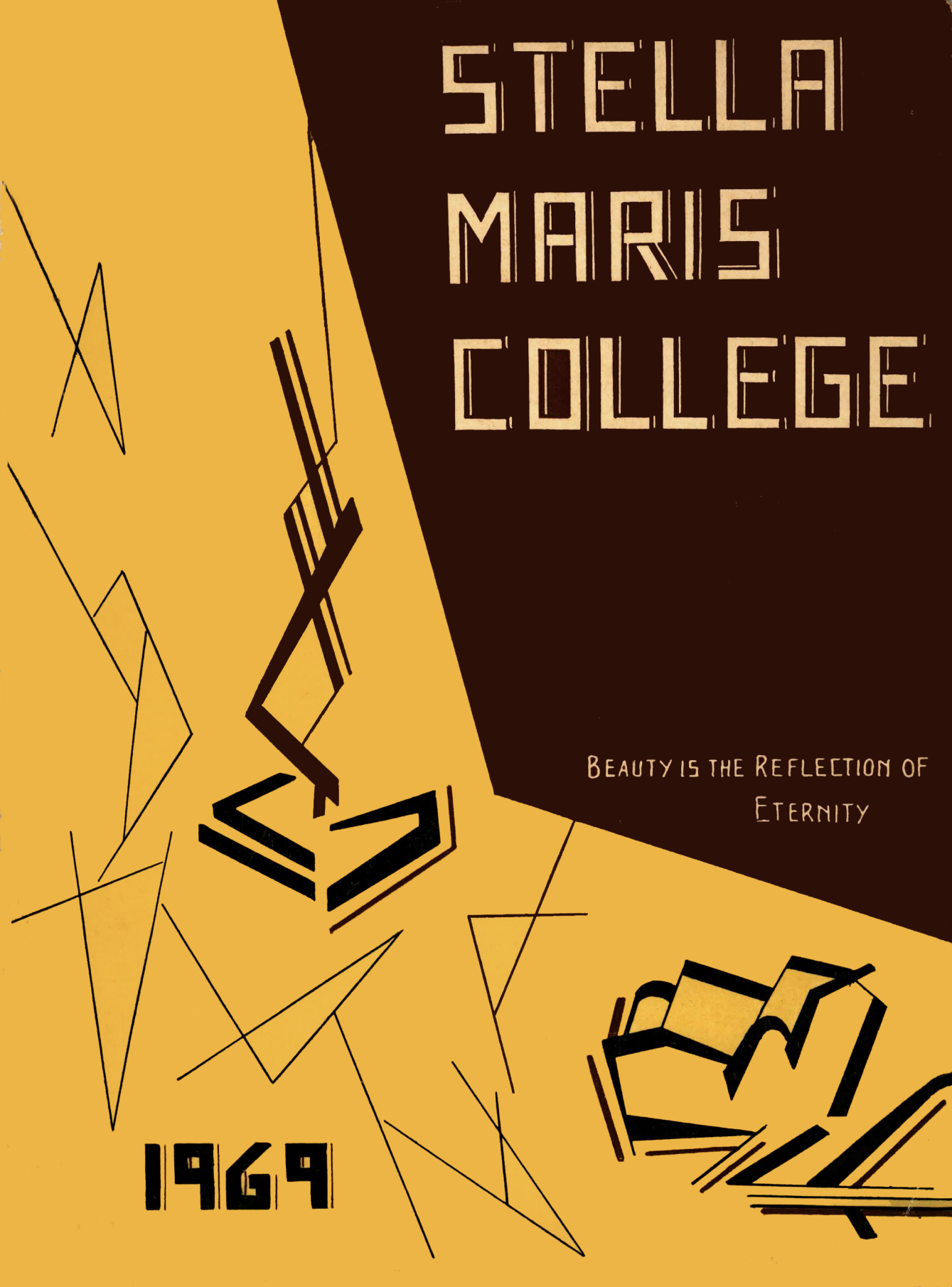


STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

BEAUTY IS THE REFLECTION OF
ETERNITY

1969





STELLA MARIS COLLEGE



1969



CONTENTS

Editorial	...	v
The Spirit of the Mahatma	...	1
Gandhian Pilgrimage	...	4
The Mock United Nations General Assembly	...	8
Catholic Activities	...	11
Days to Remember	...	14
Music Week 1968	...	19
Festival of Lights	...	23
Hostel Diary	...	25
Sports Round-up	...	32
Exploring India	...	35
Son et Lumière at the Red Fort	...	42
Beauty Among the Eternal Hills	...	46
Launch Out Into the Deep	...	50
Human Rights - a Review	...	56
Our India - a Rich and Beautiful Country	...	58
A Glimpse into Modern Mathematics	...	61
Examinations	...	63
Spenser - a Poet of Beauty	...	65

Special People	...	70
“ La Beautè c’est l’ Eternite ”	...	73
Gems are Forever	...	74
Beauty	...	76
The Taj - Monument of Love	...	77
Love is for Always	...	79
For Whither Thou Goest	...	81
The Cult of Beauty in Sanskrit Literature	...	85
Bharathi and National Integration	...	89
Non - Violence	...	91
On the Late Chief Minister	...	93
Thirukkural	...	94
That Unforgettable Evening	...	97
“ All the World’s a Stage ”	...	100
Ramcharitamanas: Symbol of Beauty and Eternity	...	103
P.O. Stella Maris	...	106
M.B.B.S. At Last !	...	117
Our Book	...	119



Editorial

Beauty is an ecstasy: it is like the perfume of a rose - intangible, elusive. Beauty makes one think of the red-gold of an evening sky, of the sea laughing at a distance a-glitter with the rays of the morning sun, of dewy flowers and moonlight. The realization of the beauty of nature brings in its wake a realization of the wonderful artistry of the Creator who used the world as the canvas of His power and glory.

Our enjoyment of beauty is sometimes touched with a tinge of sadness when we recall that the flower fades and falls into the dust, that the spring-days are fleeting. Certain manifestations of nature are transitory, ephemeral, yet they are all part of a continuous cycle - the cycle of life and death. But we must remember that those moments of pure delight take us closer to an aspect of the Infinite.

There is the beauty of art, of sculpture, of painting, of poetry, of music - a beauty that is permanent, for it will never fade into nothingness. The artist in man seeks to steep himself in beauty, to surround himself with lovely things. But his artistry does not have the warmth, vitality and colour of life. It is cold, and unfeeling. It is nevertheless a reflection of the infinitely greater creative imagination of God. The æsthetic sense in man is one of the marks that distinguish him from the lower creation. A beauty that is far superior to the beauty of art is beauty in its most abstract form - that of the soul. It is the beauty of sacrifice, of love, of service, of friendship, of integrity, of ideals, that strikes the deepest chord in us. The good in man is a reflection of the all-pervading goodness of the Infinite, the One, the Real. It is the

beauty of the soul that illuminates time and prepares us for eternity. Beauty, then, is power, for it can kindle the light of happiness and harmony.

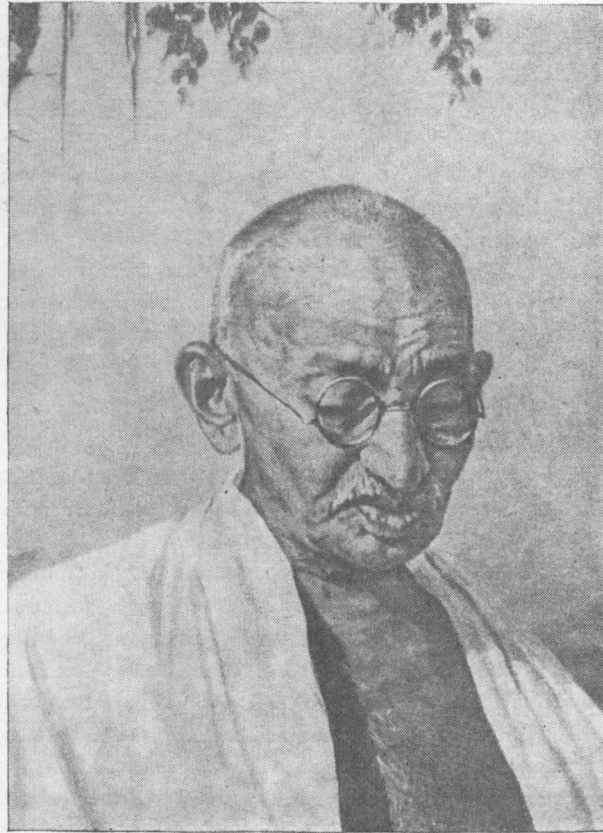
All that lives must die ; man's voyage along the river of life ultimately leads into the vast ocean of eternity. There are rare moments when on looking deeper into the beauty of things, into the very heart of them, we catch a glimpse of that wide radiance and a perception of that which is to be.

Eternity remains the great unknown. The idea of eternity brings to the mind a picture of a straight and beautiful road receding, limitless, into the far distance. Eternity and the life hereafter are synonymous. Beauty as we know it and feel it is only a reflection of the beauty that is to be, of that " great ring of pure and endless light ".

Shobana Krishnan,	II M.A. Lit.
Kanchana Chidambaram,	II M.A. Lit.
Meera Silva,	III B.A Lit.
N. Lakshmi,	III B.A. Lit.
Shanti Kini,	II B.A. Lit.
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Rajini Swaminathan,	I B.A. Lit.
Srimati Iyengar,	I B.A. Ecs.
Sumathi Rao,	P.U. 7

The Spirit of the Mahatma

The prize-winning essay in a competition organised as part of the College's celebration of the Gandhi centenary.



In the decades before independence, when the nation was at the crossroads, and dark clouds of indecision and controversy hung over the sky, Gandhiji shone like a light to show us the way. The beacon still shines for us to follow, for the spirit of the father still lives and moves around us. This light was seen and followed by Rev. Martin Luther King in America. But here, the sooty fog of our own ignorance and lack of wisdom hides the light. So it behoves us to recall the spirit of the Mahatma, for the message of his life is tending to become an empty slogan, fashionable to repeat but not to follow.

Two things that will forever be associated with Gandhiji are love and non-violence. Men have marvelled at the way in which Gandhiji used these principles to attain

independence. The very fact that he "used" them to achieve a certain goal has made us think of love and non-violence as "new tools" to solve the problems of the world. They are talked of as the "method" or the "technique" of Gandhiji. Woe to us when love becomes a mere "technique" to achieve what we used to get through violence before! Is that all that love and non-violence can mean to us? Is there nothing more, nothing that is abiding or ennobling in the concept? Surely, it meant a great deal more to Gandhiji. It forms the essence of his spiritual being, the soul-force from which he derived his moral strength, that outstanding courage to speak and do what he thought was right, even if it seemed ridiculous or impracticable to the rest

of the world. It was something that he felt with all his being and which set the standard for his conduct throughout life, in matters great and small. Love is not just the absence of hate, it is something more. Non-violence is not just abstaining from the physical use of force while hatred and venom corrode our hearts. So let us stop mouthing platitudes about love and leading marches in the street in the name of non-violence. As Dr. Radhakrishnan has said, "These values derive from the hearts and wills of men.....For Gandhiji, non-violence involves an inner war, which requires us to defeat fear, greed, anger and guilt." The revolution must take place within the heart. We must learn to feel.

Another notable aspect of Gandhiji's life, much talked of but seldom emulated, is his passion for honesty. Even as a young boy, if ever he was dishonest, he was overwhelmed with a sense of guilt, and such was the ordeal of his spirit that he recognised early the value of truth in all things. Once he pilfered a few coppers from his servant but his sense of guilt, of grief and shame was so unbearable that he wrote out a confession and presented it to his father. His remorse for having caused his father pain, and the love and forgiveness that he received cleansed his heart. When in high school, he was unjustly accused of lying, and he had to pay a fine. He wept bitterly. After his life-long experiments with truth he came to the conclusion that "to see the universal and all-pervading Spirit of truth face to face one must be able to love the meanest of creation as oneself". Thus God, Truth, Love and Ahimsa became merged in one.

Though Gandhiji made great progress in his experiments with truth, the highest homage that we could pay to him today would be to practise truth in our own humble way, in the mass of little things that go to make up life. This is not as easy as it sounds. It needs faith, conviction and determination. The true follower of Christ does not mean only the one who gives up his life for God, but one who will practise love, humility, purity and truthfulness in his life, as Christ did. Great men have renewed this message for us. Gandhiji made it explicit in his every action. While we in India need to be reminded, people abroad have realised the worth of the teachings of Gandhiji. Louis Fischer remarks, "Gandhiji was far more than the father of his country. His was a philosophy that could regenerate India and is relevant to all humanity." Let us answer the call of the Mahatma and be an example to the world.

Gandhiji's spirit of service was something wonderful. His efforts for the upliftment of the poor and the untouchable are well known. His passion for service made him realise that the community was but one large family for which he had to work. So great was the urge to help others that in order to satisfy it, he worked in a small private hospital for some months. Once he sheltered and nursed a leper in his home. It is easy to enumerate such instances, but what is important is to realise that Gandhiji derived great joy and spiritual benefit from such service. He says, "Service can have no meaning unless one takes pleasure in it. When it is done for show or for fear of public opinion it stunts the man and crushes his spirit. Service which is

rendered without joy helps neither the servant nor the served." His principles call for a basic readjustment in the mind and heart.

It is rather surprising and distressing that a number of people now assert that these principles of Gandhiji were applicable to India in his time but they are no longer relevant today. Little wonder then that seeds of hatred and violence are slowly taking root in the hearts of the people. Why do we see such ugly spectres of rioting and killing in different parts of the country? Gandhiji was able to quell worse outbursts of violent hatred with the force of love that issued from his heart to influence all around him. We have forgotten this too soon. And why do we have so much corruption and injustice today? We have failed Gandhiji by not practising truth in all things. To us, truth has remained a philosophical abstraction. We have not incorporated it in our daily life, as he bade us do.

Let us also understand that Gandhiji was not born with these principles. He too, made many mistakes, often fell short of the standards he had set for himself, and he had the rare humility to acknowledge his failings. Greatness lies, not in never falling, but in having the strength and courage to get up and proceed each time we fall. To love humanity, or to practise truth is not easy and we will stumble many a time, but all will be lost if we give up striving. Thus, a response to the call of the Mahatma involves first of all a fundamental change in the human heart.

Gandhiji's life represents the renaissance of the human soul. His life asserts the dignity and the worth of the human being. "Lord increase our faith" - that is what one feels when one thinks of Mahatma Gandhi and the power his example has to help us. As Toynbee remarks, "Gandhiji's epithet is not just honorific, it tells the truth about him. He was indeed "a great soul".

PADMA MALINI,
I M.A. Literature.



Gandhian Pilgrimage

Two Stella Marians were among a group of sixty prize winners taken on a tour of Delhi and Sevagram, on a "pilgrimage to pay homage to the Father of the Nation".

The summons came towards the end of an uneventful day. I was wanted by the Principal immediately. I was shocked, wondering why I had been called. Suddenly it struck me that this was the day on which the results of an essay competition on Gandhiji were to be announced. Could I have won? As if in a dream I heard the Principal congratulating me, asking me if I accepted to go on the Delhi-Wardha tour (which was the prize) and if I could leave within two days. For a moment I was stunned - me, I had won. The next moment I could have jumped and shouted for joy.

Frantic phone calls followed. I had just two days to make all the arrangements. The only information I had was that I was to leave from Madras Central on the 23rd, with another prize-winner, S. Vijayalakshmi of III B.Sc. and a lecturer, Miss Saraswathi. We were to take lots of warm clothing. Feeling extremely jubilant, I went back to class to face the congratulations and incredulity of my friends. They just could not imagine me writing anything on Gandhian principles, and looked faint when I informed them that I had indeed written an essay of twelve pages. Just imagine - twelve whole pages!

On Thursday, January 23rd, the sixty prize-winning students met at the Gandhi centre at Mylapore where we were addressed by Mr. Bhaktavatsalam, who wished us a safe, happy and educative tour, a "pilgrimage to pay homage to the Father of the Nation."

At the station the students began to form groups and introduce themselves. There was an air of eager anticipation everywhere. The bonds of new friendships were strengthened as interesting arguments and debates were held, prayer songs learnt, and the stock of "snacks" emptied during the journey.

From New Delhi station we went straight to the lodge which was to be our "home" for the next week - the South India Boarding House at Connaught Place. After a rest in the afternoon, we went for the first of our visits. We met Mr. Pyarelalji, who had been a staunch Gandhian and freedom fighter, and he shared with us his reminiscences of the beginning of the Quit India Movement.

The next day, Sunday the 26th of January, was one of the most unforgettable days of my life (and I think it was the same with nearly every other person

present in the group). This day is an occasion for people from all parts of India, and representatives of many other nations, to assemble in Delhi. The city wears an air of festivity with every building decorated and our national flag flying triumphantly from the rooftops. Streamers and flags were to be seen everywhere, while at night the beauty of the illuminations is hard to describe. The thousands of little bulbs made the whole sky glow. All the monuments and important official buildings along the Janpath, like the India Gate, Parliament House, Rashtrapathi Bhavan and Rail Bhavan were illuminated.

We left early next morning for the enclosure from which we were to watch the procession, and joined the great stream of people, all moving in the same direction. The confusion increased when one of our girls lost her balance and fell down, but was fortunately rescued from being trampled to death by her partner; who promptly pulled her up. Slippers were lost together with layers of skin of our toes and feet. At last we reached our enclosure and had barely managed to enter and seat ourselves on the grass when the Parade began with the twenty-one gun salute to the Rashtrapathiji. The parade was indeed worth all the trouble we had undergone previously. We were so exhilarated at being able to witness it, and so engrossed in the proceedings that we forgot our discomfort. This was of course, later magnified by what might have been. Our experiences and feelings both before and during the Parade can never be adequately described. It had to be undergone to be understood fully, and will stay etched in our minds for a long time to come. The rest of the day was spent in resting and overcoming the after-effects of these experiences.

We settled into a routine, starting each day with prayer during which the Bible and the Koran were read and devotional songs sung. The prayer ended with the Ragupathi Ragava. The procedure was the same at night before retiring.

The 28th was another red-letter day for us. We met the Prime Minister at her residence at 8-30 a.m. Mrs. Indira Gandhi spoke to us for a few minutes, mostly about the language issue. From there we went to the Qutub Minar, then to the Teen Murthi and many other places. Since only a small group of students could meet the President at Rashtrapathi Bhavan, arrangements were made for us to meet Professor Sher Singh, Minister of State for Education. Here we had an enlightening discussion for nearly two hours on varied topics, hearing various points of view - those of the minister, his friend, his wife and the students, on the language problem and its solution. We were fortunate to meet Mr. Dinkar, an eminent Hindi poet, who also joined in the discussion.

At nine o'clock the next morning we went to meet the Deputy Prime Minister. Once again there was a lengthy discussion on the language issue. At Rajghat colony we met Mr. Devendra Kumar Gupta. We were shown films of Gandhiji's life and assassination and the funeral procession. This was followed by a most educative talk by Kaka Kalelkar, who had been a close friend of Mahatma Gandhi, and had stood by

him in all his peace movements. After a quick look around the Gandhi Museum we set out for the Parade Grounds opposite Red Fort to join the "Shanti Morcha" or Peace March. This was joined by crowds of people from all walks of life, ranging from school-children to old citizens. A peace pledge was read by Mr. Morarji Desai and repeated by all present.

The 30th of January is an important day for our country, and we began it by joining in the prayer at Rajghat with the President, Vice-President and Prime Minister. The meeting started with a Japanese prayer, followed by readings from the Koran, the Bible and the Bhagavat Gita. An important event of the evening was tea with the Vice-President. He gave us an interesting talk on discipline and the behaviour of modern youth. We proceeded to Birla House to attend evening prayers, held at the place where Gandhiji was shot. From there we went on a short "sight-seeing" tour before we returned to the lodge on the last day of our short stay in Delhi.

The next morning we packed in great excitement and left by bus for Agra. We were lucky to reach the Taj at about 5-30 p.m. so that we could see this exquisite monument both by sunlight and by moonlight. It was a very reluctant group that left this enchanting scene and went to the station.

We reached Wardha the next night and proceeded to Sevagram. Here we found that we were not the only "campers"; there were thirty others from Manipur, and two Norwegians. The next morning there were prayers at six o'clock. Later we were to do "shramdan". This was a very interesting experience, for the work allotted to us was to gather cotton in the Ashram fields. Shy and inexperienced at first, we soon gained confidence, thoroughly enjoying ourselves with music and songs. After an hour and a half of this back-breaking job, it was a tired but happy group who returned, with scratches all over arms and legs. In the evening we attended the general prayers held for all the people of this little "village". The next day we followed the same routine, with the difference that the "shramdan" of the girls was the preparation of the meals. This was also a new experience which we greatly enjoyed. In the afternoon all the pilgrims took a pledge beside Bapuji's bed, vowing to help spread Gandhian principles. This was our last day at Sevagram. There was a cultural programme that night to which all the inhabitants of the area were invited. Before leaving, the next morning, we were taken around the small industries of Sevagram. The beauty, simplicity and cleanliness of the whole area made us long to spend at least a few more days there, and we left very reluctantly.

Since we were reaching the end of this wonderful experience, efforts were being made to strengthen the bonds of new friendships. Autograph books and diaries for addresses were passed around. During the journey there were interesting and friendly discussions on various topics, while the exciting experiences of the past few days were relived in our memories. We were sad indeed to say good bye

at Madras, for this had been a marvellous trip with every joy being shared by all, and likewise every little misfortune. It had broadened our outlook and taught us many things by experience which no purely academic education could impart.

R. MADHURI MENON
I B.A. Sociology





The Mock United Nations General Assembly

Stella Maris was honoured to be the venue
(as well as the originator) of this august
"gathering of the nations".

Assemblies are usually summoned on memorable occasions by mortals to discuss their troubles, to settle their bomb-hurling activities, to console each other and to give vent to fraying tempers. One such assembly, but of greater import and of universal significance, was held by the members of the United Nations in the hallowed precincts of a chamber in Stella Maris between the second and fifth hours of an afternoon in November.



If you will switch your memories to the not-so-distant past, you will recall that Israel and the United Arab Republic indulged in modern warfare in the month of June in the year 1967 and that each accused the other of being where it should not be. Such activities, which appear trivial but which may become inflated into magnitudinous proportions, must be curbed, and the United Nations endeavours to charm the attacker and the attacked into seeing the light of reason and tolerance. The countries residing to the left and the right of the aforementioned nations also need to be consoled and re-assured. Other countries not in the near neighbourhood are nevertheless

interested in the proceedings. The interest may be personal or impersonal depending on the circumstances.

At the session in Stella Maris about twenty odd countries were represented by delegates from Loyola College, Ethiraj, S.I.E.T., Guindy Engineering and Madras Christian College. A significant absence was that of India. Perhaps India's neutrality is not a myth after all!



The evening before the memorable reunion saw a great deal of activity on the part of the various personnel connected with the U.N.O., especially in the residential area of Stella Maris. Placards designating countries were manufactured at an amazing speed. The stapler was wielded with great dexterity, speeches were composed and de-composed and the furniture in the Assembly Chamber was shifted and reshifted.

By 2.15 of the said afternoon the Chamber was packed to capacity. The Press was at hand ready to jot-jot-jot, and the photographers to click-click-click. Apparently, the huge proportions of the U.N.O. Headquarters baffled some delegates, for they were seen proceeding in anything but the right direction. Some delegates had really entered into the spirit of the session - Moshe Dayan actually sported a black patch over his left eye!

The session commenced with the arrival of the Secretary General (Mithra Kumari), the President (Shanti Kini) and the Vice President.

The President declared the session open with a rap on the table and gave a brief resume of the West Asian crisis. The delegates were briefed on the method of procedure and were authoritatively reminded that no remarks of an acrimonious nature, interruptions or irrelevance would be tolerated.

The session gathered momentum with each speaker, and walk-outs were staged with great vigour both by the Arab countries and by the supporters of Israel. Israel defended her act of aggression with the remark: "We are not a nation, and therefore have no fixed boundaries." The U.A.R. on the other hand demanded that the Israelites retreat to the position occupied before June 5th and that Israel disgorge all the spoils of aggression.

Tea-breaks are essential at such assemblies, for the lobbyists must get in their bit, resolutions must be framed, and plots must be hatched. The plot on this occasion consisted in a move on the part of the delegates to dethrone the President on the grounds of partisan behaviour.

The President, however, proved too clever for them, and immediately referred to Article No. 81 of the U.N. Charter. After the plot had been dissolved, the resolutions made during the tea-break were re-drafted. Suggestions as to the working of these resolutions were taken up at one moment only to be dropped at next. With the gradual decline of the sun on the western horizon the resolutions were finally resolved. A vote was taken; sixteen countries were in favour, six were against, and four abstained. The clauses ran as follows :—

1. That warfare be stopped unconditionally and that the ceasefire which was violated on July 8th be restored.
2. That the U.N. recognise the imperative need for peace talks.
3. That the U.N. supervise the cease fire of July 8th 1967.

It is rather difficult to arrive at a decision or decisions, you must admit. Considering this fact, the delegates, the Secretary General, the President and Vice-President must be congratulated on the success of the session.

SHOBANA KRISHNAN
II M.A. Literature



Catholic Activities

Catholic students report on some of their more note-worthy activities of the year.

August 8th - 11TH ANNUAL RETREAT

It was a Retreat with a difference. For the first time the Catholics of the college were divided into two groups, II and III years and post-graduates in the Dhyana Ashram, I year and Pre-University students in Stella Maris.

In the new surroundings of the Ashram we had a new kind of retreat. The preacher's talks were very short, and each one was followed by a lively discussion for which we broke up into small groups. The topics were problems of day-to-day Christian living, problems to which we sought solutions. At first some of us missed the appeal to the emotions of former retreats, but we soon began to appreciate that this different retreat was making us think as we had never thought before, about our real selves, about our relations with God and with others.

August 25th -

THE SISTERS AT HOME TO PARENTS

The Sisters of Stella Maris have often wished they could meet the parents of their students more often, and more informally. As they could not entertain all the parents together, they invited the Catholic students to bring their parents along to the college campus on August 25th.



Mass was celebrated in the open air at 5 p.m. by Rev. Fr. Francis, S. J., Principal of Loyola College. A student choir sang, and both parents and students took part in the offertory procession. The tea which followed was a splendid opportunity for Sisters and parents to get to know each other. After tea we all gathered in front of the stage to hear Mr. Rajendran, Principal of S.I.V.E.T. college, and father of three Stella Marians, speak on "Parents as Co-creators with God". Regina, President of the C.S.U., and Donagh, representing the Legion Mary, spoke about these two branches of Catholic Action in the College, and urged the parents to encourage their daughters to take an active part in them.

A variety entertainment followed, and the pleasant evening drew to a close, rounded off by a vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Nazareth.

November 15th - MOTHER FOUNDRESS' DAY

Early in the month of November, posters began to appear on the bulletin boards depicting the life of Mother Mary of the Passion, Foundress of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary, who run our college. This great missionary nun died on November 15th 1904, and throughout her Institute her anniversary is celebrated as Foundress' Day. At Assembly that morning, Sr. Principal spoke to the whole college of the life of love and self-sacrifice led by Mother Mary of the Passion, and many were thrilled to hear that she had begun her congregation here in South India, where she lived and worked for twelve years.

That evening, the Catholic students were invited to Assunta Hall for a special programme. Coloured slides with a taped commentary gave us an insight into the work of the daughters of Passion Tayar among the lepers of South India, in their two big colonies at Fatimanagar and Tuticorin. This was a surprise to many of us who had taken the F.M.M.s for granted as a purely teaching congregation, but we now learnt that the Sisters have many other types of work, including hospitals, dispensaries and social work of all kinds.



During the tea served by the Sisters, we asked some of the questions buzzing in our minds after seeing the slides. Then the climax of the evening was reached when the Sisters themselves entertained us with songs, accompanied by a guitar, and a puppet show. This was the first time we had seen our Sisters "on stage", and we thoroughly enjoyed their performance, as we had the whole of Mother Foundress' Day.

December 28th - January 2nd - AICUF CONVENTION

The second National Convention of the All India Catholic University Federation was held at Loyola College from December 28th 1968 to January 2nd 1969, but preparations had begun long before, and Stella Marians had their part to play in them. Our President, Regina, who is also National Vice-President, was a member of the Steering Committee of the Convention, and several volunteers helped to plan out the theme, compose working papers, and make arrangements for receiving the 600 delegates, from all over India, and even from Ceylon. The girls, about 200 in all were accommodated in the Stella Maris hostels, with about twenty Stella Marians to play hostess to them. We were taken by bus each day to Loyola for the sessions - talks by eminent speakers, followed by group discussions on various aspects of the theme - "The India We Want". It did not take us long to realise that, if the India of today is *not* the India we want, this is largely due to apathy and selfishness, a lack of responsibility

and sincerity among ourselves. This indifference and irresponsibility was seen even among some of the delegates, who seemed to have come just for a sight-seeing holiday, though others participated whole-heartedly in every session and liturgical celebration. For these more serious ones, the Convention was a great experience, instilling into us a new determination, a new hope of a better India.

Compiled from reports by :

BURNICE PAIVA, PHILOMENA FERNANDEZ.

PHYLLIS FERNANDEZ, CECILIA THANGARAJAN
AND MARY GEORGE.

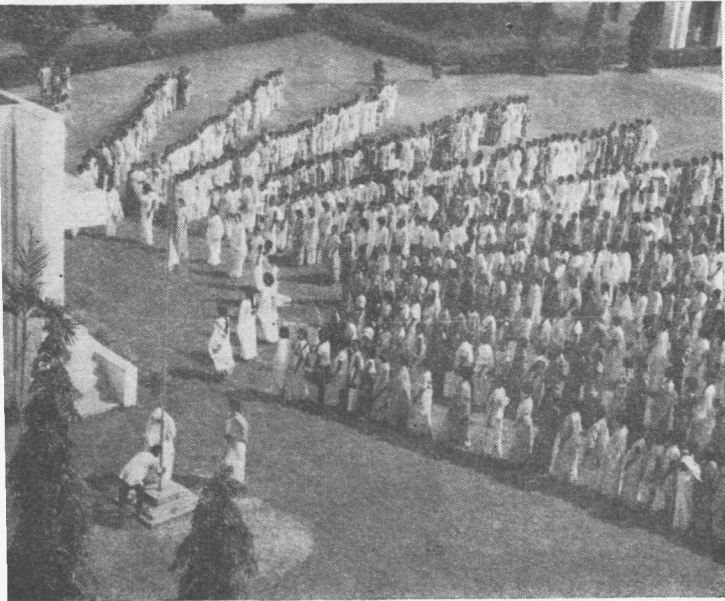


Days to Remember

Outstanding events of the academic year
are recorded by various participants.

August 15th, INDEPENDENCE DAY

The whole College was intrigued by certain mysterious happenings in August ; digging near the stage, and a rising sun pattern spreading out across the Assembly ground. The wild rumours that began to circulate were all scotched when a "practice" was held after Assembly one morning ; the odd happenings had been nothing but preparations for our Independence Day celebrations. A new flag-pole had been erected near the stage, and the rays of the sun were simply lines for the classes to stand along.



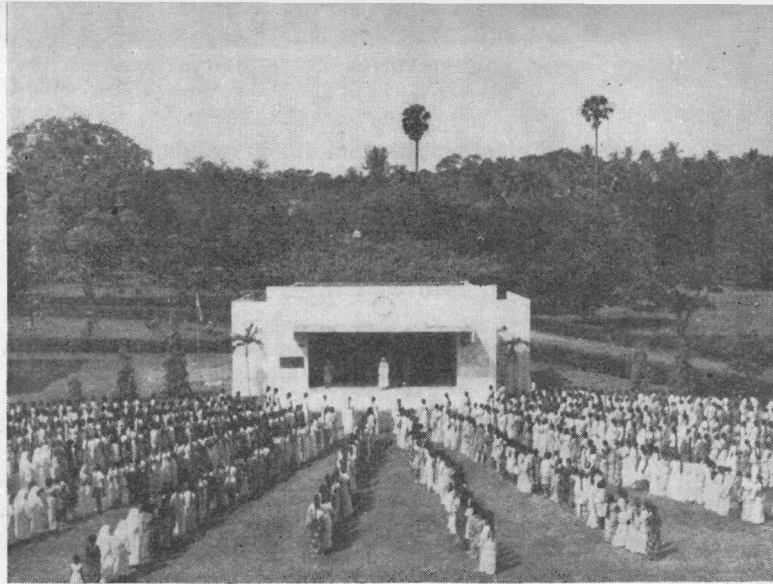
By 9-30 on the morning of August 15th, we were standing in very straight lines along those rays. At the command given by the College President, the class officers marched forward to the inner semi-circle of the "sun". In attentive silence, the College watched as Sister Principal hoisted the national flag. Then rang out another command : "Flag salute!" and in smart co-ordination, the class officers saluted. Esther, our Vice-President, read a prayer for the students the nation and the world. Indu Rani spoke in English, V. Vijayalakshmi in

Tamil, and Vijayshree Venkat in Hindi, on the significance of Independence Day.

A most meaningful part of the ceremony was yet to come ; the taking of the pledge. Indu Rani read the words aloud, slowly, and all repeated them, phrase by phrase. A moment of silence, eloquent in itself, ensued, then the neat rows wavered and broke up, and the students dispersed.

November 25th,
FANCY FETE

There was great excitement among the third year students when the proposal was made to hold a fete to finance the National Service Scheme activities of the College. Suggestions flooded in, and as the time for preparation was short, work began at lightning speed.



On November 25th many a distraction was given to lecturers and students as we passed class-rooms laden with plates of delicacies for the food-stall. The lunch-break was lengthened to give everyone sufficient time to patronise the fete. At 12-30 p.m. sharp, the students and staff began to pour into the gaily-decorated grounds. Most of them made a bee-line for the Coca-Cola and Bon Coffee booths, which did a brisk trade. The Bon Coffee raffle won a good response. The bright-eyed, though foot-weary, third years wooed the girls to try their luck at the games stalls, while their favourite tunes wafted out from the "juke box". Mysterious-looking gipsies gazed into the future, and told a few home truths into the bargain to their unsuspecting victims!

The fete was a tremendous success in two ways; it was greatly enjoyed by organisers and patrons alike, and it achieved its aim of raising a good sum for the National Service Scheme.

December 13th, CAROL SERVICE

In spite of the unexpected closure of the City Colleges, Stella Maris carried on with her plans to have a Carol Service on the evening of December 13th. Students, parents and friends of the College gathered on the floodlit Assembly grounds to sing and pray together in preparation for the lovely feast of Christmas, which was fast approaching.

Mons. Arulappa, Archbishop of Madras-Mylapore gave the opening homily, and then the white-clad choir, trained by Mrs. Wolff, took their places on the decorated stage, and enthralled us with carols from many lands. Their singing was interspersed with Scripture readings about the birth of Christ, and community singing of favourite old carols by the whole congregation. There was a deep hush when Bishop Newbiggin, C.S.I. Bishop in Madras, gave the Christmas message in simple, moving terms. Archbishop Arulappa pronounced the final blessing, and then the

bishops and choir wended their way back to the College in solemn procession, as they had come. It was an evening full of the true Christmas spirit, a taste of the peace and love that Christ came to give to all men of good will.

January 23rd, 24th & 27th - I B.A. - 'A' VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT

A variety entertainment is nothing very extraordinary in Stella Maris College, but this one *was* out of the ordinary, in that it was the united effort of one whole class - I B.A. 'A' - working together for a worthwhile cause. Determined to prove that the youth of today are not indifferent and apathetic (epithets so often hurled at us!), every girl in this class contributed her time and talents, either on stage or behind the scenes. So many tickets were sold that we had to repeat our entertainment three times, with the result that we reached our goal of Rs. 500 for the National Service Scheme.

January 30th - February, 1st—A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

To stage a full-length play for the public has been a long-cherished dream of many a budding actress of Stella Maris. This year the ambition was realised. First came the frustrations of trying to find a suitable play, then the ordeal of auditions, then rehearsals began in right earnest. Miss Paterson was a constant source of inspiration, and we shall never forget how she made each member of the cast "think, **THINK, THINK**" herself into her part. While we were busy rehearsing, gorgeous costumes were being tailored, props created, music and noises-off taped, tickets sold, souvenir programmes prepared.

We were feeling rather proud of our acting by the time we moved into the Museum Theatre, but our first rehearsal there was a revelation! However, intensive practice soon put that right, and on January 28th we were ready for the dress rehearsal. A highly appreciative audience of priests and nuns made us feel their response from the beginning, and we gave our best performance that night.

The three public performances were a thrilling experience for all who took part in them — actresses, make-up artistes, wardrobe girls, scene-shifters, ushers, souvenir-sellers, and all who helped in any way. We had a wonderful sense of working as one great team, and the success that crowned our efforts was the reward





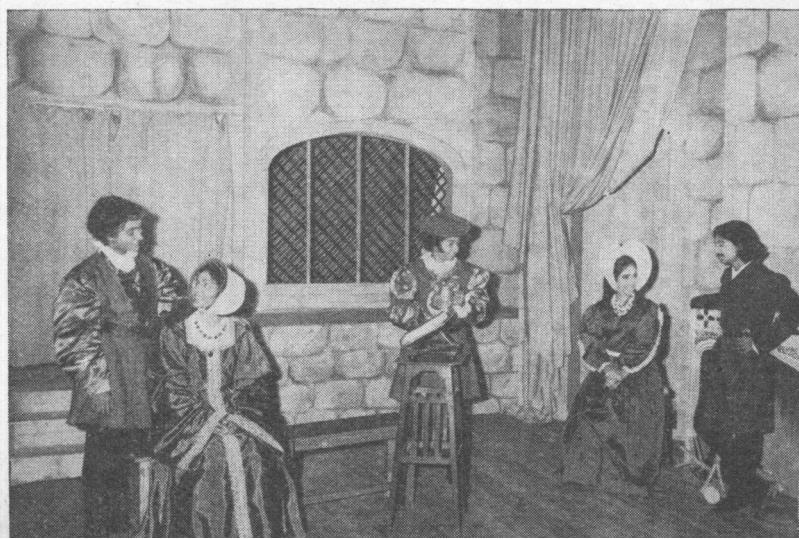
of all — though no-one will object if I say that More was the heroine of the occasion. Our audiences were excellent, too, helping us with their rapt attention, their applause and laughter at the right moments. Everyone was enthusiastic about our performance, even the dramatic critics in the papers. The Mail's correspondent wrote: "The portrayal

of this unique hero (Sir Thomas More) as a humanist as well as a man of profound piety, austere and incorruptible, was excellent." The Hindu, in a longer critique, declared: Stella Maris College, who staged this powerful play "A Man for All Seasons" by Robert Bolt.....did full justice to it from the point of view of excellent acting, direction, characterisation, sets, costumes and lighting..... But it was the play and the brilliant portrayal by a student, of Thomas More as the renowned scholar, wary lawyer and statesman, who would not compromise on ethics, and the "common man", who did several roles like the butler, the inn-keeper, the jailor, the jury and the headman, with the versatility of a mature artiste, that kept the audience glued to their seats. All the actors were intensely participating in every subtle nuance of this beautiful play."

February 5th - 9th - ART EXHIBITION

A Fine Arts Exhibition arranged by the Art Department was opened on February 5th by M. R. Follmi, Director of Alliance Francaise. The exhibition featured mainly the work of the students, and the story of art through the ages in pictures. One whole room was filled with the work of "An Artist Family", that of Mr. G. D. Paul Raj. Past students also displayed paintings on sarees and fabrics.

A stream of visitors flowed through the Art Department during these days, so that the aim of the exhibition was achieved.





ved. This aim was to make art itself better known to the public, as also what is being done in Stella Maris to promote art, and the scope for graduates in art.

February 20th -
COLLEGE DAY

Although we were sad that His Excellency the Governor of Tamil Nadu was ill, and therefore unable to preside over our College Day

celebrations, we were very grateful to his wife, Sardarini Ujjal Singh for taking his place, delivering the presidential address, and distributing the prizes.

The entertainment featured the Indian Orchestra, the College Choir, ably directed by Mrs. R. Wolff, and a dance-drama on the three ideals of Gandhiji, Truth, Ahimsa and Love. The story of Harischandra, a noble king celebrated in ancient Indian legends for his devotion to truth and fidelity to his word, a story much loved by Gandhiji, illustrated the ideal of Satya. A symbolic dance of Peace reconciling two armed combatants represented Ahimsa, while love and unity were depicted in the final dance, by girls dressed in costumes of different parts of the country, all joining finally in a tableau of the map of India.

Reported by : JYOTHI GANAPATHY, USHA MENON,
SHRIMATHI IYENGAR, PREETI DEVI,
PREMILA KURIAN.



Music Week 1968

The sound of music heard in November 1968 is still echoing in the hearts of Stella Marians.

There is always music somewhere in Stella Maris. Strains of Rachmaninoff's famous Prelude waft up to classrooms overhead, haunting melodies float out from Indian Music practicals, talented singers are discovered at every Social, eminent artistes favour us with concerts of violin, xylophone, piano throughout the year. But all this musical fragrance was concentrated into a "quintessence" during our Music Week from 18th to 25th November.



The week commenced with a Carnatic Music Concert Recital by Ramnad Krishnan and his Trio and all the music-lovers of the College thronged to hear them. The musicians began with Tulsi Dala Mulache Santhosa Mukha, a Maya Malavagaula raga, followed by two beautiful violin pieces with good rhythm and beat. The Mridangam player was indeed very amusing, keeping time with each nod of his head. In the Hindustani raga Behag the violinist was superb on his instrument. Ramnad Krishnan and his Trio ended their entertainment with a bang by playing a favourite number Handra Samahakam Thi Vadana.

On the 19th our O-8 hall was packed inside and out (where devotees were clinging on the window-ledges!) with an enthusiastic audience who had come to enjoy St. Cecilia's Concert. Our College had invited Miss Mathew, Principal of Ethiraj College, Sister Rosa of the Cultural Academy and other distinguished guests for the musical evening.

The Stella Maris Choir of about forty girls from various classes, trained by Mrs. Wolff, began the concert with "Green Leaves of Summer". It was said that the diction, timing, expression were all perfect, and Mrs. Wolff and the choir deservedly received resounding applause.

The Western Music students were next on the programme. Among those who gave piano solos were Miriam John, Nimmi Thampy, Mala, Zilan and Esther Abraham, our talented Vice-President; all played with mastery. Several former students had also kindly come to entertain us, one of them, Mary Fernandez, played a delightful Sonata and then a duet with Miss Peggy Brown. Then our one and only Final-year Western Music student, Christine Lobo, enchanted us with Chopin's Fantaisie Impromptu.

The Indian Music students had composed a small orchestra with six veenas, one violin and a tabla and performed several most melodious items.

Mrs Gita Menon, principal guest-artist for the evening, thrilled us with her superb playing of Liszt and Chopin, but the most admired player of the day was her daughter "Little Mira" (that's her stage name!), about eight years old. She delighted the audience with a few piano pieces, including one of her own composition!

Sister Rosa was the next "surprise item" with lively, fascinating Spanish music on her guitar — the audience were highly amused and encored uproariously.

After this feast of classic music came the turn of jazz, when Radha of II M.A. Literature surprised everyone with her melodious, husky crooning. - And finally the "Uniques", Lillian and Vepa on guitars, Zilan on the drums and Asha Shetty, guitarist and vocalist, thrilled the crowd and set their toes a-tapping with "Diamond Head", "Summer Wine", "Unique Orient", and "Cruel Sea" as their encore number.





The evening of the 20th was indeed very exciting because there was an Inter-Collegiate Indian Music Competition in which Stella Maris took part along with other Women's Colleges. The opening competitors were girls from Queen Mary's College and Presidency, but of course when Malini and C. R. Rita of Stella Maris gave their performance they were cheered non-stop - and they did deserve the applause. Ethiraj College and S. I. E. T. followed with very talented pairs.

Now there was a moment of suspense when the judges were making their decision. Stella Maris, who had the Rolling Cup for many years, was disappointed to hear that the first prize went to K. Shanthi of Q. M. C., the second prize to Padmavathi of the same College, the third to Annapurna of S. I. E. T. Our girls were indeed disappointed but being guided by their motto "Truth and Charity", accepted the defeat cheerfully.

The same evening at 6-30 p.m. there was an added attraction, a concert given by the German Trio and Mr. Forbes. The Trio consisted of a lady with the flute, another lady pianist and a gentleman cellist, playing a magnificent programme of classical chamber music. Mr. Forbes was the star of the evening; he played his violin beautifully and with such grace and ease. His "Ave Maria" sounded like a record. "La Canarie" was fascinating! The sounds he produced on his violin seemed like a veritable aviary. I wondered how many birds would produce as much variety of song? "Chinese Tambourine" carried everyone away to the land of stately mandarins and quaint pagodas. Strange chords in the piano accompaniment played by Mrs. Menon conjured up the atmosphere of the Far East.

Then Mrs. Saldanha, one of the leading sopranos in Madras, sang delightful songs for us, including a few extracts from "The Sound of Music". Mr. Forbes was back again then - on his xylophone this time. He was simply amazing with this instrument - his performance must be heard and seen to be believed. He gave us a demonstration of playing the xylophone with four sticks. His incredibly rapid movements seemed almost mechanical and were done with such ease that the audience felt it was quite a simple procedure ; little did they realise what tremendous practice is essential to reach such perfection.

On the 21st an amusing movie was screened - "Romanoff and Juliet" a modern version of Shakespeare's romantic story, the young lovers being from American and Soviet families this time.

On the 22nd, Professor Sambamurthy was invited to give a talk on the Musical Instruments of India. Each Indian instrument had some connexion with a deity ; Shiva and the drum ; Vishnu and the conch ; Krishna and the flute ; Saraswathi and the veena. Professor Sambamurthy gave demonstrations with veena, violin, flute, Tibetan Sarang and explained in a most interesting manner the working of each instrument. The Professor's visit was a delightful conclusion to a truly memorable Music Week.

LILLIAN AZUMA,
I B.A. Literature.



Festival of Lights

This dearly loved Indian feast reminds us to be true 'stars', radiating light around us.

Deepavali, the festival of lights, is celebrated across the length and breadth of India. Just the mention of this feast conjures up memories of deepams, new clothes and delicious sweetmeats for anyone who has enjoyed its annual commemoration.

In October 1968, Deepavali was celebrated for the first time in Stella Maris. The actual feast was on November 1st, but as this was a holiday, the celebration in College had to be anticipated. At 3 p.m. on October 29th a crowd of students surged from their classrooms to Assunta Hall, the late-comers trying frantically to find a tiny corner in an already crowded room. The hall had been tastefully



decorated beforehand with rangoli designs done by the Art students, festoons, flowers, and, of course, numerous lamps. The fragrance of the flowers and the scented agarbathis floated in the air. Mother Superior, Sister Principal and the other Sisters had all come, and when the room was so packed that not another could squeeze in, the puja began with a Sanskrit sloka. Other prayer songs followed,

from the Bhagavat Gita, the Bible and the Quran. Girls dressed in the traditional style of the different regions of India then came forward with offerings of new clothes, sweetmeats and flowers, which they placed near the lamps. They represented the people throughout India who join on this day in a common celebration, an excellent means of national integration. Two of the Sisters sang the Tamil version of "Lead, Kindly Light", and then we all began to light sparklers and other fireworks. Mother Superior spoke to us of the religious significance of Deepavali; it is not just a time to think of oneself, and one's own pleasure, but a time to spread happiness and light all around us, especially among the poor. Light is a symbol of knowledge, which makes our soul within us bright, just as a lamp lights up the room in which it is lit. Students of Stella Maris, in their search for knowledge, should light lamps within themselves, and lamps for others to see by.

We put Mother's advice to good use straightaway, by distributing to the poor the new clothes and sweets that had been offered, thus keeping Deepavali as it should be kept, not enjoying all the good things for ourselves, but sharing them with our needy brothers and sisters. After all, we are not owners of our wealth, but only trustees, as Gandhiji said, and it is only in giving that we receive true happiness. We went home happy and thoughtful, pondering over the real significance of the festival of lights.

V. VATSALA DEVI,
III B.Sc. Chemistry

R. CHANDRA,
II B.Sc. Chemistry

Hostel - Diary

The ups and downs of hostel life are recorded for us by a senior.

22nd June "Ring out the old, Ring in the new.....!"

O boy! It's simply snazzy being back! - that, by the way, is a loan-word from one of the imports of Kodi - Presentation - bumped into her just now - "How's college?" I said, - "Oh snazzy" she replied with a beam, from which I concluded that it isn't a snarl-word after all..... It *does* feel tall being a senior, you know - at least now I can call myself an "under-graduate" which I guess isn't far from being a graduate - and I B.A. too - getting to be quite ancient - ain't I?

30th June The place is swarming with freshies! What elegant coiffures - what blazing exotic "kurtas" - what visages with cork-screw kind of complacency, and what atrocious accents! - looks like I'll be left with only tattered fragments of the king's English in a short time!



4th July Had a mild ragging session last night - rather, an attempt to take down the new collegiate a peg or two, tone down her increasing sense of self-importance at having attained university status.

Gosh! the cold penetrating looks darted at us since then. Here "flowers" are not left to "blush unseen" and waste their "sweetness in the desert air" - talents once recognised are fully exploited.

20th July Everyone has more or less fitted into the Stella-groove, except an occasional odd one out.

"The venerable seniors most cordially invite the juniors to a "break the ice" social... " so read the notice on the hostel current-affairs board, and many a P.U. felt a thrill of pleasure tingling through her veins. Folks who had hitherto been remote, ethereal, and almost unreal - countenances bearing expressions of cold chiselled melancholy, (nostalgia we assumed) now descended in elemental splendour as warm and vital human beings - and boy! were they volatile!

The highlight of the evening was the Freshie Queen Contest. In the first round the contestants squirmed so awkwardly around the arena that there were only faint traces of regality left to judge from. But they "bucked up" in the second round and made a smashing hit of it all. The judges after deep study and much dalliance decided upon the Queen of Queens - Enid Sreshta - and the two runners up. A heady mixture of charging emotions and dancing feet, chill coke and piping hot samosas brought the delectable social to a close.



2nd August

We seem to have the most curious combination of fauna that any campus could rear. Two bonny (or is it bony) kids, one black and the other white, regularly trim the hedges outside our windows exposing much that had hitherto lain hidden.

A little, velvety black, stray pup with liquid brown eyes wandered into the hostel the other day and curled up in one of the "comfy" basket-chairs. It has stayed with us ever since, visits rooms with fans during study hours and answers all bells promptly, especially the dinner-gong. The latest additions are a mongoose and a bandicoot which alternate their nocturnal visits. All grub-hoarders have been compelled to empty their tins of badam-halva, nuts and chips as fast as they can before the bushy-tailed and foul-smelling demogorgon makes it necessary for them to do so.

17th August

Caught a freshie practising tennis-strokes during night study - "Mosquitoes" she blurted out with rustic naivete. What a brazen piece of craftsmanship! We in our youthful days were composed of milder stuff ..

20th August

Ovaltine for vitality! Free supply of steaming hot Ovaltine "with beaded bubbles winking at the brim" in dainty little paper cups. The



220 of us sniffed our way to the N.C.C. grounds at 60 m.p.h. this afternoon. Another draught of that Heli-conian syrup and I guess we'd be fit for the ovalympics.....

5th Sept. All "glad animal movement" and youthful exuberance dwindled down to sullen gloom and mournful sobriety. Thick black clouds looming large over the horizon (no trace of the silver lining) - feeble mortals

with leaden-eyed despair feverishly pouring over tomes of bio-chemistry and analytical geometry on hot Sunday afternoons. Examinations! Cheer up, fellow-beings; If winter comes can spring be far behind?

8th Oct. Back after a glorious Michaelmas vacation at home -

"If all the year were
playing holidays
To sport would be as
tedious as work"

- therefore wipe off that silly frown,
junior, and smile awhile.....

18th Nov. If to be a resident Stella Marian is to live in absolute luxury, ease and tranquility - happy be we, who roll magnificently in cushioned comfort beneath the ceiling fans which have recently been installed in the common rooms of our hostel. Praise everlasting to Mother Superior who has presented six of them to the hostel as a feast-day gift.



20th Nov. Mad, mad, social in the ethereal regions of the St. Joseph's hostel-terracescattered all sophistication to the winds and yielded up pert and nimble spirit of youth to Bacchanalian merriment. The social wound up with a surprise item - a fabulous movie - "The Loss of Innocence".

22nd Nov. The Ovaltine company appears to have been quite impressed with our gusto (to put it mildly) - fifty unshapely Ovaltine tins have been mailed to us at concessional rates.

7th Dec. Selection exams just 'round the corner' - Oh,

"Why are we weighed down with heaviness
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things rest from weariness?"

11th Dec. Release from tension and travail, a fortnight before schedule! - the student world is in the grips of another monstrous "STRIKE" - we have been asked to vacate the hostel by 10 a.m. tomorrow - telegrams, trunk calls, two-tier sleepers, crowded compartments - oh! how wonderfully exciting life is!

6th Jan. Arrived at S.M.C. this morning amidst jubilant chimes of "hi" and

"Happy New Year" - which not long after waned to mournful strains of "How awful" and "How dreadful" on seeing the college notice board. The exams are to commence tomorrow - Shakespeare Milton and Keats! Ill fate has befallen thee! Thou must needs emerge from the dusty entrails of closed cupboards where thou hast for long been entombed in cobwebfiligree.....



- 29th Jan. Another of those philanthropists who supply free samples of human necessities, visited the hostel this morning. What could be more welcome than a bulging tube of Colgate toothpaste at the end of the month, when one is desperately trying to squeeze out of a flattened and distorted container, faint traces of what appears to be toothpaste.
- 31st Jan. College play, "A Man for all seasons" - being staged at the Museum Theatre - quite a number of us have managed to land up either *on* the stage or *behind* the stage in some form or another - prop-shifting, costumes, make-up, etc. Oh how glamorous and exciting the world outside appears through a slit in the curtain! what ecstatic delight one feels in missing night-study and strutting about the illuminated stage of the Museum Theatre.....
- 4th Feb. A loud splash in the St. Joseph's Hostel-pond awoke the residents of the neighbourhood in the small hours of the morning. Investigations revealed that the demogorgon (bandicoot) had been drowned in the Hellespont. Suicide has been suspected as one of the motives for its untimely death.
- 15th Feb. A landmark in the history of hostel-days. If you had by chance wandered into Stella Maris on the 15th of February you'd surely have felt the impact of stepping into a dream - a flamboyant dream of Ancient Greece at that - Athenian maidens gliding along with incomparable grace, in rustling silks of rich hues, gems entwined in their lustrous hair and drenched with cascading pearls.
- Walking down the long avenue, you'd have entered the sanctified precincts of the temple of Goddess Athena, curtained by flimsy white muslin, spicewreaths of incense wafting in the air. This, you would hardly recognise as the common-room of Our Lady's Hostel.

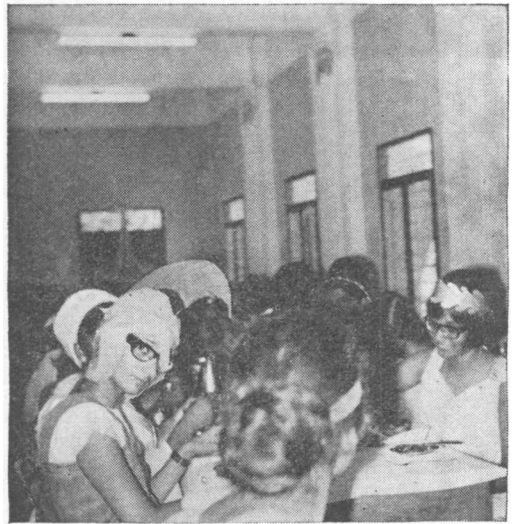


Further on in an easterly direction, a door opens into the dining-hall - a sumptuous banquet is spread out on two long rows of table - all in grecian style - purple asters nestling close to silver goblets - soft pipes playing light grecian

music - and the whole atmosphere bathed in shimmering spangles of unreality.

Peering out of the window you'd see a rather effeminate-looking grecian youth with a laurel wreath about the head, running towards the games-field with an Olympic torch flaming bright. This, need I tell you, is our sports-representative, Shanti Kini. Many youths assemble in the field

soon after and the games begin. Morpheus's (Prabha Pankajam, the P.U. committee member) blithe and agile movements provide much amusement.



The scene then shifts to a sheltered spot where the grecians sit rapt in attention - watching a cinema-show - "Wild and Wonderful" - a thoroughly enjoyable movie.



The sixth hour of noontide - and grecian maidens exquisitely dressed, almost merging into the balmy evening air, gather at the amphi-theatre. Zeus (Shobana Krishnan, our hostel president) descends in Parnassian glory and delivers the welcome address, after which Dionysius (Molly Mathan, the entertainment rep.) the Master of Revels, takes over. A 3½ hour entertainment (by amateur artistes but performed with professional skill and ease) holds the audience spell-bound in visionary trance. The "Banghra-

dance" and the stage-production of "Laodamia" require special mention.

Dinner, out in the open air, is followed by a hectic dancing session - and near midnight weary limbs are laid to rest - the grecian day drawing to a serene close. The day owes its success to the sustained inspiration and encouragement of Sr. Ursula, the indefatigable zeal of Shobana Krishnan, our president, and the untiring efforts of her closely-knit committee.

16th Feb. A rude awakening indeed - to find one's clay-feet planted in the gross earth - a jolt back to mundaneness after sauntering about in Athenian pomp and splendour for a whole day.



25th Feb. The academic year is fast coming to an end - autograph books are in circulation. One talks in terms of caution deposits, group photographs and late-study, now, and amidst the unusual calm that prevails, one often hears wistful strains of "where are the simple joys of maidenhood?"

Yet, living together as we do, every "new-born day" has an "innocent brightness", packed with endless excitement and fun, so that dullness and boredom find little place here.

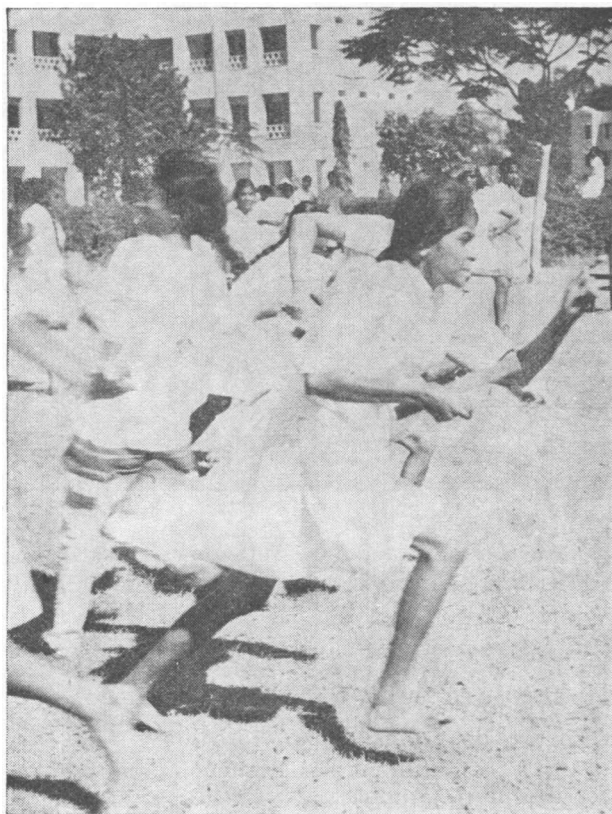
Bliss indeed it is, at dawn to be alive
And to be young is very Heaven !

KANCHANA CHIDAMBARAM,
II M.A. Literature.

Sports Round - up

1968-1969 was a year of outstanding successes in sports for Stella Maris.

University life is far too fleeting an experience for a student to have enough time to devote to studies as well as to sports. It very often happens that students get into such a study "groove" that they fail to visit the sports field. It must be remembered that physical education is a continuation of the process of education in the lecture hall, and without it education is incomplete and partially ineffective.



Sports at Stella Maris has always been something of the 'inevitable'. But this academic year has been a real pacesetter. Trophies and shields have been coming in with amazing rapidity throughout the year, and we have discovered a number of outstanding athletes. In short, Stella Maris has proved herself "sports-worthy".

It is therefore with a feeling of intense satisfaction that I record the results of a year-long struggle to aspire to some of the most coveted trophies of the University Association.

Akila James (P.U.) helped us to start our year with a bang, when due to her excellent sprinting we won the most coveted trophy - the Sir A. L.

Mudaliar Silver Jubilee Sports trophy. She proved herself almost another Atalanta when she breasted the tape far ahead of the others, and though she broke no records, she finished first in the 50, 100 and 200 metres runs. Diana Ingram (P U.) finished second for hurdles and Shanthi Kini got a second for shot-put. This, together with a first in 4 × 100 metres relay, helped Stella Maris win the championship.

The next event was the Inter-Divisional Sports meet, where athletes from the city and the South of the State met to compete and qualify to represent the State at the Inter-University sports meet at Jabalpur. No one from Stella Maris qualified for this, but Valsa Stephen (P.U.) secured first place in the javelin event.

The last and final sports meet of the year, the Inter-Collegiate meet, was held in February, and though we did not get a repeat performance of our former display we achieved the second runners up position for the group championship. Akila James managed only a second in 100 and 200 metres and Diana Ingram once again finished second in the hurdles. But with Valsa's first in javelin throw, and second place in the 4 × 100 metres relay, we moved up to the runners-up position.

Throughout the year the University Sports Association holds inter-collegiate tournaments in net-ball, basket-ball, tenniquoit, soft-ball, kho-kho, tennis, table-tennis and so forth. These are distributed equally among the three terms, and trophies are awarded to the victor colleges at the final sports meet.

This year Stella Maris witnessed an extraordinary display of athletic ability, especially in net-ball and basket-ball. The net ball team not only succeeded in quelling the efforts of the other colleges in the city, but also went on to challenge the South Zone winners at Coimbatore. There too, our girls put on a good fight and an impregnable defense, and after a gruelling hour-long game they walked out as Champions. The team was composed of Captain Esther Abraham, centre Prema George, shoot Ramani Sellamuthu, help shoot Regina Idiculla; the defence was managed by Mira Devasagayam and Daphne Mendez, while Marina Gonzales was wing attack and Molly Mathan wing defense.



Our basket-ball team, notwithstanding the fact they are a newly formed group, also emerged champions in Madras City. It was an outstanding effort on the part of the team, for they were greatly handicapped by the lack of a home court. They managed to crush all their opponents with surprising ability and agility. Skipper Shanthi Kini managed the right wing forward with great energy and Usha Mathan, left winger, never missed an opportunity to get a basket; this together with Mira Devasagayam as centre forward and Ramani Sellamuthu and Daphne Mendez in the defences, there was equilibrium in the team and we emerged winners. The other members were Rama Shankar, Nandini Bojraj, Ramatilakam, Sarah John and Prema George.

Our tenniquoit team brought in the runners-up trophy, which has also taken up a vantage place among the array of trophies secured this year.

Turning to College Sports, here too we have seen a considerable amount of sportsmanship during the year. The inter-class competitions, along with the staff versus students matches, have greatly helped to foster the love for sports in the college. The Sports Day which was culmination of all sports activities at college was a magnificent spectacle in athletics.

A big thank you goes to Mrs. Mangaladurai, our sports Directress, for it is due to her persevering interest in sports and her untiring services towards the same that Stella Maris is what it is today in sports.

It is to be hoped that Stella Marians will maintain the standard set up this year and continue to keep the 'Olympic Torch' aloft and burning. We wish our athletes every success.

SHANTHI KINI,
II B.A. Literature.

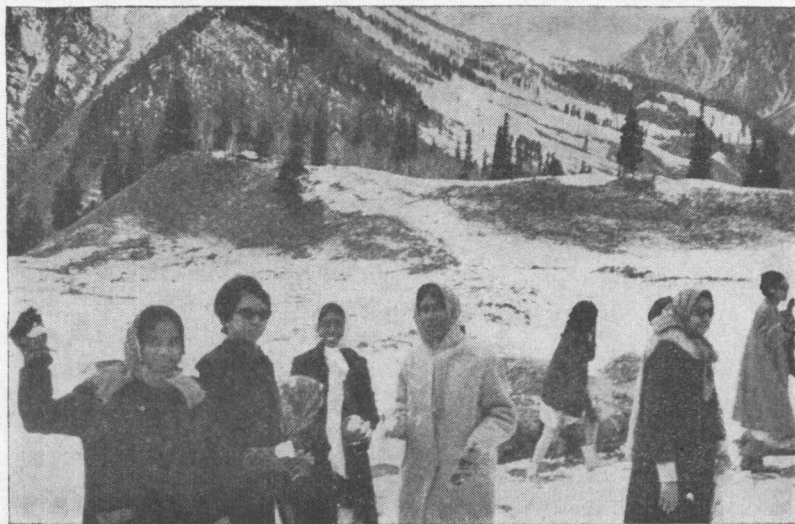


Exploring India

This year's excursions took our students right across India, enabling them to learn more about the past and present of our country.

“Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches.....”

Our train chugged out of the station on a dream journey, and our destination was Dreamland, I mean, Kashmir. I have heard lots of talk about the beauty of Nature, and have felt it too. But never did this feeling of overwhelming awe descend upon me as it did when I saw the landscape of Kashmir. Poets have spoken of the grandeur of the peaks and the beauty of trees and flowers. This, too, never struck me



as when I looked round, found beautiful colours, and thought of that unique Palette from which those colours had sprung. Winter was obviously hardening and settling on the world, and natural life stood poised on the brink of stillness. The only sign of life was the chilly breeze which played mischievously with the clouds and leaves, flirting with the first, and frolicking with the latter. “Mists and mellow fruitfulness” - that was what we met with everywhere.

We visited the gardens of Srinagar, and we walked down the grassy slopes, taking great gulps of the milky air and dancing as gaily as the petalled beauties them-



selves. The woods were lit with an amber glow, and a beautiful carpet of red leaves adorned the bare ground. In their delightful rustling, one could hear

“A little noiseless
noise among the
leaves

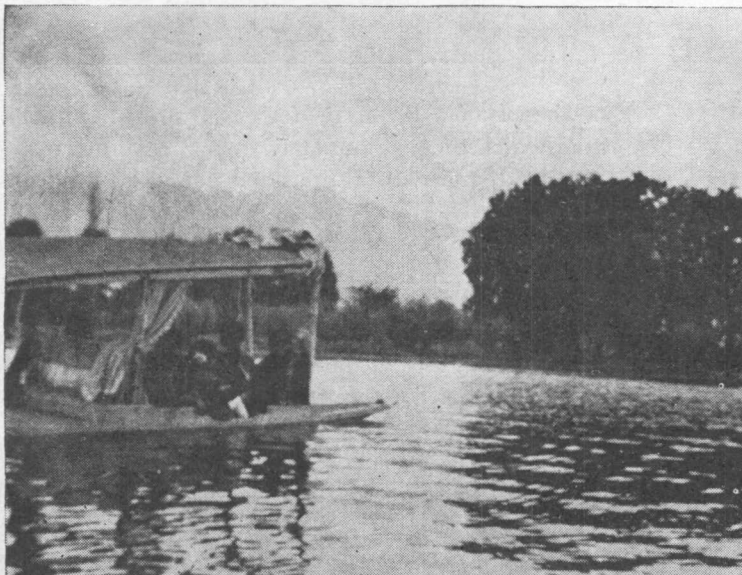
Born of the very
sigh that silence
heaves.”

The Nagin lake lay cool and calm amidst hilly splendour, and our joy-ride on a shikara was real fun. Flower and fruit vendors came by us in boats, and we fell under the spell of the lulling rhythm of splashing oars and bird cries. It was in Sona Marg that one of our greatest dreams materialised. We rode on horseback on the hill-sides which were covered with snow. We made snowballs and threw them at each other and a snowman, complete with his scarf, specs and all, soon stood smiling frostily at us. It was all a dream wrapt in white.

On the way back, we spent some time in Pathankot. It was a quaint little town, noisy and bustling, with vendors and rickshaw-wallas swarming round us, and sweet-shops strewn all over the place. Small, old-fashioned houses lined narrow, winding streets. The trip by bus to and fro, was like a dream.

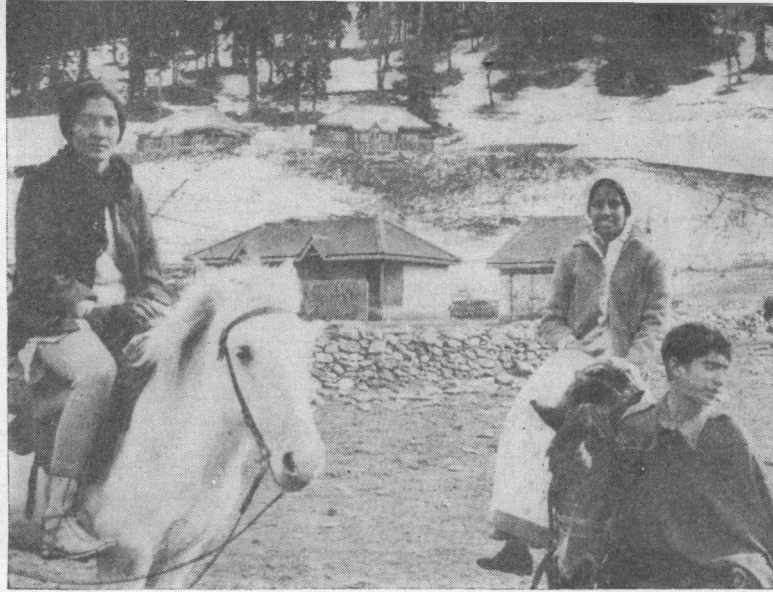
After the gushy green glory of Kashmir, we turned to the more urban splendour of Delhi and Agra. Having reached Delhi in the afternoon, we were given the day off till 7.00 p.m.

The next day was one of great excitement. We really *saw* Delhi by daylight! At the Red Fort we revelled in the ancient grandeur of the place. We could almost see the Moghul Queens with the emblematic roses in their hands, walking along the lawns. The Moti Masjid proved how beautifully the Moghul architects sang their faith in stones. The timelessness of Beauty, it seemed, was caught in the meshes of Art; and we found our hearts responding to the marble glories of



Moghul architecture. The niche that once contained the Peacock Throne was empty, but we could imagine the throne intact, and could almost hear the Badshahs issuing their orders to obedient courtiers. At the Jamma Masjid, we were shown the relics of the prophet Mahomet. The square was swarming with pigeons, which made one think of St. Mark's Square in Venice. The

Chandni Chowk had all the aspects of a Moghul market. Some of the houses there were four hundred years old, and it made one feel that nothing had changed through the course of centuries. It is one of those old-world places whose quaint charm can never really leave the mind.

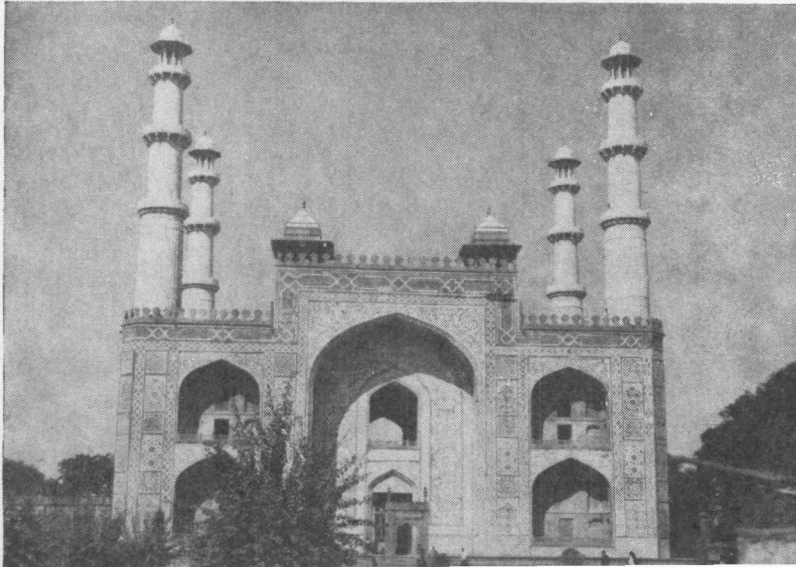


The Qutab Minar stood erect against a blue sky on a warm, sunny day, like a lumbering but benevolent giant looking down, seeing mortals flitting around and posing for photographs, and smiling into his beard. Gandhiji's samadhi was one simple tribute of marble and roses; and once more we huddled into our bus to return home. That same evening we witnessed the memorable and impressive Son et Lumiere spectacle at the Red Fort.

The happiest memory of the tour was yet to engrave itself on our minds. The Taj Mahal - so much praised and so often sung - was still an unseen hope. As the Taj Express wended its way through the fields and towns around Delhi, expectation welled up in our hearts, and the minutes ticked away, slow and stumbling. We reached Agra, and were taken at once to see Fatehpur Sikri and Sikandra. Very soon, we were on our way to the Agra Fort. After having our lunch, we strolled through the place.



But at heart, all of us felt the pressing need to see the Taj, and make our dreams come true. We gathered in front of the entrance gate, then stepped in, and lo! there she stood clad in all her marble glory. It seemed as if the evening took its golden brilliance from her. It was almost unreal. After the first shock of surprise and awe, we slowly approached this symbol of Moghul splendour wherein all the beauty of the Moghul Age seemed entrapped. Only then could we fully feel the significance of Kahlil Gibran's words: "Beauty is Eternity gazing at itself in a mirror". And this beautiful memory in marble,



Humayun's Tomb

born of true love, played havoc with our heartstrings. Around the tombs of Shah Jehan and Mumtaz Mahal was a beautiful screen of lace-work. As we emerged from the tomb, we looked back, loth to take our eyes off the image before us. Patience Strong's words came to my mind :

"Loveliest of memories! Stay on inside my heart,
Whatever else may fade away as passing years depart."

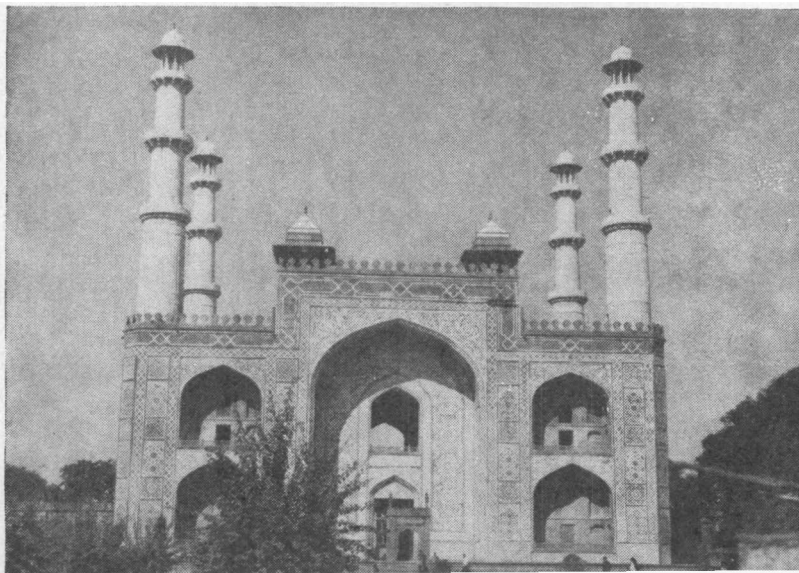
And so we wound up our tour with a sight of the transparent glory of the Taj. The next day saw us crowding into our little compartment, and the train puffed its way out of the station, carrying us on our journey back to Home Sweet Home.

This trip did us all a world of good. Life was a series of personal adjustments and it was real fun. The best part of it all was bed-time, when we would sit huddled up, and whisper and laugh and talk the night away; then pull our blankets round us and sleep peacefully. All this seems to have happened in a misty cloud of dream so that often the question arises in my mind: "Was it a vision, or a waking dream?"

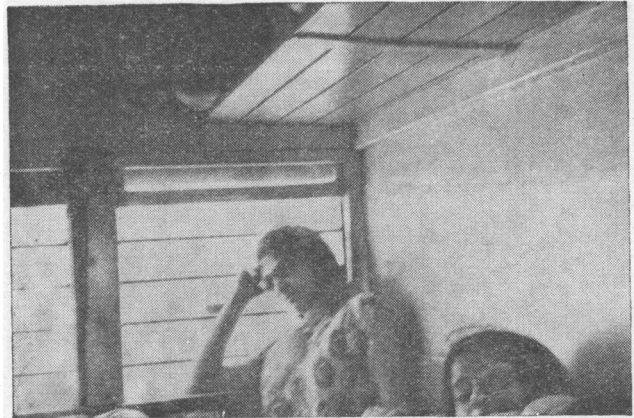
Excursion to Bombay! Calling all the final year students of the Economics, Maths and Chemistry Departments to assemble at the Enrolling Office - for an educational trip to Hyderabad, Poona and Bombay.

Entrance to Akbar's Tomb - Fatehpur Sikri

Jerked out of our seats- we felt that the foregoing announcement was going to turn our sedate pace at college into a brisk and lively one. We were game for it! - in fact 33 students enrolled for the excursion. On November 2nd we set off from Central Station, arriving at Hyderabad on the 3rd at 8-30 a.m.



With the prospect of a tight schedule for the day we rushed through our toilette and hurried to the Salar Jung Museum - so well reputed throughout India for its widely ranged collection, and so exquisitely displayed as to catch even the layman's attention. The historic Golconda Fort with its numerous flights of steps and the ancient device for warning the ruler of the approaching



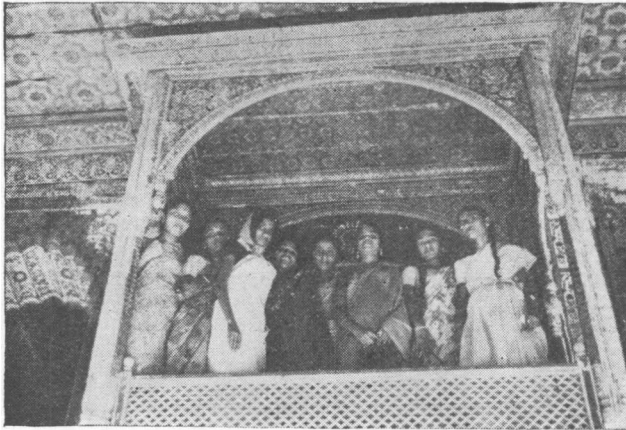
enemy fascinated us immensely. The Public Gardens and the Charminar were visited and the bangle shops found us willing customers. A drive through the Hussain Sagar bridge connecting the twin cities of Hyderabad and Secunderabad - and our day in Hyderabad had come to an end.

Poona at last! Rushing through our early morning routine we made a bee-line for the Poona Observatory, of special interest to the Maths cronies as they found enthusiastic and well-read demonstrators to explain the displays in detail. From thence we proceeded to India's first Penicillin Factory at Pimpri and we were taken round the factory and instructed in the process of making penicillin. Neither the Shambaji's Park nor the Shivaji Fort escaped the keen searching eye of us excursionists. Our day in Poona, short though it had been, was indeed memorable!

We reached long-awaited Bombay at 3-30 a.m. on the 5th November and after a much-needed rest we were off on a shopping spree. That evening we visited the Taraporevala Aquarium exclaiming at the variety and peculiarities of the many-hued fish and other sea-life. We stood in rapt admiration before the realistic scenes and



impressive portraits in the Jehangir Art Gallery. The Prince of Wales Museum succeeded in securing remarks anew and praise galore. We visited Chowpathy beach and from thence proceeded to the Kamala Nehru Park and Hanging Gardens on Malabar Hill - from where we got a panoramic view of Bombay and the Queen's necklace too. Now! that was quite a programme for one day!!



Tippu Sultan's Summer Palace, Mysore

The next day we went on a picnic to an island off the mainland - where we explored the ancient Elephanta Caves. Returning to the mainland by steamboat we went to see the Powai and Vihar Lakes - which supply Bombay and the neighbouring districts with water. From there we proceeded to Juhu Beach - the haunt of sun bathers and swimmers. Time called us and alas! we had to leave the view of a beautiful sunset.

On the way back we went to the church on Mount Mary, a sight-seeing centre for all visitors. Our last day in Bombay had dawned but with extra special interest for the Chemistry students - as we were going to Trombay to visit India's first Atomic Energy Centre. We were taken to the research laboratories and other projects on the premises. After lunch we made a dash for the station as our train back to Madras was to leave at 2-30 p.m. Alack! enjoyments end too soon and our excursion was drawing to a close - barring of course our journey back. Farewell, dear Bombay, since we must needs be gone!! Time had flown on its wing sweeping away with it our eight-day excursion and we reached Madras on the 9th at 6-30 p.m.

Not to be outdone by their classmates, the Zoologists, weathered veterans of many an excursion, set out anew on February 2nd. This year a novelty was the combination of second and third year classes, causing our numbers to soar up to the sixties. Our travels included Cochin, Bangalore and Mysore and general sight-seeing as well as Zoological collections figured in our itinerary.



The Mysore Palace

At Cochin, in addition to collection, we enjoyed visits to the Marine Biological

Research Station, the Tata Oil and Soap Factory, the Indo-Norwegian Fishing Project. Mysore too proved to be of great interest, both zoological and otherwise. The Bandipur Wild Life Sanctuary, where we spent a happy afternoon riding into the forests in search of spotted deer, sambar, elephants and wild boar was a Zoologist's delight. We gasped at the beauty of the Mysore Palace and the glittering splendour of the Brindavan Gardens.

The last part of the trip found us in Bangalore where we managed to visit Cubbon Park, Lal Bagh, the Bull Temple, St. John's Medical College, Bangalore Medical College, and the Viswesarayya Museum, in addition to getting in a few hours of shopping before we set off at last on our homeward journey, weary but content. After a ten day absence, Madras and home did look good as we steamed into Central Station, to be greeted by crowds of relatives eagerly awaiting us. After all is said and done really, one of the best parts of any excursion is the home-coming.

B. GEETA,
III B.A. Literature
GANGA THIRUPUVANAM,
III B.A. Economics

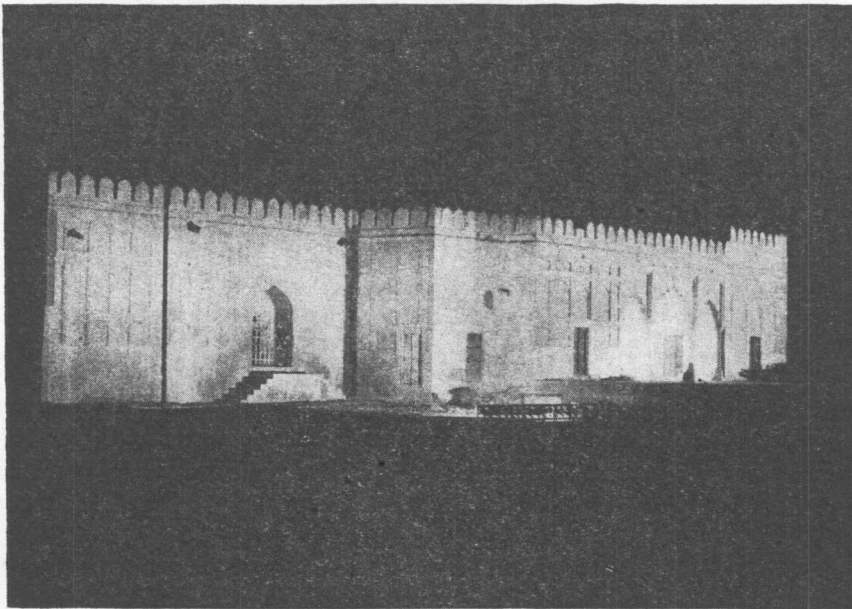


Son et Lumière at the Red Fort

The glory of India's past is evoked in the magnificent sound and light spectacle at Delhi's Red Fort.

The deep, sonorous voice from the wilderness faded away in the stillness of the chill night air. The show was over. The arc lights came on with a blinding flash; and the spell was broken. We then dropped down to reality with a thump, to force our attention to the call and needs of a mundane world.

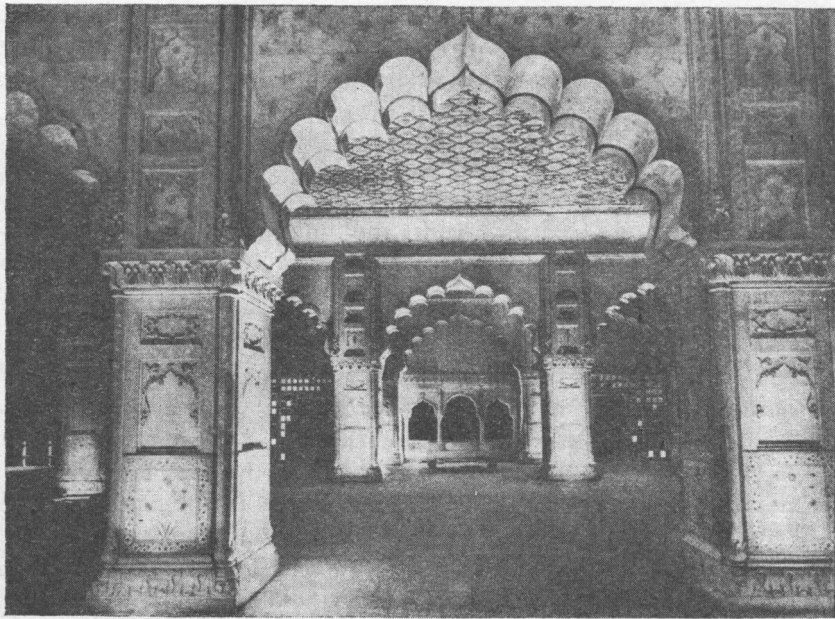
With a last look at the shadowy forms of the Diwan-i-Khas and the Diwan-i-Am silhouetted against the deep firmament of a starless sky, we moved away slowly, our hearts filled "with thoughts, that lie too deep for tears."



By courtesy of PHILIPS Light Bulletin

All the pomp that one sees in the modern movie only dazzles the eye and dulls the brain. But who can stop the flight of fancy, or limit the myriad colours of the vital imagination,

“...that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn”.



By courtesy of PHILIPS Light Bulletin

Such was the wonder that captivated our beings when the Son et Lumiere show began. The vague, dim outline of the Diwan-i-Khas before us seemed to come to life in the soft, pink glow of the invading stream of light. And then the unknown voice flowed on gently, as the narrator described the changing scenes culled from the pages of history, the history of a brave and vigorous land. We were carried back into the magnificent Moghul world of Shah Jahan.

Gentle strains of music are heard as a lone man raises his heart to God while reciting the Koran in Quila-i-Kunhan Masjid. The last words die away, and all at once, we hear the tramp of soldiers' boots, the laughter and chatter of a thousand people, as they cheer the progress of the opulent king along the tumultuous streets of Delhi. There is music and dancing in and around the palaces, and we get a visionary glimpse into the pomp and pageantry of a rich and colourful court-life.

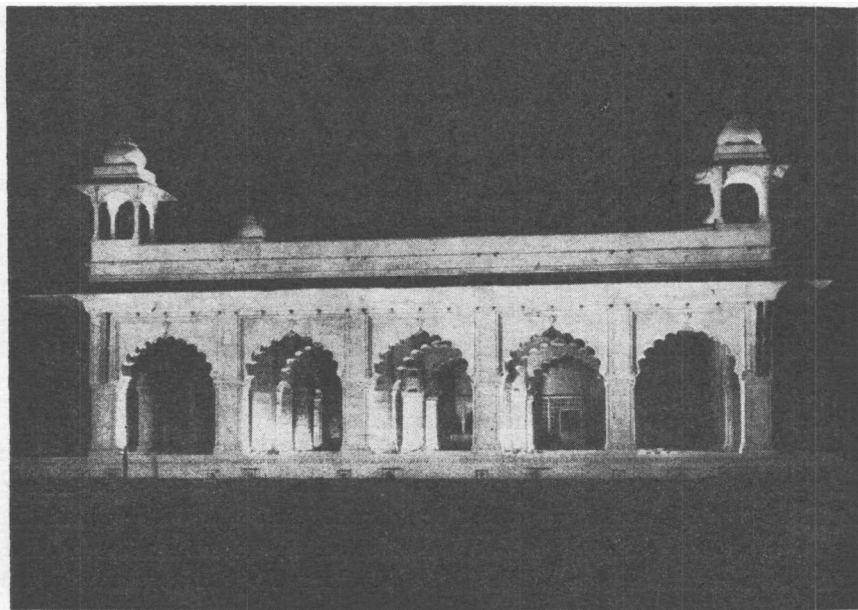
We feel we are amongst crowds of laughing people in a market square. There rises above all the din and clatter, the hoarse, raucous cry of a woman selling her wares - the gauds and trinkets that tinkle gaily and flash brightly to catch the eye of the princess. The latter is fascinated by a bracelet and the old woman claims that it is set with precious stones! "A priceless ornament to adorn a beautiful snow-white arm", declares the bawd with a throaty laugh. The dignified Begum reluctantly agrees to buy the cheap gaud for her daughter, and the dissipated witch-like cackle of the bangle seller is heard as she greedily grabs the tinkling coins of gold.

This is the world that is opened to us, a world of splendour and magnificence, that once was Moghul India. Occasionally the distant rumble of war, of frenzied hoof-beats, disturbs the placid sound of water gushing in the marble tanks of the beautiful white hamams. But the Quila was strong, and within the fort the courtiers strolled languidly along the luxurious lawn, at times pausing to steal a peep through the marble lattice work of the windows at the fair harem maidens in their silken robes.

Delhi rose to the peak of its luxury and opulence during the time of Shah Jahan. Of a highly artistic nature, he satisfied his taste by building sumptuous edifices of all kinds. In the mild, watery rays of the artificial light, the Diwan-i-Khas and the Moti Masjid look cold, almost aloof in their ethereal dignity.

Suddenly, the lilting rhythm of music flows out from among the columns of the hall of the Diwan-i-Khas. The gaiety of court life finds expression in the tinkling of bangles, the jingle of ankle bells, and the enchanting song of a nameless but lovely courtesan who does a wild and happy dance before the Emperor on the Peacock Throne. One almost imagines oneself being dazzled by the precious stones, the hard glitter in the maiden's eyes, and the rich sparkle of the ruby red wine flowing into the goblets. The *Son et Lumiere* show offers us a life of sensations. We feel and hear, and imagination takes us into a wondrous world of the unknown and the vague.

Quickly, the scene changes again. The lights become dim, the voice drones on about the struggle for power culminating in violence, of soldiers out to plunder and destroy. Hoof-beats are heard, and amidst them rise the screams of women and children.



By courtesy of PHILIPS Light Bulletin

This marked the beginning of the end of Moghul culture and inspiration. The heritage of wealth left behind by the great Moghul Kings was enjoyed by a succession of petty Moghul rulers. Given too much to a life of pleasure, the noise of a people clamouring for justice was drowned in the comforting sound of wine being poured into the goblet held by the unsteady hand of Ahmed Shah.

The sensuous giggles of the courtesan were all that he cared to listen to, and vice and dissipation reduced the Moghul army to a mere rabble. Utter confusion was the result. Ahmed Shah was deposed, and as soon as the desperate screams of his cabal of women died out, there was the tumultuous noise of an invading army. It was Alamgir II, the World Grasper. He sacked and plundered Delhi and left it stripped of its riches.

Thus did Moghul imperialism come to an end, 'not with a bang but with a whimper'. But it is the glorious past that has instilled pride in the Hindustani for his culture and tradition.

Lal Quila has gone to dust, has become the mere haunt of wandering ghosts wandering tourists. The Son et Lumiere show has created the aura, the atmosphere which has made us aware of the beautiful edifices, not merely as architectural wonders but as the silent testimony of time, the witness of many ages of colour and energy, of ugliness and beauty.

As we drove away from the proud grandeur of the Fort, outlines against the dark sky, Gibran's words flashed into my mind—

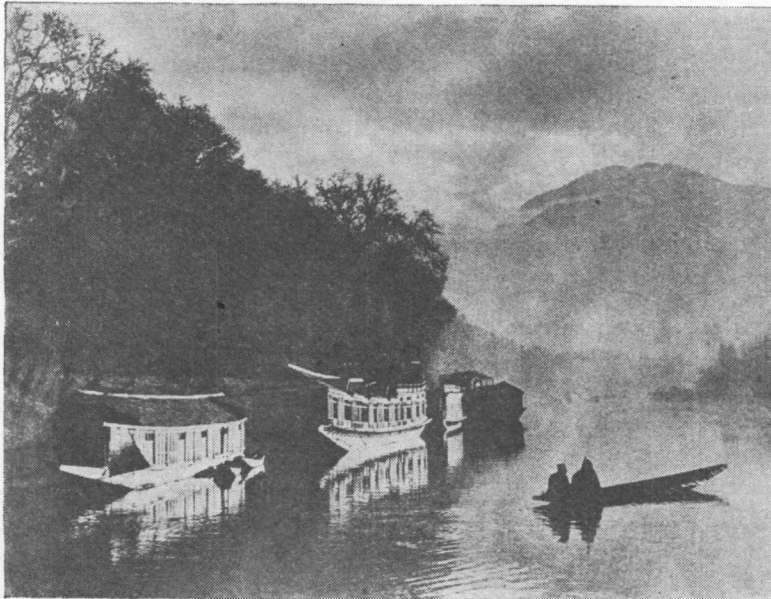
“None can punish
What Heaven has blessed ;
None can divide
What Love has joined ;
None can alter
What Eternity has willed”.

CHITRA SUDHAKARAN
III B.A. Literature

Beauty Among the Eternal Hills

An armchair visit to the lovely valley of
Kashmir

The Himalayas are a range of mighty mountains that span the Northern frontiers of India for a distance of nearly two thousand miles. The word 'Himalaya' means 'Abode of Snow', and indeed these mountains, rising to awe-inspiring heights, are always capped with snow. Their majesty and grandeur have never failed to present man with a challenge, and at the same time to fill him with a sense of reverence for the beauty of nature.



In the North-west of India, these ranges open to form the beautiful valley of Kashmir - "the earthly paradise." This valley, eighty-four miles long and twenty to twenty-five miles broad, with an average height of five thousand feet, is girdled by high mountains with eternally white peaks. The valley has a varied panorama to offer - a mosaic of fields, streams, lakes and woods in contrast to the wall of rock and snow around. Hidden behind the spurs of the encircling mountains are numerous small valleys, formed mainly by glacial action. These are extremely picturesque with streams of cool mountain water that are fed by melting snows tumbling over rocks. The Sindh Valley has some of the finest scenery in Kashmir. It leads up to the centre of the

great snowy range of mountains that separate Kashmir from Ladakh. At its head is the Zoji-La Pass which leads to Ladakh and Central Asia. The valley and its slopes are covered with forests of silver fir, spruce, and deodar.

Then along the slopes of the mountain range that bounds the valley to the South, are stretches of flowering meadows called margs. These occupy depressions between the fir-covered slopes and ridges of the higher foothills, as well as the crest of the main range. Their height ranges from seven thousand to eight thousand feet; Gulmarg, Mohanmarg, Killanmarg are all familiar names - they afford lush green pastures for sheep in spring, and a profusion of wild flowers can be seen all over.

Kashmir has a large number of lakes and springs, even at great altitudes. Most springs in the valley are associated with ancient snake worship. From time immemorial the Kashmiris have worshipped nagas - mythological beings, who are supposed to creep through hidden channels and crevices. The Ain-i-Akbari mentions seven hundred places in Kashmir where carved figures of snakes were worshipped by the Hindus, and most of them are associated with springs. The springs, however, are better known for their mineral waters which have medicinal properties. The Chashma Shahi above Dal Lake, in addition to its mineral properties, is one of the numerous instances of these springs being canalised and gardens laid out around them by the Moghuls. They have such exotic names as Shalimar, Nishat and Nasim Baghs.

There are numerous lakes in the valley also. Of these the Wular Lake, fed by the Jhelum, is the largest fresh water lake in India. Though its average depth is not great, it is a source of food supply, producing vast quantities of fish and singhara nuts. More than that, it is the haunt of a variety of water fowl, especially the wild goose and the swan. The Dal Lake is the second largest in the valley. On one side it is bounded by the great trees, or its shoreline fades into reedy waste, while the mountains enclose the other. A curious feature of this lake, and of the Wular to some extent, is the floating gardens on the surface of the waters. The reeds, sedges, waterlilies and other aquatic plants grow together in tangled confusion, and when they cluster together more closely and thickly than usual, they are detached from their root. The leaves of the plants are then spread over the stems and covered with soil, on which melons and cucumbers are grown. A characteristic feature of these lakes and springs, some of which lie at the base of glaciers, is their calm absolute stillness. Their unruffled waters reflect the everchanging colours of the skyscape and perfect details of the encircling wall of mountains. The colour of the water ranges from turquoise blue with violet shadows in the deeper parts, to clear pale blue or an exquisite aquamarine tint. The Jhelum (one of the five rivers of the Punjab) traverses the entire length of the valley before it begins its descent to the plains at Baramulla. Its main source is at Verinag from a pool of dark blue water. In the valley it is known as "Vistasta" being the main source of irrigation, and its numerous canals and tributaries provide cheap water transport. On either side of the Jhelum lie green fields, chiefly of rice, and the whole valley is studded with fruit orchards. Kashmir can be called the 'Orchard of India' because most of the temperate zone fruits are grown here - especially luscious

apples, pears, vine, mulberry, apricots and peaches. Very often the villages of the valley are to be found surrounded by thick groves of walnut trees. Blossom time is always a worth while sight. The chenar and the poplar are to be found all over the valley. These stately trees border the broad avenues and roads ; they are magnificent at any time of the year. Another well known product of Kashmir is the saffron. Its cultivation requires sloping ground cut into little square plots. Flowers appear in mid-October and are collected and dried in the sun. The three orange-red stigma, the real saffron, are then picked off by hand.

Srinagar, on the banks of the Jhelum, is an ancient city almost in the centre of the valley. The Jhelum, winding across the valley in great serpentine loops, makes a great bend near Srinagar changing its course from North to South-West-here along the banks the town is built. There is nothing like a quay or embankment, nor is there a regular line of buildings. The houses almost hang over the waters. Each house is built independently, of uneven height, and of varied form - thus providing varied effects of sunlight and shadow. Stone ghats or stairs lead from the river to the streets and lanes of the city. The river in the city is spanned by seven very quaint wooden bridges. A few canals traverse the interior of the town. The Apple-tree canal leads from the upper part of the city to the gate of the Dal Lake. This canal is very calm, its lotus-fringed waters bordered by rows of splendid trees ; and it is full of tame water birds. All the canals and rivers provide a highway for boats, of which there are a great variety to suit any occasion - anything from Bangala, (pleasure boats) Parinda, Bahts, Dungas, to Shikaras and Banduqi shikaras which are used to chase wild fowl during game shooting.

The people of the valley are physically fine in appearance. They have clear-cut features and an excellent complexion, specially the Gujars, who are the shepherds and who have more Aryan features. Both the men and women dress in a loose gown known as pheran and a salwar which is rather baggy. The women also wear a small cap with a red fillet in the case of a muslim, and white in case of a pandit. A shawl or white chaddar is worn to cover the head as protection from the sun. The head dress of a Kashmiri boatwoman is slightly different - it is of red cloth held in place with a pinscarf, covering the plaits on the back. The peasant girls and women have their hair spread over the forehead and sides in a large number of skillfully woven plaits, which are tied into a knot and covered by a tassel on the back. The ears are loaded with earrings, and they wear many necklaces and silver bracelets. The staple food is rice ; the favourite dish of the Kashmiris is called Karamsag. They drink an enormous amount of tea, which is available at any time of the day in a Kashmiri household.

The artist craftsman still flourishes in Kashmir, unlike the rest of India where the present economic trends have adversely affected village handicrafts. Products such as pashmina shawl embroidery, papiermaché, silverwork, woodwork and stone inlay work are admired all over the world. Woollen and pashmina shawls are embroidered with graceful, intricate, interlacing patterns, with a wonderful colour harmony. The

wool for these shawls comes from Ladakh, and the pattern generally is a variation of the badam or almond design. Exquisite needlework is done on the choga or coat, where mughal patterns are combined with the almond design. Wood carving is another ancient craft, and very fine walnut wood furniture, exquisitely carved in various designs, is produced. Good examples of intricate woodwork can still be seen in old mosques. The popular motif used is that of the chenar and the iris.

Wherever one turns in this valley near the sky, one sees beauty of nature and beauty of art. Kashmir is indeed "an earthly paradise", hidden away among the high mountains, and one would wish that it could always remain as serene and unspoilt as the eternal hills themselves.

JATINDER GURBAX SINGH,
M.A.

A river flows by :
its waters tumbling,
swift, noisy, green.
You raise your eyes-
mountains cloaked in snow :
majestic...awe-inspiring...timeless...
-cliches, but...words
are not quite adequate...
A calm, placid, secretive lake
staring unblinkingly at the sky.
A soft breeze chasing will-o'-the-wisp clouds
across a blue sky
A blue sky...was :
now, by the alchemy of sunset,
sprayed with gold dust :
the mountains turned
to burnished copper,
the river a gilded ribbon,
the lake a cup
of molten gold-
and Time...stands still
in homage to Nature

SHRIMATHI IYENGAR
I B.A. Economics

Launch out into the Deep

In inaugurating programmes of National Service, Stella Maris is working for "conditions that are more human; the passage from misery towards the possession of necessities, victory over social scourges, the growth of knowledge, the acquisition of knowledge".

(Pope Paul VI).

Just before the first term exams., an atom-bomb dropped into the midst of S.M.C.'s student population. Moral Philosophy lecturers informed us of a new organisation, the National Service Corps (Oh, yes, it had been mentioned in the papers often enough before, but who believes the papers?). They also warned us to sign either for this new Corps, or for Sports, within about two days, since action was to be taken in the second term. We had never seen Stella Maris in such a hurry. Little did we



know that the staff had been hatching the plot for quite some time, and that the three choices of service within the Corps which were made open to us were six actual possibilities sifted out of umpteen schemes investigated.

For P.U.'s and 1st Years, life was a bit frantic. Just to get near the classroom bulletin board to stick your name on the list was quite difficult, and deciding with your

friends what to do, before that final assault, was even harder. Generous souls in the senior classes, for whom the whole thing was optional, had less hesitation, and also less difficulty getting near the board. When the final tally was made, over 400 students had opted for National Service, either as literacy teachers, Public Health experts, or kitchen gardeners.

Then came the lull, while training courses were planned for all these teams, and the country was scoured for experts to give the training.

The literacy group started the ball rolling, with a full-time, ten-day course in the Christmas vacation. Other colleges had been invited to send students, too,

since the course was being conducted by experts from Literacy House, Lucknow, of which every P.U. and 1st Year student has heard. Here is an abridged version of M. S. Prathima's report of the course.



"It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness." These words echoed in our minds as we entered Assunta Hall for the inauguration of the Literacy Course, on the 27th of December, 1969. We were specially excited because Mrs. Welthy Fisher, the founder of Literacy House, Lucknow, was to inaugurate the course. With her came Mr. Mushtaq Ahmed and Mr. O. P. Kumar who were to be our instructors.

In her inaugural address Mrs. Fisher spoke of her philosophy in life, one of buoyant hope, and zest. Talking of literacy work, and describing the state of the illiterate farmer on his bullock-cart she said: "Between him and the jet flying overhead lies a wide gap of 200 years." Mrs. Fisher is 89 years old, but in her enthusiasm and zeal she is as young as we are ourselves. As she said, she attaches "no importance to the calendar" which is perhaps the reason for her youthful spirit. In those few minutes - precious ones to us literacy workers specially - she left an indelible image of her wonderful personality, her enthusiasm, animation and dedication.



That afternoon we formally registered for the course and spent the rest of the day settling down in the Social Welfare Centre, our home for the next few days. The course began in real earnest the next morning. Mr. Ahmed and Mr. Kumar delivered a series of lectures in those ten days on the National Service Scheme and on the various aspects of Adult Education. Group discussions formed another part of the course. We discussed and drew up plans for the working

of the National Service Scheme at College level. We also planned a syllabus for Literacy and decided on the procedure. Necessary audio-visual aids were displayed and their uses discussed. We had practice in audio-visual teaching, with a few of the women who attend the Centre regularly as our students.

Our practical training also included visits to the nearby Ellary Street Slum. After establishing cordial relationships with the women there we gathered information about their needs and interests. The reports on these visits helped in estimating the number of prospective students and in practical planning of the course.

Life in the Centre was made more enjoyable by the presence of girls from MCC and SIET who were doing the course with us. The fun we had in off-duty hours, and on-duty hours too, was much envied by the "day-scholars", the few who were unable to "camp" but had to return home each evening.

We finished on the 4th of January 1969 with a grand closing function. The Director of Collegiate Education, Mr. Sundaravadivelu, presided. He expressed his satisfaction over the beginning of such a course in Madras and promised his whole-hearted support for the scheme.

To those of us who attended the course, those ten days will remain stamped in our memory among the brightest days of college life.

In the third term, trainings of several kinds were carried on, for which, in a true spirit of service, we sacrificed our precious Saturday afternoons. The gardeners and Public Health workers, who also learnt the principles of Community Development and also the hospital visitors, all had their training and before the term ended had started their regular work.

The literacy group, in the meantime, was busy in several directions. The First Years were made responsible for teaching the illiterate women who work on the campus in a pilot project intended to discover how long it takes to bridge the gap between

illiteracy and literacy. These generous souls undertook to continue the work at least till the end of April. Since the others all faced public exams, they were allotted work that could more easily be interrupted, doing research into the vocabulary of uneducated people, preparing visual aids, and organising propaganda to enrol more students for literacy work. These held a Literacy Day on the 21st February, after which the new workers enrolled were given a brief training so that they could help in the work.

Meantime, distant rumblings revealed that S.M.C. was not alone in the National Service field - it really was national, and the Director-General, Col P. Dayal, was organising a camp to bring all the colleges which were already active in the work together, to pool ideas and problems. Two staff members and one student were invited to represent Stella Maris, and, privilege of privileges! they were to camp at Sevagram. In fact, as it turned out, the women campers never more than 25 in a camp of over 400 from all over India, were more privileged than the men, being housed in one of the buildings of the Ashram itself. But here is our student-camper to tell you about it.

From the 12th to the 21st of February the peaceful neighbourhood of Sevagram was invaded by an army of youthful campers. Sevagram overnight became a miniature India with over 400 students and lecturers from all parts of India. We did not however let the curse of Babel deter us for we were determined to understand one another, determined to let no petty differences divide us, determined most of all to discuss and decide how best to serve our nation.

The camp was unique and life there was the most wonderful experience. We were first of all divided into twenty groups, of about 20 members each containing at least one student from each State, with about 5 lecturers per group. Each day, twelve groups went for manual labour, four to help in camp duties like cutting vegetables and serving meals and the other four worked on the camp cleaning the tents, and visiting the Ashram. After a common, simple breakfast the project groups went to a nearby irrigation tank where we spent two hours every day digging a trench in the bandh. To me "manual labour" had always brought to mind the picture of the poor, ill-paid, overworked and exhausted labourer. But at camp I learnt to see it in a new light. It was a pleasure to work, to know you were doing something worthwhile with your hands. Before the camp ended we finished the trench with a depth of one foot in the beginning and upto 8 feet at the end. The trench, filled with black sand will retain the rain waters in the tank, unlike the porous soil of the neighbourhood. We worked in our groups cheerfully and happily, often entertained by songs in all possible languages sung by the members of the group. Conversation was never at a stand-still and we learnt a lot about the other States, their customs, Universities, etc. Whether going to or from the bandh where we worked, we went singing common songs or those we had caught from the others, and looking rather like Snow White's dwarfs.

After work we had an hour's rest. We then assembled in the lecture hall and for the first few minutes sang songs led by Mr. Subba Rao. One of these songs which appealed to one and all was Martin Luther King's freedom song, "We shall overcome."

This was followed by lectures by the resource personnel. Experts in the field of education and social service spoke on various topics relating to student social service. The aims of the National Service Scheme, the fields of social service open to students, the need for social, economic and educational reconstruction in our society, the Gandhian approach to Social Service, and India to-day and to-morrow, were among the topics discussed. The lectures acquainted us with the scope of the National Service Scheme at the student level. They made the discussions more profitable as they gave us a comprehensive idea of the subject under discussion.

In the afternoons, we had groupwise discussion on the topic dealt with in the morning's lecture. The discussions were informal and interesting. Old problems acquired new dimensions and new ones cropped up while solutions were put forward, analysed thoroughly, accepted or rejected. Not often did we find lasting solutions but the discussions clarified the issues and presented problems from all points of view. This was a great help as complete knowledge of the problem on hand is itself half the solution. On the fourth day we got down to planning of the National Service Scheme at the University level and, to facilitate good planning according to the needs of each State, these discussions were carried out in statewide groups. We shared our experiences in Social Service, presented problems we had encountered and explained successful methods used. We learnt quite a few practical small scale schemes that were successful in other parts of our State. Concrete plans for work in rural and urban areas took shape under the guiding hands of the lecturers. Besides, the lecturers, discussing among themselves, drew up a syllabus making the degree course for humanities more useful and practical.

Tea was followed by an hour of games - football, shuttlecock, etc. This hour of games melted all differences among us as we entered with zest and vigour into the various games. The best part of the evening, however, came after that when we all went to the Ashram for prayers. We all sat on the ground on mats and listened to the prayers and hymns, joining in softly when we could. Creed, caste, religions and language differences died before the lingering spirit of the Mahatma, and left us happy and inspired. Soon after supper we met again sharing opinions and ideas in an informal group. Thought-provoking questions, suggestions and interesting anecdotes were typical of these gatherings.

On two of the nights, however, we had cultural programmes. Songs and dances typical of each State, skits, monoacts and recitations in every Indian language were enjoyed by an enthusiastic audience which included the local people also. Every phase of Indian life depicted in each item flashed past us as if in a national cultural pageant.

The last but not the least part of camp life was the casual but frequent exchange of news and opinions between the students either in twos and threes or in groups. These exchanges covered, national issues like the language problem, the problem of unemployment, students riots and the brain drain, and everyday issues like customs of

each community, and courses of study and syllabus in our Universities. These frequent chats formed the basis for the harmony in our camp life. Happy memories of chance acquaintances, which blossomed into quite a few lasting friendships in the soothing atmosphere of Sevagram and promoted understanding and tolerance, will remain with all of us who attended the camp. The student-lecturer relationship which seems to be marked by hostility to-day, slid back to the old order of mutual respect and affection there.

No words can describe the peace and calm of Sevagram or the simplicity that marks the life of the people there. We girls were privileged to stay in the Ashram proper - in the building which housed the endless stream of followers and visitors of Gandhiji. Used as we were to the luxurious comforts of a busy city life, the quaint, simple, unhurried life, which offered only the bare necessities, held an indescribable charm for us. We visited the Ashram where Gandhiji lived - his hut popularly called "Bapu kuti", his office, the dining room etc. In his hut are kept encased the sacred but meagre legacy of a great man - his sandals, his walking stick, his spectacles, his charka. Self-sufficiency and simplicity, the principles nearest the Mahatma's heart, rule Sevagram which remains, like the Sabarmathi Ashram, an imperishable monument to the greatness of one of the simplest sons of India.

The lingering spirit of the Mahatma, the peaceful environment in Sevagram, the nature and purpose of the Scheme that took us there all contributed to the success of a wonderful, never-to-be forgotten, camp. Before the camp we had talked often of our country with its ancient and varied cultures and customs but we had taken pride in an India we didn't know, in an abstract name that had no meaning in our daily life, in the narrow circles of our limited environment. We left the camp intensely conscious of the true India with her diverse cultures, conscious of the need for unity in diversity, conscious of the unpaid debt of gratitude to the older generation and conscious of our responsibility to our society, to the nation and the next generation.

M. S. PRATHIMA,
I B.Sc.



Human Rights - a Review

The year of Human Rights, 1968 commemorated the twentieth anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

1968 was observed the world over as the International Year for Human Rights. It was an expression of the concern of the nations of the world for the fundamental freedoms of man, and their desire to dedicate themselves with renewed vigour to the task of securing for people the world over the full enjoyment of their human rights, that vast all-pervasive idea that addresses itself to man qua man, arising out of the very nature of the human personality.

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights is nothing short of a "Magna Carta of mankind" providing for not only the traditional personal, political, and civil rights, but also a wide range of freedoms of a social and economic nature, such as the right to marry and to own property. This declaration has been adopted because of the realization that the inherent dignity and the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family can alone be the foundation of peace and justice in the world. But, experience has shown that there exists a great gulf between the standards set and their implementation, for, in many parts of the world, even twenty years after its adoption, the provisions of the declaration are still disregarded, and human beings are resubjected in injustices which are incompatible with the civilization of our times.

The experiences of our century have shown that history must for ever live with the profound tragedy of a world plunged into a devastating holocaust by an ideology born of contempt for man and his God-given dignity. There is an inextricable link between human freedom and peace, and without the first it is in fact impossible that the world "shall bear the olive freely". Thus, as Karel Vasek, a renowned Frenchman said, "On the day when human rights began to be violated by the Nazis, one understood that world peace had been placed in danger by such a violation". Similarly, when a section of the population feels insecure, as for instance, the Biafrans in Nigeria or the Arabs in Israeli-occupied territories, human rights have been violated, and peace is endangered. Likewise, the stockpiling of nuclear weapons and materials for germ and chemical warfare is threatening large-scale human extermination, and holding to ridicule all talk of achievements in the field of human rights.

Racial discrimination is still practised in South Africa and Rhodesia, and the world merely watches. In America one has yet to see racial harmony. Again, in many Arab countries and the countries of Africa, there is even now going on a very large traffic in human beings. Also, friction between the poor developing and the rich advanced countries has begun to set in motion a new and dangerous trend in world politics. A more equal distribution of the wealth of nations is an important condition for universal peace, progress and brotherhood.

Further, is not the springing up of authoritarian regimes and military dictatorships a rejection of the fundamental freedoms of civilized man? In Asia, Africa and Latin America, the toppling of democratic governments by coups d'etat has become almost the rule. Indeed, there is a real crisis in human rights in our modern world. In less than twenty years the number of independent states making up the world community has more than doubled. The freedom of nations has, in fact, become a fait accompli, but the recognition and protection of human freedoms in many parts of the world is still a crucial issue. Thus, in communist Russia, while the rigid controls of the Stalin era seem to have largely disappeared, the way that country reacted to the liberalisation movement in Czechoslovakia is proof enough that human rights have yet to make their impact behind the iron curtain. Similarly, Red Guard terrorisms and the ruthless repression of refugees and stateless persons the world over are a blot on human society. Apart from this, as Professor Alessandra Luino del Russo said, there are also economic forces, uncontrolled science, and social systems that are crushing man at work, making whatever individual freedoms that are claimed to exist a mere facade, an "edifice of fiction". This is a very real threat to western democracy. But, the complexity of modern society and its gigantic technical and scientific achievements do not justify the stamping out of the only entity in society that has infinite value in itself, the human person.

The shortfalls in the implementation of human rights should not, however, make us think that we have made no progress in this field. The adoption of the declaration has itself been a great achievement. Moreover, in the course of the past twenty years, its scope has been further widened and meaningfully enriched. Thus, the passing of the declarations on the rights of the child, the right of asylum, the elimination of all forms of racial discrimination and religious intolerance, and the declaration on the elimination of discrimination against women by the General Assembly of the United Nations have all been splendid steps forward in the right direction. Further, colonialism is nearly dead, and the right to self determination of dependent territories has been practically universally recognised. International co-operation and the principle of aid to the under-developed countries are also receiving greater attention. The achievements of the International Labour Organisation in the implementation of the provisions of the declaration have indeed been commendable. Likewise, the European Convention, the Organisation of African Unity, as well as organisations in Latin America, have in their charters reflected the spirit of the universal declaration of human rights. The passing of the International Bill of human rights, the granting of world habeas corpus rights, and the setting up of an international court of human rights can be further steps towards making human rights a positive force.

But, though much has been done, much remains, and we need "one equal temper of heroic hearts" to urge us on. In fact, in this age of the missile and hydrogen bomb, as Label Katz said, "there is no real alternative", and it must be the endeavour of all civilized nations to translate the declaration into norms of international conscience and conduct.

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Our India - A Rich and Beautiful Country

A student of economics takes a hopeful view of India's progress.

"Long, long ago, India was a rich and beautiful country...." It still is, though we hardly realise it.

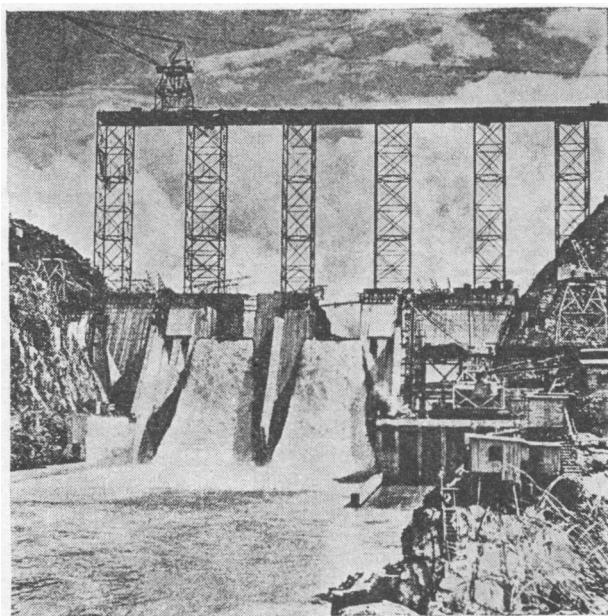
"On the stroke of midnight on 14th August 1947, the Tricolour was hoisted to the strains of the national anthem. India became independent.....Every man, woman and child was out to witness the supreme historic moment and the air was filled with jubilant cries of 'Jai Hind'!" The fight for political freedom was over, but almost simultaneously another had begun - the struggle for economic freedom - and that was destined to be slow and prolonged. For before the jubilations of the night were over, the sun rose in the eastern sky to reveal the same squalor, staggering poverty and strife, and glaring inequalities. Everywhere, it was a dismal picture that met the eye. But nothing was a cause for despair. A determined nation was out to face the challenge of the world, and the infant nation tottered along, a little unsteadily at first, but slowly gaining in strength and vigour. If today, India shocks many foreign visitors with poverty, caste, complacency, apathy and cynicism, yet these say little about India's prospects. Such sharp reactions tell us the nature of the problems that had to be combatted in order to reach the position we are in today. For it is indeed a massive task that the Planning Commission has achieved, and the process of the country's economic transformation is as much as the story of its freedom.

In rural India, shy villages blinked suddenly in a glow of electric lights. Mud huts were gradually replaced by brick and mortar buildings that vied with their city counter-parts. Dead villages came back to life and throbbed with the constant drone of machines. Everywhere, factory noises mingled with the sound of running brooks to announce the steady march of science and technology. Within ten years, three new steel plants had sprung up and by 1967-1968 the number had risen to four. The industrial base of the country was considerably strengthened. Industrial production registered a steady increase and Indian exports began to reach distant lands. A massive force, released through the Community Development Projects, surged over the countryside, uniting thousands of village workers in an effort to achieve a new society and a better standard of living.

Elsewhere, parched fields lapped thirstily the water that irrigation had made available to them. The fields took on a healthy hue once more and delivered up abundant grains into the waiting barrels, to relieve the stress of poverty. In fifteen years, India increased her foodgrain production by about fifty per cent. And this in the face of formidable obstacles - exhausted soil, poor seeds, primitive ploughs and

bullocks too weak to pull heavier ones, untrained farmers, little capital investment in land, the low repute of manual labour, caste rules blocking innovation, traditionalism, ignorance, insecurity, corruption, apathy. How was it possible?

That a future for Indian agriculture lies within grasp has often been missed in a preoccupation with the long-run necessity of more fundamental social transformation in rural India. It is everywhere said that Indian yields are no better than a fourth of what they could be with already known agricultural technology. It is then correctly inferred that a fourfold increase in yield would require a fundamental social transformation. Since production in agriculture is the ultimate and individual responsibility of over seventy million peasants, it will inevitably be conditioned by their inner motivations and attitudes, most of which, as we have seen, are still rooted in, or identified



with, religious belief and an obsolete tradition, are not integrated in a common value system, and are largely paralysed by limited aspirations. The success or failure of the efforts to apply new techniques to agriculture is therefore closely bound up with the success or failure of the efforts to change the conditions of the peasant's life and methods of work. But such a fundamental social transformation is required only for a four-fold increase in production. Meanwhile, everyone would rejoice in a steady five per cent increase. For that level of gain, modest as it is, a social transformation need not be completed. After all, the green revolution has preceded the social one.

The urge to progress has spread everywhere and is not confined merely to rural areas. In the big cities, there has been a mushroom growth of schools and colleges,

and an enlightened people have shuffled off the cumbersome coils of caste and superstition, and taken intelligent note of the advantages of a small family and the need for a clean city. The cities, as if ashamed of their rags, are hastily shedding their squalour and transforming their slums into decent living quarters.

It is doubtful if the Planning Commission by itself could have achieved such a miracle of change. For everywhere plan after plan has nothing but failure to show to account. Neither fertilisers, nor irrigation, nor community development, nor good prices can explain this phenomenal growth. It seems that there are powerful, pervasive, local and "spontaneous" forces for growth in the Indian economy, even in its most backward sector - agriculture. It is as if, the native richness of the country had yielded to man's zeal, and nature had joined man in the effort to produce a new nation, ever springing new surprises, ever instilling new hope. For, after years of crop failures, nature rouses herself once again to fill the fields with corn, and bring her hungry children ample nourishment. When frustrated politicians in sheer despair shut off cries of "more, more", she gently reveals new, hidden gold and diamond mines. And so, amidst the cries of poverty and squalor, the silent, valiant spirit struggles onward, unfailing and unswerving towards its goal, so that, long long after, India shall still be a rich and beautiful country.

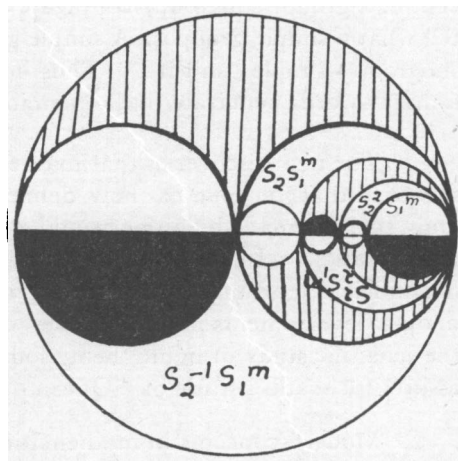
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A Glimpse into Modern Mathematics

Non-mathematicians are sometimes bewildered by mathematics. But "modern mathematics" even bewilders mathematicians.

As we survey the history of mankind we find that the fluctuations in man's intellectual activities are reflected with unequal clarity in the rise and fall of mathematical development. Modern civilisation depends to an unprecedented extent on the tremendous achievements of science, which in turn would be impossible without the development of modern mathematics. The great advances made in various branches of contemporary mathematics have led a mathematician to comment that it would be easier to learn all the languages of the world than to master all mathematics at present. In spite of the abstractness and generality which characterise modern mathematics, it has a beauty and charm which make it a "border land of all that is wonderful in science and all that is beautiful in art."

An analysis of the development of the number system acquaints us with the basic concepts of modern algebra. The striking fact about the number system is that it has not been static, but has been growing while our conception of what constitutes the number system has changed. By successively extending the number system from natural numbers to integers, to rational numbers, to real numbers and to complex numbers, mathematicians have eliminated its defects while losing none of its virtues. At each stage of the construction of the expanded number systems we encounter some of the structures such as groups, rings, fields, which are the all-absorbing topics of modern algebra. Irving Adler in his "New Mathematics" traces the growth of the number system in a fascinating manner, introducing the less familiar concepts by means of familiar examples, and the reader feels that he is merely glimpsing the corner of a great rug that has a beautiful design woven into it.



Another subject of latest speculation which has made a dramatic break with tradition is non-Euclidean geometry. Once upon a time we associated the word geometry with the study of different shapes, many of them possessing some harmony, grace and symmetry. In our generation there has come a change of outlook about

geometry, and projective geometry is one of the most beautiful abstractions of non-Euclidean geometry which forms an important branch of modern mathematics. It abounds in beautiful "impossibilities". In it, parallel lines meet and there is a theorem (sufficient to make the average man doubt the sanity of the mathematicians) that ALL circles have two points in common. These points of course are no ordinary points; they are imaginary and at infinity; still the result is striking enough. Furthermore this subject is an excellent example of mathematical style. In projective geometry, if something can be proved at all, it can usually be proved simply. In this respect it is the opposite of Euclidean geometry. It has lately been recognised as an independent subject, infinitely simple. The best way of cleaning up Euclid (which is a vast mass of unstated assumptions) is to develop projective geometry first and get Euclidean geometry out of it. Projective geometry of today is a clear, sharp, logical subject reflecting the beauty of modern mathematics.

Abstract algebra and non-Euclidean geometry are but two of the myriad branches of modern mathematics which is constantly expanding towards new horizons that gives modern mathematics its characteristic flavour. The special charm of this vocabulary is that it comprises ordinary words like groups, fields, rings, simple curves, simple groups, that have their specialised meanings. The simple etymology used by mathematicians has the power of screening all kinds of complicated concepts. An example of a simple word used in a complicated sense is the word "simple" itself. To define "simple group" is anything but simple. We must first of all define the concept of a group, subgroup, conjugate subgroup; and only then we should be able to tell what a simple group is. A simple group is simply a group without any self-conjugate subgroup - simple isn't it? Thus for the mathematician, new ideas expressed in familiar words penetrate like a piercing ray into the depths of a problem.

The new discoveries that mathematicians have been making in recent years are so varied that someone has now defined mathematics as "what mathematicians do." Only such a broad definition would cover all the process that might be described as mathematics. In the last few years mathematicians have sharpened and polished magnificent tools that had been forged through the ages and thus made possible astounding developments in all branches of science. The application of mathematics to the scientific study of light, heat, sound, electricity, dynamics, fluid motion etc., assures for it still its title of "Queen of the Sciences".

Modern concepts in mathematics are profound, and the beauty that underlies the whole pattern of modern mathematics is something inexplicable. It is difficult to give an idea of the vast extent of modern mathematics, which is like a tract of beautiful country seen at first in the distance, but which will bear to be rambled through and studied in every detail of hillside and valley, stream, rocks, woods, flowers. But, as for everything else, so for a mathematical concept, beauty can be perceived but not explained.

S. PARIMALA
I M.Sc. Mathematics



Examinations

(Derivation of inspiration from the
dawning realisation of imminent
Examinations.)

Stimulation
of determination,
intensification
of concentration,
deterioration
of comprehension,
degeneration
of imagination,
renewed attention,
hasty preparation,
“ Guesstimation ”
of information,
inclination
to the cultivation
of circumlocution,
anticipation
of nearing vacation,
soulful contemplation
on the complication
of our education,
rueful meditation
on past procrastination,
expectation
of tribulation,
trepidation
and mortification,
isolation
and preoccupation,
acceptation
and resignation,
commiseration

and lamentation,
feverish ambulation,
muddled articulation,
i.e. fast walking,
jumbled talking,
tempers fraying
fervent praying,
4 o'clock rising,
temple visiting
mugging at night
by candlelight,
"easy" guide-books,
hollow, red-eyed looks,
sleepless nights
fraught with fright,
abridged editions,
tough selections,
notes written,
nails bitten,
frustration,
irritation,
agitation,
aggravation,
exasperation,
mounting tension
- Examinations !!



SHRIMATHI IYENGAR,
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Spenser - a Poet of Beauty

Spenser's poetry has many facets, but perhaps none more delightful than the one described here - its power of presenting beauty, both spiritual and material.

The age of Spenser was a fascinating and complex one. Not only was the Renaissance modified by the Reformation, the heritage of the Middle Ages lived on



too. Spenser, a truly representative poet of his age, imbibed the spirit of his time - a spirit of adventure, of experimentation and of a restless temper. To consider him as a poet of beauty, we need to look at his poetry with a fresh insight. We discover then, his sensitive artist's nature, one which was enamoured of beauty in all her varied forms.....external, physical loveliness, as also inner, spiritual goodness. Even in his search for beauty, Spenser, was tossed between paganism and Christianity, the Renaissance and the Reformation. And he sought to reconcile his senses and his conscience by following Plato, who identified supreme beauty with good.

A poor man's son, helped by others in his schooling, Spenser was from his earliest London days, bookish. From the beginning he had a patriotic literary programme. "The vision of Bellay" written around Spenser's seventeenth year, contains some of the best English blank verse yet produced.

Spenser had a wide if not remarkably deep knowledge of ancient and modern languages. He studied how poetry had been and should be written. His own poetry was moulded chiefly on the pattern of Virgil and Plato. The conflict of platonism and puritanism in Spenser blurred his vision of the universe, and as Dr. Spurgeon suggests "made the dominating feature in Spenser's poetry a curious blending of puritanism of spirit with the platonic mind". The delight of the senses, the keenness of the partisan, the pleasure of thinking, the pride in England's past and present, the love of the world and the love of heaven, are indeed a difficult team to drive in harness, yet Spenser attempted to do it.

Ten years after his precocious start came "The Shepherd's Calendar", where his humanist tastes combine with his love for the soil. Spenser showed here how the pastoral convention could be adapted to a variety of subjects - moral, amatory or heroic, in a diction consistently eloquent, recalling both Chaucer and Virgil.

The essence of Spenser's philosophy is expressed in his hymn to love and beauty composed as he tells us, in "the greener times of my youth". Spenser saw earthly beauty as the reflection of divine beauty - virtue made visible.

"Therefore where-ever that thou dost behold
A comely corpse, with beauty fair endewed,
Know this for certain, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soul, with fair conditions thewed ;
Fit to receive the seed of virtue strewed ;
For all that fair is, is by nature good ;
That is a sign to know the gentle blood."

This belief reconciles all contraries and makes the pleasures of the eye into a school of perfection, and love into a moral law. Spenser's love of the spiritual finds its way into his "Hymn of Heavenly Love" when he pours forth his adoration of the King of Love with these words :

"O blessed well of love, O flower of grace
O glorious Morning star, O lamp of Light,"

words which speak of the poet's love of nature and of joy in God's created world.

To Spenser, man though "of clay, base, vile and next to nought" is transformed by the Creator's touch into a superior being :

"Which he had fashioned in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breathed a living spright
Into his face most beautiful and fair,
Endewed with wisdom's riches, heavenly rare".

"The Epithalamion" is a masterpiece of grace, a hymn which describes the whole of the poet's wedding-day from dawn to dusk. It is a loving and tender poem, where the sacred and the profane, reality and the ideal combine. To please his beloved, Spenser succeeds in introducing into his song all the images, tones, ideas, allusions which would delight her : flowers, the hues of dawn, sun rays, hymnal melodies, the white garb of the bride, "long loose yellow locks... sprinkled with pearl, crowned with a garland green".

To Spenser, his bride's earthly beauty is transformed :

“Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems that ye would ween
Some angel she had been”

Never did Spenser's genius show its sovereign power as in this ode. All his gifts are united in it and seem to be raised by happiness to a higher power.

“The Faerie Queene” his masterpiece, belongs alike in spirit and in idea to the fabulous age of chivalry. In this poem the twelve moral virtues, which together make a perfect gentleman, were to be portrayed in twelve different knights, each the hero of one book, and each engaged in a different quest assigned to him by Gloriana, the Faerie Queene. The allegorical story is both moral and political

But Spenser soon wanders off the main road to flowery meads of fancy. In “The Faerie Queene”, Spenser is best seen neither as narrator nor as allegorist. He lives as an exquisite painter in words and as supreme poet-musician, whose love of beauty permeates the whole poem.

Many of the stanzas of “The Faerie Queene” are description of tapestries, every word fulfilling the function of line and colour in the canvas of a masterpiece. Spenser is unendingly fascinated by physical beauty and writes thus of Una, at her betrothal.

“The blazing brightness of her beauty's beam,
And glorious light of her sunshiny face
To tell, were to strive against the stream”.

His grotesque and monstrous descriptions are not inferior, to those where he aims at absolute beauty. The horrible dragon slain by the Red Cross Knight is as skillfully delineated as the nymph of Belphebe. The fall of the dragon is compared to the collapse of a rocky cliff.

“So down he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washed away,
With dreadful poise is from the mainland rift,
And rolling down great Neptune doth dismay”.

We see too Spenser's delight in textures, and realise how skilled he is in reproducing rippling surfaces or changing colours of stuffs :

This is Una's garment :

“ All lily white, withouten spot, or pride,
That seemed like silk and silver woven near,
But neither silk nor silver therein did appear”

and this the golden foil all over the bricks in the House of Pride :

“ And golden foil all over them displayed,
That purest sky with brightness they dismayed ”.

The locks of Despair are realistically described in a horrifying picture :

“ His greasy locks, long grown, and unbound,
Disordered hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face”.

We feel the cold of winter in the Pageant of Seasons :

.....“ Winter clothed all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freeze”,

and the joy of spring when he says :

“ Lord ! how all creatures laughed, when her they spied
And leapt and danced as they had ravished been ”.

The grove where Una and the Red Cross Knight take shelter is painted in shades of verdant green :

“ A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand ;
Whose lofty trees clad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Not pierceable with power of any star ”.

The melody of the birds in the grove fills the atmosphere :

... ..“ the bird's sweet harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky ”.

With a poet's eye, Spenser looks at the waves of the sea and they seem to glitter and gleam as the sea horses of Neptune prance :

“ His sea horses did seem to snort again,
And from their nostrils blow the breezy stream,
That made the sparkling waves to smoke again
And flame with gold, but the white foamy cream,
Did shine with silver and shoot forth his beam.”

Thus all through “ The Faerie Queene ”, Spenser's delight in beauty and his joy in singing of these beauties never flags. The variety that we see here is wonderful. Saracens of the time of the crusaders meet nymphs of Homer's time. In the gardens of Venus, the resources of ancient art and of medieval and modern art are all brought into play. Mythological personages meet, in his pages, the heroes of chivalry of the Middle Ages. How delightful it is to follow the song of Spenser's musical lute, and be led by him in and out of these varied worlds.....worlds which are not merely juxtaposed, but blended !

In the dream world of “ The Faerie Queene ” the long, unfolding vision of beauty are constantly accompanied by music, effected by the powerful monotony of the nine-lined stanza - the stanza of the courtly ballade, to which a final alexandrine has been added. Spenser's metre has a hypnotic effect and leads us further and further away from the real world into a fairytale world where we are in communion with the poet's pictures.

Spenser's material reward was unsatisfactory. But his faith in the immortality of poetry lifted him to a higher plane - for he believed that in return for faithful service he would be granted a measure of the permanence which is in God alone. It was this belief that led him from merely delighting in external beauty to an appreciation of inner beauty - and reconciled, too, his puritanism and his sensuous delight in the beautiful.

This delight communicated itself to many great poets of later time, but markedly to Keats, who drew inspiration from Spenser and saturated himself in the romantic atmosphere of his poetry.

In Spenser, English poetry had gained at last, what it had lacked for two hundred years - a master of tone, time and tune. As an exquisite word-painter and musician he outshone his contemporaries and earned for himself the title “ The Prince of poets of his time ”.

MAHEMA DEVADOSS
I M. A. Literature



Special People

The physically handicapped are God's special people, and every effort should be made to provide for their special needs.

In the days when trips to the moon promise to become routine, the news that seven men climbed an obscure peak in Africa appears commonplace and does not attract one's attention. However, when one discovers that these seven mountaineers were blind - well, that makes one sit up - or should do so. This goes to show that with courage, determination and opportunity the physically handicapped can rise to great heights. To encourage the handicapped to make the most of their abilities, to count ability rather than disability, should become the leading principle of institutions catering to the needs of handicapped persons.

The physically handicapped include the blind, the deaf and the orthopaedically handicapped. In India the majority of the handicapped belong to the crippled group, the blind are next in number and then come the deaf and dumb. A mention of figures will serve to bring home the magnitude of the problem India faces here. According to a recent census, India has a population of four to five million orthopaedically handicapped ; 2.5 million blind and 2 million deaf. The already existing institutions serve but a fraction of this population of approximately 10 million physically handicapped persons. Today, the country has 85 institutions for the deaf and about 100 for the blind. Even in these institutions the quality of service rendered does not always correspond to the needs of the present day.

Ideally, a total programme for the physically handicapped should include treatment and care, education and training and finally rehabilitation and placement. In India the stress should be on prevention and early treatment of diseases which can cause physical handicaps. Smallpox, gonorrhea and Vitamin A deficiency are some of the many causes of blindness. Through vaccination, treatment and proper nutrition, the blindness caused by these factors can be eliminated. An estimated 20,000 babies are born blind every year because of Vitamin A deficiency. This number can be greatly reduced if, through education, pregnant women are made aware of the dangers of such deficiency and the simple measures which can be taken to counteract it. Thus through preventive medicine and education thousands can be spared the hardships of physical handicaps. Early detection of deafness among children, by school teachers and others, can again help to reduce the numbers of the deaf population.

For those beyond the reach of early medical treatment, for the confirmed physically handicapped, education and training should be given in institutions, together

with treatment and care. Education of the deaf, from all accounts, is particularly difficult. The degree of difficulty varies with the degree of deafness. The blind individual must be taught Braille ; without knowledge of this a blind man is nowhere just as a sighted man cannot hope to achieve anything if he does not know how to read and write. The education of both the blind and the deaf needs to be comprehensive and should serve to take them out of their isolation. Education of the orthopaedically handicapped is easier because difficulties in communication are not involved. Those with minor handicaps could attend ordinary schools and colleges. In more severe cases special classes could be conducted.



Education should lead to training and rehabilitation, thus enabling the handicapped individual to stand on his own two feet. Training must be given according to ability, and vocational guidance before the training stage should be introduced.

Mr. David A. Morse, Director General of the I.L.O., has pointed out that "rehabilitation is not an end in itself but only a means to an end. Its purpose is to change the disabled person from a state of dependence to one of independence, from disability back to ability and usefulness at work." Resettlement in employment is the crux of the whole process of rehabilitation." That the physically handicapped can be employed, and productively, too, in normal jobs has been proved time and time again. A recent survey carried out by the special employment exchange in Bombay revealed that the average output of 7% of the physically handicapped persons placed in employment by them was above normal, and that of 82% normal. Only 11% showed an output which was below normal. In many cases factors such as fear of losing the job, great powers of concentration, and perhaps the desire to do better than an able-bodied colleague, operate to make the disabled person work harder at his job.

As for normal persons, merit should normally be the criterion of employment of the physically handicapped person. Employ him not for the sake of charity or out of pity, but for what he is worth. Many jobs today are of a repetitive nature, and can be easily tackled by the handicapped. Those unable to face competition in the modern world could be employed in sheltered workshops.

The ultimate aim of any programme for the physically handicapped should be, as Mr. Morse stated, to ensure the independence of the individual. Give him the necessary training and opportunity to prove his worth. As Dr. Henry Kessler has said "most of us are ordinary people seeking extraordinary destinies. The physically handicapped are extraordinary in that they seek but an ordinary destiny."

ELIZABETH MATHAN
II M.A. Social Work

“La Beauté c'est l' Eternité”

What is beauty? A student of French attempts to answer this difficult question.

“La Beauté c'est l'Eternité; se contemplant dans un miroir”.

La beauté... Qu'est-ce Que c'est Que la beauté? seulement une très jolie figure? Ça dépend, “car la beauté est dans l'oeil de celui qui regarde.” Pour une personne, la beauté serait une aube chatoyante; pour une autre, un coucher de soleil flamboyant. Mais enfin, la beauté serait vue par un troisième dans l'acte de deux enfants, mourant de faim, partageant un morceau de pain. Ou encore on pourrait trouver la beauté dans un poème de Lamartine....., dans une chanson hystérique des “Beatles”, qui capture le sentiment du moment.....dans le réseau de feuilles, qui se découpent comme de la dentelle, contre un ciel d'azur.....dans la courbe gracieuse de la tour ornementée d'un temple, laquelle s'elance majestueusement vers les cieux.....dans la descente, comme un ruban, d'une cascade apparemment suspendue.....dans le vent qui fouette et les nuages noircissants qui annoncent un orage...dans les couleurs animées d'un rocher taillé à coups de serpe...dans la douceur d'un chardon léger, dans l'étendue interminable du sable dans le désert. Pour un écrivain, “la chose la plus belle au monde c'est un sourire combattant contre des larmes.” De la même façon, un mathématicien pourrait la trouver dans le concept du zéro - 0 : il ne commence nulle part, et ne se termine nulle part; ainsi donnant parfaitement le sens de “rien”. Aussi, un biologiste pourrait trouver belle une cellule naissante, et un savant : la loi de gravité. Mais, quoi que ce soit, “une belle chose est une joie à jamais.”

Et qu'est-ce que c'est Que l'Eternité? Elle est interminable, sans fin. Comme éternité des vagues, le ciel bleu, le jour, la nuit.

Mais, vous pourrez demander, comment est-ce que la Beauté, qui est fugitive, peut être alliée avec l'Eternité, qui est interminable.....?

La solution est très simple. Dieu a créé la Beauté, et Dieu est Eternité; et, toute création est une réflexion du Créateur. Aussi, toute création est une réflexion de l' Eternité.

Elle aussi, la Beauté, est donc une réflexion de l' Eternité.

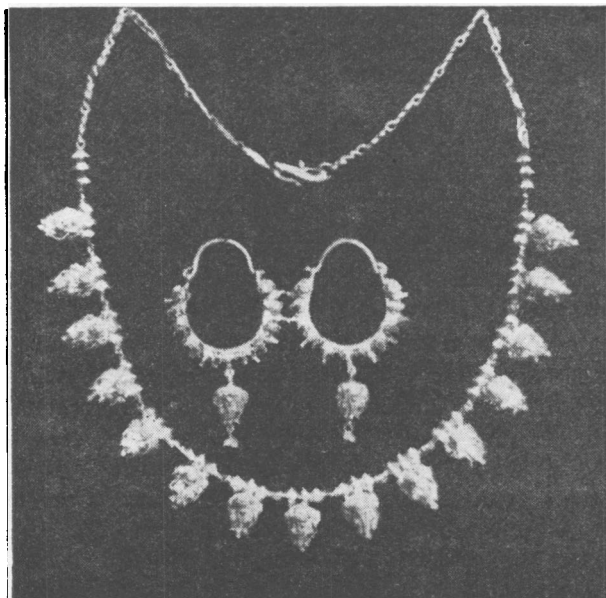
SHRIMATHI IYENGAR
I B.A. Economics

Gems are Forever

Precious stones continue to exercise their fascination throughout the ages.

From the prized flints of the Stone Age man to the uranium ores of the atomic age scientist, minerals have contributed vitally to the growth of civilization. Man has long realised their importance as the source of precious metals and precious stones, and as materials of great utilitarian value, while women have long since cherished mineral gemstones as ornaments. Women's fondness for gems, through the ages, has been aptly expressed by Shakespeare, "Dumb jewels often in their silent kind, more quick than words do move a women's mind". But these gems - mute fragments of the dumb

earth - have outlasted the frail beauties they once adorned. Catherine the Great, Marie Antoinette, Elizabeth I, where are they? Yet the famed emeralds of Catherine, the priceless diamonds of Marie Antoinette, the fabulous pearls and rubies of Elizabeth I, live on. Thus the beauty and value of precious stones have been enhanced and continue to increase with the passage of time.



Precious stones are mineral substances which, through their hardness, brilliance, beauty, resistance to chemical change and rarity have a high commercial value. There is no definite division between the true pre-

precious stones and the semi-precious stones, but the ones most generally accepted as precious are: diamond, ruby, sapphire, emerald and sometimes opal.

Considered to be a gem of the highest commercial importance, the diamond takes pride of place among precious stones. It is the only precious stone consisting of a single element - carbon, and is the hardest substance known to man. Though women in India have from time immemorial decked themselves with diamonds, in Europe, for a long time these gems were used only by men. It was a beautiful woman of the French court who introduced these stones as jewellery for women. Agnes Sorel, in 1444, fell in love with Charles VII and to make herself more beautiful than the beauties of her time, she chose diamonds, which until then had been worn only by men. From the males in her family she borrowed diamonds and made them into a necklace, which the king immediately noticed - and so she won her man's affections.

Verily called "the gem of kings" rubies are the most beautiful of precious stones. They are so scarce that in size more than five carats they fetch a higher price than fine diamonds of the same size. In 1949 when Rita Hayworth became engaged to Ali Khan, her engagement ring contained a ruby the size of a pigeon's egg. Sapphires are varieties of the same mineral as rubies, (aluminium oxide, Al_2O_3), but sapphires are not as valuable, rare or beautiful as rubies.

A great many stones are largely made of silica (silicon dioxide, SiO_2) which is one of the most universal minerals. Of these, the only stone which is classified "precious" is the emerald. Emeralds are the green variety of beryl, the silicate of beryllium and aluminium. Chiefly found in South America and Africa, emeralds had been used as ornaments by the ancient Egyptians two thousand years before the birth of Christ.

Another beryl gemstone is the aquamarine, and many of these pale blue-green, wonderfully transparent stones have been obtained from Russia, Brazil, Ceylon and Madagascar. The one-time emperor Don Pedro is said to have had the most beautiful aquamarine in the world, which was mined at Minas Geraes in Brazil.

Considered by many to be unlucky and to be worn only by people born in October, the opal has always fascinated people by the shimmering, ever-changing character of its rainbow hues. History has it that Nonius, a Roman Senator, possessed an opal of which he was very proud. He refused to give it to Mark Antony and so was exiled from his country. Captivated by the colours of the opal, Queen Victoria made a wedding present of opals to each of her five daughters.

The other semi-precious stones with a basis of silica or silicates are the following : garnets, tourmalines, topaz, amethyst and chalcedony. Garnets are a whole group of similar minerals of different colours, and are silicates of various metals including aluminium, iron, calcium and magnesium. Brought to Europe by Dutch sailors, the tourmaline attracts ashes when it is warmed or rubbed. It is a boro-silicate of aluminium and other metals. The yellow topaz is found as crystals often a yard long. Amethysts are a purple-blue variety of quartz, the crystalline form of silica. The Greeks believed that it prevented drunkenness. Chalcedony is an impure variety of silica that has several varieties. The red variety is called cornelian, and that with bands of colour, agate. Another variety, onyx, has well defined rings of colour.

The chrysoberyl, olivine, feldspar, spinel, malachite and zircons are some of the most attractive and rare gems.

Whatever be the nature of a gem, be it a priceless diamond or humble olivine, gems are stones which have been rendered precious. Whatever be the value set on them, they are but stones, and as stones they are part of the earth, fragments of the earth. As such they have the everlasting and eternal in them. The scintillating beauty of their hues remains unchanged however long the winds of time blow. Thus their beauty is as old as love and older than hate ; as old as peace and older than strife. Their beauty reflects eternity, just as the human love of which they are often a token reflects eternal love.

SUNDARI VISWANATH
III B.Sc. Chemistry.



Beauty

Beauty is in a tiny flower
As it lifts its head among stones;
Beauty is in a child's tongue
Ravished by ice-cream cones.

Beauty is in the frivolous leaves
As they wanton with the wind,
Beauty is in the droop of a head,
When a penitent knows he's sinned.

Beauty is in a bird's wing
As it dips for a moment in flight;
Beauty is in a moment of joy—
Be it ever so small and slight.

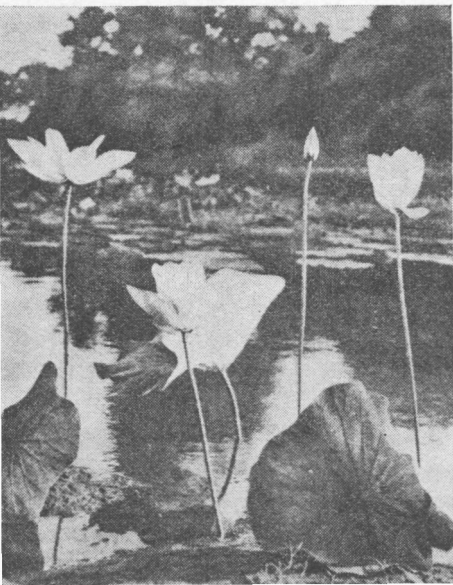
Beauty is in a teardrop perched
On the chin of a puckered face;
Beauty is in the misty dew
Which vanishes without a trace.

Beauty is in the earth's brown mud
When the shoots of paddy are up
Beauty is in the sweating pride
Of an athlete who's won a cup.

Beauty's within the leaves of a book
That Knowledge to readers unfolds;
Beauty is under a microscope
That a student of science holds.

Beauty is in an act of love
As it spreads a warming glow;
Beauty is in the stars above,
And in all of God's earth below.

CAROL NAZARETH
II B.A. Literature





The Taj - Monument of Love

The world's most famous tomb is a symbol of an undying love.

Gone are the days when marble used to be the builder's dream. In today's world, marble interests the connoisseur more than the architect. But no one can remain unmoved by the spectacle which the Taj Mahal presents; it has been described as "poetry in marble".

Moghul India is renowned for its architectural splendours. The Moghul princes had an insatiable love for beauty. They studded their capital with glorious edifices which rightly challenge Periclean Athens: and the Taj Mahal is easily the most magnificent among these unsurpassable monuments.

Historians have tried to catch its elusive beauty in words and failed. The artists' brush and the photographer's camera are little more successful. The enthusiastic individual is left groping for words. But its subtle charm continues to elude all.

What makes the Taj Mahal one of the wonders of the world is the fact that it is a homage to true love, "a supreme masterpiece dedicated to a supreme love". Shah Jahan's love for Mumtaz Mahal, culminating in the construction of the Taj as her last resting place, is not a figment of the historian's imagination. No record refutes his love for her. The twenty years of their married life brought to the couple unalloyed bliss, notwithstanding the fact that Shah Jahan had to face the greatest trials during this period; even when his crown was at stake, he remained a loving husband to his wife and a devoted father to his fourteen children. This is what makes Shah Jahan truly great. No Moghul ruler, not even Akbar, had adhered so strictly to the principle of monogamy. Shah Jahan's fidelity is all the more remarkable since he lived in a court notoriously loose in morals. Royalty is often forgiven for its lapses in morality. But Shah Jahan needed no forgiveness. Amongst his peers neither Alexander, nor Napoleon nor Caesar can be counted as truly great on these grounds.

If Pericles can challenge Shah Jahan's place among the builders of history, he left no monument for love. In fact, Pericles' marital life is not above criticism. If Napoleon can rival Shah Jahan as a general, as a faithful husband he was no equal to the Moghul builder. Romeo and Juliet, through Shakespeare's genius, stand as the ideal lovers, but there is no concrete proof to extol their love. But the Taj-Mahal stands today, an everlasting testimony to an everlasting love.

Shah Jahan's admirers are eloquent in their assessment of the golden age of the Moghuls. The material prosperity, architectural activity and the glorious victories of

Shah Jahan's Moghul India prevent them from reviewing the fortunes of Shah Jahan the man. His critics on the other hand, in basing their criticism on the famous couplet,

“ All that glitters is not gold

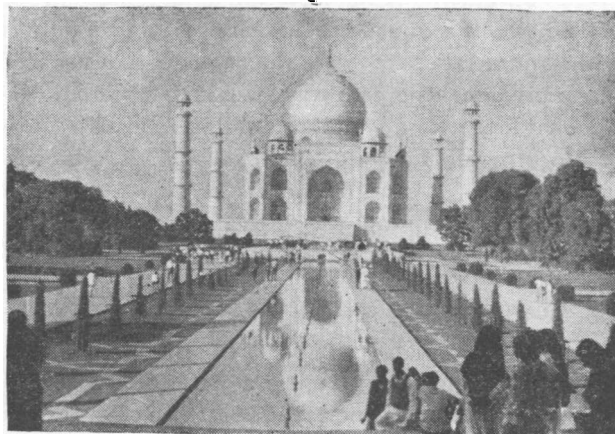
.....

Gilded tombs do worms unfold ”,

forget the contribution of Shah Jahan the lover. Thus neither his admirers nor his critics have done him full justice. “ All the world loves a lover ” said a famous writer, and it is in this respect that Shah Jahan is remembered today.

The Taj Mahal depicts the beauty in true love. Not detracting from the splendour of its white marble, not ignoring the vastness of its gigantic proportions, forgetting the intricate workmanship which decorates its tombs, the Taj Mahal is a symbol of love's lasting beauty. It is love which triumphs at the Taj.

NITHYA SRINIVASAN
III B.A. History



Love is for Always

One of the great figures of our day is Mother Teresa, who has given her life and her love to God's poor.

A tiny figure stood at the foot of the imposing bank building, peering into an account book. She sighed, and worry lines spread over her face. I was not the only one watching her, a fat zamindar, monument of wealth and shrewd hoarding, watched her too. Mother Teresa, foundress of the Missionaries of Charity, is recognised wherever she goes. We followed her into the bank and watched her withdraw her last trifling sum. "Wait". The zamindar was scribbling a cheque. Pressing it into her hand, he made a reverent namaste and vanished, perspiring with embarrassment. Now the others closed in, giving all they could. The cold walls of the bank grew warm with the love-scene; it would never be the same place again, for any of us.

As we sat together on the bench, waiting to see the manager, Mother Teresa told me of her work in the slums of Calcutta. Nirmal Hriday (Serene Heart) is an ugly, square, two-roomed house in Calcutta's swirling Kalighat Bazaar. The old and destitute of the city somehow find their way to this half-way house to death. It holds about a hundred and fifty people on an average, but many die daily, and unbelievably many recover daily. Everyday, the mumbly feverish figures come there, are welcomed and nursed tenderly. For many it is their first encounter with love, their first encounter with the God of Mercy and of love. Despite the holocaust of pain and death, the little house is a sanctuary of beauty and of love.



Three miles away is Sishu Bhavan. Here is no silent despair, but the weak kitten-like cries of abandoned babies, often starved and near death. Here too,

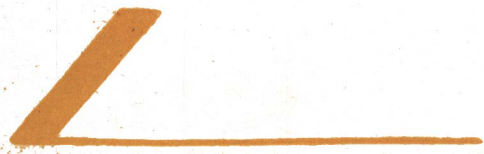
abundant love makes up for the permanent shortage of necessities. There are two hundred babies here, most of them emaciated and withered, many blind, lame, retarded, all but dead. But there are loving hands for all of them, tender hearts for more of them, and the sweet compassion of the Mother.

The leper is a most pathetic sight on city streets. Hardly human, we hurry past them looking the other way. But Mother Teresa and her sisters have taken these, the least of His brethren, under their special care. There are eight centres in Calcutta alone, the smallest of which contains two hundred and fifty patients. Everyday, her sisters visit the colonies, dressing sores, feeding mouths, wiping away tears. The lepers are quick to respond to the love and attention they receive. They become interested in life once more; each colony building has a school for the lepers' children and a dispensary for the sick. The misery is terrible, but there is quiet resignation and even peace. Mother Teresa's most painful task is at the Titaghur centre, where school and college students infected with the dreadful disease are treated. The young can never understand why God has allowed this affliction to come to them. Mother Teresa and her daughters have given their lives and their hearts to these stricken people. No one can give more.

The germ of love sprang from this fragile, gentle woman called Mother Teresa, an Albanian by birth, who came to India in 1928 as a bright-eyed teenage postulant in the Loreto order. For twenty years she taught in Loreto schools, but the misery and suffering outside the safe convent walls tore at her heart, till she begged permission from her superiors to live outside the convent to ease some of the misery. 1948 saw her in the blue-bordered white sari which is now an eye-catching sight anywhere in India. She began quite alone. The early days were painfully difficult and nothing seemed to work out. But her faith in God never waned, and soon she had her first centre and her first recruits. Her followers swelled in numbers, and in 1950 the Missionary Sisters of Charity were officially recognised. Today the congregation is rich in vocations, and has an auxiliary in the Missionary Brothers of Charity. A single woman has spread rays of love all over India and out into the world.

The difficulties are enormous, the obstacles frustrating, the criticism bitter. But encouragement and faith sustain her in her work, through the grateful light in a leper's eyes. The motto of the Missionaries of Charity shows their invincible faith - "God will provide" - and they have a woman at their head who will not know defeat. Love is infectious. From a single heart it has exploded into a hundred centres, where people care, where people show they care. She has quickened the spark of compassion in hundreds of hearts. The process will multiply itself; the message of love, the most beautiful of all, spreads fast and never fades. Love is not a fleeting thing, one does not give of one's self lightly. One gives for always.

MARY BASKARAN,
II M.A. Literature



For Whither Thou Goest

The prize-winning story in a Stella Maris short story competition.

I was tired when I got into the car. I drove straight out and began the long drive back home, too hurt to try and locate Mom's window and wave out to her. This was the parting of the ways, this was goodbye.....

Why couldn't Mom have accepted Sally's behaviour as hysteria, I thought savagely. Heaven knows she had reason enough to be hysterical that day.

Sally, my wife, hates the sea. Its turbulence upsets her, and she isn't very happy in the house by the sea that Mom gave us as a wedding-present.

"We can't live here", she exclaimed when she saw the house for the first time. "I'll go mad if I go on listening to that noise", she went on, indicating the sea.

"Nonsense", I said lightly. "Mom spent everything she had on this house. I could n't hurt her by not living here."

So Sally capitulated unwillingly. I knew it was Mom's idea of a dream-house. It is a pretty house, painted blue-and-white, with a bit of garden that both Mom and Sally looked after; and it is on a cliff almost over the sea, so that often on stormy nights the spray comes right in.

As it came in a week ago. The storm burst with a crash of thunder that made Sally scream and run up to the bed-room to hide her face under the bed-clothes. Storms always frighten her sick. Mom and I ran about, almost whipped off our feet by the wind, closing all the windows against the rain and spray. Then I took up hot brandy for Sally. She was shaking all over with fright, and spilt the brandy. She moaned and shrieked with the wind, and that night will always be for me a screaming memory of tears and sobs and the crash of waves and broken glass.

I left Sally after some time, and went to check on Mom. Her room looks straight on to the sea, and I wanted to make sure that she was protected. I knocked hard, to make myself heard over the howl of the wind.

"Come in", said Mom at once. She wasn't asleep. She stood before her easel in a corner, a mack around her, and her hands mauve with the cold. She was painting.

"The storm", she explained, noticing my astounded face. "I'm painting it. It's going to be my masterpiece Tom"

Before I could say a word, I heard another scream from my bedroom, and I left Mom hastily.

When I returned an hour later, she was still painting. She painted with greys and blues and blacks, and a bit of white zigzagging crazily across the canvas. She painted with her tongue sticking out, and her body shaking with the cold; she painted the furious, murderous waves crashing against her window; she all but painted the scream of the winds and waves.....

* * * *

We were all tired the next morning. Sally's face was blotched and swollen; Mom sneezed endlessly. I could hardly move for tiredness, and took the day off from work.

Mom insisted that we see her picture immediately after breakfast.

I gasped with admiration when I saw it: its startling vitality almost reversed time and brought back the living storm of last night.

"It's beautiful", I said. "Did you work all night on it?"

"Yes", said Mom, and sneezed. "I'm going to pay the price for it, I'm afraid".

"I think it's horrible", said Sally abruptly. Mom raised an eyebrow.

"The sea, the sea, that's all you ever think about, isn't it?" Sally continued, rather breathlessly. "You know I hate it, don't you?"

"Many people do", replied Mom. "Is that any reason why I should not like it?"

"You know it makes me ill; and last night, you didn't care enough to see if I was all right," Sally intoned.

"Stop pitying yourself," Mom answered sharply. "You must be a baby if storms upset you like that. And you ought to learn to put up with the sea, since this is your home".

"Not any more," Sally returned, and turned her unhappy green eyes on me. "I'm leaving, Tom. For good. I can't bear that horrible growl all day long. And I can't survive another storm like last night. Come with me if you care enough."

"Rubbish, Tom," Mom said. "Sally, you've got to fall in with our way of life since you married Tom."

Sally didn't answer. She was looking at me. "Well, Tom?" she asked, "Is it me or your mother?"

I found my tongue at last "Don't be melodramatic," I said, stupidly. Sally's eyes became a deeper green. "Melodramatic, am I? Darn you," she whispered, "I'll show you what melodrama is." She seized the knife by the easel. We watched aghast as the canvas was ripped to shreds. Then she flung the knife down and looked defiantly at us. Mom's face had gone white. As for me, I couldn't move.

I think we stood there for three minutes, paralysed. And then Mom gave a kind of sigh and picked up the torn pieces of canvas. The paint was still wet, and she blinked hard at her paint-stained fingers. Then she said, very softly, "So that's that."

* * * *

I don't know how exactly people grovel. But if it means crawling on your belly like a worm, Sally did it to apologise to Mom.

Mom ignored her. She rang up the same day and made arrangements with a Home for Widows and Destitute Women, about seventy miles off, and packed up all that she had. She was to leave a week later.

I tried to make her change her mind.

"Sally was hysterical", I urged, "You can't just leave us like this. It isn't fair to be asked to choose between the two of you....."

She threw away her cigarette.

"No use, Tom", she said, tiredly. "I'd forgotten what a burden the old are to the young. So stupid of me. And selfish too. I can't forgive myself. Anyway I don't want to spoil Sally's life more than I have already".

* * * *

So I drove Mom out to the Home today. Mom kept up a cheerful stream of patter all the way, but I couldn't speak much. I couldn't believe any of this was true, you see, and that somebody could come between my mother and me.

'The Home' was an unexpectedly handsome red-brick building, with a driveway down an avenue of evergreens and rather well-kept gardens on all sides.

"I don't like the name", Mom said. "It might as well say 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here. But it's a nice place," she hastened on. "I'll be able to work in the garden and to paint. And I'll have my music as well".

"Well", I began doubtfully.

"Really, Tom, I'm going to be happy here", she went on. "I can feel it in my bones".

She had a determined cheerful-to-the-last manner and bubbled enthusiastically about her room and her new friends in "my new home."

I stayed for nearly two hours with her and then I got up reluctantly.

"Sally will be waiting," I said. "I'd better leave now. I don't suppose," I said, rather wistfully, "you'd care to return? We want you honestly."

Her eyes hardened a little.

"Thank you dear boy" she said. "But no."

* * * *

I got out of the car feeling desperately in need of a drink and a smoke. I was shaking all over with anger and grief.

I longed to get hold of Sally and shake her by the shoulders until I worked off my fury.

And then I saw her come running out of the house, her red hair whipped round her head by the sea-breeze. Her eyes blazed at me with anxious unhappiness and her face looked pinched and thin, and I hadn't the heart to make her more wretched. I controlled myself with an effort.



"Tom," she said.
"Oh, Tom!"

"Hello, Sally," I said.

And smiled.

A. LAVANYA RAJAH
I M.A. Literature

The Cult of Beauty in Sanskrit Literature

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams.....”

Like Keats, Sanskrit poets have always idolised Beauty - Beauty in nature and in man. Those glorious denizens of “the wide heaven of poesy”—Kalidasa, Bharabhuṭi and Valmiki among others have heaped sweets upon sweets, leashed all that is beautiful, in their various works. They have gazed on beauty like lovers.

Nature has been beautifully portrayed by Kalidasa. Like an indulgent lover he sees in her aspects only delicacy and beauty. He makes us feel her perfections, see the vivid colours of her scenic form, hear the melodious song of the birds and smell her thousand fragrant odours. Kalidasa is sensuous in his descriptions :

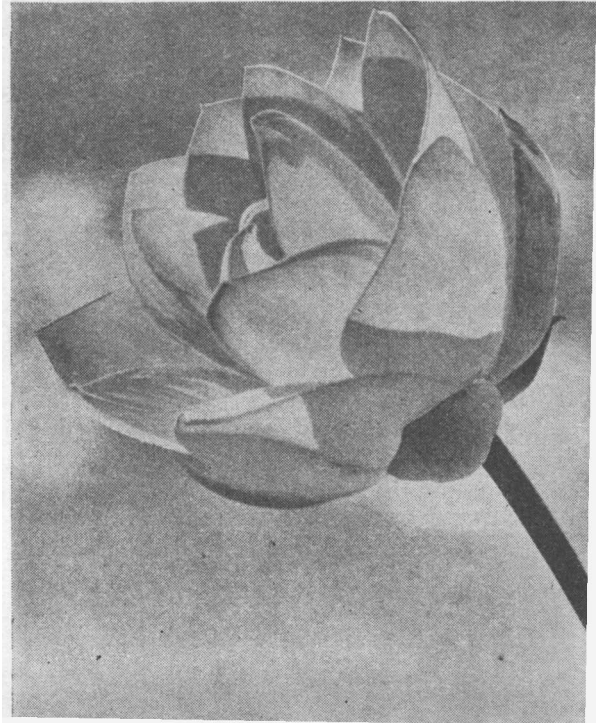
पाण्डुच्छायोपवनवृतयः केतकैः सूचिभिर्नैर्नीडारम्भैर्गृहवलिभुजामाकुलग्रामचैत्याः ।
त्वय्यासन्ने परिणतफलश्यामजम्बूवनान्ताः संपत्स्यन्ते कतिपयदिनस्थाधिहंसा दशार्णाः ॥

This description of the Dasarna country with its Ketaki flowers just bursting into bloom and its rose-apple trees bent with fruits is one of the many delectable passages of “Maghasandesa.

Several verses in “Kumarasambava” describing the transformation that spring effects over the Indian landscape are unutterably beautiful:

सद्यः प्रवालोद्गमचारुपत्रे नीते समार्ति
नवचूतबाणे ।

निवेशयामास मधुर्द्विरेफान्नामा
क्षराणीव मतोभवस्य ॥



And in :

चूताङ्कुरास्वादकषायकण्ठः पुंस्कोकिलो यन्मधुरं चुकूज ।
मनस्विनीमानविघातदक्षं तदेव जातं वचनं स्मरस्य ॥

We are spellbound by the notes of the eternal spirit of spring, the cuckoo. Nature is thus presented in a series of vivid pictures.

Not only nature, but also mankind is, to the poet, beautiful. The opening verse describing the beauty of Parvati, the daughter of Himavan, leaves us aching with delight - the delicacy of imagery seems to be poised for flight into the dizzy heights of fancy.

उन्मीलितं तूलिकयेव चित्रं सूर्याशुभिभिन्नमिवारविन्दम् ।
बभूव तस्याश्चतुरश्रोभि वपुर्विभक्तं नवयौवनेन ॥

Kalidasa can create equally beautiful effects by culling aspects of nature against which to set off his characters, human or divine, as for example, in the case of Siva and Parvati. The dawn of love in Siva's heart is compared to the effect the rising moon has on the placid surface of the ocean :

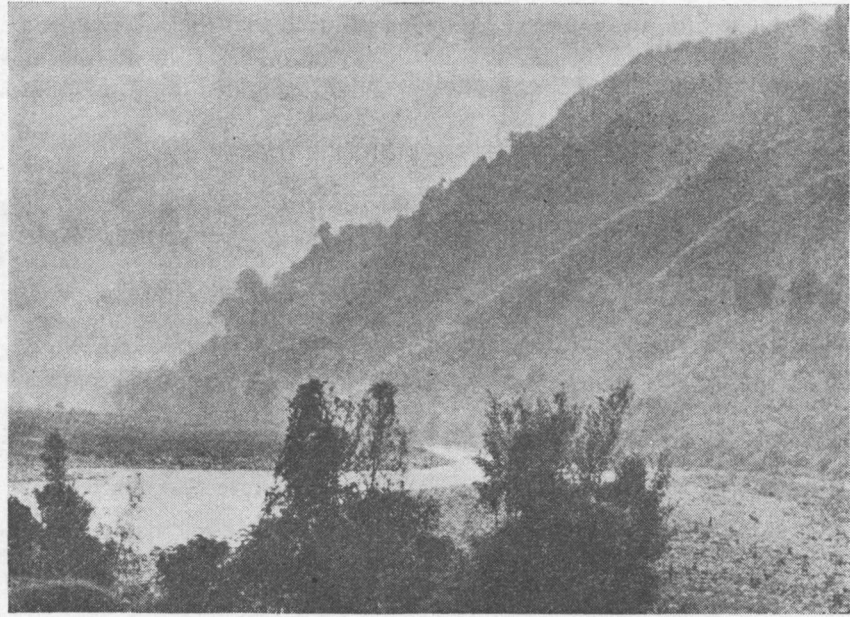
हरस्तु किञ्चित्परिलुप्तधैर्यश्चन्द्रोदयारम्भ श्वाम्बुराशिः ।
उमामुखे बिम्बफलधरोष्ठे व्यापारयामास विलोचनानि ॥

Beauty is more easily felt than defined in any particular way. Its nature can be gauged from our reactions to it. While Kalidasa started at the delicate beauty of Himalayan sunsets and the sparkling gems of Alaka, Bhavabhuti looked at the rugged mountains, the dense forests of the Vindhya region, with his ear attuned to its roaring cataracts and the swirling, foaming currents of the Godavari :

एते ते कुहरेषु गद्रदनद्रोदावरीवारयो
मेघालम्बितमौलिनील शिखराः क्षोणीभृतो दाक्षिणाः ।
अन्योन्यप्रतिघातसंकुलचलत्कल्लोलकोलाहलै
रुत्तालस्त इमे गभीरपयसः पुण्याः सरित्संगमाः ॥

Not the classic elegance of Kalidasa's pictures, but an awe-inspiring beauty is the hallmark of such descriptions of Bhavabhuti. Beauty as represented by Kalidasa fills us with sheer joy, as represented by Bhavabhuti, it fills us with a "pleasing fear".

Art of any kind is beauty given a definite shape. Whether it is the life-like figure painted on canvas by Ravi Varma, or whether it is the gracefully etched forms on the walls of Ajanta, it has the one effect of suffusing us with joy. This is equally



true of the art of literature and of poetry in particular. One can appreciate the cunning art that has gone into the making of such verses as :

संचारिणी दीपशिखेव रात्रौ यं यं व्यतीयाय पतिवरा सा ।

नरेन्द्र मार्गाट्ट इव प्रपेदे विवर्ण भावं स स भूमिपालः ॥

So apt is the simile of the moving lamp that the author has been eulogised as “दीपशिखा कालिदासः” Kalidasa, the Flame of the Lamp.

While rhapsodising over the external forms of beauty, Sanskrit poets have ever acknowledged the worth of inward beauty - beauty of the soul. Hence beauty takes on an attribute of divinity - a fact illustrated by Kalidasa's “Kumarasambhava”. Parvathi, the personification of beauty, serves Siva by bringing flowers for His worship and sweeping the sacrificial altar. But her physical beauty has no effect on the Lord. She realises that to win Him, she must open His eyes to the beauty of her character. Therefore, startlingly enough, the position of Parvati is altered. She is not merely a beautiful woman seeking a perfect husband. She becomes the ardent devotee seeking to unite her soul with God. As it happens, it is only through rigorous penance that she is able to attain Lord Siva. In his criticism of Kalidasa, Tagore has singled out this aspect of his work for special mention.

Beauty of character, Rama's character, is the dominating spirit of Bhavabhuti's play “Uttararamacharita”. Rama Rajya, to us, is synonymous with the Golden Age. He took his duties seriously, and placed the duty he owed to his subjects above personal pleasure. It was to allay the fears and suspicions of the people that he

abandoned his wife Sita, in the forest, knowing full well that she was soon to become a mother. Yet when he performs the Aswamedha Yaga, he has as his Partner in sacrifice the golden statue of his beloved Sita. His character is summed up in these lines :

वज्रादपि कठोराणि मृदूनि कुसुमादपि ।
लोकोत्तराणां चेतांसि को हि विद्वानुमहति ॥

Rama's nature combines the hardness and brilliance of a diamond with the softness and tenderness of a flower.

The great German poet Goethe was so ravished by the beauty of Kalidasa's "Sakuntala" that he cried out -

Wouldst thou the young year's blossom and the fruits of its decline,
And all by which the soul is charmed, enraptured, fested, fed,
Wouldst thou the earth and heaven itself in one sole name combine,
I name thee, O Sakuntala ! and all at once is said".

Beauty has the power to charm and enrapture. It is the ruling spirit of Sanskrit poetical works. It is earth and heaven seen through the poet's eye. To airy nothing, he gives "a local habitation and a name".

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III B.A. Literature

பாரதியும் தேசிய ஒருமைப்பாடும்

பொன்னொளிர் பாரத நாடு பாரதவீரர் மலிந்த நன்னாடு; நல்லன யாவையும் நாடுறு நாடு, பூரண ஞானம் பொலிந்த நன்னாடு; வண்மையிலே உளத் திண்மையிலே, மனத் தண்மையிலே, மதி நுண்மையிலே, உண்மையிலே தவறாத புலவர் உணர்வினிலே உயர் நாடு எனில் பாருக்குள்ளே நல்லநாடு நம் பாரதநாடு எனப் புகலவும் வேண்டுமோ? பாரத தேசமென நம் பழம் பெரும் நாட்டின் பெயரினை புகலுவர்; மிடிப்பயம் கொல்லுவர்; துயர்ப்பகை வெல்லுவர் என எக்களித்துப் பாடு கின்றார் பாட்டுக் கொரு புலவர் பாரதி.



ஆயின், தற்கால பாரதத்தின் நிலையினை நோக்குமின்! கொஞ்சமோ பிரிவினைகள்? ஒரு கோடி எனில் அஃது பெரிதாமோ? இன்று ஆயிரம் உண்டிங்கு ஜாதி ஒரு தாயின் வயிற் றில் பிறந்தோர் தம்முள் சண்டையிடுகின்றனர். வெள்ளிப் பனி மலையினின்று நீலத்திரைக் கடல் ஓரத்திலே நின்று நித்தம் தவம் செய்யும் குமரி எல்லை வரை வழங்கிடும் மொழிகள் தாம் எத்துனை; மதமான பேயால் வதம் செய்யப்பட்டு அறியாமை எனும் சேற்றில் சிக் குண்டு மனம் ஓடிந்து மாண்டு போகின்றனர், சாத்திரங்கள் ஒன்றும் காணராய் பொய்

சாத்திரப் பேய்கள் சொல்லும் வார்த்தையை நம்பியே கோத்திரம் ஒன்றினும் ஒரு கொள்கை யில் பிரிந்தவனை குலைத் திகழ்கின்றனர். இதனைக் கண்டார் பாரதி; கொண்டார் கடுந் துயரம்:

“என்னே, இஃது என்னே இஃது என்னே கொல் எனக் கலங்கி

“நெஞ்சு பொறுக்குதில்லையே இந்த நிலை
கெட்ட மனிதரை நினைத்துவிட்டால்”

என மனம் உருகுகிறார். இச் சொல்லேருழுவர். மதம் மதம் என மதம்பிடித்து உழலும் மக்களைக் கண்டு, “ஒன்றே குலம் ஒருவனே தேவன்” எனும் மாபெரும் தத்துவத்தை மாண்புற விளக்குகின்றார் கவிஞர். பல்வேறு இடங்களில் தோன்றிய நதிகள் இறுதியில் ஓர் ஆழியில் சென்று கலந்து தனித் தன்மையை இழப்பது போன்றே பற்பல சமயங்களும் ஒரே பரம் பொருளைப் பற்றியே புகலுகின்றனவன்றோ? உயர் ஜன்மம் இத்தேசத்தில் எய்தியராயின் ஜாதி மதங்களைப் பாரோம் என்கிறார் புரட்சிக்கவி. ஆயிரம் தெய்வங்கள் உண்டெனத் தேடி

அலையும் அறிவினிகளிடம் “அறிவே தெய்வம்” என அறிவிக்கின்றார். “சாதி இரண்டொழிய வேறில்லை” என்றே தமிழ் மகள் சொல்லிய சொல் அமிழ்த மென்போம். நீதி நெறியினின்றி பிறர்க்குதவும் நேர்மையர் மேலவர்; கீழ்வர் மற்றோர்” என சாதியின் வரையறுக்கின்றார் நம் கவிஞர். ‘தன் மொழியே தன்னிகரில்லாத் தனி மொழி; அதுவே அறிவின் விழி என எண்ணி பிற மொழிகளை குலைத் திகழும் புலையர் தம்மை எண்ணி, அவர் தம் சிறுமை கண்டு சீறிப் பொங்குகிறார் புதுமைக் கவிஞர். ஏழ் கடல் வைப்பினும் தன் மணம் வீசி இசைகொண்டு வாழும் தேமதுரத் தமிழ்மொழி போன்றே ஏனைய மொழிகளையும் ஒப்பநோக்கி இசை பாடுகின்றார் ஒற்றுமைக் கவிஞர்.

“ஞானத்திலே, பரமோனத்திலே, உயர் மானத்திலே உயர்ந்த நம் நாட்டில் எல்லோரும் எல்லாமும் பெற வேண்டும் என்பது பாவலர் தம் எண்ணம். ஒருவன் வாட, அவ்வாட்டத்தை மற்றவன் தன் ஊட்டத்திற்கு பயன்படுத்தலாகாது. எப்பதம் வாய்ந்திடுமேனும் நம்மில் யாவர்க்கும் அந்த நிலை பொதுவாகும்.

“முப்பது கோடி வாழ்வோம்—வீழில்
முப்பது கோடி முழுமையும் வீழ்வோம்”

எனச் செருக்கிப் பாடுகிறார், சமதர்ம சமுதாயச் சிற்பி. “சிந்து நதியின் மிசை நிலவினிலே சேர நன்னுட்டினம் பெண்களுடனே பாட்டிசைத்துத் தோணிகள் ஓட்டி விளையாடிட வாரீர், வாரீர் என வரவேற்கிறார்.

“கங்கை நதிப் புறத்துக் கோதுமைப் பண்டம்
காவிரி வெற்றிலைக்கு மாறு கொள்வோம்’

என உரைப்பதன் மூலம், ‘வடக்கு வளர்கிறது தெற்கு தேய்கிறது’ என்போர்க்கு வடக்கும் தெற்கும் ஒன்றே என அறிவுறுத்துகிறார்.

எல்லோரும் ஓர் குலம், எல்லோரும் ஓரினம் எல்லோரும் இந்திய மக்கள் எனச் செப்பி முப்பது கோடி ஜனங்களின் சங்கம் முழுமைக்கும் பொது உடைமையின் இன்றியமையாமையை இனிக்க இனிக்க இயம்புகிறார்.

நெஞ்சில் உரமுமின்றி, நேர்மைத் திறமுமின்றி வஞ்சனை சொல்லியும் நாட்டில் அவமதிப்பும் நாணின்றி இழி செல்வத் தேட்டில் விருப்பும் கொண்டும் சொந்தச் சகோதரர்கள் துன்பத்திற் சாதல் கண்டு சிந்தை இரங்காது. மானம் சிறிதென்றெண்ணி வாழ்வு பெரிதென்று எண்ணும் ஈன வாழ்வினை இனியும் வாழ்வோமோ? ஒன்றுபட்டால் உண்டு வாழ்வே; நம்மில் ஒற்றுமை நீங்கில் அனைவர்க்கும் தாழ்வே யன்றோ? எனவே, இனைய பாரதத்தினனே! ஒளியிழந்த நாட்டிலே முன்போல உதய ஞாயிறுப்பவே வம்மின்! இனி ஒரு விதி செய்வோம்; அதை எந்த நாளும் காப்போம்; பாரதி கண்ட ஒருமைப்பாட்டுலகினை அமைப்போம்; இதனை தரணிக்கெல்லாம் எடுத்தோதுவோம்!

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II B.A. (History)

அண்ணல் அருளிய அஹிம்ஸை

‘பாழ்பட்டு நின்றதாம் ஓர் பாரத தேசந்தன்னை வாழ்விக்க வந்த காந்தி மாகாத்மா’ நமக்குக் காட்டிய அறவழியாம் அஹிம்ஸையே, போராகிய புயலிலே சிக்குண்டு தவிக்கும் மக்கட் சமுதாயமாகிய நன்கலத்தை அறத்துறைக் குடாவில் நிலைபெற நிறுத்தும் நங்கூரமாகும். இவ்வஹிம்ஸையை உலக மக்கள் எல்லோர்க்கும் அறிவுறுத்தும் பொன்னான நற்பேறு, பாரதத்தினராகிய நமக்கே உரியது. ஏனெனில் அவ்வஹிம்ஸையை உலக முழுதும் அறியும் வண்ணம் நிலைநாட்டிய காந்தியண்ணலை ஈன்றெடுத்த நாடு நம் பாரத நாடேயல்லவா!

உலகம் தொடங்கிய நாள் முதல் இன்றுவரை எறும்பு முதல் மனிதன் ஈராக உள்ள ஜீவராசிகள் அனைத்தும் விரும்புவது அமைதியே. நிலையான ஆனந்தத்தைத் தரவல்லது அஃதொன்றே என்பதையும் மறுப்பார் ஒருவருமில்லை. ஆயின் அவ்வமைதியைப் பெறும் வழிதான் என்ன? அதுதான் இன்று நம்முன் மலையாக நிற்கும் பிரச்சனை. உடல் வலியையும், ஆயுத பலத்தையுமே நம்பி, அவையே நிலையெனக் கருதி, ஒருவரையொருவர் விலங்குகள்போல் வீழ்த்தி மக்கள் மாக்களாக மாறிவருகின்ற இந்நாளிலே, அஹிம்ஸை யொன்றே அமைதியைப் பெறுதற்கான உன்னதமான வழி என அவர்களுக்கு அறிவுறித்தி ‘ராஜபாட்டை’ வழியே நடத்திச் செல்வது பாரதத்தினராகிய நமது மாபெருங் கடமையாகும். அண்ணலவர்கள் நமக்கு விட்டுச் சென்றுள்ள மாபெரும் பணியும் அதுவே யன்றோ!

ஒவ்வொரு நாட்டினரும், தத்தமக்கு சுதந்திரம் வாங்கித் தந்த உத்தமரைப் போற்றிப் புகழ்வது புதுமையன்று. ஆயின் நம் கர்ந்தியடிகளோ நம் தேசத் தந்தையாக மட்டுமே யல்லாது, உலகமே போற்றும் உத்தமராக விளங்குவதற்குக் காரணம், ‘கத்தியின்றி இரத்த மின்றி யுத்தமொன்று நடத்தி சுதந்திர வரலாற்றிலேயே, இதுவரை கண்டிராததொரு மகத்தான புரட்சியை அவர் நடத்தி வெற்றி கண்டதேயாகும். ‘சூரியனே அஸ்தமிக்காத தொரு மகத்தான சாம்ராஜ்யத்தின் தலைகளினின்று விடுதலைபெற, கத்தியோ, இரத்தமோ தேவையில்லை; அஹிம்ஸையொன்றே போதுமானது’ எனக் கூறி கோடானுகோடி மக்களையும் தம் அறவழியிலே நடத்திச் சென்ற மாபெருந் தளபதியல்லவோ நம் அண்ணல்!

சரித்திரத்தின் ஏடுகளைச் சற்றே புரட்டிப் பார்ப்போமேயானால் கோடிக்கணக்கான மக்களின் உயிர்களைப் பனியாக்கி, அதன் அஸ்திவாரத்தில் சர்வாதிகாரிகளால் எழுப்பப்பட்ட சாம்ராஜ்யங்கள் எதுவுமே நிலைத்து நின்றதாக நாம் காணமுடியாது. போர், போர் என வெறிகொண்டு அலைந்த ஹிட்லர், நெப்போலியன் போன்றோரது கதி என்னவாயிற்று? அசோகரது மகத்தான வெற்றி அவருக்கு மகிழ்ச்சியைத் தருவதற்கு மாறாக பெரும் மனமாற்றத்தையே அல்லவோ விளைவித்தது? அதன் விளைவாகவேயன்றோ புத்தமதம் நாடெங்கணும் பரவி அஹிம்ஸையைப் போதித்தது? ஆகவே, வெற்றியால் விளையும் புகழிலே மயக்கங்கொண்டு போரிலே ஈடுபட்டு உயிர்களைக் கொன்று குவிப்பினும், ஒவ்வொரு வீரனது மனநிலையும், அசோகனது உள்ளுணர்வை ஒத்ததாகத்தான் இருக்கும் என்பதில்

சிறிதும் ஐயமில்லை. ஏனெனில், மறம் மிகுந்த வீரனாயிருப்பினும் அவனுள்ளும் இருப்பது மனித இதயமே.

ஆயின் மனச்சாட்சி எழுப்பும் இக்குரலை ஒரு சிறிதும் மதியாது நாகரிகம் சிறிதுமற்ற ஒருவரையொருவர் அடித்து வயிற்றை உண்ணுகின்ற காட்டுமிராண்டிகளைப்போன்று போரிலேயே நாட்டம் செலுத்துகின்றன உலக நாடுகள். விண்ணையே சாடுமளவிற்கு முன்னேற்ற மடைந்திருந்தபோதிலும், ஒன்றுமறியா மக்களைப் போன்று, இலட்சக் கணக்கில் மனித உயிர்களை விழுங்கும் இழிவான போர்ச் செயலில் அவை ஈடுபட்டுள்ளன. பொருமையும். போட்டி மனப்பான்மையும் கொண்டு, ஆயுதங்களைப் பெருக்கிக்கொண்டு, இவ்விதம் வல்லரசுகள் நடத்திக்கொண்டிருக்கும் பலப்பீட்சைக்கு இலக்காகி அல்லலுறுவது ஒரு பாவமுமறியா பொதுமக்களையன்றோ?

மாபெருஞ் செல்வம் படைத்த நாடுகள் இங்ஙனம், அணுகுண்டு முதலான போர்க் கருவிகளைத் தயாரிப்பது ஒருபுறமிருக்க, பொருளாதார நிலையிலே மிகவும் பின்தங்கிய சிறு நாடுகளும் கூட, கண்ணை விற்றுச் சித்திரம் வாங்குவதுபோல் ஈடுபடுவது எத்துணை பரிதாப கரமான நிலை! ஆயின் நம் பாரதமோ, அன்பே தெய்வமாக, அஹிம்ஸையே மதமாக வாழ்ந்த அண்ணலவர்களது வழிநின்று, உலகிற்கே நல்லதோர் படிப்பினையைப் புகட்டி வருகின்றது. 'ஆக்கவேலையின் பொருட்டுப் பயன்படுத்த வேண்டிய அனுசுத்தியை அழிவிற்காக நாங்கள் ஒருபோதும் பயன்படுத்தமாட்டோம்' என பறைசாற்றிக்கொண்டே கம்பீரமாக நிற்கிறது, நமது டிராம்பே அனுசுத்தி நிலையம்.

ஆயின் ஆயுதக் குறைப்பு மட்டுமே அஹிம்ஸையின் பொருளன்று; அமைதியான உள்ளத்திலேதான் உண்மை புலப்படுமாதலின் முதற்கண் வேண்டப்படுவது அமைதியான இதயமேயாகும்.

அயல்நாட்டைச் சார்ந்த ஒருவர் நம் நாட்டு மதத் தலைவர் ஒருவரையணுகி, "உலகிலுள்ள ஆயுதங்கள் அனைத்தையும் ஆழ்கடலில் எறிந்துவிட்டால் அமைதி ஏற்பட்டுவிடுமல்லவா? என வினவ, அதற்கு அம்மதருரு. மனிதனுக்கு, மனக்கொந்தளிப்பு அடங்கி, அமைதியும், அன்பும், சாந்தமும் ஏற்படாதவரையில் சிறு துறும்பொன்றே உலகை அழிக்கப் போதுமானது' என பதிலிறுத்தாராம். ஆகவே தனி மனிதன் ஒவ்வொருவனது உள்ளத்திலும் அமைதி மனப்பான்மை வளருமேயானால் அவ்வொன்றின்மூலமே மாபெரும் பிரச்சினைக்கு நாம் ஒரு தீர்வு கண்டுவிட முடியும்.

"இந்தியா அஹிம்ஸையின் மூலம்தான் கடைத்தேற முடியும், அதே அஹிம்ஸையினால் தான் அது உலகத்தையும் வாழ்விக்க இயலும்," இதுவே அரசியல் ரூபினியாம் அண்ணலவர்கள் உவந்தளித்த, இன்று நாம் நினைவுகூறத்தக்க, பொன்மொழிகளாகும்.

நமது சுதந்திரம் அஹிம்ஸையெனும் அஸ்திவாரத்தில் எழும்பிய கற்கோட்டை; அதை எவராலும் தகர்க்க முடியாது என்பதே நம் அசையாத நம்பிக்கை. அண்ணலவர்கள் காட்டித் தந்த அவ்வஹிம்ஸா மார்க்கத்தைப் பின்பற்றி உய்யுமாறு உலக நாடுகளை அறை கூவி அழைத்து, நாம் பெற்ற இன்பத்தை இவ்வையகமும் அடையச் செய்வோமாக!

J. MAHALAKSHMI,
II B.A. Indian Music

காஞ்சி தந்த செம்மல்



காஞ்சி தந்த எஞ்சலில் புகழுரு !
காட்சிக் கெளியர் : எளிமையின் திருவுரு !
மாட்சித் திறமெலாம் ஆட்சியிற் கண்டோம் !
சாட்சியும் வேண்டுமோ அவர்மாண் பிற்கே !
அறிஞர். நாவலர் நானில மதனைச்
செறியப் பிணிக்கும் கலைஞர், எளியார்க்
குற்ற துணைவர் ஏழை தோழன் !
மன்பதை போற்றும் தலைவன், அயலார்
போற்றும் மேதை என்றின் னவாறு
ஒருவரில் பலரைக் கண்டது தமிழகம் !
ஒருவரைக் கொண்டு இறும்பூ தடைந்தது !
தெள்ளு தீந்தமிழ் வள்ளுவ விளக்கம் !
சொல்லோர் உழவன் சோர்விலன் அஞ்சான்
அவனை இகல்வெலல் அரிது என்ற
பொன்மொழி தனக்குச் சான்றே அன்றோ !
எண்ணிய எண்ணியாங் கெய்துவர் எண்ணியர்
திண்ணிய ராகப் பெறின் என்றதோர்
தண்டமிழ் மொழிக்குத் தகைசால் சான்று !
காட்சிக் கெளியன் கடுஞ்சொல் வனல்லன்
அவனை மிக்க றுநிலம் என்ற
செந்தமிழ்ப் பாடற் சான்று அவரே !
பண்பின் கொள்கல மாகத் திகழ்ந்த
அண்ணு வெணும்பெயர் சொல்ல என்றுமே
அண்ணிக் கும்நா இனையோர்க் குலகிலே !

வள்ளுவ மாலையில் ஒரு மலர்

திக்கெல்லாம் திருக்குறள் பேசப்படும் காலம் இது. குறளை மேற்கோள் காட்டாத எழுத்தாளர்களையோ பேச்சாளரையோ இற்றைய நாளையில் காண்பதரிது. மேலைநாடு



களிலும் கீழைநாடுகளிலும் குறளை அவ்வவர் மொழியில் மொழிபெயர்த்துப் பயில விரும்புகின்றனர். போப் முதல் சுவைட்சர் வரையுள்ள மேலைநாட்டுப் பேரறிஞர்கள் வள்ளுவ மேதைக்கு வணக்கம் செலுத்துகின்றனர். இத்தாலி நாட்டு வீரமாமுனிவர் தமிழில் பாடிய 'தேம்பாவணி' என்ற காவியத்தில் குறள் மணிகளை மணிமிடைப் பவளமாகக் கோத்துத் தந்து வள்ளுவரை மனத்தால் ஏத்துகிறார். ஏன்? நீதியின் முதற்குரல் திருக்குறள். அறிவோடு உணர்ச்சி உறவாரும் உயிர்க் கவிதை நூல்; வள்ளுவர் நூல். அது ஒரு கருத்துக் கருவூலம், கவிதைத் திருக்கோலம், தமிழ்ச் சிந்தனையாளர்களின் இலக்கிய பொதுச் சொத்து. அதனற்றான் பாரதி,

“வள்ளுவன் தன்னை

உலகினுக்கே தந்து
வான்புகழ் கொண்ட தமிழ்நாடு”

என வாயார வாழ்த்துகிறார். அள்ள அள்ளக் குறையாததும் கொள்ளக் கொள்ள கொடுத்துக் கொண்டே இருப்பதுமான வள்ளல் நூல் வள்ளுவம். இவ்வாறு 'ஓதற்கு எளிதாய் உணர் தற்கு அரிதாகி' விழுமிய உணர்வுக் கருவூலமாய் விளங்கும் இக்காவிய மாலையில் 'ஒப்புர வறிதல்' என்னும் மலரின் மணத்தைச் சிறிது நுகருவோம்.

அதிகார நோக்கம்:—சமுதாயம் அமைதியும் ஒழுங்கும் பெற்று முன்னேற வேண்டுமானால், ஒவ்வொருவரும் உணவும், உடையும், உறையுளும் பெற்று மனநிறைவோடு வாழ வேண்டும். பலர், நிறைந்த பொருளும் வாய்ப்பும் பெற்று வாழச் சிலர் ஒரு பொழுது உணவுக்கூட இன்றி வாழ நேரின் பொது வாழ்வில் போரும் குழப்பமும் நேரிடும். இக்குறை நாட்டு முன்னேற்றத்திற்குத் தடையாய் நிற்கும். இங்ஙனம் நோக்கின் எல்லோரும் இன்புற்று வாழ வல்ல பொருள் வாழ்வே, பொது வாழ்வு செம்மையாக அமைவதற்கு அடிப்படை எனலாம். இன்றைய இந்திய நாட்டு அரசியலார் 'சமநிலைச் சமுதாயம்' என்பதனைச் சமுதாயத்தின் முழுமையானதும், அமைதியானதும் ஒழுங்குபட்டதுமான நல்வாழ்வை நோக்கியே வகுத்துள்ளனர். இத்தகைய சமுதாயப் பெருவாழ்வு நன்கு இயங்குதற்குரிய வண்ணம் தனிமகன் தன் உடைமைகளைப் பல்வேறு வகையாலும் சமுதாயத்

திற்குப் பயன்படுத்தும் நெறியினையே வள்ளுவர் 'ஒப்புரவறிதல்' என்னும் அதிகார வாயிலாக விளக்குகின்றார்.

அன்பு வழி பிறப்பது அருள், அருள் அரும்ப ஈகை மலர ஒப்புரவு, மணம் பரப்பி நிற்கும் - இன்றைய பாரத நாட்டு நிலை உயர எத்திசை நோக்கினும் "சமூகத் தொண்டு" என்ற தலைப்பின்கீழ் அரசியல் துறையிலும், சமயத் துறையிலும் அனைவரும் தத்தம் நிலைக் கேற்பப் பணிபுரிதலைக் காண்கிறோம். இத்தகைய 'பிறர் பணி' என்பதை இரண்டாயிரம் ஆண்டுகட்கு முன்பே கிறிஸ்துநாதர் போதித்தார் - வாழ்ந்தும் காட்டினார்.

"மனுமகன் பணிவிடை கொள்ள வராமல் பணிவிடை செய்யவும்
அநேகருடைய இரட்சணியமாகத் தன் பிராணனைக் கொடுக்கவும் வந்தார்
(மத். 20 - 28)

தெய்வப்புலவர் திருவள்ளுவரும் தம்பொய்யாமொழியில் இக்கருத்தினைப் பொருத்தியுள்ளார். ஆனால் அதன் மேன்மையைத் தனி மனிதன் ஒவ்வொருவனும் உணர்ந்து, தன்னலங்கருதாது பிறர்பணியில் ஈடுபட்டிருந்தால், நம் பாரத நாடும் அமெரிக்கா, இங்கிலாந்து போன்ற நாடுகளோடு சரிநிகர் சமானமாகத் திகழும்.

தம்மை மறந்து, தமக்கென ஒரு பயனும் கருதாது, பிறர் வாழ்வையே தம் வாழ்வாகக் கருதி உலகப்பணி செய்வோர் மிகச் சிலரே ஆயினும் எப்பயனும் கருதாது உலகிற்கு ஒளி நல்கும் பகலவன் போன்றும், மழை பொழியும் பெரும் முகில் போன்றும், பயன்கருதாப் பணிபுரிந்துள்ளனர், பொல்லாத பகைவர், தன்னைச் சிலுவையில் அறைந்து கொன்ற போதும் "இறைவா இவர்களை மன்னியும்" எனப் பகைவருக்குப் பரிந்து பேசிய இயேசு பெருமானுக்குக் கைம்மாறு செய்ய நம்மால் இயலுமோ? பொன்னும் பொருளும் நிறைந்த இன்ப மாளிகையைப் பொன்னுலான சிறை' எனக் கூறி உலகிற்கு உண்மை உணர்த்திய புத்தர் பெருமானுக்கும் செல்வக் குடியில் பிறந்தும் வசதியாக வாழாது பாரதத் தாய்க்கு வாழ்வளிக்கக் கத்தியின்றி இரத்தமின்றி யுத்தம் செய்த தியாகச் செம்மல் காந்தியடிகட்கும் என்ன கைம்மாறு செய்ய வல்லோம்? ஏதுமில்லை.

"கைம்மாறு வேண்டா கடப்பாடு மாரிமாட்
டென்னாற்றுங் கொல்லோ உலகு"

என்று பிறர் பணி செய்வோரின் உள்ளப் பாங்கினை வியத்தகு முறையில் வள்ளுவர் காட்டு கின்றார். ஒப்புரவாளர் ஆற்றும் தொண்டு மாநிலத்தோர் அனைவருக்கும் பொதுவாகும்.

இதுமட்டுமல்ல, 'சங்க நூல்கள்' என்னும் தங்கப் பேழையைத் திறந்து பார்த்தால் "செல்வத்துப் பயனே ஈதல்" என்ற உயர்ந்த கருத்துடன் வாழ்ந்த பழந் தமிழரின் நற் பண்புகள் பொன் எழுத்துக்களில் பொறிக்கப்பட்டிருப்பதைக் காணலாம். நெய்தல் நில உப்பைக் கொடுத்து மருதநில நெல்லைப் பெற்றும், குறிஞ்சித் தேனைக் கொடுத்து முல்லை நில நெய்யும் வெண்ணெயும் பெற்று மகிழ்ந்த காலம் அப் பொற்காலம். சேர்த்து வைப்பதிலும் கொடுத்து மகிழ்வதையே நற்பேறுகக் கொண்டான் பழந் தமிழன். இவ்வுயர்ந்த பண்பாட் டினைத்தான் நாயனார்,

"தாளாற்றித் தந்த பொருளெல்லாந் தக்கார்க்கு
வேளாண்மை செய்தற் பொருட்டு"

என்றும்,

“புத்தேள் உலகத்தும் ஈண்டும் பெறலரிதே
ஒப்புரவின் நல்ல பிற”

என்றும் சங்ககாலம் என்னும் பொற்காலத்துத் தமிழ்ச் சமுதாய நிலைகளைக் காட்டுகின்றார் பொய்யாமொழித் தேவர்.

இத்தகைய ஒப்புயர்வற்ற ஒப்புரவினை மூன்று படிகளாகப் பிரித்து நோக்கின் அவை அறிவிடையான் ஒப்புரவு, நயனுடையான் ஒப்புரவு, பெருந்தகையான் ஒப்புரவு என மும் மணிகளாகத் தோன்றும். முன்னதை,

“ஊருணி நீர் நிறைந்தற்றே உலகவாம்
பேரறிவாளன் திரு”

எனவும், இரண்டாம் நிலையினை,

“பயன்மரம் உள்ளார் பழுத்தற்றூற் செல்வம்
நயனுடையான் கட்படி”

என்றும், அதனினும் மிகச் சிறந்த மூன்றாம் நிலையினை,

“மருந்தாகித் தப்பா மரத்தற்றூற் செல்வம்
பெருந்தகையான் கட்படி”

எனவும் வள்ளலாகிய வள்ளுவரே பகுத்துக் கூறுகின்றார். ஒப்புரவின் மிக விழுமிய நிலையாகிய தியாகப் பண்பினையே வள்ளுவர் பெருந்தகைமை எனக் குறிக்கின்றார் எனலாம். இத்தகைய தியாகச் செம்மல்கள் தாம் வறுமையுற்ற காலத்தும் ஒப்புரவின் தளராத குமண வள்ளல் போன்று தன்னையே ஈந்து மகிழும் பண்புடையார். இதற்கு ஏற்ற சான்றும் குறளில் இல்லாமல் இல்லை.

“இடனிற் பருவத்தும் ஒப்புரவிற் கொல்கார்
கடனறி காட்சி யவர்”

மனித வாழ்வின் நோக்கம் நற்செயல் புரிந்து நற்புகழை ஈட்டித் தானும் வாழ்ந்து பிறரையும் வாழச் செய்வதாம். “ஒன்றே குலம் ஒருவனே தேவன்” என்ற பொய்யாமொழிக் கேற்ப பிறவா யாக்கைப் பெரியோனிடம் அனைவரையும் செலுத்துவதே ஆகும். இவ்வுலக வாழ்விற்கும் மறுமை வாழ்வாகிய வீட்டின்பத்திற்கும் அன்பு நெறி இன்றியமையாததாகிறது. இவ்வன்பு, மக்கள் உள்ளத்தில் முகிழ்த்தால் தியாக உணர்வு பிறக்கும். தியாகத்தின் வழி பிறப்பது ஊக்கமும் உளவலிமையும் உண்மையிற் பற்றும் ஆகும். இத்தகைய அழியாப் புகழ்பெற்ற நம் முன்னோர்களைப் பின்பற்றி ஒப்புரவினைச் செய்து வாழ்க என்று கூறி முடிக்கின்றார் தெய்வப்புவர்.

“ஒப்புரவினால் வருங்கேடெனின் அஃதொருவன்
விற்றுக்கொள் தக்க துடைத்து.”

உயரிய உணர்வுகளை உணர்ந்து வாழ்வதற்குரிய உயரிய நெறிகளைக் கற்பனையின் துணை கொண்டு உணர்த்துவதே கவிதை” என்னும் ரஸ்கின் கூற்றுப்படி, காலம் மாறினும் தான் மாறாத நல்லுணர்வுகளை உயிரெனக் கொண்டு விளங்குகிறது, குறள். இந்த அன்பும் தியாகப் பண்பும் இன்றைய உலகிற்குத் தேவையா - அவற்றின் ஆற்றலை உணருகிறோமா? தெய்வப் புலவர் கூற்று நம் உள்ளத்தில் ஊன்றிப் பதிந்துள்ளதா?—என்பன சிந்திக்க வேண்டுவன!

சகோதரி செசீவியா
இரண்டாம் ஆண்டு
இளங்கலை வகுப்பு

மறக்க முடியாத அந்த மாலைப்பொழுது

ஆம், அது மறக்கமுடியாத ஒரு மாலைப்பொழுதுதான். அரையாண்டுத் தேர்வு விடுமுறைக்குக் கிராமத்திலுள்ள என் வீட்டிற்குச் சென்றவர் ஒரு நாள் மாலைநேரம், பொழுதுபோக்காக எங்கள் தோட்டத்தின் பக்கமாகப் புறப்பட்டேன். துணைக்கு எனக்குப் பிடித்தமான 'பாரதிதாசன் கவிதைகள்' தொகுப்பையும் எடுத்துக்கொண்டேன். அப்பொழுது மணி ஐந்தரை இருக்கும். கதிரவன் தன் ஓளியிடு பொன்னிறக் கதிர்களால் பூமியைப் பொன்னிறமாக்கிக் கொண்டிருந்த நேரம். ஏரிக்கரையின் பக்கமாக நடந்து வந்து வழக்கமாக நாள் அமரும் மணற்குன்றின்மீது அமர்ந்தேன். எதிரே வயலில் பச்சைப் பசேலென வளர்ந்திருந்த நெல் நாற்றுக்கள் அப்பொழுது வீசிய தென்றலின் போக்கிற்கு ஏற்றவாறு தலையசைத்து நடனமாடின. கிணற்றிலிருந்து இறைக்கப்பட்டு ஓடையில் ஓடிவரும் நீரின் ஒலி கானமாக விழுகிறது காதில். அப்படியே ருளத்தின் பக்கம் பார்வையைத் திருப்பினேன். ஆதவன் மறையத் தொடங்கியதால் ருளத்திலிருந்த தாமரை மலர்கள் சிறிது சிறிதாகக் கூம்பத் தொடங்கின - பிரிந்து செல்லும் தலைவனுக்கு விடைகொடுக்கும் தலைவியின் முகம்போல.

இத்தகு இன்பச் சூழ்நிலையை ரசித்தவாறே கொண்டுவந்த கவிதைத் தொகுப்பை விரித்தேன். இரண்டு வரிகள் படித்திருப்பேன். அதற்குள் அண்ணாந்து வானத்தை நோக்கு கிறேன். ஆகா! என்ன அற்புதமான காட்சி. பகல் முழுவதும் இரைதேடும் பொருட்டு சுற்றி அலைந்துவிட்டு மாலையானதும் தன் இனத்தோடு இருப்பிடத்திற்குத் திரும்பிச் செல்லும் வெண்புருக் கூட்டம். அவைகளுக்குள் தான் என்ன ஒற்றுமை, என்ன உறவு, ஆற்றிவு படைத்த என் சகோதரர்களே! எங்கே உங்களிடம் இந்த ஒற்றுமையுணர்வு? இந்தப் புள்ளினங்களைக் கண்டேனும் கற்றுக்கொள்ளுங்கள்.

கையில் ஏதோ அழுந்துகிறது. பார்க்கிறேன். அது நாள் வரும்பொழுது எடுத்து வந்த அவல்பொரி. அதிலிருந்து ஒரு கையளவு எடுத்து வீசுகிறேன். ஓடிவந்து அமர்கிறது ஒரு காகம். வந்தமர்ந்த காகம் தனித்துண்ண விரும்பவில்லை. காகா..... என்று கரைந்து தன் இனத்திற்கு அழைப்பு விடுக்கிறது. அதன் குரல் கேட்டு ஓடிவருகின்றது அதன் சுற்றம். தன் சுற்றம் வந்துவிட்ட மகிழ்ச்சியில் மீண்டும் மீண்டும் காகா என்று கரைந்து கொண்டே இனத்தோடு பகிர்ந்து உண்டு மகிழ்கிறது அந்தக் காகம். என்னே அதன் பருத்துண்ணும் பண்பு. சகோதரர்களே! பாருங்கள் அதன் பருத்துண்ணும் பண்பை. நினைக்கும்பொழுது வெட்கமாக இருக்கிறது. மக்கள் இனத்தின் ஒரு பகுதி வயிரூ உண்ண உணவின்றி, மானத்தை மறைக்க நல்ல உடையின்றி, தலைசாய்க்க ஒரு இடயின்றி மழையிலும், ருளிரிலும், வெயிலிலும் வாடுகின்றதே அதன் குறையைப் போக்க நீங்கள் என்ன செய்துள் ளீர்கள்? அவர்கள் பசியில் சாகத் துடித்துக்கொண்டிருக்கும்பொழுது நீங்களோ அறுசுவை உணவு உண்டு மகிழ்கிறீர்கள். அவர்கள் மானத்தை மறைக்க நல்ல உடையின்றிக் கந்தலால் அறைகுறையாக மறைத்துக்கொண்டு வாழ்கையில், உங்கள் வீட்டுக் கதவுகளும், சன்னல் களும், விலையுயர்ந்த திரைச்சீலைகளால் அலங்கரிக்கப்பட்டிருக்கின்றன. வெளியுலகைக் காண என்று அமைக்கப்பட்ட சன்னல்களுக்குத் திரைச்சீலைகளைப் போடுவதன்மூலம் உங்கள் சகோதரர்களின் நிலையைக் காணமுடியாத குருடர்களாக இருக்கிறீர்கள். அவர்கள் வாழ

ஒரு சிறு குடிசைகூட இல்லாத நிலையில், வீதியிலும், நடைபாதையிலும் படுத்துறங்கும் பொழுது நீங்களோ மாளிகையில், பட்டுமெத்தையில் உறங்குகிறீர்கள். உங்களுக்குப் பகிர்ந்துகொடுக்க மனம் வரவில்லை. உங்கள் சகோதரர்களுக்குக் கொடுத்துவிட உங்களிடையே சமத்துவத்தை ஏற்படுத்த நுழைகிறது, அரசாங்கம். தேவைக்கு அதிகமானதை வலிய எடுக்கிறது உங்களிடம் இருந்து. நீங்கள் மனமின்றி - வழியின்றிக் கொடுக்கிறீர்கள். சில சமயம் ஏமாற்றவும் செய்கிறீர்கள். அதில் ஓரளவு வெற்றியும் அடைகிறீர்கள். அப்படி உங்களிடம் இருந்து எடுக்கப்பட்ட செல்வம் முழுவதும் உங்கள் எளிய சகோதரன் ஏற்றம் காண - வருந்துகின்ற சகோதரன் வாழ்வு காண - உழைக்கின்ற சகோதரன் உயர்வு காண உதவுகின்றதா? அதுவும் இல்லை. உங்கள் சகோதரர்களின் ஒரு சாராரே அதில் பாதிக்கு மேல் விழுங்கிவிடுகின்றனர். பார்த்தீர்களா? உங்கள் சகோதரர்கள் இருக்கும் பலதரப் பட்ட நிலையை. இருக்கின்ற நீங்கள் ஏன் முன்வந்து உங்களிடம் அதிகமாக உள்ளதை வழங்கக் கூடாது? பகிர்ந்து கொடுக்கக் கூடாது? காக்கை இனம் போன்ற வாழ்வு வாழ என்று கற்றுக்கொள்ளப் போகிறீர்கள்?

பாருங்கள்! இறைவன் உங்களுக்காக எத்தனை பரந்த உலகத்தைப் படைத்திருக்கின்றான். அதில் தான் எத்தனை எத்தனை கோடி இன்பங்கள். எல்லாம் உங்களுக்காக, உங்கள் இன்பத்திற்காக, உங்களுக்கு அறிவூட்டுவதற்காக என்பதை உணர்ந்தீர்களா? ஐந்தறிவு உள்ள சிட்டுக்குருவி நடத்தும் வாழ்க்கையைப் பாருங்கள். எப்படி இன்பமான ஒற்றுமையான அன்பு வாழ்க்கை என்று. ஆறறிவு படைத்த உங்கள் வாழ்க்கையில் அன்பில்லை ஒற்றுமையில்லை. பகுத்துண்ணும் பண்பில்லை,

உங்கள் நிலை இப்படி இருக்க அதை உணராமல், 'நாகரிகமடைந்து விட்டேன்' என்று மார்த்தடிப் பறை சாற்றுகிறீர்கள். எது நாகரிகம்? புற நாகரிகமா? அகப் பண்பாடா? நன்றாகச் சிந்தித்துப் பாருங்கள். ஆழ்ந்து சிந்தித்துப் பாருங்கள், நாகரிகம் என்பது உள்ளத்து அகவளர்ச்சியே யன்றிப் புறவளர்ச்சியல்ல!

புறவாழ்க்கையில் நீங்கள் முன்னேறி விட்டீர்கள். ஆம், மாட மாளிகைகளை வான ஞாலிய கட்டிடங்களைக் கட்டத் தெரிந்து கொண்டீர்கள். வாய்க்குச் சுவையாக அறுசுவை உண்டியைச் செய்யக் கற்றுக் கொண்டீர்கள். வண்ண வண்ண ஆடைகளைத் தயாரிக்கக் கற்றுக்கொண்டீர்கள். இன்னும் சிறிது காலத்தில் அம்புலியிலும் ஆட்சி நடத்தப் போகிறீர்கள். இது மட்டும் நாகரிகமாகி விடுமா? உங்கள் அக வாழ்க்கையைச் சிறிது கூர்ந்து நோக்குங்கள். அது வளர்ச்சி பெற்றுள்ளதா? இல்லை. முன்னிருந்த நிலையிலிருந்தும் தாழ்ந்துவிட்டது. வெறும் புற வளர்ச்சியைக் கொண்டுவிட்டு நாகரிகமடைந்து விட்டோம் என்று கூறிவிடலாமா?

அன்று மாற்றுகோடு போர் புரியும்பொழுது ஒத்த வயது, ஒத்த வலிமை பெற்றவனோடு நேருக்கு நேர் நின்று சமர் புரிந்தீர்கள். இன்று மறைந்திருந்து மாற்றானுக்குத் தெரியாமல் அவனை வீழ்த்துகிறீர்கள் 'கொரில்லாப் போர்' முறையில் இதுவா முன்னேற்றம்? இதுவா நாகரிகம்? அன்று வருந்தி வருந்தி விருந்தினர்களை அழைத்து உபசரித்தீர்கள். விருந்தோம்பலில் சிறப்புப் பெற்றீர்கள். இன்று இம்மியளவுகூட அடுத்தவனுக்கு, இல்லை, இல்லை உங்கள் சகோதரனுக்குக் கொடுக்க மனம் வரவில்லை. இதுவா முன்னேற்றம்? இதுவா நாகரிகம்? இன்று உங்கள் வாழ்க்கையில் அன்பில்லை, அருளில்லை, நீதியில்லை, நேர்மையில்லை. இவை இல்லாமல் இருக்கும் வாழ்க்கைக்குத்தான் 'நாகரிக வாழ்க்கை' என்ற நாமமா? "ஆம், இவ்வளவு தூரம் உன் இனத்தையே திட்டுகிறாயே நீ என்ன நன்மையைச் செய்துவிட்டாய் உன் சகோதரர்கள் நல்வாழ்விற்கு. அவர்கள் வாழ்வு மலர, வாழ்க்கைத் தரம் உயர என்ன செய்துள்ளாய்?" திடுக்கிட்டுக் குரல் எங்கிருந்து கேட்கிறது என்று சுற்று முற்றும் பார்க்கிறேன்.

“அங்கும் இங்கும் ஏன் பார்க்கிறாய்? தெரியவில்லையா நான் யாரென்று? நான் தான் மனசாட்சி” மீண்டும் கேட்கிறது.

“நீ என்ன செய்துள்ளாய்?”

“நான்..... நான்..... பிதற்றுகிறேன் இதுவரை ஏதாவது செய்திருந்தால் அல்லவா சொல்லுவதற்கு, மௌனமாகிறேன்.”

சிரிக்கிறது என்னை நோக்கி.

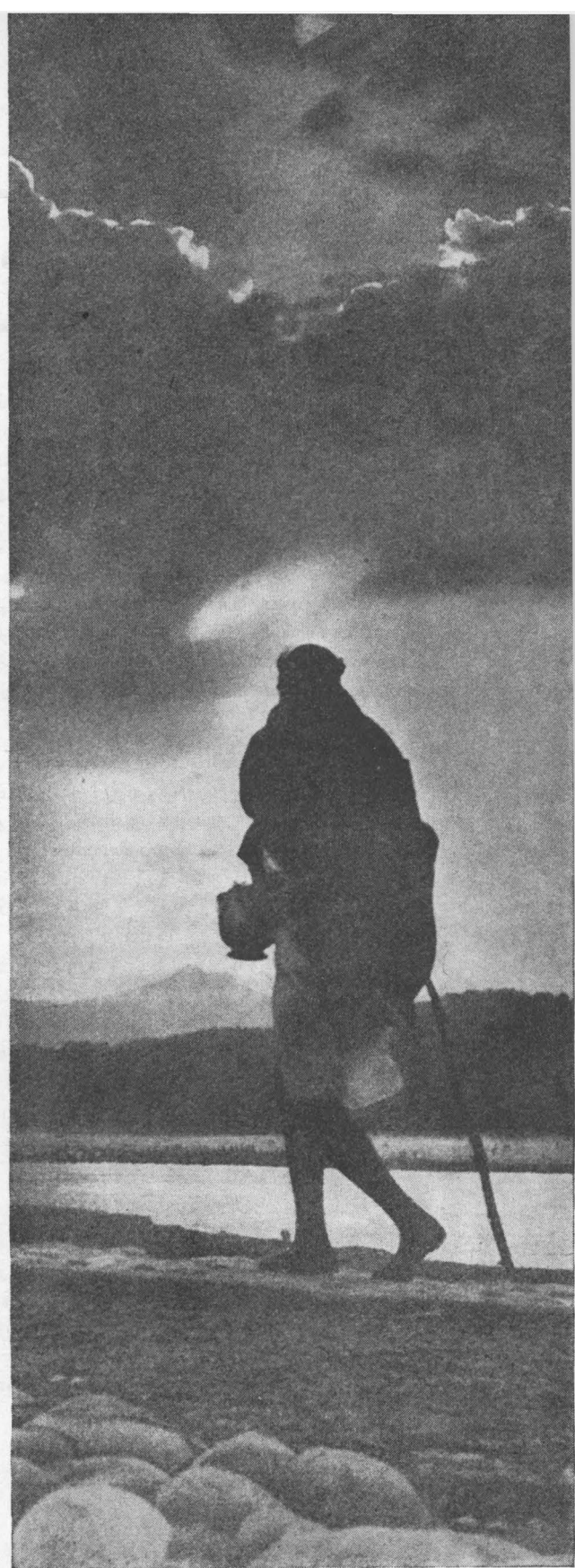
“ஏன் சிரிக்கிறாய்? இப்பொழுதுதான் என் இனத்தின் துயரை உணர்ந்துள்ளேன். இனிமேல்தானே பாடுபட வேண்டும். என் இனம் உயரப் பாடுபட உறுதிக்கொண்டு விட்டேன்”.

“நம்பலாமா? அவ்வப்பொழுது எடுத்துப் பின் கைவிடும் உறுதியல்லவே?” உள் ளிருந்து கேட்கிறான். என்னுள்ளே இருந்து என்னை நற்பாதையில் செலுத்தும் உயர்விக்கும் ஊக்குவிக்கும் ஆருயிர் நண்பன்.” “உறுதி யாக நம்பலாம்” உறுதியைப் பெற்றுக் கொண்டு மறைந்து விடுகிறான்.

என் சகோதரர்களின் வாழ்க்கைத் தரம் உயர, மலர, எப்படியும், எந்தச் சூழ்நிலை யிலும் பாடுபடவேண்டும். அதற்கு முதற்படி யாக யாதுசெய்யவேண்டும்” சிந்திக்கிறேன். தொடர்ந்த சிந்தனை ஆள் ஆரவம் கேட்கவே தடைபடுகிறது. “என்னம்மா இருட்டி விட் டது தெரியாமல் இங்கு என்ன செய்துகொண் டிருக்கிறாய்?” என்னைக் காணாது தேடிக் கொண்டு வந்த என் அன்புத்தந்தையின் குரல் கேட்டுத்தான் தெரிகிறது இருட்டிவிட்டது என்று. வாழ்க்கை ஏணியில் ஏறும்பொழுது என்னோடு என் இனத்தையும் அழைத்துச் செல்லவேண்டும் என்ற உறுதியோடு எழுந்து தந்தையுடன் நடக்கிறேன், என் அன்பு இல் லத்தை நோக்கி. என் உள்ளத்தின் உறுதி யைப் பிரதிபலிப்பதுபோல் நான் எடுத்து வைக்கும் ஒவ்வொரு அடியும் அழுத்தமாய் நிலத்தில் படிக்கின்றது.

என் வாழ்க்கைப் பாதையில் ஒரு புதிய திருப்பத்தை ஏற்படுத்தி வைத்த அந்த மாலைப் பொழுதை என்னால் மறக்க முடியுமா? நீங்களே சொல்லுங்கள்.

சு. சாகவதி, II எம். ஏ.
பொருளியல்.



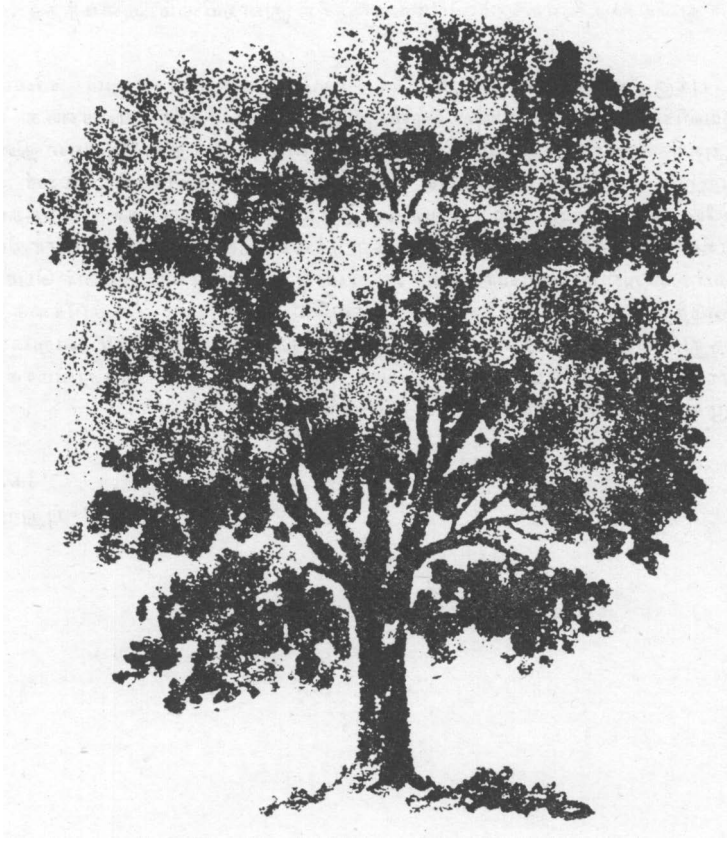
“இன்னொரு அம்ம இவ்வுலகம்”

உலகம் ஒரு நாடகமேடை. இவ்வரங்கம், பிறவரங்களைப் போன்று எளிய ஒன்றும் அன்று. சாதாரண மேடையில் ஒரு பொழுதில் ஒரு நாடகத்தின் ஒரு காட்சிதான் தோன்ற முடியும். ஆனால், இவ்வையகமாகிய விசித்திர மேடையில் நடிகர்களாய் மனிதர்கள் பலர் வந்து போகின்றனர். ஒவ்வொருவர் வாழ்க்கையும் ஒரு நாடகம். இந் நாடகங்கள் அனைத்தும் ஒரே வேளையில் யாங்கனும் நிகழ்கின்றன. ஓரிடத்தில் சோகக் காட்சி; ஓரிடத்தில் முறுவலில் மலரும் முகங்கள், ஒரே ஒரு நிமிடத் துளியை இவ்வாழ்க்கை பெருததியில் எடுத்துக் கொள்ளலாம். ஒரு நிமிடம், ஒரே ஒரு நிமிடம், சற்று நின்று, நம்மைச் சுற்றிப் பார்ப்போமாயின்.....எத்தனை காட்சிகள், எத்தனை கோலங்கள்! விதியென்னும் மாயக்கரம் உலகத் திரையில் தீட்டிச் செல்லும் காட்சிகள் எத்தனை எத்தனை! உலகின் ஒரு மூலையினின்று இன்னொரு மூலைவரை நின்று நோக்கத் தேவையில்லை. ஒரு நாட்டை, ஒரு ஊரை - அவ்வளவு ஏன், ஒரு தெருவை எடுத்துக் கொள்வோம்.

அதோ, அவ்வில்லின் கண்ணினின்றும் எழும் பேராரவாரம் யாதோ? அழகுரற் போலன்றோ ஒலி எழும்புகின்றது! என்னவென்று சற்று நெருங்கிப் பார்ப்போமா? நெருநல் இருந்து இன்றில்லாதவராக அவ்விட்டவர் ஒருவர் மாறினர் போலும்; இன்று இறந்துவிட்ட ஒருவருக்காக நாளை இறக்கப் போகின்ற பிறர் அழுகின்றனர். இது இயற்கையே. மரணம் என்றால் பிரிவு, உடலை விட்டு உயிர் பிரிகின்றது. அவ்வுயிருடன், உயிரணிய நண்பரோ, உறவினரோ பிரிகின்றனர். அந்தப் பிரிவுக்காக இவர்கள் அழுகின்றனர். பிரிவும், அழுகையும் என்றேனும் பிரிய முடியுமா? இவ்வழுகைக் குரல்களுக்கிடையே, தனித்து ஒலிக்கிறது ஒருகுரல். அக்குரலுக்குரியவள், இறந்துபட்ட அவ்வில்லத் தலைவரை, அம்மி மிதித்து, அருந்ததி பார்த்து, தீயின் திருமுன் மணந்தவள். அவள் நெஞ்சத்து ஓலம்தான் இது. மையுண்ட கண்கள் பொழிகின்ற நீர், மார்பகத்துப் பொருந்திய நகைகளை நனைக்கு மாறு அந்நங்கை நல்லாள் கதறுகின்றாள். அவள் மண்ணினை மண்ணுநீர் ஆட்டும் கண்ணாள். அவளுக்குக் காட்டுவதொன்றுமில்லை; பொற்றூவியோடு எல்லாம் போன இழப்பு அவளுடையது. குரல்களுக்கிடையே, நெய்தலாகிற சாவுப் பறை முழங்குகின்றது. இங்கே ஓர் உயிரின் பிரிவிற்காக முழங்கும் பறை முழங்கிய வண்ணமிருக்க, நாம் சற்றுத் தள்ளிச் செல்வோமா?

இவ்விடத்தினின்றும் பெருமுழக்கம் கிளம்புகிறது. ஆயின் இது, வேறுவகை ஒலி, வேறுவகை ஆரவாரம். இங்கே பூவை அணிந்த பூவையர்கள் முகங்களில் பூக்குப் புள்ள கையின் பூரிப்பால் இல்லமெங்கும் புதுமகிழ்வு பொலிகின்றது. இத்தனை மகிழ்வும் எதற்காக? இனவளர்ச்சிக்குக் கால்கோளான மணவாழ்வில் மக்களை ஈடுபடுத்தும் மங்கள விழா இவண் நடக்கின்றது. மங்கள முழவம் இங்கே முழங்குகின்றது. அம்மங்கள முழவின் வைகறைப் பாணி ததும்ப, ‘நிலவைப் பிடித்து சில கறைகள் துடைத்து குறுநகையைத் தரித்த முகத்து மங்கையும் அவள் மணவாளனும் பூவணி அணிகின்றனர். இங்கு பொங்கிடும் மகிழ்வுக்கு எல்லை ஏது?’

ஒருபால் கூடல் ; மறுபால் பிரிவு ; வாழ்வு முழுவதும் இணைந்து நிற்க இருவர் இணை
கின்ற இப்புறத்தில், மகிழ்வு வெள்ளமாய்ப் பொங்குகின்றது. வாழ்வு முழுவதும் இணைந்து
நிற்க வந்த துணையை இறப்பிலே ஒருயிர் இழக்க, துயரம் இங்கே பெருக்கெடுக்கின்றது.
என்ன உலகம் இது ! இவ்வுலகைப் படைத்த அப்பண்பிலாளன், எத்துணை கொடியவன் !
இங்கு வாழ்கின்ற நாம் செய்யத்தக்கதுதான் என்ன ? இனியவற்றைக் கண்டு உள்ளம்
இன்புகின்றது. இன்னாதவற்றைக் காணும்தோறும் நம் இதயம் பதைக்கின்றது. இந்நிலையில்
நாம் செய்யத்தக்கதுதான் என்ன ?



இவ்வினா இன்று தோன்றிய ஒன்றன்று. உலகம் தோன்றி, அதில் உயிர்கள் தோன்றி,
அவர்கட்கு இன்பமும், துன்பமும் தோன்றியது முதல், எல்லோர் மனத்திலும் எழுகின்ற ஒரு
கேள்வி இது. இக்கேள்வியும், இதன் பதிலும், சங்ககாலத்துத் தமிழ்ப்புலவராகிய
பக்குடுக்கை நன்கணியார் மனத்திலும் தோன்றியுள்ளது என்பதை, அன்றாரால் இயற்றப்
பெற்று, புறநானூற்றில் அமைத்துள்ள பாடல் ஒன்றினால் அறியலாம். அப்பாடல்,

“ஒரில் நெய்தல் கறங்க ஓர்இல்
 ஈர்ந்தண் முழுவின் பாணி ததும்பப்
 புணர்ந்தோர் பூவணி அணியப் பிரிந்தோர்
 பைதல் உண்கண் பனிவார்பு உறைப்பப்
 படைத்தோன் மன்றஅப் பண்பி லாளன்
 இன்னாது அம்மஇவ் வுலகம்
 இனிய காண்க இதன் இயல்புணர்ந் தோரே”

எனவமைந்துள்ளது. புறநானூற்றில் நூற்றுத் தொண்ணூற்று நான்காம் பாடல் இது. இப்பாடல், பொதுவியல் திணையிலும் பெருங்காஞ்சித் துறையிலும் அமைந்தது.

புலவர் பக்குடுக்கை நன்கணியார், இக்கேள்விக்குக் கூறும் விடை இதுவே : “இவ்வுலக இயல்பினை நன்கு உணர்ந்தவர், இனிய காட்சிகளையே காண்க” ‘இவ்வுலக இயல்பு’ என அவர் குறிப்பது. இனிமையும், இன்னுமையும் கலந்து இவண் நிறைந்திருக்கும் இயல்பே இவற்றுள் ‘இனியவற்றையே காண்க’ என நம்மிடம் புலவர் பகர்கின்றார். ‘இனியவற்றையே நம் சிந்தையில் நிறுத்தி இன்னுதனவற்றை நாம் மறத்தல்வேண்டும்’ என்பது புலவரின் கருத்து. இப்புலவர் பக்குடுக்கை நன்கணியார் சோதிடத் தொழில் மேற்கொண்டவர், வறுமையால் வாடியவர். இவரது வறுமையை, இவர் பெயருக்கு அடை மொழியாய் அமைந்த ‘பக்குடுக்கை’ என்ற சொல்லே விளக்கும்; பக்குடுக்கை என்ற சொல்லுக்கு, ‘சிதைந்து, நைந்துபோன ஆடை’ என்பது பொருள். தம் வறுமையால் உலக வாழ்வில் அவர் கண்ட துன்பங்கள், இப்பாடலில் ஓர் அற்புத தத்துவமாகப் பரிணமித்துள்ளன. அழகின்ற இதயத்திலிருந்து பிறப்பதல்லவா, தத்துவம்!

கே. ராதிகா
 புதுமுக வகுப்பு

सौंदर्य और अमरता का प्रतीक-रामचरितमानस

मनुष्य ईश्वर की कल्पना भिन्न-भिन्न रूपों में, भिन्न-भिन्न ढंगों से करता है। पर हर मनुष्य अवश्य दो तत्त्वों से भगवान का संबंध जोड़ता है; सौंदर्य और अमरता। भगवान चिर हैं; और वे सुंदरता के प्रत्यक्ष रूप हैं। इस भाँति सुंदरता और अमरता में अटूट संबंध स्थापित हुआ है।

यही संबंध तुलसी के अमर महाकाव्य रामचरितमानस में भी व्यक्त है, महाकाव्य के विषय रामकथा-में ही सौंदर्य और अमरता निहित हैं। भगवान की यह कथा चिर आकर्षक रहेगी। इसे तुलसी ने कविता का सुंदर रूप देकर अपने ग्रंथ को भी अमर बना दिया है।

तुलसी के लिए दिव्यता (अमरता) और सुंदरता अमेद हैं। उन्होंने स्वयं इस ग्रन्थ के गुणों का वर्णन करते हुए लिखा है कि इसमें भगवान राम का पवित्र चरित्र गाया गया है। यह पुनीत चरित्र, तुलसी की कला का जामा पहनकर अत्यंत आकर्षक हुआ जैसे सुंदर से सुंदर नारी अच्छे वस्त्र में शोभायमान होती है।

रामचरितमानस गोस्वामी तुलसीदास की प्रौढ़तम रचना है। यह हिन्दू समाज का सर्वश्रेष्ठ धर्मपुस्तक भी है। उसमें सभी वेद, शास्त्र, स्मृति, पुराण और गीता आदि के तत्त्व भरे हैं। महाकाव्य सात खण्डों में विभाजित है। बाल्यकाण्ड, अयोध्याकाण्ड, अरण्यकाण्ड, किष्किंधाकाण्ड, सुंदरकाण्ड, लंकाकाण्ड और उत्तरकाण्ड।

तुलसी के राम शक्ति, शील और सौंदर्य से प्रतिष्ठित हैं। वे पापियों का वध करते हैं और भक्तों की रक्षा में तत्पर हैं। वे आदर्श आता, पुत्र और स्वामी हैं और मर्यादा पुरुषोत्तम भी। वे अनन्त सौंदर्यधारी हैं, भक्तों को आकृष्ट करते हैं। गोस्वामी जी को अपने आराध्य देव की सुंदरता का परिचय कराने में विशेष आनन्द मिलता है। अकसर उन्होंने इसके लिए नख-शिख परिपाटी का ग्रहण किया है। श्री राम के चरित्र के द्वारा कवि ने समाज के सम्मुख एक आदर्श स्थापित किया है।

प्रबंधकार की दृष्टि से वे सर्वश्रेष्ठ हैं। उनका काव्य सुगठित है। उसमें कथा के मार्मिक और भाव-व्यंजक स्थलों का विशेष पहचान है। जनक-वाटिका में राम-सीता की प्रथम भेंट, धनुष यज्ञ, राम विवाह और वनगमन, चित्रकूट में राम-भरत का मिलाप, सीता हरण के समय राम का दुःख, आदि भावपूर्ण स्थलों का हृदयस्पर्शी वर्णन इसमें किया गया है।

वियोग की दशा में राम का करुण विलाप हृदय को द्रवित करने वाला है। वे पक्षियों, पशुओं और भौरों से पूछते फिरते हैं।

“हे खग मृग हे मधुकर श्रेणी ! तुम देखी सीता मृग नैनी ॥”

तुलसी मर्यादावादी कवि थे, उनका श्रृंगार वर्णन इसी के अनुकूल हुआ है। उन्होंने प्रेम को पवित्रता की सीमा तक पहुंचा दिया। राम-सीता का प्रेमबुद्धि, तर्क और संयम से सीमित है तथा लज्जा से अलंकृत है, विवाह के समय सीता का कंकन के नग में राम के रूप को अपलक निहारना पवित्र श्रृंगार वर्णन का उत्कृष्ट उदाहरण है। पुष्प-वाटिका में राम-सीता की प्रथम भेंट का वर्णन भी बड़ा पवित्र है।

“कंकन किंकिनि नूपुर धुनि सुनि । कहत लखन सन रामु हृदय गुनि ॥

मानहुँ मदन दुंदुभी दीन्ही । मनसा विश्व विजय कहूँ कीन्ही ॥”

तुलसी ने अपने पात्रों को विभिन्न परिस्थितियों में रखकर उनका मनोवैज्ञानिक चित्रण किया है। मानव-जीवन के हर अंग पर प्रकाश डालकर उन्होंने मनुष्य के हृदय का कोना-कोना छान लिया है। जीवन की प्रत्येक स्थिति के भावुकतापूर्ण निरूपण के कारण उनके काव्य में कई रसों की सरिता प्रवाहित हुई है। आचार्य शुक्ल के शब्दों में : “ऐसा कोई रस नहीं जिसका परिपाक उनकी कविता में न हुआ हो; ऐसा कोई भाव नहीं जिसकी व्यंजना उनकी कविता में न हुई हो।” ऐसी सर्वांगपूर्ण भावुकता केवल तुलसी में ही है।

संवाद की दृष्टि से भी यह काव्य उत्कृष्ट है। विशेषकर कैकेयी-मंथरा संवाद, रावण-अंगद संवाद, लक्ष्मण-परशुराम संवाद आदि बड़े सजीव हैं।

तुलसीदास समन्वयवादी थे। उन्होंने रामकथा का प्रबंध विस्तार इस चतुराई और मौलिकता से किया कि उसके अन्तर्गत सभी मतों और विचारधाराओं का समन्वय हो गया।

डा. बलदेव प्रसाद मिश्र ने 'मानस' की समन्वय भावना का बहुत सुंदर ढंग से वर्णन किया है : " इसमें गीता की अनासक्ति,....वैष्णवों का अनुराग, शैवों का वैराग्य, शंकराचार्य का अद्वैतवाद, रामानुज की भक्ति भावना,.....गोरख आदि योगियों का संयम, कबीर आदि संतों का नाम—महात्म्य ही नहीं, किंतु मुसलमानों का मानव बंधुत्व तथा सामूहिकत्व भी आदर सहित अपनाया गया है । ”

तुलसी की छन्द-योजना में भी यही समन्वयवाद व्यक्त है । रामचरितमानस की रचना उन्होंने ने जायसी की दोहा-चौपाई पद्धति में की ।

इस काव्य में अलंकारों का सहज और स्वाभाविक प्रयोग हुआ है । सुन्दर लम्बे रूपक रचने में वे सिद्धहस्त हैं । इसके अतिरिक्त उपमा, उत्प्रेक्षा, अनुप्रास, अतिशयोक्ति आदि अलंकार भी उनके काव्य में समा गए हैं । क कवि की यह कल्पना देखिये कि ब्रह्म की समस्त सृष्टि-कौशल सीता में ही प्रत्यक्ष है ।

“ जनु विरिंचि सब निज निपुनाई । विरचि बिख कहँ प्रगटि देखाई ॥ ”

धनुष यज्ञ के समय राम का रंगमंच की ओर बढ़ने का चित्र रूपक के द्वारा प्रस्तुत है ।

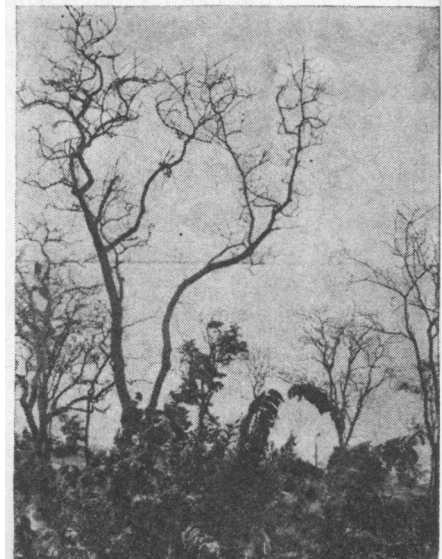
“ उदित उदयगिरि मंच पर, रगुवर बाल पतंग ।

विकसे संत सरोज सब. हरषे लोचन अंग ॥ ”

भाषा प्रवाहमयी और प्रौढ़ है । अवधी के पूर्वी और पश्चिमी, दोनों रूपों पर उन्होंने अपना अधिकार दिखाया है ।

अमर काव्य 'रामचरितमानस' हिन्दी साहित्य की विभूति है । उसने केवल भारतीय साहित्य में ही लोकप्रियता नहीं पायी बल्कि विश्व-ख्याति पायी है । रूसी और अंग्रेजी में इसका अनुवाद हो चुका है । ऐसे अद्वितीय काव्य पाकर हिन्दी साहित्य का उद्धार हुआ । श्री अयोध्यासिंह उपाध्याय 'हरिऔध' ने सच ही कहा ।

“ कविता करके तुलसी न लजे, कविता लसी,
पा तुलसी की कला । ”





P. O. Stella Maris

[It has become a kind of unspoken, but not unwritten, tradition that our Old Students' section of the magazine should contain excerpts of the letters received during the year from our alumnae far and wide. In this we are able to give news of them to our readers and to strengthen the bonds that bind Stella Marians together. This year our post has been voluminous and therefore we shall have to choose from among our many letters those which may prove the most interesting and those which will be sufficiently varied to give a general view of the numerous fields of activity in which our alumnae are engaged.]

MARY MOLE, B.SC., ZOOLOGY

I left London on the 14th September 1968 for Toronto and I hope to become a permanent resident of Canada. My original plan was to stay here for six months and I'm observing teaching methods in the local schools. So far we have had typically English weather - cold and wet. I visited Montreal last week end and it is a skin to London. I didn't attempt French as nearly everybody speaks English. Canada must be like the States - it is so big, big, big. It was an experience to hear the roar of the Falls. I believe it is a winter Fairyland when the icy cold weather visits. I am really looking forward to seeing this spectacle.

JENNIFER BRAGANZA, M.A., SOCIAL WORK

I've settled down more or less and decided to catch up on my letter writing. I am now staying in a hostel for working girls, run by the Daughters of Charity. There are quite a few Asian students here as well. This place is quite good for the amount we pay, and leaves me quite a bit for expenses. I have to get myself quite a few clothes which will stand up against Melbourne's weather. In one single day we see sun, rain, wind, cold, just everything. It's meant to be summer here now but it is still very cold. When it's a nice sunny day, everyone rushes madly outdoors in sun-suits and what have we, to get a sun tan. I think I'm about the only one who stays indoors then.

Sr. Dominic gave me Janaki's address to contact her. She is in a place called Bendigo which is in the Northern part of Victoria. I will write to her some time and it will be good to meet her too. Just today on my way back from the hospital, I bumped into two nice Indian families - the husbands work at the Melbourne University. They stay in a flat between my hospital and hostel and I have been invited to pop in any time.

HEMA RAMACHANDRAN,
B.A., LITERATURE

I meant to write to you soon after we reached here but was kept extremely busy shopping and setting up the house and so on. We at last settled down in our new home. Mpwapwa is a beautiful "village" town. It's really cool and pleasant out here all the time and I've really grown to like the place. However there are times when I miss city life and my friends. We are the only Indians on this campus. Every-



T. P. Sozila

body, especially the natives, are extremely friendly. There is a small club here and besides this there is not much social life. We have a lovely house and a nice big compound and we've started gardening in real earnest. Everything we planted is coming up quite well and that's really encouraging.

Most probably I will work in a secondary school here. These days it's rather difficult for a non-citizen to get a job.

DEVIHA ATHIMUTHU, M.A., LITERATURE
9th Sept. 1968.

I am at the moment at Kluang - teaching. I am sure you would like to know how I feel about teaching, well I must say that I did not realize teachers had such a lot of work to do, with preparing, teaching and marking.

I am taking English for Form V, Literature for Form V B.C.D., Literature for Form III, English for Form II and as the school is short of a history teacher - I am teaching Malayan History for Form IV, also Geography for Form II.

The school of course is efficiently run. The staff is pleasant and the headmaster is a patient man. On the whole life is interesting here. Once I get settled, I think I will quite like teaching. At the moment, there is too much work at hand.

SUDHA RAMESH, B.A., LITERATURE
Sept. 5th, 1968

It's a long time since I have left the campus of Stella Maris. It is now three years and for the past two years we (my husband, myself and my child) have been living in the United States.

I have continued my studies here and I have received my Master of Arts Degree in English Literature in June of this year. But the difference was that I was a mother and a wife and these things were of primary importance and my studies came next. Anyway though it was very difficult to manage and very often I was on the verge of giving up my studies, I determined to complete it somehow. Studying here was a fascinating experience. All the students show a remarkable sense of responsibility and independent maturity of thought. No student ever comes to class unprepared for the day and the amount of reading assigned is voluminous.

We are now living at New Haven. My husband works at Olin Materson Chemical Co. He has a very challenging job and enjoys it. Sanjay (my son) is two years old and is full of mischief. Next year when he goes to school I am thinking of entering a Ph.D. Program at Yale University.

USHA THOMAS, B.SC., CHEMISTRY

For some time I had kind of given up hope of ever doing anything when suddenly things came right. I had admissions from four places - London, Wales, Surrey and Sussex. I chose to come to the University of Sussex because I wanted to work with Prof. A. Korner. He has just come down from Cambridge and brought over some of his colleagues. This University is reputed to be the most modern in England at the moment. We are on the Sussex Downs, so you can imagine how beautiful it is. There are still some phases of the University not yet completed although it is five years old. The equipment, furnishings, etc. are absolutely fabulous, and for the research equipment - it is tremendous! In the Department of Biochemistry itself there are two electron microscopes - one extremely powerful. As research students we have a room for two in which we have all the latest equipment! When I came in and saw things I've never handled before, let alone seen, - you can just imagine how I felt! We get all sorts of famous biologists coming here because of the Professor who is quite an authority in his field. Since I've not done much biochemistry I'm trying to do a crash course before I begin on actual research in December. You wouldn't believe it but I work in the University steadily from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. and then come home and start work again after supper. Once I begin work I don't suppose I'll be able to return till 9 p.m. or so. Those who are my seniors stay overnight quite often - but I can't see myself doing that however!

I live in Brighton with a family at the moment, but as work gets more demanding, I'll have to move closer to the University.

23rd March 1969

My University and in particular my work have proved to be what I've always looked forward to. Research work, although very demanding, both in time and anxiety, has its own reward even though they may be mere pulses in knowledge.



T. Devaki

During the Easter vacation (this is an unheard of luxury among the research workers!) I plan to see more of the south-west of England - Devon and the Cornish coast in particular. I now understand the exuberance of the English poets in describing the countryside.

My father and mother may be coming here for a holiday in summer, and I am looking forward to it very eagerly. If I can cajole them into it, I might even be able to visit the continent with them.

V. SAROJA B.SC. ZOOLOGY -

The place in which we are staying now is away from the maddening crowd of the town, it is up on a hill. There are two or three of our family friends staying near by and they come to look me up quite often. Besides this two days after my arrival in Kuala Lumpur I discovered that Ambi Suppiah is my neighbour and I just could not believe it. I am glad that someone whom I know is staying so close by. We see each other often and a few days back Devi Prakasam had come to visit Ambi and she came over to my place. There are quite a good number of Stella Marians here and it is so nice to see them again. I also met Usha Thomas a few days back when I had been to an exhibition put up by the University Hospital in Kuala Lumpur. She was so excited to see me and wanted to know all about Stella. She also told me that she will be going to do some reasearch study in Australia or U. K.

In answer to all your questions : I have been offered a teaching job - Physics and Chemistry - at St. Jerome's Separate School, Vermilion, Alberta. I've signed a contract for three years, one of which will be "on probation". I have applied for my passport and visa and I will be leaving India on the 25th August. School (St. Jerome's) reopens on the 2nd of September. Besides all the photostat copies of my certificates and forms that I had to fill in and send, I had to send a ten minute tape recording of my voice. Daddy and I drafted a conversation, and recording it was a hilarious job.

Now I'm quite excited at the idea of going, but at the same time, I dread the thought of leaving home. The next chance I'll get of coming to India will be in about three years which is like eternity compared to the terms at Stella when I had to stay away from home. I know I'm going to be homesick - consolation thought? - it will be a wonderful experience living abroad.

While in Canada I hope to take my M.Ed. University credit courses are offered at Vermilion which is just 110 miles away from Edmonton, the capital of Alberta.

I've taken a part-time job - mornings only - in order to get some experience before I leave for Canada. I'm teaching General Science, Chemistry and Maths. in the IX and X. I enjoy teaching even when it comes to corrections and the howlers "grievously filled bottles" for previously filled bottles. Chemistry seems to have been made to crack teachers' heads. Products that result from reactions are.....fantastic!

And then from Canada, Gaynor writes.....

Canada! I'll never regret coming here. I like this country and just love the crazy weather. This has been Canada's coldest winter so you must admit that I chose a fine one in which to get acclimatized. During the coldest cold spell Vermilion reached a new low of 52° below zero. Just as we are almost convinced that spring has arrived a blizzard blows up to dampen our spirits. It's been warm this last week about 30° above zero but so far I haven't been able to fulfil my ambition of building a snowman.

Canadians are ever so friendly and helpful and if they know you are a stranger, they will go out of their way to make you welcome.

I'm very happy with my job at St. Jerome's Separate School. It's co-education and most of my students are bigger than I am - it took me a while to get used to the idea that by Canadian standards I'm what they call tiny. I teach Science from grade I to grade VI with Music and Phys. Ed in II, Health and Drama in VII (where most of the boys and girls are taller than I am) and English in XI (where they positively tower over me!) It took me a while to find my feet but the staff were very helpful - they broke me in 'slowly'. We are a cosmopolitan staff - a mixture of English Irish, American, Indian, Italian and Chinese (West Indies) but we get on very well with each other. My Drama class put on a simplified version of Macbeth about a

month ago and they really did well. At the moment the IV, V and VI students are working towards their spring concert and as it is an operetta and I am the Music teacher, you won't have any difficulty in imagining how busy I can be and am !

I intend going to University in Edmonton this summer to take courses towards my B.Ed. of Alberta. One course will be the new math and the other one in educational foundations. Please pray that I do well Sister.

PUSHPARANEE THAMBIAH (MRS. SINNADURAI) B.SC. ZOOLOGY

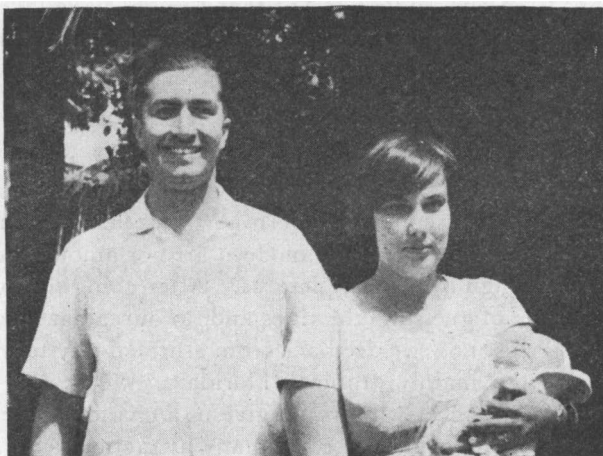
In Malaya life is extremely busy and we have no idea of how the days pass. You are aware, I am sure, of the fact that Lily, Jothy and Gladys are well settled in Malaya. You must be wondering why I am writing to you about Malaya from Ghana. Yes, Sister, the inevitable has happened. I too got married ! I got married in August last year and joined my husband in Ghana in December. My husband is a lecturer in the Faculty of Agriculture, University of Ghana. He did his degree at the Michigan State University in America.

Ghana is hot and dry. Accra, the capital is fairly large with many new and modern buildings and super markets where one could buy anything one wants.

I live at Legan, that is, on the University campus. The flat we stay in is a bachelor's flat. It is small but easy to maintain. I teach at the Achimota School, which is about three and a half miles away from home. The students are well-behaved and very attentive. It is quite pleasant teaching them. We are at present on Easter vacation and we reopen on the 22nd and it will be back to work again.

RAMA RAGHUNATHAN, M.SC. MATHS

As I wrote earlier, house-keeping is more or less a hobby here, with the gadgety wonder-kitchen, the automatic washer-drier pair in the basement, the supermarket right across the street and the department stores around the corner. We live in a two room apartment (on the fifth floor) but it is neatly, thoughtfully and elegantly furnished. The flats in our twenty-storeyed building are like watertight compartments where one hardly sees one's neighbours, but when we do meet in the elevators



Diane (Granger) Dias

or in the wash-room, they are very friendly and curious. Hardly anyone refrains from commenting on the native costume. In the beginning I used to feel a little self-conscious as my sari never fails to attract attention. But now I sail past admiring (?) eyes quite unconcernedly.

As you know, I attend a course of lectures on Modern Algebra in the Yale University. It is intended for the undergraduates here. (A graduate-course into which I strayed at first trying to find my bearings proved beyond my capacity.) Even in this series of Lectures they are covering topics we never touched in our M.Sc. syllabus. Now we are attempting to learn some Galois Theory, after finishing groups, rings and fields. It is quite interesting - when I understand. (Joining late, I had missed some first ten or twelve lectures and started from the last one on groups when some unheard of "SyLOW Theorem" was being given the finishing touches.) I am the only girl in the Class, for Yale undergraduate classes are not open to women students. (Exception is made in the case of wives of faculty members.) But following the fashion of the day, Yale is "going co-ed" in the wake of Princeton and Harvard from next September. Last fall, they had an experimental "co-ed week", during which girls from other colleges came to stay on the campus and attended classes. The students here are on the whole well-behaved. I also go to weekly French conversation class.

Soon after we came, Mr. Honkong Flu became the rage here. So not to be socially ostracized, we took care to be among the first to extend him a cordial invitation. He found our hospitality so charming that he paid us a second visit after a month.

Of course I had heard about the mammoth venture of the "Man for all Seasons". But I feel terribly hurt on that score and was determined to let concealment, like worm on the bud, feed on my (non) damask cheeks. No such delightful schemes, no such exciting excursions into the domains of drama used to lure us in our days from our studies. Not that I might have taken any active part in it. But one always feels important to be present in the field of action - just as to have been here during the Apollo 8 flight. Apollo 9 proved a little disappointing as they cancelled the space walk. We hope to fare better on the next one on May 17.

We have done quite a bit of touring now. On our way to New Haven in September, we stayed three days in New York and saw some museums. I liked best the visit to the Museum of Modern Art for, being neither in the category of people who understand and appreciate modern art nor among those who pretend to do so, I was able to laugh over most pictures. After going through some rooms we started to play the game of guessing the titles and to our amazement and delight were right many times! Just now we are back from a fifteen-day touring spree of the eastern sector of the States, mainly tropical Florida. We flew to Gainesville and our hopes of a potential hijacker who would give us a chance to see Havana were belied (we landed safely). In Florida there are many attractions - St. Augustine, the oldest city in this country, the (allegedly) most beautiful Daytona beach (not half so pretty as our Marina), Silver Springs of Ocala with clearest water even at a depth of 80 feet, the

only (in this tourist oriented country, the people are really crazy with their "onlies" and "ests") lion safari outside Africa near West Palm beach where one can drive through wild grounds with lions, giraffes, rhinos and zebras roaming unfettered at about eight to ten feet from the car, the thoroughly commercialised Miami and host of other places. We liked best the spacious gardens, lovely with azaleas and birds of paradise just in the right season and also the sweet fragrance of orange blossoms that accompanied us on some roads. You will be particularly interested in our visit to Cape Kennedy. Things have been progressing so fast that already they have there an open-air museum with such antiques as the capsule that took the first American into space and the launching pad from which soared the historic Apollo 8. There is also the old mission control (now shifted to Houston, Texas) from where the Mercury and Gemini flights were controlled. We went into a gigantic neck-breaking tall vehicle assembly building where the work on Apollo 10 was in progress. It was all unbelievably huge. They were currently showing the film on Apollo 8. We drove up north to New Haven seeing some places on the way, the most impressive being the Luray Caverns at the end of the Skyline drive in the Blue Ridge mountains. Here Nature has treasured marvellous formations of stalactites and stalagmites. We stopped in Washington (still cold and chilly) just one day to see the historic buildings - the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument, the White House, the Capitol and two museums. In one of the latter there were the remarkable anachronisms (and forerunners) of the space age, the first plane flown by the Wright brothers and the Spirit of St. Louis of Charles Lindbergh. I have skipped many places for otherwise this letter will end up being a travelogue.

So we are back in New Haven, a quiet university city. It has an excellent rare manuscript library with gems like a copy of the Gutenberg Bible of 1455, a papyrus roll containing Demosthenes' speech and the proof corrections made by Wordsworth of his Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.

I must stop now. At the end of the news, here comes the weather report. It



Padma, Daughter of Vasantha Rajan

was fall when we came here but being busy with setting up my new haven in New Haven (that's stolen property) we did not get to see "the year's last lovely smile" much. But the glimpses we had of it were gloriously colourful. Winter was not very rigorous with only occasional snow, though the temperature hovered around the 30's (F) often dipping below the freezing point. I was afraid I was going to be cheated out of my first genuine winter but luckily in

February we had a terrific snowstorm (one of the three worst in the century, so far, it is said). The town, buried under twelve inches of snow, was declared to be in a state of emergency. It was delightful to watch the fury of the lashing winds and the incessant snowfall during the storm from our windows and still more fascinating the next day to plough our way along the streets—there were no pavements—no roads—all a sheet of soft, white fluff. There was no traffic and for three days our town was a Pedestrians' Paradise. Now it is the beginning of April and with the cold winds still persisting and the mercury in the thirties, it does seem that if winter comes spring can be far behind.

- ANGELA BARRETTO (ARANHA) B.A. ART

My rascals, Marie-Therese and Johnny are growing very fast and are becoming a thousand times more mischievous with every inch they grow. John will be one year old at the end of this month and Marie-Therese was two October. Johnny started toddling around and everything has to be put out of reach. They both vie with each other to pull the house down.

We have just returned from a trip to Calcutta, Poona and Bombay. Every where we go I meet S. M. C. girls. Last year I met Shanta Nair, Susan Peters lives close by and I see her sometimes.

SARAH PUNNOOSE B.A. ECONOMICS

I have settled down to teaching which I have discovered to be a real adventure - an expedition through the minds of children. What a challenge it is to cater to the minds of the budding young.

Other than for a short holiday to the Twin Cities of India, I have not been out of Bombay. Both Hyderabad and Secunderabad are wonderful cities. I had the marvellous opportunity of staying with a very ancient Nawabi family, right next to the Nizam's palace. The place was complete with a Zenana (haven) door and courtyard, trellised roof, lily ponds and what's more we even revelled in Moghlai delicacies. The University campus was a dream - I imagine it was meant to be Oxford or Cambridge on a small scale. Into the noise and hurry of the modern town, the life of ancient Hyderabad sometimes breaks out in a stream of its own - the street vendors in their long, white dirty robes with baskets of dark green melons on their bullock carts as they clatter across the main street, holding up the traffic, noiseless except for the deep note of the cattle bells or when a stout bearded Nawab treads his way through buses and cars en route to the Mosque.

Latha's wedding and reception were a real success. I met Nethra and Leela Rangaswamy as well.

I hope to learn German as well as shorthand and typing in the holidays. At present I am learning stitching and cutting at the hands of an expert Sindhi lady.

JAYA NARAYANAN B.SC., ZOOLGGY
10-10-'68

Here is some good news - my parents have given me the pleasant surprise of asking me to come back to Dar-es-Salaam. Dad is trying for the entry permit. Meanwhile I am having my inoculations. Most probably if everything is in order by the 1st of November, I will be leaving Cannanore on November 10th for Bombay. From there I will leave for home on November 13th by air. You can imagine how excited I am...

For the first time I was able to attend the "Onam" celebrations here. We put out a huge flower carpet. Here they start making little flower designs nine days before. Then from September 23rd to October 1st the festival of Navarathri was celebrated quite grandly throughout the town. There were various forms of entertainment. Singers from Madras took part.

11-1-'69

You may be surprised to know that I have taken up a teacher's post here, temporarily. I was offered jobs from two schools and I finally accepted that from my old school. I will be teaching Biology in the Senior Classes. Since I've had no experience in teaching, I am sure I shall find it a bit difficult but my old Biology teacher is there to guide me.



Mrs. Grace (D'Cruz) Pereira

It is almost two months since I have arrived here and time has flown by quickly I have kept myself busy with household chores, sewing and lots of reading. There's a beautiful public library here and they have lovely reading rooms and hundreds of interesting books. Dar-es-Salaam on the whole has changed a lot since I last saw it (four and a half years back). Modern buildings have shot up everywhere. The beach front is adorned with beautiful gardens, and there are many luxurious hotels.

USHA BHARATHAN M.A.
SOCIAL WORK

My new life in the U. S. A. is interesting. Ithaca is a small town

but it is very scenic and full of lakes and water falls and mountains. Our apartment is nice, it is a two bedroom apartment with a big living room and kitchen. I enjoyed my flight to New York. My husband met me at the airport and we took another plane to Ithaca. My husband's professor's family were at the Ithaca airport to receive me. Before I could even realize that I had landed in Ithaca, they welcomed me warmly, exclaiming that I looked very small, "cute", etc. The University campus is three miles from our apartment. I met the professor of Sociology there and also attended musical and dance performances.

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In addition to letters, we have also received many personal visits from our former students, some of whom have returned to Madras after a long absence, others who are residents in Madras are frequent visitors. One of the most unexpected visits was that of Avayam, M.A. Social Work who has been in Canada with her husband for several years now. She dropped in for a quick visit on her way back to Canada. She had just returned from a visit to Japan, and was leaving shortly for her home in Canada. Another visitor from the States was Mrs. Sukunda (Sukumaran) Vasu, who returned home with her husband and small son, Sanjay. After a few months at home they have gone on to Zambia, where they will be for the next few years. Lucy (Abraham) George, also paid us a visit just after her wedding. On the occasion of the O.S.A. get-together in the first term and the Graduates' Reception in the second term, we also had the opportunity of seeing many of our former students again. Uma Badami, a former president of the College Union was able to be with us during the first term social. Uma and her two children were on a visit to Madras and returned later to the States, where her husband is working as a



Mrs. K. Aravinda Devi

doctor. Hardly a day passes without a visit from one or other of our alumnae, and it is always a joy to meet them again, to share their happiness or their difficulties as the case may be. And as the years go on, and the ranks of the Stella Maris Alumnae increase in number, it is a source of satisfaction to know that they too add to the beauty of life, by their unselfish service wherever they may be, that beauty which is a reflection of Eternity.



M.B.B.S. At Last!

A graduate of Stella Maris, now a doctor, discusses the hurdles to be overcome en route to the goal of a medical degree.

The profession under discussion - Medical : Discussion by the Old Students' Association represented by a toddler in the medical profession.

The subject being high sounding and much discussed, one who has just toddled in, may not have anything to add. Still, discuss we must.

The preliminary training has been an experience in itself. What follows remains to be seen.

When one enters the first year of medical college, one enters a new world, within the student world. The seniors, friendly or otherwise, inspire awe and respect. You wonder at their knowledge. You marvel at their capabilities. They have crossed the initial hurdles. They have your sympathy too. They have so much more to master. I think that is what pushes you over the hurdle. Others have done it before you. Now they have bigger things to do. Poor seniors! Before you realise it, you are over the first hurdle yourself. When you reached it you took it as a matter of fact of course. If you are lucky enough to have crossed it at the first attempt you cannot believe your good luck. Looking back, the hurdle appears a big one, too. If your luck is not so favourable (as often happens) you land on the wrong side with a thud. Out of breath for some time you try to collect your wits, pick yourself up, dust your clothes, pick up your belongings, go back a few paces and charge once more. God willing, you meet with success. That being over, you proceed to the next hurdle. That's the way it goes. Repeated thuds can be most depressing although quite common. An unexpected and perhaps undeserved thud can do great harm to your morale. It may even evoke bitterness and that is a very sad thing. The last hurdle of all is actually so big that you realise its real magnitude before you reach it and after you pass it, but not fully while at it.

Regarding the non-academic life in medical school, what counts most is the friendliness. You meet so many people, your colleagues, seniors and juniors, teachers, nursing staff, patients and many others. You meet them so often (sometimes at odd hours too!) You are faced with the same problems, you share the same joys and sorrows, you pass through many critical moments together. It is no wonder that during these five or six years many friendly ties, rich and binding, are formed and strengthened. The behaviour of the medico is often criticised by the public. But often "misbehaviour" is a product of misunderstanding. Frequently beneath it lies innocent

friendship and perhaps familiarity as a result of this friendship, and of the rather unusual atmosphere. We are judged too harshly and quite often this inspires a defiance and a "don't care" attitude and the public shakes its head in greater despair.

Within the hospital one sees life in all its aspects, life with all its variety. One sees dire poverty in all its cruelty, side by side with wealth and the affluence it brings. The mother of a sick child may refuse to purchase a cheap medicine. You may try to coax the woman, glare at her or shout at her. She remains adamant. The story that you ultimately extract from this apparently "indifferent" mother often shocks you out of your complacency. A sense of shame dominates the helplessness and pity which one experiences - and how does that help her?

Oh, we see much more. There was a mother of eight children brought in by her husband for her ninth confinement. She had nearly bled to death at her last confinement. She was in a state of collapse this time. Asked to donate some very badly needed blood, the husband mumbled something and went off. That was the last his wife saw of him - we too! The woman could not be saved in spite of prompt and excellent medical attention (and the much-needed blood from more willing sources). It mattered to us, Did it matter to him? I wonder!

Then there is the story of a young orphan girl burdened with a malignant tumour on her leg. Bedridden and helpless, she was literally carried out of her home and abandoned. She was brought to the hospital by some kind soul. The whole limb had to be disarticulated at the hip joint. After a few months of nursing care she was provided with crutches and taken to a poor home where she spends her days quite happily, perhaps unaware of the cruel disease marching on to take its toll!

But everything is not so sordid. In the midst of sickness and despair one quite often sees startling streaks of good-will and humanity, love at its best. Day after day, night after night a "bystander" strives by his small acts of love, to ease the pain of the loved one, to render his life less miserable. Sometimes this selfless service is amply rewarded. Patient and bystander go home happy in heart and thankful to God. But love and science do not triumph in all cases. Most touching of all are those "hopeless" cases where a loving relative continues to lavish patient care. This may continue for days, months or years, but the love does not diminish, neither does the cheerfulness.

One does not find this dedication everywhere. Within the profession are many who use the medical sciences to ply a trade. This is an unfortunate fact. This apart, the profession embraces a world of good will and humanity to be accepted, shared and enjoyed.

PREMJA BHARATAN, M.B.B.S.
STELLA MARIS B.Sc. Class of 1963.





Our Book

The academic year 1968-1969 saw the publication of Sr. Edith's book "An Introduction to the History of Fine Arts in India and the West". Since it was the first time that any of our staff had published a major work during her term of service at Stella Maris, we naturally took proprietary interest in it, and were very happy to discover that it received highly favourable reviews.

That of Mr. M. G. Desai comments :

"The book is a clear, concise and authoritative exposition of visual arts, such as architecture, sculpture, and painting, that have developed in India, Egypt and Western Europe from very early times to the present day. Over twenty years of teaching the subject in India have gone into making the work not only a good introduction to the study of Fine Arts, but also a stimulus for further and deeper study of the subject ..

"The book should prove itself interesting, informative and useful not only to students of Fine Arts but even to lay people who desire to know about the architecture, sculpture and painting of India and Western Europe. The artistic terminology used in the book is explained in the Glossary. The division of the text into Architecture, Sculpture and painting helps to give clarity to material which covers a period of about 5,000 years of development.

"Indian art commences with the Indus Valley Civilisation. Architectural developing during historic periods is traced from the Buddhist Stambhas, Stupas, Chaitya Halls and Viharas, through the early Hindu temples of the North and South ;... ..

"Sculpture and Painting are similarly dealt with. Sculpture is classified according to the periods and regions...Painting according to the different 'Schools' .. Some typical masterpieces and important characteristics of each period and school are mentioned and commented upon.....

Western Art is started with Egyptian architecture, sculpture and painting, and their developments are pursued through the

Greek, Roman, early Christian, Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic Renaissance periods, in the great countries of Europe, to modern times.....

The great value of this publication lies in that within one volume the History of Fine Arts in India and the West is admirably summed up.....If a comparative study of the History of Visual Arts in India and the West has to be made, this concise volume serves the purpose."

* * *

"The Mail" was the first newspaper to notice the book, in a review of 8th June, 1968. For those of us who had not been in the know, this was the first news that the book existed, since college had not yet re-opened. The reviewer observes.

"It is a mine of condensed and accurate information, no doubt not original, but which otherwise has to be garnered from far more costly books, some of them perhaps specialist treatises. In that sense its value is self-evident as there is no other single work for the student which includes so much, particularly in both Eastern and Western fields of art.

"Very rightly, the author has dealt with Indian art in considerable detail with sub-sections on architecture, sculpture and painting, through the ages of Indian History. The divisions dealing with Byzantine, Romanesque and Gothic in Medieval Art, are particularly noteworthy, and there is an analysis of the periods and styles of Italian art, inclusive of Baroque. The outline is brought down to modern times, though the stress is laid on historical development and not on contemporary trends."

* * *

The "Sunday Standard" noticed the book briefly in the issue of 4th August, while a more detailed review appeared in the issue of 29th December, over the name of Moti Chandra.

"The book is primarily meant for students, but its scope is really wider. Professor Tomory divides her subject into the familiar sections.....much of what she says can be read with profit by others besides studentsAbout 500 illustrations, over which much care has evidently been taken, elucidate the text".

"Dr. Tomory is to be congratulated for this accurately written book which is designed principally to provide an instrument for the study of the history of Fine Arts.....adapted to the needs of the Indian student. There is hardly any doubt that this is an attempt in the right direction...

"Dr. Tomory's chapter on Indian architecture is distinguished for its clarity, and the treatment of sculpture is precise and to the point.....

"The second section of the book deals with the Egyptian, Greek, Roman, early Christian, Romanesque, Byzantine, Gothic, Italian, Flemish, Dutch, German and French art. Naturally the subject covered is vast in dimension, and it is creditable that Dr. Tomory has been able to point out the essential features of this vast artistic heritage."

Meantime, "The New Leader" had carried, on 21st July, a review by J.E. Raja more detailed than the rest, of which we can give only a few extracts.

"Though the author intends the book to serve the needs of Indian students primarily, it is bound to become popular with book lovers in general and art enthusiasts in particular.

"The book is broadly divided into two sections: one deals with art in India and the other art in the West. 'As the book is addressed to Indian students, Indian art is reviewed first and in detail'. With equal justice she has also dealt with world art, because as she herself declares 'the study of world art is important for it is only by comparing the one with the other that a true understanding of our own culture can be reached.'

"The second section, on art in the West, is very logically arranged. After introducing the reader to Egyptian, Greek and Roman art she brings him to Medieval art. This is followed by an explanation of early Christian art in which there is a very illuminating exposition of the art in the Catacombs. She then touches deftly upon Byzantine, Romanesque and Gothic art, and with super restraint and clarity she introduces Renaissance art. It is an area where an art critic is likely to get lost, for still the Renaissance remains the best laboratory for the study of art. But Sister Tomory does not seem to lose her way. Throughout the book she is fully aware of the task in hand and without letting her predilections get the better of her she has given the subject a very cautious and just handling...

“The concluding chapter on Modern Art gives the book a splendid finishing touch. To quote Sister Tomory, ‘an objective evaluation of this art is almost impossible at present’. After this apology she gracefully traverses this difficult terrain giving explanations in her characteristic manner of certain popular movements and their authors.....”

* * *

While generous in their praise of the merits of “our book”, most of the reviewers did comment unfavourably on the smallness of the half-tone reproductions of masterpieces. Such small illustrations are, however, rapidly becoming the norm in art publications, and if the printing had been clearer, there would have been no fault to find with them, especially as there could not have been a sufficient number of illustrations for a work surveying so wide a field, if they had been made larger, since it would have made the price prohibitive for students, the very community which the book is intended to serve. So we should like to add our own voice to the chorus of praise, acknowledging that for us in Stella Maris this was indeed “the book of the year.”

University Examinations — March-April 1969 Results

	No. appea- red	First Class	Second Class	Third Class	Percent- age of passes
M.A.					
Economics	... 23	1	20	...	91.3
English	... 24	3	19	...	91.6
Indian Music	... 6	1	4	...	83.3
History of Fine Arts : Part I	... 1	Passed 1	100
Part II	... 2	1	1		100
Social Work : Part I	... 14			Passed 12	85.7
Part II	... 12	1	10		91.6
M.Sc. Mathematics	... 19	5	9		73.6
III B.A.					
History	... 18	1	7	10	100
Social Sciences	... 27	...	10	12	81.4
Economics	... 66	...	8	54	93.9
Indian Music	... 5	...	1	3	80
Western Music	... 1	1	100
Drawing & painting	... 8	4	4	...	100
History of Fine Arts	... 3	2	1	...	100
English	... 30	...	11	19	100
II B.A.					
English	... 199	...	10	183	96.9
Language	... 199	27	87	80	97.5
III B.Sc.					
Mathematics	... 30	28	2	...	100
Chemistry	... 21	16	4	1	100
Zoology	... 30	19	10	...	96.6
II B.Sc.					
English	... 99	...	1	97	98.9
Language	... 99	20	53	25	99
Ancillary : Mathematics	... 10			Passed 10	100
Statistics	... 25			Passed 25	100
Chemistry	... 46			Passed 46	100
Botany	... 18			Passed 18	100
Pre-University	... 618	253	207	66	85.1

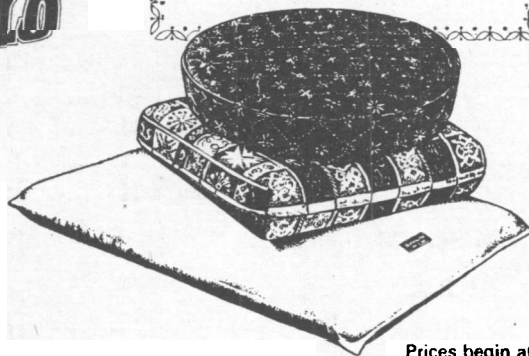
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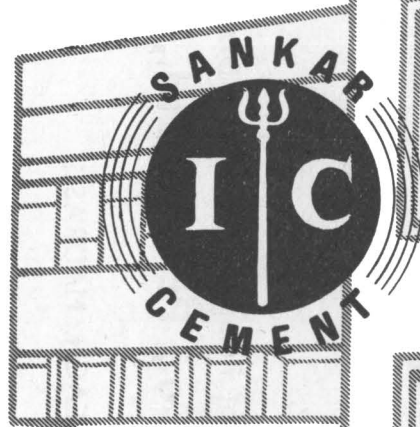
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