

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

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SHALINI MOTILAL
II M.A. Fine Arts



Stella Maris College

Reality and Response

1986

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Editorial

Does reality exist independent of us who perceive it? When we are confronted by realities, are we aware of the Serpent or do we presume it to be merely a Rope?

We see around us nothing but violence, brutality, destitution, despair... If this is all that we can perceive, what hope is there for mankind in the future? If man surrenders to this reality, all creativity must inevitably be stifled.

But "Hope springs eternal in the human breast", and man has an innate ability to mould the realities with his responses. It is on this principle that the survival of the human race exists.

We cannot remain puppets to be dismantled when the show is over. We have the capacity to manipulate our own destinies. Do we have the courage to acknowledge this?

For it is from this conviction that we can reach towards the Eternal Reality.

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Reality. . . Response

Lord,

We encounter constantly
Realities, both pleasant and painful
in this world of ours.

We are threatened by
the harsh realities
of poverty, ignorance, corruption,
of dreadful terrorist outrages,
of shameful and scandalous behaviour,
of horrible disasters
of the bitter consequences
of racism, fanaticism, communalism,
of nuclear wars and natural calamities.

Lord,

we tend to
lose ourselves in the
enveloping unrealities.
The really REAL
of all realities
escapes our attention.

Lord,

we need
the silence of a true sanyasin
the patient love of a mother
the perseverance of a researcher
the honesty of a child
the courage of a mountaineer
and the humility of a learner
to see
the Ultimate Reality
ALL THAT IS
in order
to enjoy Perfect Joy
when
the unheard becomes heard
the unthought becomes thought
the unknown becomes known.

Lord,

**we humbly pray,
lead us from
unrealities, illusions and delusions
to Reality
to a vision that is clear
to a peace that the world cannot give
to a joy that knows no end
to a wisdom that surpasses all knowledge.**

And finally,

**to a RESPONSE that is
authentic
free
and
loving.**

Lord,

**like a thirsty child reaching for a drink
we grasp for you.
O God, the imperishable REAL,
You are good, all good, Supreme Good.**

**You are Power
Peace
Beauty
Love
Truth.**

**We proclaim Your praise
for ever and ever.**

Amen.

College Day Report

5th MARCH, 1986

Respected Guest of Honour Dr. B. B. Sundaresan our esteemed Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Sundaresan, Members of the Governing body, (Friendly members of our building committee), Learned Colleagues, Dear Parents, Friends, Well Wishers, Benefactors, Staff members and the happy students,

A College Day whether it is called Parents' Day, Parent-Teachers' Day, Principal's Day or the Annual Day of awards, is an important day in the academic life of the College. On this day we communicate to the public our humble efforts and sincere endeavours and achievements during the year. The quality of the Programme of this day serves as our spokesman and one item of the Programme is the Report which attempts the Herculean task of presenting in a nutshell all relevant information. With a deep sense of gratitude to God I present this Annual Report in all truth for the 8th time, in the hope that your encouragement and appreciation will sustain our efforts to reach even to the stars in the coming years.

In an ever changing world, the institutions of higher learning which were the privilege of an intellectual minority are challenged to open their gates to admit even the academically weak. Thus, goals of equity and social commitment come into conflict with goals of academic excellence. It is in this context that Stella Maris has taken a bold step true to its motto and spirit, to reach out to the most needy and achieve the triple objectives of equity, efficiency and excellence.

The more things change, the more they are the same-PLUS CA CHANGE PLUS CE LE MEME CHOSE says a French proverb. The Indian Educational system seems to be no exception to this. On the eve of a new Educational Policy we realise that the emphasis has shifted from the specific aspects of education to a larger dimension of Human Resource Development. Stella Maris College with its Progress Report of 38 years, is eager and willing to achieve equity in admitting weaker students, efficiency in administration and excellence in the all-round development of its students, whatever may be the cost.

I begin with the Youth - our students. They gave us a peaceful, happy year of work and play. Their co-operation and enthusiasm made the unique venture-YOUTHOPIA, a 3 day long celebration in August 1985, of the International Year of Youth, certainly a great success. Their procession with colourful meaningful posters, banners, pageants and floats depicted Youth alive, Youth active and Youth committed. Their procession was within the campus, as we did not believe

in marching on the roads for good or bad ! Nearly 1200 students spent the night in the Campus to participate in an enjoyable inter-departmental skit competition on the theme of Peace. This was followed by an exciting experience of communal living, complete with singing around the bonfire and a thanksgiving prayer. It was a unique experience. A Seminar "Lib and Lib Service", the Yuv Pradharshan exhibition, the programme by rural youth, etc. were enriching in every respect. In all these the youth were constantly reminded of their goals :

Maximum participation
Quality in performance
All round development of personality
Growth in moral values and standards
Healthy competition in co-operation and finally
Social awareness and responsible citizenship.

The Prize distribution today will speak volumes about our students' talents and achievements. We congratulate them on their efforts.

Our Staff, the strength and support of the academic work, have contributed to the building of the ethos of the College and in spite of the vagaries of nature, changing moods and situations outside the Campus, they continue to up-hold the spirit of service and loyalty as their hall mark. Through a meaningful Seminar under the direction of Dr. Mrs. M. John, the Staff Club Secretary, they collectively considered and discussed the facets of a Teacher to draw strength and inspiration. We earnestly believe that they will not succumb to the passing wind of unrest and unreasonableness. This year Mrs. Sundari Krishnamoorthy received her Doctoral degree in Communication while Sr. Leonie qualified herself for the M. Phil Degree in Maths with distinction. Our congrats to them. Several others are awaiting their results.

Throughout the year our faculty members are invited by other Colleges, outside Universities and agencies to present papers, conduct sessions or participate in workshops or serve on academic boards in full recognition of their capacities. For all student Seminars either Departmental, Inter-Departmental, Inter-Collegiate or State level, the Staff have been the driving force from the planning stage to the publication of Reports. To mention a few, the Seminar on "Social consciousness in 20th Century Fiction", an inter-disciplinary approach was organised by the English Department in collaboration with the Tamil and Hindi Departments.

- The State level type Seminar on Madras and its Management Problems, sponsored by MMDA, was directed by the Staff of the Sociology Department.
- The Seminar on the New Education Policy was directed by the Economics Department, which also hosted the Annual Conference of the Economic Association of Tamil Nadu.

Lastly, the Inter-faith Seminar on the place of religion in contemporary India for the post-graduate students organised by Sr. Sundari, gave students a taste of the spiritual. Guest lectures, field visits, workshops and outdoor projects supplement class-room teaching and enrich students' growth-experience in their academic career.

The challenge of functioning at different levels, from research to remedial teaching, from tertiary to core subjects, from curricular work to extra-curricular involvement, has been accepted as part and parcel of their duty by all our faculty members.

Certificate Courses for the seniors give them opportunities to acquire some knowledge and training in job-oriented disciplines like Journalism, Travel and Tourism, Computer Programming and Operation Research. These have become our annual feature. Even the one Semester Programme for students from Notre Dame, Indiana, U.S.A. has become a regular feature in this College. Whether foreign scholars, experts or Indian Professors and visitors, the comments are always the same—Stella Maris is a fascinating place or it is a fascinating experience to be talking to our students. On my part, I do not know how to thank God enough for the peace and harmony, growth and development that takes shape within the Campus.

Let me now turn to what is new about the College this year. Here is a short list.

- A new Vice-Principal — Dr. Sr. Annamma Phillip of the Chemistry Department.
- The new Deans — Sr. Christine and Miss Agnes.
- The new Warden — Sr. Lourdes.
- The new Department of Commerce to cater to the needs of the most needy.
- The new Training Programme for House Parents undertaken by the Social Work Department and sponsored by the Central Social Welfare Board and the National Evaluation of Delinquency Prevention programmes sponsored by UNICEF-also a project of the Social Work Department.
- New Experiment of Working hours 8-00 a.m.—2-00 p.m. for the benefit of students and staff. Our thanks to the P.T.C. authorities as the buses wait for us.
- The New India Programme sponsored by the United Board of Christian Higher Education which has launched new schemes and extension projects.

- a resource centre for Value education is in the offing.
- A Computer Programming Training Centre has already sent a number of faculty members to acquire training in various languages.
- The Service-oriented project has started training in counselling for selected staff, and certain socio-economic surveys for student involvement have also been completed.
- A Department of religious education is taking shape.

To mention a few more new additions :—

- A new Xerox machine to facilitate the Research work of book lovers.
- The new Telescope, a timely gift from the UGC to enable students to view Halley's Comet.
- A new Photography Unit, thanks to the COSIP Grant for the Physics Department.
- Also a new scheme for Housing loan to workers whose homes were washed away by floods. Thanks to the generosity of the Staff, students and the Management, this has been launched in January, 1986.
- The SPIC MACAY chapter has roused new enthusiasm in Indian Classical cultural programmes in the College.
- And above all a New building is getting ready at last, the fruit of our 10 year plan for students.

—Last but not least, M. Phil Research recognition for the Fine Arts Department and the M. Phil Sequential Programmes started by the Maths., English and Social Science Departments. All these are new. If funds and freedom were not lacking, perhaps this list would have been longer.

I turn to extra-curricular achievements in the field of Sports and Games, N.C.C. and N.S.S. Stella Maris teams were declared winners of 6 major games out of the 9 held at the inter-collegiate level. 20 players of our College have represented University teams in various events. We also have State level players in Cricket, Tennis, Shuttle and Basket ball. In the Asiad Tennis Inter-National Tournament at Hongkong, Sri Vidya was the only girl selected from Tamilnadu. Latha is our State level Champion for Tennis. Thanks to the tireless zeal and devoted services of Mrs. M. Mangaladorai, Stella Maris continues to hold its flag high in the games field. We are also proud of our Karathe group brown, green, orange and yellow belts!

As for the NCC, for the 4th time since 1981, the best Cadet for Tamilnadu and Pondicherry is a happy Stella Marian. Namratha was adjudged the best

Parade Commander at the RD parade in Delhi. Susan, Anne and Indica are the other 3 selected for RD. For want of time I will not read the glorious report of the NCC achievements. Susan and Namratha are selected for Youth exchange. Our 100 NCC Cadets have made a name in India under the able direction of Lt. Gita Samuel, who keeps their spirits soaring high.

Our NSS volunteers are wanted and appreciated everywhere. There are 400 student volunteers in the National Service Scheme actively involved in 20 projects. The Stella Maris N.S.S. volunteers are well known for their reliable and responsible work and the great spirit of service that motivates them. In connection with Pope John Paul's visit, 50 volunteers from Meenambakkam to Vyasarpadi remained in those information booths, offering excellent guidance service. So also our 100 volunteers who were on the Marina from 7-30 a.m. to 7-30 p.m. deserve recognition. Thanks to our N. S. S. Programme Officers and the diligent training given by Miss Prabha Nair, the NSS will always take pride of place in Stella Maris.

University Results

I cannot conclude without at least making a reference to the University results. The main constraint of our affiliated system is the examination results. In spite of this we find a ray of hope, a gentle supporting hand that enables us to carry on, namely the blessings of a good set of faculty members and some intelligent and industrious students who do well in the exams.

Our students have secured a number of ranks in the University exams. Among the Post-graduates, Meena secured 1st rank in Economics and Kalpana 1st rank in English Literature, Anitha 1st rank in Fine Arts. We have about 43 rank holders in all from the various departments securing places between the 2nd and the 10th in the April 1985 examinations. Our congratulations to all of them. In Sociology, the ranks from the 2nd to the 6th were taken up by our students.

Finally it is my pleasant duty to acknowledge and thank the innumerable friends who have been instrumental for our success. The M.E.S., the Postal Department, the Police, the A.I.R., the T.V., the P.T.C., M.M.D.A. departments, each one in their own way, with their ever ready help made things easy, pleasant and encouraging throughout the year. Our sincere gratitude to all of them.

The University with such an understanding and capable person as our Vice-Chancellor at the helm of affairs, the Education Department and the officials, the U.G.C. and the fellow College Principals, the Association of Private College Managements, the Xavier Board, the AIACHE, the United Board and other private companies and agencies like the MRF, the Chennai Bottlers, Nallis, Chemplast, the Rotarians and many charitable agencies, helped us to support student welfare programmes and scholarships. All of them are our source of strength. May God Bless them.

The shock and sorrow, the loss and damage that the College experienced during the unprecedented floods of November 1985, could never have been overcome but for the kind help of benefactors, Staff and students. We have rebuilt the wall, but have not replaced the books. Finally we are grateful to all of you who are present, who have come to give us encouragement. May God bless all of you.

Before I conclude I would like to place before you the needs and aspirations of a growing College deeply committed to the development of women. We do not lack talents, courage, convictions or conscientious work to become more relevant and dynamic in reaching out to the needs of women. But we do lack the funds, the material resources to run such a large institution. We have not received the grant due to us even though annual audits have been completed for the period 1979 to 1983. Some of the salary bills of 1983 for Substitute staff are yet to be cleared. We await the sanction of additional posts for the Library and Office. In the absence of income earning assets the threat of a financial crisis looms large. We have been carrying on with optimism and perseverance. As long as there is a star in the sky there is hope that some day we will overcome, some day we will become autonomous and some day our services will produce lasting effects for the transformation of this society. So, we will continue our work to build women of courage and re-establish a glorious New India. May God help us in all our endeavours. And we need your help too. Thank you.

Music - The Language of Emotion

Whether it is the African drum or the Indian mridangam, whether it is John McLaughlin playing Bach or Lalgudi Jayaraman playing a Thillana, one must admit that the effect of music is magical.

What is music? This question in all its challenging simplicity, must often occur to thousands of the many thoughtful music lovers who, in rapidly growing numbers support the various forms of musical activity either at a concert hall or through the media. It would however be easier to say what music is not, than what it is. Thus, music is not just the sounds of instruments. Nor is it merely the sum total of its recognizable constituents such as pitch, rhythm, consonance and the like. Still less is it the technical mastery of an instrument which is more a credit to a good mechanical engineer than to a good musician.

Music constitutes its own language (the language of the emotions) and mere words can never convey anything but the vaguest of impressions of the richness of content of an emotional experience. Now, to talk of the psychological aspect of music, we may be content to revel in our aural sensations or we may give full play to the surge of our emotions under an aural stimulus.

At this point, it would not be an exaggeration to say that Indian music is the most renowned for its variety and quality. North and South India differ largely in a multitude of things. These differences are reflected in music too, though these should not be mistaken to be distinct types of music. There is one Indian music though there are different ways of working it out.

Different though they are, both the Hindustani and the Carnatic systems of music, are based on the principles stated in the ancient Sanskrit treatises on music. The earliest reference to musical theory seems to be in the Rikpra Ti Sakhya (400 B.C.) which mentions the three voice registers and the seven notes of the gamut. It is interesting to note that just before this time, Pythagoras, in Greece, worked out the musical system of the Greeks.

Raga is the basis of melody in Indian music. 'It is the attempt of an artistic nation to reduce to law and order the melodies that come and go on the lips of the people. A Raga is the varying combination of the seven basic notes or svaras. It changes with the emotion and both music and melody are fluid. They are not bound to definite modes. What words cannot express, the Raga expresses. Moods, sentiments and feelings find their way through raga. It is believed that the intensity with which Tansen sang the Raga Megh was so great that the whole empire was entranced.

Musical time in India, more obviously than elsewhere, is a development from the prosody and metres of poetry. It is believed that Bharata discovered the 32 kinds of tala in the song of a lark. The clapping of hands is much used in India to indicate time intervals. There are different signs used for the different beats so as to make quite clear what kind of a beat is used. There are three different speeds in Indian time. They are slow-vilamba kala, medium-madhya kala and quick-druta kala.

Indian music has drawn people from all parts of the world. One can say with vehemence that no other style or form of music in any part of the world is as intricate, as varied, and as awe-inspiring as Indian Music. Of late, however this beautiful art seems to be losing its patrons. Indian music, the sacred purpose of which is regeneration of the human heart, plays a very important part in every Indian's life. It is rather unfortunate that people today are so occupied in the pursuit of material luxuries, that they tend to give little expression to their aesthetic senses. Having realized the value of Indian culture, many organizations all over the country have sprung up, their chief objectives being to propagate what is our own. To name a very successful organization the SPIC - MACAY which reads as follows :

**'Society for the Promotion of Indian Classical Music and Culture
amongst the Youth'.**

This organization which consists of college students aims at highlighting the fact that Indian Culture is something very beautiful and hence very valuable and we cannot afford to lose it or let it die.

**AARTI, M.
II B.A. Sociology**

Quo Vadis?

Albert Einstein has rightly said:— "Why does this magnificent applied science which saves work and makes life easier, bring so little happiness?" The simple answer runs: because we have not yet learned to make sensible use of it. When technology serves human needs it is ennobling. However, techniques through which biological offspring come to be considered as some kind of impersonal product which can be assembled from components should be reflected on. Reproductive technology has not made the institution of the family obsolete; on the contrary, contemporary possibilities are forcing this generation to come to a more reverent understanding of the emotional, biological and spiritual relationships which constitute the family and bind the members to one another.

The freezing of sperm which occurred more than a generation ago made it possible for any woman to choose to conceive with donor sperm. Human fertilization 'in vitro' can be employed to create embryos using a variety of combinations. A woman's egg may be fertilized with a donor's sperm or a donor's egg may be fertilized with the husband's sperm, or in yet another scenario, the husband and wife allow their sperm and egg to fertilize in vitro in a third party who in a sense donates the use of her womb and carries the resulting embryo. Today, the LAVAGE method takes artificial insemination by donor, a step further. A surrogate, a woman who lends her womb is inseminated with donor sperm and within a week of her insemination, her uterus is flushed. If an embryo is located in the staining process, it is placed within the uterus of the sperm donor's wife. To date, two babies have been born, following Lavage Therapy.

Through a delicate surgery, the egg is removed from the woman and is fertilized with the man's sperm in an artificially prepared nutrient solution.

The transcendent moment of union when a new life begins, occurs sometime during the next 24 hours. If all goes well, the embryo will divide and after a number of cells are formed, it is placed in the woman's uterus.

Success rates vary from clinic to clinic. But the best clinic is known to have a success rate of 20%. In recent years, 'In Vitro' fertilization practitioners have discovered a more reliable way of improving results. Crypto preservation is a method through which these embryos could be stored in liquid nitrogen, although, their life expectancy is not known. Frozen embryos could be thawed and then transferred to the woman's uterus, eliminating the need to repeat egg retrieval and fertilization. Some 30-50% of the Embryos do not survive.

Technology has advanced to such an extent in reproductive biology, that we could even pick our child's sex. The newest method is the brain child of Ronald Ericsson. His theory is based on the fact that sperms carrying the 'Y' chromosomes move somewhat faster than sperms carrying 'X' chromosomes in a highly nutritive medium so that the 'Y' chromosomes sperm could be segregated from the 'X' chromosomes sperm, and the woman can be artificially inseminated. The success rate is 77%. Methods of selecting females are also being developed. Here, the idea is that the sperms carrying 'X' chromosomes sink to the bottom in a glass column track of spehadax and the woman is artificially inseminated.

Though the new technology has raised all sorts of political and ethical questions, the demand for it is rapidly growing. A man and woman who have never set their eyes on each other, contact to have a baby. The woman allows herself to be inseminated with the man's sperm and she will give away the baby after 9 months. She will not contest for custody of the child. In turn, the man pays her the medical, legal and other expenses, apart from a personal fee of \$ 10,000. This kind of system is seldom fool proof, for when the child inherits some sort of genetic disease or mental or physical retardation, both the surrogate as well as the donor father refrain from taking custody of the child. For no fault of the child, it has to undergo considerable psychological traumas. Even after normal growth, what will be the attitude of the child to its biological mother is still unknown. But it is a God given boon to childless parents, even though it carries a volatile freight of hopes and fears of legal and moral implication.

In all this darkness, we should also see a speck of light, and this will be made possible only if women do not resort to these reproductive techniques, treating them as a business transaction, forgetting the emotional and psychological relationship which exists between mother and foetus and in the process, making the innocent foetus the object of a commercial transaction. As far as the surrogate mother is concerned, they feel that donating a tiny little egg, some space, and 9 months of their life is not that much to give to a couple.

Another very controversial issue which has crept up due to the quantum leap made in reproductive technology is that of the frozen supply of excess

embryos. These embryos are generally manufactured by artificially stimulating a greater number of eggs from the ovary of a woman and then inseminating such eggs. They are frozen and preserved until they are needed to be transplanted into a uterus. This stock of excess embryos, helps the woman to allow herself to undergo repeated transplantations, if her first transplant has become a failure, for it saves the woman from a lot of painful procedures for obtaining another egg. Apart from this use, such embryos are needed for research also. Many scientists look upon research with embryos as a way of finding an answer to many problems in medicine. For instance, by learning more about the reproductive process, a biologist may uncover methods for Contraception; Cancer research may also benefit, because tumour cells have many characteristics in common with embryonic tissues. Some even believe that through research in embryonic tissues, understanding and treatment of childhood diabetes could be made, as also in future, the possibility of identifying and then rectifying genetic defects in the embryo.

Beyond the argument about experimentation lies an even more touchy controversy of eugenics, the idea that the species can be improved upon, by selective breeding. Some scientists also nurture the idea that embryos should be deliberately made for use in scientific experimentation. Ideally it is some experimental treatment that will help the embryo itself. The question here is how far do scientists adhere to this concept of experimentation for the good of the embryo. Should we kill embryos for the sake of a better humanity? For even the embryo has an equal right to live like any other human being in this world, for the embryo is the precursor of humanity. Apart from this, it also raises serious ethical questions not the least of which, is whether the doctors have even the right to expose an embryo to a procedure that could kill it. In addition, by allowing some embryos to exist for indefinite periods outside and independent of the maternal body, the question arises to whom does it belong, in case the parents die or they decide not to have another baby. Does it belong to the estate of the deceased parents or to the storage facility that maintains them, or to the state or should it be kept indefinitely in the laboratory? For we have not reached the stage of adopting embryos from an embryo bank..... Man who has been nurtured in the arms of nature is now trying to invade into her very niches. He is trying to imbalance the precarious balance maintained so far by nature, between man and woman. Do we have the right to invade into the province and privacy of nature which we are doing now?

Again, the scientist gets so lost in his experiments in the lab, that he forgets that ultimately he is handling individual human beings with all the complexities of intellect, will, emotion etc. The inclination to treat human beings as tools like Bunsen burners, or to consider the experiments as chemical reactions, is all too obvious. The scientist is in danger of forgetting the sanctity of marriage, of the conjugal relationship between man and woman,

of all ties and bonds of family recognised throughout the ages as sacred, holy, inviolable.

Such issues and questions provoke us to sit back and have a quiet thought about the various advancements made in the scientific field, and especially in reproductive technology. At this juncture, human beings who are given the highest cadre in all creation, should make use of their rational mind and choose between science as an instrument to overcome obstacles posed by nature, or science which enhances the moral and ethical standards set by our ancestors.

Scientific endeavour in reproductive technology should have its own limitations from encroaching into ethical and moral issues: particularly the nature of relationship between man and woman, and parent and child.

In Vitro:—Pertains to experiments done on cells grown, outside the body of the organism.

VIDYODHAYA SUNDARAM
KALA RAJAGOPALAN
III B.Sc Zoology

Realities of Reality

A well known Abstract painter said, "Oh! the public, we are always worrying about the public."

Another asked "What is this plight they are supposed to be in? After all, art does not have to be for everybody. Either people get it and then they enjoy it, or else they don't get it, they don't need it. So what's the predicament?"

"So what's the predicament?" A million dollar question indeed. Modern art always projects itself into a twilight zone where no values are fixed. It is always born in anxiety. One of the most persistent concerns of the modern artist however, has been to make his profession and his art responsive to the needs of his society. Most of the controversies about art from ancient times to the present day, have been concerned with the relation of man, as artist to nature, and as artist to subject matter. The activity we call art is a technical process. The artist depicts the external world, the things he sees with his eyes. The artist paints what he wants to see, a human or individual version of that "inhuman abstraction" called nature. The criterion of the modern artist is "Truth" rather than "Beauty."

The idea of an avant garde or elite of artistic and cultural geniuses who would lead society to a better life, emerged gradually in the latter half of the nineteenth century. The year 1863 is the sharpest dividing line in the history of painting since the French Revolution. It is the year of the Salon Des Refuse - the Salon of the Rejected painters. This was an authorisation from the Emperor for a second Salon made up of paintings rejected from the regular one in order to give the public a chance to judge for itself. The exhibition was both a success and a failure. Throngs crowded the galleries. The popular critics had a field day at the expense of the rejected painters. The minority support was fervent, but derision was at large.

It was "Le Dejeuner Sur L 'Herbe" that everyone came to see and laugh at, or rail against. The Emperor himself made it a four star attraction by calling it immodest and the critics attacked it in downright and obscenely jocular terms. The painting was not picturesque, not historical and not anecdotal and seemed unexplainable except as the work of an incompetent or madman or worse, a prankster.

But the public's easy scorn, the critical diatribes in the press are not so much of importance as the fact that after 1863, Salon des Refuse established roots for the idea that every painter has the right to paint as he pleases and to be judged as an individual by other individuals, instead of painting according to the rules of a school whose officials have the power to grant or deny him the right to be.

After this for more than half a century, the general European public reeled under the bombardment of a bewildering variety of art exercises. In 1874 a group of artists organised a society to exhibit their work at their own expense, in order to bring their work properly before the public. When the first exhibition was finally organised, it was partly a commercial venture and partly a declaration of aesthetic war. The exhibition of 165 paintings hardly opened before the painters were dubbed "Impressionists" a name considered as hilarious as the painting that supplied the cue for it, "Impression Sunrise" by Claude Monet. It was the scandal of the Salon Des Refuse all over again; indignation, sarcasm, insult rained hard on them. Indeed, little seemed gained by the exhibition save a superb name for the movement.

Before the turn of the century four giants appeared on the horizon - Paul Cezanne, Georges Seurat, Paul Gauguin and Vincent Van Gogh - who have been ranked as the founding fathers or the fountain heads of the various movements which emerged in the twentieth century.

Vincent Van Gogh who painted eight hundred pictures during the short tenure of his thirty eight years, sold only one painting for the equivalent of \$ 80 and among his last recorded words was the question "But what's the use?" His technique of painting was not easily accepted and appreciated. But it became

apparent within twenty five years after his death when he was hailed as an extraordinary genius with an ebullient brain who irresistably poured lava into all the ravines of art. Paul Cezanne whose early life was dogged by doubt and uncertainty, finally achieved fame at the turn of the century. And the mounting fame rekindled the controversy that had plagued his earlier years. Even while his paintings hung in museums, one conservative critic branded them "the greatest art joke in fifteen years," and another claimed that "if we agree with Mr. Cezanne, we might as well set fire to the Louvre."

In 1906 Matisse, a leading French painter of the twentieth century, exhibited a picture which he called the "Joy of Life." It was a painting which represented a great breakthrough in art. The subject was of old-fashioned bacchanal nude figures in the outdoor, stretched on the grass, dancing, making music or love, picking flowers and so on. It was his most ambitious undertaking, the largest, and yet it made people very angry. Angriest of all was Paul Signac, a leading painter who said, "Matisse seems to have gone to the dogs. His paintings evoke the multicoloured shop fronts of the merchants of paints, varnishes and household goods."

One year later Matisse went to the studio of Picasso to see his 'Les Demoiselles d'Avignon' which was another breakthrough in painting. Matisse was angry. He said "the picture was an outrage, an attempt to ridicule the modern movement". He swore that he would sink Picasso and make him regret his hoax. Leo Stein a famous American art collector and patron of Picasso said "You've been trying to paint the fourth dimension. How amusing!" Georges Braque, a contemporary painter remarked "it is as though we were supposed to exchange our usual diet for one of tar and paraffin."

In 1908 Picasso and Braque invented Cubism in Paris. This daring new style left even the most sympathetic viewer of avant garde art, dumb struck. Cubism was the artistic revolution gone modern. It was beyond normal comprehension.

Thus artists themselves responding with gnashing teeth and armoury of mockery was nothing exceptional; for it illustrates a general rule that when a new and truly original art appears, it is the artists themselves who denounce it first and loudest. No critic, no outraged bourgeoisie can match an artist's passion in repudiation.

So the shock value of any violently new contemporary style is quickly exhausted. Before long, the new looks familiar, then normal and handsome, finally authoritative. The initial mis-judgement is corrected and what was wrong about half a century earlier is accepted. But one factor remains unchanged and that is the relation of any new art—while it is new, to its own moment.

This has been the reception of every art movement that bobbed its head on the twentieth century horizon. The difficulty of accepting the reality to the time

and to the immediate environs, has created a kaleidoscope of responses. The American Abstractionists were constantly badgered by a bewildered public to explain what their art represented. And their response was "If the artist could describe in words what he does, he would have never created."

The response to reality has ever been changing between artists and artist, artist and public, artist and individual. They are without end the questions asked, and answers are nowhere in store. 'Time' the deciding, mellowing and accepting factor, rules the roost, making the unacceptable acceptable, the radical traditional, and the incoherent rational.

Mrs. ASHRAFI S. BHAGAT
Dept of Fine Arts

Stella Maris Students' Union 1986-87

Report of Activities—First Term

The office bearers of the Students' Union met together a week before College reopened. The Deans conducted an informal orientation session. The office bearers also decided on a tentative plan of activities for the year and chose the motto, "We create our tomorrows by what we do today".

Within two weeks of reopening, each class went to the polls in a small fashion, electing its representatives for the year.

Soon the freshers were in—going through guided tours of the College, and a bewildering array of Orientations, of which the Union orientation was a new feature. Another addition this year was the Union Bulletin—BULL'S-EYE brought out with the idea of letting the student body know what was happening on the campus.

The first major activity of the Students' Union was PTC Day, celebrated in the second week of July. The students put together a small entertainment programme for the drivers and conductors of the Ladies Specials. Mr. Subramanian, the General Manager of the PTC, expressed his appreciation of the fact that, contrary to the custom elsewhere, Stella Maris was celebrating its PTC Day right at the beginning of the academic year. The crew were also provided with lunch and souvenirs.



The Inaugural Meeting

STUDENTS' UNION

Training for the herculean task



CONVOCAATION '86



In the last week of July, Fr. Felix Koikara and Sr. Kochu Theresa of the Don Bosco Youth Animation Centre conducted an orientation session for the leaders of the College. The last day was allocated for planning, giving club Presidents, office bearers and staff Advisors time to meet and chalk out their plans.

Tamizhaga Seerārum Peruvizha—the Tamil Nadu week, was the highlight of the Students' Union activities for the year. In the last week of August, the students came together to know of the glory and greatness of Tamil Nadu. A lot of effort and planning had obviously gone into the making of KOLANGAL, the Inter-Departmental exhibition; TEXPO, the textile show, was another appealing feature. The three days also saw a City Quiz, Who Dat, Seminar on "Tamil Nadu's Position in the Indian Mainstream", film shows, "KALAIGAL" (—a fair organised by the N.S.S. Unit of the College,) and a Cultural Programme.

Teachers' Day—and the campus was again agog with activity. The teachers were plied with cards, gifts, flowers and food. The movie "To Sir With Love" was also screened.

It has been the effort of the Students' Union at every point to encourage participation and discover new talents, or rather, to help people discover themselves. For it is in what we take and make of our todays that we create our tomorrows. And that is the path along which we hope to keep going.

The Decline and Fall of the Indian Species

There is this Persian tale of a Prince-turned-pauper, idle by nature and generally considered to be a 'failure' in life, who kept telling any one who cared to listen—"Pidrum Sultan Bood" (My father was a Sultan) to which he got the rather rude, but not very far removed from the truth, reply—"But what are you?"

The same story could well be employed to explain the present day Indian situation. A five thousand year old mind-baffling cultural heritage is used as a convenient 'cover-up' for the various flaws of the newly acquired '20th century character' of the Indian.

Post—1947 India is a peculiar entity conjuring before the eye, images as diverse as the cultures of the people which inhabit it—images of frenzied fanatics embroiled in crude communal skirmishes...of smug looking, heavy bellied

politicians making voluble speeches to seas of faceless naive human beings..... of empty eyed half-naked children, extending soiled palms, with greedy glints in eyes which have not entirely succeeded in obliterating the last vestiges of innocence ...of systematically haphazard slums clinging on to the barrier walls of posh localities —of garbage piled in front of 'litter free zone' signs...of vulgar graffiti on urine-decorated walls, of clerks sharing tea and gossip around Govt.-office tables (underneath which much money has changed hands) ...of ant-line-like human heads of Indian Gymnasts falling on their rear ends at an international sports meet... of an earnest looking Prime Minister talking of peace before world assemblies when his own land is streaked with the red of innocent blood...of a lady getting the reward of sixteen bullets for her sixteen years of service to her mother land as its leader... of security officers made to appear like clowns when an impudent assassination attempt is made on the very premises of the Samadhi of a great symbol of non-violence...of roads patched in places like a poor man's garment... of dumb giggling girls coming to Colleges as a matter of course... of enthralled audiences lost in watching cheap scenes on cinema screens... Each image succeeds the other with dramatic swiftness.

Together, the images are amazing in the paradox and irony they imply, the indications they contain of a tired civilization. But then India is indeed an enigma replete with ironies, which make it fascinating.

The Indian Reality today, has not failed to evoke vitriolic responses from intellectuals as well as common folk (who are merely content with making cheap tirades and resuming their 'drifting along'). The mainstream of India's people may have got immune to the eccentricities of life here, but there are many who seethe inwardly at the utter hopelessness of the situation —the rampant corruption, laziness, filth, indiscipline and backwardness in Science and Technology when compared with the developed countries.

In an age whose general motto is, 'ever onward', India finds itself in the hapless position of trying to move forward with one foot half-stuck in the terra firma of Tradition, and the other trying to step ahead into the realms of the unconquered. The result is that it limps clumsily towards goals which seem to recede.

The co-existing five-star and pavement cultures, the hiatus between the urban and the rural is the pathetic/comic reality of a nation in flux. "India without humbug" makes a delightful study. The quirks of history can to a certain extent be blamed for the present predicament of India, of the various 'isms' which characterize it. As a defence measure against the imposition of alien patterns, this proud race with latent escapist tendencies had withdrawn into the recesses of spiritualism—it's forte. A people trampled upon by foreign invasions, gradually consolidated a tradition of superstitions, caste-demarkations, dogmatism and relegation of women to insignificant

backgrounds—for posterity. As a result of the western impact, an 'other-world' obsessed culture was forced to grapple with the challenge suddenly thrown forth by the winds of change.

India today is confronted with a peculiar situation—the dilemma of discarding certain aspects of past tradition and of how best to adapt itself to modernization. This partly explains our woeful inferiority in several spheres of activity. A land which boasts of the immaculately chiselled Khajuraho sculptures—a tribute to Man's quest for perfection, knows not today what it is to excel. It has its geniuses, but as a nation, its only claim to eternal fame is its noble gospel of peace (and the fact that its past was rich and colourful).

Perhaps, a few decades hence, India will strike a suitable balance between the old and the new and make a mark for herself as far as human progress is concerned. But will the centuries to come, change the Indian psyche? Would those, isms communalism, casteism, parochialism, linguism, regionalism, terrorism have lost their fervour? Would the other distorted bents of the Indian mind have been straightened out—even if awkwardly?

India, as Naipaul said is a wounded civilization. Time alone will enable it to find its true identity. At present it is a picture of regress - spiritual, material and ethical. But find its moorings it will. For, the culture is endowed by peculiar providence to survive and contribute to the outside world as it had done in times bygone.

At that golden hour of resurgence, the no longer effete inheritor of this confounding, awe-inspiring legacy can, in befitting tones of pride indeed say, 'Pidrum Sultan Bood' - and not without justification.

SHAHNAZ ABBAS
III B.A. History

Switches off, Throttle Back On Contact

Every person who has the inborn tendency for adventure and self confidence is a prospective candidate to start flying lessons. This dream of flying starts in some people at a very early age, for some a little later and for some it always remains a dream. The NCC has shown the way to many a young student and to airwing cadets in particular, to make his or her dreams come true. A minimum qualification to do "Power Flying" is a pass in Matric and the age of 17.

Many students join flying, but sadly, it is only a few, who take it up as a career. This may be surprising to quite a few people who wonder why people give up flying. The reasons are various. First of all, flying is a profession to an aviator, irrespective of whether he or she is a military aircrew, a crop spraying pilot, an airline captain, a free lance flyer, a club instructor or a business pilot. In the airwing of the NCC, boys and girls are taught the preliminaries of the aviation scenario, through gliding and powerflying experiences, not only to make them air-minded but also to prepare them for career-aviation in the country's military or civil aviation fields. It provides the cadet with the initial flying course private pilot licence absolutely free, and later, the Government of Tamil Nadu provides scholarships for CPL (COMMERCIAL PILOT LICENCE), which enables people or cadets of all classes to take up aviation as their career in this field. It is not necessarily only the rich who can do so, as many think. Flying is not an expensive game.

The initial hours of flying are a real test for a person aspiring to be a pilot. It is only a person's total dedication, perseverance and determination that make for success. In the beginning, it may seem a waste of too much time for too little flying, especially to cadets who come from gliding, where everytime they go, they get a launch. Becoming a good power flyer will depend upon how regularly a student practises his or her flying, how fast he or she grasps the idea of the difference between gliding and flying, the weather conditions and the availability of aircraft, the latter being more complicated to use, unlike a simple and beautiful glider. Power flying is not easy, as things can go wrong and aviation rules are strict. But still, power flying has got its own incomparable charm. For the power flyer, the greatest day of his flying career will be the day of his first solo.

A power flyer has to pass a number of examinations. The mere act of manipulating the flight controls is not enough in this highly scientific world of ours. It calls for a great deal of knowledge on the part of the operators. Hence there are examinations in aviation law, meteorology, navigation, flight planning and last but not least, radio communication, for taking which the student travels all round the country. Apart from this, at every stage there is a flight test in which a pilot will have to prove his ability to handle an aircraft, putting into action everything that he or she has learnt. Another test is the regular medical check-up which keeps track of the years in aviation for which very high medical fitness standards have to be attained. All these difficulties will not hinder a person determined to make it. Crossing each obstacle gives him or her a sense of ultimate satisfaction.

Flying is an exhilarating experience. It is difficult to express exactly how one feels while flying. All I can say is that I feel remarkably free from my worries and quite alien to this world of ours, which is full of jealousy and corruption.

As one of our officers says, "Pilots are ordinary people but with a special air about them". Hence with a flyer as I said earlier, it is the dedication to the profession which helps to attain the goal of being called a Captain..... of Boeing 737 - for example !

Flt. Cpl. JAYSHREE SUBRAMANIAN
III Year Physics

Environment and Adaptation

Go
As a historian of ideas or as a sex-offender,
For the primitive art,
As a dusty semiologist, quipped to unravel
The seven components of that witch's curse,
On the syntax of mutilated teeth. Go,
In groups to giggle at curious finds
But do not step into the kingdom of your promises
To yourself, like a child entering the forbidden
Words of his lonely playtime.

James Fenton has concisely captured his ideas on evolution—its pros and cons in this simple poem. Any anti-evolutionist will agree with him without reservation. Regardless of all these controversies, evolution is one of the most engrossing theories propounded so far. Man is forever in search of his roots and of the origin of his environment. To an evolutionist, rationale and logic have been the only two factors affecting his life. An evolutionist disregards preconceived notions, and the entire focus of his concentration is on his work. In this regard, Darwin was perhaps the most conscientious naturalist who came to any inference only after considering every observation.

Evolution according to Darwin, is by and large a process of complicating a simple level of organization, so that the animal could be better suited to its environment. Clearly the zoologist of the day felt (and still feels) that a complex level of organization is far superior to a simple one.

Darwin's concept of evolution was successful in that he was able to recognize two pertinent factors influencing evolution—variation and heredity. The latter dealt with the transference of characteristics from one generation to the other. The characteristics were brought about by adaptations of the individual to its environment—these together constituted variation.

Variation is a phenomenon unique to a living organism. Variation has been practised so skilfully that in *Homo sapiens* it has attained its truest meaning of "No two individuals are alike". That is to treat matters lightly. For morphologically, *Homo sapiens* doesn't show much difference within its own species.

Variation is of particular interest in that it includes adaptation. After all, adaptation is the instrument to bring about differences in the fauna and flora in the world. But, what is adaptation? It is a process much similar to its casually used synonym—adjustment. However, to an animal, adaptation is of supreme importance because it has to adapt positively to make its survival a reality. And, it has to mould itself to an ever-changing environment.

Adaptation can possibly be described as every living organism's response to the unsavoury reality of existing in a harsh world. Adaptation is aggressive or protective. Some animals prefer to fade into the background, drawing little attention to themselves, while others like the porcupine project a grotesque appearance. Funnily enough, the porcupine is quite a placid animal. It reacts only when provoked and almost never attacks. Yet another form that prefers to warn off enemies by a terrifying exterior is the reptile *Moloch horridus* (the animal does look horrid). It has a highly studded and ornamental body cover that would make even the most daring enemy tremble and quake. Many snakes prefer aggressive mimicry as seen in the spectacled cobra and the banded krait among a host of others. Incidentally, even a harmless snake—the Mog Nose Snake which can hardly claim to be poisonous, exploits all the rituals of hissing and drawing back its head to strike as if it were indeed a poisonous snake.

There are some forms which shy away from conspicuousness. For instance animals like caterpillars, spiders and all such small 'Crawlies' take on the colour of the bark, or simulate the branch of a tree to avoid detection by an enemy. An interesting example of protective mimicry is the one affected by the American opossum (*Didelphis Virginiana*). The opossum when pursued by an enemy that prefers to kill its prey, faints. A disappointed hunter goes back home empty handed. This trick has proved so successful that we even have the expression "playing possum". But it is still a debatable issue whether the act is an intentional performance or whether the animal faints due to sheer fright.

However, it is with the Dead Leaf Butterfly that protective mimicry attains perfection. The butterfly (*Kallima Paralecta*) simulates a dead leaf so artfully that when it alights, the bright colours on the upper surface of the wings are no longer seen but only a deceptively coloured under-surface of the wings is exposed. The under-surface looks very much like a leaf in having notched margins, mid rib and even lateral ribs!

Adaptation of an animal is often dealt with cursorily while viewing the entirety of evolution. But, adaptation is one of the most fascinating processes because it explains the visible response of the animal to its environment.

Equally interesting is the reaction of the public to Darwin and his theory. An extremely offended public waged a virtual war against Darwin. Darwin was well aware of the umbrage he would receive but he (and not even his most eloquent supporter T. H. Huxley) could furnish adequate evidence for the evolution of any kind of organism.

But with advance in fossil study, technological advance and co-ordination with related fields such as Biochemistry, Carbon Dating, Palentology and Anthropology, Darwin was vindicated with a vengeance. Evidences have come pouring in. At last the world has come to recognise the response of organisms to environment as a reality.

GAYATRI G.
II B. Sc. Zoology

Reality and Response

A Social Worker's View

One of the most educative and enlightening features of the curriculum in social work, is field-work. It gave me the opportunity to experience some of the realities of life. Being in the midst of an oppressed people, I had the opportunity of observing the everyday difficulties that are faced by them.

An average middle class person living far removed from these startling realities would consider a slum an eyesore. One assumes that these people are lazy, dirty and just useless—a nuisance to the city.

My experience in field work as a student social worker was quite exciting, interesting, adventurous and of course sometimes terrifying and frustrating too. Working with a section of the under - privileged of our society was not easy for me. It did call for a strong commitment coupled with determination. "Was I prepared" was the immediate question. My answer was to be a firm 'YES'. I am convinced that I simply cannot get away with this. I am partly responsible for the suffering of my fellow-people. I am called to identify myself with the reality around me. I need to respond.

Being assigned to one of the slums in Vyasarpadi, I had the unique opportunity of working with people totally ignored by the other classes of society. These people are deeply hurt. The inhuman ways in which they live definitely makes it impossible for one to accept them as persons, but one cannot call a halt to these dehumanizing ways by merely ignoring them. Taking into consideration their surroundings, income, size of family, nature of employment, I find that they in their own way are trying to make the best of life. Who are we to condemn them? One has to cut across such superficial barriers to accept and believe in their dignity.

A fire which broke out in the slum remains a vivid memory. I still recall the many women and children running helter-skelter in all directions. I remember the tension that gripped the community. The fire extinguishers, the police officials and the local political leaders were of course prompt in their respective duties. I recall myself in the midst of the crowd watching the huge flames strengthened by the strong breeze. A cloud of smoke hanging over the sky darkened the surroundings. The destruction was immense, the loss was great. Today the people have rebuilt their homes in the same place; they live in anxiety awaiting the rains which would again cause heavy damage. People who are victims of flood and fire and man—are they realities to be ignored?

My experiences have however created a tremendous sensitivity within me. I had to change to face reality. I had to be faithful to strive for fulfilment. But I often wonder how one person's commitment and dedication can solve the problem, or even how much a few who are committed can achieve. I believe we need the support of a much larger society. Only then can those deep wounds be healed. It is not difficult to understand the feelings of an under-privileged class of people. Can we start from there? How much would the response be?

I wish to conclude with a beautiful saying of Swami Vivekananda. "So long as the millions live in hunger and ignorance, I hold everyman a traitor who, having been educated at their expense, pays not the least heed to them".

SANDRA JOSEPH
II M.A. Social Work

Is Peace a Reality or a Dream?

Ever since the creation of the world there have been two phases of history, the two conflicting poles—War and Peace. On one side there gleams the distant beacon of hope for peace, while on the other, dark clouds of war hover on the horizon.

The world today, is in its worst phase of unrest. The atmosphere is tense and volcanic. Human civilization is on its decline, with the increase of cannibals and power-mongers. Indeed, if the present gloomy spectacle of affairs continues for long, it is apprehended that the very spirit of humanism will completely wither away, and the deeper structure of our spiritual and moral existence will collapse. A permanent international order of peace and security is not only essential but indispensable for the survival of modern man.

Bertrand Russell, one of the leading thinkers of the modern age, has aptly said, "Swept by the storm of cold war, shrunk by the horrors of the future nuclear wars, the world seems to be in a state of spiritual coma; what it needs and needs very badly, is a lasting peace". But making peace a reality depends upon certain basic factors, the chief of them being a complete and radical change in the outlook of mankind. This in turn depends upon the solution of certain crucial international problems.

When the Second World War came to an end people thought there would be permanent peace in the world. With this aim, the United Nations Organisation was established on October 24th, 1946. But this World Organisation faced the first shocking disappointment when undeclared war broke out in Korea, resulting in terrible devastation and bloodshed.

It was followed by the sad and unfortunate happening in Egypt relating to the Suez Crisis, the breaking out of war in Algeria, the Chinese Invasion, the Indo-Pak War, the never-ending war between Iran and Iraq, the killings in Sri Lanka, the tragic happenings in Africa and South Korea. All these have made it clear to the lovers of peace, that their expectations are nothing but a midsummer night's dream.

For the last five years in particular, there has been a growing demand among the nations of the world for holding dazzling peace conferences and summit talks with great pomp and show. But the outcome of these conferences have been a mere much ado about nothing, and the hopes of peace have fizzled out.

The very reason for the failure of disarmament negotiations conducted hitherto, lies in the dangerous and fallacious theory that peace can only be an outcome of the balance of terror between the East and West. The theory of peace based upon strength is by no means a contemporary invention. Nations that have

won freedom through bloodshed have never been peaceful. This is a repetition of the old Roman principle of "If you wish for peace, be prepared for war". Gandhiji and Nehru, did wish for peace and they were prepared for war. A war against bloodshed. A war without violence. Nehru said, "We abhor present warfare, not because it takes the lives of men—but because it is bad, as it tends to turn human beings into beasts, brutes and savages."

Global disarmament accompanied by an international ban on nuclear tests must be the first requisite for establishing international peace. We have already seen that the nuclear ban test has been nothing but a merry Ash-Wednesday see-saw. What we want, is an eternal world peace and not an armed peace or a 'calm before a storm'.

Furthermore, a durable and lasting world peace can be preserved only if the power-drunk big leaders of the two militant blocs change their attitude and develop faith in the golden doctrine of 'Pancha Sheela'—the five great principles being :

- i) Mutual respect for each other's territorial integrity and sovereignty.
- ii) Non-aggression
- iii) Non-interference in each other's internal affairs.
- iv) Equality and mutual benefit, and above all,
- v) Peaceful co-existence.

In this International Year of Peace, let us all resolve to make this heavenly dream an earthly reality.

KALARANJANI, R.
I M.Sc., Mathematics

Alternatives

"What are little girls made of..." My cousin like most four-year-olds is full of questions. "Flesh, bones and blood", I said, and then of course she wanted to know what *they* were made of. So I went on to tell her about cells which are the building blocks of organisms and how cells were themselves made of molecules like water. "What is water made of"? As I got down to telling her about electrons, neutrons and protons, I could sense trouble. "What are protons made of", she was determined to know. "It has just been discovered", I said "that protons are made of quarks."

Protons which were once thought to be one of the most elementary particles are now believed to be composed of quarks. Theoretical physicists feel that there are about eighteen varieties of quarks, and in order to understand the quark better, scientists are considering the construction of a new machine called the "Super conducting Super Collider" which will enable us to do so.

More than we have believed possible in the past, our biochemistry helps determine our behaviour. Biochemists are now trying to synthesize medicines that mimic the brain's chemicals to cure Alzheimer's disease (ORGANIC LOSS OF MEMORY) as well as depression.

Until now, a computer has been like a sincere carpenter working alone, constructing an answer laboriously, nail by nail. But no longer will they chug through a problem solving one step at a time. The computer incarnate will tear the problem to bits, deal one piece to each of hundreds of thousands of processing units that will chew away simultaneously and spit out the answer in a fraction of the time of today's machines, and this will tremendously enhance our lives. These illustrations reveal the pace at which science is probing deeper into the realms of everything around us. This is the silver lining on an otherwise dark cloud.

The atom bomb, a product of science, dropped on Japan during the Second World War, killed thousands of people, rendered thousands of children homeless and permanently crippled thousands more. Science has also produced instruments and devices which can wipe out all traces of life on earth within a matter of seconds. Researchers at a leading University have recently discovered an extremely lethal gas about ten kilograms of which can end, life on earth. If a nuclear war takes place, it would clearly mean the end of mankind and there may not even be a survivor to speak the words "Is anybody there?"

Why does this magnificent applied science which saves work and makes life easier bring us so little happiness? The simple answer runs "because we have not yet learned to make a sensible use of it" - Albert Einstein. Though science has completely changed the nature of war, it does not create wars. Whatever science achieves is distorted by human nature.

Although we have progressed so much in science, we have not proportionately developed other branches of knowledge, for, if you compare today's human being with one who lived, say, in the 5th Century A.D., we would find many differences in his thinking. But, nearly all these differences mainly speak of the respective times. However, their basic qualities like selfishness and egotism remain almost unchanged. It is because we have unconsciously paid very little attention to the development of ourselves and our values which will frame the character of tomorrow.

We are now at the crossroads of history, development and scientific advancement. We now simultaneously possess means to beautifully enhance or completely annihilate our lives. This is the Reality. What is our response? Our present state of advancement may be likened to adolescence. Whether we will pass through this stormy, turbulent phase into a state of meaningful maturity or wipe ourselves out and leave no trace at all, is the question.

JAYANTI SRINIVASAN
III B.Sc. Physics

Values Of Youth

They live in a new world between childhood and adulthood; now facing one way, now the other, not sure which way they want to go, not really sure of anything. Each one is a paradox. They are conservatives, because something in them always dreads being different. They are rebels because something in them knows that each generation must break away from the one that precedes it. We don't have a good word to describe them. 'Adolescent' is clumsy and cold, 'Teenager' is too often a term of reproach. They are a trial to us at times, a wonderful trial. They are the unfolding future. Above all, they are the YOUTH !

There was the little old lady who always complained that 'the modern thunder storm no longer clears the air'. This is an attitude that is not only confined to little old ladies or to meteorological subjects, but to man in general.

It is an abiding characteristic of man to believe that the old virtues are disappearing, the old values disintegrating, the good old ways are no longer honoured. Many people today seem to think that our morality, our devotion to virtue and justice resemble a reservoir that was filled long ago (vaguely, about the time of our grandfathers) and has been seeping ever since. But our grandfathers thought that the reservoir had been filled by their grandfathers and has been seeping away since then. And their grandfathers thought the same. Why then isn't the reservoir empty?

The answer is that the moral order undergoes regeneration as well as decay. Men are always corrupting the old symbols, drifting away from the old truths. But while some go slack and hypocritical, others bring a new meaning and vitality to moral striving and this is how most of us play our role in reshaping our society's values.

Young people do not assimilate values by learning words like truth, justice and so on and their definitions. They learn attitudes, habits and ways of judging, in personal dealings with their family associates. They do not learn ethical principles;



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they emulate ethical or unethical people. That is why young people need models of what man at his best can be. A generation that has fought for freedom may pass that freedom on to the next generation. But it cannot pass on the intense personal knowledge of what it takes to win freedom.

In some cases young people find that the moral standards their parents offer are no longer relevant, or are contradicted by the parents' behaviour. This is not catastrophic. The first task of moral renewal is to strip hypocrisy of vision from cherished ideals. Young people, with their freshness of vision and rebelliousness of mood are very well-fitted to accomplish that.

We should be telling young people the grim but bracing truth that it is their task, to face the dilemmas and catastrophes of their own time, to recreate the cherished values in their own behaviour. We should be telling them that each generation refights the crucial battles and either brings new vitality to the ideals or allows them to decay.

In short the moral order is not something enshrined in historical documents, or stored away like family silver. It is a living, changing thing, and never any better than the generation that holds it in trust. A society is continuously recreated for good or ill by its members. This will strike some as burdensome, but it will summon others to greatness.

ASHA BALTHAZAR
GEETA BATRA
III Year Economics

Apartheid

Very rightly, the Indian Prime Minister Mr. Rajiv Gandhi has said at the Non-aligned Summit that "no man is free until every man is free." Apartheid is the most abhorrent institutionalized form of racial discrimination in South Africa. We belong to one race, the human race, which marks us as different from the animals; thus we should be bound together as one, instead of claiming superiority over each other. The practice of apartheid in South Africa has culminated in severe violence. Demonstrations break out constantly, destroying peace and human life. Recently, many countries have extended their fullest co-operation to eliminate this menace. The Pretoria regime represses the black people of the land and it plunders into Namibian resources. It was expressed at the recent UN summit, that the root cause for terrorism in the region was due to apartheid.

Very few countries can claim to be racially or ethnically homogeneous. The eradication of apartheid would lead to a non-racial democratic society. The first ever conference that was held to combat this evil, in which the situation was examined exclusively by jurists, was in 1984 at the United Nations Conference held in Lagos, Nigeria. The purpose was to examine the illegal status of the apartheid regime, and the legal aspects of the struggle against apartheid. Subsequently, it recognized the legitimacy of the resistance to apartheid which is a series of struggles against the crude crimes of suppression and exploitation of the blacks, and hence removes any doubt regarding the legitimacy of the movement. An inescapable proof of the illegitimacy of the South African Government is seen when other countries were asked to break diplomatic, consular, economic or any other relations with South Africa. It is the duty of all governments to act in a manner consistent with their international obligations and when the international obligation is legally binding, as it is with the case of any arms embargo, violation of this can be legally prevented in terms of domestic law.

In recent times, many unyielding protestors have risen up against the apartheid government to conduct a protest against its policies. One popular name comes to our mind—Nelson Mandela, who sacrificed his own freedom to free his people; his imprisonment does not prevent his wife, from continuing the battle.

Recently, due to many cases that were brought up before the attention of the courts, Solomon Tse Moli, a black detainee was released among others but only to be arrested again on charges of some criminal procedures that enabled the police to have the freedom to hold detainees.

Just before the State President Mr. B. W. Botha spoke in Durban, the independence given to many farms under the government was withdrawn, but Mr. Botha's resolution did not slacken; he reiterated that South Africa had 'out grown apartheid' and promised to put forward the negotiations of the blacks to the white people's referendum. His speech led the US senate to pass economic sanctions against South Africa, banning loans to banks in South Africa, severing airlinks etc.

Various courts in Africa are apparently battling against the apartheid regime. But it is clear that despite their determination there are many hindrances because the legal web of South Africa matches that of Britain. There is no constitutional bill of rights through which the individuals can obtain protection from the courts. The parliament is the supreme power and therefore it can easily over-rule any suggestion simply by introducing new laws.

South Africa poses a threat to other front line states in the South of Africa. This explosive situation in South Africa is gathering momentum day by day. The Pretoria regime has allowed its security forces to behave arbitrarily, thus resulting in daily violence. All that the black people want is to enjoy their country.

The minority regime attempts to cover its cruel facade by propaganda. Its 'new' reforms are supposed to bring about an egalitarian society. But these seem to be only vague and empty promises.

Since President Botha has come into office some reforms have been introduced such as the gradual progress of the all black trade union rights which recognize the perpetuality of the urban blacks. Other reforms include the growth of blacks' business rights, the abolition of restrictions on political acts and the mixed marriage act.

The United Nations demanded the unconditional release of imprisoned people. Special declarations were launched in the summit which included the restriction of transfer of technology to South Africa, trade sanctions against South Africa, restricting the sale or transport of oil to South Africa, snapping of airlinks, and termination of visas and tourist promotion to South Africa. Since the Pretoria minority has gained nuclear capability, the only alternative was to lay these sanctions against the Pretoria regime.

There can be no peace in South Africa as long as the majority of the population are deprived of their fundamental human rights and are excluded from the mainstream of their country's national life. The South African authorities cannot lay the foundation for a secure and stable future either for themselves or for their children on the backs of dead South African blacks. It is the duty of us all to battle against any obstacle lying in the path of freedom or human rights. It is an obligation for all mankind to lend the necessary help to these unfortunate people whose lives are scarred by repression and humiliation. Hence we cannot not and should let this go on.

MEERA JEROME
I B. A. Sociology

How Intelligent are Dolphins?

Behaviour includes all those processes by which an animal senses the external world and the internal state of its body, and responds to the changes which it perceives. Nearly all the behaviour we observe in animals is adaptation. They respond to appropriate stimuli in an effective manner and thereby feed themselves, find shelter, mate and rear families. There are two types of behaviour: one, instinctive which is "built-in", eg. the tendency of honeybees to fly towards flowers and seek nectar; and the other, acquired—that is the animal's ability to modify its behaviour in the light of experience, eg. the song of a male bird often requires the experience of singing and listening to other males before it takes on its final form.

In this regard, Dolphins, the descendants of land mammals that took to sea, have a large brain, learn quickly, exhibit a rich vocal repertory and are reputed to have a level of intelligence unmatched by any other animal, and perhaps even equal to man's. At present, the most one can say is that dolphins are gregarious herding animals, comparable in their individual and social behaviour to herding and flocking mammals on land.

The effort to accumulate data on the behaviour and social systems of dolphins is made difficult by the fact that most of their communication goes on below the waves. It is extremely difficult to approach a group of dolphins in a boat and to stay with them long enough to begin to understand their social system. Even in the rare circumstances when the water is calm and clear when the dolphins can be seen for more than a few minutes, the proximity of a boat may disturb them so that it becomes difficult to separate what is natural in their behaviour from what is unnatural. Much of the information on dolphins has been obtained only from observation of dolphins in captivity.

It has been found that in a group, there is definite dominance hierarchy. The one male adult, which is the largest animal in the group is more aggressive than any of the females, sub-adult males or young dolphins. The largest male threatens other dolphins by lunging at them or baring his teeth. The second-ranking dolphin, also a male, threatens the animals below him, and so on down the line. The function of this dominance may be to organise the members of the group to deal with a variety of situations. For example, threats and chases by the larger dolphins could cause the smaller females and young animals to be herded to the center of the group, where they would be better protected from such potential predators as sharks and killer whales. For such a system to evolve, it is helpful and perhaps necessary that the animals are related to each other. This makes them protective over other members of the group. Dolphins have also been seen to help an ailing member of the group reach the surface to breathe.

It has been seen that these highly social mammals travel in schools of about 25 individuals. The structure of a school varies during the day in a predictable manner. In the morning the dolphins move slowly and in tight groups, with individuals almost touching each other. They appear to be resting. It has been suggested that they may form close groups while resting so that they can employ the combined sensory abilities of all the individuals in the school, to scan the environment and to detect potential danger. Later they become increasingly active, swimming faster, with individuals leaping clear of the water in spins, somersaults and other displays. At such times the schools spread out, and different groups may join to form a large group with all animals moving in the same direction. As night approaches, the school moves several kilometres away from the shore, entering deeper waters and taking deep dives in order to feed on fish. Nocturnal feeding is also accompanied by much leaping. A leap is usually followed by a loud slap or splash as the dolphin enters the water. Such sounds travel fairly long distances underwater and may signify the presence of the leaper to others. At this

time the members of a group are quite widely spread and the leaping may serve to communicate location, and possibly information, such as the number of other dolphins nearby and what they are doing.

Habitats of dolphins are coastal-pelagic, meaning, that they can be seen and studied from the shore but they also move far from the shore, usually to feed. The habitat of these marine mammals is largely responsible for their way of life. In the fall, winter and spring, the bottlenose dolphins feed on schools of anchovies at about midday, in waters about 15—35 metres deep. They are separated and they dive a lot and mill around one area. However, in summer there are no anchovies, so dolphins feed mainly on large solitary fish living among the rocks near the shore. Here they spread out in a line where every dolphin is near the shore, and they poke into crevices for prey.

In order to be alert about the dangers from their environment, dolphins use echolocation which gives greater 'visibility' over a wider area than would be possible by eyesight. In echolocation, a dolphin projects high-frequency sounds in short pulses, like bats. The sound bounces off objects and the echoes give back information of the distance, size, shape and even texture of the object. Presumably, each dolphin in a closely organized school can hear the echolocation sounds made by other members of the group. Therefore, even though any given individual might not make any sounds, much information about the environment would be rapidly and efficiently transmitted to all. At Marineland in Florida, when dolphins were first brought in, they seemed to be able to detect and avoid nets even in murky waters.

Hearing is the most important sense of dolphins. They however have no outer ear. The middle ear is very small consisting of a tube leading into an extremely complex inner ear. The hearing of dolphins has been experimented with and it has been found that dolphins respond to certain sounds which have been used to communicate with them.

The first experiments to test the hearing of dolphins were conducted at Marineland in Florida in 1952. Winthrop N. Kellogg of Florida State University worked with a sound producing instrument in the oceanarium. He found that dolphins reacted by swimming faster to sounds up to 50,000 cycles per second. This is a much higher rate than the capacity of the human ear which can only detect about 20,000 cycles per second.

Sound signals were then used to train dolphins to do certain things. The husband and wife team of W. E. Schwill and Barbara Lawrence worked with a dolphin named Annie. They trained Annie to come to a feeding station for fish every time she heard a sound signal. Dolphins 'talk' as well and many of their sounds were recorded with a hydrophone. They included whistles, many forms of rasping and grating noises, barks, yaps, yelps and mewling sounds.

Also, the possibility that a dolphin echolocates, was first tested by the Schwills in a muddy pond. Their experimental animal was an old male dolphin. He quickly learned to come for food when given a signal. This was either a slap on the water or a hammer blow on an iron pipe. The water in the pond was very murky. Even on a bright day, the dolphin could not have been able to see more than a few feet and some of the tests were conducted on dark nights. Yet when given the signal, the dolphin could quickly locate fish which moved silently beneath the surface. His sonar sounds were a series of rapid clicks.

The need for better information about dolphins turns one's mind to better means of obtaining it. One possibility is to try to habituate dolphins to observers to such an extent that they will go about their daily activities as if the observers were not present. How might one follow a group of dolphins in the ocean? Jody Solow of the University of California at Santa Cruz recently learned to make a sound underwater that at times called individuals of a group of dolphins to her. Her achievement opens the possibility that an investigator could eventually recognise all the members of a group, learn social patterns and interactions and gain a better idea of their natural behaviour.

DEEPA B.
II B. Sc. Zoology

Prejudice

Leprosy is one of the ancient diseases known to mankind. No one knows the origin of Leprosy, which is as old as the world itself. Egyptian accounts tell of a disease resembling Leprosy as early as 4600 B. C. In our country, Leprosy has existed for many years even before the birth of Christ. Sushruta, the renowned Indian physician has described this illness in his "Sushruta Samhita" 600 years before the advent of Christ.

References are available in the Bible, Bhagavatha, Charek Samhita and Manusmrithi. Due to lack of knowledge about its cause and its effect, and lack of treatment in the past, the common attitude in our country towards Leprosy has been one of extreme fear. "Fear always springs from ignorance", says Emerson, The anxiety caused by the disease "Leprosy" is solely due to lack of knowledge.

Leprosy is a disease caused by "Mycobacterium Leprae" an acid fast bacillus, which has a slow onset after a long and variable incubation period. This disease is mainly characterised by lesions in the skin, superficial nerves, the upper respiratory mucosa, lymph glands and later on in the internal organs. When

the skin is more affected there will be much thickening of eyebrows, nose, ears and other parts especially of the face, which may give the patient the characteristic, "Leonine Expression". When the nerves are more affected, one or both hands are liable to become withered and claw like; also certain areas of skin may lose their normal pigment or become discoloured. Such areas are likely to be insensitive to the sensations of heat and cold. Even if leprosy be left entirely untreated, the disease, in the course of time, loses its virulence and its infectivity, and may leave the patient a physical wreck with loss of fingers and toes, disfigured and crippled, but not at this stage, infectious. Such a case is said to be "burnt out" and most of the lepers seen by the roadside are in this condition. The early case of leprosy and often also the dangerously infective case may be quite unrecognisable as such, by a non-medical person. The important point about leprosy is that it requires a skilled observer to recognise it in the early stages when it is most amenable to treatment.

There are several misconceptions and prejudices against this disease. Some people still believe that leprosy is caused by immoral behaviour, while some others feel it is due to impure blood flowing through the body. Certain spiritualists believe it is caused by one's past sins. Many educated people think that leprosy can be contracted by mere touch. We see many people fleeing from lepers out of fear of getting the disease through accidental contact. Leprosy carries an aura of the supernatural as though its victims are outcasts of the human race.

During our project work at the Leprosy Institute, we got to meet many patients and we were surprised to know from them that they are completely isolated in their homes and that they are not allowed to talk or even to see their closest relations.

When a case of leprosy is discovered among school children in the course of a medical check - up, the school authorities think it best to isolate the infected child. They do not stop to think how much it depresses the young child and later how it ruins his ambitions, his career and his life. What is the reason for this? Ignorance. "Ignorance is bold and knowledge, reserved," said Thucydides. This is what happens to the authorities. The knowledge gained does not prove useful when it comes to helping out a child suffering from leprosy, but what comes through instead is fear, fear of society.

Leprosy is always associated with deformity and many think leprosy can be diagnosed only after deformity. This is wrong. Remember it starts as a tiny patch where sensitivity is lost.

Many of the young people who have been cured of leprosy remain frustrated because they do not find partners. Why is it so? The elders, the experienced ones are conditioned to believe that leprosy is a hereditary disease. But it is not so.

We met many leprosy patients and heard their sad stories. The story of a girl by name Latha touched us very much. Latha was a young educated girl whose dreams became a reality when she married an educated good looking man, Arvind. They lived a happy life until the doctors found that Latha was suffering from leprosy. The marriage was broken and Latha was driven out of the house when she was three months pregnant. Latha got herself admitted in the Leprosy Institute. Months later she became the mother of a boy baby. The hospital authorities informed Arvind that he had become a father but the news made no difference to him. Latha remained in the hospital like an orphan; none came to see her, none came to share her joys and sorrows. Later, her deformed hands were operated on and she was completely cured. But life looked very bleak for Latha. "How will I survive? How will I feed and educate my son? Where will I live?" These questions kept recurring in her mind. The last resort for shelter was her sister's house. To her surprise her sister accepted her and Latha thought that fate was after all, not very cruel. But what hurt her in the days to come, was her sister's behaviour. In spite of assuring her sister that she was completely cured, she was given an isolated room and she was not even permitted to have her meals with the rest of the family. She bore this torture for some months until her baby was 7 months old. The doctors not only gave her money to buy baby food but also instilled courage in her to face the world. With their help she secured a job and now she earns more than she expected. Meanwhile she heard that her husband Arvind was married again. But that did not shatter her now.

Dr. Paul Brand of the Christian Medical College Hospital, Vellore, worked with leprosy patients whose hands were wasted and useless, whose fingers gnarled and twisted. He found there were good muscles which would never be affected; he also found that the tissues were not "bad", that they were subject to the same laws of healing as normal flesh. The clawing of the hands he came to understand, was caused by the paralysis of the intrinsic muscles of the hand which is controlled by the ulnar nerve. In the absence of the intrinsics the long flexor muscles in the fore arm take over and this makes the fingers fold inward and curl towards the palm.

Dr. Paul Brand did a simple tendon transplant in a patient and a claw turned once more into a human hand. Therapy was later done and the long unused joints were reconditioned and the patients were able to use their hands. Such operations are still done.

If we, the community, persist in treating these poor victims as social outcasts and insist on ostracizing them or just turn away from them in disgust, our attitude will undoubtedly have a detrimental effect on the emotional as well as physical welfare of these people. Dr. Paul Brand expressed it himself, that the most precious possession any human being has is his spirit, his will to live, his sense of dignity, his personality. Once that is lost, the opportunity for rehabilitation is lost. For medical investigators have demonstrated that emotional stress

triggers off a chain of events involving the brain and the endocrine system. Overstimulation of these systems will have physical effects leading to other diseases in addition to leprosy.

According to Dr. James Henry, Professor of Physiology, passive emotions like grief and despair register in the hippocampus, the part of the brain that activates the body's pituitary - adreno cortical network. For the regulation of metabolism, hormones like cortisol are secreted in excessive quantities from the cortex of the adrenal glands (outer portion). Defence against infections and tumours diminish and the immune mechanism is thrown out of order when this occurs too often.

Aggressive emotions like anger, impatience or a sense of threat from one's family, affect the inner portion of the medulla which releases chemicals known as Catecholamines. Prolonged or repeated activation may lead to migraine, hypertension, even coronary heart disease and strokes. These diseases may be seen commonly among patients, together with leprosy ; and it is we who are responsible for this.

The foundation of good health lies in love, laughter and faith in one's self. Who is to give them this? The responsibility is ours. If we could change our attitude and get rid of our aversion towards these patients, we obviously could make this world of ours a better place to live in.

Don't "TELL" the world what you can do—SHOW it. Knowledge is useless until organised and expressed in terms of action.

SUSAN IYPE
RADHIKA MENON
III B.Sc. (Zoology)

The Untouchable

He was hungry. The sun beat on his wrinkled back as he lounged on the pavement. Matted hair, bloodshot eyes, a ragged piece of loin cloth, gave the overall appearance of the beggar. Dragging himself into the shade, he muttered obscenities, scratched his armpit and yawned. It was a lazy afternoon filled only with the humming of flies around his head. He stared drunkenly at the road, cursing his fate for not having earned his daily bread. He squashed a tick with his dirt-filled nails, wondering when he would have his next square meal. His head lolled to one side, and giving a grunt of temporary satisfaction, he fell asleep.

Laughter rang in his ears and he woke up startled, slapped off some of the flies, spat out the remnants of his betel and wiped his mouth. He lurched heavily and shuffled to where the noise came from. After all, like any one else, he too wanted company, a little understanding and love. The moment they saw the beggar shuffling towards them, the boys gleefully aimed stones at him chanting incantations. They fled as soon as he raised his arm in defence. But he did present a gruesome picture. Wearily, he relieved his needs on the sidewalk, squatted down and rattled his tin can. Various feet passed him, some cried aloud over his shoulder, "Move, you dithering idiot!" The abuses tumbled upon his head, but he languidly brushed them aside. This was he, the unloved, forgotten, misunderstood untouchable, with only a glum future ahead, and a miserable present.

I saw him immediately. Something about him, marked him as being different from other beggars. As soon as I stopped before him, his tin clanked with the alms he had collected, and his soft cry surprised me. I turned to face him, only to see tears. They ran down his face like a leaking tap refusing to stop. He looked at me, and I was startled when he bowed his head and wept.

He had won my heart and in this way I met him nearly every day for a year or so. His ability to communicate fluently in Tamil intrigued me even more and I sat there, much to the astonishment of a few and the disdain of most, and talked to him. When I offered him money, he pounced on it greedily, for the simple satisfaction of feeling the currency note in his hand. Finally I persuaded him to join one of the "Homes for the Aged"; and informed him of the various benefits he would receive. He agreed (very hesitantly) to be picked up the next day and I subsequently made arrangements for him to be collected.

The next morning, I briskly walked to bid him goodbye before he left. As I approached, I could see him curled in his usual manner, covered with tattered rags. The policeman kicked him, but since he hadn't moved, he ruthlessly shoved him aside and then growled, "Good riddance to bad rubbish. "Have to inform the municipality before his corpse starts stinking." He threw me a glance and walked on muttering, "What a way to start the day!" I stared at the bedraggled heap, dumbfounded. His weary face had a hint of a smile still pasted on it, saying "Goodbye my friend" True, he had got his freedom earlier than expected. I walked on with pity surging within me - goodbye, goodbye, goodbye...

SHYAMALA SUBRAMANIAM
I B. A. Economics.

Sri Lanka—Paradise Lost?

I remember the many enjoyable summers I spent in that beautiful island called Sri Lanka. Sri Lanka with its sunny beaches, green hill-stations, magnificent Buddhist temples and enchanting caves, is a veritable delight for the tourist. But today, all I can do is look back with nostalgia. For, revisiting the island would be like walking into one's own death trap—literally speaking. Its people are fighting for a noble cause (as they put it) and they are seeking liberation by demanding an autonomous state with a Tamil majority. Ironically enough, it appears as though nobody will be left alive to enjoy a separate state, granted that the Sri Lankan government does give in to the demands of the 'TIGERS'. Without a shadow of doubt, this little island in the Indian Ocean is no more the paradise it once was, and to call it a 'hell on earth' would be an understatement.

Everyday, hundreds of refugees pour into India. The other day, I met a lady who had fled from the island where she had spent all her life. As she narrated her story, with pain evident in her eyes, I could picture her beautiful home brought to ashes. "They killed my 10-year old son," she said, the tears welling up in her eyes. My throat constricted, and I felt a surge of anger. Until now, I had read only newspaper reports, and even they had ceased to matter any more. But to hear a first-hand account was something different. For the first time, I could understand the untold misery that the people were suffering. But what was I, on my own, to do? Would it suffice, I thought, to feel sorry and then push the problem to some remote corner of my memory?

And then I heard about the peace march that the United Nations had organised, with all nations agreeing to maintain peace for a day! And the killing resumed with redoubled force the very next day.

When reality stares us in the face, it is the manner in which we respond that matters most. We need to do something more than organize peace marches. They are all very well in their way but what happens after that?

ANJANA DAS
III Year Economics

The True Colour of Nature

(Contemporary use of Vegetable Dyes)

HISTORY

In India, the origins of vegetable dyeing date back to the Vedas that prescribe specific colours for each caste for the Upanayanam ceremony. A fragment of madder dyed cotton woven in a coarse plain weave indicated that the process of dyeing existed as far back as 1500B.C. Later, verbal sources like Panini, mention several dyes other than madder: nila or indigo, lohitaka or madder, laksha or lac and kalaka or black. This palette of manjishtha or madder red, indigo, myrobalam ochre and iron-black were the basic colours that have continued through time.

Painted designs have been in vogue certainly since the first century B.C. as seen in the paintings at Ajanta, Bagh and Kanchipuram. This early mastery of the dyeing and printing techniques, both by blocks and hand-painting, led to India's domination of the international textile trade throughout the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The innovation of mordant printing, dyeing and the resist-dye process with wax was entirely Indian. Islam introduced more variety in the designs and a delicate palette: old rose, pistachio green, ripened mangoes, burnished copper and the mauve of the iris.

Indian textiles, especially muslin, described variously as woven winds by the Roman emperors, or shabnam the morning dew, by the Mughals, were known by the Greeks and Romans as early as the first century A.D. But our textiles reached the peak of their popularity when the British entered the scene, chasing the better bargain. They soon had numerous factors or agents stationed in various Indian weaving or printing centres. These agents would often give the local craftsmen designs and suggestions from their market overseas. These designs were then modified, taking into account the traditional patterns of the Indian printer.

Having reached its prime, Indian textiles declined in the middle of the nineteenth century with the advent of chemical dyes. The indigo riots of 1866 and the discovery of synthetic indigo by Bayer in 1898 brought down Indian exports in indigo from three million pounds at the early half of the century to some hundred thousand pounds. By 1940 this had further reduced to a mere thousand pounds. This fall saw a corresponding reduction in indigo cultivation which is now confined to a few hundred acres in Cudappah in Andhra Pradesh.

Chemical dyes gained an easy ascendancy over other dyes because of several advantages over natural dyes. They were, for one, cheaper and freely available in the market, much simpler to use and also labour saving. Above all there was a wider range of colours that were fast and didn't fade with light and constant washing.

The industrial revolution of nineteenth century Europe brought in mass production, high capital investment and sophisticated technology. India, then under British rule, provided an ideal market for these cheaper, mass produced goods, and textiles in particular. Further, the great famines of the mid and late nineteenth century wiped out entire villages of weavers and other craftsmen. The loss of royal patronage and the jealous guarding of trade secrets by the craftsmen themselves were among other reasons. All this combined towards the gradual decline of traditional Indian crafts. Products whose quality and artistry were once the wonder of all Arabia, southeast Asia and Europe are now confined mainly to Machlipatnam and Kalahasti on the Coromandel coast, with a few pockets surviving in Rajasthan, Gujarat and Madhya Pradesh.

DYEING

The basic materials for dyeing with natural colours are the dyestuffs, a good supply of water and the containers for dyeing, generally made of copper. The dyes react to the copper and create brighter tints.

The use of mordants further heightens and deepens the effect of colours. Mordants are mineral salts, which, when dissolved in water penetrate the fibre completely. When the fibre enters the dye bath, the mordant reacts to the dye and forms a colourfast 'lake'. Indigo however, requires a more complicated process. The leaves of the indigo plant, owri or neeli, are first fermented and made into cakes. These are further treated in vats using chunam, casia tora seeds and pappad khar to obtain a deep rich blue.

The method of dyeing for almost all colours is the same except for indigo. Various barks and roots are gathered, dried, powdered and stored. It is better to use fresh fruits and flowers, otherwise the colours tend to be dull. The cloth is washed thoroughly and soaked in alum for one or two days. Then the required amount of dye is boiled and added to a copper cauldron, along with hot water maintained at a temperature of eighty to eighty five degrees celcius. The mordanted cloth is then lightly rinsed and dipped into the dye bath. Normally the time taken is forty five minutes. The dyed cloth is then rinsed well and either printed, or soaped and kept plain.

Such mordant mixed dyes compare well with most chemical ones in being colour fast. Even if they do fade, it is so gradual and uniform that they continue to reflect a quiet charm of their own. With a little care in washing, the brightness of these colours can be made to last longer.

PRINTING

There are two methods of printing with these dyes on cloth. The traditional method is to print mordants on washed, unstarched cloth. The cloth is then dried in bright sunlight for four to five days, rinsed and finally dyed. The areas treated

with the mordants absorb the dye. Varying shades can be obtained by using different strengths of mordant. Finally, the cloth is washed and soaped.

The other method of printing is to make pastes of the dyes by mixing them with gum Arabic or tamarind seed powder, to which the mordant is added. This mixture is filtered through thin muslin to remove the grains. The smooth paste is printed on cloth, which is then dried, wrapped in paper, steamed, rinsed and soaped,

With either method the process takes about six to seven days, making it time consuming and labour intensive. They are ideal for handblock printing or for painting directly on cloth like kalamkari as it is known today.

Literally translated, the word kalamkari means pen work. Since the craftsmen only used natural dyes for hand painting the designs, the term has now become synonymous with vegetable dyes. Therefore all natural dyed or printed fabrics are called kalamkari even though they are block printed and very rarely hand painted, except perhaps for certain pieces from Machlipatnam and Kalahasti.

The past few years of my constant experimentation has resulted in a wider range of colours, both on silk and cotton. Blues, greens, purples, pinks, mauves and greys, are possible both in dyeing and printing silks. The use of silk in printing does not have as old a tradition in India as cotton. However, I have found that silk is the best possible medium, second only to wool, as far as colour ranges are concerned. Cottons follow closely but the colours tend to be more sober—blacks, reds, browns, yellows, soft olives, beiges and deep indigo blue.

Wool, with its excellent affinity for natural dyes, can be commercially viable for products like hand-knotted carpets and woven durries. Silks, and cottons for household linen also offer a good potential, particularly in the metropolitan cities. Quilts are yet another possibility and saris will always be popular and provide a steady market.

The Future of Vegetable Dyes :

Considering the time, labour and other obvious advantages synthetic dyes have, is there a future for dyeing and printing in natural colours? Should one consign it to the museum as another example of this country's glorious tradition, or make it a part of our lives as it had been in the past? And with the whole world, as it were, going in for chemical dyes, why did I choose to work with such an outdated and inconvenient medium ?

Just as the bullock cart has continued to survive in this age of high-speed transport, I truly believe that natural dyes too have a place not simply as a collector's item for the the well-to-do, but as a financially viable proposition.

Many factors influenced me, apart from my interest in reviving a traditional craft. One was the subtlety of the colour schemes and their harmonious blend, others were the element of chance, and the tremendous scope for improvisation. The fact of working closely with nature, of understanding the myriad uses of the many common herbs and plants, discovering new plants and their use, some grown in my own backyard, had its own attraction. Again, this industry is also totally non-polluting as opposed to the synthetic dyes. In this age of environmental awareness this is an important factor. These dyes also have medicinal properties, and are harmless for the craftsmen to use. Many of the herbs like manjishtha, sayaver and catechu are found in desi dawakhana, local medicine shops, in ample quantities and are particularly effective for stomach ailments. I, personally, have found myrobalam an excellent stomach cleanser even for new-born babies.

Advantages :

For the country as a whole, this craft offers another employment opportunity. India, with its numerous problems, a vast population, rampant unemployment, poverty and scarce capital resources, needs more such small-scale, rural-based cottage industries. The craft of natural dyeing would provide opportunities for self-employment or even serve as a secondary source of income. Neither does it call for high capital investment nor sophisticated technology. On the contrary, the necessary materials—barks, roots, alum, cheap labour—are all easily available, overcoming the problem of basic inputs. Since a good source of clean water is essential, rural areas with their springs and rivers are perfect locations. Labour costs in such small-scale operations are cheaper than the organised sector and its survival poses no threat to the existing printing or dyeing units.

The clothing needs of our country are large enough to support large-scale and such small-scale industries and both can co-exist harmoniously. Essentially non-polluting by nature, these dyes do not require great care in handling, unlike their synthetic counterparts. This makes them well-suited to the cottage industry, where providing protection against pollution would prove too expensive.

There is a revival of interest in the use of natural dyes all over the world. In Japan, especially in Kyoto, meticulous research has been done on herbs, the shades obtained and colour fastness according to washing and light. The Japanese are mainly interested in the dyeing of silk yarn and cloth and not in printing. In France, groups of people work together as in a cottage industry, using mainly wool. In the USA too, the stress is on woollen fibres as they are more suitable in colder climates. In South America, particularly in Ecuador and Peru, there has been a revival of the pre-spanish dyeing craft using llama wool and the dye from cochineal, an insect similar to the Indian lac.

During the four years I have spent working with natural dyes, I have found tremendous satisfaction in discovering their immense potential, the myriad shades and effects possible in designing, dyeing and printing, and in finding and maintaining a market for the products. But I would like a greater interaction between the practitioners of this craft. An exchange of ideas and problems can lead to further improvement in design; colour ranges and techniques and fresh ideas for mutual cooperation in production and marketing may emerge.

Mrs. SHEILA BALAJI

Mrs. Sheila Balaji (nee Srinivasan) is an old student of Stella Maris College. She graduated in 1972 (M.A. Fine Arts). She registered herself for a doctoral programme in 1977 and passed her Methodology Examination. Her research in natural dyes led to the establishment of a small studio "Soundarya", where she produces finely dyed and printed fabrics using natural dyes.

The Mirror Face of Art

"All great art is revolutionary because it touches upon the reality of man and questions the reality of the various transitory forms of human society."

—Erich Fromm

A work of art is the artist's response to life, growing out of his experiences with people, places, events, objects and ideas. These works mirror the ideals and values of the society with which they co-exist, or sometimes, take on a rebellious stance, when that society is caught up in transient and material thoughts or pursuits, and veers away from basic reality.

With the ancient Greeks, art was a collective expression, the product of a society as a whole coming into being and achieving sophistication with the birth and growth of its culture. The Greek philosophers and thinkers proclaimed the strength and power of man, the intellectual being, saying 'Man is the measure of all things'. Thus the idea of man as a thinking animal made in the image of God, was reflected in classical art. Statues of men are remote and awesome in their beauty—the product of a society brimming with self-admiration.

The concept changed in the Early Christian, Byzantine and Gothic periods, when God was put firmly on a pedestal, and man became a mere instrument of His plan, totally at His mercy. The luminous stained glass windows and richly sculptured portals of the cathedrals were expressions of spiritual exaltation and religious fervour, and art became a hand-maid to religion.

In the Renaissance period, the importance of the individual was realised and artists developed personal styles. Gradually, the interest shifted from the 'What' or the subject matter, to the 'How' or the technique. The artists became involved in a scientific approach resulting in linear perspective and experiments in creating spatial illusions and light effects. Great Masters like Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci had distinct personal styles that are still appreciated as pure Art. Michael Angelo was famous for his classic, muscular and robust figures, both in marble and fresco, while Leonardo da Vinci was known for his soft sfumato technique, and light and shade (Chiarascuro) effects.

Yet, this art was not the work of truly free artists. Though they had individual styles and techniques, the subject matter was limited by the needs of their patrons—Royalty and the Church. The works were limited to portraits of Royalty, the nobles and the clergy, along with paintings commissioned by the Churches where the subject matter was strictly religious.

It is only in modern times (from mid-nineteenth century) that the artist became truly free from the fetters of patronage, and his personal expression had a free rein. Art veered from the less aesthetic view-point of its patrons. Artists drew their inspiration from the life around them as well as from universal meaning.

The realists and naturalists avoided pretentious attitudes and represented the world as it appeared to the layman. Their works had an earthy quality and a sense of immediacy; the tides of life with its crests and troughs formed the subject matter.

In the late nineteenth century, artists like Van Gogh went a step further to represent highly-charged personal expressions, giving rise to the beginning of subjective, introspective and often impetuous art. At that time the immediate world around them, pulsating with life, was the reality. Later, the rapid advances in science affected and intrigued the artists. The artist, being the seismograph of his times, depicted the violence and motion of his age and its effect on human mentality. The Futurists works were charged with dynamic movement and tension.

During World War I, the artist began to raise questions about the mindless violence and pointless quest for power and wealth. As an antidote, he turned towards the emotional and sub-conscious side of creativity by shunning the bitter and ugly reality—an unconscious plea to people to raise themselves from the low level of petty squabbles to a higher plane of awareness, and an appreciation of reality that is pure and constant. Thus emerged the Dadaist and Surrealistic movements, where the forms and figures become metaphysical.

Today the emphasis on individual expression has dispensed with any group or cult art. The seemingly imminent nuclear war is a major preoccupation with the artists.

Thus artists down the ages, have been perceptual windows offering a glimpse of the life and reality of their times, and every time an artist dies, part of the vision of mankind passes with him.

MALATHY EASWARAN
IIIrd Year (Fine Arts)

The Agony

It was the noise in the gutters that pervaded my thoughts. It was a strange sound, like that of some animal in pain. I hesitated, then peeped in, only to be assailed by the strong odour that emanated from it. Then I saw the slouched figure of a man groaning and uttering inaudible words. With great effort I pulled him out into the street light. Much to my astonishment I saw that he was hardly sixteen or seventeen and "high" on drugs. This was enough to open the floodgates of my memory to those days of agony and nightmare, but I hastily turned my attention to the partially conscious being in my arms. Instinctively, despite his semi-consciousness he turned away from me, as though anticipating only condemnation in my eyes.

That night was restless, and memories that I held at bay, flashed before me like pictures—those tortuous days of screams and deaths that revolved around me.

My parents were 'status' conscious. I was the eldest of their three sons. Like any other teenager, I abhorred the restrictions that cramped me. My only 'communication' with my father concerned studies. My mother spent her energies on organizing charity funds. They were not even remotely aware that I needed 'attention' very badly. We did not see eye to eye on many things. My priorities were dismissed by them. During High School, I had met my so-called friends. Now I realize, I was their 'financial' friend. We used to indulge in all kinds of reckless activities: movies, parties and games. It was at one of these parties that I gave in to my friends' persuasion to 'experience' a joint.

Trouble began when my parents objected to the parties I was going to. My only thought at that point was to rebel, not to conform to their rules, to show my 'independence'. I went for more of these parties, stayed out most nights, and gradually my consumption of drugs became a habit. Habit became a necessity. Soon it was a source that gave me instant 'release' from my sorrows. The rest of the incidents that I remember were intensely volatile scenes—daily quarrels at home, my parents remonstrating against my state. But they never did anything. They feared the gossip, which had already begun.

I remember vividly the day I left home, hardly able to walk, my mother's jewellery in my trembling hands. After we had purchased our 'junk' my friends had begun to quarrel over the distribution. It finally broke into a brawl, all of them struggling to snatch away the small 'packet' from my hands. Suddenly we could hear the 'siren' and the last thing I recall was being pushed down violently.

I woke up only to find myself in the hospital, but I was oblivious of my surroundings. I desperately needed my usual 'dose'; the pressure was building up within me and I ultimately let it out. The rest was still vague to me but with similar cases in the hospital I realized what I had obviously gone through.

I remember meeting my parents and also my rejection of their offer of reconciliation. I still nursed the urge to hurt them. One day a new 'case' was brought in beside me, and I could hardly believe my eyes. This badly injured man, would suddenly revive into an animal state and all the staff would rush to protect him from himself. I realized that the injuries on him were self-inflicted. His next seizure was too sudden, not allowing the hospital staff to protect him from death. Seeing a man die a dog's death was the turning point, A seed of hope was ingrained in me. Seeing an actual death brought home the gravity of my antics, and, I did not want the same situation to occur to me. From then on I became a willing collaborator with the doctor. I became reconciled with my parents, who were now more understanding, loving and patient, willing to give me a second chance, and this time, there was 'actual' communication between us, which I had so badly needed. I realized that my parents had found it incredible that their son had turned an addict and were ashamed of it, but now I was able to see them with new eyes and knew that they had realized their mistake and were trying to make-up. I felt their love and this bond overcame every obstacle that came along. Step by step, I rose to be a new man. With my strong will I was capable of rejecting the temptation of taking drugs.

Now I see the interminable agonies around me and see more young lives held captive by this evil. But life goes on. It is upto each individual to claim the second chance that is being granted to them. For revival. For the blessing of life is too beautiful to indulge in self-induced death.

MEERA JEROME
I B.A. Sociology

Will SAARC achieve its objectives?

It was Horace, in one of his inimitable odes, who declared,
".....The ups and downs of pacts and leagues,
Are wounds as yet unhealed by time.
Such are the themes you treat, who dare,
(A risk which many a heart dismays),
To stir hot ashes which may flare,
At any moment to a blaze."

The sentiments quoted above definitely hold water even when the question of dealing with modern pacts and leagues arises. Nevertheless, Horace himself, who warns those treading on such sensitive issues to beware, if he happened to live today, would be the first one to take up his pen (or was it quill?) and deal with the question of SAARC. This relatively new organization is a fascinating subject of study, more so because of the prospects of hope it holds out for South Asia as a whole. After ASEAN (Association of South East Asian Nations), the South Asian Association for Regional Co-operation is the first attempt at an organized, co-operative effort to solve developmental problems by South Asian countries at large. There is of course, an element of doubt about whether SAARC really will be successful in achieving its stated objectives. This cannot be dismissed in a light fashion as an unnecessarily sceptical approach. To understand and to arrive at a decision about the effectiveness of SAARC in achieving its goals, one must examine the main factors which motivated the formation of SAARC; and while checking whether its objectives are feasible, one must analyse the political relationship between the member nations.

SAARC started off as plain SARC (South Asian Regional Co-operation) at the Foreign Ministerial conference at New Delhi in May 1983. This conference took a historic step in adopting the Declaration on SARC and launching an International Programme of Action covering diverse fields. At the second meeting of foreign ministers at Male in the Maldives in July 1984, the importance of placing increased emphasis on operational activities and formulating specific projects was stressed. However, it was only in the third meeting at Thimpu (Bhutan) in May 1985 that a decision was made to institutionalize SARC. The meeting inter-alia decided to set up a Council of Foreign Ministers which was to meet at least once a year and consider at an appropriate time the setting up of a secretariat. It was here that SARC was rechristened as SAARC. The first summit level meet of SAARC was held in Dacca (Bangladesh) in December 1985. While Lt. General Eshad presided, the formal objectives of SAARC were enshrined in its charter as follows: "To accelerate scientific growth, social progress and cultural development in the region, to promote and strengthen collective self-reliance among the countries of South Asia, to promote active collaboration and mutual assistance in the economic, social, cultural, technical and scientific

fields." The Dacca Summit added three more fields of co-operation to the existing nine and the current list contains 12 items in all. They are, agriculture, health and population activities, meteorology, postal services, rural development, science and technology, sports and culture, telecommunications, transport, terrorism, drug trafficking and abuse, women and development.

The second summit at Bangalore in November 1986 saw Mr. Rajiv Gandhi taking over the chairmanship of SAARC. While the organisation has grown to this stature and its goals have been clearly defined, its effectiveness is still held in doubt because of certain peculiar features enshrined in its charter.

In the first place, SAARC decisions are taken on the basis of unanimity and the opposition of any one member is sufficient to kill a proposal. Secondly, the SAARC charter excludes bilateral and contentious issues from its deliberations. Considering the small membership (consisting only of India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, Bhutan, Nepal and Maldives) of SAARC, the first condition is meant to safeguard the interest of even weak members. This is all right, provided each nation is objective in its approach to issues. The second clause relating to bilateralism is of course designed to help the members to achieve a state of objectivity and this is where the snag lies. As 'The Hindu' pointed out, "It would be naive to suppose that the discussions of the seven could be isolated from their wrangles". India's relationship both with Pakistan and Sri Lanka are far from cordial. Pakistan's nuclear activities and the help offered by it to terrorists from Punjab have deteriorated the situation even further. Even at the Bangalore Summit, the Prime Minister of Pakistan violated the code of not referring to bilateral issues and it was only the Indian Premier's diplomatic behaviour which averted an unpleasant debate. This is an indication that codes put down on paper are not necessarily viable in practice. Besides, Pakistan has displayed a marked reluctance to increase the number of items for cooperation in trade. Also, although terrorism has been included as an area of co-operation, the countries are yet to arrive at a consensus on a definition of terrorism. While the Sri Lankan President, Mr. J. R. Jayawardhene wanted Tamil militants to be handed over to him, since they were terrorists from his point of view, India regarded them as refugees and hence there is a stalemate over this issue. Similar problems arose when Sikh terrorists were discussed by India and Pakistan. It is clear that as long as such differences of opinion persist, no co-operation is possible over such issues at least. Political and ideological frictions, which are further worsened by the interference of the superpowers (especially the interference of the United States in Pakistan) are proving to be and will continue to be the main obstacles in the path of co-operative effort, unless the clause on bilateralism is strictly observed.

On the face of it, things look pretty bleak. However, there is a brighter side to the picture. Co-operation in other, less sensitive areas like cultural fields and sports can lead to the improvement of relations between member nations. This in

turn can lead to an agreement on more important issues. Recently, Mr. N. D. Tiwari, the Indian External Affairs Minister, informed the Lok Sabha that the Standing Council of Ministers would do their level best to arrive at a consensus on a definition of terrorism before May 1987, when the next meeting is scheduled to be held in Delhi. This is at least a positive indication that an attempt is being made to level out differences. Mr. Tiwari pointed out that on international economic issues, SAARC members had evolved a common position. He listed the steps being taken in various areas of co-operation like the setting up of a regional meteorological centre in Delhi and an agricultural information centre in Bangladesh. He said the progress on proposals for various institutions including an institute of transport technology and training, a regional centre for postal research and development, a software centre for telecommunications and a tuberculosis centre would be reported to the next summit to be held in Kathmandu. Also it is heartening to note that Bhutan, Nepal, Bangladesh and Maldives are one with India in wanting to expand the scope of SAARC. All said and done, SAARC is growing, slowly but steadily, in spite of obvious handicaps. It is still in its infancy, and so far, has at least progressed to a point which has opened up new avenues for development. As Mr. K. K. Katyal observed in a recent article, "the very fact that the second summit was being held within a year of the first was highly encouraging. Such positive trends, it goes without saying, need to be built upon". Therein lies the key to the success of SAARC, namely, the manner in which it is built upon in the next few years. There is every reason to believe that sincere efforts will be made towards developing this positive trend and such efforts will definitely enable SAARC to achieve at least the majority of its goals. Meanwhile, let us not hasten to ring the death knell to its effectiveness. Before doing so, let us pause to recall the prophecy of Pandit Nehru: "The world in spite of its rivalries and hatreds and inner conflicts moves inevitably towards closer co-operation and the building up of a world commonwealth". What Nehru envisaged for the whole world can definitely be achieved in a smaller region like South Asia. In fact, it is organizations like SAARC which represent the few faltering steps of our crumbling civilization towards achieving stability, and one cannot believe in the survival of the human race if one believes that such an organization could possibly fail !

N. USHA
II B. Sc., (Maths)

How Non-Aligned is the Non-Aligned Movement ?

Origin : The Non-Aligned Movement recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. In 1961, the N.A.M. was started by Nehru of India, Tito of Yugoslavia, Sukarno of Indonesia, Nkrumah of Ghana, Nasser of Egypt, Dorticos of Cuba and somewhat ironically, Sam Nujama of SWAPO representing Namibia, which still remains a colony of Pretoria. This 1961 Summit was held in Belgrade, and it was decided to create an independent path in world politics, one which would not result in their becoming pawns in the struggle between the super-powers.

Objective : The main objective of the N.A.M. was to achieve World Peace through economic equality, i.e. by removing the disparities between rich and poor nations. It called for equality political and economic, and for an end to racial discrimination; it held the use of force as an inadmissible instrument of national policy and urged peaceful co-existence; it called for disarmament.

Development 1961-86 : Each of the eight summits have done pioneering work for the movement. The Belgrade summit sought to maintain peace in the period of the Cold War and appealed for disarmament. The Cairo Conference laid emphasis on the economic objectives. At Lusaka, the accent was on the ending of racialism and the liberation of the remaining areas under colonial domination in Africa (which has perhaps the largest number of Non-Aligned countries). At Algiers, the emphasis of non-alignment shifted from political to economic issues and it was here that the concept of the New International Economic Order emerged. At Colombo, the emphasis was on Cultural Independence which led to the genesis of the New Information Order. At Havana, Cuba, the most important achievement was to set at rest widely disseminated apprehensions in the Western Press, that non-alignment was going left and might even split. While the 1983 Summit at New Delhi called for immediate measures by the International community to bring about a new economic order, the predominant focus at the Harare Summit (1986) has been on the front-line states of South Africa—both conferences called for severe sanctions against South Africa, in order to end the racist regime.

Unfortunately, few of these admirable principles have been implemented and fewer objectives achieved. Several non-aligned countries have been guilty of not even trying to live up to these principles. Particularly striking are the contrasts within the NAM—the affluence and the poverty, discriminations based on religion, caste and tribe. Some non-aligned countries spend a disproportionate amount of their resources on arms, yet others use these against fellow non-aligned countries. All these factors reduce people's faith in the movement.

**Critical
Assessment :**

The NAM, in a span of 25 years, has expanded to a hundred-and-one nation movement. The NAM in itself is a microcosm of humanity—almost all ethnic groups are represented in the 101-nation movement, comprising two thirds of humanity. The NAM, as a world organisation is slowly becoming a major International force. It is no longer a term of abuse, as it was in the United States and some other western countries, while the socialist countries wish to press home the idea that they are natural allies of the movement. The NAM has, regrettably, been used as a battle ground in the power struggle between the Super Powers. It is now facing the threat of being manipulated and victimised and this indeed should be a dire warning. The fiery speech made by Col. Gaddafi of Libya at the recently concluded Harare summit, vociferously criticising the United States and its President is a case in point. The multi-million dollar aid sanctioned by the United States to the Contra Rebels of Nicaragua, and its recent admission of supplying arms secretly to Iran in the Iran-Iraq war, are blatant violations of the essential policy of the NAM. The permanently stationed Soviet troops in Afganistan is another point to illustrate the aligned nature of non-aligned countries.

The NAM therefore faces a serious threat to its very existence. With its rapid expansion, there has been a weakening of original concepts and lack of coherence in its proclamations. Some observers believe that as the movement's main objective of safeguarding the integrity of newly independent states freed from colonialism has been achieved, its main principles could be enshrined and the movement given a decent burial. They believe it to be an expensive and futile venture, duplicating the work done by the United Nations and its various agencies. It has no relevance in the context of unresolved tasks of dismantling the racist structure of South Africa which is beyond reformation.

Conclusion :

To sum up, Non-Alignment is not without its achievements nor has it outlived its purposes. Non-Alignment and the Non-Aligned Movement are neither abysmal failures nor sensational successes. The indisputable fact is that it continues as the custodian of freedom and human dignity.

MAITHREYI PARTHASARATHY
III B.Sc. Maths

In a Lighter Vein

Lorry Loads of English

The most widely spoken language used by a great part of the world's population is English of course, which obviously means that the language is used, or rather misused in the countries partitioning it, and the greatest misuser in our country is the LORRY.

Surprising, yes; but true. Take a look outside city limits and you will see what I'm talking about.

Once, on doing so, quite unintentionally, I noticed a lorry that bore the words 'SOUND HAREN'. Now I did not know who Mr. Haren was, neither did I know what the lorry fellow wanted me to sound him about. Unprepared for such an assault on my linguistic sensibility, but intrigued nevertheless, I tailed him till he decided to speed away in another direction.

Minutes later, a lorry swept past, at what seemed to me, a futuristic pace of around 100 Km/hr. With a little difficulty I managed to decipher the statement. 'I LIKE YOU BUT NOT YOUR SPEED' on its rear. That was ironical, considering the fact that it was he who was whizzing past like a hurricane, and not me.

The next lorry I came across bore the legend 'DEESELL' which was quite obvious from the horrible substance it emitted and which turned the windshield into a smoke screen.

For the next half-hour, as different lorries sped by, I scanned them for more of this highway philosophy.

'FARGO' said one probably referring to the distance he had to travel. I silently prayed he would go far because his cargo was on the verge of falling onto my car. I thanked heaven when he turned left at a fork.

'CAUTION! AIR BREAK' said another. The driver should have cautioned 'BONE BREAK' instead, for he nearly rammed into my side fender and sent me flying to the edge of the road. I recovered from the shock a minute later and was pleasantly surprised to find all my bones intact. A timber carrier passing by had on its back, quite appropriately I thought, the words 'GOD IS GRATE'.

As I was trying to manoeuvre my car back onto the road, I saw on the rear-view mirror, a nine tonner come racing towards me, probably carrying maximum weight. On its back were the words, 'BE CAREFUL'. I was just wondering what that could possibly mean, when a small car packed with noisy teenagers swept past.

Within a quarter of an hour I was on my way again hoping never to encounter such Road Hogs again. The next half-hour of my journey was uneventful and I was almost relaxing, when the next head splitter arrived.

'BE GOOD! BE KIND HATRED' read the legend on this one. KIND HATRED? I quizzed. Did it mean being kind towards hatred or was it having a hatred against the kind? Or to hate in a kindly way? In which case, what profundity! It took me another fifteen minutes to figure out that he actually meant 'Kind Hearted'.

I raced away only to find myself confronted again by another of those mind-bogglers. This one was shockingly iredigious. 'PREY GOD', it said. I pray God He never sees that one.

On the next lorry that overtook my car were the words 'TOO IS ENOUGH! THE REE NEVER!' The next had a common saying with an uncommon alphabetical twist, 'BE INDIAN, BY INDIAN!'

During the rest of my journey, I met a few more lorries. Not as impressive as before, but amusing all the same. 'LORD IS LIVE', 'AVOID AKSIDANTS,' BE ALART,' 'SAFETY FUST' and 'DO NOT MISS USE THE ROAD' were a few of them.

It would give any well-trained English school-marm a series of little heart attacks if she were to drive down one of our highways; but to less pedantic people it is these lorry loads of non-grammar that provide a little amusement to an otherwise 'trafficky' life.

As I closed in on my destination, a lorry was keeping in pace with my car. From where I was seated, I could see a cylindrical tank on which were the words 'VAIKKUM TIANK'

I'm still working this one out.

SWARNA SUBBIAH PILLAI
I B.Com

Non-Ism—A Life

This chap here was an unusual, almost queer creature. He knew no God, he knew no ghosts. He knew no Presidents or M.L.A.'s. A non conformist? Some said unconventional. "A nihilist maybe, or an anarchist?" "Not a communist, by any chance?" "A naturalist, or just a plain atheist,," He had to be something. He couldn't possibly want to be a non-ism-ist. "Preposterous!" "Hitherto unheard of." "He must be loony." These furtive whispers were heard wherever this unusual man went.

He looked pretty ordinary to me. Except for a vague—looking moustache that looked as if it were in the midst of deciding where exactly it wanted to be—on his upper lip, drooping down to his chin or climbing up his cheek on either side of his face. Right now, in the midst of this painstaking decision, it was all over his face.

From what I'd heard of him, he sounded quite erudite. He probably did not have too many academic qualifications—not even a B.A., if I've heard right—nevertheless he was very learned. So much so, that every morning, in the bathroom before pulling the flush he was known to have quoted those immortal lines from Byron—"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll." And it rolled.

He was also very generous, although according to sources very close to him, what he gave away did not always belong to him.

The man was also supposed to be an eccentric. His greatest fear was that he would die like any other ordinary man—of a heart attack or cancer or worse, just pass off in his sleep. He kept trying to finish himself off in the weirdest ways possible. One day he was caught trying to swallow a thick blue towel while holding his nose. If any one ever offended him over any trifle, he would threaten to flush himself down the toilet. (which might be the reason why he flattered it every morning with quotes from Byron).

Getting back to the furtive whispers that pervaded the air around this queer man. He was getting pretty tired of them. 'Why should I be an -ism-ist?' he often asked. The only 'ism' he subscribed to, was somnambulism and that wasn't something he was too proud of in any case. And sometimes when things were too tiresome, he would try to hide behind his big nose. This constant nagging by all his friends and colleagues was initially tolerable. Then after a while it irritated him, after yet a while, it began to bother him and finally he too felt he had to belong to some ism.

So he started searching for some line of thinking and believing (not necessarily practising) that he could belong to. Communism he rejected because he was a luxury-loving man and not always ready to call his neighbour his comrade. He could never be a pacifist, because he needed war to feel patriotic, he could never be a nationalist because he was communal and he couldn't even advocate communalism because he was too selfish, and so went the endless lists of 'isms' that were, but would never be his.

So he became obsessed with his search; "Ism, Ism" he would cry "Is it or Isn't it?" and all the while the furtive whispers grew louder. Soon they were too loud to be called furtive. The whole town learnt of his predicament. He began getting calls from well wishers who were already well established in their respective 'isms' and, sniffing the opportunity of welcoming one more into their fold, hurried to entreat him. "Join us", they cried "not them." "Naturalism" whispered one. "Spiritualism", "Buddhism", "Pacifism". There was even one pretty voice suggesting "Feminism". But our dear chap was not convinced. His hair fell out of his head in great clumps. His moustache began a slow descent down the slope of his cheeks and his ears flapped less often. He lost his appetite and even forgot to walk in his sleep.

Then one day in sheer desperation, he tried to drown himself in a bubble—the bubble burst and he died.

His epitaph bore the legend

'To ism or not to ism

That was the question

That broke down his metabolism.

At least he died the way he always wanted to.

KAVITHA SHETTY
III B.A. Literature

Twentieth Century Shakespeare

No student of Literature can escape the inescapable influence of the great bard—WILL SHAKESPEARE. Much as I'd like to write like him, my own limitations as well as the fear of reprisal from irate critics and junior Literature students (who've had enough of Shakespearean stuff) prevent me from doing so. Nevertheless, I cannot resist at least a parody of one of his sonnets. So here's a 20th century adaptation of Sonnet 130. Surely you'll like it, but WILL SHAKASPEARE?

SHAKESPEARE'S

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red, than her lips red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound.
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet by heaven I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

NOT SHAKESPEARE'S

My mistress's eyes are like nothing under the sun;
It bores a hole in my pocket to make her lips look red;
If things go on this way, soon I'll be done.
If hairs be wires, I'd like to see her electrocuted.
I have seen many beauties, black and white,
One look at my mistress, makes me sick for weeks;
If some plastic surgeon could set her mug aright
I would be his slave for keeps.
And if she opens her gob to speak, only I know
How a gramophone with a head cold would sound.
I grant I never knew a bigger bore;
My mistress when she talks, bays like a hound:
And yet by Hell, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

The last lines represent a characteristic of the 20th century human being—
MASOCHISM.

KAVITHA SHETTY
III B.A. Literature

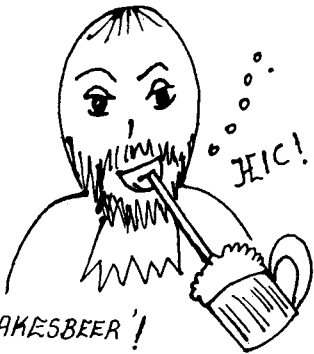
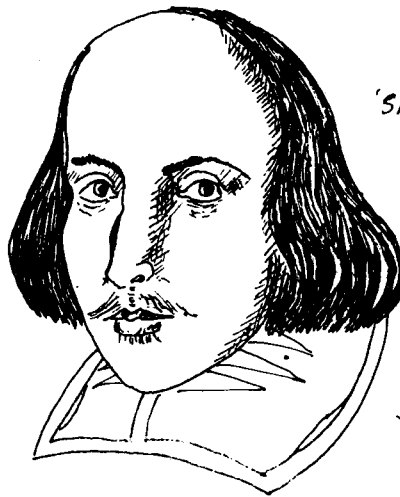
THE
ILLUSTRATED
SHAKESPEARE
 -DIFFERENT FACES



WILL 'SHIEXSPEARE'



'SHAKESPURIOUS'



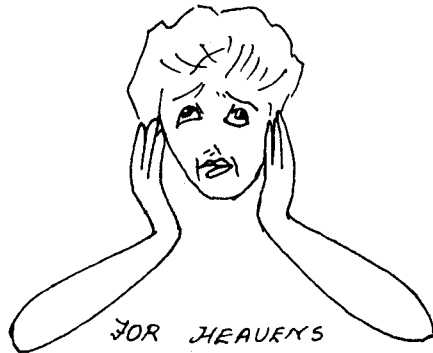
'SHAKESBEER'



'SHAKE - SPARE'



'SHEGGSPEARE'



FOR HEAVENS
 'SAKE SPARE US!'

By. PRABHA RAJARAM SUJATHA DEVADOSS

KAVITHA SHETTY of THE Y. LITERATURE.

Reflections of a Realistic Pessimist

The world today is a potential death-trap, especially the world of the Indian Traveller. It appears as if any Indian who sets foot on a railway platform or enters an airport, is in effect embarking on his last journey. There are terrorists lurking at every airport and there are cranks waiting at every telephone, the one wanting to blow you out of existence, and the other wanting to frighten you out of your senses. One does not need wars to create heroes nowadays. One just needs a train and some rails, or alternatively, a plane and a cloudless sky. Engine drivers and pilots are the genuine heroes of the India of the eighties. In later centuries, this decade shall be known as the "Explosive Eighties". In the present situation, the only men who still ask "What is fear?" in the Horatio Nelson style when starting on a journey by air or rail, are the terrorists themselves. Sneak a look around you at the airport (i.e. if you still have the courage to enter one). If you find a man with upright shoulder and eagle eye, whose teeth do not chatter, well then, he is your terrorist. I shall give you an extra confidential hint. Each of the other men will look as if he is being forced to be the only male representative at an international seminar on women's rights.

Those who are of sound mind must agree that here exists a situation calculated to disturb all lovers of joy and mirth. Gone is the excitement of anticipating your first train journey or of looking forward to your first flight. Your flightful fancies are replaced by frightful ones. In the existing state of affairs, can one really blame the astute lady who takes advantage of the situation to send her mother-in-law on a train? And, musn't one appreciate the realism of the man, who heard his friend's announcement of travelling on a plane and while shaking hands with him, wished "May flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest"!

So, to those of you who are filled with the joy of living and who dream of experiencing a peaceful old age, I say, "Follow the wise ways of your forefathers". Do not venture within a hundred miles of anything that moves on more than two wheels; and more important, do not quarrel with the laws of Nature by aspiring to fly! If God meant you to fly, He would have given you wings. He meant you to walk (and thereby survive), and hence He gave you legs. Be a biped to the fullest degree! Use your grey cells and your lower limbs and you might live to see the end of the year. Do not shrink distances. The less you walk, the sooner you will reach your Eternal Abode. If you aspire to reach your destination in a shorter time, you might find yourself taking a reluctant shortcut to your ultimate destination! Use your discretion and judgement, and you can postpone Judgement Day! Be brave and bold like the knights of old! Resign your job the day your boss asks you to fly to Bombay for the files pertaining to Mr. Parson's case. Mr. Parson can wait and so can Mr. Coffinmaker.

So, my fellow-lovers of life, let us take up the cry from coast to coast!
To put it in poetic style,

“Trust not, for comfort, in planes and trains,
They are speedy devices that blow out your brains !”

Remember the time-tested maxim, ‘Better late than never’. Stand on your own two legs (and use them), even if your Firm is on its last legs; walk for your health and walk for your LIFE !

N. USHA
II^o B.Sc., (Maths)

Romance and Tradition in the Twentieth Century Novel

Though criticized as being Run of the Mill or the Boon that was’nt, a critical analysis conducted by three diligent researchers, (who at this juncture would like to remain Masketeers) has revealed that ironically, the lineage of MILLS & BOONS can be traced back to classical Greek Tragedy.

For those laymen who are none too wise about the tenets of Greek Tragedy, the following points of comparison must be noted :

HAMARTIA: (or the tragic flaw). As far as the heroine is concerned, the flaw is the lack of the predatory instinct to stalk her man (this is however more than compensated for in the ‘other’ woman). The hero’s flaw is Pride. This exemplifies the saying that Pride Comes before the Fall (in love).

PERIPETEA: (or the moment of self-awareness). Thankfully, the hero realizes what the reader has gathered 180 pages ago—that he is neck-deep in love. (The heroine probably reaches only upto his neck, on her toes)

PLOT: The plot follows the three-fold progression which finds its parallel in **Dante’s** “Divine Comedy” (pun intended). The hero’s transition through Hell and Purgatory to Heaven corresponds to the three important phases—the “I want you” phase, followed by the “I need you” phase, both of which

are destined to culminate in the "I love you" phase (which by no stretch of the imagination should occur before page 170)

THEMES: Love looms large
though minor problems barge.

Social problems like the Dickensian child abuse, neglect by workaholic father, and rejection by socialite mother, make the hero cynically cold and wary of love.

Moral and Social obligation: These arise in the form of bankrupt fathers, ailing mothers, errant sisters, imprisoned brothers, destitute nephews or nieces, or motherless or fatherless children.

TUSSLES OVER INHERITANCE: This entails a marriage pre-arranged by a deceased relative with hyper-myopic foresight.

CONVENTIONS: 1) First and foremost a Mills & Boon believes in strict adherence to the unity of length. An M & B will not, cannot and should not exceed a sum total of 187 pages.

2) The hero and heroine relationship may fall into different categories: Boss/Secretary, House-Keeper/Lord of the manor, Governess/Guardian, Artist/Model, Ward/Guardian, Journalist/Victim, Director/Actress etc.

3) Stock endearments: M & Bs strive to promote international harmony and this cosmopolitan outlook often leaves the reader bewildered, for when the hero is reduced to passionate outbursts of Cara, Carrissima, Querida, Mon Amour, and ma chérie, the reader is hard put to identify the nationality.

Endearments of a more comprehensible nature depend largely on the "combustibility" of the heroine. She is either a "Spitfire" or a "Firebrand". Occasionally the hero harks back to his barbaric origins and likens his mate to a "Vixen" or a "hell-cat" or a "tigress". When the hero is struck by a fancy for the supernatural, he may refer to her as a "witch", "enchantress", "angel", "elf" or "nymph".

CHARACTERIZATION: The protagonist: Any hero under 6 feet and not a tycoon can cancel his application. A life time spent in developing his biceps and triceps and well-knit muscles which ripple under the shirt, an even tan and avoiding every ounce of extra flesh, finally pays off when the hero encounters the heroine. Nature in her bounty has bestowed her share on him—a stern upper lip, a sensuous lower lip, a hawk-like nose, penetrating eyes, and eyebrows which arch more delicately than a hair-pin bend. In some cases this image may be enhanced by distinguished wings of grey at his temples. A scar is a must—it is literally the mark of the Macho man.

A Love Triangle or Quadrangle enhances the geometry of the plot. The compare and contrast method is used when the "other" woman or "other" man act as foils to the heroine or hero. The male blocking characters have names varying from Tom Browns, Bob Wills, Pete Fields, to Paul Jonsons, while the heroes have an impressive array of Roarke Madison, Craig McAllister, Jarod Stone, Travis McCrea, Colter Langston, Alexandre Papandrios, Raoul Sheriden and Blake Chandler. The "other" men never seem to rise to the dignity of having a name possessing more than four alphabets. From this we infer that length spells power.

A dramatic contrast to the "boy-next-door" image is the blocking character of the female sex—the "other" woman. She will not be caught dead in base ball shoes or faded jeans—her entire wardrobe is straight out of Yves St. Laurent or Christian Dior. As for accessories, she's always the staunch patron of the manufacturers of vivid scarlet nail-polish (which is set off against the background of the hero's tuxedo). She puts the best refrigerators to shame when it comes to deep-freezing capacities.

And now from the hero's brawn to his heart... ..The M & B heroine is a jeweller's delight with her emerald eyes flecked with gold or with silvery depths to her amethyst eyes (her engagement ring is bought from Cartiers to match her eyes). The tailors in heaven who made their marriage were pretty sure about the measurements, for the heroine is always made to fit the curve of the hero's arm to perfection.

SETTING: From the nature of the settings, the reader wisely gathers that the hero would be too ashamed to be seen with the heroine in public; so he whisks her off to the remote islands of Greece or the Caribbean, or the Oriental wonders of Bangkok or Hong Kong. However, if she is particularly hard on the eye, she is left in the blissful seclusion of some Middle-East harem and occasionally she gets to see a few palm fronds or an Oasis. When the hero's drycleaning bill runs too high, he takes the heroine to the inscrutable jungles of Africa—after all, what better chance to play Tarzan with his plain Jane.

TITLES: They are an authoress's delight as they provide an opportunity to flaunt her knowledge in all spheres. Thus we have a combination of Astronomy and Cardiology in the title "Eclipse of the Heart". Occasionally, the writers believe in the equality of the sexes, for if the hero is a "Man of Granite" the heroine, not to be left far behind, is an "Ice Maiden." Occasionally our gastronomical inclinations are insulated by the authoress's suggestion that "LOVE is the Honey". Titles don't seem to pose a problem, coz if the author runs out of them she simply opens her dictionary and fishes out "SENSATION", "FRUSTRATION", "SEDUCTION", "OBSESSION" or "TEMPTATION". Though we could suggest "IRRITATION" if we are downright honest, M & Bs to most giddy girls are an obsession and a temptation. After all who doesn't love the sensation of an M & B seduction.

Bibliography :

- 1) Engaged to Jarod Stone—Carole Mortimer
- 2) Ice Maiden—Sally Wentworth
- 3) A Man Of Granite—Lilian Peake
- 4) Love is the Honey—Violet Winspear
- 5) A land called Deseret—Janet Dailey
- 6) Sensation, Seduction, Obsession, Frustration—Charlotte Lamb.

PADMAJA NEELAKANTAN,
SUNITA KRISHNAMURTHY,
SWATHI REDDY
III B.A. Literature

Electronics Comes to Wonderland

And here's the latest variation to the Apollo-Daphne story. Nowadays the word "Apollo" tends to evoke a picture of space-ships but this time we hark back to the pagan Roman Apollo the beautiful young Sun God, enamoured of the lovely nymph Daphne. He chased her with his amorous embraces, and she, loath to part with her virginity, fled from him, praying for deliverance to her father, a river God. He answered her prayer—he turned her into a laurel tree. Her body became the slender trunk, her arms the curving branches of a tree, and Apollo could only embrace the quivering wood—the nymph had disappeared forever.

Now for my latest variation, "Micro-cosmic Myth" influenced by many new inventions including AIDS, by vastly improved scanning electron microscope techniques, and by discoveries in the young field of immunology. This version as is the original, is a tragic tale of sorrow and



Bernini's "Apollo & Daphne"

loss. An AIDS virus, enamoured of a beautiful white blood cell, attacks her in the fury of his passion—he would be united with her, they must be one. He would produce, by her, generations (actually, millions of equally lethal AIDS viruses) to carry on his line after him. The lovely lymph (ocyte) terrified by this sudden attack on her person and purity, by this insistent stranger wishing to board her, prayed while fleeing down the arteries. Pursued by the Divine AIDS virus, she prayed for divine aid from her father Lymphgland, source of the great streams of lymph coursing through the body. She prayed, in breathless anguish, that she be delivered from the relentless persuasions of her wooer, somehow, anyhow. She was sure that no good could come of such an unnatural union. Her father answered her prayers. He realized that turning her into some other cell could not ensure the prevention of a union with the persistent AIDS virus. Nor could he bring himself to switch off her life, to turn her into an inanimate particle of dust or an inorganic speck of chemical matter. Thus he did the only thing he could graciously and mercifully do under the circumstances—he turned her into a plant-cell, a bacterium. Try howsoever he might, the virus Apollo-Immuno Deficiency Syndrome could do no harm to Daphne's purity now. She was within his grasp but beyond his reach.

That's as far as one can push the parallel !

* * * *

In today's fast-food world, I'm sure that if the lately prosperous Hansel and Gretel were to take a European Tour, they would definitely make a pilgrimage to the Leaning Tower of Pizza—quite a Tour de Force, what ?

* * * *

Computers are amazing. So are some people. The Art and Antiques Magazine has reported that computer artist Lillian Schwartz has concluded upon intensive research that Leonardo Da Vinci's famous "Mona Lisa" is not Giocondo's 'pretty' wife at all, but Leonardo himself. She programmed a computer to juxtapose Leonardo's red-chalk self-portrait with Mona's face and found that the features exactly coincided. (That explains a lot of things about Mona's looks, anyhow.)

Ms. Schwartz may well be right. In a world where the great and boring debate about whether Shakespeare was Bacon or Queen Elizabeth I or a towel-rack has not yet been settled, nothing is impossible. No doubt next year they are going to find that Rasputin was really a Cabbage-Patch Doll even while coming to the astonishing conclusion that Charlie Chaplin was none other than Charlie Chaplin himself—all with the aid of a supersleuth computer. However, I'm not complaining.

SUJATHA DEVADOSS
III B.A. (Litt.)

P O E T R Y

Faces With a Question

I walk down my road
slowly shocked—
Hundreds and hundreds of them
 sitting
 standing
 gazing
 talking, crouched all over the road,
sad and quiet
wretched and dirty,
Faces with a question—
 what NEXT ?

Some of the children have gathered around
the small pool of dirty, stagnant water,
 rain water,
Rags clothing them,
 unclean, entangled hair.
Around them
 fruit peels, waste paper and an ugly smell.
Young boys near the temple
 sleeping,
 or looking somewhere.

A toddy shop near the temple,
 busy with movement.
A wedding hall near the temple :
 glittering jewels
 and gorgeous dresses
 walking in and out.
A dog, a cow and a man
dining at the garbage can,
laid with the wasted wedding food.
 WHAT NEXT ?

Back home, I switch on the television. The news begins :
Good evening, Viewers. The headlines tonight :
The Prime Minister said that we must alleviate poverty.
This will be the focus of the new twenty - point programme...
I switch it off.

We declare that poverty is a socio-economic phenomenon.
Let us therefore analyze its causes and effects.
We promise that by 2000 A. D. there will be no more poverty.
So now give us your votes.
We discover that the poor want to remain poor,
so therefore, let us be comfortable.

Good reason to shun them
But do we realize
their thoughts are always
upon the next meal.
Why meal, even water?

Exercise up and down the stairs
starvation
Lack of orientation :
How does one live in a vertical slum.

WHAT NEXT?

Yes, I know which way your thoughts are heading—
you will now ask me, “why don’t you tell us what the
solution is? Why don’t you sketch out a strategy for this
problem?”

The scene horrifies me. My mind questions...
Could we perhaps round up all these people,
orient them towards a better life?

—Not feasible. Impracticable

—Why?

—Too many of them.

—Okay. An administrative unit perhaps, geared up
to meet .. We have to begin somewhere.

Is it impossible to find a solution?
Is it just a myth, an illusion?
Can we never achieve equality?
Or at least end these inhuman conditions?
Why can’t we?
Are we not responsible?

WHAT NEXT?

R. SEETHA LAKSHMI
III B.A. Sociology

A Poem

The afternoon has gone
Into birds and cricketeers
Spotting white the grass ;
Beneath the gothic arch
Of the ancient missionary church ;
There is the twirling of a violet umbrella,
The tip of a chin moves.
Voice of a vehicle comes
Too far to be nothing
but a blurred murmur.
Down the alley,
we walk away from all this.
Noticing how the trees are trimmed
and orange flowers thickening
upon the ground.
Beside me a moss-laden wall
persists with each step I take.

Do not leave now.
Let us reach the end
of the alley together.
There is a way the ash smells,
when someone smokes a cigarette
Outside the window.
Do you know that way ?
It is to see a face in a flash of light
as a hand strikes a match
and turning,
Find the one to whom you speak
when the others have stopped listening.

Miss PADMA REDDEPPA
Department of English

The Doomed Face

We are the doomed race
Doomed forever not to face
the demands of harsh reality.
Is it the regrettable brevity
Of this, our earthly sojourn,
That makes us close our eyes and turn
From all concerns but our own?
Each an island, each alone!
Rambling through the path of life,
Our senses shut to the strife
And the pain all around us.
Floating on the fluffy nimbus
Of an individual dream,
As, all around us, they teem,
The thirsty ones who wait in vain,
For our nimbus to give forth rain.
Our minds akin to vacant lots
Open to all but humane thoughts.
Still our mortal paths we tread,
A doomed race, with our souls dead!

N. USHA
II B.Sc Mathematics

Nuclear War

Has man no
memory of havoc
unleashed by
Little Boy and
Fat Man?
A 90% possibility.
Hence the
short-sighted
human race races
on to destruction
with the evolution
of Cruise and
Pershing missiles.
Occasionally there
are non-summit
summits for
nuclear disarmament
But are
none other than
pep talks for
further
nuclear armament.

The peace marches,
demonstrations,
and earth runs
are sparks in an
overwhelming,
fast engulfing
darkness.
Outnumbered
Optimists feel
these sparks
would jog man's
memory; and
terminate
STAR WARS
and every
nuke on earth.
But the majority
live in the shadow
of the
mushroom cloud
that threatens
to become a
reality anytime
Now.

MAYA SARA MATTHEW
I B.A., Fine Arts

The Injustice

Hard black eyes stared at me,
The tiny gnarled hands gripped the bowl,
Gritty nails and rough hands,
The look which hurt,
Cold, condescending,
Cold at the injustice done to him.

He resembled
A wound that hadn't healed,
A scar too deep to erase,
With no room for trust, sympathy,
Least of all love.

His haunting eyes didn't leave my face,
His eyes, oh those despairing black pools,
Flashed accusingly at the world...
At life.

Wishes, aspirations all dead,
Not even room for dying embers.
Have mercy, dear God,
On this ten-year-old beggar child.

SHYAMALA SUBRAMANIAM
I B.A. (Econ.)

The Challenge

Life is a dream to be realized, I've heard them say,
But God, life's no dream, man,
It's as real as waking up
And facing another day.

So there's no time for dreaming—
for worry and discontent and self-pity,
And castles in the air.

For with every beat of your pulse,
You grow older—the moment will never come back.

So you've gotta live, not dream,
And life is not a dream, but the power—
The power to do what you want with it,
To make what you want of it.

So put your footprints on the seashore,
And your writing on the wall,

Drink in the awesome power of a cascading waterfall,
Don't miss the thrill of dancing through the night,
Give your best to life.
And when you don't beat the odds,
Even if your child dies,
Even if you have that throbbing ache in your head,
Even if your best friends let you down,
Rest content—
'Cos you've used the power to meet the challenge.
And if you need to be soothed,
Then let your mind soar,
So that even in your cramped bed-sit,
You are on a roller-coaster ride,
Or haunted by the beauty of the exotic East.
And when night comes,
Sleep in peace, unafraid,
Eager to live your tomorrows.

MANUELA MOTH
II Year Sociology

Interior Expanse

Sometimes I feel
I am wide open
like a house
without doors or windows,
vulnerable to all who
may pass my way.
Only, people who come
wander through my spaces
unaware of the limit that exists.
They look for doors
they look for windows
anything to denote remoteness
or unavailability.
So used to closed spaces are they,
they feel claustrophobic
in unending expanse.
Perhaps my openness is my best
protection.

TULSI BADRINATH.
II B.A. (Litt.)

Change

When the tears stop
with the knowing,
Will the silence
come upon me
Like a grave
in moonlight?
Robot-mouths drone,
"Do not smile,
Do not cry,
Just get on with the files."
Come evening and it is the cafe,
Reverberating with the same
hollow laughter.
And the coffee
tepid, dull-brown.
This change,
From human being to shell,
It is terrible.
But they don't understand.

K. SRILATA,
II B.A. (Litt.)

In the green room after the play

In eager expectation they lie—
My sorrows,
To be conjured up
When alone
In the greenroom after the play.
'Make haste,' they seem to say,
'Make haste to remove the grease paint
that has prevented your dissection
By the glaring lights!

And barefoot they walk
the deserts of my privacy.

K. SRILATA,
II B.A. (Litt.)

REPORTS

Forever Spring

The reality of it all :

When it is 'usual' to portray the 'unusual'

Where the atmosphere is normally 'rarefied'

Where the content ranges from 'no content' at all, to mangled bodies, tottering ruins, floating rocks, 'aesthetic' aerial surveys, disturbing mindscapes and such intellectual matters, Gowri's art comes through as refreshingly reassuring.

Her art is perhaps a perpetuation of sorts. The ancient Indian has always lived in harmony with Nature. Not for him the idea of conquering Nature. In keeping with this traditional Indian ideology, her works are perhaps a celebration of the glory of the visible world.

Gowri paints in watercolours, which in her hands become fluid. It reveals the shifting shades and delicate nuances in the bunches of flowers and leaves. The paper too, enthusiastically participates as glowing light amidst the streams of colours. Her world is a world of flowers, where it is eternally Spring, with fresh green shoots and soft petals. The flowers rain down in a gay colourful torrent, or they peep into our world as if through a window, or they are articulated and settled into still-life. These floral paintings reveal a sharp perception of the peace and joy that is at the very heart of Nature. It is only such a deeply felt oneness with the spirit of Nature that can express itself in the creative force that Gowri gives form to. Gowri's paintings are not meant to be merely pretty pictures to match the walls of plush interiors; instead they invoke a great sense of purity and harmony..... settle the mind and rest the eye.

All the responses acknowledged the sensitivity of the artist to the nature around her—for many it was a vivid depiction of freshness. "Fresh air breathes **through** every painting" was one comment. The paintings ceased to be merely visual but transcended into the poetic mood. "The Hindu" commended the artist's skill in handling the most delicate shades and colour tones to create 'a pleasant journey through the leaves of a Nature Book'. As Gowri herself puts it, I feel good with my SELF when I paint—a sort of communion and confession, one can say." These paintings express a mood which approaches the spiritual.

Miss Gowri Nayak, is a professor in the Fine Arts Department and she had a recent one-man show of her paintings, entitled 'Forever Spring' from the 13th to the 15th of November 1986.

Leadership Training Service

—For God and my Country—

“Our hearts all so pure, our minds all so sure, beneath God’s banner to fight for our land and her right, all for God and our Country is our battle cry”—with this resolution, the first LTS meeting for the academic year was held on June 27th, 1986. It was a wonderful reunion of old L.T.S.ers who had come together with their guides to chalk out the plan of activities for the year, and to critically evaluate the previous year. A plan was also mapped out for orienting the incoming first year students to this powerful movement.

On the 9th and 10th July, orientation sessions of the LTS in the form of talks, with the help of transparencies, pictures and posters, were conducted for the first year students.

New members entered the LTS, curious, anxious, and enthusiastic, and the first meeting after their entry was held on 18th July, when, forgetting their differences, all the members came together and involved themselves with the spirit of the LTS.

August 8th was the day when Mrs. Kamala Arvind, Staff of the History Department delivered a guest lecture on mental attitudes and values that influence leadership qualities. She also incorporated in her talk, interesting exercises which revealed the beautiful qualities that are inherent in leaders.

The first executive committee meeting was held in college on 22nd August, when guides and student representatives from each unit, along with the city co-ordinator, planned the orientation days to be organized for different units, and sorted out plans for further activities along with the report of activities that had already taken place.

The four new units—Rosary Matriculation, St. Dominic’s, Holy Angels and St. Raphael’s had their orientation sessions for the LTS on 6th September, when they were clearly presented with the vision of the movement and what it stands for through talks, visual presentations, and dynamic exercises. All the participants left with a deep sense of belonging to the movement.

The second orientation day on 13th September for the old LTS units, was a day of re-dedication and renewal of commitment of members to the values held by the movement.

From October 2nd to 5th was held the regional LTS camp at Ennore, conducted by Fr. Wirth, our national promoter. The camp had various sessions—“fish bowl”, to illustrate elements that comprise a group, “straws and pins” to

demonstrate various kinds of leadership, "role plays" to point out the different pressures on the LTS profile, the photo story session which was touching when it related the qualities needed in an LTS - er, the various talks and discussions on the vision, the guidelines, the LTS profile, priority ranking and organisation of meetings, and finally the retreat and prayer sessions which brought home the importance of sanctified silence and encounter with God. The camp was attended by 9 units of Madras City and was a memorable experience which created in the minds of the L.T.S.-ers a strong determination to work for the cause of the movement.

At college, the assembly on 15th and 29th of October was conducted by L.T.S.-ers on the theme of reaching out and goodwill and peace.

In the month of November, certain important decisions regarding specific programmes—the goodwill programme, the study project, problem sharing sessions a trip of exposure and prayer sessions—were taken.

Accordingly, December 6th—12th was celebrated by the LTS as Goodwill Week, when cards were sold by the LTS, cards on which goodwill messages to students or staff in the college could be written by the purchaser and the card was to be delivered, along with an eclair to the person concerned, by the LTS. It was a grand success in that it stimulated a lot of interest, enthusiasm, goodwill, excitement and happiness.

Regular meetings during the year consisted of various sharing sessions, group exercises, reflections, thought provoking discussions and a few games, all these of course, without fail, commencing and ending with a prayer. Individuals who are committed members, carry in their hearts the LTS light. Wherever they go, they participate, involve themselves and extend a helping hand to anybody in need—be it at home, at college or in the outside world.

We pursue our ideals with the belief that as long as there is even a handful of persons true to their pledge, there can be only one end to their struggle and that is victory, victory to the members and to the LTS Movement.

SEETHA LAKSHMI, R.
III B. A. Sociology

TAMIL NADU WEEK

An Enthusiastic
Response



"MOVING" Exhibits of
our handlooms

The Play in Tamil



NOVEMBERBURST

Yearwise exposition of talents



III Years



P. G.'S



Novemburst

When Sujatha Devadoss gave us the name for the Inter-years, I don't think she realised just how symbolic the name was to prove. To start with, it rained all day the week prior to the Inter-years, and right through the first week. Every morning the cloud of uncertainty hung over the proceedings. But judges obligingly waded through the pouring rain, participants managed to keep dry, and the Inter-years took off.

The festival was inaugurated by Sr. Merlyn, who cut through a paper cover to display the back drop specially made by the Art Committee. The bursting of crackers rent the air. "Showers" of blessings were invoked and NOVEMBURST began, with Ad Crap and Junk Art. Ad Crap comprised a round of Anthakshari based on ad jingles—the participants spent more time haggling over the antecedents of each jingle rather than singing; Ad-Spoof, in which Lalithaji and Ravi Shastri and Persis Khambatta were among the few to be parodied; Dumb Charades, which had everyone tripping over such unfamiliar slogans as "A woman expresses herself in many languages—Tamil is one of them", and an Ad Quiz—when it came to advertising agencies, everyone seemed to be playing Tick Tack Toe with Lintas, O B M, Sistas, Vistas—the third years carried the day.

Junk Art found participants wrestling with wig stands and old shoes. The P. G's won this one.

Indian Music and Dance overwhelmed everyone with their sheer high standard. The first years scored quite a few firsts, carrying off the prize for Best Light Vocalist (Usha Krishnan) and Best Dancer (Himaja). New stars coming up—that's a good sign. The P.G.s carried off the overall for Indian Music, and the second years were ecstatic over the Indian Dance results.

Western Music and Dance proved to be third years, third years all the way. The setting for Western Music was perfect, with roses, wine glasses and candles et al. Somehow the sentimental bug seemed to have bitten everyone. The First Years' backdrop featured a skunk, with the words, "Let's get Scentimental"—their repertoire including "Killing me softly", "Saving all my love", "Rhythm of the Falling Rain", "The sound of silence"—well, you get the idea.

Tamil Dramatics brought the Second years back into the reckoning. Their play "Palaivana Kuyil" was directed very professionally by Majella Gandhi, who also acted in a major role. Sripriya (II M.A.) stole the show as the nagging aunt.

Poster-making went the Third year way. All the topics were social themes—Ebony and Ivory, Class War, Brain Drain, Rat Race..... All three prizes went to the students of III B.A. Fine Arts—the Subhadra-Rangashree duo leading the way, with a very well executed poster on unemployment.

English Dramatics and Mehendi were postponed, following the sad demise of Mr. Antony, our gardener.

"Cocktail" was the only programme where we could really count the heads in the audience. "What's the good word?" and "Who Dat?" were, nevertheless, rollicking affairs. K. S. Kumar, from Madras Christian College, compered it with élan. The funny moment was when someone used "Husband" as clue for "Indulgent"! "Who Dat" had people fumbling over Jesus Christ, the Empress of Blandings, and Kittu Gidwani. "About Face", saw the participants, first falling over themselves to defend a proposition, then quickly switching sides and falling over themselves to oppose it. Some of the topics were, "The canteen parathas are soft and chewable" — Sucharita finally gave a live demonstration for this topic. "Ladies specials are unnecessary", "Compulsory games in college—too much" (Mrs. Mangaldurai should 've been there). Anuradha and Sucharita proved to be a lucky combination—having already won "What's the good word", they took the team prize and Best Speaker awards for "About Face". The second years thus emerged the overall winners of Cocktail.

Vegetable Sculpture saw some truly innovative designs with potatoes, carrots, cucumbers. The second years won two prizes again, hotting up the contest.

Treasure Hunt was a keenly fought affair, teams rushing from the counter (point counter point) to the staff corner (the corner that's not your spot) to the Bank (may be you should cheque on this). The first years, in a last ditch effort won this, triumphantly carrying off a box of chocolate eclairs (Someone cattily remarked, "The sweets attracted the kids!").

The last day proved to be very crowded, the Pattimanram, Qawali and Mehendi starting simultaneously. The third years won the Tamil Debate, stoutly defending their stand that a reform in the legal system is needed to improve the situation in the country. Rajeswari (III B.Sc Botany) was Best Speaker.

Qawali went to the second years, Pamela (II B.Sc Zoology) being declared Best Composer. It being decided to do the thing in style, Vineeta Kohli welcomed the judges in sweet Hindi. Miss Uma Sharma announced the result in Hindi, prefacing it with a speech that sent the audience "Wah, Wah" - ing.

Mehendi had the air of a wedding. The scent of lime and the very traditional fragrance of mehendi filled the air. The prize finally went to Usha and Yashoda of the Second year who did a gorgeous design on Gowri's hands, Gowri looking truly bridal in a red sari.

The second year's play, "The Lovely miracle" was declared Best Play. The second years scored quite a few bests on this—Preetha and Ameeta being Best Directors, Latha Murugan being Best Actress.

Mention must be made of Rag Mag. Inspired by Mardi Gras, we decided to try it out on a smaller scale. The result—sheer magic. The first years brought out “Super Kaja.....” the second years wrote a “Mad Rag” and the third years gave us “Rag magic.” Magic and miracles seemed to be lucky—Rag Magic, and its Editor cum Illustrator Kavitha Shetty making a clean sweep of the awards. Opinions, feelings, squabbles—the mags had them all, with quite a bit of mutual mudslinging thrown in.

The prize for the Best Year went to the third years, with 656 points followed by the second years—609 points, the P.G.s in a record showing, took 231 points and the first years got 194 points.

National Seminar on Futurology

(Towards the 21st Century)

India is a land of striking contrasts—bullock carts and jet planes, stark deserts and lush forests, soaring skyscrapers and tiny thatched cottages, blue jeans and silk sarees. It's like rambling in the past and jumping into the future while living in the present—there's such a mingling of tradition and modernity. In order to visualise the coming days for this diverse reality that is our country and for the world at large, to keep ourselves prepared for the future, to develop a vision to work upon, to plan, to discuss, to express fear, anxiety and worry, to explore all possibilities, to let our creativity stream, to realize the importance of future studies as a science, in fact, to create a better world, a new world, dawned the national seminar on futurology sponsored by the Department of Science and Technology, Government of India, New Delhi, under the leadership of Dr. S. C. Seth, and organized by Stella Maris College on the 11th, 12th and 13th of December 1986, coordinated by Dr. (Sr.) Annamma Philip, Vice-Principal.

Eminent speakers from all over the country kept the audience in rapt attention, every speaker an expert in a different field, every presentation unfolding a new truth. A whole treasure of knowledge was unveiled in the participants' minds, when forecasting became the focus of three days and every one realized the importance of futurology. A whole variety of subjects and topics were covered in the seminar—anticipatory management, computers, general

technology, energy, biotechnology, space, economic development, health (general & mental), education, human resources development, societal goals and the relation between science and society. Every paper presented involved the following considerations :

- a) a study of resource and demand today and in the future.
- b) a determination of future goals, and
- c) a study of the numerous alternatives.

The central point that emerged out of all discussions and presentations was that there are two important aspects to be considered in any futuristic thinking—technology and the people, and that the two will have to be correlated in such a manner that balanced development and integration of values is possible, for it was again and again emphasized by every speaker, that quality of life is of the utmost importance.

The visual presentations by the students of the Literature Department (Literary perspectives based on futuristic literary classics), and the students of the Sociology Department (the conflict of changing or perhaps deteriorating moral standards), the fabulous exhibition that took one into the world of future art—the architecture, the fusion of the temple, the church, and the mosque, the beach resort, the future audio tourist guide, the presentation of papers by two students, were all the high points of student involvement in the Seminar. The space exhibition which brought the very remote to our doorstep, revealed a fascinating mosaic of ideas.

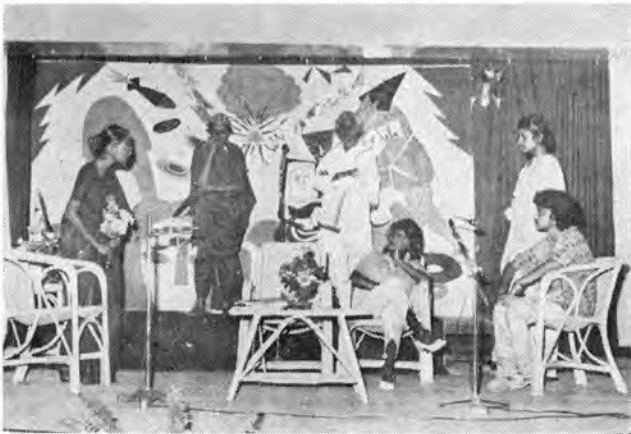
The exhibition of literature on futurology by the library staff and the interesting survey of the citizens of tomorrow by the staff of the Sociology department, revealing a great deal of hitherto unknown and unexpected information, were two other facets that highlighted the seminar.

The seminar commenced with the idea that thinking is a very important aspect of futurology, that man may do the rational thing but only after exploring all possibilities, that the spirit of scientific thinking must form the basis of progress. The distinction between science and technology and growth and development, clearly emerged during the sessions. It was predicted that there would be a fusion of science and religion in the future, and that technological advancements will continue as a result of the innate human technology and desire to be creative. It was strongly felt that technology in future, must be rightly chosen, tamed and kept under social control and we will have to change over from scarce to plentiful energy sources, in order to face the technological challenge of world energy crisis. In bio-technology, mankind is at the cross-roads because of the potential danger in its inadvertent use (in vitro fertilization,

NATIONAL SEMINAR ON FUTUROLOGY

(Towards the Twentyfirst Century)

The Inauguration



A skit on the possible social
mores in the 21st century

and the END



THE SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS



amniocentesis, and what not!) Diseases of overcrowding, undernutrition and poor sanitation will continue it was predicted, to be the major scourge in India, and 'Health for All by 2000 A.D.' will only remain a slogan.

It was clearly seen that what stands between man and his happiness is oppression; development of human resources, focus on people, production and distribution, the control of population, provision of necessities, and extensive involvement and improvement in space technology, will be strategic points of the future.

Societal goals of appropriate technology, solving problems created by the misuse of science, reality-based education making individuals think, aiming at cent per cent literacy, harmony between humanity and nature, and maintenance of cultural pluralism, were society-oriented futuristic forecasts made in the seminar. It was concluded that there was no necessity to feel different but to forge ahead with positive visions into the twenty-first century.

One strong recommendation that emerged out of the seminar was the necessity to introduce and organize courses, programmes and seminars on futurology and expose the younger generation to the future, not only of India' but of the world, and inculcate human compassion.

The participants of the seminar were from different institutions; staff, students and other experts who took an active part in the entire proceedings were, quoting a speaker, "a young, enthusiastic, tolerant and considerate audience!" Another interesting feature was the number of tours promised generously as prizes, to the right answers to the quiz conducted by the Managing Director of the Tamil Nadu Tourism Development Corporation, who was one of the speakers.

The essence of the seminar emerged thus—It is science and technology, focussing on people alone, that will solve the problems of hunger and poverty, of poor sanitation and illiteracy, of superstition and deadening custom and tradition, of vast resources running to waste, of a rich country inhabited by a starving people. The future belongs to science and to those who make science their friend.

SEETHA LAKSHMI R.
III B.A. Sociology

Sports Round-up

The athletes of Stella Maris have once again zoomed into action winning laurels in quick succession and emerged with a sparkling array of cups and medals, adding to the splendour of the already mounting success of Stella Marians in various other fields too.

Now we bring you a report on those who took part in the Inter Divisional Athletic Meet held at Rajaratnam Stadium, Madras, in which Mae Pinto of II yr. B.A. History was placed second in 100, 200 mts. and 400 mts. Hurdles. Leela Muthu of I Zoology and Indica Banu II Economics were placed second in Javelin and 1500 mts. respectively.

Meanwhile the bustle at another side of the stage clamours for attention : the focus shifts over to Trivandrum, to the All India Open Athletic Meet. The Meet proved a great success for our star athlete Meena Gopal III B.A. Sociology, who was placed third in 100 mts Hurdles. Thereafter she was called for a camp at Bangalore in preparation for the Sixth Asian Athletic Championship, and to Patiala for a camp in preparation for the World University Games at Kobe, Japan. But fate held her back as she fractured her knee and was forced to withdraw from the team.

On the home front at Rajaratnam Stadium at Madras, the day started with excitement and tension, as all the colleges were aiming for that most coveted A. L. Mudaliar Cup. Stella Maris was represented by Mae Pinto who won the third place in 100 mts, second in 200, and 400 mts; Leela Muthu was placed second in Discus and Meena Gopal first in Shot put. As fate would have it, Stella Maris was destined to give away the coveted A. L. M. Cup to our rivals Ethiraj College after an unbroken victory of seven years.

To complete the serial on sports we have two more important Meets in which another heap of medals poured in. In the 58th State Level Athletic Meet held at Salem on 15th and 16th February 1986, Meena Gopal was placed first in Shot Put and second in Javelin after which she was selected to take part in the Inter State Athletic Meet held at Agartala. The second important event was the Inter Varsity Athletic Meet held at Pantnagar, U.P., where Mae Pinto representing Madras University came up to the finals in 100 mts and was placed sixth.

A tremendous cheering rent the air when the Madras South Inter-Collegiate Tournament started. Once again the Stella Marians emerged victorious. They were runners up in this Tournament conducted by I.I.T. Four Stella Marians were selected to represent the Madras University Team. Shrimathi and Rajula of II B.A. Economics, Arati Rao and Shobana of I B.Com., They were also selected to represent the state in the X National Basket Ball Championship.

Moving to games which have already gained importance at the international level—table-tennis, tennis, and shuttle badminton : Stella Maris was declared runner up in the Inter-Divisional Matches. The shuttle badminton team were winners in the Inter-Collegiate Tournament. At the October 1985 National Junior Tournament, Shree Vidya was placed third and was selected to represent Madras University at the All India University Shuttle Badminton Tournament, and she won the Bronze Medal. She also represented India at Hong Kong.

Our college team consisting of A. Radha, Rajeshwari and Sowmya won the I.I.T. Sports Festival Table-Tennis Tournament. They also won the South Zone championship and the Inter-Divisional Championship. They were also selected to represent Madras University at the All India Inter University Tournament and were declared runner up.

In Tennis, the Stella Maris Team was represented by Latha Rajagopalan and Trupti Joshi who won the All India Inter-University Tournament. Success followed them when they were placed second in the Junior Inter - State and South Zone Inter-State Tournaments.

Limca during Sports, Limca after Sports it was—the Limca Open Tournament that was conducted by our college at the Stella Maris Campus. Spectators were seen sitting upright in their seats keenly watching as to who would emerge the winners; side by side, we could also hear the applause of the Stella Marians supporting their competitors Latha Rajagopalan and Gowri Krishnan. Every Stella Marian shed a tear of joy when both of them were declared winners of the Doubles Tennis finals.

In Hockey, a game of skill and determination, Kalpana of IInd B.A. Sociology represented the state in the National Hockey tournament. At the all India Hockey tournament, Kalpana and Triveni II yr. B.A. Fine Arts represented the Madras University.

The determination of the Indian Cricketers Kapil Dev and his Team mates came as an inspiration to our star cricketers. Razia Khan, Shakila and Duriya Siraj were the winners in the South Zone Women's Cricket Tournament held at Palghat and Runners up in the Senior Women's Cricket National held at Lucknow. In the Lakshmi Devi Invitational Tournament, Duriya Siraj and Razia Khan participated; Duriya was declared the best bowler of the Tournament. Razia Khan III History, Shakila III Maths, Hilda Fernando III Sujatha II Sociology, Duriya Siraj I B.Com. and Anita Balachandran had the privilege of donning the University blues.

Last but not least, comes the most important event, Stella Maris Sports Day held in our College NCC grounds. The Torch was lit by Sister Principal who also declared the Sports Meet open. After a tiring day of running, skipping, sack race, potato picking relay, brick walking and staff tug of war, Stella Marians witnessed a

smart N.C.C. turn-out followed by a Mass Drill by the 1st yr. students. At the end of the day, the III yrs. were finally declared the overall winners, and the day of competition and fun came to an end.

It's been a wonderful year of sports and games and we hope and pray that this Torch of Glory will continue to burn brighter in the years ahead.

MAE PINTO
III B. A. History
Sports Secretary

“Far from the Madding Crowd”

Longlasting knowledge is often obtained through practical experience outside the confines of the classroom. So even at the outset, during the planning session of the Zoology Club, it was suggested that field trips be arranged as part of the Club activities to places of Zoological interest. Our trip to Mudumalai Wild Life Sanctuary was only an outcome of this suggestion. This trip aimed at making us realise the importance of wild life. As R. W. Emerson said, “In the woods we return to reason and faith”.

The trip to Mudumalai was planned as a week - end tour. It was thrown open to students of all the three years of the Zoology Department. Thirty students in all, eagerly consented to take part in the field trip. We set out on Friday, the 7th of November 1986, accompanied by three staff members.

Our trip to Mudumalai was preceded by a day of dilemma and tension when the very prospect of our tour seemed bleak due to heavy rains at Madras. However, the weather cleared on the day of our journey and we boarded the Nilgiris Express that night, expressing our sincere gratitude to God.

We alighted at Mettupalayam early next morning and proceeded to Ooty by bus. The Ghat Road from Mettupalayam to Ooty bordered by tall, gracefully swaying betelnut and eucalyptus trees was indeed a picturesque sight. As the altitude increased the climate became chill, a fine contrast and a pleasant change from the hot, humid climate of Madras.

On reaching Ooty, we had lunch at Hotel Tamil Nadu and proceeded to Mudumalai by bus. The beauty of the hills covered with extensive tea gardens captivated us during the three-hour drive from Ooty to Mudumalai and made us forget the discomfort of travelling in a crowded bus.

Lying in the Nilgiri District, abutting Kerala and Karnataka, Mudumalai is one of the most fascinating sanctuaries of India. Mudumalai is 67 Kms from Ooty on the Udhagamandalam-Mysore Road. It is situated at an altitude of 680—1400 metres and extends over an area of 321.15 Sq. Kms. Sal, teak, rosewood and sandalwood trees predominate in the forests. The lush green forests house about 800 elephants (*Elephas Maximus*), 23 tigers (*Panthera tigris*) 5,000 spotted deer (*Axis axis*), 100 bisons (*Bison bison*) and a range of other animals. The common birds seen here include the jungle fowl, quails, partridges, peacocks and parakeets.

The Forest Department affords suitable accommodation for tourists, at Theppakadu in the heart of the forest. Trekking expeditions into the sanctuary involving mainly students, are arranged during the World Wild Life Week. One can also visit the sanctuary by van or on elephant back.

We reached Mudumalai at 5 o'clock on Saturday evening. We spent the night in the TTDC Youth Hotel located at Theppakadu. The sound of water gushing past the rocks in a narrow stream, the mating calls of jungle insects, the chirping of birds, and several other sounds exclusive to the forest, seemed music to our ears especially after the tooting of horns we were accustomed to in Madras.

We visited the sanctuary next morning in two vans. Just as we entered the forests, we encountered a herd of spotted deer. The spotted coat of the deer simulated the play of light and shadow filtering through the foliage. This is an adaptation for protective camouflage. A little while later, a lone deer, timid, yet full of life, sleekly ran into the bushes on seeing us. Eagerly gazing out of our vans, silenced by the tranquillity of the jungle, the sight of a peahen and peacock courting, filled us with delight. We also caught sight of a couple of tuskers and a herd of elephants. The enormous tusks, huge flapping ears and armour-like hide made the adult elephant seem invulnerable. The notoriously short-sighted elephants continued to feed peacefully, undisturbed by our presence. Next the black-faced, lanky-bodied, long-tailed playful langurs blocking the road, noisily ran for shelter as our van approached closer. We also found some wild boars. Colourful parakeets and hill mynas flew past us.

Tame elephants were to be seen at Theppakadu, close to the youth hostel. The friendly seven-month-old-young-one captured all our hearts. On touching the hair covering its body with our hands, we were surprised to note that it was very coarse and tough.

Another attraction at Theppakkadu was the Museum. We marvelled at the size of the huge lophodont crenated molar tooth of the elephant displayed here. We realised that in elephants, new teeth continually replace worn out ones. Organs of various animals and stuffed models of a stag, a tiger and a cheetah were also displayed here.

Mudumalai has recreated for animals, the peace and beauty of the once extensive lush green forests. It is only in such an atmosphere that animals are truly contented. Further, conservation of forests is necessary to maintain the ecological balance.

Wild Life asks so little of man. We humans, who desire a peaceful existence for ourselves must strive to provide the same for animals. They ask for nothing except to be left alone in the pathetic strips of wilderness that are all that remain of their once populous home. The few sanctuaries that remain in India need to be adequately staffed and managed. We must reflect on the necessity to conserve these forests and explore the possibilities of maintaining them.

If we do not take sufficient efforts to protect our fauna, several species of animals will soon peer at us only from the pages of a magazine. I am then reminded of Hopkins' lines.

“What would the world be, Once bereft
Of Wet and Wilderness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wilderness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet”.

We would have welcomed a few more days' stay at Mudumalai but we had to return to the routine of College life. So we boarded a bus back to Ooty at 10 o'clock on Sunday.

On reaching Ooty we spent a few hours sight-seeing there. We had not enough time to explore the beauty of Ooty. But what we saw impressed us.

Our return journey to Mettupalayam was by train, enabling us to spend a longer time among the hills. The beauty of the mist-covered mountain tops, the waterfall streaming down, and the lovely blossoms along the hill sides lingered in our thoughts as we got off the train at Madras.

Picturesque landscapes have been etched in our minds and they shall remain with us for years to come.

LAKSHMI KRISHNAN
III B.Sc. Zoology

Not me but You

A Report of NSS Activities in 1986

We came to this world not to be loved, but to love, not to be served but to serve, not to receive but to give. With this in mind, the National Service Scheme activities for the year covered a variety of projects in which volunteers were allotted to cater to the needs of different kinds of people in different areas. The projects included service rendered to children, the elderly, the less fortunate, the disabled, in fact every section that needed the care, the kind touch of the human heart.

As a fitting valedictory to the previous academic year, on 7th March '86, the NSS organised a programme that stirred in every single person in the College, deep feelings of human compassion. Our less fortunate brothers and sisters from the Clarke School for the Deaf and the Little Flower Convent for the Handicapped performed wonderful programmes: a whole lot of music, dance, yoga, drill and exercises, that kept the audience spell-bound. Their perfect coordination, concentration, seriousness, involvement and outstanding performance was a lesson to each of us. The entire scene was so moving that it left a lasting imprint in the minds of the viewers. The programme was presided over by Dr. Kaliappan, University Coordinator, and prizes and certificates were awarded to volunteers who excelled in service.

At the inauguration of St. Francis Block on 7th July, NSS volunteers were busy serving refreshments and drinks to all the visitors.

On 16th July, Pallavan Transport Corporation Day, the cultural group of the NSS sang a song, composed by them specially for the occasion, a song that was well received by the drivers and conductors who were the special guests for the day.

Seven volunteers were sent to Madras Christian College on 30th July to participate in a Video Recording Programme featuring the activities of the NSS.

The Independence Day Commemoration on 14th August in College, was the entire responsibility of the NSS and NCC. Patriotic songs echoed in all directions in the morning; an outline of India was formed by the girls to music set for the purpose. Inside the "country", were depicted scenes that brought harsh reality to the fore with the help of children from Clarke School and students and workers of the College. These incidents shook the hearts of the audience—riots, strikes, bride burning, child labour, the Bhopal tragedy, the Punjab problem, child marriageincidents that fixed the audience in a dilemma whether to clap or not!

On 28th August, the day devoted to the arts and crafts of Tamil Nadu, the last day of the three day celebration of Tamil Nadu Week, the NSS took responsibility for all the programmes. Display, demonstration, and sale of handicraft items by master craftsmen from all over Tamil Nadu, and a traditional cultural programme by the Special Police of Tamil Nadu and by Nadanamani Natya Niketan were the highlights of this day organized by the NSS. The Karagam and Kavadi by their splendour, kept the audience, wanting to watch more and more.

On 2nd October, the glorious day celebrated at Gandhi Mandapam in memory of the father of the nation, our NSS volunteers participated and sang with enthusiasm in the choir.

The mass literacy programme has been taken up as a duty, with great vigour; intensive training was given to the volunteers on 22nd November. On the same day in another part of Madras, 40 volunteers participated in "the Citizens for Clean Waterways Rally" organized by INTAACH, marching from Arts College to Anna statue. Bright banners with meaningful slogans in Tamil and English and dedicated oath taking, were the features of this rally which created an awareness regarding the necessity for clean waterways.

In the months of November and December, volunteers participated and succeeded in various competitions organized by the Youth Forum for Gandhian Studies, especially in creative singing, creative skits and oratorical competitions. On 13th December, 65 volunteers paraded their way into Katangulathur, for the special camping programme, to serve the community with sincerity of purpose.

And so, the NSS worked step by step, with its 400 volunteers in 4 Units, making its efforts on creating awareness, helping the needy, touching the untouches, reaching out to the less fortunate and in developing conditions that would serve as the basis for peace, in this International Year of Peace.

SEETHA LAKSHMI, R.
III B.A. Sociology

N. C. C. Report 1985-86

The NCC to a layman, conjures up images of parades, drills and more parades—monotonous, rigorous, boring. But drill is only one tiny aspect of the wide spectra of activities that spring from the exciting Pandora's Box that is the NCC. And be it drill, trekking, drama or debate, the talented cadets of Stella Maris College have won laurels and conquered the hearts of all during the momentous year that was 1985-86.

The year 1985-86 started with a bang, with three of our cadets—CWO Elizabeth Ray, Sgt Christine and Sgt Aruna V. participating in a trekking expedition to Ooty in May.

Following soon after, was the Annual Training Camp in Madras attended by 9 of our cadets. Cpl Suzanne was adjudged the best shot.

Later in June, L/Cpl Vidhya N. was placed 2nd in First Aid and Home Nursing at the Military Hospital Attachment Programme.

Combining fun and frolic with determination and social awareness, an unprecedented number of the Stella Marian cadets completed the 6 km Terry Fox Race conducted by the Directorate of Sports and Youth Services for the physically handicapped, in July. At the NCC cultural programme at Kalaivanar Arangam, the cadets of Stella Maris once again proved their mettle with their skit and group vocals.

In August an excited Sheela R. left for Canada to participate in the prestigious Youth Exchange Programme—the 6th Stella Marian to have been selected for the programme.

Our own NCC Officer 2/Lt Gita Samuel attended a Refresher Course for officers at Gwalior and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant.

Adding to her list of credits and those of the college was Under-Officer Sheela Y.N. a member of the NCC Expedition Team to the Ladakh peak, in August.

Our Air and Naval cadets were not far behind. Flt Cadets Jayashree and Kavita Vasant attended the All India Vayu Sainik Camp at Jaipur in October while leading Cdt Geetha Batra was placed 1st in debating, besides being adjudged the best Master of Ceremonies at the All India Nav Sainik Camp in Goa in October.

The All India Basic Leadership Camp (BLC) in Delhi from 24th October to 2nd November was attended by 2/Lt Gita Samuel and L/Cpl Sangeetha N.

December was an activity-packed month with a Blood Donation Camp and a Fire Fighting Programme being held on the College Campus.

Later in December, SUO B. Subhashini left for Dacca, representing India in the inaugural Indo-Bangladesh Youth Exchange Programme.

The year end was marked by the Final Pre-Republic Day Camp at IIT, Madras. Four of our cadets L/Cpl Indica Banu, Naval cadet Namrata Swarup, Cadet Annie Thomas and Cadet Suzanne who attended this camp, and had earlier attended the II Pre-Republic Day Camp at Ooty, were selected for the Republic Day in Delhi.

At the Republic Day Camp, Delhi—the cherished dream of every NCC cadet—four Stella Maris cadets were chosen to represent the Tamil Nadu and Pondicherry Directorate. Leading the cadets who participated in the prestigious 26th January Rajpath Parade, was Senior Captain Namrata S. who was also Guard Commander for the PM's Rally and was also chosen as the Cherry Blossom Best Parade Commander.

At the All India Cross Country Competition L/Cpl Indica Banu secured a meritorious 6th position.

Senior Captain Namrata and Cpl Suzanne P. also formed part of the cultural team that was awarded the Director-General Prize for song the composed by them.

An exciting rock-climbing course at Gwalior was attended by Lt. Gita Samuel and CWO Kausar Jehan who proved to be the most outstanding cadet of the course.

The Stella Maris cadets also contributed to the NCC Mela in Madras by setting up a stall, the proceeds of which went to the NCC fund.

At the NCC Inter - Collegiate Declaration Competition on Leprosy organised by Gremaltes, Cpl Suzanne P. was adjudged the best speaker.

For the first time since its inception in Stella Maris College, a separate day in the calendar year was allotted to NCC alone; and so in February the NCC cadets together with the entire college celebrated NCC Day. The day commenced with the arrival of the Chief Guest Mr. W.I. Devaram, Commissioner of Police, Madras. Next came the march-past which was followed by a cultural show. Instead of the customary Section Attack, the audience was pleasantly surprised by an exciting Fire Fighting Display culminating in the nail-biting rescue of 'dummies' from atop the burning canteen building.

At the reception in Madras to welcome back the Republic Day cadets, 5 cadets from Stella Maris started the programme with their Invocation song.

Rounding up the activities of the year was lively. In the inter-company competitions, the prizes for which were distributed during NCC Day, Delta Company was adjudged the best company.

The 'B & C' certificates were held on February 25th and March 11th respectively.

At the prestigious Inter-College A. L. Mudaliar Sports Meet, the NCC cadets of Stella Maris marched their way to win the coveted trophy for Best Turn out and Marching.

On 8th March cadet Indu and Cpl Suzanne put forward their views on the various activities and training programmes of the NCC in their talks during the NCC seminar at New College.

Bringing this activity-packed year to a grand finale was the Cadofest organised by DGV College, and Cadotsav by Loyola College, the results of which speak volumes for the prowess of our cadets. In the DGV college CADOFEST, Anuradha was placed first in the Signal competition. Indu was placed first in the First Aid and Home Nursing Competition. Maya was adjudged the Best Cadet. In the Loyola College CADOTSAV, Indira stood first in cross country, and Indu was adjudged the best cadet.

And with that, another chapter in the history of the NCC in Stella Maris College comes to a close. If the year turned out to be one of tremendous achievement and all our endeavours par excellence, then all credit is due to our company officer 2/Lt. Gita Samuel who stood by us through thick and thin lending unflinching support and egging us on to greater heights.

Above all we are deeply grateful to Sr. Helen Vincent who has truly been a tower of strength to the NCC company of Stella Maris College.

May the NCC which has become so interwoven with the tapestry which is Stella Maris College, live on in the years to come.

JAI HIND

Hostel Report

June 22nd '86. It is eight in the morning and the hostelites start coming in slowly. As soon as they do, they make a beeline for the bulletin board to see the room allotments. 'Who will be my roomies this time?' is the second year student's prime concern while the senior wonders which room she has been given. Sister Warden is there to greet everybody. Slowly, the hostel is filled with cries—Hi! "How are you? You never wrote to me" and so on. Come evening and it's like last year again. The common room reverberates with happy laughter and joyful voices as news is exchanged. One week is already over and the students settle down. Two weeks later, one Sunday morning, the freshies start dropping in, most of them with excited faces, some with questioning ones and even less with frightened faces, but all of them most certainly expectant. A few days later one evening it's 'Enter Eve'—the freshie social and as each freshie parades and is introduced, Room 0-1 echoes with thunderous claps and shouts. This is followed by "Goin Wishin," the return social hosted by the freshies who present a variety of items. Later in the mess, many freshies dressed up as Red Indians, much to the delight of the seniors. One term is already over

and most of the hostelites have settled down well. Friendships are made, strengthened and very rarely broken. There is always something to do in the hostel—talk, play carroms or scrabble, wash clothes, listen to music. Every second Saturday of the month, the hostelites from the two hostels get together in 0-1 and swing to music.

It is mid-term already and life continues as exciting and as happy in the hostel as ever. Visits from old hostelites are not uncommon. Pangs of homesickness appear once in a while but are quickly driven away. Indeed, the hostel with its many joys and a fraction of sorrows is, and will be, a home away from home.

SHRAVANTHI
II B.A. Literature

Futurology '86—Art of the 21st Century—an Exhibition Report

It all began with a discussion in the corridor. Thereafter, the ideas for the exhibition brewed in the young minds. Regular brainstorming, staff counselling, long hours of pigment mixing, painting, touching up, tacking up, pasting, nailing, assembling and even weaving—all these effectively combined to flood the large St. Francis Hall with progressive waves of art and thought, comment and prophecy.

The windows declared the beautiful shape of things to come. Plastic and polychrome films were used as fillers, with a touch of colour and a dash of design. With the passing rays of the sun, surprising and mischievous patterns would come to light not only on the window but even on the floor.

“Future Possibility” and “The Sea City” were borrowings from Buckminster Fuller’s experiments. While only buildings had domes in the past, “Future Possibility” foretold that whole cities could be domed to become aseptic and free from radiation hazards. “The Sea City” stated that when all land is exhausted the sea shall provide the answer and whole cities could be built on it.

“Synchronised Hues” was a woven piece with a cascade of diffused colours. “Dialogue In Colours” exposed colours in the threaded and linear mode. The magic world of colours, their juxtaposition and interaction were all revealed in these two pieces.

KALA CLUB'S VISION OF ART IN THE 21st CENTURY



Window of the Future



Threat and Solace



Fragile Calm

THE ACTIVITIES OF THE NATIONAL CADET CORPS



SUO Subhashini B. in Bangladesh



UO Annie T.



College NCC Day March Past



SUO Suzanne P.



Flt. Cpl. Jayashree S.



UO Indica Banu

The "Ganesha" won hands down in terms of appreciation. Humble kitchen utensils combined tongue-in-cheek to conjure the playful Lord of Ganas.

Two paintings entitled "Energy In Flux" and "Charging Lines" explored the possibilities of textures and techniques respectively. Universal, formal qualities would be valid in the century they concluded.

"Tube Culture", an assemblage, showed the future man in a relaxing posture and feeding himself through tubes, an allusion perhaps to the days when all men shall be conceived in tubes, commute through tubes, and ultimately survive through tubes.

The giant-sized painting "Data : Dance And Chequered Colours", was an acceptance and affirmation of the computer age.

The mobile that was suspended from the fan was a statement on life as an on-going process of change and movement. Another mobile, in which surgical instruments were used in full and in parts, glinted in the light and shifted in the breeze.

"Islands In Space", an epic - sized piece, spoke of space travel and colonisation therein, through fluorescent colours and wind-tossed geometric shapes linked by whip-lashed lines.

The centre piece entitled "Fragile Calm" voiced the dashing forces that would continue to dominate the coming century, through the use of cold metallic forms and criss-crossing gauze. Manifold negative elements might close in on mankind. However there was a centrally located soft cotton ball evocative of the 'fragile calm' that shall maintain the balance, although a precarious one.

Amidst all the formal experiments and philosophical search, some light-hearted pieces were also on show. The monocular vision of fish was exploited in "As the fish Sees, For Isn't Seeing What Art is all about?"

The painting "Exercise In Proportion" was a tribute to the artist's materials. With fervent loyalty, tubes of paint, pencils, pencil scrapings and brushes were blown-up to epic dimensions and in all modesty, the artists shrank to just a few centimetres.

"Going Home" was a large structural piece and involved the 'walking-in' of spectators. The spectator went through the maze and came upon his home or the "little pigeon hole" complete with balcony, lighting and even its oxygen supporting system.

"Integrated Complexities", a group of four, shaped canvases, with the use of metal, exploding colours and spray, and the symbolic 21, synthesised in the viewers' mind a mental collage and an abbreviated vision of the future.

The painting "Threat and Solace" provided the finale. Mythic Ravana was representative of the rampant evils and the negative forces that loom ahead. The tree of life lies broken at his feet. The white horse to the right was symbolic of the liberating forces. The mirrors used in the painting reflect us as part of both the evil and the redeeming aspects. Thus, as the 'problems' are caused by 'us', the "solutions" should also arise from 'us'.

The aim of this exhibition was to motivate the spectator to 'concrete action and accept winds of change and progress which may be as varied as witnessed between the seed and its tree, yet organic, integrated and purposeful.

Text: Ms. M. ALAMELU
Asst. Professor, Dept. of Fine Arts
Photographs: Ms. N. VARALAKSHMI,
III B.A., Fine Arts

Youth Red Cross—A Report

The year 1985 was observed as the "International Year of Youth." Based on this, it was decided by the Indian Red Cross Societies all over India, to form "Youth Red Cross Units" in Colleges and Schools. The main objective of the Youth Red Cross is to create an awareness of "a clean city".

In pursuance of this, we introduced this year (i.e. 1986-87), a unit of "Youth Red Cross" in our College, as part of our co-curricular activities.

Our Youth Red Cross Society has achieved quite a number of the set goals this year. Apart from creating a general awareness among the students and rendering help to the public, we have also achieved the following :

1. During the months July, August and September 1986, we conducted the "Bucket System" in Gopalapuram, Ellaiamman, Venus and Poes Garden Colonies, in Peters Road and Avvai Shanmugam Road. We managed to meet the expectations of the public and answer their complaints. This was possible, thanks to the municipal authorities who provided us with the garbage van whenever required.

2. We helped indirectly in the "Cleaning Madras" campaign during October, providing adequate posters both in English and in Tamil which were duly displayed in the various parts of the city.

Apart from the above, we also participated in the International Pen-pal Programme sponsored by the Australian Red Cross Society, and gave a helping hand in most of the seminars held in our college Campus. We hope to continue our work, in making our Youth Red Cross Society successful.

பெண்ணுரிமை

பெண் சுதந்திரம் என்றே பேச்சு, ஆனால் இங்கே
ஆணுக்குப் பெண்ணடிமை என்பதே மூச்சு
மதுரை மாநகருக்கே சிறப்பாம் மீனாட்சி, இன்றோ—அங்கே
எருக்கம் பாலுக்கே தவிப்பு
ஆம்! பெண் என்று தெரிந்தவுடன் அவள் குரல் வளை
நசுக்கப்படுவதே இன்றைய சிறப்பு
அன்றைய சீதை திக்குளித்தாள்—இராமன் மனப்படி!
இக்கால இராதைகளோ கணவன் மடி நிறையச்
சீதனம் தரமுடியாமையால், அக்னிச் சுவாலைகளுக்குச்
சமர்ப்பிக்கப்படுகின்றனர்
சொல்லி முடிவதில்லை—இது போல் சோக முடிவெல்லாம்
மனித குலமிடையே இது ஒரு போபால் புகை!
பெற்றுவிட்டோம் பைங்கொடியை என்று எண்ணி
இறுமாந்த பெற்றோர் இருந்த காலம் இறந்த காலம்,
“பெண்ணே வேண்டும்” என்று நெக்குருக உருகும் காலமே
எதிர்காலமாகட்டும்.

கோ. மின்னொலி
(M.Sc. Lab. Tech)

மூன்று கேள்விகள்

அழகான கடற்கரையில் அந்த நேரம்
அலைக்கரங்கள் சேர்ந்தெழுந்து மோதும் ஓரம்
மக்கள் குரல் ஒலிக்காத தனிமைக்கூடம்—அங்கே
வடிவழகன் வேலனவன் வீற்றிருக்க—அருகே
வடிவழகி வாணியவள் வீற்றிருந்தாள்
உலகத்து இன்பத்தை அளந்த பின்னர்
கேள்விகளில் திரும்பிற்று அவர்கள் உள்ளம்.

மனம் மாறா அத்தானே இந்தவேளை
வினாத்தொடுக்க எண்ணுகின்றேன் அஞ்ச வேண்டாம்,
அறிவுடனே அதற்குப்பதில் கூறிடுவீர் என்றாள்.

நீகேட்க நான்தரத் தவறேன் கண்ணே
என்று அவன் கொஞ்சிரின்றான் கோதை முன்னால்.

மலையை விடப் பெரியதெது மானிலத்திலே
கடலை விடப் பெரியதெது சொல்வீர்
உலகை விடப் பெரியதெது உண்மை உரைப்பீர்
என்று அவள் வேண்டி நின்றாள்.

மலையைவிடப் பெரிது பெண்கள் உள்ளம்
கடலைவிடப் பெரிது பெண்கள் கண்கள்
உலகைவிடப் பெரிது பெண்கள்தம் காதல்
என்றே அவன் புகன்றான் அக்கேள்விக்கு.

ஒன்றிரண்டு மூன்று என்று நாளைக் கூட்டி
அத்துடனே இன்னுமொரு பொழுதைச் சேர்த்து
அதன்பின்னே செப்பிடுவீர் பதிலை என்றாள்
அத்துடனே அன்று அவர் பிரிந்து சென்றார்.

அவள்தந்த அந்த நாளும் வந்தது
அவன்குன்றி மனம் சோர்ந்து சிந்தனையிலாழ்ந்தான்
அன்று சொன்ன வள்ளுவனை மறந்திட்டிரோ.
இதோகேளும் வள்ளுவனின் வாக்கை என்றாள்.

“நிலையின் திரியாது அடங்கியான் தோற்றம்
மலையினும் மாணப் பெரிது
பயன்தூக்கார் செய்த உதவியைத் தூக்கின்
நன்மை கடவீற் பெரிது.

காலத்தினால் செய்த நன்றி சிறிதெனினும்
ஞாலத்தின் மாணப் பெரிது.”

அவன் நாணினை, அவள் தொடர்ந்தாள்
நீங்கள் என்றுமே மாறாது என்னருகில்இருந்து
என்பயனை நோக்காது இன்பம் தந்து
ஏழை எனக் கைவிடாது மணம்புரிந்தால்
இதைவிடப் பெரிது உலகில் வேறுண்டோ என்றாள்.

கள்ளி! நீஎன்னை நகைத்து விட்டாய்எள்ளி
என்னை மடக்கிடவே கேள்வி தனைக்கேட்டாய்
உன் அறிவைப் போற்று கின்றேன்
உனை என்றுமே கைவிடேன் இதுஉறுதி என்றான்.

N. சித்ரா
I BSc (Chem)

வரதட்சணைப் பூசாரிகள்

தட்சணை கேட்பதாய்ச் சாமியைக் காட்டியே
ஆடுகளை மாடுகளைப் பவியிட்டே பிழைத்தனர்
பூசாரி என்போர்! போனபல நூற்றாண்டில்
பொருளொன்றே அவர் நோக்கம்! பொய்யாகும்
பக்தியெல்லாம்!

அக்கொடுமை தீர்வதற்கு அருளுள்ளம் கொண்டோர்கள்
அருமுயற்சி கொண்டெழுந்தார்! அதையொழிக்கத் திட்டமிட்டார்
சட்டமும் பிறந்தது! தண்டனை என்றது!
கோவிலில் நடந்த கொடுமைதான் வீழ்ந்தது!
ஆடுகள் பிழைத்தன! மாடுகள் பிழைத்தன!
ஆண்டவன் பெயரும் பிழைத்தது!
வாயில்லா உயிருக்கும் வாழ்வழி பிறந்தது
வாயுள்ள பெண்களுக்கு வாழ்வெங்கே? வழியெங்கே?
தட்சணை கொடுப்போர்க்கே தாவிக்கட்டு வேணென்று
வரதட்சணைப் பேயாக வெறிகொண்டு அலைகின்ற
பூசாரிகள் இன்று பெருகிவிட்டார் மிகப்பலராம்
கொலை செய்யத் துணிந்துவிட்டார்! கொடுமை செய்து பழகிவிட்டார்!
சட்டசபை இதையொழிக்க சவால்பல விட்டது!
பாராளும் மன்றங்கூட பதைபதைத்து எதிர்த்தது!
செயலளவில் பலனில்லை பேச்சோடு நின்றது!
ஆட்டுக்கும் காப்புண்டு செயல்படுத்தச் சட்டமுண்டு!
பெண்ணினத்தைக் காப்பதற்கே சரியான சட்டமெங்கே?
ஆடவர் திருந்துதல் ஒன்றே இதற்குவழி!
தானே திருந்துவர் என்றிருந்தால் இல்லைகதி!
திருந்தாத ஆணினத்தை நாமே திருந்தவைப்போம்!
புரியாத உண்மையை நாமே புரியவைப்போம்!
பெண்வேண்டு மென்றால் பிள்ளைவிட்டார் நடக்கட்டும்
பத்துமுறை நடந்து பாதுகைகள் தேயட்டும்
தட்சணை நாம்கேட்போம் தருவோரையே மணப்போம்
இதிலொரு துணிவு நமக்கெல்லாம் இருந்துவிட்டால்
வெற்றியே வெற்றியே பெண்களுக்கு வெற்றியே!

C. லில்லி
I B.Sc. (Maths)

வழி என்ன ?.....நீர் சொல்வீரா ?

உண்மையும், கடமையும் என்ற
தலைப்பொன்றைத் தந்து விட்டீர்
இங்கே நான்,
உண்மை சில உரைக்கின்றேன்
உணர்ந்து நம் கடமை செய்ய
வழி என்ன ?..... நீர் சொல்வீரா ?

நெருப்பென்றால் வாயென்ன வெந்தா போகும் ?
நிலைமதுதான் ! நிகழ் நிகழும் தொடர் கதைதான்
இதுவரை பூமியிலே நீர் மூன்று பாகம்தான்—
விரைவிலே முழுவதுமே நீராய் மாறும்—இங்கே
ஈழத்தில் பொங்கும் நம் சகோதரரின் செந்நீரால் !

இங்கே—'பொய்'க்குப் பூசை செய்ய
மெய்கள் மிரட்டப்படுகின்றன !
இங்கே—துள்ளும் உயிர்களைத் தூக்கிலே ஏற்றிவிட்டு
பிணத்திற்கு உயிருட்டிப் பேசவைக்கப் பெருமுயற்சி !

இங்கே

சிலுவையைச் சுமக்கின்றோர் சுமந்தபடி நின்றிருக்க
அவர்களைச் சாட்டையால் வாட்டு வேர்
அதற்குமொரு நியாயம் பேச,
கண் முன்னே கண்டும் நாம்
கண்மூடி வாய் பொத்திப்
பேடிகளாய் நிற்கின்றோம்.

இன்று.....

எரிமலை வாயிலிலே இருக்கின்றோம் நாம்
'மதங்கள்' இங்கே மதம் பிடித்தாட
மதவெறி இங்கே கொலை வெறியாக
பூமியே விடமாய் பஞ்சபூதமும் விடமாய்
நானே என்பதே கேள்விக் குறியாய்
எங்கே போகிறோம்—விடை தெரியாமல்
விரைந்து போகிறோம் அழிவை நோக்கி !

இங்கே

உண்மை சில உரைத்து விட்டேன்
உணர்ந்து நம் கடமை செய்ய
வழி என்ன ?... நீர் சொல்வீரா ?...

M. பிரமீளா
I B.Com.

உண்மையும், பொறுப்புணர்வும்

“நாம் இரவில் சுதந்திரம் வாங்கினோம்; அதனால் தான் இன்னும் விடியவில்லை” என்று மெத்தனமாக ஏதோ அரசைப் பழித்துக் கூறவேண்டும் என்பதற்காகப் பேசுபவர்கள் பொறுப்பில்லாதவர்கள்; நாட்டு வளர்ச்சியின் மீது அக்கறை இல்லாதவர்கள்; தன்னலமே பெரிது என்று கருதுபவர்கள்; எதற்குமே பிறர்மீது குற்றம் காண்பவர்கள்; அவர்களைத் திருப்தி செய்ய யாராலும் இயலாது.

“நாம் அரசியலில் தன்னிறைவுகண்டு விட்டோம்., அமெரிக்க நாடுகளுக்கு இணையாக ஏவுகணை தொடுத்ததுவிட்டோம்; எங்கேயோ சியோவில் நடக்கும் விளையாட்டுக்களைக்கூட ஒளி பரப்ப நம்மால் முடிகிறது.” என்றெல்லாம் கூறுபவர்கள் உண்மைநிலை அறியாதவர்கள்; இவர்களுக்கும் பொறுப்புணர்ச்சி இல்லாதவர்களே; எல்லாம் தமக்குத் தெரியும் என்று நினைப்பவர்கள்; எதையும் மிகைப்படுத்திக் காட்டக் கற்றவர்; கைதட்டல் கிடைக்கவேண்டும் என்று என்னவெல்லாமோ பேசுபவர்கள்.

ஆனால் நமது நாட்டின் உண்மை நிலை என்ன? இந்தியா இந்த 39 ஆண்டுகளில் (உண்மையாக) வளர்ச்சி அடைந்துள்ளதா? இல்லையா? மக்களாட்சி என்ற பெயரில் ஒரு சிலருடைய ஆட்சி நடக்கிறதா? மக்கள் எவ்வளவு தூரம் பொறுப்பை உணர்ந்து விழிப்புடன் செயல்படுகிறார்கள்? இப்படி எத்தனையோ எண்ண அலைகளுக்கு ஒரு சிறு வடிகாலே இக்கட்டுரை.

இன்றும் நாட்டில் பணக்காரன் பணக்காரனாகவே வாழ்கிறான்; ஏழை ஏழையாகவே வாழ்கிறான். ஏன்? கடின உழைப்பு, சோம்பலின்மை, சுறுசுறுப்பு என்று பலபல காரணங்களைச் சொல்லலாம். அவனுக்கென்ன, எத்தனை நபரை ஏமாற்றிப் பணக்காரனாகி விட்டான் என்பது வீண்வாதம். எல்லாப் பணக்காரர்களும் ஏமாற்றி வாழ்வதில்லை.

ஊக்கம், உழைப்பின்மை, சோம்பல், ஆராய்ந்து செயலாற்றும் தன்மை இவையெல்லாம் ஏழைக்குக் காரணமாக இருக்கலாம். ஆனால் வாழ்நாள் முழுவதும், “வெந்ததைத் தீண்டு, விதி வந்தால் மாள்வோம்” என்று இருக்க அவசியமில்லையே.

மனிதனுக்கு அடிப்படையாகத் தேவை கல்வியே. ஆனால் கிராமங்களில் இன்று எத்தனை குழந்தைகள் பள்ளிக்குச் செல்கின்றனர்? ஒருவரோ, இருவரோதான். சத்துணவு போடும் நேரங்களில் மட்டும் சென்று உணவைப் பெற்றுவரும் குழந்தைகள் அதிகம். இதற்குப் பெற்றோர் — ஆசிரியர் பிணைப்பு இல்லாதது தான். பெற்றோர்களின் பொறுப்பில்லாத தன்மையே முதற்காரணம்.

எல்லோரும் நமது நாடு உயர வேண்டும் என்ற எண்ணமில்லாதவர்களாய், ஏதோ தான் மட்டும் வாழ்ந்தால் போதும் என்று தன்னலக்காரர்களாய் வாழ்கிறார்கள். சமுதாயத்தில் தாமும் ஒரு முக்கிய பங்கு வசிக்கிறோம் என்று எவரும் உணர்வதில்லை.

அரசியல் வாதுகள் திறமையின் அடிப்படையில் உருவாகவில்லை. எவன் பணக்காரனோ, வாய்ச் சொல் வீரம் காட்ட வல்லவனோ அவனே அரசியல் வாதியாகத் திகழ்கிறான். பணத்தை மட்டுமே குறியாக எண்ணி அரசியலில் நுழைகிறார்களே தவிர, நாட்டிற்குத் தொண்டு செய்யவேண்டும் என்று நினைப்பதில்லை. அது சரி, தொண்டு செய்யவேண்டும் என்ற எண்ணம் இருந்தால் அரசியல் வாதியாக மாறாமலே அன்னை தெரசா போல உதவலாம் அல்லவா?

பெண்களை மதித்த காலம் மலையேறிவிட்டது. திருமணம் என்பது அநேக பெண் களுக்கு மகிழ்ச்சியைத் தரவில்லை; பெண்கள் எரிக்கப்படுகிறார்கள்; ஏமாற்றப்படுகிறார்கள்; தற்கொலைக்குத் தூண்டப்படுகிறார்கள்; இதற்கு யார் காரணம்? சமுதாயத்தைக் குறை சொல்ல இயலாதே. இது தனிநபரின் பொறுப்புணர்வின்மையே காரணம்; பேராசைதான் காரணம்.

வன்முறை இந்தியா முழுவதும் பரவி நிற்கிறது. பொதுச் சொத்துக்களைத் தன் னுடைமை போலக்காக்கத் தவறி விட்டனர்; நமது இந்திய நாட்டைப் பற்றிப்பெருமைப் படுபவர்கள் சிறிய வட்டத்தைவிட்டு வெளியே வந்தால் எத்தனை ஆண்கள் வீண்வம்பு பேசி நாளைக் கழிக்கின்றனர் என்று அறியலாம். திரைப்பட நடிகர்களைப் பற்றியும், அரசியல் தலைவர்களைப் பற்றியும். எங்கேயோ நடக்கும் விளையாட்டினைப் பற்றியும் வீண் அரட்டை அடிப்பதில் ஒரு பயனும் இல்லை என்று அவர்கள் உணரும் நாள் எந்நாளோ?

பொழுது போக்குவதற்கென்று உருவான—சினிமா இப்பொழுது மக்களின் வாழ்க்கை யில் நிரந்தர இடத்தைப் பிடித்துக் கொண்டது; காலையிலிருந்து இரவு வரை சினிமாக்காட்சிகள் நடப்பது நமக்கு எதை உணர்த்துகிறது? மக்கள் எந்த நேரம் சினிமா திரையிடப் பட்டாலும் பார்ப்பதற்குத் தயாராய் இருக்கிறார்கள். செய்த வேலையை விட்டு விட்டுத் திரையரங்குகள் இருக்கும் இடம் தேடி ஓடுபவர்கள் ஏராளம். மக்களின் பொறுப்பில்லாத மையைத் தெளிவாகக் காட்டுகிறது.

நாட்டில் 'குடி' மகன் எங்கும் நிறைந்து இருக்கிறான். சாராயக் கடைகள் கூட அரசாங்கமே எடுத்து நடத்துகிறது. நாடு இருபதாம் நூற்றாண்டை நோக்கி, மிக விரைவாக நடை போடுவதைக் குறிக்கிறது, என்று நாம் பெருமைப்படலாம். "எங்கள் தாய்க்குலமே" என்று வாய்நிறைய அழைப்பவர்கள், "தாய்க் குலத்தின்" குறை தீர்க்க என்ன செய்தார்கள்? கோவில்களுக்குப் பக்கத்திலேயே சாராயக்கடைகள் திறக்கப்படும் அளவுக்கு நாம் நாகரிக மக்களாய் மாறிவிட்டோம். என்னே முன்னேற்றம்! என்னே முன்னேற்றம்!

இந்த நிலைமைகளுக்கெல்லாம் யார் காரணம்? நானில்லை, நானில்லை, என்று ஒவ்வொருவரும் நழுவிக்கொள்ள இயலாது.

"ஒன்றுபட்டால் உண்டு வாழ்வு - நம்மில் ஒற்றுமை நீங்கின் அனைவர்க்கும் தாழ்வு".

என்பதெல்லாம் வெறும் ஏட்டளவில்தான்; உள்நாட்டுக் கலகங்களும், குழப்பங்களும் ஏராளம். இதற்கு யார் பொறுப்பு? ஒவ்வோர் இந்தியக் குடிமகனின் பொறுப்பு பற்ற தன்மையே இதற்குக் காரணம், சுயநலவாதிகளாக வாழ்வதே. அத்தகைய மனப் பான்மை எல்லாரிடத்தும் தோன்றிவிடாது; அதுவும் ஒரே கணத்தில் தோன்றிவிடாது; அதற்கு எத்தனையோ ஆண்டுகள் தேவை. நம்பிக்கை ஒன்றே ஆதாரம்.

மற்றுமொரு காந்தியோ, நேருவோ இந்த உலகில் அவதரிக்க வேண்டும்; மக்கள் பொறுப்புடன் செயல்பட வேண்டும்; அப்பொழுதுதான் நாடு நல்ல நிலைமை பெறும்; அதை விடுத்துப் பழங்கதைகள் பேசி, அதைச் செய்வேன், இதைச் செய்தேன் என்று அரசியல்வாதிகள் அவர்களுடைய வீட்டைமட்டும் நினைக்கும் வரை இந்தியா முன்னேற முடியாது.

S. ஜெயபதி
II B.Sc. (Phy)

அன்பின் வழிநின்ற தொண்டு நெறி

முன்னுரை :

“வையத்துள் வாழ்வாங்கு வாழ்பவன் வானுறையும்
தெய்வத்துள் வைக்கப் படும்”

—என்ற பொய்யா மொழிப் புலவரின் கூற்றிற்கிணங்க உலகில் வாழவேண்டிய முறைப்படி வாழ்பவர் தேவர்களோடு ஒருவராக எண்ணப்படுவர். இன்று எத்தனையோ பேர் உளர், பூதஉடல் மறைந்தாலும் புகழ் உடலை நிலைநிறுத்திச் சென்ற. ஆன்ற முதியோரை இவண் நினைக்க வேண்டியுள்ளது. இவ்வுலகில் ஒருவன் தோன்றிய கணமே அவன் இறப்பிற்கும் நாள் குறிப்பேட்டில் குறித்தாகி விடும். ஆனால் தோன்றலும் மறைதலும் நாளுக்கு நாள் உலகில் நாம் காணும் சாதாரண உண்மைகள். இடைப்பட்ட நாட்களைக் கணிக்க “வாழ்க்கை” என்ற ஓர் பெரும் உண்மை மறைந்துள்ளதே. இம் மாபெரும் உண்மையைச் சில பெரியோர் உண்மை என நிறுவியுள்ளனர். நாட்டுத் தலைவர்களை எடுத்துக்கொண்டால் அண்ணல் காந்தி, நேரு, இந்திரா காந்தி, இன்னும் பலர். புனிதர்களை எடுத்துக் கொண்டால் புனித அசீசி பிரான்சிஸ், புனித குழந்தையேசுவின் தெரசாள், அவிலா தெரசாள் இவ்வாறு பலர் தோன்றி மறைந்துள்ளனர். ஆயினும் “யானை இறந்தாலும் ஆயிரம் பொன்; இருந்தாலும் ஆயிரம் பொன்; என்பது போல இன்றும் புகழ் என்னும் அணியோடு திகழ்கின்றனர். இவர்களில் புனித பிரான்சிஸ் அசீரியை எடுத்துக் கொள்வோம். இவர் இன்றும் நம்மிடையே நிலைக்கக் காரணம் அன்னாரது தொண்டு நெறி. இந்த உண்மையைக் காண்போமா? எங்கே? இங்கே!

புனித பிரான்சிஸின் வாழ்க்கை உண்மை :

“புல்லும் பசுவிற்காம்; பூண்டும் மருந்திற்காம்
கல்லும் திருக்கோயில் கட்டுதற்காம்—தொல்லுலகில்
ஏழை எளியேன் எதற்காவேன்? செந்திரகர்
வாழும் வடிவேலா வா” [முருகன் புகழ்மாலை]

இவ்வரிகள் கவிமணியின் கனிந்த சொற்கள். இப்படியேதான் இன்று எத்தனையோ கோடி மாந்தர் தங்கள் வாழ்வைக் கட்டுக் கோப்பற்ற காட்டாற்று வெள்ளம்போல, பனிமலை உறைந்திருக்கும் பனிபோல எண்ணிப்பிறந்தேன், வாழ்கிறேன், இறப்பேன்’ என்ற நிலையில் தோன்றி மறைகின்றனர். இதுவா வாழ்க்கை! பின் என்ன? இதோ புனித பிரான்சிஸின் பதில்.

“பாலைவனம் சோலைவனம் ஆகவேண்டும்
பசங்களிகள் அங்கிருந்து பாடவேண்டும்
சாலைகளிற் பலதொழிலும் பெருக வேண்டும்
சாதிமதச் சண்டையெலாம் ஒழிய வேண்டும்.”

புனிதரின் அறைகூவல் இதுவே எங்கு அமைதி இலையோ? அங்கு அமைதியை விதைப்பது. எங்கு இருளோ, அங்கு ஒளிவீச வைப்பது, எங்கு வறுமையோ அங்கே வளமையை ஈவது. புனிதரின் இச்செவ்விய பண்புக்கு அடிப்படைக் காரணம் ஈசன்பால் கொண்ட ஈடுபாடு என்பது உள்வாங்குகை நெல்விக்ககலி.

தொண்டுக்குக் காரணம் :

அதற்குமுன் புனிதர் யார்? குலம் கோத்திரம் என்ன? என்பதைத் தெரிந்து கொள்ள விழைவோமா? 12ம் நூற்றாண்டில் உயர் குடிமகனாக அரச குடும்பத்தில் தோன்றிய பிரான்சிஸ் கல்வி பல கற்றார். தனக்குப் பின் நாட்டை ஆள சிறந்த வீரமகனைப் பெற்ற பெருமை தந்தைக்கு. மகன் பிரான்சிலோ தன் உடல், பொருள், ஆவி அனைத்தையும் ஈசனிடம் உயர்த்தியது தந்தைக்கு ஏமாற்றமே. எனினும் தந்தை முயன்றார். என்னே! புனிதரின் திண்ணிய உள்ளம். தான் உடுத்தியிருந்த ஆடைமுதலாய் வேண்டாமென உதறிவிட்டார். உலகைத் துறந்தார். இதுவே புனிதரின் வாழ்க்கைக் குறிக்கோள் என்பது வெள்ளிடை மலையே. எங்ஙனம் எழில் கொஞ்சம் உலகைத் துறந்தார். இன்ப சுகங்கள் எத்தனையோ அரச குடும்பத்தைச் சார்ந்தவருக்கு “வாயிற்படி நாயேன” காத்திருந்தும் அத்தனையையும் துறந்ததன் மர்மம் என்ன? பித்தனா? இல்லை செல்வச் செழிப்பால் சுகஇனிமையையும் அறியாப் பேதையா? பித்தனும்ல்ல இவர் பேதையுமல்ல. வாழ்வின் உண்மை நெறி உணர்ந்து விளக்கிய உத்தமன். எங்கே? காண்போமா?

இயற்கையில் இறைவனைக் கண்டார் :

“மான்மறவாக் கலையினமே! வாழ்விட விட்டகலா
மதம்பெருகு மாகுலமே! வன்பிகமே! சுகமே!
நான்மறவா நாதனையெஞ் ஞான்றுமறிவீரோ?
நவில்வீர்”

என்று புள்ளினங்களைக் கண்ட பொழுதெல்லாம் இறைவனின் எழிலைக் கண்டு இன்புற்று உயிருள்ள அனைத்தையும் தன் சகோதரர்களாக எண்ணி அழைத்து வந்தார். கழுதையைக் கண்டால் நமக்கெல்லாம் வெறுப்பு புனிதரோ “கழுதை சகோதரனே” எனக் கூப்பிட்டு மகிழ்ந்தார். வாழ்வின் உண்மை உணராது, காட்டாற்று வெள்ளம்போல் ஓடி எங்காவது சிக்கித் தவித்து, பின்பு வந்து இறைவன் மனிதன் தனது படைப்பை அனுபவித்து மகிழ்ந்தும் என சினைந்து படைத்தவற்றை அழிவுக்குப் பயன்படுத்தி முறையற்று வாழும் பேதையரின் மத்தியிலே, வாழ்வின் உண்மையை உணர்த்தும் பூம்புனல் புனிதர் இயற்கையை அணைத்தார். அன்பு செய்தார். எவ்வாறு?

தீர்த்தக் கரையினிலே, கடல் அலையினிலே, வானமெனும் வீதியில் வெண்பட்டு உடுத்திக் குளிர்ந்த தன்மையாம் திலகமிட்டு இரவுக் கன்னிகையாக உலாவரும் வெண்மதியினிலே, சின்னஞ்சிறு இதழையும் செவ்விய பெரிய இதழ்களையும் தன்னகத்தே கொண்டு வாசமெனும் நறுமணத்தைப் பரப்பிவரும் மலர்களிலே இறைவனைக் கண்டார். இயற்கையில் இறைவன் உறைகின்றார் என்ற மாபெரும், மறவா உண்மையை வெள்ளிடை மலையென உணர்த்திய இவரின் தொண்டுதான் என்னே? காண்போமா?

அன்னாரின் தொண்டு நெறி : அதுவே அன்பு நெறி :

“நீலம் மெழுகிய வீதியிலே மணி
நித்திலப்பூச் சொரிந்தே
கோல மதிவரும் போதொரு செய்தியைக்
கூட்டி யனுப்பிடலாம்”.

ஆஹா ! என்ன செய்தி என்று கேட்கின்றீர்களா ? அதுவே அன்புச் செய்தி.

“உண்மை அன்பை உடையவரே
உலகை அளந்த பெருமானை
அண்மையாகக் கண்டிடுவர்
அல்லார் காணார், காணாரே”.

அன்பின் வெற்றியை எங்ஙனம் எடுத்துரைக்கின்றார் பார்த்தீர்களா ? வாழ்வின் உண்மை என்றால் என்ன ? ஆணும் பெண்ணும் காதுவித்து மணம் புரிந்து இன்பத்தைச் சுவைப்பது தான் அன்பா ? இறைவனின் இசைக் கருவியாக நின்ற புனிதர் நாளொரு மேனியும் பொழுதொரு வண்ணமுமாக அன்பில் வளர்ந்தார். மனிதன் மனிதனாக வாழ வேண்டும் என விரும்பினார். ஏழை எளியவை, சமுதாயத்தால் புறக்கணிக்கப்பட்ட மாந்தரை ஆதரித்தார். ஏழைகளோடு ஏழையாக வீதியெங்கும் விமலனாய் நடந்தார். ஒவ்வொரு மனிதனின் மாண்பும் மதிக்கப்பட ஆசீத்தார். எக்குடியில் பிறந்திருப்பினும் யாவரே ஆயினும் அனைவரையும் இன்முகத்துடன் வரவேற்று உபசரித்து அன்புடன் பழகினார். இச் செயலை முழுச் சுதந்திரமாக எண்ணிச் செயல்பட்டார் எனின் மிகையாகுமா !!!

இக்கவியுத்தியிலே மனிதனின் நிலை என்ன ? மனிதனுக்கு மனிதன் விலங்குகளைப் போலல்லவா செயல்படுகின்றனர். அவனுடைய உரிமைகள் மதிக்கப்படுகின்றதா ? அவன் சம உரிமை, சம வாய்ப்பு பெற்றவனாக இருக்கின்றானா ? நம் அன்னாரின் கருத்துப்படி மனிதன் மனிதனை அவனின் ஆளுமையில் தலையிடுவதே தவறு. தனி மனித உரிமையை அவ்வளவாக நேசித்தார் எனலாம். ஆனால் இற்றைய பொழுதில் நாம் காண்பது என்ன ? வலியோர் மெலியோரைச் செல்வம் என்னும் குன்றேறும் படிக்கட்டாகப் பயன்படுத்துவதைத் தானே காண்கிறோம். அரசியலை எடுத்துக் கொண்டால் பாமரரை ஏமாற்றி, கையேந்தி ஒட்டுவாங்கி அரியணை ஏறியவுடன் அபலைகளை மறந்துவிடும் சுயநலத் தலைவர்கள்.

இன்றைய இளைஞர் சமுதாயமோ, கேளிக்கை, போதைப் பொருள் போன்றவற்றில் மனதை ஈடுபடுத்தி மகிழ்கின்றனர். கல்லூரிகளிலும், பள்ளிகளிலும் பெஞ்சுகள் காணியாக்கப் பட்டு, திரையங்குகளில் நாற்காலிகள் இளைய சமுதாயத்தினரால் நிரப்பப்படுகிறது.

“யாதும் ஊரே ; யாவரும் கேளிர், தீதும் நன்றும் பிறர் தரவாரா.....

“பெரியோரை வியத்தலும் இலமே சிறியோரை இகழ்தல் அதனினும் இலமே” உலகில் உள்ளவர்களைச் சமமாசப் பாவிப்பது, ஆபத்துக் காலந்தனில் உதவுவது, சமாதானமாக வாழ்வது என்பதே அன்னாரின் ஆன்ற மொழி. ஆனால் கண்ணிருந்தும் குருடராய் நடக்கின்றோம். நாட்டிலே, சிறு சமுதாயத்திலே அநீதிகள், முறையற்றவையாக இருப்பினும் நம்மால் உணர முடியாதவையாக கண்கள் கட்டப்பட்டு உள்ளது.

வாழ்வின் உண்மை நெறி :- அதுவே அறநெறி :

“ஆழிபுடை குழலகம் யாவு நலமேவ!
அறத்துறை புருந்துயிர்கள்
அன்பு வெளம் மூழ்க.”

அறம் என்றால் என்ன? மறத்தை ஒழிப்பது. இறைவன் மனிதனைப் படைத்ததே அறவாழ்வில் நிலைத்து; மறுவுலக வாழ்வின் இன்பத்தை அடையவே அவ்வாறாயின் அறநெறி நிறறல் எங்ஙனம்? கடல் சூழ்ந்த உலகில் யாவும் நலமாக அமைய அறத்துறை நிலைத்து அன்பின் தொண்டு பெருகினால்தானே அறம் நிலைக்கும். மாந்தரிடை எழுகின்ற போட்டி, அழுக்காறு, பிணி, பூசல், அரிசி, ஏமாற்றுதல், கொடுங்கோன்மை பூண்டோடு ஒழிய வேண்டும். நோயற்றோர், முதியோர், ஏழைகள், அனாதைகள், இளம் வயதில் கணவனை இழந்தோர் அனைவரும் நல்வாழ்வு பெற ஆவன செய்ய வேண்டும். இதுவே “அறவழி, தொண்டு அன்பு நெறி நிறறல்” என்பதை மெய்ப்பித்தார் புனித பிரான்சிஸ்.

முடிவு :

“அன்பும் அறனும் உடைத்தாயின் இல்வாழ்க்கை
பண்பும் பயனும் அது.”

செந்நாப்புலவர் செப்பிய செம்மொழி இல்வாழ்க்கை மட்டுமல்ல. ஏன் இவர் இல்வாழ்வைக் குறிப்பிட்டார் எனின், அன்பு, அறம், பணி, பண்பு அனைத்தின் பிறப்பிடம் இல்லறமே. இதுவே நல்லறமும் கூட. எனவே, வாழ்வின் உண்மை இதுவே என நாம் இனி உணர்ந்து, உண்மையை மறக்காது மறவாது, இறவாப் புகழுடன் வாழ அன்னாரின் அன்பு அறநெறி நிறறல் உயரிய பண்பாகும்.

சகோ. மேரி
வரலாறு, முதலாம் ஆண்டு

दहेज या कफन?

जल रही
होलियाँ बन
आशाएँ
कुमारियों की,
बन गये राख,
सपने उनके
दहेज की
आग में ।
यौवन के चढ़ते
ही, चिन्ता
कीं व्याली
डसती
कब होंगे
लाडली के
हाथ पीले
कब बैठेगी
डोली ।

कली से
अधफूल
बन जायें, फिर
भी चिन्ता
न जाए,
सताते
दुष्ट पति
के परिजन
मसल देते
कली को,
चढ़ाते बली
दहेज के
पूजक ।
भूलौ मत;
हैं तुम्हारी
बहने भी
होने हैं; उनके
भी हाथ पीले
बैठना है;
उनको भी,
डोली ।

शिखरों के राही

मत निराश हो तू, हे मानव ।
यथार्थ को जान,
न हो परेशान,
दहेज, बेकारी, भ्रष्टाचार,
और कंगाली को देख कर,
न हो हतोत्साहित,
बल्कि अपनी प्रतिक्रिया को जान,
ले तू मन में ठान,
जीते जी तू इनसे लडेगा,
तभी तेरा आत्मबल बढ़ेगा
वीरों की तरह सामना कर
सब कठिनाइयों का खात्मा कर
तभी तेरे जीवन का अर्थ होगा,
यथार्थ को जान, अपनी प्रतिक्रिया को पहचान
कर डट कर सामना,
तभी पूरी होगी तेरी हर मनोकामना ।

—निर्मल संधु
प्रथम वर्ष
(वत्सस्पति विज्ञान)

जीवन-तेरे रूप अनेक ।

शायद सौ दो सौ . . . नहीं दो सौ पचास . . . खैर मुझे ठीक से याद तो नहीं परंतु मैं इतना अवश्य जानता हूँ कि वर्षों से अपलक दुनिया रूपी नाटक का दर्शक बना, बाग में इसी जगह पर खड़ा हूँ । पत्थर का बूत होने के नाते मैं मुख से बोल तो नहीं पाता, परंतु कभी-कभी पटनायें ऐसी घटनाएँ सामने आ जाती हैं कि मुझ जैसे पत्थर को भी जोर-जोर से रो देने का जी चाहता है और कभी मानव की नादानियों पर हँसने का . . . ।

बाग के जिस कोने में मैं खड़ा हूँ, वहाँ से सड़क भी साफ दिखाई देती है। कल की ही बात है। एक पल की चूक से इंसान कभी-कभी अपनी जिंदगी भी खो बैठता है। एक व्यक्ति गुनगुनाता हुआ सड़क पार कर रहा था। तभी एक ट्रक तेजी से आया और अगले ही पल दुर्घटना हो गई थी। व्यक्ति के मुख से चीख तक न निकली, केवल रक्त लगातार बहता जा रहा था। ट्रक के ड्राइवर में शायद इंसानियत नाम की चीज़ न रह गई थी... या शायद अत्यधिक भय के कारण उसे ध्यान रहा कि उसकी गलती से किसी की जान जान जा रही थी। ट्रक रुका नहीं। थोड़ा धीमा चला और फिर तेज होता हुआ औझल हो गया। व्यक्ति शायद मर चुका था। भीड़ इकट्ठी हो गई थी। पुलिसवाले पूछताछकर रहे थे। और मैं जीवन की क्षणिकता का अहसास करते हुए उस मानव के बारे में सोच रहा था जो अपने समान ही एक अन्य रचना का विनाश करते हुए गुजर गया था।

अभी सुबह के दस बजे हैं। पार्क में किसी स्कूल के बच्चे पिकनिक मनाने आए हैं। सबके चेहरों पर एक भोली हँसी खेल रही है। सब संसार के झमेलों से बेखबर! फूलों और खिलोनों की दुनिया में खोए हुए। इन्हें देखकर यही डर लगता है कि कभी इनकी मुसकान भी निराशा में न डूब जाए।

शाम का समय। शायद पाँच बज रहे हैं। पास के बेंच पर सिर पर हाथ रखे हुए एक व्यक्ति बैठा है। पिछले दो हफ्तों से यही सिलसिला चला आ रहा है। एक ऐसा भी समय था जब मैंने इसी व्यक्ति को उमंगों और उम्मीदों से भरा हुआ देखा था। आज उसके चेहरे पर निराशा के चिह्न पाता हूँ। मेरे सोचते—सोचते बेंच पर एक और व्यक्ति जो शायद उस निराशा व्यक्ति का मित्र है, आ बैठा है। दोनों बातें कर रहे हैं। मैं सुनने लगता हूँ। दोस्त पूछ रहा है, 'भई बात क्या है? चेहरे पर बारह बज रहे हैं। जवाब आता है, "यार! एम० ए० पास करने के बाद सोचता था कि एक अच्छी नौकरी मिलेगी। कितने सपने देखे थे। आज एक जगह इंटरव्यू के लिए गया था। सब दिखावा था। एक उम्मीदवार को, जो किसी मंत्री की सिफारिश लाया था, रख लिया गया। यह कहाँ का न्याय है।"

वातें सुनते हुए बेकारी की समस्या का कोई हल मैं ढूँढने लगता हूँ और बिचारों में खो जाता हूँ। तभी जोर से खिलखिलाने की आवाज आती है।

मैं देखता हूँ कि एक दंपति अपने दो बच्चों के साथ आए हुए हैं। इनका घर शायद पास ही है। रोज शाम को घूमने चले आते हैं। इन्हें इतना खुश देखकर मुझे उस स्त्री का भी ध्यान आता है जो कुछ दिन पूर्व यहां बैठी रो रही थी और स्वयं से ही बातें करती हुई कह रही थी, 'क्यों इतना लालची होता है इंसान? पति के दहेज में स्कूटर न मिलने पर क्रोध और सास को फ्रिज का इंतजार है। कहा कि अपने घर से यह सब लेकर ही वापस आना। "फिर अपने आंसू पोंछकर बोली थी, "लेकिन मैंने सोच लिया है। अब वहाँ वापस हरगिज नहीं जाऊँगी। अपनी जिंदगी खुद जिऊँगी।

मैं सोच रहा हूँ कि प्रत्येक इंसान को दुःख भी मिलता है और ख़शी भी। ईश्वर की तो माया है—कहीं धूप कहीं छाया। कभी-कभी-मानव गलती भी कर बैठता है।

पर सब से बड़ी बात है उसकी प्रतिक्रिया । ऐसे भी इंसान होते हैं जो बड़े से बड़े दुःख भी हँसकर झेल जाते हैं! निराश होकर आत्मविश्वास नहीं खोते । ऐसे भी मनुष्य होते हैं जो तनिक सी चूक होने पर अथवा जरा सा दुःख आने पर होश खो बैठते हैं । मूझे कहीं से किसी कविता की पक्तियाँ सुनाई देती हैं देखकर बाधा विविध, बहु विघ्न धबराते नहीं । रह भरोसे भाग के दुःख भोग पछताते नहीं ।

सुधा जयरथ (तृतीय वर्ष) गणित

कला या बला ?

समुद्र के गहरे तल में कई सीप बिखरे मिलते हैं । तथा हर सीप के अन्दर एक मोती मौजूद होता है । सीप के अन्दर ही रहने से उसका मूल्य जाना नहीं जाता जबकि उसे वहाँ से निकालकर यदि उसका मूल्यांकन किया जाए तो उस जैसी अमूल्य चीज़ कोई अन्य नहीं दिखाई पड़ती । ठीक इसी तरह, इस दुनिया रूपी समुद्र में “हम” रूपी सीप मौजूद हैं तथा हमारे अन्दर कोई न कोई प्राकृतिक प्रतिभा रूपी मोती छिपा हुआ । यह तब तक अपना प्रभाव नहीं दिखा सकता जब तक उसे प्रकट होने का अवसर न दे । तथा अन्य लोगों के समक्ष लाकर उसका मूल्यांकन न करें ।

सच तो यह है कि हम से अधिकांश लोग कोई भी कार्य की शुरुआत करने से हिचकिचाते हैं । यदि इसका कारण जानने की चेष्ट की जाए तो देखने में आता है कि इसका प्रमुख कारण है आलस्य या लापखाही जो हमारे मस्तिष्क को जकड़े हुए है । अन्य कारणों के अंतर्गत हम “स्वयं को औरों की तुलना में क्षीण मानना, या “कर नहीं पाएंगे” वाली प्रवृत्ति या अपनी ही प्रतिभा पर आत्मविश्वास न होना या “नहीं होगा अथवा असम्भव है” वाला कोण “या फिर मैं क्यों कष्ट उठाऊँ जब और कई लोग हैं ” वाला मत आदि मान सकते हैं । धारणा, या जरूरी नहीं है वाली दृष्टि के फलस्वरूप हमें “निकम्मे की उपाधि प्राप्त होती है, भले ही हमें अपनी क्षमता प्रतिभा और कुशलता का ज्ञान होते हुए हमें यह स्वीकार न हो । और तो और, इस मत का विरोध करने की भी हममें लालसा नहीं होती और हम वैसे ही रह जाते हैं, जैसे हम थे ।

यह सच है कि जन्म से तो कोई स्थापित कलाकार नहीं होता । हाँ, हालात और उसकी अपनी दिलचस्पी जहर उसे कलाकार बना देते हैं या यू कहें कि उसमें धिपी कलात्मकता को उभारते हैं । यह सब जानते हुए भी हम अपनी प्रतिभा का सामना नहीं करना चाहते, अपने सुषुप्त “प्रतिपा-तरंगों” को उठने नहीं देते तथा ध्यान तो वया, पनपने हम उन्हें तक का मौका नहीं देते । भले ही हम भगवान की देन को क्रियान्वित करें । जिस तरह हिरणी कस्तूरी को नाभी में रखे हुए भी अपने आंतरिक ज्ञान से अपरिचित है, अपनी प्रतिभा से अंजान है ।

हमें यह भूलना नहीं चाहिए कि जीवन आता है तो सिर्फ एक बार। जो करना है, सो इसी में करना है। यह हमारी भूल है कि हम मुनहरे अवसरों को अपनी लापरवाही की वजह से गवा देते हैं। क्या पता कि कल हम भी इतिहास बना सकते हैं।

मंजु

द्वितीय वर्ष बी.एस.सी. (प्राणी विज्ञान)

बेला

“ दीदी, दीदी,” कहती हुई मेरी बहन हाँफती हुई मेरे पास आई। सांस चट गयी थी, फिर भी अपनी बात कहने के लिए आतुर थी।

“ पता है..... एक पुलीसवाला..... ”

तब तक किसी ने दरवाजा खटखटाया। दरवाजा खोला तो सामने एक पुलीसवाला था।

“ यह घर मिस्टर नैसरत का ही है न ” ?

“ जी हाँ, मैं उनकी बेटी हूँ ” ।

“ आपके घर बेला नाम की लड़की काम करती थी ?

“ जी हाँ ”

“ अच्छा, डैडी के आने के बाद कैलेमन्ट टाऊन पुलीस स्टेशन आने को कहना ” ।

“ पर बात क्या है ” ।

उस लड़की की लाश सड़क के किनारे पड़ी है। उसके सम्बन्ध में आपके पिता से बात करनी है।

एक क्षण के लिए हृदय की धड़कन वही थम गयी। आँखों से पानी का बेम, मैं बड़ी कठिनाई से रोक पा रही थी। मुझे अपने कमरे की तरफ भागते देख मेरी बहन सामने आ गई और उसके सामने, मेरे आँसू कुछ क्षण के लिए रुक गये।

“ बेला मर गई है न। ” कह कर वह खेलने चली गई। उसके लिए बेला केवल एक नौकरानी थी। माता-पिता भी यही समझते थे।

परन्तु मैं.....मैं ऐसा नहीं समझती थी। मुझे ऐसा लगा, जैसे मेरे बाँये हाथ को पक्षाघात हो गया हो।

बेला की माँ पड़ोस के घर में काम करती थी। उसका पति काम पाने की लालसा में आसाम भाग गया था। बेला की माँ कभी-कभी जरूरत पड़ने पर हमारे घर काम करने आ जाया करती थी।

जब बेला छ साल की हुई तो वह भी अपनी माँ हाथ बंटाने लगी।

बेला की आंखे बड़ी-बड़ी थी। हमेशा आँसुओं की झड़ी लगी रहती थी। बेला भी हमारे घर के कई छोटे-छोटे काम कर देती थी। मेरी माँ जब मेरी छोटी बहन को लाड प्यार करती तो बेला घर के किसी कोने से उन दोनों को देखती। मुझे लगा। शायद उसकी माँ को कभी उसे प्यार करने के लिए समय ही नहीं मिला होगा।

वह भी दुबली-पतली औरत थी जो हर क्षण अपनी मौत को बुलावा देती और बेला को अपने आदमी के भाग जाने का जिम्मेदार समझकर उसे कौसता था। मैंने उसका यह रूप ही देखा था।

माँ का प्यार भरा रूप बेला की माँ में कभी देखा नहीं था। इसका कारण अनेकों दुःख थे जिन्होंने उसे तोड़ डाला था। उसके पिता रेलवे-स्टेशन में कुली थे। पेट भरने लायक खाना एव तन ढकने के लिए कपडे मिल जाते थे, उसके पिता ने पढ़ने के लिए जैन विद्यालय में भेजा। जहाँ गरीब बच्चों को निःशुल्क शिक्षा मिलती थी। पर उसका, ध्यान पढाई को छोड़ अन्य सभी बेतुकी बातों में अधिक लगता था।

सीतमती देखने में अच्छी थी। नाक-नवशभी ठीक थे। इसी कारण उसके पिता उसकी तलना राम-राज्य में सीता का रोल करने वाली हीरोईन से करते थे। वह यह ही कहा करते थे, बस देखना, यह सीता बड़ी हुई, वहाँ उसके रिश्ते आने लगेंगे, कोई ऐसा-वैसा दामाद नहीं, बैंक का क्लर्क हो तो चलेगा। पर उसमें नीचे काम करने वाले को हरगिज़ न दूँगा।

सीतमती सब सुन कर फूली नहीं समाती। उसने कई बार सड़कों के लड़कों को ओर घूरते हुए देखा था। पर वह बीस पार कर गई। कोई अनुकूल लड़का न मिला। कुली या मजदूर ही रिश्ते के लिए आए। आखिर तंग आकर सीतमती भंगू के सथा भाग गई

भंगू हमारे ही शहर देहरादून के वायुसेना में अदली था। पति के घर आ कर पता चला कि वह पहले से ही तीन बच्चों का बाप है। भंगू एक दिन शराब पीकर नौकरी करने के जुल्म में नौकरी से हटा दिया गया।

उसके बाद वह असाम भाग गया। उसके बाद दिन-प्रतिदिन जटिलताओं के तथा समाज की लाछनाओं ने उसे तिल-तिल कर जीवन निर्वाह करने पर मजबूर कर दिया।

सीतमती भले ही गरीब थी पर उसका मन अब भी दर्प से भरा था। कभी परांठे बनाते देखती तो कहती “उसके घर में भी धी के परांठे बनाये जाते थे। मैं तो सलवार का मैचिंग दुप्पटा ही पहनती थीं। मैं जब सज के बाहर जाती तो सब ठंडी आहें छोड़ते थे। उसकी इन बातों ने उसकी मालकिनों के मन में खीज पैदा कर दी थी।

जब पांच औरतें गली की साथ मिलती तो सीतमती ही उनकी चर्चा का विषय रहता। सीतमती की कहानी मने कुछ उसके जबानी, कुछ अफवाहों एव कुछ इस प्रकार सुनीं।

बेला में मने उसकी माँ का एक भी अवगुण नहीं देखा। क्या पता परिस्थितियों ने इन अवगुणों पर परदा डाल दिया हो। माँ के कारण ही बेला के प्रति किसी को दया नहीं आई। सब यह ही कहते थे कि खून का रिश्ता कैसे टूट सकता है। जैसे माँ है वैसे ही बेटी भी होगी। पर किसी ने यह नहीं समझा कि सातमती के अवगुण उसकी माँ से नहीं अपितु जीवन में उत्पन्न परिस्थितियों के कारण थे।

एक दिन मैं अपने घर के बरामदे में खड़ी थी अपनी बहन का हंतजार करते हुए जो घर के पास में ही स्थित एक स्कूल में पढ़ती थी। स्कूल का नजारा, बच्चों का ह्र एक कार्यकलाप हमारे घर से साफ नज़र आता था। बेला ने बड़े उत्साह से मेरी बहन से बस्ता लिया। वह मेरी बहन से बात करना चाहती थी पर सच्चाई यह थी कि मेरी बहन ने उसे एक नौकरानी से अधिक कुछ न समझा।

मेरी बहन से होमपर्क आदि के बारे में पूछ कर जब मैं कमरे से बाहर निकली तो देखा बेला अब भी दरवाजे पर खड़ी है।

मैं ने पूछा, “क्या बात है, बेला।

“दीदी, प्रेमा दीदी कहाँ जाती है”।

“स्कूल”

“वहाँ क्या होता है।” उसने पूछा मैं उसे क्या जवाब देती। उसकी आंखों में लालसा तथा उत्साह था। मैंने उसे निराश करना उचित न समझा।

“वहाँ पढ़ाई की जाती है।”

शाचद उसके पल्ले कुछ न पड़ा होगा।

“वहाँ खेलते भी है न।”

मैंने सिर हिलाया।

“तुम स्कूल क्यों नहीं जाती हो।” मैंने पूछा उसकी आंखों से उदासी छा गई।

माँ ने नहीं भेजा।”

उसकी व्यथा उसी प्रकार थी जिस प्रकार एक लंगड़े की होती है जो नदी पार एक आम के पेड़ से आम खाना चाहता है। बेला की शिक्षा के प्रति लगाव में उसके मुख के भावों से समझ रही थी। पर मैं लाचार थी। मेरा बेला के प्रति लगाव दिखाना शायद मेरे माता-पिता को पसन्द न आता। जब भी मैं उसकी मां से बेला के शिक्षा के बारे में बात करती तो वह एक कुटिल हंसी हंस देती।

एक दिन मैं कमरे में पढ़ाई कर रही थी तो बेला मेरे लिए चाय बना लायी। उसका चाय बनाना मैं सोच भी नहीं सकती थी। खाना, चाय आदि काम मां के अलावा मैं ही करती थी। उस समय घर के अन्य सदस्य सोये थे। बेला शायद जानती थी कि मैं किसी को कुछ न बताऊँगी। चाय पीकर मेरा उसके प्रति प्यार और भी जग गया। उस कड़कती सर्दी में चाय पीना चाहती थी, पर आलस के कारण अब तक चुप चाप बैठा थी।

मुझे पता नहीं क्या सूझा। मैंने उससे पूछा कि क्या पढ़ाई करेगी। इसके बाद वह रोज रात को मेरे पास कुछ देरे बैठ जाती और लिखना पढ़ना भी एक साल में सीख गई।

इस एक साल में उसके जीवन में अनेक उतराव-चढ़ाव आये। उसकी मां ने दूसरी शादी करली। अब बेला पड़ोस के घर भी काम करने लगी। सौतेले पिता का व्यवहार उसके प्रति कैसा है, यह मैंने उससे कभी नहीं जाना। बस अफवाहें सुनी कि उसके पिता में वह सब आदतें हैं जो आज के किसी फिल्मी खलनायक में देखी जा सकती है। उसकी शकल भी इसमें सहयोग देती थी।

कुछ दिन बेला हमारे घर काम करने नहीं आई। पता लगाया तो पता चला उसके पिता ने उसकी शादी कर दी है। मेरा मन क्रोध से भर उठा। अभी उसकी उम्र ही क्या थी। पर मैं लाचार थी। मेरा बेला का घर से जाकर जाकरी मदद करना मेरे माता पिता को पसन्द नहीं था। जब मैंने उन्हें बताया तो वह कह उठे कि समाज में ऐसे निम्न कार्य होते ही रहते हैं। उसके लिए इतना द्रवित होना ठीक नहीं है। माता-पिता के कारण मैं उनके विरुद्ध कुछ बोल भी न सकी।

बेला के माता-पिता भी एकाएक शहर छोड़कर चले गये। इसके बाद बेला एक दिन बुखार से तड़पती हुई हमारे घर आई काम माँगने पर मम्मी ने मना कर दिया पर कुछ पैसे उसके हाथ में दे दिये जिसे उसने बड़ी कठिनाई से स्वीकार किया।

जब मैंने उससे पूछा कि क्या सचमुच उसकी शादी कर दी गई है। तो वह सिसक उठी। उसने बताया कि उसके पिता ने उसे एक सेठ को दे दिया था। वहाँ उसे अन्य बच्चों के साथ भीख-माँगने पर मजबूर कर रहे थे। वहाँ से वह बड़ी मुशकिल से बच कर आई है। उस संस्था में किस प्रकार बच्चों को विकलांग बना कर उनसे भीख मँगवाया जाता है। यह सुनते ही मेरा हृदय व्याकुल हो उठा। उस दिन के बाद आज ही उसकी खबर मिली और वह भी उसको मृत्यु की। बाथरूम में जाकर जी भर कर रोई।

पिताजी के आने के बाद, उन्हें बताया तो उनका मन भी रो उठा। पिताजी जानते थे कि मुझे बेला से अत्यंत लगाव था। जब कभी भी बेला मुसीबत में होती तो मैं ही उसकी तरफदारी करती थी।

अतः पिताजी के साथ मैं भी पुलिस स्टेशन गई। वहाँ लाश की पहचान कराई गई। सौभाग्य से इंस्पेक्टर एक अच्छे इन्सान थे क्योंकि जब उन्होंने मेरे मुख से बेला की दर्द भरी कहानी सुनी तो बेला की मृत्यु की जांच पडताल के लिए तैयार हो गये। मनुष्य का हर कार्य करने के पीछे उसका का स्वार्थ होता है। शायद इंस्पेक्टर भी ऐसे ही थे। वह अपना प्रीमोशन चाहते थे और यह केस उतना जटिल भी नहीं था।

पापा और इंस्पेक्टर के साथ मैं भी वहाँ गयी जहाँ बेला अपनी बिमारी के समय रहती थी। वह एक छोटासा टूटा हुआ झोपड़ा था जिसमें अब कोई और रहता था।

अन्दर हर एक जगह सावधानी से देखने पर टेढ़े मेढ़े हस्तलेख से लिखे किसी जगह का पता था। उसकी लिखावट को देखते ही मैं पहचान गई। बेला जब मुझसे लिखना सीख रही थी तो वह ऐसा ही लिखती थी।

उस जगह के पुलिस-स्टेशन से सम्पर्क किया गया तो पता चला कि बेला का सोतेला पिता वहाँ रहता हैं, तुरन्त उसे गिरफ्तार कर लिया गया। बेला की मां मर चुकी थी। बेला की लाश जिसके मुख पर शान्ति थी मेरी आंखों में रह-रहकर आ रही थी।

अमोलोर्पवा मेरी
प्रथम वर्ष वनस्पति विज्ञान

बदलते रिश्ते

मूँदी पलकों की छाँव में
सिसकता दर्द
दाँतों दले दबे होंठों की
अनसुनी आह,
भरे गले में आँसुओं की बाढ़
सहे जा रहें हैं
हम तुम्हारे लिए।
कभी, हमारी शरातों में तुमने

देखी थी नादनी,
 बाँहों के फैलावे में प्यार बेशुमार,
 हमारे आँसुओं को थामने में
 चुनौती नजर आयी थी, तुम्हें...
 आज काँटेदार हाथों से, गला
 दाब रहे हैं हमारा?
 हम दूर जानेके नहीं, पास आने के,
 तरीके ढूँढ रहे हैं,
 हमारे शब्दों में वार नहीं,
 प्यार के दर्देदिल की कराह है
 हमारे मान में आन और शान
 तुम्हारी अंकित है ।
 हमारे घावों पर छलकते नैनों से
 प्यार की भरहम लगाई
 आज घाव को नासूर देख
 झलकती उदासी क्यों उनमें?
 हमारे पहले कदम पर
 थामकर चूमा था हमें
 आज अपना कहने से भी
 घबराते हो?
 आज हमारी पीठ पर रखा हाथ
 प्यार का बढ़ावे का न लग
 ठंठा लगता है ?
 आज जब हम नव यौवन
 की दहलीज पर खड़े हैं
 हमारी खुशियों की कलियाँ
 लगतीं है कुम्हलायी सी.....।

—आर. कुसुम
 तृतीय वर्ष
 इतिहास

जागीर का मालिक

उसे बच्चे का नाम अरूण था। अरूण जो बड़ा होकर एक जागीर का मालिक होने वाला था। वह राजस्थान के एक रियासत का रहने वाला था। उसके बाबा का नाम ठाकुर वीरसिंह था जो रामगढ़ रियासत के मालिक थे। वीर, साहसी, समझदार औरनेक इंसान थे।

अरूण जब एक साल का हुआ तब उसे पोलियो हो गया और उसको बांया हाथ और पैर गंवाना पड़ा। माँ गुणवती को इस घटना पर तीव्र मानसिक आघात पहुँचा परन्तु छह महीने बाद अपने होने वाले बच्चे के बारे में सोचकर अपने आप को उसने संभाल लिया। ठीक छह महीने बाद इन्द्र का जन्म हुआ। प्रसव के दौरान गुणवती इन्द्र को संसार में लाकर हमेशा के लिए चल बसी।

ठाकुर, बिन मां के बच्चों को देखकर दुःखी होते और फिर एक दिन सगे संबधियों के जोर डालने पर रूपमती को नई ठकुराईन बना कर ले आए। पति-पत्नी अभी एक दूसरे को अच्छी तरह जान भी नहीं पाये थे कि ठाकुर घोड़े से गिर पड़े। ठाकुर अपनी शादी के बारहवें दिन दुनिया छोड़ चले गए। नई ठकुराईन ने घर की बागडोर संभाली। छोटे इन्द्र को वह बहुत चाहने लगी थी पर अरूण को देखकर ही मानो उसका पारा चढ़ जाता था। हमेशा उसे अपंग कहकर पुकारती थी। परन्तु अरूण अभी बच्चा ही था। उस अबोध बालक को माँ की बात समझ नहीं आती थी। दिन बीतते गए। और इन्द्र का पांचवा जन्मदिन भी आ गया। माँने उसकी आरती उतारी तथा लोगों ने 'ठाकुर इन्द्रसिंह की जय' का नारा लगाकर उस पर फूल बरसाए। अरूण को बात समझ में नहीं आई। 'माँ ने आज तक मेरे लिए ऐसा नहीं किया, फिर इन्द्र के लिए क्यों? यही बात उसने माँ से भी पूछी। उसी दिन उसे तिरस्कार का तीव्र झटका लगा था। उसने माँ के जवाब में राक्षसनियों जैसी हँसी देखी थी और उसका तन बदन काँप गया। माँ ने केवल इतना ही कहा 'उहँ, तू और ठाकुर'।

उसकी समझ में बात नहीं आई कि मैं इन्द्र का बड़ा भाई हूँ और मुझे ठाकुर कहलाने का पूरा अधिकार है! अधिकार! क्या मैं ठाकुर वीरसिंह का पुत्र नहीं हूँ! पर इस सवाल का हल उसके पास नहीं था।

और वह दिन भी आया जब इन्द्र को पहली बार स्कूल भेजा गया। फिर अरूण ने माँ के पास जाकर उसे भी स्कूल भेजने के लिए आग्रह किया। पर उसकी आशाओं पर पानी फिर गया जब माँ ने फिर उसकी अपंगता पर व्यग्य किया। इसबार इन्द्र ने भी माँ का साथ दिया "अरे अरूण तू स्कूल जाकर क्या करेगा! तुझे तो खेलना भी नहीं

आता। हाँ लंगड़ी जरूर खेल सकता है!" और इसी के साथ माँ और इन्द्र भरभरा कर हँस पड़े थे। उस दिन से अरूण की आत्मा मानो बुझ गई उसने फिर कभी स्कूल जाने की इच्छा प्रकट नहीं की। सारा दिन अपने कमरे में पड़ा जाने क्या सोचता रहता। न माँ को फिर थी न भाई को।

समय गजरता गया। अरूण और इन्द्र दोनों ही बचपन की दहलीज़ पार करके जवानी की दहलीज़ पर कदम रस चुके थे। और इन्द्र का चौबीसवाँ जन्मदिन भी आ गया। जन्मदिन की तैयारियाँ जोरों से चल रहीं थीं। माँ ने इन्द्र को जन्मदिन की भेंट रूप में एक कार देने का वचन दिया था। जब कार बंगले के आंगन में आकर खड़ी हुई तो अरूण उसे लालसापूर्ण निगाहों से देखने लगा। काश! मेरे लिए भी माँ एक कार खरीद लाती! और तभी माँ बाहर निकली। अरूण को इस तरह कार को घूरते देख वही व्यंग्यात्मक हंसी हंस दी और बोली, "अरे लंगड़े। तुझे भी गाड़ी चाहिए क्या? पहल क्लच दवान के लिए बायाँ पैर तो ले आ!"

और यह कड़वी बात अरूण के दिलो-दिमाग पर चुभ गई। किसी तरह वैसाखी थामे अपने कमरे में पहुंचा और फूटफूट कर रो दिया। पर उसे चुप कराने वाला कोई नहीं था।

इन्द्र के जन्मदिन की पार्टी में बहुत सारे मेहमान आये हुए थे। खाना-पीना और गपशप चल ही रही थी कि अचानक माँ को याद आया कि इन्द्र को भेंट में देने के लिए जो हीरे की अंगूठी खरीदी थी वह तो ऊपर वाले कमरे में ही रह गई।

माँ यह बात कह ही रही थी कि अरूण बोल पड़ा, "लाओ माँ अलमारी की चाबी। मैं अभी अंगूठी लेकर आता हूँ। और फिर माँ ने सबके सामने ऐसी बात कही कि उसका हृदय चूर-चूर हो गया। माँ हँसती हुई बोली, "खुद का भार तो संभाला नहीं जाता, मेरी मदद करने चला। पूरे हॉल में हंसी का फवारा-सा छूट गया। अरूण मन ही मन अपनी जबान को गालियाँ देते हुए कमरे की तरफ बढ़ गया। पर तभी उसने शुभा को देखा शुभा! जिसकी बात इन्द्र हमेशा किया करता है। सुन्दर, सुरिभित और सुशील युवती जिससे इन्द्र प्यार करता था और शीघ्र शादी करने वाला था। इसी के साथ उसके मन में एक इच्छा जागी कि मेरी कोई पत्नी होती तो कम से कम मेरा आदर करती। मैं उस पर अपना अधिकार जताता। "इन्द्र इतना नालायक और एय्याश है फिर भी उसे शुभा जैसी युवती मिल रही है। मैं तो इन्द्र से कई गुना अच्छा हूँ। "अनपढ़ हुआ तो क्या, ठाकुर हूँ, मेरी अपनी जायदाद है, दुनियादारी की समझ भी है। तो क्यों न मैं भी किसी अच्छी लड़की से विवाह करूँ?"

उसी पार्टी में उसकी भेंट सीमा से हुई थी। उनका मिलना बिल्कुल अप्रत्याशित था। खैर, दोनों ने बात करना आरंभ किया। सीमा भी सुशिक्षित और सुशील थी र बड़ी ही मधुर आवाज़ में वह बात कर रही थी। इसके बाद दोनों पूरी पार्टी में साथ रहे और परस्पर दुःखदर्द बाँटने लगे। पार्टी खत्म होने पर सीमा फिर आने का वादा का अपने माता पिता के साथ चली गई। उसके बाद सीमा करीब-करीब रोज़ आने लगी थी। परन्तु सीमा ने कभी भी अपनी भावनाओं का खुला प्रदर्शन नहीं किया अरुण सोचता कि शायद नारी सुलभ लज्जा से वह अपना प्रेम प्रकट नहीं कर पा रही है। उसे पूर्ण यकीन था कि सीमा मेरी हैं। उसपर मेरा अधिकार है। क्यों न म सीमा के माता पिता से जाकर बात कहूँ पर मन की इच्छा का माँ से नहीं बता सकता था और एक निर्णय पर पहुँचकर एक शाम वह बैसाखियों के सहारे चलता हुआ सीमा के घर पहुँच गया। बातों ही बातों ही बातों में उसने अपनी इच्छा को सीमा के माता-पिता के आगे बटा दिया। अनायास सीमा के माता पिता ने चीख-चीख कर घर सर पर उठा लिया। दोनों ने उसे जाने क्या-क्या बुरा भला कहा पर उसकी मूक दृष्टि सीमा की तरफ थी।

सीमा का जो स्वर उसे कर्णमधुर लगता था आज इतना कटु लगा और उसके दिल में हज़ारों नशतर चुभ गए थे। सीमा बोली, "मैंने तुम से दोस्ती इसलिए की क्यों मुझे तुमसे सहानुभूती थी। तुमने इसका गलत मतलब क्यों लिया? बिल्कुल जाहिल और गंदार तो तुम। तुमने यह कैसे सोच लिया कि तुमसे शादी करके मैं अपन हाथों से अपना संसार तबाह कर दूँगी। जरा सोच तो तुम इतने अनपढ़ हो : सभ्य लोगों के तौर-तरीके तुम्हें आते नहीं।

और तुम मुझ से शादी करना चाहते हो। किस आधार पर तुमने यह प्रस्ताव रखा? तुम्हारे ठाकुर घराने से संबंध रखने से तुम्हारी कमजोरियाँ तो छुप नहीं सकती। और फिर पैसों को कमो हम लोगों को भी नहीं है। [हूँह, ठूँठ के साथ व्याह करूँ। सोच भी नहीं सकती हूँ। चले जाओ यहाँ से और अपना मनहूस चेहरा कभी मत दिखाना।"

अरुण मानो पुतला बन गया था। आँखों की पुतलियाँ जैसे थम गई थी। पूरा शरीर ठंडा पड़ गया था। उसके उठने की शक्ति मानो खत्म हों गई थी। सीमा के पिता को अरुण की दशा देखकर उस पर दया आई और उसे घर पहुँचा गए। और फिर अरुण जब माँ के पास पहुँचा तो अपनी छब्बीस वर्ष की उम्र में पहली बार माँ के सामने फूटफूट कर रोया था। रोने का कारण बताने पर माँ का वही अट्टास फिर गूजाँ जो उसके मस्तिष्क पर हथोड़ों की तरह लगने लगा। अरुण का दिल शीशे की तरह चूर-चूर हो गया। अपनी माँ की तरफ देखकर पहली बार उसे अहसास हुआ, कि उसके सारे अधिकार स्कूल में पढ़ने से लेकर जीवन भर विकलेंगा रहने पर इसी ने छीन लिया। उसका मन घृणा से भर गया। पर मुख से आवाज़ भी नहीं निकाल पायी। उसके बोलने की शक्ति मानो खत्म हो गई थी। कमरे में पहुँचा ही था कि इन्द्र वहाँ पहुँचा और उसने आखरी बार

किया, “आये लगान्गे देख, मां ने पुरी जायदाद मेरे नाम कर दी है। जबान बंद रखेगा तो जीवित रहेगा वरना बची हुई टांगे और हाथ से भी हाथ धोना पड़ेगा”। इन्द्र के जाने के बाद अरुण सोचने लगा लो। अपने पर से भो मेरा अधिबार खत्म हो गया। अब तो वडे ठाकुर रोटी के लिए भी माहताज हो गये। उसके मन का कोई कोना, पर कटे पक्षी की तरह फडफडाने लगा। अपनी बैसाखियों के सहारे चलता हुआ अरुण चौडी सडक पर आ गया। घर काफी पीछे छूट गया था। शाम हो चली थी। सन्नाटा बढ़ता गया। अचानक एक भयंकर चीख अंधकार को चीरती चली गई। अरुण के शरीर को एक जीप कुचलती हुई चली गई।

अरुण जी एक जागीर का मालिक था : एक ठाकुर था, उसका शरीर खून से लथपथ था, शान्त पड़ा था।

रेणुका दास
प्रथम वर्ष
(वनस्पति विज्ञान)

अद्यत्वे संस्कृतभाषायाः स्थितिः

अद्यत्वे संस्कृतभाषायाः स्थितिः अतिदयनीया विद्यते । अनेके जनाः यैः संस्कृतभाषां अधिगन्तुं न प्रयतितं, नापि तत्प्रशंसायाम् अपि अभिहितं, “अये! संस्कृतभाषा? इयं किल मृतभाषा!” इत्यादीन् शब्दान् च उक्तवा संस्कृतभाषां उपेक्षन्ते । केचित् जनाः संस्कृतोपेक्षया फ्रेञ्च-जर्मन आदि भाषाग्रहणं अनुवर्तन्ते । ते हि संस्कृतव्याकरणं अतिक्लिष्टं मन्यन्ते ।

अद्य सार्वजनिकरूपेण उररीकृतं यत् ‘संस्कृतभाषा एका एव महत्त्व पूर्णा भाषा वर्तते । महीयान् च तस्याः साहित्यकः कोषः’ । परन्तु ते के सन्ति, यैः संस्कृतस्य इत्थं मूल्यं कृतं। ते मैक्समूलर (Max Muller) शापनहावर (Schopenhauer) गोथे (Goethe) विलरेण्ट (Will Durant) इत्यादयः महाभागाः ये भारतीयाः न अभूवन् । विलडूरेण्टमहोदयेन एवं अभिहितं यत् ‘भारतं अस्माकं वंशस्य मातृभूमिः वर्तते । संस्कृतं च योरोपीय भाषाणां जननी विद्यते । तदस्माकं दर्शनशास्त्रस्यापि आदिजननी ।’

पाणिग्रहणादिषु धार्मिकसमारोहेषु अपि वयं श्रुगुमः यदा संस्कृत-पाठमन्त्राणां एव उच्चारणं भवति, वयं किं इदं उच्चार्यमाणं इत्यपि न जानीमः । अहं तु संशये पुरोहितः स्वयमपि जानाति यत् स किं इदं उच्चारयति इति । इमाः सर्वाः प्रथा अपि सम्प्रति ज्ञाटिति लुप्यन्ते । अद्यतनो हि तथाकथितः शिक्षितः युवकः पुरोहितस्य अपेक्षया पञ्जीयके पाणिग्रहणसंस्कारस्य पञ्जीकरणं उपयुक्ततरं मन्यते । तथापि अभ्युदयः वाञ्छनीय एव ।

S. Y. VEDALAKSHMI.
(I B.Sc. Physics)

SUR LE POINT DE DÉMÉNAGER

La confusion régnait suprême chez moi ce n'est pas que c'était une oasis de tranquillité autrement. Mais la confusion d'aujourd'hui était mêlée d'anxiété, de colère, de bruits forts, de poussière — un état de désordre. Après tout nous démenagions.

Aucun n'était heureux de cela, car c'était notre maison d'à peu près quinze années. Nous sommes arrivés à aimer nos voisins et à considérer leurs défauts avec indulgence.

Cependant nous avons commencé à paqueter. Par NOUS je veux dire, ma mère, mon frère et moi. Mon père était de l'ancienne école, ce type autocratique. Il pensait que son seul travail était de commander tous.

Moi, pratiquant l'économie que j'étudiais, je croyais en la répartition du travail. Mon frère devait enlever les peintures du mur. Maman et moi, nous décidions d'emballer les vaisselles. Comment les emballer? Comme "Ordinaires, Spéciales, Extra-spéciales" ou sous la rubrique de "Fragiles"? Pendant que nous contemplions ce problème nous avons entendu un fracas bruyant et de mauvaise augure.

Voilà, mon frère qui s'est étendu par terre, ayant la peinture heureusement sans accident, entre les mains. Mais il est tombé sur notre paquet nommé "Fragiles-Verrerie". Je n'avais pas la chance. Tous, sauf un, étaient cassés. Mes acquisitions que je collectionnais depuis des années étaient perdues. Cela m'a tant énervée que j'ai pris un objet quelconque et je l'ai jeté à mon frère qui s'échappait. Ceci a frappé la statue de Vénus en lui cassant la tête. C'était une statue favorite de ma mère. Nous avons essayé de la réparer rapidement. Mais c'était impossible à lui restaurer la beauté originale. Maman était très contrariée et tous se fâchaient, l'un contre l'autre.

Il nous fallait calmer les nerfs et nous reposer un peu. Papa a commandé du thé. Ensuite mon frère se chargeait de coller les fiches sur les paquets. Un travail qui évitait tout péril.

Nous étions sur le point de finir les paquets, quand ma tante est arrivée. Ici, je dois ajouter qu'elle est le type des visiteurs qui dit doucement qu'elle n'est pas exigeante, et en même temps, insiste qu'elle a une chambre pour elle-même, un repas somptueux, etc.

Maman et moi, nous avons eu à préparer un dîner pour elle. Nous avons ouvert le paquet nommé "Vaisselles" et nous n'y avons trouvé que les vieux souliers. Alors, nous avons ouvert le paquet nommé "Souliers" pour y trouver les draps. Le paquet nommé "Draps" révélait les vêtements de sport. Bien sûr, mon frère est-il le coupable! Ainsi chaque paquet se trouvait ouvert en répandant partout le contenu. Et, voilà le recommencement à la fin du jour.

ANITA JOSEPH
II B.A. Economics

UNE CLASSE DE FRANCAIS

A quoi attribuer la popularité du français, langue étrangère, parmi les étudiants. Ils ne le trouvent guère facile. Ils veulent l'apprendre, quoiqu'il leur pose tant de problèmes. Le français s'en moque; et par faute de vocabulaire, les étudiants préfèrent garder le silence. S'ils sont courageux de s'exprimer en français, il leur arrive des absurdités.

Voilà mon expérience dans une classe de français.

Aujourd'hui tous les étudiants sont en classe bien avant l'heure. Certains revisent leurs devoirs, d'autres bavardent. Debout, devant la fenêtre, deux filles discutent les dernières nouvelles sportives. Mon amie et moi, nous parlons du nouveau magasin que nous avons visité hier soir. Mais voilà qu'on sonne. Nous prenons nos places. Le professeur entre dans la classe et elle nous dit bonjour.

"Aujourd'hui", annonce-t-elle, "je vous enseignerai les Adjectifs Possessifs". Et elle commence de les expliquer.

"Maintenant, les exemples, 'mon' ami, 'ton' crayon, 'son' mari".

"Mon ami, ton crayon, son mari", répétons-nous après elle.

"'Son' mari?", se demande mon amie. "'Son mari?!'", répète-t-elle une autre fois.

"Ici, nous parlons en français...", dit le professeur en tournant vers mon amie et moi, "...pas en tamoul!". Oh la la! Elle l'a écouté!

Heureusement l'heure sonne et aussitôt que le professeur est sorti il y a un tel chaos en classe. Nous lançons des pièces de papier plié d'un côté de la salle à un autre.

Nous sommes beaucoup occupés de ce jeu que nous n'entendons pas la sonnerie qui annonce la fin de l'intervalle.

Le professeur entre dans la salle d'un visage sévère. Je suis sur le point de jeter une pièce de papier plié.

"Qu'est-ce que vous faites, ici?", elle nous demande sévèrement. Un des élèves me sauve. "Mademoiselle, voilà une 'fusée de papier'", dit-il. Le professeur regarde 'la fusée de papier' dans ma main et un sourire vient lentement à ses lèvres. "Je suis heureuse que vous tâchiez de parler en français", dit-elle, "mais ne le répète pas".

Nous grimaçons comme des fous et nous reprenons nos places. Mais voilà un événement qui nous fait rire. Hier, le professeur nous a enseigné l'emploi de l'expression 'avoir mal à'. Et voici un étudiant qui n'a pas compris tout et qui veut aujourd'hui sortir avant que le cours se termine.

—"Mademoiselle....." Il s'arrête en mi-phrase.

—"Oui?"

Il tient l'estomac par les mains, tourne vers le professeur et dit, "Mademoiselle est-ce que je peux partir? J'ai mal à la tête".

—"Mal à la tête?", répète le professeur.

—"Oui mademoiselle, mal à la tête", dit-il en tenant toujours l'estomac.

Toute la classe en rit. Le professeur en rit aussi. Puis, elle lui dit, "Si vous voulez partir, je vous le permets, mais ne vous faites pas bête!"

Le cours se termine et nous sortons ensemble. Quel cours!

SWARNA SUBBIAH PILLAI
Ist Year B.Com.

The Alumnae Get-Together

December is a month of reunions. Family members in different parts of the world make a bee-line to the family hearth to celebrate Christmas together, because, as the saying goes, "there is no place like home".

.....And so it was that December 6th; 2-00 p.m, was fixed for the reunion get-together of the Alumnae of Stella Maris, in the city of Madras. It was very heartening to see groups of ex-Stella Marians arrive on the Campus, dressed in all possible shades of colours with faces brightened up with undisguised happiness at having come back to their beloved Alma Mater. The air was filled with laughter and gaiety as each one recognised her staff members, classmates, juniors or seniors. Everybody — staff and students — was in an infectious mood of coming together again. Nearly four hundred Alumnae had responded to our invitation and F2-1 was packed almost to capacity. We had two generations of ex-Stella Marians too, as in the case of Kokilam (Zool. 1958) and her daughter Bavani Charumathi, (Chem. 1986), Mary Manohara (Eco. 1953) and her daughter, Rita (Zool. 1984).

In the tastefully decorated hall, Sr. Merlyn D'Sa, Principal of the College, welcomed the gathering and spoke about the reason for the reunion — just to share in the feeling of "belonging" to the same College. She spoke of our desire to start similar units of Alumnae Association in Bombay, Delhi and Calcutta where several of our students are based now. Those who know of students in these cities were requested to give their names and addresses. She touched upon the new developments that had taken place in the College — the opening of the Computer Centre for students and staff and the starting of the Postgraduate Diploma Course in Clinical Laboratory Technology as well as the completion and dedication of St. Francis Hall.

Mrs. Chellam Mitran, Prof. of Economics and Dr. (Mrs.) Seetha Srinivasan, Head of the English Department spoke about what the College envisaged for the Alumnae, a reunion to be held at least twice a year (the next one is scheduled for March, 1987) and a News Letter to be circulated to all the members. An invitation to become life members was extended to all those present. Mrs. Chellam stressed the fact that we at Stella Maris, would always consider it a pleasure to know about the welfare of our students and that each one should try her best to keep in touch with the College and the department.

A few of our former students, even as way back as 1956 shared their thoughts with the rest of the gathering and it was heartening to note the love and gratitude they still feel for their Alma Mater.

A short entertainment was put up by a few of the present students and this was followed by tea. The participants stayed on for a long time sharing their experiences with one another. Each one went home that day with a feeling of satisfaction and joy.

Dr. (Mrs.) MEERA R. PAUL
Prof. and Head, Dept. of Zoology

Dr. (Mrs.) SEETHA SRINIVASAN
Prof. & Head, Dept. of English

Miss NALINI
Asst. Prof., Dept. of Mathematics

Miss SHARON D'MONTE
Asst. Prof., Dept. of English

The Alumni Write

We welcome and look forward to letters from our past students. We would like to continue to have a share in their joys and sorrows, their progress and welfare. If personal visits are not possible, the next best way of communication would be by way of letters. We, herein, publish excerpts from the letters that we have so far received from the Alumnae engaged in various pursuits both in India and abroad.

Anita Ebenezer (History '77) is a well contented wife and mother catering to the needs of her family. Rani Cherian and Priya Bopanna (History '86) have joined the Sophia Polytechnic in Bombay for a one-year P.G. Diploma Course in Travel and Tourism. Rani has written to say that her classes are going on in "full swing" and hopes that everyone in college is doing well. She has also informed us that her classmate Junu had been to Belgium for a holiday. Priya Bopanna finds the course "very interesting", especially the project work assigned to them — that of collecting information regarding a country for furnishing details for the passport and visa.

Rosemary Kalapurakal (Eco '86; Vice-President 1985-86) is glad that she has been enrolled for the Ph.D. Course at the Ohio State University in Columbia, U.S.A. She finds the course very challenging and is sure of coming through it with hard work and determination. Sangeetha, Nayanthara and Prabha also of the same year, are happy to have secured seats in the Indian Institute for Management Studies. They seem to be doing quite well too. Aditi Banker, their classmate has joined the University of New Hampshire, U.S.A. for her Ph.D. She enjoys the Computer courses the most, and says she feels sad that she has to wait for two

long years before she can get back to India "to apply some of what I've learnt"! Ranjana Bhandari (Eco.) is continuing her study at Purdue University, U.S.A. She teaches Micro-Economics for the undergraduates and she says it keeps her quite busy.

Some of the other old students who keep in touch with us are T. V. Geetha, (M.Sc. Maths. 1983) who has married and settled down in the U.S.A. She has a little baby boy. She is currently doing her M.S. in Computer Programming. Jayashree Varadarajan (B.Sc. '81) is also doing the same, after having finished her C.A.

Uma N. (B.Sc. Maths. '83) is now in Delhi working for the project C.D.O.T. Gowri (B.Sc. Maths. '82) is also working in Delhi. K. Vijayalakshmi (B.Sc. Maths. '84) has finished her M.Sc. and is now working in Canara Bank, Erode. Sharada Gopal (B.Sc. Maths. '85), Nirmala Erevelles (B.Sc. Maths. '85) and Elizabeth Joseph (B.Sc. Maths. '84) are doing their higher studies in the U.S.A.

Chithradevi R. (Physics '85) is now settled in New South Wales in Australia. She considers it a great privilege to have had her education at Stella Maris. Sr. Sesu Mary (Physics '86) has expressed her deep appreciation for all the help she had received from the department during her period of study. Kalpagam of the same batch is now happily settled in Syracuse, New York, U.S.A. She hopes to apply for a master's programme in Computer Science at the Syracuse University. Another classmate of hers, Uma Maheswari is now doing M.Sc. in Applied Electronics at REC, Trichy.

Aruna V. (Chem. '75) now doing her Post-Doctoral research as well as working as a research associate of the Stanford University, U.S.A., writes to us that after a fruitful period of eight months at Washington University, she has moved to California and will be presenting a paper at the Annual Meeting of the American Society of Bio-Chemists, Washington, D.C. Her classmate Uma Venkataraman, has completed her Ph.D. and is now working at Rutgers University, New Jersey, U.S.A. Uma V. (Chem. '76) is still in the U.S. and had recently come over to India with her family. Rajeswari Shankaran (Chem. '84) is married and hopes to do further studies at the University of Amherst.

This year, Ms. Gowri Nayak's exhibition "Forever Spring" saw a gathering of a number of former students of History of Fine Arts. One of those present was Dr. Emma Devapriam ('55) who had come to Madras on a short holiday. Dr. Emma is at present Curator of the Western Art Section in the National Gallery of Art, Melbourne, Australia.

Lalitha ('79), who has specialised in sculpture, had an exhibition of sculptures in bronze and terracotta in Sakshi Gallery in December.

Sakshi Gallery, which provides the much needed exhibition space for professional presentation of works of art, is owned by Geetha Mehra (F.A. '77)..... "The Gallery" is the ambitious venture of Sharon Apparao ('82) who presents

roving exhibitions of works of art with much elan. Leela Ganapathy ('59) is a lecturer in Government College of Arts and Crafts, Madras; she also had an exhibition of her paintings recently.

There are quite a number of graduates in History of Fine Arts who have become professional artists. Usha Vasudevan ('74), Suvarchala Rao ('74) and K. Lalitha ('64) are design consultants in advertising and publishing. Brinda Vijayan ('85), from whom we heard recently, has become an interior decorator in Bangalore. Brinda has also branched out into furniture design and landscape gardening.

Usha Vasudevan ('74) is a free lance Art Critic for 'The Hindu'. Shobita Punja ('73) is Deputy Director of the Cultural Resources and Development Centre in New Delhi. Vidya V. ('81) is also in Delhi, working in the National Gallery of Modern Art. She is shortly leaving for higher studies at the Temple University, Philadelphia, USA.

Sangita Patel ('83) is doing a course on Art Therapy for the Physically Handicapped in the U.S.A. T.N.C. Rama ('62) is doing her Ph.D. in Bhopal. R. Indra ('61) is a Curator of Numismatics in the Government Museum, Madras. Sita Vaidyalingam ('69) is an Advocate in the Supreme Court, New Delhi. B. Malathy ('70) is a Manager in the Punjab National Bank, Bombay. Cheryl Coelho is a Sales Executive in the Welcome Group Hotels (Adyar Park and Chola) in Madras.

The 'old' students of the Department of English do not believe in writing—they pay flying visits or send messages. In recent times we heard from Nalini Iyer (B.A. '86) who sent greetings from the U.S; Francesca (B.A. '84) is studying in the U.S. as also Sivagami (M.A.'78). Priya Kurien and Bindu (B.A.'86) are apprentices in the Times of India, Delhi, and M. Sarita (B.A. '86) is doing her Mass Communication Course in Bombay. Geetha, Kalpana Suganthan, Kalpana and Anjali (M.A. '86) as also Claramma (M.A. '83) are doing M. Phil. Shanta and Padma Reddeppa M.A. '83) and Shiela Joseph (M.A.'75) and Bernardine (M.A. '81) are now on the staff.

Champa Ranganathan (M.A. '75) who was writing the T.V. column for 'Indian Express' is a practising journalist. Prema, R. and Visalam, V. (M.A. 1972) surprised us with a visit carrying all the 'warmth' of old times. Primula Newsam (nee Paul) of the M.A. class of 1964 is a Professor in North Madras College. Eugene (M.A. 1970, and Mary (B.A. 1968) are also there. Maya, R. (B.A. 1968) too keeps in touch. Maria, C. (M.A. 1966) is doing her M. Phil at the University and Jyoti, G. (B.A. 1970) is an advocate in Madras. Neela Mande (M.A. 1980) has joined the I.R.S. and is in Poona. Vani of the same class has finished her M. Phil. and Chitra (nee) Kameswaran is in London doing her doctorate.

Margaret Clarence, Padmamalini and Meera (M.A. 1970) are on the staff as also Flavia M. and Seetha (M.A. 1964). Susan Oommen (M.A. 1975) and R. Shanthakumari (M.A. 1974) are also very much involved in teaching. Jayashree

Prabhakar (M.A. 1975) is teaching in a college in Madras. Stella Ramaiya (1969) is also on the staff. Agnes (M.A. 1973) is also on the staff, so is Jean Fernandez (M.A. 1978). Geetha Devarajan (M.A. 1978) has done a lot of work acquiring degrees in Linguistics and Literature. Mallika Dasan (M.A. 1978) is married with two kids. Kalpana, G. (M.A. 1980) has begun research work and will like to try for the Services. Bhavani, J. (M.A. 1984) is married and is in Kashmir. Sita of the same class is working in **Aside** as also Sridevi (M.A. 1982); Sharon (M.A. 1982) is with us on the Staff.

We regret to record the sudden demise of Sanchala Ranganathan (B.A. Litt. 1986) in December '86 in Delhi. She had endeared herself to staff and students with her loving, thoughtful ways.

Agnes Gnanapragasam (Zool. 1960) is happily settled in Jaffna, teaching in a School — she visited us recently at College, and expressed a desire to keep in touch with the Alma Mater. Walza (nee Pillay, Zool, 1962) formerly on the staff of the Zoology Department, visited the College recently after a world tour. She is well and has promised to send butterflies to the department from Assam where she is staying with her family. Danesh Cherian (nee Moodley, Zool, 1969) is now at Natal, Republic of South Africa, where she is teaching Science. She has written to say that the Zoo in Pretoria is one of the most expensive Zoos in the world because animals get fed only on laboratory tested meal, water, vegetables, fruits and medicines. Philomena Saldanha (Zool. 1976) has passed the Bar examination and has been admitted to practise in the State of Ohio, U.S.A. She is doing a special one year fellowship as assistant to a federal judge in South Bend and finds it demanding but enjoys the work experience. Shanthi Vasudevan (Zool. 1981) is now doing Ph.D. in Pathology at the University of Toronto. She has been awarded the Farber's Award for the Best Research of the University of Toronto, the Stella Klotz Award for Academic First in the department, and the Ontario Graduate Scholarship for foreign students. She visited us in December 1986, and expressed her joy on seeing the College again. She was extremely grateful to the College and the department, because, according to her it was the foundation laid here that helped her secure such great honours. Her classmate, Mythili Srinivasan, is working for her Ph.D. in Microbiology at the University of St. Louis.. Rita, C. (Zool. 1984) has the distinction of securing 2 Gold Medals for standing first in M.Sc., from Loyola College.

Vinita Menezes (Zool. 1985), Cult. Sec. for Sciences '84-'85 is working as a Trainee in Clinical Laboratory Technology at the Jaslok Hospital. She is being very helpful in getting an OSA Unit organised in Bombay with the help of Vasantha Rangaraju and Pushpa Sanghani (Zool. 1960). Viji Nadesan (Zool, '85) has completed a course — Executive Diploma in Business Administration—with distinction. She would soon be joining the M.B.A. Course in Colombo. She acknowledges her debt of gratitude to the College and department. Kalpana Ramanan, Sudha Kidao, and Seetha Bhagwan (Zool. 1985) continue their M.Sc. and have stood first in their respective classes. Catherine Joseph of the same

class is doing M.Sc., in Trichy and has secured the second rank in her class. Dawn Fernandez is now a Clinical Lab Technologist at the Vijaya Hospital. Latha Krishnaswamy, her classmate, has turned to Computers and is working as a Technical Assistant in Programming in Larsen and Toubro, Bombay. She, however adds, that her love for Zoology has in no way diminished—in fact, “it is growing”.

Banumathi Subramanian (Zool. '86) Cult. Sec. for Sciences ('85-'86) is now doing further studies at the Duke University, North Carolina, U. S. She says that the courses are well planned and extremely challenging and that she is putting in a lot of hard work to come up to their level of expectation. She was particularly thrilled with her field trip to the southern Appalachians. Her classmate Sujatha Krishna-Kumar (nee Murali) is happily settled in Alabama. She hopes to pursue her studies in the fields of Molecular Biology and Bio-Chemistry. She seems to be deeply impressed by the enthusiasm, enterprise and sense of adventure of the Americans. Melanie Siromanie of the same year was absolutely thrilled at having participated as a volunteer in the New Biology exhibition held at New Delhi from November 15th-30th.

Mrs. Jessica Gnanadickam formerly on the staff of the Zoology Department had recently been to see the great Barrier Reef, off the coast of Australia, and during her Christmas vacation, hopes to holiday in Fiji and Honolulu.

We are grateful to all these former students of ours for having taken time off to write and tell us about themselves. We wish each one well in all her endeavours. Do continue to keep in touch and tell others to do so too.

Dr. (Mrs.) MEERA PAUL
Prof. & Head, Dept. of Zoology

In Memoriam

DIRAVIAM M. DOSS

Thiru Diraviam M. Doss, former Zoology Attender and Museum Keeper, was called to his eternal rest on the 22nd of October, 1986. He had come to Stella Maris after retiring from Christian College, Tambaram. He had contributed to the setting up of the Museum of the Zoology Department and had worked with meticulous care and perfect order. Even when it was difficult to get specimens for practicals, Doss would manage to get them and would not let the practical classes suffer.

He was an accomplished musician and could play the Mouth Organ, Flute and Guitar.

For several years he had been suffering from blindness in addition to other infirmities of old age.

May his faithful soul rest in peace.

R. ANTONY

Thiru R. Antony, commonly known as Burma Anthony, left us suddenly on 12th November 1986. He was a T. B. patient for about six years, and in spite of his frail health, he had come to work the previous day. He was a repatriate from Burma. He was a simple and humble man, who bore his adversities patiently, did his work faithfully and remained cheerful. He was ever grateful for any help received. He died as he had lived — in simplicity and without giving any trouble to anyone. May his soul rest in peace.

With Gratitude



Mr. ARUL DOSS

Arul Doss joined the Chemistry Department as attender on 1st April 1966 and he was in service till 30-4-1972. At this time, he had to discontinue service because of family problems.

He rejoined the college as Watchman on 1st June '76. As he had been trained as a lab attender, he continued his job in the Chemistry Lab.

He was extremely reliable and dependable. If there was any extra work to be done, we knew we could turn to him. During the practical exams, his co-operation enabled things to be run smoothly and efficiently.

He retired on 30th June 1986.

Results—1986

Class	Appeared	Pass	Fail	Percentage
B.A.				
History	60	42	18	70%
Sociology	63	60	3	97%
Economics	66	51	15	77%
English	59	53	6	90%
Fine Arts	27	18	9	67%
B.Sc.				
Mathematics	52	39	13	75%
Physics	49	32	17	65%
Chemistry	33	17	16	52%
Botany	44	35	9	80%
Zoology	54	33	21	61%
M.A.				
Economics	21	18	3	86%
Fine Arts	5	3	2	60%
English	22	14	8	64%
Social Work	22	16	6	76%
M.Sc.				
Mathematics	21	11	10	52%

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