a little girl in the woods but as the battle of an adolescent in the big bad world of lust and evil until she is "rescued" by the "strong male"! Soon there will be serious discussions on the autistic nature of Jack Horner or the sadism of Tommy Thin. But even without the help of psychoanalysts nursery rhymes can engage the interest of the adult, for they didn't all begin as facile jingles for children.

When you recited "Little Jack Horner" as a child you were possibly referring to an incident which occurred in England, a few centuries ago. Henry VIII had ordered the dissolution of monasteries. Richard Whiting, the Abbot of Glastonbury, worried about the imminent loss of property, tried a below-the-table deal. He baked a plum cake, buried the title deeds of twelve of his manors and made his young steward Jack Horner carry it off to London and present it to the king. But en route in the carriage, Horner "pulled out a plum" and along with it a title deed-for the Manor of Mells. He chewed one and pocketed the other and delivered the rest to His Majesty. He went home with the tale that he was rewarded by the king himself for his pains, with the Manor of Mells. Henry, however, was unimpressed by Whiting's gift and had him hung; drawn and quartered and requisitioned the monastery and its property in the area, while Jack Horner got away with it all! See "what a good boy he was?!" This incident has been attached to the origin of the rhyme despite the Horner family's protest against such a story about their ancestor.

Kings, Queens, bishops and a range of other personalities have been connected with nursery rhymes by origin finders. A popular theory prevails about the jingle "three blind mice". Bloody Mary, who hounded Protestants, tried persuading Archbishop Cranmer and bishops Latimer and Radley to renounce Protestantism. When she failed, she had them burnt at the stake. Mary was also known for her concessions to farmers. So this theory maintains that the three blind mice were the martyrs and Mary was "the farmer's wife" who cut off their tails with a sharp knife! Even more apocryphal stories abound about Mary, Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth and other Tudors in connection with various nursery rhymes.

Who would have imagined that the merry game of 'ring a ring o' roses' so popular with children had a grisly beginning-as a mime of an attack of the plague! There was an epidemic in London, in 1665, and people died like flies. A rosy red rash was one symptom of the disease and a cold was another. And so the rhyme :

Ring a ring of roses,
Pocket full of posies.
Atishoo, Atishoo,
And we all fall down!

First, you noticed a 'ring of roses'; you tried curing yourself with a 'pocketful' of herbs but of course, you failed and you had time only for a couple of sneezes before you dropped dead.

There are many other rhymes which have equally curious origins. There is a gory story attached to the rhyme "Cock-a-doodle-doo". "Wee Willie Winkie", may not be kidstuff at all, but the nocturnal activities of a rake. 'Jack be nimble' is actually a description of a rite familiar with the lace makers of England. 'Hot cross Buns' could have evolved from a street cry during the Roman rule of England. There are many theories about Mary, who was 'quite contrary' and about the 'Fine lady' who rode to Banbury cross with 'rings on her fingers and bells on her toes'. Riddles, so popular with the Elizabethan public, have made their contribution to the nursery rhyme kitty. The much loved and much taught 'Humpty Dumpty' is an example. A few rhymes were written especially for children, such as 'Twinkle, Twinkle' (by Ann & Jane Taylor) and 'Mary had a little lamb' (by Sarah Hale). But most others just found their way into the nursery.

Education being the serious business it is today, even children dismiss nursery rhymes when they step out of kindergarten. But a few adults haven't. Some of these, after little or much research put forth theories about the origin and evolution of rhymes, which others have promptly rejected. Katherine Elwes Thomas published a book called "The Real Personages of Mother Goose" with so many apocryphal stories that the Oxford Book of Nursery Rhymes is quite indignant with her. Some have more than an academic interest in nursery rhymes. For instance, a lady from Natal, South Africa is quite convinced that she is the descendent of the "fine lady" who rode to Banbury Cross! Political satirists

too have made use of the popularity of rhymes. In post-war England, parodies like this one were common :

"The queen was in the parlour
Polishing the gate
The king was in the counting house
Washing up a plate
The maid was in the garden
Eating bread and honey
Listening to her neighbours
Giving her more money".

'Sing a song of sixpence' recalls a popular custom in Tudor England. Pie baking was then an art, and pies were baked full of surprises; sometimes even a live bird was buried in it to add to party excitement.

"Four and twenty black birds
Baked in a pie
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing....."

A nursery rhyme is itself like a Tudor pie. It is enjoyable for its own sake, but when opened up reveals social customs, superstitions, personal glimpses of both important and notorious people, recalls episodes in history and sings a tale that any adult would find curious, amusing and interesting.

SEETHA, K
II M.A. Literature

Youth to the Fore — an Interview

Here is a person committed to a cause. No, not to the sick or the poor, but curiously enough, to youth.

Mr. Philip K. Tom, has been with the AICUF - All India Catholic University Federation - for the past three years and is currently its programme secretary. Recently he presented a paper at the National Consultation on the International Youth Year at New Delhi. In preparation, Philip Tom met a whole cross section of Indian youth-students from rural and urban colleges, youth from villages, slums, the employed and unemployed, working girls and others. He has worked with young people in Bihar, Kerala and Tamil Nadu. He is simple and unassuming and his involvement in his work emerges when he speaks.

Ed : Why this commitment to *youth* ?

PT : Because this group has a tremendous potential that has to be harnessed in positive, constructive directions. This is possible only when the special problems which they face are tackled.

Ed : What are these special problems ? Are they common to all young people irrespective of their surroundings ?

PT : Lack of parental understanding, fears and uncertainties about the future, are felt by all. But rural youth have additional problems. For instance, in a village called Thirumalai, near Arni, a few kilometres from here, young people complained of caste differences. Sundarpur, in West Champaran

Dist. (Bihar) where I worked is just one of the villages grappling with the problem of child marriage. The young complained bitterly of poverty. College students, especially in the cities do not react strongly to poverty and casteism, obviously because it doesn't enter their personal lives. Their main concerns are the generation gap, career prospects or difficulties with academics. However, all girls, rural or urban, deeply resent the male domination prevalent in our society.

Ed : But poverty, casteism and male chauvinism don't pertain to youth alone ; what do you hope to achieve, confining yourself to this group ?

PT : Well, all problems are inter-related. But the younger generation forms an active and energetic part of society. The snob value of a degree, false prestige about white collar jobs, an education irrelevant to the environment, only help in blinding youth to social realities. So working at this level seems important.

Ed : How far is the potential of the young being utilized ?

PT : Minimally. At this meeting at Delhi, young people were 'actively' involved. Only, their activities were distribution of pamphlets and receiving guests. The sessions were chaired by 'young' people over 40 ! As it is, India has fixed the age limits for youth as between 15-29 while UNO limits are 15-24 ! Young people are hardly involved at the planning and decision making levels.

Even in the educational system, right from the syllabus to co-curricular activities, decision making is strictly an adult or non-youth province. At least in the few areas which affect them closely, young people should have their say.

Ed : But today students seem to make their presence felt only in antisocial activities.....

PT : Sadly so. But it is evident that they are being manipulated by vested interests. Right from our freedom struggle, students have been encouraged to show their support for a cause, sometimes even coaxed to do so, by boycotting classes and launching protests - peacefully or otherwise. Once the cause is won, everybody loses interest in them. They are left to face the difficulties of a disturbed career and an ugly image in society.

Ed : How is the IYY going to help ?

PT : It depends on various factors... The U.N.O. organizes an International Year with a view of focusing attention on a particular group in society. It helps to make a beginning. But once the year comes to an end, its significance must not be forgotten. The projects begun must not be given up. The good work must continue.

Ed : But will anything be done ?

PT : I too am sceptical about this. There is a lot planned ahead. Action groups have their own programmes. A national level committee will be formed. The U.N.O will co-ordinate at international levels. But I hope it will not be a year long

'mela', simply a show, where middlemen reap benefits and the purpose is lost half way.

Ed : What is the reaction among youth to the IYY ?

PT : It doesn't mean a thing to the rural population, slum dwellers, and the poor (though some from these sections in Kerala are aware of its possibilities). But students ask, 'Well, there's been a year for the handicapped, for children and for women; what happened? Come December 31st, the show is wound up, and back to square one! They have their own doubts about '85'.

Ed : What can a college like Stella Maris do for the success of the IYY ?

PT : Oh, plenty ! Why, even an individual can do a lot ! If not by herself, through the many autonomous action groups like CBC, AICUF, etc., who have their own programmes (as well as their own funds) for the year.

Here Philip Tom related his own attempt as a college student to help create an awareness. When studying at St. Xavier's, Calcutta, he used to visit a leper colony called Sundarpur, in the remote suburbs of Bihar. At first he was looked upon with suspicion, but soon the people there, accepted him. They themselves asked him to teach them to read and write and made arrangements for a class under the trees. The strength of the class and its zeal only grew, as days went by. Soon a youth team was formed. Philip Tom noticed that there was no girl above the age of 11 who was unmarried. When he made enquiries he found that the elders were afraid that if they were not married

they would become mothers. The youth team organized street plays and mimes on this subject and when child marriages were being arranged, personally approached the concerned parties and dissuaded them. In a few months, the village did away with the practice of child marriage - all due to the efforts of this enterprising group. "It was their response that made my attempt a success. When a young girl came and thanked me, as she could continue her studies and not be wedded

away, I felt it was certificate enough.....", recalls Philip Tom.

Perhaps, the individual endeavour of this dedicated young man will be a clarion call for youth to rise, to assert, to serve and to succeed.....we hope.

STUDENT EDITORS

Slave Ship

It was not a drum beat, it was his heart. He awoke and his eyes rolled frantically in the blackness. Slow drops of sweat fell like tears. Outside, the waters moaned and retched, the heaving motion emptied his guts. Fear crawled like a snake and rose like black, pungent smoke. Panting, he strained at his chains.....

'Tomorrow he will be back! The drums throbbed and her heart beat a little faster. The flames leapt, licking the darkness hungrily. They were shadows of the fire dancing within her. 'My betrothed', she whispered to the darkness.

"Do not dream, child, will the food cook itself?"

She did not reply but tended to the pot. The dream dimmed but did not fade from her eyes. The mother sighed; the girl was always quiet with thoughts - but then, it was only natural, she with her one leg crippled and none of the others wanting to play with her. Even her own brothers and sisters said. "O! that one," and turned away. She doubted that the girl would ever be a bride though the time was ripe enough. For a moment, she felt anguish but quickly it was swallowed by the business of daily living.

Untouched by the mother's emotion, the girl stirred the pot slowly. Surely, he would return soon, and she thought that soon she would be stirring his pot. A strange feeling flamed up in her stomach. Her brow creased; she wished he had come with the other hunters- but he was braver, better than them all! She dreamed on.

It was many days and still it was night - but not such a one as he had ever known. His eyes searched the darkness and found no beginning, no end. The spirits of his fathers were far from him. He wept.....

It was many days and still he had not come. Each night she had waited by the secret place; only darkness had spoken to her. She was afraid. They spoke of jealous spirits that stole the comeliest mortals - No, not her man. No, he had gone to get powerful medicine for her leg as he had promised. A warm glow of pride spread in her. And she waited.

"Have the spirits taken your tongue too?", they taunted. She clung to the thought that soon he would be back and may be, he would have her medicine. If he were back even the medicine would not matter. She would become his wife and everyone would know. They wouldn't mock her any more. But he had not come yet. Fears welled up once more - she prayed to the spirits.

The pale moon almost swooned at the fury of the waves. They dipped and swayed and the stench inside seemed to wrench the spirit from his body. The others moaned, echoing the waters outside, a tangle of men and smells and pain. He closed his eyes and ran, free, into the forest.....

"It is sunrise - wake, child. There is much to be done". The mother shook her. The dream was gone and she was empty again. He had not come. Tomorrow.....

She lifted the clay pot to her head and walked behind the other women to the river. They chattered together of their men, their children and laughed. She cried into the water. The river flowed slowly to the sea.

He lifted high his spear and jabbed the beast, again and again, till it was dead. He exulted in his power and laughed out aloud. O, it was good to be a man and to be free... He no longer realised that he was on the ship.

The others looked at him with glazed eyes and wondered at the laughter dully. When his body slacked and fell, loose against the chains, they did not know that he would not laugh again.

They were sure that the spirits had entered the girl. She was always a strange one. Now she had not spoken for days and the wise ones nodded their heads knowingly and said that the crippled body was a mark of the spirits. The mother wept and scolded the girl - if only she would not sit with that expression in her eyes. No one knew she was waiting.

MALLIKA ASIRVATHAM
III B.A. Literature

'Oileka'

A Modern Economic Fable

Many years ago, the Arabs lived in tents and had harems with beautiful girls and ate dates and watched belly dancers and rode Arab horses. The lifestyle has not changed much, really, except that now they live in steel and concrete mansions and have American mistresses and eat prawns (imported from Kerala) and drive purring limousines.

You see, the change took place when Ahmedides who was bathing in an oasis amidst date palms ran out on the sandy desert shouting, 'Oileka! Oileka!' which when translated means simply, 'I've found oil'. So the people and the sheep and the goats and the camels ran out of their houses (or tents, whichever you prefer) and followed him to a spot in the arid expanse where a little black fountain was squirting and dancing under the sun. The crowd stared dumb-struck. If you have been thinking all along that Ahmedides was a mathematician just because his name sounds like another mathematician's, you are mistaken. Ahmedides was a prophet.

At last the revered one spoke. "My people, it has come to pass as I said it would. Our troubles are now over and happy days are here again". (Of course he said the whole thing in pedantic Arabic. But I've just given you an edited translation and also saved you the trouble of reading backwards).

For two days and two nights the people stayed around the fountain which seemed to be growing bigger and bigger. And, on the third day, the American arrived.

He walked to the Fountain and stared into its glittering depths. He saw the green dollars in it, and the country manor, and his children's college education and the mink coat for his wife and the yacht for himself - all leaping and dancing as the Fountain rose and fell and made encouraging gushing sounds.

The people looked up at the American expectantly. He spoke, "You gotta have technical skill and manpower to set up an oil rig out here. Right now we're havin' an energy crisis, see - So you're gonna make a lotta dough".

And Ahmedides translated what the American had said to his people, for he was also a man of many tongues.

The American went away. Time passed. The iron and steel (and other metal) structures reached out against the stark sand.

The Arabs became richer and richer until the Economics students started learning that Arab countries are among those that have the highest per capita income in the world. The richest ones prayed six times a day because they had a little more to thank Allah for, and also a little more to ask.

But the people's beliefs and customs didn't change. A few minor concessions to modernity - polyester burkahs and havannah cigars for hookahs. But still steeped in the old culture.

In the meantime Ahmedides died and the people set up a monument, with plenty of carving and filigree and inlay work, at the spot where the Fountain had been found.

My friend tells me they have a new prophet now. An upcoming young chap called Economides. He is not popular because he has prophesied that 'The Fountain' and all other Fountains will dry up within thirty years and the land will once again be poor. He claims that the God of minerals, Geologides appeared to him in a dream one night. And the Lord said to him, 'Lead your people

away from the Sheikhs. Educate them. The wily Sheikhs are investing in foreign companies and buying French chateaus, but the people will be left with a Dry Fountain and a bleak future''.

But alas! who listens to a prophet?.

NAYANTARA PAVAMANI
II B.A. Economics

Impressions in a Zoo

Tiger leashed
And blunt of claw
Changing roars
To yawns
Walking and walking
And going nowhere.

Bears curbed
In concrete caves
Fleet the deer
In dreams
The race is run
And lost

Feathered crowds
With stunted wings
By stagnant pools
Where wind creeps
In sickly whispers
Through the bars

Stone and wall
Iron and bar
Pacing foot
Step after step
But only in circles
Inside the mind

Mirror

I see you
Myself you echo
But know me not
Nor I you
The mirror image smiles
The same shape my lips form
But we can't kiss
Except a shadow's face
I cannot touch
Nor you me
And always walls of glass
Will be an ocean's space
Between you and me

Night Fall

Venus in the pink sky
Waiting for the unborn night
The trees undress their greens
Quietly stand in naked black
Slow shadows smudge the light
And with bawdy songs, the crow
flies home

Poems

1. One reaches
and finds that any reaching is past
energy just is
and reasons are not given

Skull melts into fluidity
an indescribable mixing of outs and ins
a whole and no parts
neither slumbering nor moving
but vital fire

beyond my finger tips
i could not know, nor did I know myself
i searched tore at my hair
i was all hands—but the body held on

suddenly
in a time-less pulse
i grew
beyond
i was what i had sought
no, not even this. but nothing - everything
i just was, am, will

2. That blinding flash
—Twilight?
Descending darkness
—Night?
Night, the eyelids of my wide open eyes
which saw
the remains of a cloud infested sky
A faint hint of a star somewhere
had i looked into memory?
This black background
a black out?
or
was i blind?

3. emerge from ambiguity like the jerky kicking of
a bronze red disc at dawn
sink into abyss folding hands drawing in
all fingers.
Between—
our mock epics
grieved that we do not know
anguished if we do

ARPUDHA RANI SENGUPTA
I M.A. Fine Arts

MSX 523

Madras at midnight
In a sixty-one model
With no door handle
Speedometer, wiper and
Head light—
Rainy night.

Floorboard full of holes
Feet wet and cold;
Patches of dread reflect
On wet asphalt,
Two huddle under
A bus stop
Waiting for a bus
That'll not come until six.

Rainy night
Past midnight—
Still streets alive with
Cyclists who zig zag;
Trucks alight bear down
On the wrong lane
Midnight they own the road.

Then
The front tyre puncture—
All is still.
Except the rain
And the steamy breath
That cloud the glass
And the night
Stretches beyond
The dark unknown.

KALPANA S.
III B.A. Literature

Still Young

How scornful your smile, bogus maiden !
Once a virgin and coldly pure,
Why wear you now this mask
When Man answering your chaste lure
Made you woman? No longer inviolate,
Should you not then blush Diana?
And touch with crimson your pale view?
Yet your cheeks are white, your lips ice,
And greyly you smile.

While Men pine and die you remain,
Yet your eternal youth is but feigned
For you are emaciated and gaunt,
A greying Moon. Yet the race of Man is young.
Forever young, shall assail your cold ire
Powerful, vigorous, the new god
Touch your empty veins, at last, with fire.

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Towards Designer Genes

Inventive, curious, questioning, man has come a long way from the cave-days. From grass-skirts we've progressed to jeans - baggy, faded and tight. 'Levis', 'Avis', 'FU'S, Flying Machine' - the list goes on. A size and shape to suit everybody. But what governs the choice of your jeans? Your jeans are *your* jeans because of your genes! For, both your physical characteristics and your intelligence levels are controlled by these microscopic cellular substances called genes.

Each of us is made up of innumerable cells. Each cell has a set of chromosomes (23 in man). Genes determine whether you're tall or whether your eyes are blue or black. All members of a species have the same number of genes. That is why all human beings have a basic plan and that's why we don't look like toads or jelly fishes. Of the sets of chromosomes we possess, each set is from one parent. We therefore have two genes controlling, say, the colour of the eyes. If one gene is 'dominant' it will outplay the other which is 'recessive'. Therefore a recessive gene can act only if its counterpart is recessive too. Of all the pairs of chromosomes we have, one pair determines the sex of the individual. One of this pair is an X chromosome and the other a Y chromosome. A female has an XX pair and a male has an XY pair.

The world has seen three billion years of evolution. All animals have tried to survive and keep their species going. They have come up with wondrous, bizarre adaptations right from wings for flight, contraptions for keeping warm and special effects to protect themselves or attract mates.

After all this, some have survived and some have not. What really changes them? Their genes. All 'organisms' vary - some in the right direction, some in wrong, dangerous ones. Right through the 3 billion years of evolution, the dangerous fatal ones have always been weeded away by nature, since they could not stand the competition. As with all rules there seems to be an exception - Homo Sapiens. These animals (with all due apologies) popularly called humans dominate the world today.

Let us pause to think of what exactly we've done with our genes. Man has gained control of everything around. He has learned the greatest and perhaps the most dangerous thing-why he is what he is.

Despite his supremacy man has developed within him a few dangerous or 'deleterious' genes. Most people carry at least a few deleterious genes and nearly 2% of the babies born into this world will carry, all their lives, some major or minor defect. Genetic studies tell us that the human race already carries a considerable load of defects.

Geneticists are becoming aware of this problem. We have a variety of equipment to spot these defects. But these are mainly for characteristic structural abnormalities in the chromosomes. These defects have different causes - say, a particular chromosome out of position or a part of a chromosome detached. Today, some of these defects can be detected in the foetus itself. Genetic counselling is therefore very much in vogue.

What do you think of a gene bank? You can possibly have your own genes stored. Perhaps if the genes of Albert Einstein, Leonardo da Vinci were all stored we could come up with such geniuses even today. Perhaps sometime in the future a woman may just have to go to a baby hatchery and get babies like you buy medicines in a drug store. Your genes with any other genes you fancy, just like that!

We will soon have a thorough knowledge of our chromosomes—a complete chromosome-map, so to say. Then, may be, the fertilized egg from which we all grow could be scanned, the defects detected and rectified. Then we would no longer have any cases of colour blindness, retardation etc.. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it?

We hear a lot about test-tube babies, twins and triplets, artificial insemination, ectogenesis-the culturing

of babies outside the mother's womb - all these have helped many childless couples. Since all the cells of our body are identical couldn't we create a human being from just one cell? May be we can! These will be "Clones". If these individual cells are made to reproduce, we will be able to make a complete human being. We could well have a million similar individuals if we so wished. A million Einsteins, Edisons, Darwins! We may well have a million Napoleons marching! Today we get our jeans ready-made; in future, some day, we might get ourselves and our genes ready-made too!

BHANUMATHY SUBRAMANIAM
II Year Zoology



A Memorable Visit

God is Love
and He loves you
Love others as
He loves you
God bless you
Mother Teresa MC
3/3/84

Mother Teresa was on campus – 3 March 1984



REVIEWS :

Of Paper Worlds, Paper Lives and Paper Men

Title : 'The Paper Men'
Author : WILLIAM GOLDING
Publishers : FABER & FABER, 1984
Price : £ 7.95
Number of pages : 192

'We'll show the men what we are, paper men you can call us. How about that for a title?'.....

Written in the form of an autobiography - that of Wilfred Barclay, an imaginary novelist - Golding's latest novel gives an inner perspective into the life of men of letters, their rise to fame, their calculating motives, the underlying jealousies between colleagues and the resulting downfall. Concentrating on just two characters - Barclay and Rick L. Tucker, professor of English Literature - the novel emerges as a satire on research students, biographers (interested only in the sensational facts of their 'victims' lives) and at times, even the reader.

Despite fame, success, and fortune, Barclay is neck deep in trouble - "a drink problem slipping over the border-line into alcoholism, a dead marriage, the incurable itches of middle aged lust" - and the ultimate thorn in the flesh is Tucker enlisted by one Halliday, to write the novelist's biography. Thus begins the long chase across Europe, with Tucker hounding Barclay for permis-

sion to obtain his manuscripts and other documents and Barclay staunchly refusing to give them.

The documents would disclose every skeleton in his cupboard, would reveal 'the bitter joke of his life', his sordid affair with Lucinda, her passion for obscene photographs, her letters - a burnt portion of which Tucker has already seen - his relationship with Margaret, the felony he commits in trying to get back his crude love letters, the farcical anticlimax which follows when instead of his own letters, he gets back her husband's - precisely the kind of details that would have made the biography sensational. Yet, ironically, even as he refuses to give Tucker these details about his past, he has given the reader an edited version of the same - telescoping several years into a few succinct paragraphs. Tucker's unprofessional behaviour is revealed in the underhand schemes he plots to get the authorisation. He forces his wife to seduce Barclay, apparently 'rescues' Barclay from a fall one foggy morning at the Weisswald (later Barclay realises that the drop is just a yard) exploits Emmy Barclay's affection for her father, even barter his wife Mary Lou to Halliday in exchange for extra time in which to hand in the biography.

Initially Tucker's determination weakens Barclay but soon there is a change in the tide of events, with Barclay crudely insulting Tucker. There is an element of the grotesque in the extreme humiliation to which Barclay

subjects Tucker. He literally treats him like a dog, the fawning cur that Tucker has always metaphorically been, forces him to bark, and then lap wine from the saucer on the ground. He finally grants permission, on condition that Tucker reveal his own role in the sordid drama : 'In fact the biography will be a duet. It's a trade my son.....me for you. My life for yours.....you have to do it, there's nothing else you can do'. With this the latent animosity between the two men becomes an open fire of hatred and revenge. As Elizabeth Barclay observes : 'You and Tucker have destroyed each other'.

The novel therefore reveals the tinsel life of these 'paper men', the deceptions they practise on each other and their self-deceptions, for Barclay initially fails to recognise his own follies, though he is quick to judge Tucker and the others.

Several factors make 'The Paper Men' an interesting novel.

It is a novel about novel writing. Barclay discusses his own works, his characters and the technique he adopts. He confesses to a sin which few novelists would readily admit to - that of having 'borrowed' a colleague's ideas for his own plot. Barclay even wonders whether his personae are all facets of his own life and character, for his sentimental love story, 'Horses at the Spring', is an imaginative portrayal of his own relationship with Mary Lou.

Another interesting facet of the novel is Golding's technique. 'The Paper Men' is Barclay's final and best work, his autobiography. The novel therefore is in the first person. In a manner reminiscent of Sterne, Barclay directly addresses the reader while trying to edit and

splice the 'reels' of his life. For instance, after recounting the incidents which led to his stroke he exclaims : I haven't the heart or courage to reread that lot. It was a bad time.....'

At one Point Barclay says, 'This isn't a biography. I don't quite know what it is' but, 'The Paper Men' is both novel and biography. Since the tone is confessional one wonders how much of it is autobiography as far as Golding is concerned.

The novel rushes towards its conclusion after the Barclay-Tucker showdown. And it is the conclusion which renders the novel interesting, gaining a perfect balance between novel and biography. Following a brief reunion with his estranged wife and her subsequent death due to cancer, Barclay decides to wind up his autobiography : 'then I shall find Tucker and give him this small sheaf of papers, all that is necessary to publish the biography'.

But is Barclay really able to do this? Towards the conclusion we see him sitting at his desk, giving the final touches to his book. The novelist unconsciously records his end.

'Rick is a hundred yards away across the river, flitting from tree to tree like playing Indians. Now he is leaning against a tree and peering at me through some instrument or other.

How the devil did Rick L. Tucker manage to get hold of a gu'

The conclusion is so sudden and unexpected that it takes the reader some time to realise that Tucker has shot Barclay.

Golding in a perfect tongue-in-cheek manner concludes the novel at a strategic point. Barclay has come to terms with life and he hopes to destroy all the incriminating documents; but Tucker kills him before he can dispose of them. Though Barclay overcomes Tucker, his moment of triumph also becomes his moment of defeat. With the death of Barclay, Golding neatly solves the question of a conclusion for his novel.

One wonders if Golding had read these lines of Wallace Stevens :

“It seems insincere like playing a part, to be one person on paper and one person in reality. But I know that it is only so because I command myself there”. “Are you really fond of books—paper valleys and far countries, paper gardens, paper men and paper women? They are all I have, except you ; and I live with them constantly”

(Journals and Letters)

The world that the artist creates, the ‘paper world’ is ‘safer’ than the real in the sense that it can be better

controlled. The very fact that Barclay writes an autobiography - editing all the implicating details - reveals an attempt to control his life through art. Yet even here, reality intrudes. Barclay dies before he can burn his documents, thus losing to Tucker all over again.

Coming as it does immediately after the award of the Nobel Prize, ‘The Paper Men’ only confirms Golding’s genius. Moving to his immediate circle, the ‘paper world’, he satirizes every aspect of the literary world. Could there be a note of irony in the timing of the release of ‘The Paper Men’. Here was a novelist who had reached the pinnacle of success thereby attracting biographers like bees to a pot of honey. Is Golding indirectly, but nevertheless satirically, warning all biographers to keep off or else.....

J, BHAVANI
II M.A. Literature

Speaking of Vishnu

Title : Hymns for the Drowning—Poems for Vishnu by
Nammalvar

Translated by : A. K. Ramanujam

Publication : Princeton Library of Asian Translation

No. of Pages : 176

Price : Rs. 70/-

A. K. Ramanujam's "Hymns for the Drowning" renders into English the Tamil Saint Nammalvar's poems. It forms a companion piece to his earlier work 'Speaking of Siva', a translation of poems from four Kannada Saivite Poets.

The Alvars, the Vaishnava mystic saints, were immersed in Vishnu (the root verb 'al' means to immerse, to dive, to sink, to be lowered, to be deep) and A. K. Ramanujam has played upon this "immersion" for the title and contents of his book.

A. K. Ramanujam has chosen a very attractive theme for his book; it centres around Vishnu—a deity who is *mysterium tremendum et fasciniosium* - a God endowed with power, mystery and yet very appealing. While Brahma of the Hindu Trinity is concerned with creation (Shrishti) and Shiva with destruction (Samhara), the chief occupation of Vishnu is maintenance (Sthithi). This role Vishnu has fulfilled in every age for different groups of persons, be it in saving nectar for the Gods (7. 4. 2.) or protecting the world during a deluge (7. 4. 4) or aiding the Pandavas against unjust foes (7. 4. 5). Vaishnava theology therefore centres on

Vishnu Narayana who descends (avatarana) into this world in order to help man ascend. Bhakti and prapatti (loving devotion and total surrender) are the means to attain the personal God - Vishnu - Krishna - Vasudeva - Narayana. Total immersion in the Lord is the way to salvation. He is special to each, yet common to all.

In theistic religions like Vaishnavism God does not dwell in supra-lunar solitudes but is a person who descends (avatarana) to this world in order to help his subjects. He is a friend (sakha) even a charioteer (sarathi) and a companion willing to share the joy of life in dance and song. Yet he is the effulgent deity who lives in Vaikunta and is the succour (sthithi) of the universe. He is also the antaryamin who is the indwelling spirit of man. These are the many facets of Vishnu, the chief God of Vaishnavism.

Vaishnavism grew in strength in South India through the hymns of the Poet-saints called Alvars, twelve of whom obtained canonical recognition; their compositions are known as Nalayira Divya Prabandham.

In many of the hymns of the Alvars we find the cry of the heart for God, the sense of devastating desolation in his absence, the anticipated joy in his fellowship and a sense, real, though undefined, of the preciousness of his love. In the rapt utterances of the Vaishnava saints, we feel the ecstatic joy of the mystic, desirous of union with God in a spiritual sense. "Thou Splendid light of Heaven", cries Nammalvar, "thou art in my heart melting and consuming my spirit.

When shall I become one with thee?" (Thiruvaimozhi-V. 10. 1) The Vaishnavite devotee does not seek to destroy desire; but attempts to lift it from earth to heaven, seeks to withdraw it from this world so that he may centre it on the creator.

A. K. Ramanujam has chosen the diction of Nammalvar, one of the most fervent and fascinating saints of Vaishnavism, who is well known for the depth of his bhakti and the flowing melody of diction by which he expressed his immersion in Vishnu.

The Vaishnava devotee along with Nammalvar wonders at the beauty and might of Vishnu (6. 3. 1-6; 7. 8. 1-6) and despairs at not getting the complete attention of the Lord (6. 2. 5-7). A. K. Ramanujam has successfully rendered the beauty and haunting despair in these verses; though, as he acknowledges, it is difficult to translate or 'carry across' from one language (Tamil) and culture (Indian) to another (English and Western). In these love poems A. K. Ramanujam has caught the texture of the nayika-nayaki relationship. Retaining the same diction or language bound metre, presents problems. For example, the rhetorical questions framed by a devotee in the intricate and beautiful anthathi style, cannot be easily reproduced in the English language. Nevertheless, A. K. Ramanujam has captured the different nuances of love—dreaming of the Lord (9. 9. 10), longing for the Lord (2. 1. 5), in complete despair for the Lord (3. 5. 8; 5. 6. 1-7). A. K. Ramanujam's translation of the verse 6. 2. 6 on the pranks of the Lord reads easier than the corresponding Tamill verse.

However a little attention to numbering should be paid. The poem numbered 2. 3. 6 is actually 2. 3. 7.

A. K. Ramanujam in the final verses has successfully brought out the fresh hope and mercy extended to generations of Vaishnava devotees, when he highlights the positive gain of salvation to all true bhaktas:

A ship drowning,
calling out for help
in a lashing sea.

I tossed in this ocean of births
When the lord
in his splendour
bearing wheel and conch

Called out to me "O, O, You there!"

showed me his grace
and became one with me. 5. 1. 9)

The Afterword at the end of the book provides interesting highlights of the theology and ethics of Vaishnavism. His notes to the Poems aid the reader in understanding the translations. It is to be hoped that A. K. Ramanujam will be able to translate even the metre, rhythm and majesty of Tamil poetry as Bloomfield, MacDonnell and Jean Le Mée have been able to translate the difficult Vedic Sanskrit.

Mrs. K. SUNDARI
Asst. Prof., Dept. of Sociology.

A Dark Morning

Film : 'SUBAH'
Direction : JABBAR PATEL
Story : SHANTHI NIHAL'S "BEGHAR"

More than anything 'Subah' has to be appreciated for its theme, that of a woman, Savithri Mahajan (Smita Patil), who loves her home but leaves it for a greater love, an unusual career as a Superintendent of a Reformatory. In her courage, she accepts the consequences of her decision which involve losing both the security of a home and the love of her husband Subash (Girish Karnad) and her daughter Rani.

Savithri's face radiates hope and contentment as her train pulls out of the station. Yet this last shot is almost an echo of an early sequence (with the title song) which shows Savithri proceeding to the Mahilashram. This poses a significant question - is Savithri a mere means of highlighting the closed frustrated life in the reformatory, or is the Mahilashram an interlude in *her* story? While both remain unchanged through interaction and no definite solution is offered for either, they are repeatedly backed with the refrain from the 'Tum Asha Vishvas Hamare...' (i.e., 'You are our hope and faith').

Let us examine the perspective. The reformatory is projected dramatically, without any judgments being passed. In the sequences where the two lesbians are discovered by the others, events are shown as they occur - the director does not impose any evaluations. This objectivity is the reason why the Mahilashram

emerges powerfully. In the story of Savithri however sympathy is clearly directed towards her. Atmosphere builds up largely around her figure even when she is in a crowd. So 'Subah' seems to be the story of Savithri Mahajan, her decisions and her ideals. Paradoxically, this attention paid to the characterisation of Savithri reduces the impact of her story.

Patterning is an important feature in the story. The relationship between the outside world and the inmates of the Ashram parallels the relationship between the inmates and the two lesbians. The oppressor-oppressed relationship is shown as repeating itself in the pecking order of a vicious circle where each group believes itself in the right. Savithri is the link, technically belonging to the first group and sympathizing with the second.

Jabbar Patel has handled the relationship between Savithri and her husband Subash skilfully. In the scene where Savithri shows her appointment letter to Subash, expressions fleet in quick succession - paralinguistic gestures are more effective than words.

Silence too is made an effective means of communication. In the scene where the family is having dinner (before Savithri leaves home) conversation is projected as unnecessary noise through Savithri's silence. Unlike the commonly used harsh twangs of melodrama, music heard at points of climax or intensity is subtle and integral to the whole. Sound effects in the background, like the chirping of birds, shuffling of feet, car horns, the radio being tuned etc., are highly realistic. However,

there is an excessive use of pants and gasps against the background of silence to convey fear, passion or fatigue.

Camera work (Rajan Kinagi) is sensitive especially in the infanticide scene - the still says enough. Movement of the camera towards or away from an object is used symbolically. The departing car (as Savithri first leaves home) is opposed to the train that moves forward. The expanding scenario as Savithri travels in the tonga towards Sangamwadi reinforces the emotions expressed in the title song.

The dream of Savithri is given a mysterious air through the magnified objects, exaggerated light and shade effect and the predominant darkness from which Savithri runs. The gates that close before she reaches them are open to interpretation. Is it perhaps, her fear of failure?

Comedy is handled deftly in the character of the Chairman, Sheila Samson. Her snobbery and self-importance, though it borders on farce, provides an effective contrast to the serious story of Savithri.

'Subah' is not without its flaws. The song 'Hum Dono' is a misfit. Also, the group dance in the Mahila-shram is ridiculous. It is too clichéd for 'Subah' and seems to have been thought up as a concession to an audience used to other fare.

Smita Patil feels that 'Subah' records her best performance to date. She brings power and sensitivity to her role though she is self-conscious and stagey in some sequences, as in the police station scene. Her studied deliberation at times seems stilted, compared to the poise and ease of Girish Karnad. He is able to show a varied range of emotions - love for Savithri, resentment at her personal goals, an attempt and an inability to understand her, anger and bitterness at being denied love - simultaneously (as in the scene when he visits Savithri at the reformatory).

The film makes an indepth study of the various forces within and without a reformatory - something never attempted before. In Santhu's words, the institution is meaningless as it doesn't fulfil emotional needs and only imposes upon the freedom of those who never wanted to be 'rescued'. Jabbar Patel's handling of the theme is interesting. While he dramatises 'darkness' signifying disillusionment and frustration, he also focuses on the movement towards dawn - a new beginning. Hence the optimistic title 'Subah' as opposed to the original 'Beghar' (Homeless).

NAGAMANI ALIVELU
III B.A. Literature

Psychic Phenomena

Psychic phenomena must be at least as old as psyches if not phenomena. We have classified the years before the growth of science as the Dark Years - haunted by superstition and fallacy. Perhaps, with a deepening understanding of psychic phenomena, we will one day look back with nostalgia to a time when man accepted the supranormal with less suspicion, according to the validity of all experiential data. The rise of scepticism delivered human kind from many illusions, and is an outlook not without its attractions —

Owen Glendower : I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hotspur : Why so can I or so can any man : But will they come when you do call for them ?

Parapsychology has however, far too long been dismissed by orthodox scientists as being on par with magic and witchcraft - the twentieth century has made a beginning in redressing the balance.

Although the study of psychic phenomena can be interpreted to cover a huge range of subjects (the Book of Psychic Knowledge includes, among others, crystal gazing, divining, out of body experiences, mediums, ghosts, etc.), this article, will be confined to areas where scientific investigation has been most thorough and the evidence overwhelming.

In the field of ESP it can be confidently asserted that it is no longer a question of whether ESP exists but of how it works. Two of the key figures who helped to

make this possible were Dr. J. Rhine, Associate Professor of Psychology, and his wife Dr. Louisa Rhine who established a para-psychological laboratory at the Duke University, in 1932.

ESP, Extra-Sensory Perception, a term coined by Dr. J. B. Rhine includes TELEPATHY (Psychic awareness-without communication through sight, hearing and other sensory channels - of what is going on in someone else's mind), CLAIRVOYANCE (mentally 'seeing' or having psychic knowledge of events and objects that are out of range of the senses), and PRECOGNITION (sensing future events psychically in dreams, visions, hunches, etc.).

Dr. Rhine and his associates used the quantitative approach involving statistical methods as their first step in scientifically establishing ESP. His card guessing and dice-throwing experiments, repeated over millions of experimental runs with thousands of random experimental subjects have turned the study of ESP into an empirical science. In the card-guessing experiment, Dr. Rhine used special cards. These cards had only five markings; circle, square, cross, star and waves. The 'sender' or 'agent' turned up card after card screened from view, and the 'percipient' or 'receiver' tried to guess, with the aid of ESP (telepathically or clairvoyantly), which of the five cards the agent was looking at. Statistically, a correct guess of one out of five out of twenty five cards, over many runs through the decks, would indicate that chance was operating, but a score above five out of twenty five maintained over hundreds of such runs, by the inexorable laws of

probability would lead to the reasonable and scientific conclusion that some factor other than chance was operating. In Dr. Rhine's experiment, there had been 85,000 card calling tries and the overall score averaged seven out of twenty five, the odds against this happening by the laws of chance are billions to one. Since the experimental set up excludes any sensory perception of the 'target card' by the guessing subject, it is conclusively established that the persistent high scoring is due to some form of ESP.

Interestingly, children are better psychics than adults. In one of Louisa Rhine's experiments, a child, Lillian Williams was offered 25 cents to make a good score in an ESP card test. She closed her eyes and went through the 25 cards with cent per cent accuracy!

ESP experiments with elementary school children have been successfully repeated many times. This may be due to the fact that children are less inhibited than adults and seem able to accept extra-sensory experiences as natural. Children generally lose their power of ESP as they grow older and their superior ability, in a manner reminiscent of Wordsworth's ideas, fades into the light of common day.

Animals also exhibit psychic powers. In 1902, for example, just before the eruption of Mount Pele, the volcano that killed 40,000 people, the cattle seemed upset, snakes left the area of the volcano, dogs howled continuously and birds flew away from their nests. In another case, cows and horses refused to go down a ravine before an avalanche. Rats have been known to leave a ship that was destined to sink. Animals also exhibit the phenomenon termed as 'psi-trailing', i.e., there are many cases of dogs, cats and other pets who,

left behind when their owners moved to another city and state, showed up at the new home weeks or months later. A black cat called Clementine was left with neighbours when her owners moved from New York to Denver, Colorado, 1600 miles away. Four months later Clementine arrived at the doorstep of the Denver home. Mistaken identification was impossible—Clementine had seven toes on each front paw, two white spots on her stomach and a scar on her left shoulder!

The examples cited above are not just old wives tales, because ESP in animals is a fact that has been proved in the laboratory. Researchers from the parapsychology laboratory at Duke University tested several dogs, who were apparently psychic. The dogs were taught a code, in which letters and ESP symbols (cross, circle, squares etc.) were equivalent to barks and taps, and were then tested in their own homes just as human beings were tested in the ESP laboratory. Some of the canine subjects showed remarkable extra-sensory perception. Although it was difficult to impose the same tight controls, the dogs as a group did much better than their human rivals, averaging 80 percent answers! Man, the rational animal, apparently lags behind in ESP.

Extra-sensory perceptions occur when the 'perci-ent' is in an 'altered' state of consciousness—a state of mind that differs from everyday, conscious awareness, when one's attention is partially or completely withdrawn from the immediate environment. This can happen during periods of relaxation, day dreaming, drowsiness, sleep, exalted moods, trance states, drug induced states, bursts of creativity, etc. When the rational mind is functioning, spontaneous ESP or other psychic phenomena are not likely to occur because the subliminal mind which is in the ascendant during altered states, is blocked

off at this time. Many parapsychology laboratories today are using such altered states as dreams and the hypnotic trance in ESP experiments. Though Dr. Rhine conducted his experiments in controlled conditions, he noticed that some of his subjects went into a slightly altered state during the tests—a state of 'relaxed alertness'.

Sigmund Freud, whose discoveries have been of monumental significance to the twentieth century, said in the twilight of his career—"If I had my life to live over again I should devote myself to psychical research rather than psychoanalysis". Our rational, scientific,

aggressive, outward directed, yang-dominated civilization has carried us far. It has been, however, at the expense of the inward directed, supra rational consciousness, the yin—which must be allowed its way if man is to advance further. The twentieth century by bringing to bear the spirit of scientific enquiry to psychic phenomena has just begun probing into a fascinating field of which we know very little. 'The past is but prologue to the tale'.

K. KARUNA
III B.A. Literature

In Safe Deposit

They had decided to call it simply the Brain Bank. The structure was solid enough to resist anything short of space collision; maintenance was practically unnecessary and the giant visi screen which took up the whole roof, permitted constant monitoring from ground control. The giant computer and transmitter, which processed mind stuff into comprehensible (to a small section of trained individuals) symbols and kept up a steady flow of information, luckily needed no more than yearly overhaul. The Separators and the Computer Transmitter ran on solar energy. Few knew, even on Ragnarok, of the existence of this glass dome in outer space and its contents, though already its output had revolutionised Ragnarok's technology and aided its advancement in every sphere.

"Are you sure we should leave it unguarded?", the Assistant Director (Ground Control - Ragnarok) asked his superior uneasily. The Director shrugged. "It would attract attention if we placed organized defence. And the more people in the know, the greater the risk. At all costs we should keep our invention and the Bank from the attention of other-worlders. This way there is very little risk of discovery, placed as it is well away from the trade routes, in the depths of outer space. No, unless it is discovered purely by chance we have little to fear. And the Separators can handle any unwary intruders."

There was a pause. "It is painless, isn't it?", queried the Assistant.

"Oh entirely. Body consciousness is blanked out before the process begins. Most humane, they don't

feel a thing". "And all in a good cause, the greater good of society".

The Director laughed. "Oh, the individual doesn't do badly I'd say. In extra-terrestrial conditions decay is infinitesimal; it's as close to immortality as science can give. What more can any one want?"

* * * *

Rakhal Norodom saw the glassy dome and nearly passed it by. Space station—observatory probably, he decided, as he saw it from his space craft. He had come so far from earth, alone, into the heart of the Andromeda Galaxy to discover the mysteries of creation, not the banalities of invention. Some obscure instinct made him stop his outward swing, return and cautiously execute docking.

The entrance was bound to be sealed, he thought to himself in irritation, already regretting his impulse, but to his surprise the hatch slid smoothly open and he was inside a circular hall lined with shelves. It was dark within, the glass of very limited translucency let in very little sunlight. What light there was came from two metallic balls bristling with projections, emitting a violet light.

Radioactive? He was not really worried—his space suit should be sufficient protection. The major object was a huge apparatus which he recognized was a transmitter, though its structure was unfamiliar. It was sending—perhaps news of his arrival, gleaned through sophisticated electronic devices? No real risk, he

decided; the nearest civilizations were Ragnarok and Glaucon, the former 40, the latter perhaps 48 days journey and he intended to be on his way a lot earlier than any investigating contingent could start.

Ragnarok, rather than Glaucon, he decided; somehow there was a slickness to the great machine which spoke of more technology than Glaucon could as yet boast of.

They were not really co-operative, he reflected idly as he thought of Ragnarok's inhabitants in their dealings with Earth. A highly advanced race but not over-generous in parting with technology to more backward races. It just proved the old adage that scientific progress had nothing to do with moral enlightenment.

But the purpose of this odd dome puzzled him increasingly. Not a military station, obviously, it was well out of possible missile range from Glaucon, the only possible target. But it was equally difficult to see it as a space observatory. There was nothing that remotely resembled a telescope, or even a screen. Well away from the trade routes, it could hardly be a supply station.

He went to look more closely at the shelves. There were rows upon rows of crystal cubes with pinkish ie: objects, inside, which he was unable to identify—coral? sponges? some sort of growth. Somehow it did not look either like rock or like an artefact. Each cube had a face printed under, he realised, Ragnarokians—(so his guess was right, he thought, a trifle smugly) but the puzzle was still unsolved. Some species of algae discovered by individual Ragnarokians? But what was the purpose of such an odd botanical laboratory in outer space? And the objects, though showing slight differen-

ces in size and colour seemed as dismally alike as the Ragnarok faces seemed to his other worldly eyes.

His unease was deepening and a mildly interesting puzzle was now, inexplicably, seeming frightening. He fought down what his mind diagnosed as irrational fear and tried to achieve stillness, only to find near terror. He was completely alone and yet had an overwhelming sense of being in the presence of watchers. Perhaps a concealed visi-screen somewhere, but he was not worried about monitors on far away Ragnarok. He realised his uneasiness was more sharply localized, it was the cubes themselves that frightened him. They couldn't be alive—those algae or whatever—sealed in airless cubes and they certainly had nothing resembling eyes. Some form of energy research? He somehow felt he had come closer to the mark with this guess.

The room seemed full of energy, of activity; of intelligence, he thought with terror and the impulse to retreat to his space craft was overwhelming. But he had not been an explorer for so many years, without also a deep urge to find out. There was nothing for it but to look at each cube for the elusive clue. He found it on a cube close to the ray emitting ball—the face of one of Earth's most eminent physicists mysteriously missing. *Was that a human brain? Were they all brains—alive?* In the nightmare of horror grew the resolution to immediately transmit a message to earth. They would know what to do. He had to leave immediately. He turn.....

* * * *

The Director smiled at the naive thoughts the computer was already faithfully transmitting and turned from the visi-screen. "It's like I said, he didn't feel a thing."

“The Separators are certainly efficient,” agreed his subordinate. “But is his brain worth a cube? Very rudimentary intelligence surely.”

“Our other brains disagree—and they should know; a remarkable degree of extra sensory perception, says the data.”

“Well, at any rate he won’t be lonely,” said the Assistant Director.

UMA MAHESHWARI
II B.Sc Physics

Religion Humanised

—A vision of Rembrandt

Rembrandt, the 17th century Dutch painter was famous for his drawings, etchings, portraits, landscapes and above all, renowned as 'The King of Shadows' for his exquisite mastery of the chiaroscuro.

His birth in the University city of Leiden, 1606 coincided with that of the Dutch nation. For generations, it had been under the rule of Catholic Spain and had finally achieved freedom. Hence the new nation was democratic in its institution, and Protestant in its religion.

Rembrandt was singled out for a university education, but he moved away from a scholastic life revealing a natural taste for painting and drawing. He never felt the necessity to visit Italy, then a Mecca for painters. And though he never left Holland, his work is in no way provincial.

Rembrandt explored a variety of themes—historical, mythological, religious and sometimes even satirical. His religious bent of mind, his belief in the loving, forgiving God of the New Testament and above all his thorough knowledge of the Bible, all combined to produce a range of religious paintings which brought him fame as early as 1632. Rembrandt's spirituality deepened as he grew older and he no longer saw the Bible as a mere source for dramatic narrative. A jewel like panel which Rembrandt painted shows the confrontation of Tobit and Anna. The story of the painting is very slight. Anna who supports her blind husband by

doing menial chores has been given a young goat by her employer. Tobit cannot believe that the animal is a gift and accuses his wife of having stolen it. Ordinarily, an artist might find scant stimulation in this situation of a trivial misunderstanding. But Rembrandt brings to it a deep sense of humanity that illuminates all his greatest works. The sightless old man seems to be rocking back and forth in shame and indignation. Rembrandt was not yet twenty one when he painted this, yet he achieved a depth of perception that no artist in Netherland could then match.

He never alienated himself from society, and felt that the common people of Leiden or Amsterdam were essentially no different from the towering figures of the Bible created by the same God, sharing the same mysterious destiny and feeling the same passion and despair. Rembrandt's biographer did not approve of his spending so much time among the lower orders of society, but it was here, among the lower orders, that Rembrandt perceived King David or Christ Himself.

In studying the people of Leiden he was particularly impressed by the aged in whose faces he saw the glow of spiritual richness gained through their years of experience, endurance and meditation. In his religious pictures Rembrandt's highly personal and original use of chiaroscuro - the major stylistic principle of his work - appears to great effect. (Chiaroscuro, an Italian word that means bright and dark, refers to the contrast of light and shadow). Rembrandt's

chiaroscuro served him as a means of not merely suggesting space but of expressing the depths of human character and of religious experience. He uses the intangible qualities of the visual world—light, air and shadow to evoke the mysteries of the mind and spirit.

The full measure of his creativity can be felt in his religious works, and if he had an identifying hallmark it was his personal approach. In his later religious works, regardless of themes, humanity lies always at the core. Characters like Saul and Jacob were not seen by him as types expressing kingship or prophecy, but as feeling, suffering and enduring people.

What fascinated Rembrandt about certain Biblical figures was their moment of trial. He came to understand them in the way a man having tasted a drop of gall may understand what it is to drink a full cup. Steeped in the sadness and frailties of his own world, Rembrandt moved with great insight in the world of the scriptures. In his DENIAL OF SAINT PETER he portrays a tragically doomed man, not a condemned one, for he will be redeemed, but doomed to break and to reveal his human weaknesses in his time of trial.

Rembrandt's BATHSHEBA broods poignantly on her situation. She is full of conflicting thoughts and impulses, well aware of the web of fate in which she

is caught; loyalty to her absent husband coexists with a sense of the tragedy that King David's desire of her will bring—a woman torn between her passions and her duties.

In SAUL AND DAVID, the mighty king who has lost favour in God's sight tries to find solace in the music of young David, but even as he wipes a tear from his eyes, madness and violence boil within him. It was the evil spirit which possessed Saul that caused him to vacillate between gentle repentance and furious uncontrollable lunacy.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON constitutes a final statement on the Christian idea of forgiveness and mercy. As the prodigal kneels, his father's expression is consummately gentle and his embrace symbolises Rembrandt's hope for the safe return of all lost and troubled voyagers on the ocean of the world. This was Rembrandt's last religious work before he died in 1669.

For most twentieth century observers, Rembrandt's greatness lies in his understanding of and sympathy for the complex world of feelings and emotions.

Mrs. S. ASHRAFI
Asst. Prof., Dept. of Fine Arts

Juvenile Delinquency

*A ragged urchin, aimless and alone,
Loitered about that vacancy, a bird
Flew up to safety from his well-aimed stone;
That girls are raped, that two boys knife a third,
Were axioms to him, who'd never heard
Of any world where promises were kept,
Or one could weep because another wept.*

W. H. Auden

A child is the responsibility of the family and the society. It is the duty of the adult to provide the child with a stable home and an experience of healthy relationships that build a harmonious personality. Every child needs a positive parental role model which will guide him to mature adulthood. When the child is driven astray by an unhealthy home atmosphere, is he to be blamed? Consider the case of Kannan who is referred to as J. C. No. 4169 today and has been branded 'delinquent'.

The usual tirade of his inebriate father launched at his silently suffering mother woke Kannan up that morning. Knowing he would be the next target of this irrational attack, Kannan tried to sneak out, but it was too late. Hurt and disturbed, he staggered out of the house and wandered along as far as a hungry stomach and weak legs could carry him. He was disgusted with his father's behaviour and longed for somebody who was affectionate and understanding.

Kannan stopped in front of a sweet shop. The sight of the displayed goodies sharpened his need for

food. Should he go home in the hope of a meal? Should he beg for some money and buy himself something with it? As he was musing, he noticed the shopkeeper go in for a minute, leaving money on the till unguarded. The temptation was too much. In a flash Kannan reached the counter and wiped it clean of all the cash. In a second he would be away with enough money to buy food. Before he could move, hands fell on him and held him in an iron grip. Kannan fell under a barrage of slaps and kicks and cries of "hand him over to the police", "teach the scoundrel a lesson".

And today Kannan is in an Approved School for delinquents...committed by the Juvenile Court for eight years until he reaches the age of 18.

Many are the so-called delinquents who come from unhealthy homes, devoid of parental love and care, deprived of the security essential for a growing child—exposed to the tensions of a disorganised home. Unless the home is seen by the child as a pleasant and protective place, his steps will move away from home to places and situations that may be harmful for his development.

Sometimes youngsters get into trouble with the law because of unscrupulous adults who exploit their need. One such victim of adult exploitation was Murugan. An abandoned child of some pavement dweller, Murugan had always lived on the pavement in the company of different squatters. For him life was an endless quest for food and a shelter for the night.

One day when he was scrounging for food in a dustbin, a woman came over and started talking to him.

Showing adequate concern for him, she promised him a job and a place to live in. Murugan went with her unable to believe his good luck. After giving him the best meal in his life, the woman instructed him about his work. He was to take a mud pot to the crowded public tap and when no one was observing, switch his mud pot for somebody's brass pot and make off as quickly as possible. Murugan tried this at different places and the duping went on for a few days. But one day he was caught red-handed and placed in police custody. Of course, no one would believe his story about a woman employing him, particularly when he was not sure of her name and address. The list of such cases of using youngsters for picking pockets, shop-lifting, burgling, transporting illicit liquor etc. is endless. The laws intended for keeping away young offenders from the influence of adult criminals by dealing with them in a protective and correctional manner, are deliberately exploited by adult criminals to escape the clutches of those laws under which adults can be punished. Many are the cases where adult criminals foist the case on a juvenile associate.

Lured by the movies, many a girl lands in trouble. Frustration stemming from poverty and drudgery, the miseries of life as a domestic servant, the perpetual thwarting of desires for good clothes and jewellery, the yearning for a life of comfort—all these conditions offer fertile ground for the wild fantasies of the Indian movies to take root in their impressionable minds. The rags-to-riches stories of some screen idol leads them to believe that they too can find their future in the celluloid world. That was why sixteen-year-old Leela came to Madras. With some stolen money, travelling ticketless, Leela arrived at Madras Central. Bewildered by the

noise and bustle of the station, she hesitated. Pandian, dressed respectably in a clean shirt and dhoti, and vibhuthi on his forehead, watched her. Then seeing her helpless, he approached her and made kind enquiries and offered to take her to the house of the film producer she wanted to see, who, incidentally, was his friend.

Pandian took Leela in an autorickshaw and dropped her at his 'aunt's' house. He asked Leela to wait there till he fixed an appointment with the producer. While Leela waited, the 'aunt' treated her kindly and gave her a good sari to change into. Soon it was evening and there was still no sign of Pandian. Instead, another man came and the 'aunt' asked Leela to oblige him! Shocked, Leela protested. The aunt then revealed that she had bought Leela from Pandian for Rs. 500/- and that Leela was her property and that she should obey her. If Leela tried to create trouble, the 'aunt' threatened to accuse her of attempted house breaking and hand her over to the police.

Six months later, Leela was spotted by a Police Party in a brothel raid and being below 18 years, she was sent to the Vigilance Home.

The cases are endless—stories of frustration, deprivation, injustice, cruelty, victimization, exploitation, misguidance, escapism, pathology. They are called the juvenile delinquents of a society. Are they? Or are they the juveniles of a delinquent society? Are they offenders or are they victims? The answer depends on one's perspective.

Mrs. RADHA PAUL
Professor, Dept of Social Work

The Scarecrow Strikes

Brick after brick in tedious monotony. Laced with a spattering of cement from the droning mixer. A babble of voices, sometimes rising to the shrill treble of a petty quarrel. Weary hammering.....Crunching gravel..... Wails of hungry children.....reached him as he stood, perched on the top of the scaffolding, a gaunt scarecrow surveying the tragic arena of scurrying humanity, slogging doggedly under the intense mid-day sun. The sun was sharp. If he had been made of straw he would have gone up in flames. But he was flesh - flesh that wilted, but struggled not to succumb and so he carried on ... Brick after brick. Brick after brick. Brick after brick. Blessed monotony.

City reeling under a heat wave. Deserted streets. City life dead. "Fans and air-conditioners full blast... One bath after another...One change of clothes after another..... Lousy climate...! Disgusting sweat...Too hot for the kids...Should have gone on holiday...Boring..."

Here—brick upon brick. To and fro. Hammering to eternity. Enthroned up there, he was like a rajah - the sleeping city, his loyal citizens. Today, there were no shrill voices of neighbourhood children. They were indoors. Locked up. Only he was playing. Anyday better than chasing marbles, playing cricket, or following toy aeroplanes...Or was it just sour grapes?.....Anyway his game was interesting, more exciting. It was the game of life - working and earning for survival. He was not a boy. He was a Man...and he was free, despite the heat, and the hunger.

....."Mamma, I want to go out and play cricket... No way, son. It's so hot outside.....But I'm bored.

You're so mean. Bawl.....! I'll tell Daddy.....Shut up and stop this nonsense. One would think we ill-treat our children. Listen, you can't go out. Too many cases of sun stroke. Throughout Madras, not even a single child will be outdoors. For God's sake, shut up!..... I'm going out.....Where?.....To the site.....But you know how hot it is!.....Don't be silly. Got to get there. When the cat is away, those rats will play up!".....

Even a rat would not have ventured out on that scorching day. Despite being rajah, his stomach knotted and unknotted, growled and heaved in its emptiness—a bit of paan would do. He started his descent..... reality took over. Amma coughing blood last night. Poor food. Bad weather. Getting weaker day by day. And the hungry four. This was real. Not the games of make believe up there. Where does one get money?.....food?.....anyway, never mind. He was down again.

The car drew up. Long, low, sleek. The man stepped out. Tall and cool. Children gathered to stare. Even the boy paused in his chewing of paan. The man asked him coldly, "Where is the contractor?"

"There, Sir...", he stammered and pointed to the man lounging in the shade of the neighbouring house.

The man turned on his heel and followed the direction of his pointed finger. The two began to haggle and argue together.

It was three o' clock. The work never seemed to get over, and he was getting hungrier. Five rupees -

wages for a child who did a man's work - and five mouths to feed. This was dull reality—real and demanding hunger.

The voices of the two men in the shade became louder: "What do you mean! Two months more! What are you doing here? Working? Sheer laziness! My wife's birthday, next month. I should move in by then".

"Sir, it's impossible...Two months. You can't drive them like cattle, and we pay less wages as this is their last job in this colony. And the days are hot...a small break...Some rest..."

"Rest! If you rest, can you earn? I work in my office every day...do I stay at home? All rogues! Bah!"

Straightening his aching back, the boy spied the lady next door beckoning to him.

"Here's some rice. A little spoilt. No one here will eat it. Do you want...?"

Want? In a trice he could lick the bowl clean. Food at last! How it would taste! If he did not have this he would have had to eat mud. He was not that desperate today. He had rice. He was not empty handed.

Carefully balancing his precious parcel, he decided suddenly, to go home right away. Why not? Two handfuls each, to go round. Get permission from the contractor. Fast, he ran...

The tall man turned round. "Damn fools! lazy people...!"—and walked full tilt into the excited boy. A collision, then a cry of horrified despair. Muddied rice on the ground.

For a minute the two stared at each other with undisguised hatred. One with the hatred of a shattered cool. The other with the hatred of a shattered joy. The straw caught fire.. anything to avenge, to hurt. A crow bar at his feet. To raise and bring down with all the might his bony frame had, on the man's head. The man fell down.

He was thirteen and he had killed - for a plate of rice.

NIRMALA ERVELLES
III B.Sc Mathematics

கவிஞருடன் சில மணித்துளிகள்

“காலத்தின் வசந்த கீதங்களாகக் கவிதைகள் மாறி வருகிற பூபாளப் பொழுது இது. சந்தங்களில் துள்ளிக் கொண்டிருந்த கவிதை இப்போதெல்லாம் சமூக விமர்சனங்களின் பள்ளி யெழுச்சியாகவே படைக்கப்படுகிறது” —

[மு. மேத்தா ‘முன்னுரைகள்’ என்ற நூலிலிருந்து]

கவிஞரும் நாவலாசிரியரும் சிறுகதை எழுத்தாளருமான மு. மேத்தாவுடன் உரையாடிய பொழுது எழுந்த சில எண்ணச் சிதறல்களை உங்களுடன் பகிர்ந்து கொள்ளுகிறோம்.

“கவிதையில் கேட்பது, தனி மனிதனின் கருத்தா அல்லது சமுதாயத்தின் குரலா?”

“எனக்கொரு சமூக நோக்கமுண்டு. என்னைப் புற்றியும் என் சமூக நோக்கத்தைப் பற்றியும் என் எழுத்துக்களைவிடப் பெரிதாக நான் ஒன்றும் பேசிவிட முடியாது”

கவிதை எழுதுகின்றவன் தனிமனிதன். ஆனால், இந்தத் தனிமனிதனின் எண்ணங்களும், சிந்தனைகளும் முழுக்க முழுக்க அவனிடத்திலிருந்து, அவன் மனத்திற்குள்ளிருந்து, அவனுடைய சொந்தமான விஷயங்களாக மட்டும் வருவதல்ல.

கவிதை என்பது தனிமனிதனுடையது என்றாலும், அதில் உள்ள வேகம், அல்லது சோகம், அந்தக் கவிதையில் ஏற்படுகின்ற பெரிய நெருப்பு அல்லது பனிக்கட்டி—இதைக் கொடுப்பது சமூகமே!

உதாரணமாக, எதிரே உள்ளவர்களின் எண்ணங்களும் எதிர்பார்ப்புகளும் ஒரு கவிஞனுடைய பேரூவி

லிருந்து வாக்கியங்களாகப் புறப்பட்டு, வரிகளாகப் புரண்டு, துடிக்கும் நெஞ்சங்களிலெல்லாம் தோரணம் கட்டிக்கொள்கின்றன.

“கவிஞன் பிறக்கின்றானா அல்லது உருவாக்கப்படுகிறானா?”

கவிஞர்களுக்குரிய உள்ளுணர்வுகள் மட்டும் உடன் பிறக்கின்றன. அதற்கு ஏற்ப ஒருவன் சிறந்த கவி யாகவோ, சிற்பியாகவோ, அல்லது ஓவியனாகவோ உருவாகுகின்றான்.

குழல்கள் ஏற்படுத்திக் கொண்டிருக்கின்ற வாய்ப்புகளின் மூலமும் தன்னைத்தானே அந்தக் கலைக்கு அர்ப்பணித்துக் கொண்டு செய்யும் முயற்சிகளின் மூலமும் முழுமையடைகிறான்.

கவிஞன் என்பவன் பிறப்பதில்லை.

அடக்கமும் நேசமும் மனத்தின் அடித்தளத்திலிருந்து வெளிப்படும் கனக்குரலில் எவனது படைப்பிலும் இரண்டு காதுகளாலும் நம்மால் கேட்க முடிகிறதோ அவன்தான் காலத்தின்வீதியில் காணாமற் போகாமல் கலங்கரை விளக்காக நிற்பவன்.

கவிஞன் என்பவன் ஒரு உண்மையான மனிதன். மற்ற மனிதர்களை நேசிப்பவன், அன்பு காட்டி தழுவிக்கொள்பவன். அவனுடைய வார்த்தையில் மட்டுமல்ல, வாழ்க்கையிலும் பொய் வந்து புகாது.

“மரபுக் கவிதையும் புதுக் கவிதையும்”

“கவிதை எப்போதும் கவிதைதான் அதில் புதிது பழையது இல்லை, கவிதையாக இருந்தால்—அது ஒரு போதும் பழையதாவதில்லை”

கவிதை என்பது ஒன்றுதான். வடிவங்களே இன்று மாறியிருக்கின்றன. புதுக்கவிதை வளருவதற்கு உரை நடையில் அதிதீவிர வளர்ச்சியும் ஆதிக்கமுமே காரணம். வெள்ளையாகவும் வேகமாகவும் தன்னை வெளியிட்டுக் கொள்ள வேண்டும் என்ற வித்தியாசமான சூழலில்தான் புதுக்கவிதை தற்போது புறப்பட்டுள்ளது.

“மரபில் புதுமையின் விழிப்பு
புதுமையில் மரபின் செழிப்பு
வேண்டுகிறவன் நான்.”

மரபுக்கவிதையில் வடிவத்துக்கு மட்டுமே முக்கியத்துவம் கொடுத்தார்கள். இலக்கணம், யாப்பு ஒரு சர்வாதிகாரம் செலுத்தியது. தாங்களே நிலத்தின் சொந்தக்காரர்கள் என்று நினைத்த மரபுக் கவிஞர்களும் இலக்கணப் புலவர்களும் வேலியையே பயிர் என்று எண்ணி ஏமார்ந்து விழுந்தார்கள். முள்ளும் மாறுவேடம் போட்டு இது தான் மலர் என்று கூறி கவிதா தேவியை முட்டாளாக்கப் பார்த்தார்கள்.

இலக்கியம் ஒரு நாள் சலித்துப்போனது. காலம் ஒரு நாள் கோபம் கொண்டது. இலக்கியத்தின் சலிப்பும், காலத்தின் கோபமும் ஒரு நாள் கவிதையின் நெற்றிப் பொட்டில் நெருப்புப் பொட்டு வைத்தன. அப்போது தான் புதுக் கவிதை புறப்பட்டது.

“இலக்கணச் செங்கோல்
யாப்பு சிம்மாசனம்
எதுகை பல்லக்கு
மோனை தேர்கள்
தனி மொழிச் சேனை
பண்டித பவனி—

இவை எதுவுமில்லாத கருத்துக்கள் தம்மைத்தாமே ஆளக் கற்றுக்கொண்ட புதிய மக்களாட்சி முறையே புதுக் கவிதை!”

கவிதையில் கற்பனையும் உண்மையும்

ஒரு கவிதையில் கற்பனை எவ்வளவு உண்மை எவ்வளவு என்பது கவிஞனுக்கே தெரியாது. அது கவிதை எழுதும்போது ஏற்படும் கவிஞரின் மனநிலையைப் பொருத்தது.

யாப்பு எத்தனை சதவிகிதம், உவமை எத்தனை சதவிகிதம் என்று ஒருவன் கணக்குப் போட்டு எழுதமாட்டான். அவ்வாறு அவன் எழுதினால் அதைப் படிக்க வேண்டிய அவல நிலைக்கு ஆளாகிறவர்கள் அடுத்த நிமிடமே ஒரு மனநோய் மருத்துவனிடம் அடைக்கலம் தேடிச் செல்ல வேண்டியிருக்கும்!

“முன்னேற்றத்தைப் பிணித்துள்ள
விலங்குகள் எவையாயினும் அவற்றை
உடைத்து நொறுக்கி தகர்த்தெறிய
வேண்டும் என்ற உன்னத
ஆவேசத்தோடு எழுதுகிறவனே கவிஞன்”

பிற எழுத்தாளர்களின் பாதிப்பு

நான் அபூர்வமாகச் சில பிறமொழி எழுத்தாளர் களைப் படித்திருக்கிறேன். சிப்ரான், சரத் சந்தர் முதலிய வர்களின் மீது எனக்கு முற்றிக் கனிந்த மோகமும் தாகமும் உண்டு.

எனக்கு எதையும் தேடிப்போக நேரமில்லை. தேடிவந்து சேருகின்ற சில படைப்புகள் என்னைக் கெட்டியாக பற்றிக் கொள்கின்றன. அவற்றிலிருந்து என் உணர்வுகள் தூண்டப்படுகின்றன என்பதை நான் ஒப்புக்கொள்கிறேன். ஆனால் என்னுடைய பேரை எழுதி எழுதித் தனக்கென்று ஒரு பாணியை அமைத்துக் கொண்டதே யல்லாமல் யாருடைய பேராவின் பின்னாலும் போன தில்லை.

பாரதியும், பாரதிதாசனும் சின்ன வயதிலேயே எனக்குள்ளேயிருந்த இன்னொரு கவிதை மனிதனை, எனக்குள்ளே இருந்த வித்தியாசமான ஒரு விஸ்வ ரூபத்தை, எனக்கே அடையாளம் காட்டிய என் தலை முறையின் தமிழ்த் தவங்கள், சமகாலத்தில் வாழுகின்ற கவிஞர்களில் அப்துல்ரஹ்மான், மீரா, சிற்பி, நா. காமராசன் முதலிய கவிஞர்களின் படைப்புகளை நான் நேசிக்கிறேன். எனக்குள்ளே ஒரு வீடு கட்டி வீற்றிருக்கும் எழுத்தாளர்கள் நா. பார்த்தசாரதியும் ஜெய காந்தனும்; தி. ஜானகிராமனின் நடையும், நளினமும், வாழ்க்கையை அணுகும் முறையும், அவருடைய கதை களைப்பால் என்னைக் காதலிக்க வைத்தன. வலம்புரி ஜானின் வசந்த உரைநடை என்னை வளைத்துக் கொள் கிறது.

இன்றைய இளைஞர்களின் எழுத்துக்களில் என்னை நான் பல நேரங்களில் பறிகொடுத்து விடுகிறேன். என்னுடைய தமிழுக்கும், என் தமிழ் நாட்டிற்கும் தேவையான ஒரு நம்பிக்கை விடியலின் விலாசம்—இந்த இளைஞர்களின் கைகளில் இருப்பதை நான் காண்கிறேன்.

[பேட்டியின் முடிவில், தன்னலமற்ற சமுதாய நலத்தில் தனிப்பற்றுடைய உன்னதமான எதிர்காலத்தை நோக்கி நிற்கின்ற, ஒரு கவிஞரைக் கண்ட மன நிறைவு எங்களுக்கு ஏற்பட்டது.]

“இதோ—எங்கள் புது யுகக்
கவிஞர்கள் குருகேஷத்திரப்
பாடலைப் புனையத் தொடங்கி விட்டார்கள்—

இதோ—எங்கள் புத்துலக
இளைஞர்கள் புதிய குருகேஷத்திரப்
பூமியை நோக்கி நடக்கத்
தொடங்கி விட்டார்கள்
இருட்டை துரத்த வரும்
வெளிச்ச விரல்கள்
எதிரே தெரிகின்றன—கை குலுக்குவோம்”

[மேற்கோள்கள் கவிஞர் மு. மேத்தா அவர்களின்
நூல்களிலிருந்து]

கே. கருணா, எஸ். ரமாதேவி
(மூன்றாம் ஆண்டு ஆங்கில இலக்கியம்)

கரையில்லாத் தீவுகள்

கொண்டவனின் கரம்பற்ற காலமெல்லாம் காத்து
காலத்தின் கனவுகளோ கண்களிலே கனிந்து
கையிலென்றும் காலிலென்றும் கணவன்வீட்டார்
கேட்க
களங்கமற்ற கன்னியவள் கற்பினையே கறைப்படுத்த
பெற்ற தந்தை பெட்டியிலே பணமில்லா திருக்க
பெற்ற தாயின் பெட்டகமோ பொங்கிபொங்கி பதற
(இதைப்)பார்க்கும் பிருந்தாவனப் பசுமையாய்ப் படர்ந்த
பனிக்காலத்துப் புல்லும் பனிநீர் பொழிகிறதே !

வாழையடி வாழையாய் வற்றாத நதியாய்
வஞ்சியவள் வாழ்வதற்கே வகையாக சீர்செய்ய
பள்ளியறைப் பாயினிலே பகலவனாய் கணவனெரிக்க
பகல்வேளைச் சாப்பாட்டில் பருப்புப் பற்றவில்லையென
பார்வையாலே சுட்டெரிக்கும் படிக்காத நாத்தியர்கள்
பேசாதிருந்தால் — அழுத்தக்காரி என்றும்
பேசினால் — பத்ரகாளி என்றும்
பிரசவிக்கும் வார்த்தைகள் புகுந்த வீட்டாரிடமிருந்து
பிறந்த வீட்டில் இடமில்லை
புகுந்த வீட்டில் பதிலில்லை
பேதையவள் போவதெங்கே !
காலத்தின் கனவுகளைக்
கொண்டு செல்லும்
கன்னியவள் கனவுகளோ
கரையில்லாத் தீவுகளாய்
கரைந்து கொண்டிருந்திடுமோ !

இரா. வித்யா

இரண்டாம் ஆண்டு - பெளதிகம்

மனமே ; உனக்கொரு வார்த்தை

மனமே உன் எண்ணம் என்ன ?
மனித இனமே நீ போகும் வழியென்ன ?
பணமே உனக்கு உலகமா ? நற்
குணத்தை நீ புதைத்து விட்டாயே !
நாணமே நீ எங்குச் சென்றெளிந்தாயோ
பெண்ணினமே உன்னைப் புதைத்து விட்டதோ ?
நல்லெண்ணமே உனக்குத் தோன்ற வில்லையா ?
நன்னெறியே உன் கண்ணில் படவில்லையா !
மானத்தைப் பெரிதெனப் போற்றினர் அன்று—தன்
மானத்தை விலை பேசுபவர் இன்று,
மானம் இழப்பின் உயிர்நீத்த உலகம்
மானமிழந்து நடைப் பிண மானது
மானமற்ற பிச்சைக் காரர்கள் வீதியிலே
ஏனத்தை ஏந்துவர் கோழை மனதுடனே !
மனஊனத்தோடு வாழ் வதேன் வீட்டிலே
நாணயத் திற்காகத் தன்நாணயத்தை விற்றனரே !
ஞானத்தை இழந்துவிட்ட மக்களிந்த ஞாலத்தில்
மானத்தைப் பெரிதென மதிப்பாரோ ? மனமே
மோனத்தில் அமர்ந்து விட்டாயோ—செல்வ
மோகத்தில் மயங்கி விட்டாயோ ? இந்திய
மானத்தைக் காப்பாயோ ? இனி யேனும்புது
ஞானத்தைப் பெறுவாயோ ? அவமானத்தைத்
துடைப்பாயோ ?
வானத்தின் கீழுள்ள இருண்ட நாட்டினே
வளம் பெறச் செய்ய இளைஞர்
இனமே ! நீ ஒரு மனதுடன் உழைப்பாயோ !
உறங்காமல் என்றும் விழித்திருப்பாயோ !

அ. வி. பரிமளா

இரண்டாம் ஆண்டு—பெளதிகம்

உயிர் கொடுத்து உயர்ந்தீரே

மழைகண்டு மகிழ்ச்சியோடு
காதடைக்க கூச்சலிடும்
தவளையாரே தண்ணீருள்
ஓசையின்றி அமைதியாகக்
கிடப்பதென்ன காரணமோ?

வயலதனில் விளைந்திருக்கும்
விளைச்சலெல்லாம் உமதாக்கிக்
கொழுத்திருக்கும் எலியாரே!
தோலுரிந்த நிலையினிலே
கிடப்பதென்ன காரணமோ?

ஓடிஓடிச் செடிகளெல்லாம்
வெட்டிப்போட்டு தலைநிமிர்ந்து
நின்றிருக்கும் ஓணானே
தலைகுனிந்த நிலையினிலே
கிடப்பதென்ன காரணமோ?

உயிரியல் பயில் மாணவியர்
உடலுறுப்புக் காண்பதற்கு
உம்முடலை வதைத்த பின்னே
நீர்நிறைந்த தட்டினுள்ளே
நிலையாய்ப் படுத்தீரே

பயனற்று பல தோன்றிப்
பல அழியும் பாரினிலே
தவளையே, எலியே, ஓணானே
உம்முயிர் கொடுத்து உயர்ந்தீரே

ஷோபன சுவாமிநாதன்
இரண்டாம் ஆண்டு தாவரவியல்

துயில் கொண்ட மனிதரே! துள்ளியெழு மாட்டீரோ!

பாருக்குள்ளே நல்ல நாடென்று
பாரதி கண்ட நாடிதுவா!
கனவில் மிதக்கும் மனிதர்களே
காது கொடுத்துக் கேளீரோ!

ஊழல் செய்யத் துணிந்தவர்கள்
உலகில் வாழக் கற்றதனால்
உண்மையை அறவே மறந்து
சொத்து சேர்க்கத் தொடங்கியாச்சு.

புரட்சி செய்ய கருதுபவர்களால்
பிறப்பை கட்டுப்படுத்த முடியவில்லை.
இனப்பெருக்கம் மட்டும் பெருகுவதால்
வறுமை ஊர்வலம் வந்தாச்சு.

கோபுரத்தில் வாழும் மக்கள்
குடிசையைப் பார்க்கத் தவறியதால்
ஏழை என்று ஒரு சாதி
எளிதில் தள்ளி வைக்கப்பட்டாச்சு.

காதலுக்குக் கண்ணில்லை என்பவரெல்லாம்
மணமேடை ஏறத் தவறியதால்
கண்ணகி வாழ்ந்த நாட்டில்
கன்னிகள் மரணம் தழுவ துணிந்தாச்சு.

வானத்தில் விண்கோள்கள் சுற்றவிட்டோம்
வறுமையை நம்முன்பே வைத்துக்கொண்டோம்
மனிதனை விண்ணில் குடியேற்றுமுன்னே
மானத்தை உயரப்பறக்க விட்டாச்சு.

நிலைமை இப்படி இருக்கையிலே
தன் நினைவு சிறிதும் இன்றி
கனவிலே கோட்டை அமைத்தனரே—மனிதர்
கற்பனை வாழ்வில் குடியேறினரே!

அ. வி. பரிமளா
இரண்டாமாண்டு இயற்பியல்

लटके मानव

एक हवा का झोंका आया:
स्पर्श पा, कली गुदगुदा उठी,
गन्ध मुस्कुराहट बन फैली
मदमस्त यौवन में मस्त
कली फूल बन बैठी ।
जीवन के वरदान को मानव ने
सहर्ष किया स्वीकार ।
इधर आशाओं की भव्य इमारत खड़ी ;
प्रगति पथ पर आरूढ़ उधर
इतिहास—विज्ञान—साहित्य
चहुँ ओर बजे डंका मानव का ।
बहती हवा क्षण रूक गई
इठलाता फूल गया मुरझा ;
लालिमा युक्त जीवन में—
बेईमानी, ठगी गरीबी की
कालिमा उभर आयी ; गरीबी ने
अजेय मानव को किया पराजित
मुस्कुराता फूल मायूसी से
गया लटक..... ।

द्वितीय वर्ष
बिन्दु भास्कर

जिन्दगी

1. आशंकाओं और डर से घिरा,
न जाने कहाँ से आता है इस दुनिया में
नवजात शिशु ।
पर प्रेम और ममता की असीमित, निर्विकार
बौछार से आश्चर्यचकित रह जाता है
2. वात्सल्य, प्रेम, करुणा, दया
के अनमोल संगम का केन्द्र होता है ; यह बालक ।
जिन्दगी की सुन्दरता को, समझने और
पहचानने की लगातार कोशिश करता ।
3. संसार की अनगिनत पहेलियों के हल ढूँढने का
उत्तरदायित्व लेता है ; यह तरुण
जिन्दगी की विचित्रता पर, निस्सारता और
सुन्दरता पर गंभीरता से विचार करता है ।
4. पहेलियों का हल ढूँढते-ढूँढते, थक कर
हार मान जाता है यह अधेड़ ।
जिन्दगी से संतुष्ट होकर,
समाज द्वारा निर्धारित सीमाओं में,
बंद होकर रह जाता ; वह अधेड़ ।
5. सीमाओं का वह बंधन
अर्थहीन लगता है उस वृद्ध को ;
जिन्दगी की नीरसता से ।
तंग आकर एक दिन, न जाने कहाँ खो जाता है ।
6. सदियों से कहते आये हैं लोग,
“जिन्दगी इसी चरखे का नाम है ।”
परंतु एकांतता के क्षणों में ; मैं सोचती हूँ,
“क्या इसके आरपार, दुनिया में ;
और कुछ भी नहीं है ?”

प्रथम वर्ष रीना वर्मा

सूखा उपवन

वे बराबर खटखटाते रहे; जब किसी ने भी दखाजा नहीं खोला तो लोग काफी घबरा उठे। इस आलीशान मकान की मालकिन अमिता जी कहीं चिर निद्रा में तो नहीं सो गईं? लोगों ने उनका नाम ले लेकर जोर-जोर से पुकारना शुरू कर दिया किन्तु अन्दर से कोई प्रतिक्रिया नहीं हुई। पुलिस को खबर की गई। दखाजा टटूने पर भीड़ अन्दर घुम गई अन्दर के दृश्य को देख सबकी आँखें फटी की फटी रह गईं। संगमरमर के सफेद चिकने फर्श पर पीला गलीचा बिछा था उस पर रक्त की धारा बह रही थी उसके पास खड़ी अमिता जी टकटकी लगाये अपने सनेही पोते को देख रहीं थीं। पुलिस उन्हें थाने ले गईं।

लोग अमिता जी को पागल कहते थे। वे अमीर थीं इसमें कोई शक नहीं किन्तु उन्होंने कभी भी अपने बेटे-बेटियों को घर आने नहीं दिया। कभी-कभार एकाध पत्र लिख दिया करती थीं। बच्चे उनसे डरते थे अतः वे उन्हें नियमित रूप से लिखा करते थे। अमिता जी का दिल यदि किसी के प्रति उदार देखा गया था तो वह उनका पोता रोहित था। रोहित अपने माता-पिता के विपरीत था। मुँहजोर होने के कारण अमिता जी उसे डाँट भी दिया करती थीं। दादी की कोई बात रोहित को अच्छी न लगते हुए भी वह वहीं रहता यह साफ जाहिर था कि उसकी नजर दादी के धन पर थी। हर रोज वह कोई न कोई माँग रखता दादी सहर्ष पूरी करती। दादी को उसका आलसीपन अच्छा न लगता। एक दिन दादी की

भाव भंगिमा देखते हुए रोहित उनकी गोद में सिर रख लाड़ दुलार करने लगा और बातों बातों में नानी से हीरे अँगूठी हड़प ली और वादा कव.या कि मर्सडीज कार ले देगी।

कार आ जाने पर वह खूब सैर सपाटे करता। उस रात वह नशे में धुत आया और रोटियाँ सेकती हुई दादी को डराने धमकाने लगा; तथा कुछ कागज़ों पर हस्ताक्षर करने का अभ्यर्थन करने लगा। दादी के डाँटने पर उसने छुगी निकाल ली। दादी ने धक्का मार रसोई घर से बाहर निकाल दिया यह कहते हुए कि इस उम्र में मेरे साथ यह मजाक करोगे तो मेरे हृदय की धडकन बन्द हो जाएगी।

दादी को बात हँसी में टालते देख रोहित उन पर झगटा किन्तु वह फुर्ती से एक ओर हट गई। रोहित सोफे पर जोर से गिरा उसके साथ सोफा दूसरी ओर पलट गया और चाकू रोहित की छाती में जा लगा रोहित तथा उसके विचारों को जान दादी को धक्का और दुःख इतना लगा कि बयान के उपरान्त एक घंटे के अन्दर उनके हृदय की गति रुक गई।

द्वितीय वर्ष
रजनी

बढ़ते कदम

जवानी वह जादू की पुड़िया है, जिसके बल पर बुढ़ापा होते हुए भी बुढ़ापे से कोसो दूर होता है। अगर हम अपने कल को टटोल कर देखें तो हमारा मस्तिष्क कई अस्पष्ट स्मृतियों से भर जाता है। यौवन की-ताजगी सदैव स्मृति पटल पर बनी रहती है। किशोरावस्था को लॉघते ही रूपान्तर हो जाता है। उसे कदम-कदम पर नित नूतन अनुभव होते हैं। भावी जीवन की योजना बना महत्वकांक्षी हो जाता है उस समय जब वह ऐसी नाजुक स्थिति में होता है; तो प्रोत्साहन ही कामयाबी का अवलम्ब है। इसी काल में मानव में जागृति उत्पन्न होती है देश के प्रति, समाज के प्रति, अपने अधिकारों तथा कर्तव्य के प्रति। यौवनावस्था में कई प्रकार की भावनाएँ उमड़ती हैं कभी क्रान्तिकारी और कभी शान्ति की। युवकों को बढ़ाने के लिए उपयुक्त वातावरण पैदा करना चाहिए; तभी युवकों में बल, साहस, स्फूर्ति उत्पन्न होगी। तभी वह नये—नये कार्य में लगेगे। भारत में सत्तर प्रतिशत लोग तीस वर्ष की आयु से कम हैं; यह इस बात का प्रमाण है कि देश में वृद्ध कम और युवा ज्यादा हैं। युवा वर्ग के विकास के लिये ध्यान देना चाहिए। आज के युवक कल के नागरिक हैं अतः इनकी शिक्षा-दीक्षा में किसी प्रकार की त्रुटि नहीं होनी चाहिये।

इस बात पर विचार विमर्ष करते हुए मुझे अपनी सहेली की याद आती है जो अपने जीवन में कुछ नहीं कर पायी? उसके बूढ़े माँ-बाप रूढ़िगत संस्कारों एवं विचारों वाले थे अतः वह हर

बात के लिए विरोध-करती धीरे-धीरे वह विद्रोहिणी बन गई; यहाँ तक कि सगाई को तोड़ अपनी इच्छानुसार विवाह कर लिया।

यह समस्या कई परिवारों में देखी जाती है। आधुनिक विचारों के युवक माता-पिता के कठोर बन्धनों से मुक्त होना चाहते हैं अपनी इच्छानुसार युवक-युवती वैवाहिक बन्धन में बँध जाते हैं; उचित आय न होने के कारण समस्याओं से घिर जाते हैं; परिणाम यह होता है कि कुण्ठा, तनाव से भर जाते हैं। जब अपनी इस स्थिति की मूल जड़ अपने ही माता-पिता को पाते हैं तो वे और विद्रोही प्रकृति के हो जाते हैं। आज मेरी सहेली भी इसी स्थिति की शिकार है। समस्या का समाधान तो माता-पिता के विचारों में समयानुसार परिवर्तन से ही हो सकता है।

भारत में विवाह माता-पिता की इच्छानुसार होता है किन्तु अन्य देशों में ऐसा नहीं। वहाँ प्रेम-विवाह होता है हांलाकि तलाक भी उसी अनुपात में होता है, फिर भी यह कहना उचित नहीं कि प्रेम-विवाह अच्छा नहीं।

विश्व के अन्य देशों का रहन-सहन भी भिन्न हैं। यहाँ हर पिता को बच्चों की पूरी पढ़ाई; उनके भविष्य की पूरी योजना व्यापार विवाह आदि का बीड़ा उठाना पड़ता है और यह भी एक कारण है; पिता पुत्र को आज्ञा बद्ध देखना चाहते हैं। बढ़ती

उम्र के साथ-साथ बढ़ती महँगाई और जीर्ण होती शक्ति मनुष्य को चिड़चिड़ा बना देती है।

कुछ युवक जीवन को चुनौती के रूप में स्वीकार करते हैं तो कुछ वास्तविकता से दूर काल्पनिक दुनिया में खोये रहते हैं गरीबी और वर्गीय भेदभाव के श्राप से भारत कई सदियों से पीड़ित है। इस गम्भीर समस्या का हल करने के लिए कई मनुष्यों ने प्रयत्न किये परन्तु उनका प्रयत्न एक तिनेक के समान था। मैं स्वयं मुक्तभोगी हूँ अपनी नाकामयाबी से साहस खो चुकी हूँ। आज शहर के पढ़े-लिखे युवक धिनौने कार्य करते हैं चोरी पाकेटमारी

करते हैं मेरा भी जी करता है यही कहूँ। मन के कोने से बार-बार ध्वनि कानों में गूँजती है—‘मन के हारे हार है मन के जीते जीत’ मन पुनः साहस बटोर कर जीवन को चुनौती रूप में स्वीकार कर बढ़ने लगता है।

द्वितीय वर्ष
ज्योत्सना, सुनीता,
देविका, अनुराधा, मालिनी

बेजुबान जवानी

न जाने क्यों लोग नहीं सम्झते। तीन बार मैंने कमरा न० १०१ वाली औरत को बता दिया कि यह रिसेप्शन का फोन है पानी चाहिए तो पेन्टरी को कहें। हर रूम में डाइरेक्टरी रख कर क्या फायदा? चलो मैं ही फोन करदूँ। 'पेन्टरी'! मैंने नम्बर दबाकर पूछा 'रूम १०१ में पानी भेज दो। रात के साढ़े दस बजे थे। पास वाले 'हाल' में कोई पार्टी चल रही थी। 'लाउंज' में काफी भीड़ थी। चार दिन से 'नाइट ड्यूटी' पर हूँ। आज दिन भर नहीं सोयी माँ की तबीयत जो खराब थी। जब लुट्टी माँगी तो मना कर दिया। क्या मैं झूठ बोल्छुँगी?

घंटी बजी श्यामा की आवाज फोन पर आयी—

'माला'? मैंने हाँ में जवाब दिया।

'आज हमारे होटल में रेखा ठहरी है'।

क्या....? मैंने उत्सुकता से पूछा—

'हाँ, उसका रूम नम्बर है ३११, अच्छा बाई'।

धुमाऊँ कि नहीं....चलो धुमा देते हैं।

"३११" मैंने फोन पर पूछा।

'हाँ'।

'रेखा जी'!

'हाँ'।

'मैं रिसेप्शन.....कोई काम.....।'।

'नहीं'

लाइन कटी, चलो अब मैं सबसे कह सकती हूँ कि मैंने उनसे बात की थी

'मालोविका'! एक ४०-४२ वर्ष का आदमी लड़खड़ाता हुआ मेरे 'डेस्क' पर आ खड़ा हुआ।

'जी'

मुझे पहचाना.....? उसने अपने शराब के ग्लास को मेज़ पर रखा; एक गुलाब का फूल मेरीं और बढ़ाया। कौन है यह उल्लू? मीठी मुस्कान 'जी' 'याद है न; तुम्हारा चैटर्जी'।

'कौन'

'तुम बंगाली हो?'

'जी'

'मालोविका-सुन्दर नाम है।'

जी कर रहा था एक झापड़ मारूँ। फोन की घंटी बजी मैंने खुशी की साँस ली। क्षमा माँगती हुई टल गई।

'कोई बात नहीं', यह मेरा फोन नम्बर है। मेरे हाथ में अपना कार्ड थमाते हुए बाहर चला गया। कोई काम नहीं था। दो व्यक्ति सामने साफे पर बैठे थे जिसमें एक सोफे की पीठ पर सिर गल सो रहा था। मुझे भी नींद आने लगी।

'मेडम! आवाज आयी।'

सिर उठाया नींद से पलकें भारी थीं। सामने मुस्कुराता

चेहरा देखा।

'यस प्लीज़'

'रूम'

कमरा बुक करवाते समय मेरी प्रशंसा के दो चार शब्द कहे और अपना कार्ड मेरे हाथ में थमा वह ३०३ न० कमरे की ओर बट गया ।

फोन की घंटी बजी
'यस'
मालोविका..... ।
मैंने फोन बन्द कर दिया
पोर्टिको में वैन खड़ी हुई ।

आस्ट्रेलिया से डेलीगेट आ गये, सारा सामान लॉउज में आ गया था ।

मेरे डेस्क पर दो अघेड़ उम्र के पुरूष आ खड़े हुए 'यस चार्मिंग यंग लेडी' विच रूम न० ?

इसी बीच फोन की घंटी बजी
'यस'
रूम न० ३०३; कार्ड अच्छा लगा ?
सॉरी यह फोन बन्द कर दिया ।

शीला रामन द्वितीय वर्ष
(समाज शास्त्र)

L'adolescence

L'adolescence, c'est comme la schizophrénie ; un pot-pourri singulier de certitude et d'hésitations, d'idéalisme et de cynisme dans "l'établissement".

C'est l'incertitude terrible; l'adolescent n'a ni l'innocence insouciant de l'enfance, ni le jugement sagace de la maturité. Il ne peut plus oublier le monde autour de lui, ni s'inonder dans son monde personnel. Mais il est déjà membre de ce monde. Il devient de plus en plus sensible que le monde adulte n'est plus le beau paradis qu'il a rêvé pendant son enfance. Non plus enfant, il observe, impuissant la corruption la chicanerie, la fausseté; pas encore mûr, il ne sait ni les accepter ni en changer.

Et ainsi il oscille entre l'optimisme et le pessimisme. Alors il combine une foi touchante dans l'humanité avec une aversion aux hommes individuels. A un moment, élané par la joie de vivre; à l'autre il est plongé dans le désespoir, se sent impuissant.

L'adolescence est plutôt une période du savoir sans comprendre le savoir, sans savoir faire. La perplexité le fait capricieux, maussade.

Et il est à la fois sensible à l'humanité mais indifférent aux sensibilités de ses parents, revoltant l'autorité établie et dominé par celle de ses compères, offensivement confiant et pathétiquement vulnérable; et toujours, humain.

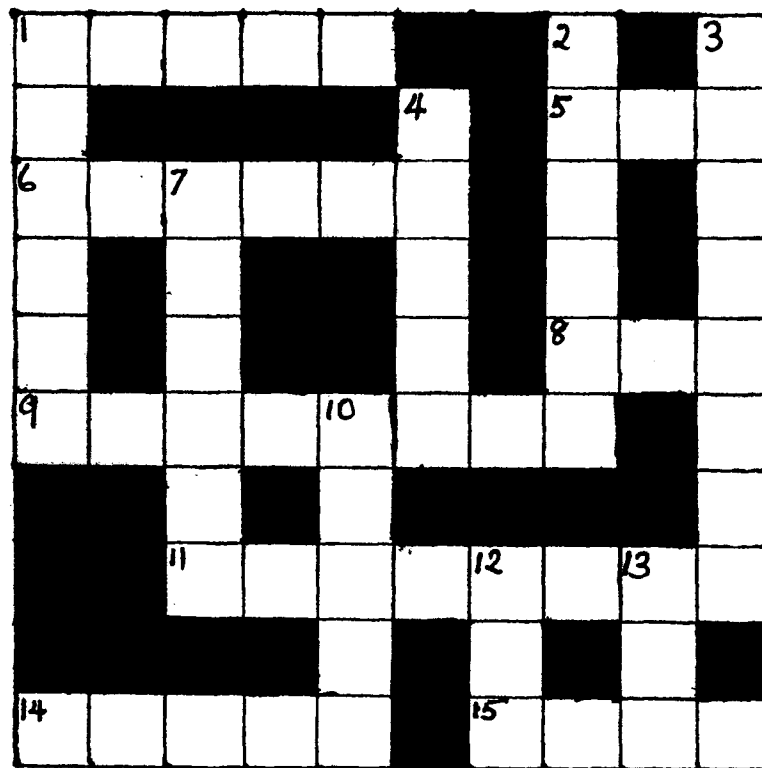
SANCHALA RANGANATHAN
II B.A. Literature

Napoleon

Il m'a trouvé
l'après-midi
du dimanche.
le sept septembre
Il s'est arrêté
à la porte
Il a regardé
autour de lui
Puis, il entra -
Il aime la cuisine
Ses yeux sont
comme des bijoux verts
Il s'habille toujours
en gris.
Qui, quelquefois
il danse à la lune
sur le toit
Vous écoutez
Sa voix plaintive
dans la rue.
Qui est-il ?
Il s'appelle Napoléon
C'est mon chat
Et mon cher ami.

JAYANTHI GOPALRAJ
II B.Sc. Botany

Les Mots-Croisés



Horizontalement

- 1 Nonchalant de tout
- 5 Saison du soleil
- 6 Divinité des bois et des fleuves
- 8 Pareil
- 9 Le tabac s'en compose
- 11 alpinisme
- 14 Esprit d'une lampse
- 15 Epreuve en général

Verticalement

- 1 Ce que les enfants aiment de saucer
- 2 Course de bateaux
- 3 La maison de squelette
- 4 Tiens! (anagramme)
- 7 Que l'on écrase
- 10 Ouvrage
- 12 Cela berce les rêves
- 13 Armures des doigts.

(Answer Page No. 67)

संस्कृतस्य परित्यागादेशो भवति खण्डशः

यस्य परित्यागात् देशो खण्डशः भवति तत्रोच्यते---संस्कृतं नाम जीवने शुभाशुभभावबोधिनी, पुण्यापुण्यविवेचिनी, हिताहित-निर्दिशिनी, कृत्याकृत्यनिदेशिका, समुन्नतिसाधिका, अवनतिनाशिनी, विद्वन्मनोहारिणी, शान्तेः सरणी, काचिदपूर्वभाषा इह भुवने । अपि च यथा शिक्षितेषु मानवेषु पशुताया अभावो मानवतायाश्चाभिवृद्धिः स्यात् सेयं सुरसरस्वती संस्कृतं इति उच्यते ।

‘संस्कृतस्य परित्यागात् देशो भवति खण्डशः’ इति सूक्तिः अस्मिन्देशे चरितार्था सजाता । जानन्ति एव सर्वे यत् पुरा विखण्डितं इमं भारतदेशं पुनरपि विधटयितुं उद्यतानि कानिचित् वैदेशिकानि तत्त्वानि । पुरा एव विखण्डिता अमृतस्वादुसलिलपूर्णा भारत-संस्कृतेराधारभूता सिन्धुनदी, नेताजी, अरविन्दमहाशयानां कर्मभूमिः वङ्गभूमिरपि खण्डीकृता । अद्यापि असमपञ्चाबादि-प्रान्तेषु राष्ट्र-विरोधीनि तत्त्वानि पृथग्रराष्ट्रनिर्माणार्थं बहुरुप्यकानि व्ययीकुर्वन्ति । संस्कृतभाषा भारतीय संस्कृत्या सह दार्ढ्येन सम्बद्धा । यदि नष्टा चेत् संस्कृतभाषा, संस्कृतिरपि नष्टा भविष्यति । नष्टे मूले शाखा न पत्रम्” । चेत् संस्कृतं नष्टं भारतीयसंस्कृतिरपि नाशिता किमुत राष्ट्रैक्यम् ।

स्वतन्त्रे भारते भाषानुसारं प्रान्तरचनां विधाय देशविभाजन-कार्यं सुलभं सम्पादितम् । संस्कृतभाषा विविध प्रान्तीयभाषाणां जननी । अथैकताभूतायां मृतायां जनन्यां यथा सर्वे पुत्राः पृथक् पृथक् गच्छन्ति तथैव विनष्टायां राष्ट्रभाषाजनन्यां प्रान्ताः पृथक् भविष्यन्ति ।

संस्कृतं नाम विविधप्रदेशानां मणिमौक्तिकबन्धन-हेतुभूतं दृढतरमेकतासूत्रम् । वृष्टिते एकतासूत्रभूते संस्कृते शोभावन्तो समृद्धाऽपि प्रान्ताः भिन्नाः न शोभाकराः । आसेतुहिमाचलं भारतं न लप्स्यते । नेयं पुण्यभूमिरवशिष्यते पूर्णतया । अत एव उक्तं “संस्कृतस्य परित्यागादेशो भवति खण्डशः ।

T. M. Kalavathy
II B.A. History

Answer to Les Mots-Croises Page 66

Solutions

Horizontalement

- 1 Blasé
- 5 Été
- 6 Nymphé
- 8 Tel
- 9 Nicotine
- 11 Escalade
- 14 Génie
- 15 Test

Verticalement

- 1 Bonbon
- 2 Régate
- 3 Sépulture
- 4 Senti
- 7 Mouche
- 10 Tache
- 12 Lit
- 13 Dés

V. UMA MAHESWARI
II B.Sc., Physics
&
ROSEMARY FRANCIS
II B.A. Litt.

Youth from Indiana, U. S. A., at Stella Maris

A special feature of the academic year 1983-84 was the hosting of a group of 9 students from St. Mary's College, Indiana, for a course of studies on India. The course was exciting in many ways, for the students as well as the teachers. The students had already been exposed to a number of Asian cultures since the courses in Stella Maris formed only a part of their 'Semester round the World'. Their travels in Japan, China, Korea, Hong Kong and North India had enabled them to experience cultures very different from their own, each new experience bringing new excitement!

On arrival here, they said that they had mixed feelings and expectations. The inaugural and the Indian style reception were much appreciated. Some looked forward to an organised and systematic study of India while others wanted 'to get lost' and learn by observation. The programme at S. M. C. combined both. They had lectures, assignments, tests and evaluation, which, at times, they considered a burden as all students do! However, these were interspersed with field trips of all kinds: visits to villages, temples, churches, museums, placement in families, attendance at marriages and other ceremonies. In Indian music classes they attempted to sing the 'ragas'; in Fine Arts classes they learnt about Indian craftsmanship and were taught to paint Indian scenes, to make leather bags, etc. They were full of admiration for the Indian dances and would have probably enrolled themselves as students, but for the lack of time. Their history and philosophy classes enabled them to see how and why India has come to be what it is to-day. Similarly, Politics and Economic

Development gave them an insight into the third world situation with special reference to India. They became acquainted with the rich spiritual heritage of India through their studies, as well as through attendance at prayer sessions and visits to sacred places. The lighter aspects of the programme included a 'get-together' with students of the College, visits to friends, a week-end at the 'Siversands' beach resort, etc.

The over-all impact of the programme was encouraging. Apart from the teaching-learning process provided by the syllabi, there were numerous other opportunities for interaction. The evaluations showed that students had grasped the main trends in each course and the interconnections between the courses, even though the limited time factor did not permit an in-depth assimilation of the content. Dr. Pullapilly, the Project Director from Indiana, who had accompanied the students, was of immense help in the smooth running of the courses.

The following extracts from the letters of two of the students, show that they enjoyed their stay in India and they appreciated the courses at S. M. C.

Miss Eugenia writes on 16th Jan. '84—

".....it was really a wonderful semester. I want to thank you for everything you did for us; all that organising and planning must have required a lot of energy and patience. The faculty too was so nice and devoted... perhaps one day I'll be able to go back to India.....".

Miss Beth Walsh writes on 20th Jan '84—

“The most exciting part of being home is sharing my experience with my family and friends ; of course, at times, it’s a bit frustrating because words can hardly give justice to what I’ve experienced. But I want others to understand what I now understand about India...

Again, I want to thank you for everything you did for us ;... you and Stella Maris hold a special place in my heart”.

It was a rewarding and enriching experience. We hope that this pioneering project will open the way for further exchanges between the two educational institutions of Stella Maris College and St. Mary’s College, Indiana.

Sr. MARY JOHN
Programme Organiser.

80 Seconds in Air

Eleven Cadets, drawn from the different cities of Tamil Nadu were on their way to Agra. Of the 3 girls in the group, 2 were Stella Marians.

The Parajumping camp is held annually at Agra at the 'Army Air Transport Support School'. It is a long but exciting camp that involves the greatest risk (imagine jumping off a plane at the height of 1500 ft!). The camp was held from 10th September to 19th October, '83.

We landed in Agra at 2-30 p.m. shivering in the cold, yet in very high spirits, fear in our hearts but courage on the surface. We were housed in barracks and told that the food would be nutritious and tasty - features that made the camp a very 'unusual' and welcome one.

The day in the Para-Camp began at 4-40 a.m. - with boiled eggs! All of us turned into eggitarians because we soon learnt that it was the staple diet. Our morning chores included keeping our barracks very clean. At 5-45 a.m. we would fall in for our exercises.

We started the morning with what I thought was a rather uncomfortable beginning. We had to go for the morning-jog or run. The first day we finished 2 kms. and I heaved a sigh of relief thinking I had completed my marathon. But this jog was to be a routine activity and on the last day I found I had run 14 kms. The thought of it exhausts me even now!

After our run we had various exercises to tone every muscle and fibre in our bodies. There was rigorous training in push-ups and pull-ups - you name it, we did

it. Once we had toned up for our actual training, we would hear a whistle, a pleasant, welcome whistle that could be differentiated from the harsh one at 4-30 a.m. This announced 'Breakfast'. We had a huge crust of bread, a generous slab of butter, 2 boiled eggs and a glass of porridge or milk.

This finished, we were on the run again. We had to go through the training hangar. We were put on fancy looking equipment with even fancier names. There was the bomb release trainer, slide trainer, harness swing trainer, mock-up practice, stick exit trainer and the running ramp. Each of these helps you to perfect your landing from different heights. After all, the landing is the most important part of the jump. You spend 80 seconds in air and while there is no risk when in the air, the 3 seconds of your landing can leave you many bones less. At the end of the first part of your schedule, you are tested and on the basis of your performance you are either selected or rejected. This is called the 'Fan test'.

For this test we ascended a 28 ft. ladder with a small plank. We were to suppose that the plank was the door of the aircraft and at the command 'Red on' we had to prepare to jump. At the command 'Green-on-Go!', we were to jump out as far away as possible from the board. The officers sitting below watched to see if we had any fear of heights and rejected us the minute we hesitated to jump. Most of the girls cleared it successfully. Some did get cold feet. It was amusing to note that only one person - a boy - refused to jump from the ladder! (all you libbers, collars up!). We were strapped

on to a small fan which unfurled slowly as we jumped and prevented us from getting hurt. That gripping fear that our parachutes might just not open subsided on our first jump. So much for our fan test. But our training after this became more tiring and more hectic.

We were taken for our first 'air-experience'. We wore our uniforms, ankle-length boots and helmets. We were fitted with two parachutes neatly packed. One was the main parachute which weighed 27 pounds. The reserve parachute which we nervously referred to as 'emergency' chute weighed 13 pounds. So with a total of 40 pounds and a gripping sensation of fear deep down in the stomach, we made our way to the aircraft.

We used the 'Fairchild - Packet' aircraft that is specially made for para trooping purposes. Our 'air experience' was more frightening than that of the actual jumping. We walked up to the door of the aircraft, following all para-trooping procedures. At the door we were asked to either put out a hand or look down to help us get over our vertigo.

October 12th dawned! This very special day was the day of our first jump - the first time we were jumping out of an aircraft with a parachute. My pessimistic mind kept telling me that if I didn't follow all the procedures right my first jump could very well be my only one - my last one.

To be honest, I was nervous. I am being even more frank when I say I tried my best to hide my nervousness. My heart crumpled up inside me and refused to function but that serene look was never wiped off my face. That first jump meant a lot to me. I could not show the other girls that I was like them. I should jump fearles-

sly. I found everyone before me brace themselves for the jump. Photographers clicked and girls cried but the plane did take off. We had been taught to sing a few songs. Shouts of 'Chatri Mata ki jay' and 'Bharat mata ki jay' rent the air.

The plane slowed down over the dropping zone or 'D-Z' as it was called. I watched the first ones jumping. We were moving up towards the door. Seven to ten cadets are 'dropped' in one circuit, then the plane makes another circuit and comes back over the D-Z to drop more people. My first feeling was one of surprise. I found the girls inching towards the door, I heard a whistle and then the girls were out and nowhere to be seen! My turn to jump came. I was suddenly courageous. I felt a tap on my back and till today I don't know if it was a tap or a push. I heard the whistle and jumped for all I was worth.

Since it was an automatic (static line) parachute I found myself flying the first 3 seconds in the air. After 3 seconds, the parachute opened up and a huge, protective, beautiful canopy spread over me. And then it was 80 seconds of pure delight in the air. I'm afraid I just can't put into words what I felt. I was just thrilled that I was able to jump. I whispered a word of thanks to those who made it possible for me to be there. I was quite static the first ten seconds and then I felt a draught of wind fill my canopy and I came down S-L-O-W-L-Y.

KALPANA SARATHY
III B.A. Literature

Club Report 1983 - 84

Enter the lobby - a variety of posters, slogans, eye-catching phrases.....climb the stairs - crosswords or quizzes...walk along the corridor - a jumble of dramatic lines in varying decibels from O-1... wander on the lawn - haunting strains of music from the OAT - that's Stella Maris during club time! Interclubs, intraclubs, intercols - you name it, we had it. Each club had its special features.

The campus collection contest of live specimens held exclusively for Zoology students had girls scampering all over the campus with nets, bottles and the like. The campus birdwatching competition - and mind you, real birds - was an eye opener, introducing the girls to certain rare species. The interclub wild life sketching competition, the cookery competition and the inter-collegiate oratorical competition were other interesting features. The pet show, which attracted a large number of spectators with its numerous entries ranging from Chappati—the hostel cat—to Dobermanns, was a memorable event.

The Chemistry club started off with a bang with 'Tal 'n' Tap' to tap the potential of the First years. The year's educational visit was to the scientifically planned Madhavaram Dairy Development Farm. The club's annual feature was Chematrix '84 which included crossword puzzles and inter school quiz competitions.

Still young but going strong, the Physics club arranged inter and intra-club poster competitions. Their finale was 'Live wire' including a round of 'What's the Good Word,' 'Save the Scientist' and 'Fishing out the Scientist' Competitions.

The Botanists started off with a herbal therapy demonstration - a definite crowdpuller because of an interesting talk on cosmetics. Their cookery competition focussed on 'Vegetable - Delicacies.' A rare sight to see - especially in droughty Madras - was the interclub flower carpet competition which drew as many as thirty-three participants in eleven teams. 'Guess the plant' competition was another novel idea.

The Literature Club's pot-pouri of activities included allied arts like dance, drama and music. Lit Parleys, crosswords, quotable quotes, Guinness galaxy and for the first time, the fortnightly, informative 'Lit Blitz' kept the club busy. The 'Mind your Language' series on VCR and the 'Marriage - proposal' dramatic competition were other delightful features. 'Liter - Glitter' was their annual three day festival which included the screening of Bronte's 'Wuthering Heights', the dance-drama, 'Persephone and Pluto' based on Greek mythology, and the staging of Robert Bolt's 'The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew.'

The Zodiac club launched off into orbit with its 'Whimsical World' - with narrations in mathematical jargon, soon followed by the interclub 'Guess the Zodiac Celebrity' competition. In view of the University centenary celebrations, these not-so-absent-minded mathematicians put up exhibits on Boolean Algebra at Vivekananda college. It screened Apollo XIV amidst much 'oohs ; and 'aahs! Their annual feature 'Thunder Bolt' was scheduled to include skits, mock parliaments and a symposium on computers, the latest fad. As a finale they organised an overnight observation, but alas !



What's Cooking... ..



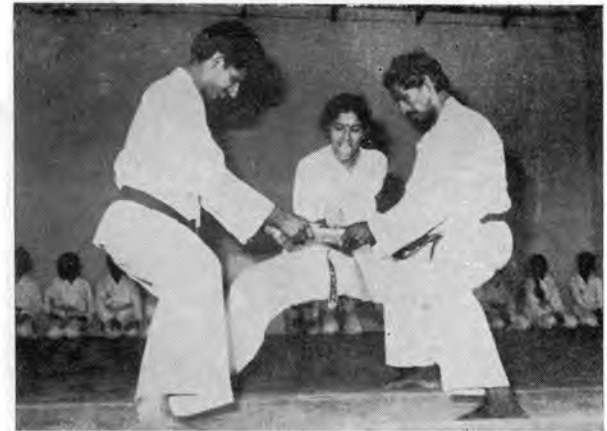
Pets On Parade

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'83-'84



Something Fishy ?



Atta Girl !

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Heave - Ho



Towards A Snacking win



Tearaways on Track

the Madras skies stole the thunder, and the skit and mock parliament had to be cancelled, due to rain, as also the overnight observation. The saving grace was the 'Mod Max' exhibition and the essay competition on 'How mathematics education can be made more effective'.

Despite the sudden closure of college due to the Sri Lanka problem, 'Interact', the Sociology club arranged 'Priyadarshan' right on schedule. This traced the evolution of the culture of Tamil Nadu. Posters on current social topics, the 'Proverb-prism' competition - revealing the social import of proverbs, folk dances and an on-the-spot poster competition were other features.

Quizzing each other as well as other collegiates, the non-departmental Quiz club started with the inter-year 'Quizzical Fund'. It sent participants to the Rotaract Quiz club programme and the Martian club programme.

Audience participation is usually the bane of most clubs but the Music club seemed to have overcome this. They screened 'Raja Parvai' to a full house. The club's annual feature was 'Cacophony 83' with a good balance between Indian and Western music competitions. Other activities included the 'Musical Kaleidoscope' and 'Antakshari'.

Twenty pairs of hands competed in Kala Club's first venture, the 'Mehndi' competition. This year too the club launched a successful sale-cum-show, the 'Kala Darpan'. Apart from the usual display of paintings and handicrafts, it also brought into focus the spread of philistinism in a mechanized world. The 'Kala Darpan' ended with a skit and pageant, the former being a hilarious spoof on artists and the highly misinterpreted 'Modern Art'.

Much to the disappointment of its own members the History Club contracted its sphere of activities. A debate on the moot question of 'reservation' and an intercollegiate 20-questions programme were its highlights.

The Dramatics Club is perhaps one of the liveliest clubs on the campus. The 'Silent Movie', a mime competition drew an excited audience. 'Prop-a-matics' was another feature, where the participant built his act about a given prop: chairs became automatic rickshaws, spectacles turned into binoculars and had the audience in splits. 'Com-cials' (adapt), 'Show-biz' (a quiz on performing arts) and 'Impromptu' were other features of this dynamic club. But sadly their enthusiasm wasn't rewarded on one occasion - the intercollegiate play writing competition had to be cancelled, due to a total lack of response.

Soon after it was launched the Economics club had a talent spotting competition. An oratorical competition on the forum of free enterprise, intercollegiate debates and an essay competition were among the activities of the club. Then came the 'tidal wave that swept the college' - in browns, greens and whites - the 'Eco-Tsunami'. This annual function focussed on poverty, agriculture and peace. Oratorical competitions and the screening of 'Ezhavadhu Manidhan' were the highlights of this function.

The 'Muthamizh Peravai' or to be more prosaic, the Tamil Club, had a variety of programmes including poetry competitions, monoacting and oratorical competitions. Their regular 'notice board quizzes' created much interest. However, film music seems to have been

popular with this club and became the basis for a couple of competitions.

It must be mentioned that due to the closure of colleges in sympathy with the Sri Lanka problem, many of the club activities were disrupted.

The outstanding feature of the club activities this year was interaction. For instance, Maths girls won the

Zoology wild life sketching competition, while many non-Maths students won the Zodiac puzzle-a-week contest.

After much healthy competition, the Zoology club emerged the deserving winner of the coveted best club shield, and this marked the end of another year of interesting club activities.

Sports Notes—Games Reports 1983-84

The realm of sport has always aroused excitement and offers a challenge to human endeavour. As always, the S. M. C. band of sincere sportswomen rose to every occasion that came their way. The year 1983-84 proved to be strewn with success, and rewards for hard training came piling in.

Athletics

Encores and back-thumpings mingled with hurrahs as the S. M. C. bus came down the drive bringing home the coveted A. L. Mudaliar Inter-Collegiate Trophy for the seventh time. After a break last year, S. M. C. athletes geared up their resources to strip W. C. C. of the title. The team consisted of S. Yasmin (I M A Fine Arts), Sandra Thomas (I M A Lit.), Rathi Raman (III yr. Lit), Jayashree Venkataraman (III Socio), Sharada (III Maths), Gowri Krishnan (II Socio) and Meena Gopal (I Socio). Although each girl contributed in her own way, the meet was really dominated by our two star athletes - Yasmin and Meena Gopal who each won three gold medals. The entire S. M. C. team was selected to represent the Madras South Division at the Inter-

Divisional Meet. This meet again saw some "Stellar" performances by Stella Marians with Yasmin winning three gold medals, Meena winning a gold and silver, Sandra claiming two silvers and Jayashree one gold medal. Later in the year, the Open Nationals commenced in Jamshedpur, with due pomp and gaiety. Two of our athletes, Sandra Thomas and Meena Gopal claimed a berth to the meet. Both won medals—Sandra winning the gold for the 100 m hurdles and Meena winning the silver in the Heptathlon and the bronze in the 100 m hurdles. On the National scene, another meet of considerable importance was the National Women's Sports Festival. This meet was unique for its emphasis on women's participation. It brought to the fore the hurdling excellence of our ace-hurdler S. Yasmin who came first in the 100 m hurdles and third in the long jump event. The Inter-University Meet and the N.P.F.S. Meet at Gwalior added to the already jingling Games Club kitty. At the Inter-University Meet Yasmin continued her winning streak. She clocked 15.1 secs. equalling her own record, and won the 100 m hurdles. The N.P.F.D. is a meet which tests strength and fitness.

Meena Gopal acquired the distinction of finishing first in this test of endurance. Coming back to home soil, the Women's Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association Meet for the City Colleges again set in motion the struggle for supremacy between the famed rivals, S.M.C. and W.C.C. After a day taut with tension S.M.C. emerged winners and S. Yasmin won the individual championship with 29 points.

Hockey

Moving over to team games one notes that S.M.C. excels in the spirit of mutual co-operation. Our hockey players combined adroitness and excellent stamina to win the Inter-Collegiate tournament. The captain of the team, Lakshmi Sunder Raj of III Eco. was selected to represent the State at the National Women Sports Festival at Gujarat.

Volleyball

Volley ball is another game which offers action and excitement. Captained by Elizabeth Joseph (III Maths), the team represented by Shanthi (III Socio), Aruna (III Eco.), Shanthi (III Chem.), Satyavalli (II B.Sc Phy.), Latha (II Maths), Jayashree (III Chem.) and Kala Reddy (III Zoo) came up to the semi-finals of the Inter-Collegiate tournaments.

Tennis

S.M.C. can boast of two stars in the making - Gowri Krishnan (II Socio) and Latha Rajagopalan (I Phy). Together they won the Inter-Collegiate tournament held by the W.I.A.A. at our College Courts. They both represented the Madras University, Gowri captaining the team which claimed the gold medal at the Inter-Varsity Meet. Gowri Krishnan also won the Under-18 event

in the Triangle Tennis Tournament organised by the Y.M.C.A., Saidapet and the title in the tournament organised by the Y.M.C.A. Kilpauk. She rounded off a year of individual achievements by a fine performance which brought home the Junior National Title! Fellow team-mate Latha captained the State team which claimed the gold medal at the National Women's Festival at Gujarat.

Table Tennis

Table tennis is fast becoming a very popular indoor sport demanding intense concentration and agility. The Stella Maris team with Shobha John (III Eco) as Captain and backed by Raseena T.T.P. and Rajeshwari (I. B. A. Eco) was placed second at the Inter-Collegiate tournament conducted by the I.I.T. Rajeshwari, our talented first year student won 'the most promising player' award. She went on to represent Madras University at the Inter-Varsity Meet and Tamilnadu at the National Women's Festival. S.M.C. was placed second at the Inter-Collegiate tournaments but fought back well to win the Inter-Divisional Inter-Collegiate tournament.

Swimming

P. Gayathri was selected to represent Madras University in the Inter-Varsity Swimming Meet at Ahmedabad. No doubt she will pave the way for a Stella Maris swimming team.

Cricket

Regular practice paid rich dividends for the cricketing enthusiasts of S.M.C. Our cricket team captained by Dhakshayani (I MA Fine Arts) consists of Razia Khan, Shakila G., Prema R., Uma V., Kalpana R., Hilda Fernan-

dez, Oslyn Mitchell, Geetha S., Priya Rao, Nirmala S., Vaijayanthimala, Sandhya Master and Nisha B. In the Inter-Collegiate matches conducted by Pegasus Club, S.M.C. won the Runners-Up Shield and S. Uma III (Chem) was adjudged a "promising youngster". In the tournament conducted by the BASVIBS, S.M.C.'s participation won the Discipline Shield and Shakila, Razia Khan and Dhakshayani were awarded Cups for "promising youngsters" of the year. S.M.C. was the Runner-Up in the W.I.A.A. Inter-Collegiate tournament and the winner of the South Division. Two players Razia Khan and Dhakshayani won the individual honour of representing Tamil Nadu in the Inter-State National Cricket Tournament at Kota and in the Inter-State South Zone Championships at Hubli. They claimed the Runners-Up title in the latter tournament. Razia Khan, now a II year History student, was selected for the South Zone team which was to take part in the Inter-Zonal tournaments.

Annual Sports Day

In the thick of National and State level competition came an event which to any Stella Marian is of equal importance - the Annual Sports Day in March which was celebrated with due festivity and friendly competition. A

Attention! NCC Calling

One of the most active units of the NCC belongs to Stella Maris College. The activities our Cadets are engaged in are many and varied. Our performance this year has even bettered previous performances.

We sent a strong representation to all camps. At the B. L. C. Camp held at Belgaum Ft. Cdt. KISHWER JEHAN and Cpl. UMA, V. represented the state and

long day of racing, hopping, slow moped-racing and relays with both Staff and Students participating, culminated in the tug-of-war which the former won with ease. The smart N.C.C. turn-out and brilliant Karate Demonstration was juxtaposed with the gentle grace of the Inter-Year Entertainment. The Third years with a splash of colour and fluidity of action bagged the first prize. With the Second years winning the overall championship, the curtain came down on one of the most memorable days of College life.

The clock ticks on while the years roll by. Many a young find walks out of the College portals to the thick of National, International competition, but only after the College annals record the success of her skill and perseverance. The reverberations on the turf, the volleying and spinning will continue as generations of Stella Marians hand down the tradition which tells the story that Tennyson recorded decades ago - "to strive, to seek, to find and not to yield".

RATHI RAMAN
(III Year Literature)

contributed actively to cultural activities and helped Tamil Nadu win the first place.

At the A. T. C. Camp held at Nagercoil, Sgt. VATHANA and U. O. VIMALA represented Stella Maris and the former stood first for signals.

Ldg. Ft. Cdt. KALPANA SARATHY and Ft. Sgt. SUDHA VAIDYANATHAN attended the Military Hospital

Camp at St. Thomas Mount and came first and second respectively.

As these activities subsided, the excitement and bustle of the Republic Day began. Fondly called 'R. D.', this camp requires a lot of effort. Stella Maris again surprised all colleges by sending in the maximum representation for any girls' college in the State.

For the third consecutive year, Stella Maris sent a cadet to represent Tamil Nadu at the Home Nursing and First Aid competitions in November. Sgt. SUDHA KIDAO secured the meritorious All India-First.

At the same camp Flt. Sgt. PADMINI won the All India third place for signals. Here too Tamil Nadu stood first. Flt. Sgt. PADMINI won her solo-wing for gliding.

At the camp for Boys (R. D) at Goregaon a separate tent was pitched to accommodate the lone girl participant DEEPIKA KANNAGARAJ of Stella Maris. She participated in the Sailing event—for boys—and stood All India III, a meritorious performance indeed.

At the one-and-a-half month camp at Agra for Para jumping two of the three Tamil Nadu candidates were Stella Marians. The Cadets were Flt. Sgt. SUDHA VAIDYANATHAN and Ldg. Flt.Cdt. KALPANA SARATHY. They completed their three Mandatory Jumps.

For the Republic Day camp at Delhi, the Tamil Nadu and Pondicherry contingent stood All India II. Stella Maris was represented by four cadets.

For the third consecutive year Stella Maris has produced the Best Cadet for girls. This year it was Flt. Sgt. SUDHA VAIDYANATHAN who stood All India

II. She also shares the Cherry Blossom Trophy for the best 'turn-out' for Tamil Nadu.

Cpl. SHOBHA CHARI who also attended the camp at Delhi made herself indispensable as far as the cultural activities were concerned. Thanks to her and others, Tamil Nadu that stood 13th last year for culturals stood 4th this year. She got the individual prize for culturals and the 3rd prize for Instrumental Music solo.

Ldg. Flt. Cdt. KALPANA SARATHY also attended the camp at Delhi in the capacity of compere for all the cultural functions. There she was selected as the All-India Best Compere.

PRIYA. S attended the camp as a naval cadet. She participated in the R. D. March.

Flt. Sgt. SUDHA. V, Cpl. SHOBHA CHARI and Ldg. Flt. Cdt. KALPANA. S have been provisionally selected for Youth Exchange programme to foreign countries.

S. U. O. SHARADA BHARADWAJ, Best Cadet of Tamil Nadu (82-83) returned from her trip to Canada after what seems to have been an enriching experience.

At the competitions held at Stanley Medical College, Sgt. SUDHA KIDAO won the I place for First Aid, and the II place for Home Nursing was obtained by L.Cpl. SUJATHA JACOB.

At the Cad-o-fest organized by the N.C.C. unit of Vaishnav College Stella Maris won a number of prizes.

| | | |
|---------------|---|--|
| Cross-Country | — | Cdt. MEENA GOPAL stood II |
| Quiz | — | Flt. Sgt. SUDHA VAIDYANATHAN stood II Cdt. MEENA GOPAL stood III |

Drill — Cdt. RAMA SAMPATH stood I
 First Aid and — L. Cpt. SUSHMA stood I
 Home Nursing — L. Cpt. SUJATHA stood II
 Cdt. BHAVANI stood III

At these competitions held at Vaishnav College MEENA GOPAL was adjudged the 'BEST CADET'.

Our N. C. C. activities are not restricted to camps. In College the N. C. C. cadets participated in the A. L. Mudaliar Trophy March Past and Inter-Collegiate Sports and in the latter were placed I.

At the M. S. Vishwanathan programme for our building fund the N. C. C. cadets were in charge of ushering guests. The Republic Day at college was once again celebrated by the N. C. C. cadets. At the Annual Sports Day at Stella Maris College the N. C. C. girls participated in the March Past. The dapper uniforms of the cadets and their brisk movements made the parade

impressive. The parade Commander for the day was S. U. O. SHARADA BHARADWAJ. The Right Marker was Flt. Sgt. SUDHA VAIDYANATHAN.

All the N. C. C. cadets of Stella Maris owe much to the N. C. C. Officer 2nd/Lt. GITA SAMUEL for their achievements.

The N. C. C. girls of Stella Maris went on a picnic to Ooty. It was an exciting experience as they went trekking. The girls have decidedly gained from all this.

The N. C. C. activities in the college came to a slow finish with the G1 exams, the results of which are awaited. The last parade for the year was memorable for all of us because on that day we bade farewell to our nine seniors who passed out of N. C. C.

That in the N. C. C. the banner of Stella Maris will be kept flying ever high, is the promise we make in confidence.

National Service Scheme

REPORT OF ACTIVITIES FOR THE YEAR 1983-84

The NSS activities commenced in July 1983 with an enrollment of 434 volunteers. A total of 22 projects are functioning under the four units with guidance of four Programme Officers.

Regular Activities in the NSS :

- i) Educational Services
- ii) Non-formal Educational Services
- iii) Institutions for the Aged

- iv) Institutions for the Handicapped
- v) Medical Services and Blood Bank

SPECIAL ACTIVITIES--1983-'84

i) Helpage India Project

A massive fund raising programme was organised by the NSS units for Helpage India, an organisation catering to the needs of the aged all over India.

The volunteers collected funds amounting to Rs. 10,746 through their own efforts. The funds were

raised in aid of the Monegar Choultry, a Home for the Aged in Royapuram. The programme was initiated by the volunteers in order to create concern and care for the aged.

ii) Post Centenary Celebrations

About 20 NSS volunteers were given the unique opportunity to take part in the prestigious celebrations of the Madras University. Girls worked in different committees such as the Sports Committee, Functions Committee etc. They were also present at the inauguration where the President of India presided over the function. He conferred doctoral degrees to the different scholars and men of letters.

The NSS volunteers had helped in the over-all administration of the celebrations and led the various activities during the celebrations.

iii) Special Camping Programme

An Inter-Collegiate Women's Camp on 'Youth and Ecology Development' was organized at Elagiri Hills, North Arcot District from September 26th to October 5th. About 60 girls laid a 5 km road. The linking bridge was made stronger. Proper road-laying helped the villagers attain better communication.

The NSS volunteers have rendered their assistance at the following programmes :

- i) The eight-day Eye camp conducted by the Lions Club of Metropolitan East, at Perambur from 21st to 28th May '83.
- ii) CRIMEX Exhibition held at Rajaji Hall from 2nd to 5th December '83.
- iii) The Leadership Training Programme held at Madras Christian College, Tambaram, from 20th to 22nd December '83.
- iv) The All India Radio Programme held in Stella Maris College on 21st January '84.
- v) The Vacation Literation Programme Evaluation in Stella Maris College on 23rd January '84.
- vi) Pre-camp Orientation for the NSS volunteers of Vaishnav College for Women on 31st January '84.
- vii) Talk on motivation by 3 NSS volunteers at DRBCCC Hindu College, Pattabiram, on 2nd February '84 to their NSS units' volunteers.
- viii) Exhibition on Leprosy at GREMALTES, Shenoy-nagar, on 15th February '84.
- ix) The WIAA Sports Meet at YMCA grounds on 23rd and 24th February '84.

Hostel Highlights

The seniors arrived in July and apparently settled down to another gruelling academic year. But beneath all that placidity lurked a mischievous eagerness to see the new band of wide eyed, apprehensive and somewhat home-sick freshies. The newcomers were welcomed into the fold with the customary baptismal ceremony — a ducking in the mossy pond.

The hostel highlights came one by one. "Enter Eve" celebrated the freshie arrival. The seniors formally welcomed their juniors at this "Freshie Social". The secrecy and mysterious expressions of the hosts and their baits to make their guests eavesdrop on their plans (so that they could be accused of it later!) added to the curiosity and excitement of the juniors. At the 'freshie parade' held on this occasion a becoming young freshie who was able to tackle with wit and good humour the friendly teasing of the seniors was chosen as the 'freshie queen'.

The next red-letter day on the boarder's calendar was the freshie's 'Return Social' hosted by the initiated freshie to thank the benevolent senior for a night of ragging, pirouetting and possible indigestion. Midnights were suspense-filled hours for the seniors, for the freshies were determined to deliver their invitations secretly at the witching hour.

A tight schedule of academic work, college activities, parlour calls, day-outs and week-ends kept the residents busy till December. Then end-of-term exams and Christmas brought a packed programme. Hostelites went about with absorbed faces as work doubled in frenzy. Christmas celebrations started off on a solemn note with mass. The familiar nativity scene was staged again.

Candle in hand and wings on the point of sprouting, the 'little angels' trooped around the campus carolling away to glory. The mess was transformed to bear the enchantment of a fairy place. Fr. Raj was cajoled into singing and the 'little angels' now hungry, happy, ordinary homo sapiens listened spellbound. But soon the sobriety gave way to merriment with the arrival of Santa, who gave away presents to the maids with huge smacks on their cheeks.

Early in the new year came the hostel week. The pale February skies and the chill wind were no deterrents to the fun and frolic. "Kabbadi" and "Seven Stones" were played with roguish humour. The same atmosphere prevailed at the camp fire as 'Poplin Pushpas' and 'Georgette Georginas' created their own versions of the femme fatale of the Indian screen. The Alfred Hitchcock thriller "Frenzy" was screened as part of the hostel week programme. The week long celebrations climaxed on hostel day. The boarders woke up to music on the intercom, sprang out of bed remembering the significance of the day trooped to mass, sat to a colossal breakfast and were swept into a whirlwind of activities.

While memories of all this still lingered, came March and the seniors' "Kick-off". The theme chosen was "Gypsy Feet". The hostel staircase and terrace were transformed into a gypsy caravan. The atmosphere of a gypsy camp was recreated. A lone gypsy tended the feebly flickering flame, staring mesmerically at it. But the sinister atmosphere broke down as funny fortunes were told. The singing and dancing continued till late at night and the seniors were ceremoniously kicked off. The wheel had turned another circle. The hostelites had spent another full and enjoyable year.

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Christmas Celebrations



Fun "N" Games



At the Mess



Hostel Day Entertainment



U. O. Vathana Jeyraj



'80 seconds in air'
—an exciting parajump
by Ldg. Flt. Cdt. Kalpana Sarathy



Sgt. Sudha Kidao



Flt. Sgt.
Sudha Vaidhyanathan

Old, but not forgotten—"Helpage India", a project organized by NSS Volunteers



Leadership Training Service

The Leadership Training Service [LTS] started in 1959 by just 5 boys is now a movement consisting of 120 units throughout India. It seeks to build leadership qualities in youth, to make them responsible citizens and builders of a better tomorrow.

We began with a one day camp in August, at college, to introduce the freshers to the goals of the LTS. During the camp several exercises in group dynamics were conducted by the guides (Sr. Mary John, Sr. Anamma Philip, Mrs. Jessica Gnanadikam, Mrs. Sally Verghese) with the aim of tapping leadership potential in the students.

In a session conducted by Natarajan LTSer, working in Madras, the spiritual aspect of the LTS was discussed. The session came as a realisation and awakening to many of us, who as College students, give little thought to religion. Being a secular group, the session was fruitful, with different points of view emerging.

As in previous years the LTS had its meetings every Friday evening at 3-40. Conducted either by the guides or one of the students, we discussed issues like dowry, ethics of advertisement and so on.

In November the Stella Maris College unit organised another one day camp with school girls from Sacred Heart, St. Ursula and St. Kevins on our campus. In December the Stella Maris College unit was represented by Sr. Mary John, Jacqueline and Nayantara Pavamani at the All India LTS camp in Calcutta. The national level camp in 1983 aimed at evaluating the LTS as a movement, by tracing its performance from 1959 to its Silver Jubilee year.

January, 1984 saw yet another camp with the schools, where the 3 members who went to Calcutta shared their experiences.

Later on in the year more excitement came, with our new building for the Fine Arts Department coming up. The LTS decided to do its best by collecting old newspapers and magazines and contributing the proceeds of their sale towards the building fund.

A special farewell meeting-cum-party for the final year LTS students in April left us with the encouragement that they would go into the world carrying the LTS ideals and values with them.

From our LTS correspondent.

Catholic Activities in College

Every Friday evening after College, Catholic students meet for different activities and here is an account of what they have done this year.

In 1983 the A.I.C.U.F. group comprising of about sixty students, was very active. Orientation seminars were given both on the College campus and at A.I.C.U.F. House, from which the students chose as their ideal for the year, "Service in the Spirit of Christ". As the goal was to become imbued with the Spirit of Jesus, the first activity undertaken was a Bible study session on one Saturday each month. Useful and interesting instructions were given to the group by Fr. Anthony-swamy to help the members become good Catholic students, and to prepare them to be good Catholic citizens later on in life.

The next activity was an Exposure Camp held in two villages near Madras, Manampathy Kandigai and Ammayappanallur. Only thirty students were able to participate, (15 in each village) due to lack of accommodation. All profited to the full, learning much from observing the villagers themselves, their nobility of character, their resignation under the injustices heaped upon them and their courage in spite of poverty, disease and miseries of all sorts. What touched the group most of all was their love and eagerness to share their very little with each one of their visitors.

The next stage was Leadership Training. Two camps for this purpose were conducted at Ennore by Fr. Felix S.D.B. and a retreat was then organised for the members, in College by him. During these sessions they came to

understand and accept themselves and others as they are, and tried to carry the ideal "Service in the Spirit of Christ" into action.

During the year three members served on the Editorial Board of "The Rally", the A.I.C.U.F. magazine, whilst a number of students participated in Seminars at the State and National level two of which were "University to the Masses" and "A live-in Exposure Camp", from which they learnt to widen their views and share them with students from other Colleges and States.

On the whole it was a very fruitful year and each member became more aware of her own responsibility to build a better and more just society.

The Charismatic Renewal

Charismatic Prayer Meetings have been conducted in College every week for the past eight years even during the holidays (though numbers were fewer at that time). Membership varies, but throughout 1983 between forty and sixty came regularly each week. The weekly meetings consist of praise and worship of God in song and word, teaching based on the Scriptures, sharing of moments where the Lord's touch and help have been experienced and finally, praying for the group's intentions. The group is divided into small "cells" which meet once a week to pray and share their experiences; this has been a source of support and mutual enrichment.

A Core Group of Leaders takes care of leading the meetings and arranging activities for the group. This Core Group also meets once a week to pray for the forthcoming meeting of the whole group and to discern the Will of God regarding the group's activities.

Twice during the year 'a Day of Recollection' was arranged for the group at Sathya Nilayam under the guidance of Fr. Varkey, the Rector. At Christmas time a treat was arranged by the group for about 60 poor children. Toys and clothing were given to each one.

At the end of December a camp was arranged at Covelong for three days. Eighteen girls attended the camp with three adults from the Renewal. During the camp the students visited many people, listened to their problems, offered help in their homes and gave them a concert consisting of moral and spiritual items. An hour was spent daily in Intercessory Prayer (praying for others) which made such a profound impact on the girls that every Tuesday, since then, from 12-30—1 p.m. the group assembles in chapel for intercessory prayer.

During the year different members of the group have visited the sick, consoled them and prayed with them. The girls love their Prayer Meeting and find in it the support and encouragement to lead a fervent Christian life. Many leaders are slowly evolving from the group, who show others by their lives that Jesus is Lord and their Personal Saviour.

The Legion of Mary

The Legion of Mary was revived in the College on 8th September '83 under the patronage of Mary 'Star of the Sea'. Brother Roche and Brother Jonas from the Senatus (Headquarters) of Madras came to inaugurate

it. Sr. Merlyn, the Vice-Principal agreed to be its Spiritual Directress. The group consisted of 20 members. Priscilla of I B.A. Eco. was nominated President. The meetings were conducted regularly on Friday evenings after College. Praying fervently, reading the Hand book for Legionaries, listening to the homily of the Spiritual Directress and remaining faithful to their duties as legionaries, the little group has grown spiritually in devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Their activities during the year have included distributing Christian Literature, teaching Catechism to children, taking them to Mass, taking companions to chapel to pray, and involvement in the Parish Activities. Striving to follow the Blessed Virgin, each legionary has aspired to imitate her virtues and to grow stronger and stronger in her Faith.

The Dhyana Prayer Group

The Dhyana Prayer Group is comparatively young since it came into being only last year. "Dhyana" means meditation but the group is also involved in other activities.

A three day retreat, adoration, and "fantasy prayer" are some of the highlights of this year.

Special mention must be made of the retreat, which was instrumental in bringing the members of the group closer together, and in encouraging discussions on relevant issues.

The Bible Study Group

The Bible Study group consisting of about 15 members also met regularly on Fridays after College. This year they took up a detailed study of Mark's Gospel, striving thereby to come to know the personality of

Jesus better, so as to imitate Him more faithfully. Mark's vivid descriptions, stories and narratives, helped the group to enter more deeply into various aspects of Jesus' character.

Jesus' life and suffering taught the group that there is no glory without the cross. We too must pass through trial and tribulation if we want to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Study of the Bible made the students realise that God's word is alive and active. It has the power to touch our hearts and to heal us. Students also understood better that God reveals Himself through His son Jesus and He is a God ever loving, compassionate and faithful. In short, members discovered that Jesus is "the Way, the Truth and the Life". (Jn. 14:6)

Keeping in Touch

—THE OSA MAILBAG

Every year a few hundred students leave these portals. They find new homes or join other institutions; perhaps in another city or country. Our seniors in their full and busy lives remember Stella Maris and often write back to share their new experiences with the Principal, their staff and friends here.

From Canada, Vijayalakshmi Gowrishankar, (B. A. Soc., 1977-80) now a research scholar, writes :

"I have vivid and fond memories of Stella Maris College. I remember with gratitude your friendliness and your understanding. Please keep in touch. The Ph. D program is exciting and extremely demanding."

—Wish you all the best, then !

"In Bombay we have created a "mini Stella"—there are so many of us here. Sujatha, Sandhya, Vasumathi, Kamini, Karen Coelho, the list goes on...so how about visiting all of us here?" asks Sujatha Kumar (B. A. Soc., 1981-84) from St. Sophia's College of Mass. Comm., Bombay.

Here's Tula Goenka (B.A. Soc. 1979-81) preparing for New York :

"I have got admission at the SI, Newhouse School of Public Communications (Syracuse University) for a master of Science in TV/film. I think I have been very lucky because this is exactly what I wanted to do... I really don't know where I would have been without your understanding and encouragement..."

—We wish you good luck, Tula.

Many old students share Jayashree Venkataraman's (B.A., Soc. 1980-83) opinion, "There is something which I will really miss - THE LIBRARY. It is really a wonderful library with such wonderful books..."

"I'm sure there will be a good response to our college's call for funds" feels one generous contributor, Vasanthi Rajan, Bangalore.

—You'll be glad to know Vasanthi, that with all your help, construction of the students' centre is underway.

K. P. Prema, a B.A. Economics student (1978-81) shares her recent experience in New York :

"I am now working towards my Masters degree in Computer Science. The course is interesting... I am at St. Johns University which is also a Catholic University...I'm the first in class in Calculus, Computer Science, etc; I know you'll be very happy to hear this".

—Kudos, Prema, Keep it up !

Reshma (M.A. Lit., 1979-81), studying Arabic in London says, "Classes have begun... the course is very interesting and we are being well looked after... Your prayers and advice have got me this far and I'm really grateful."

"My daughter is growing to be a big girl and will be going to school (soon). I would like you to bless her in this new walk of life. I only hope she will grow up to be a good example of all that Rosary and Stella Maris have instilled in us"—A young mother's (Rajeswari,

MA Eco., 1979, now in Bangalore) prayer for her daughter.

Mrs. Susan Ninan, (nee Babukuttan) from Vienna, kindly enquires after the Principal, "I heard that you had been on a study tour in Europe. I hope you had a pleasant time and that it was a success."

—It is nice to know we have friends in Vienna too.

Our ex-president Srikala (B.A. Literature 81-84) studying now at Bombay writes, "I miss college awfully.

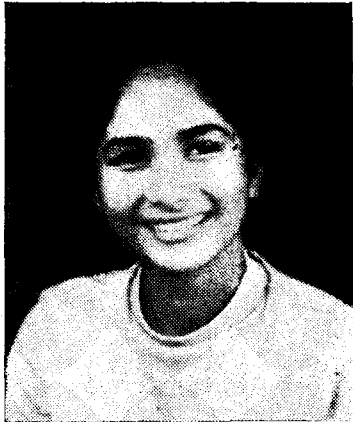
Sometimes it is hard to believe that the super times we had at SMC are all over."

—We miss you too Srikala, but we hope you have more 'super times' ahead of you...

"I was a student of Stella Maris and a teacher for some years. The affinity I have is indescribable. I always have a wish to come back to this institution", says Gowri Swaminathan (1969-73) an Administrative Officer at General Insurance Co.

Hope you do Gowri, one day, but till then let us all—KEEP IN TOUCH.

In Memoriam



Maya Sahadevan, first year B.A. Fine Arts was taken away from us by a fatal road accident on the 17th of June 1984. Maya was a strange yet sweet blend of innocence, sensitivity and talent. We will always remember her as a vivacious girl whose pretty face and radiant smiles brought so much sunshine into our lives.

May her soul rest in peace.

Results — May 1984

| | Number Appeared | Passes | Failures | Percentage of Passes |
|--------------------|--------------------|------------|-----------|-------------------------|
| III — History | 55 | 51 | 4 | 93% |
| III — Economics | 50 | 50 | - | 100% |
| III — Fine Arts | 32 | 31 | 1 | 97% |
| III — Sociology | 59 | 57 | 2 | 97% |
| III — English | 61 | 61 | - | 100% |
| III — Maths | 53 | 47 | 6 | 89% |
| III — Physics | 35 | 32 | 3 | 91% |
| III — Chemistry | 29 | 27 | 2 | 93% |
| III — Botany | 46 | 44 | 2 | 96% |
| III — Zoology | 44 | 38 | 6 | 86% |
| | 464 | 438 | 26 | 94% |
| M.Sc. — Maths | 23 | 19 | 4 | 83% |
| M.A. — English | 29 | 28 | 1 | 97% |
| M.A. — Economics | 22 | 22 | - | 100% |
| M.A. — Social Work | 25 | 24 | 1 | 96% |
| M.A. — Fine Arts | 7 | 6 | 1 | 86% |
| | 106 | 99 | 7 | 93% |

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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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