

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

MADRAS

1971

WHITHER YOUTH ?





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Whither Youth?

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EDITORIAL



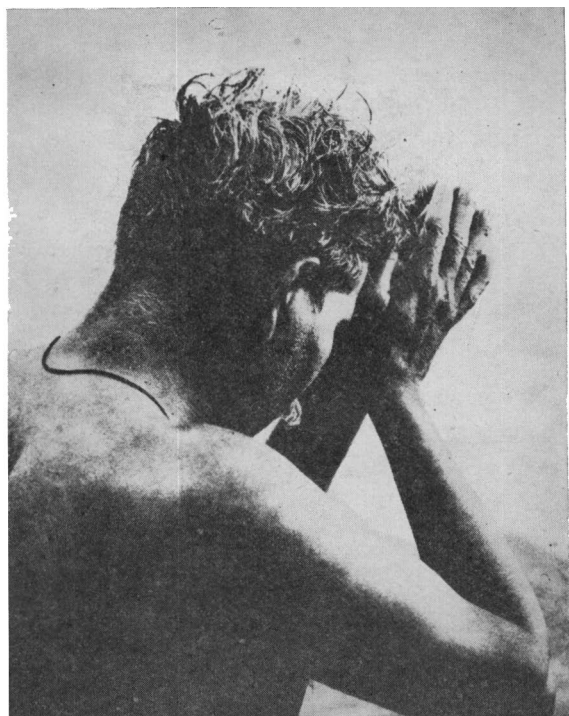
“It is only when the young men and women who are in the University today and on whom the burden of life’s problem will fall tomorrow learn to have clear objectives and standards of value, that there is any hope for the next generation”, said Nehru.

Our college seeks to help us find clear objectives and standards of value. Some of us have not come to college with the sincere purpose of educating ourselves, yet it is open to all of us to gain the highest result of all education --- the ability to think.

Thinking means consciousness, a shaking off of sleep. This is why conscious and conscientious thought is so distasteful to most of us today for we would rather not face the unhappy reality of the situation around us. We choose to retreat from reality and are old before our time because we dare not care for others. This is the choice that faces us; to throw off our sleep or to slumber on.

Our college teaches us that it is our duty to keep pace with the sun, always to be aware of the world we live in. In the words of the Kothari Commission Report, it tries to foster in teachers and students and through them in society generally the attitudes and values for developing the “good life” in individuals and in society.

Karin Kapadia	II B.A. Economics
N. Usha	II B.Sc. Mathematics
N. Kalpagam	II B.A. Social Sciences
R. Vinita	II B.A. Literature
R. Hema	II B.A. Literature
Mariam John	II B.A. Economics
Annie Mathews	II B.A. Literature
Hema Pichai	II B.A. Literature
R. Sudha	II B.A. Literature
Rita Dorairaj	I B.A. Literature
Ramani Mammen	I B.A. Drawing & Painting



It is Gods' world.

All history moves past God like one parade.

It is a history that cannot be hid from God

Put life, every single piece of life
of each day,

before God, and ask God to look.

He does look.

It is God's world.

Welcome Back

Warm, affectionate and in every aspect humane - she has the capacity to understand both young and old.

If bad news travels fast, good news travels faster — we had heard of Mother Carla Rosa, Vicar General, long before she actually arrived in Madras. She was expected sometime in December, but could not make it then — a blessing in disguise, perhaps, for college closed down abruptly for the Christmas holidays and we might not have been able to give her as warm a welcome as we would have liked.



Anyway, the much awaited visitor was to arrive one Saturday afternoon. Staff and Students waited in eager anticipation, ready to give her a right, royal welcome in their traditional India style. Her home-coming was a happy event for all concerned, including Mother herself, so we hear! Those who had known her personally, waited happy in the thought of seeing her again after five long years. We, who did not know her at all, who were not secure in the knowledge of her warmth and love, wondered uncertainly what she would be like as we stood on either side of the drive, forming a guard of honour, rose petals in hand.

The first to catch a glimpse of her were the hostelites, who had turned up in full force, partly out of curiosity and partly out of a sense of duty. Finally, the moment arrived, and we saw Mother alighting from the car. She was garlanded by the hostel president, and accompanied by Mother Superior and Sister Principal, she proceeded towards the parlour, bestowing gracious smiles on everyone as she went. Well might she say, as did Julius Caesar, "Veni, vidi, vici".

Three days later, Mother Carla Rosa was officially welcomed by the college at assembly. She spoke to us for a few minutes about how happy she was to be among us, and how she had been following the progress of Stella Maris through the years. She declared the following day a holiday. We literally danced with joy. Had we only known, we would have stood in the hot sun with better grace.

We hostelites were more fortunate, for the following week, on Tuesday evening, we had an informal chat with our distinguished visitor near the open air theatre. We were rather tongue-tied at first. But Mother succeeded in drawing us out as the evening progressed. She asked us many questions about hostel life — whether we still had our Saturday outings and whether we still frequented Buharis? We replied in the affirmative, and told her that "Woodlands" was another favourite haunt. In her turn, she answered many questions. We came to know many things about her—her career in Stella Maris as head of the economics department, vice-principal, principal and Superior, her deep interest in the students, and her love for India. She told us a little about higher education in Italy and cordially invited us all to Rome, promising to show us around. We entertained her with a few songs, and the highlight of the evening was a 'Kuchupudi' dance by Ratnapapa, a former student of the college. The evening ended all too soon—just when we were beginning to warm up.

When she left, after her brief whirlwind of a stay, we felt the richer for having had the opportunity of meeting a wonderful person like her, with her disarming smile, delightful accent, and magnetic personality. May we look forward to a second home coming in the near future?

GEORGINA KANDASWAMY
II B.Sc. Zoology
HEMA PICHAI
II B.A. Literature

Sense to Our Living

The sincerity of this woman is what the young are seeking.

I have just received a letter with a request to write an article. An article! Today is the 16th March, and it is hard just now to know whether one is on one's heels or one's head. So the first reaction is—I admit—one of amazed indignation. But then a name has appeared on the next line: Mother Francois Leonard.

I read that just two minutes ago. And the article is already begun.

There is too much to say. Too little that can be said worthily. I lay no claim to objectivity in these lines. They are completely prejudiced. For of the many wonderful people it has been my happiness to meet, she has been one of the most amazing and lovable of all.



I have heard it said that she was strict, even stern. There were those, I believe, who found her unapproachable at times. To these I would repeat another's tribute to her: "Like the trees of her native land: the bark might be hard, but the pith was marvellously soft." From my own experience over eight years, after my arrival in India in 1952 as a young religious, I would say she was a gift of God to those who knew her. Really knew her. And a gift to India which she loved so well and for so long.

Strong, she demanded strength from those she loved. Not for one moment could one doubt that love. It was this which made even her most demanding requests or most acute criticisms acceptable. She seemed without fear to the inexperienced—so utterly sure and certain in the fulfilment of duty. And duty was a hard taskmaster. She was so hard on herself, so unsparing in the

gift of herself to the sick, those in trouble, to the regularity of her religious life. Unlimited in her energy and dynamism, in her attention to the individual, yet she never for a moment wavered in her conviction that God and God alone was the goal of her life. No activities, no organisation or worries of administration ever overpowered in her the essential orientation towards the supernatural. First and foremost a woman dedicated to God in Christ she was only then all things to all of us: a mother in her utter goodness and understanding, a spiritual guide who longed to share her own deep interior living with those who could understand her in return, and a friend who never hesitated to share her own experience of life and suffering with even the youngest of us.

I stand back aghast at life sometimes. If ever a woman belonged utterly to God—one who I would almost dare to say never refused Him anything including her death at eighty four—surely that woman was Mother Francois Leonard. Yet not many can have suffered more. Indeed God treats His friends in a wretched manner; but what marvellous friends He has.

Few of us taste the refinement of suffering as she did: moral and physical. And perhaps it was in her ability to admit to suffering and human frailty—always indirectly, for personally I never heard her complain against life—lay her lovable-ness. Her laughter was spontaneous with the gaiety of youth itself: and music her special delight. She was no plaster saint, no meek and mild caricature of a Christian. Goodness in her did not mean avoiding trouble at all costs pleasing everyone, pacifying all and sacrificing truth and justice to a sickly species of charity. Her strength and uprightness were reflected in her exterior dignity, but the very great kindness of her shone out in her glance.

She is dead. And she suffered so much. But the fact that she lived makes more sense of our living. For though loneliness, darkness, and dryness of soul may be the shadow her last years cast, yet the glorious joy of her active years more than balances the picture with light. And the only regret that remains, now that all mystery is brightened for her, is that so many in youth may not also rejoice in the knowledge of one like her: a woman who was gentle yet strong, and who had discovered the secret of life in surrender of all in the hands of the Lord.

Sr. JOSEPHINE MALONEY,
F.M.M.

The Youth Festival

Traditional—yet there was the spice of innovation.

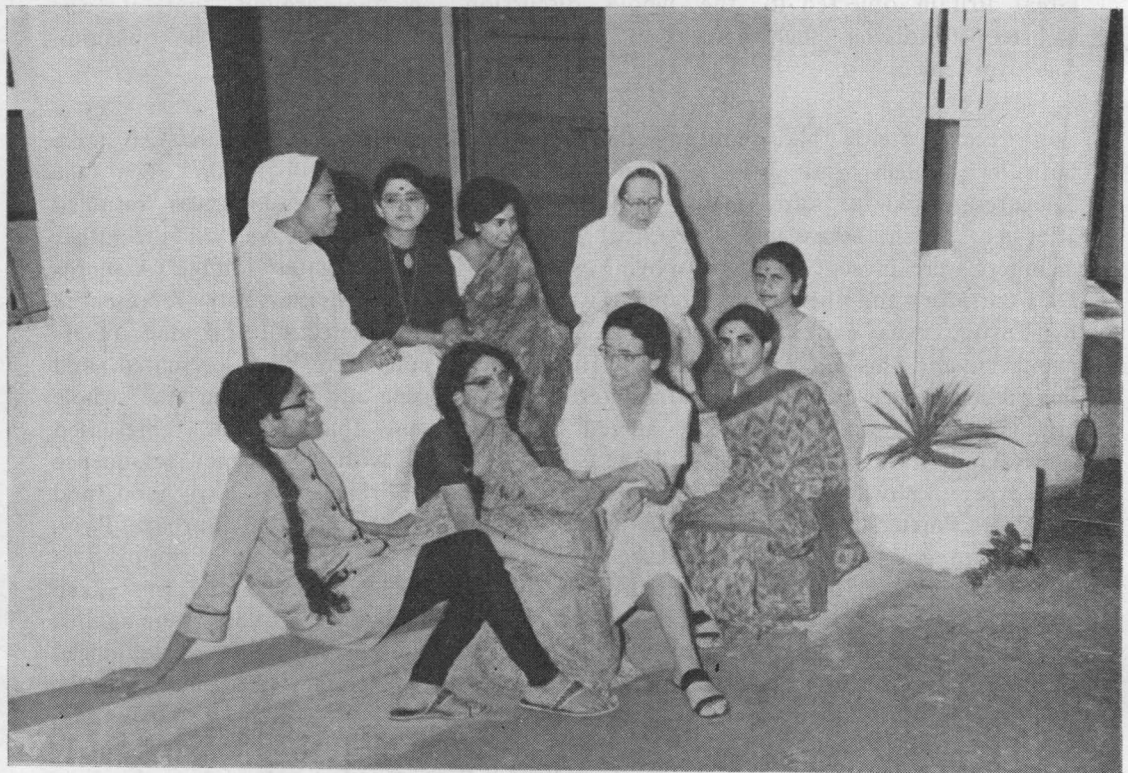
Tradition has always spurred the Stella Marian on to activity. The month of November saw the student union organising the Youth Festival. It highlighted youth's natural buoyancy, spontaneous enthusiasm and enterprise and was yet another achievement of the organisers. The festival began with an intercollegiate Mock U. N. Assembly. The topic chosen for discussion was "The expulsion of South Africa from the U. N." Several nations, like Uganda, Kenya, India and Nigeria, represented by Guindy Engineering, Vivekananda, Women's Christian College and Ethiraj respectively were unable to be present. Among those which came were Zambia, represented by A. C. Tech., Tanzania by Stella Maris, South Africa by Loyola, U.S.A. by I.I.T., France by Presidency, Russia by Law, Algeria by Thyagaraya, Ethiopia by S.I.E.T., Portugal by Queen Mary's College and Great Britain by Madras Christian College. At the very beginning Great Britain objected to the whole discussion on the ground that it was incorrect to discuss such matters in the general assembly. But the objection was over ruled.

Each country had sent two delegates. Zambia, France and Tanzania spoke both in English and French. The discussion went on till 4-30, when the delegates retired for refreshments to the adjacent room. The session was resumed after tea. With the exception of Great Britain, which had to leave, all the other members were present. Much lobbying was done in the delegates' lounge (Assunta-Hall corridor) and there were frequent walk-outs. South Africa, ably represented by Loyola, was extremely convincing. There was a defection of one of its members, and this led to arguments. The pros and cons were then presented, and the audience was spurred to greater interest. This generally enlivened the whole atmosphere. It was unanimously agreed by all present that Russia, represented by Ravindranath Arumugam of Law, stole the show with his fluency, eloquence and expert knowledge. Presidency, which represented France, was also good, and so were Portugal, Great Britain, and Tanzania represented by Barbara, P. N. Narayanan and Rita Dorairaj respectively. U. S. A., Algeria and Ethiopia refrained from taking part in the heated discussions, that went on. The vote was taken after it was decided that the quorum was sufficient. The majority of votes were against South Africa, and the President of the General Assembly formally pronounced the expulsion of South Africa. The President, the Secretary-General, and the chef-du-cabinet conducted the proceedings extremely well. Visalakshi Vishwanathan, Secretary-General knew the U. N. Charter so thoroughly, that she was of great help to the President, Valli Subramaniam. Arundhathi Basu (I M. A. Social work) was the chef-du-cabinet.

The following two days were relatively calm, though Assunta Hall was still crowded — a sale and a quizz programme were organised. The prize for the latter went to our “Quiz-Genius”, Valli Subramaniam. The inter-class play competition organised by the Bhasha Nataka Sanga, brought the youth festival to a close. The judges were Anna Barber of Calicut University, Mathew Huntley of the Oxford University Press and Mr. George Henry of the U.S.I.S. The plays that were presented were “The Portrait” by the Post-Graduates, “A Cry in the Wilderness” by the III years, “The Valiant” by the II years and “The Phantom Ship” by the I years and “Out-Patients” by the Pre-University class. “The Phantom Ship” was awarded the first prize and Ragini Abraham of the II year was chosen as the best actress. Rita Dorairaj of the I year got the prize for the best supporting actress.

It was an enjoyable week and the campus was enlivened by youthful interest and enthusiasm, and infectious laughter and gaiety.

MEERA CHIDAMBARAM
III B. A. Economics



"At Home" In Stella Maris

From north to south, from east to west
they find a home in Stella Maris.

June 22nd

Noses back at the grind-stone. Hold on we are not ready yet !



Taxis cruise in: freshies tumble out, and forward march with a bold air and lo: those formidable seniors: Mind you, that's the first impression, which goes the way all first impressions do for soon they realise that seniors can be great fun too.

Newness seems to be the order of the day. There is a new batch of juniors, and a new management of the mess.

June 23rd

The coming of twilight signals the start of the ragging session. Knees knocking, teeth chattering, and bones rattling one by one, the freshies descend the stairs to be confronted by the seniors — all given and taken in a good spirit of sportsmanship.

July 21st

Surprisingly, the mess is empty this evening — reason: the Mangalore "Von Trapp Family" are in Stella Maris. Reported comments of the hostelites on the performance: "Wonderful Yah!" "fab".

July 25th

"Let joy be confined
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet".

Excitement, enthusiasm and exuberance which have been mounting for days, are given form today. The welcome social starts off with a swing amid colours galore, riotous fun and music, the freshies model their evening wear and amongst the row of dazzling elegance, the judges are hard pressed to choose the best. The entertainment that follows highlights the major events of the "Soaring Sixties". Dances are punctuated with sandwiches, chocolate cake, and a host of goodies.



Aug. 14th

The best of things come in pairs: the venerable seniors are invited to a return social. Planned on the lines of a masquerade, it is great fun identifying the faces behind the psychedelic masks. Amid lilting music and candle-light, the second years' depiction of the "7 ages of man" steals the show. (Thank heavens Shakespeare is not among the audience).

Aug. 29th

12-30 p.m. — a piercing scream in St. Joseph's hostel. Lights suddenly shatter the inky darkness, and from every room girls charge out in groups. No one dare sleep alone to-night. Compliments to the film club which presented the "Shuttered Room" in the late evening.

Sept. 14th

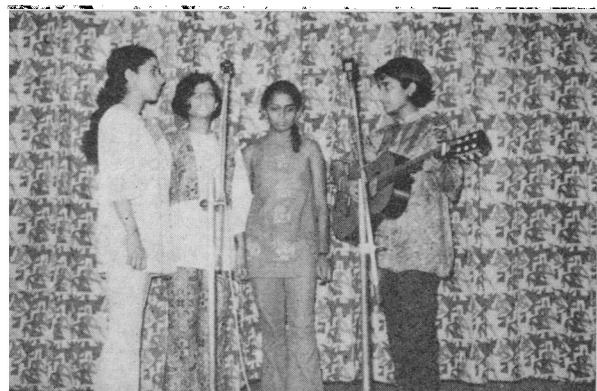
Feverish activity in the hostel start off with alarms ringing in different sharps and flats at unearthly hours in the morning. The hostelites awake with a start — exams five hours ahead! some super-saturated brains return to books, others skuttle off to chapel. The bell! 9 o'clock so soon? A dash to the examination hall — now what next?

Oct. 12th

The fun and frolic of vacation is over. As usual, resolutions to study are made, despite the cyclonic stay-in-bed weather.

Oct. 15th

A stampede on the ground floor, equipped with brooms, hair brushes, slippers etc., in response to an S.O.S. from the president's room. The interloper (Chameleon) had decided to heave its last breath within these hallowed walls. The girls, looking no less fierce than bull dogs with toothaches, acceded to its request.



Nov. 9th

Amid soaring rockets and bursting crackers, Guy Fawkes - goes up in flames. There are refreshments too to replenish the dancers with energy. Higher and higher leap the flames, louder and louder grows the noise. The dancing reaches a hectic pitch.

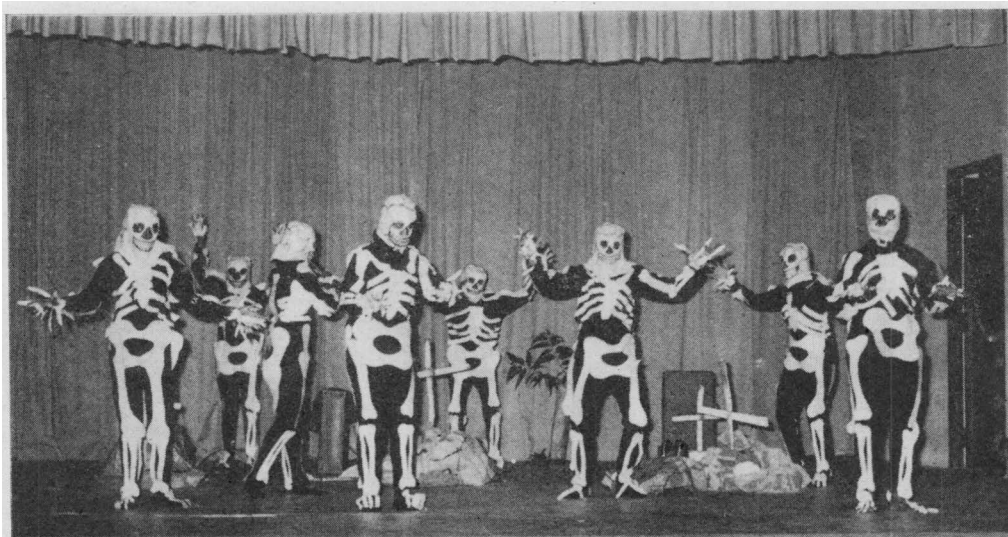


Nov. 25th Doors banging, hostelites running to O-8, what's up? Everyone wonders could it be? could it be? Yes, it is: She's come. Who? Usha Iyer, of course. Rapt in attention, excitement, and thrill, we are with her all the way. Sure! Usha has captured every heart.

Dec. 15th The anxious committee scans the horizon for any trace of crimson. But the fears are unfounded, for the day promises to be fine and keeps its word. Three buses of hostelites drive out of the gates, shouting and laughing amidst desperate attempts to sing — Destination: Choramandal.

When the buses stop, the whole crowd make a 90 m.p.h. dash for the sea. Then they enjoy a fabulous lunch, topped with chilled cokes and ice cream. Superfluous energy must be utilized, believe our hostel committee, and so they organise a tug-of-war between the non-vegetarians and the vegetarians. The non-vegetarians win. All too soon, the day ends and we return to college with aching heads, and weary limbs. It has been a wonderful day.

Jan. 6th, 1971 Hostelites return after an exceptionally long holiday, looking happy, tired and lazy, with little or no intention to tackle anything half so monstrous as exams. It is evident they are not prepared. However, the afternoon finds all the students in the exam. hall, racking brains for inspiration.



Feb. 9th Hostelites are privileged to have Mother Carla Rosa for an informal meeting on the lawn. Mother asks all about our hostel activities, and assures us that distance has not in anyway decreased the deep interest she always had in hostel life. Mother's wonderful personality and joviality impresses everyone of us.

Feb. 19th At 11 p.m. lights are on in every room. Studying? College authorities wonder optimistically. No. There is much noise and yet secrecy. Doors are locked, and passwords demanded. Reminds one of Nazi rule. Nothing so terrifying. This is all in preparation for hostel day ... the inter-hostel decoration competition.

Feb. 20th The hostel awakes to an unknown future. The girls walk into the dining area and find a futuristic space capsule, complete with beings of every sort to welcome them. After a delicious breakfast, the scene shifts to a down-to-earth game of net ball, between the Shimmering Stars and Rustling Leaves, during which the former outshine their rivals. The strenuous cheering is fortified with grape-juice and cake. At 11 a.m. the hostelites find themselves watching the gripping movie "Hotel" a marvellous film. The mid-day banquet draws near and every hostelite transforms herself into a being of the future. As evening approaches, guests pour in — students and staff to enjoy the high tea. Thanks to the untiring efforts of our mess representative, Ganga. With twilight, the time-machine picks up

speed, and the audience has a glimpse, of the unknown future— 2500 A.D. The variety entertainment displays great skill and inborn talents. Here too, the professional skill of the entertainment representative Bharathi, needs mention. The thrilling day ends all too soon and by the morning the hostelites return from that imaginative world. The success of the day owes a great deal to the co-operation of the hostelites, and the sustained industry of the hostel committee.

Mar. 6th

While parliamentary election campaigns rage with full force all over the country, our junior B.A's, in their turn, exercise the right of franchise as they nominate the hostel committee for 1971 - 1972.

The career of the film club concludes on a successful note, with the final movie for the year, "Chase the Crooked Shadow". It captivates the interest of the audience till the very end.

Mar. 7th

The first strains of "The Moon is in the Seventh House" causes an exodus from the hostel — the Vibrators are back in Stella, to bid farewell before they leave for Australia — Bon voyage.

Mar. 15th

Examinations begin for the first year's. The academic year has come to an abrupt end. The sudden realisation has dawned in every mind — the inevitable public exams are on the war path, relentlessly moving closer at a terrifying pace.



Mar. 20th

Many good things come to an end so too our college career. The portals are opened into the unknown future, and standing at the cross roads of life, one feels an irrepressible pang of sadness.

"We'll never forget the student life we shared.

Our youthful hearts were gay and free from care".

ANNAMMA JOSEPH
II M.A. Economics



Success and Defeat - Both a Challenge

Yes but we mean to do better next time

We had our victories this year too, but they were put into the shade by our defeats. Nine of the cups which we had triumphantly brought home last year, had to be returned — to our excessive disappointment. However, to those stalwart defenders and champions who fought for prizes this year too, we pay our respects.

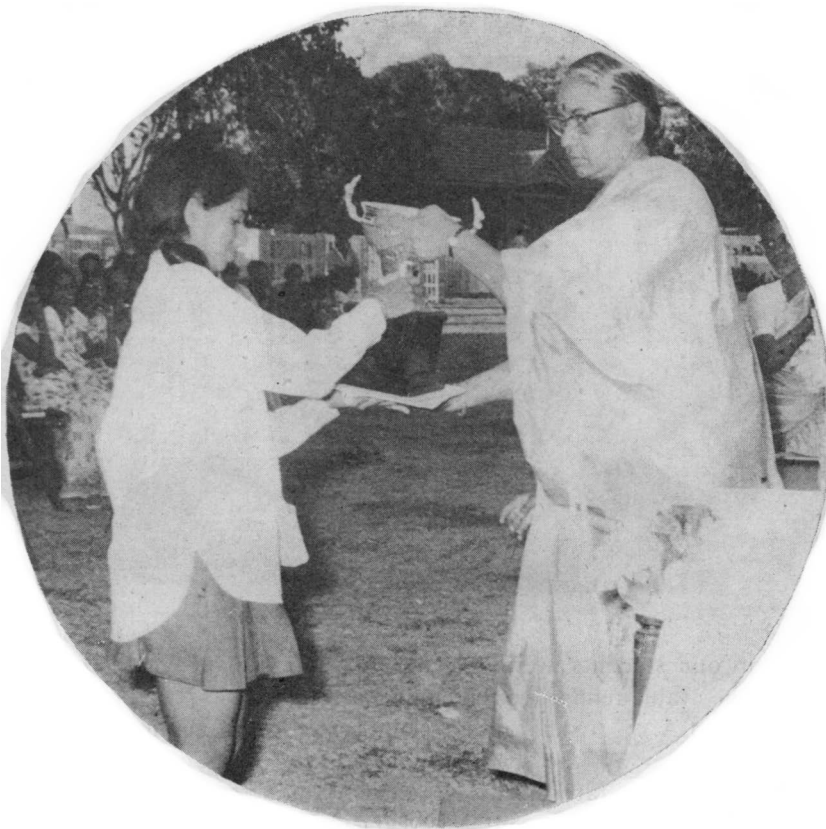


Many of our students were selected for inter-university matches this year. At Kolhapur, the table-tennis team of our University was captained by Visalakshi Vishwanathan (II M.A.). Asha Prabhu (I B.Sc.) represented the University for the second consecutive year at the ball-badminton meet at Chidambaram, and later, she also represented the State in the Nationals, conducted at Andhra. Our college had two members this year (as in last year) in the University tennis-team — Mira

Devasagayam (III B.A.) and Vidya Raju (I B.A.). Vidya, a promising player, put up a strong fight against the Punjab University who won the championship. The University basket-ball team had five Stella Marians this year. The tournament was held at Kanpur, and the team was captained by our star-player, Usha Mathen (II B.A.). The other members were Elizabeth George (II B.A.), Ramani Pothen (I B.A.) Annamma Abraham (I B.A.) and Lily Joseph (P.U). Annuradha Rao (I B.A.) represented the state in shuttle-badminton at the Nationals. She won the runners-up cup for the women's doubles.

In the inter-collegiate matches, we could not get any victory to our credit in the first two terms, but the end of the year, saw us champions in both basketball and baseball. Last year we had got the runners-up trophy for the group-championship in major games, so it is rather disappointing that we could manage to win laurels in only two games this year.

The basket-ball team were winners for the third year in succession. The excellent captaincy of Usha Mathen plus the fine skill and team-understanding among the players, facilitated a clean victory. The five University players



mentioned earlier, Poppy (III B.A.), Vanda (I B.A.), Kaveri Macaiya (I B.Sc.), Sumana Kini (I B.A.), Latha Menon (P.U.) and the sisters Tasneem and Tanveer Kareem (P.U.) made up the team.

The soft-ball results were also encouraging. Despite the fact that we introduced the game in college only last year, we were able to win the championship for the second successive year. The team was captained by Irene D. Paul (II B.A.), a wizard at the game. The conscientious practise and stoic



determination of the team to win contributed to their victory. Rhoda D'Souza (II B.A.) Soumini Nayar (I B.A.), K. S. Shanthi (I B.A.), P. V. Ananda (I B.A.), Rita Shetty (I B.A. - our pitcher), Usha Vasudevan (P.U.) Kalpana Thambuswamy (P.U.), Jessie (P.U.), Leila Venkat (P.U.) and Sujatha (P.U.) were in the team.

At the A. L. Mudaliar Sports (Madras Divisional Sports), the cup which had been ours last year, was far beyond our reach this time. Our only scores were by Diana Ingram (II B.A.), who was second in hurdles, and who has been



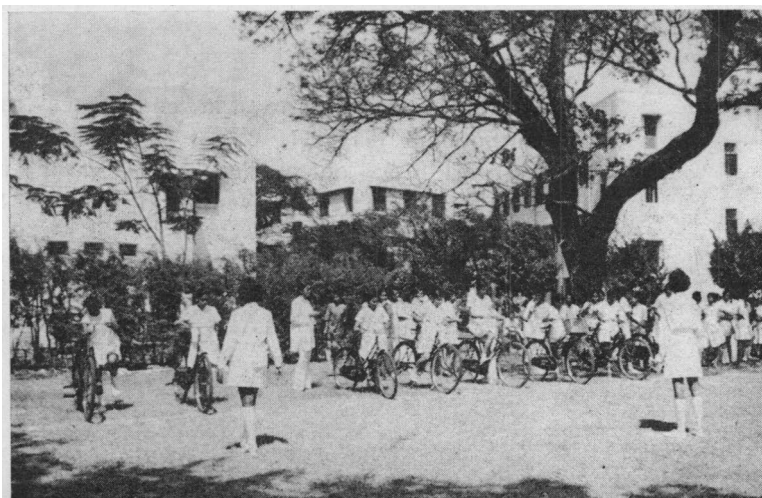
our college champion for the past three years in this field. Sushila Nanoo (P.U.) and A. Pushpa (P.U.), were second in high jump and shot put respectively.

Our results for the Inter-Divisional Sports were not very commendable, and therefore, we were not even selected for the inter-university athletic meet. At the inter-collegiate sports meet we secured a few third and fourth places again.

It will be realised from the report that the general interest in sports and games has dwindled this year. The teams consist of a few interested players who participate every year, but the general apathy of the students towards sports is disappointing. A change in the attitude of the students towards games is a necessity for the college to secure more laurels.

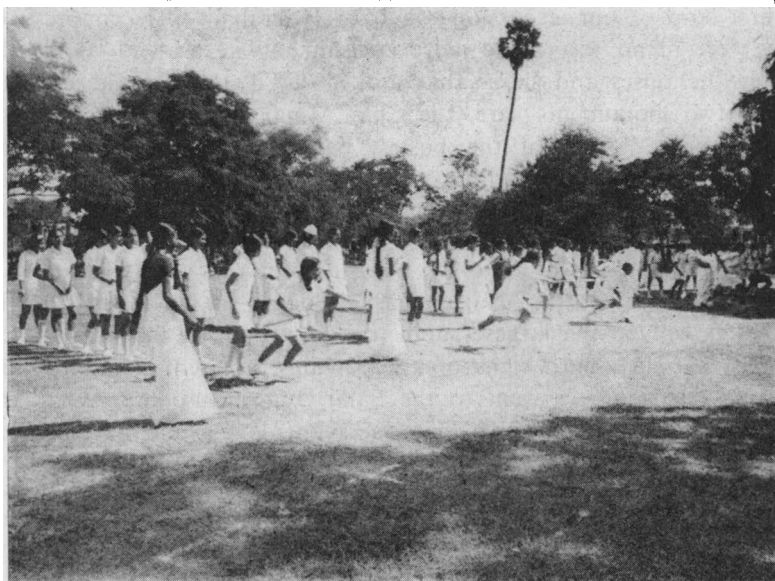
Our sports day on March 5th was thoroughly enjoyed by all, despite the slight rain that tried to dampen our spirits. Furthermore, we had Mother Provincial in our midst. This year there were new items on the programme: like the walking-race, "Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh", and the obstacle-race for the college peons. The games were strenuous and demanding, but there was good cheer and enjoyment in college that afternoon. Gandhimathi (I M.A.) was declared the college sportswoman, and won the individual championship. The II years, who were determined to prove that they had "the brains and brawn" after having won the inter-class debating cup, did prove it when they got the inter-class sports shield. Cheers to them.

The students of the college are deeply grateful to Mrs. Mangaladurai for all the hours they have enjoyed in the games field. She was disappointed with our general achievements this year, but she stood by every team with encouragement and cheer. We owe much to her conscientious and dedicated interest and



work, but it would be only proper on our part to show our appreciation for her efforts by taking a greater interest in our games and sports. Well, there are years to look forward to, and we hope that they will be more rewarding ones.

MARIAM JOHN
II B.A. Economics



More Than Fun

We never grow weary of these favourite spots — nature is ever young.

Excursions are a regular feature of college life. This year, too, groups of students ventured to various quarters of our land, and returned with the experience of 'having seen and learned'. The following are accounts of the fine arts, zoology, economics and history groups.

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Expectation, it is said, is keener than enjoyment, but the pleasure we felt as we actually stood amidst the semi-circular series of chaitya halls and viharas of Ajanta on the banks of the river Naghara, surpassed all our expectations, and sent us all into raptures.

The first stop of our excursion was at Hyderabad. The impressions of the crowded city were in no way made more pleasant, as we walked along the narrow streets, lined with houses and shops that looked as if they would crumble at any moment. The two monuments here, the Char Minar and the Jamu Masjid, stand near the cross-roads of one of the busiest parts of Hyderabad. But neither the busy traffic nor the noisy surroundings could detract in any way from the splendid symmetric beauty of the Char Minar, or the tranquility of the typical muslim mosque.

The next day we saw the Nagarjunasagar dam — a few miles from Hyderabad. When finished, it will be the largest rubble-masonry dam in the world. Every thing was going well that day, until signs of approaching rain sent us all running to our bus. The same afternoon we went to the Salar Jung Museum. What treasures it contains! It is almost unbelievable that one man alone could have collected such a variety of interesting objects. There are thrity-five rooms in all, and we moved in a trance amidst the numerous marble statues, the porcelain curios, the rich jewels, and the paintings of the Renaissance period.

The same night we set off for Aurangabad. The air of the city was far more refreshing than at Hyderabad, so recouping our energy and our spirits we set off on a tour of the city. Aurangazeb's tomb, which we visited, was very simple, and bespoke of the extreme poverty in which he must have lived during tha last years of his reign. Bibe Ka Makhbara is the tomb of Aurangazeb's wife, built by her son. To some extent, it compensated for our not having seen the Taj Mahal, for the Makhbara is built on a pattern similar to the Taj. As it stood framed by a flawless blue sky, the marble seemed to gleam in its sparkling whiteness. At Aurangabad we also visited Panchakki, the Daulatabad Fort, and rock-cut caves.

But the climax of our journey was yet to come. This was our much awaited trip to the Ajanta excavations. We caught our first glimpse of them from "The View Point", a spot at a level higher than the caves. It was from these that a group of British soldiers had first noticed the excavated caves. It was December, but hot nevertheless; so armed with our sun-glasses, straw hats and water bottles we set out to explore the thirty caves. The Chaitya halls and viharas, with their beautifully sculptured pillars, and walls adorned with the figures of Buddhas and Bodhisattvas were astounding. They were all the more interesting to us as students of art, and some even began to sketch the sculptures that had special, aesthetic appeal.

We were thrilled to see the paintings in the interior of the caves. They gave us an idea of the pomp and pageantry of royalty in those days, as well as a glimpse into the ascetics' lives. However the paintings are in a deplorable state, for until the setting-up of the archaeological department, they had been subjected to effacement and other misdeeds. Nevertheless, those that exist are classical examples of painting, and some of the colours are still as fresh as they were fifteen centuries ago. We were all equally impressed by the series at Ellora, and we could not, but marvel at the patience with which the excavation had been carried out, with much simpler tools than we have today.

Though exhausted from having crammed too many visits into too short a space of time, we had enriched ourselves greatly.

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The journey was an overnight one, but when night fell, none of us was the least bit inclined to sleep. As we neared Pamban in the morning, there was an air of suppressed anticipation all around. We caught our first glimpse of the sea near the bridge, and then, all at once, a vast shimmering expanse of turquoise water lay beneath us. It was a glorious sight.

In a matter of minutes we reached Pamban. We alighted with bag and baggage. Das, our faithful attender brought his precious equipment of jars and bottles. We trudged towards the Marine Biological Service Home, our temporary head quarters. Little did we dream that "Home" was nothing more than a thatched hut, bereft of the creature comforts we had imaginatively endowed it with.

After the initial shock had worn off, we set about exploring the place in earnest. Lunch was served in a make-shift dining hall by cherubic little boys.

The programme was to visit various places of interest at Mandapam-just across the bridge from Pamban. After a look at the Indo-Norwegian Project, we walked a long distance to the National Science Museum, where we saw various items of interest. We spent the afternoon at the delightful house of an aunt of one of the girls. This brief respite from rusticity made us momentarily homesick, but these pangs were soon lulled to rest by Mrs. Paul's motherly solicitude. By tea-time, we were back at Pamban.



We had planned to visit the Krusadi Islands off the Pamban coast and having heard much in their praise, it was a very excited group that waded through ankle-deep mud and slush to the launch awaiting us. It was a wonderful experience to be afloat in the midst of the vast sea. The ocean was a lovely sight, with its varying shades of blue and green.

The islands themselves did not disappoint us. Untouched by modern civilisation, and far from the "still, sad music of humanity" they revealed to us nature in its splendour. We spent many a happy hour on the wide beaches, and amidst the shady trees, and we left them reluctantly.

The following day, we caught the train to Rameswaram. Immediately we headed for the shore, where we got into three boats. The cruise proved to be an exhilarating experience. What enthralled us most were the coral reefs we could glimpse through the translucent water, and what we saw below threw us into raptures. The boat man willingly procured some of these corals for us, and with the utmost care we carried home with us these beautiful pieces of natural art.

The last day at Pamban was a rather quiet one, and when we boarded the train home, quite a little group of our new friends had collected to give us a send-off. These helpful people had done so much for us during our short stay.

The memory of those five days, when we spent so many hours in the joyful companionship of youth, will live on in the minds of each.

* * *

Third Year Economics class was in an uproar :

"Sister, let's go to see the races at Sholavaram".

"Oh no, let's go to Bangalore for the week-end".



"No overnight stay for me, Sister. Let's take a luxury bus and 'see Madras'.

"I think, Sathanur is the best Sister".

This last decision, unlike the others, was not tossed up.

The 5th of February found fifty of us at college, crowding around our bus, restless and impatient to start. The journey, to say the least of it, was fun. We talked, laughed and sang till we just could not bear hearing out hoarse voices any more.

We had intended to stop at the Tiruvannamalai Temple, but at that time we could not enter the sanctum. Then some one had the brilliant idea of going to Ramanashram for lunch.

Ramanashram deserves mention as a very peaceful resort. The prayerful atmosphere that prevails in the ashram attracts both Indians and foreigners, and offers them the joy of close communion with God.

When we reached the Sathanur dam, we were left free to stroll about as we pleased. Some almost took root at the foot of the roaring waters, which filled us with a strange feeling of fear and admiration.

We returned to our cottage, after having had our supper at a cafe nearby, to sleep. To sleep did I say? Not exactly — for us the night was spent in dancing, singing and enacting scenes from popular pictures and plays.

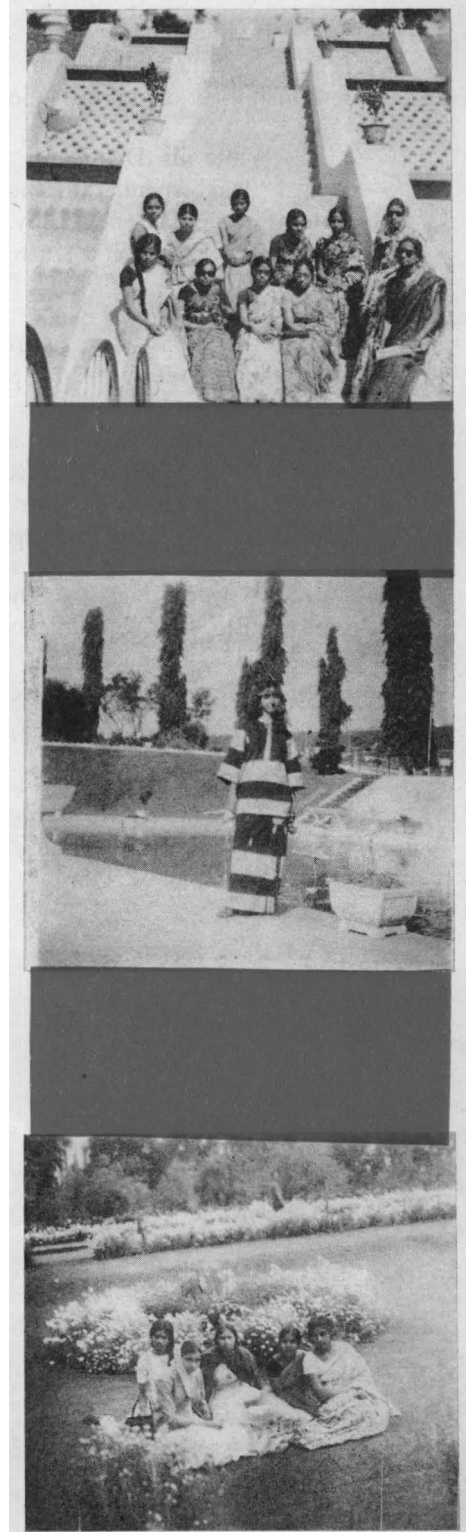
Next morning, after two more hours in the vicinity, we started our journey back. On the way we stopped to "explore" the ruined fort at Gingee.

We reached Stella Maris College at 5 o'clock in the evening, happy at the thought that for years to come this picnic would remain a treasured souvenir.

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It must have been with a considerable degree of apprehension, mixed perhaps with enthusiasm and determination, that Sr. Jeyam undertook the responsibility of taking about sixty of us up north: Delhi, Agra and Kashmir.

While in Delhi, we stayed at Mater Dei Convent. The evening of our arrival was spent at the Red Fort seeing and hearing the son-et-lumiere programme. The next day, two busloads of Stella Marians went sight-seeing, and did a good job of it: Kutb Minar, Teen Murti Bhawan, Birla Mandir, Raj Ghat, Shantivan.....

Next on the schedule was Agra. One day is insufficient to see it thoroughly. We went to Sikandra at first. The guide showed us Akbar's library (devoid of books), and his bedroom. We hurried through Agra Fort en route to the Taj Mahal. We had a glimpse of it from the Fort itself, but it was only when we stood face to face with the "splendid monument built for love", that we were filled with awe. For many of us it was not the first time that we saw it, but seeing it again and again did not lessen our admiration in the least.

We went back to the capital that night. The next day a few of us had the privilege of an audience with the Prime Minister, while others went shopping and visiting friends. That night we went to Pathankot by train. The next morning we left Pathankot for Srinagar in three buses. The buses moved quite slowly at first, but later in the day, went at a terrific speed over the Jhelum and through the hills.

That night we stopped at Kud. We had a peaceful night, in spite of a rumour that the house was haunted. The next morning we continued to make



our way to Srinagar, which we reached in the evening. The gigantic dahlias and the fair complexion of the Kashmiris caught our attention at the Government College Women's Hostel. The day was quite sunny, reminding us of Madras.

Once in Kashmir, it was apples and pears all the way, and soon we got tired of them. We journeyed to Pahalgam, and some of us rode on ponies (or were they mules?) up the beautiful hillsides. We went to Yusmarg, and spent a morning there. Then there was boating on Dal Lake. The various gardens we saw were a real treat for the flower types were rare and extremely delightful to behold.

However, we were greatly disappointed that there was not a bit of snow in sight (within a week of our return here, there was news of the first snowfall there). On the morning of our departure for Pathankot, there were light rain showers. We enjoyed the kind hospitality of the students and the warden of the hostel, and were sad to leave them, but were also eager to see our parents again.

In Delhi, we were informed that the G.T. Express, scheduled to leave on the 7th of October, would leave only the next morning. So back to Mater Dei for the night. We arrived in Madras on the 9th (or was it the 10th?) at 2-20 a.m. to be met by eager parents, after we had had a wonderful time.

N. CHANDRIKA III B.A. Drawing & Painting

SARASWATHY MURTHY III B.Sc. Zoology

MOHINI MALLYA III B.A. Economics

REVATHI SRINIVASAN III B.A. Economics

A Mission to Fulfil

Ever onward, despite the set-backs.

How can a student realise that she has a mission to fulfil — a mission which God Himself has entrusted to her? The All India Catholic University Federation strives to answer this question. For years it has been trying — slowly strenuously, but seriously.

Another serious attempt was made this year at Stella Maris to answer this question. The members of the A.I.C.U.F. tried hard to foster an atmosphere of friendliness, so that, striving 'together' this aim may be achieved.

The first step was a unique inaugural—an out door Mass followed by a social. There, in the open air, gathered around the Lord's altar, everyone felt drawn to fellowship by the magnetic power of Christ.

A few days later, the group started various interest groups, such as speech training, a review of life, social contacts. However, as in most college activities, interest waned towards the end of the first term. All efforts during the second and third terms to revive interest in these groups found little response.

Nevertheless, praise is due to the interested few who, despite the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the many, strove to convey the spirit of Christmas to the student body. A social, an evening of carol singing, and a Christmas sale — the proceeds of which were used to construct a hut for a poor widow—were the main events of Christmas week.



Visit to the Gabriel Rehabilitation Centre

Encouraging, too, is the fact that this academic year saw the beginning of a Tamil cell. The members met every week, concentrating all their powers on leadership training. To satisfy the need for social contacts, a visit was made to the Gabriel Rehabilitation Centre, to bring joy to the twenty inmates.

However encouraging has been the fact that a few maintain a very great interest in the objectives of the federation, membership in A.I.C.U.F. seems to have dwindled in the past few years. In a world of rapid change, conviction and commitment are difficult goals to achieve. May the few who worked hard and unflinchingly make their own the words of the prophet :

“The people whom I formed for myself:
shall show forth my praise!” (Isaias : 43:21)

Compiled from reports by

JACQUELINE BROWNE

II B.A., Literature

The M.R.A. Declare at Stella Maris

We knew they had a message worth declaring ; we're glad they've declared it.

History is replete with revolutions, some silent, others violent, blatantly crying for liberty, equality and fraternity. Russia, France and America have witnessed bloody political uprisings, where men crossed daggers to prove that a rich minority could not dictate terms to a majority. India also saw a political revolution - but not a bloody revolution.

The diverse elements which were twined together to make up a united India are fast disintegrating. We are caught in a labyrinth of squalor, poverty, apathy, dishonesty, corruption, and bitterness. The decaying standards must be eradicated. Men should decide to change themselves; only then can we hope to build up a better India. The Moral Re-Armament Movement is set upon this task of changing men in a big way.

Mr. Rajmohan Gandhi, the driving force behind the M.R.A. after hoisting the National Flag at Stella Maris on Republic Day said :

“India is a great country...Indians are heeded all over the world,...
India is to witness a social and spiritual revolution in which you,
the youth of India, will have a major role to play”.

Three short, simple sentences - yet how dynamic and vital. The full significance of his words struck me only after seeing the musical revue “Anything to Declare?” staged by the M.R.A. at Stella Maris, and after interviewing Mr. Rajmohan Gandhi.

The Moral Re-Armament Movement was born out of a simple yet compelling thought, which Frank Buchman, its initiator had, while on a walk in the Black Forest of Germany in 1938. Disconcerted over Europe's mounting armaments, he said to himself: “The next great advance in human history will be the moral and spiritual re-armament of the world”. This idea was launched into the world, and drew support from men in all walks of life, and has now become an established global force. The M.R.A. has spectacular achievements in changing men and their attitudes towards other men.

“What is M.R.A. ?” I asked many of the cast, and got the same reply: “It's just a way of life, where you put into practice the four absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love, guided by the inner voice of God”.



While interviewing Mr. Rajmohan Gandhi he remarked, "We Indians are under-estimating ourselves. If only we open our eyes and look around, we'll find that there is much to be done. Unity is a utopian concept unless we dispel fear, hatred, jealousy, bitterness and pride from the hearts of men. Apology can lead to a nuclear fusion, if only men would swallow their pride and come out in the open. The Indian youth should work to drive home this message to their counterparts, and establish amicable relations all over the world". And in the Himmat publication, "Better than Violence" he writes : "Asia is meant to be on the give, and not just on the get".

The message of the M.R.A. is beautifully expressed through the creative musical show, "Anything to Declare?" which was the outcome of an M.R.A. conference in Switzerland in 1967.

The whole cast of sixty arrive on the stage as for a take-off at an airport, and when asked if they have anything to declare at the customs, with a loud "Yes" they burst into song and dance, declaring that if there is no caste bar, colour bar, or race bar, we can build up a new world - a world closely knit in the brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God.

The programme is a combination of quick rhythms from Spain and Scotland, melodious swaying music from Sweden, France and Switzerland, some light pieces of acrobatics, ballads and true to life stories. The team spirit, joy, conviction and perfect understanding among the cast is striking. Every song, with a moral theme, is put across to the audience in a moral and arresting manner.

One of them explains how a curtain runs between the rich and poor countries which needs to be lifted. Another warns against pointing your finger at your neighbour, for you will have three more fingers pointing back at you.

The ballad of "Les the Plumber", denounces all victimisation of workers, and portrays how a change in the life of Les Dennison, the chairman of Building Trades Operatives in England, increased production on his site by 30%. This resulted in bigger pay packets for his workers.

The gripping story of Robert Carmichael, the French industrialist offers an insight into the smoothing of labour management relations in the textiles industry. This was instrumental in achieving a 15% wage increase for 600,000 workers.

An abhinaya-cum-tableaux piece, depicts wonderfully, through light and shadow effects, the patching up of quarrels between the hill-and plains-people of Assam and Nagaland.

If only people were generous enough to share their riches and feeling, then there would be no room for estrangement and enmity. The key to open the door of a happy life is there, in “people like you, people like me” as one song puts it, waiting to be used.

The story of the crusaders for emancipation in European history is told through a remarkable pageant, which leaves an ennobling effect on the audience.

The musical revue ends with a soul-stirring song “Is anybody there?”

The M.R.A. had, indeed, something to declare to the Stella Marians, and infused a new faith and a new hope into the hearts of a new generation, full of energy and eagerness to give a better deal to this world.

D. HEMALATHA
I M.A. Economics

Holiday Camp for Deprived Children

Awakened to a realisation of their own potentialities — self confidence must ensue.

A memorable achievement of the year 1971 was the successful holiday camp organised in January by the staff and post-graduate students of the Department of Social work. The Camp site was Tonakela, sixteen miles from Avadi. What was unique about this Camp was that it was attended solely by boys of low income families - the socially backward ones from Seva Samajam Boys Home, Saligram and from the three Slum Improvement Project centres of the college. There were thirty-four of them in all ranging between twelve and fourteen years of age.

It was a novel experiment, both for the organisers and participants. The six social work students acted as counsellors to the five groups into which the boys were divided and were responsible for the progress of each of the boys. The groups chose national heroes to distinguish themselves: Gandhiji, Nehruji, Bharathiyar, Valluvar, Annadhurai. The counsellors guided the boys in discovering their particular talents and developing them through group association.

The days were packed with joyful activities - physical, intellectual and cultural. Games, Sports, Camp duties, Swimming, care of kit and personal hygiene were only some of their new activities, crowned with an unforgettable visit to Britannia Biscuit Factory. There were the most enjoyable activities of camp life - camp fires, group songs, play competitions, fancy dress and film shows. But these were followed by exercises of the brain - evaluation of the films shown, extempore speeches, drawing and painting competitions and quizzes.



Volunteers from the Indian Youth Pioneer Federation conducted a one day programme. A jolly feature was the well organised "TREASURE HUNT" which developed the sense of observation and team spirit. Every part of the programme was devised with the purpose of discovering talent among the boys and helping them to acquire New knowledge and skill. The volunteers instilled in the young boys a sense of leadership. They came again on the last day to run the sports.

To the organisers, the success of the camp lay in giving these boys from

the slums their first real, thrilling experience of a happy life of fellowship and friendship, surrounded by love and interest. The Counsellors were indeed, "friend, philosopher and guide" to youngsters whose chances in life have been so limited by a family background and circumstances. To be understood and to be accepted, to be living away from home, and for the boys from the slums to be revelling in outdoor country life, was an event of a life time. No wonder the boys cried when the camp had to break up. It was evident that they were sorry to leave the Counsellors and the volunteers.

Many Social Service Organisations and Youth Clubs aim at helping less privileged youth. We do hope that this first experiment will be taken up by other groups and that Camps for deprived children of various institutions and the dreary slums around our city will become a regular feature. Tonakela Camp is a permanent site which may be utilised all through the year with great advantage. In this way it is a signal service to all who wish to organise such educative ventures as the one we describe.

A Social Worker

From Social Work to Social Action

The task is far from complete - but at least we have begun.

This year, too, the National Service Scheme continued the work initiated two years ago. The group working in the Gram Street Slum, carried on its previous year's programme of small savings and classes for school children, but with less success than last year. Some students who attended a literacy course in college during the Michaelmas vacation found that they were unable to motivate the slum dwellers to join their classes, although they followed their instructions to the letter.

The third term was more rewarding, as the group held a sports day for the children, that both organizers and children thoroughly enjoyed. Prizes were awarded, and tea and savouries served while every child received a little gift too. About fifty children had come almost every evening for two weeks to practise for the sports, but on D-Day, two hundred children appeared. The students were a little perturbed, but managed with great enthusiasm and reasonable interest.

A special credit goes to the hardest workers: that is the P.U.'s and hostelites, and their invaluable helpers, Sr. Thecla, and Mrs. Mangaladorai.

The Kitchen gardening, hospital visiting, and literacy groups gathered tomatoes, paid their calls, and scrawled on slates, respectively. While the first two performed their tasks satisfactorily, the last seemed inspired - perhaps by the course - for every evening found them helping their house-wife pupils spell their way to literacy. The new literates whom they have created are the great glory of these diligent, unassuming students.

An outstanding feature of the year was a camp in Kottor - a village on the outskirts of Adyar. Though housing facilities have been provided for the villagers, sanitation has been overlooked. The campers decided that the prime need of these villagers was latrines, so they started constructing them. Despite many a hurdle, the task was duly completed. Hygiene and health programmes could now be pursued.

The NSS is still in its infancy. Stella Maris recognises the role her students ought to play in national development. She also realises that this role does not consist in mere social work ... but rather in social action, which comprises a change of attitudes and structures. She is convinced that the NSS is a step forward creating the necessary machinery and energy, which will give momentum to the action.

A REPORTER



Glimpses of Politics

A first step towards political maturity.

“Students should not indulge in politics”, has been and still is the insistent cry of the elders in our country. All the same, a majority of students in our country continue to show more than the usual or casual interest in politics, at the expense of their studies. No ordinary being can serve two masters successfully at the sametime, much less a student. If entry into politics cannot wait till the conclusion of studies, he must give up studies for politics.

On the other hand, a student, especially a university student, should neither be ignorant of nor indifferent to politics. As a future responsible citizen of the country, who is expected to make useful contributions to public life he should equip himself intelligently. While a majority of students takes part in political activities, an appreciable number are blissfully unaware of what is really going on. Mere slogan-shouting or participation in demonstrations do not mean that the slogan-shouter or demonstrator is capable of proper appreciation and assessment of the problem.

Many of us have gleaned some knowledge from articles, reported speeches, and discussions by elders. Some of us were even more fortunate in that we had the opportunity to listen to a series of lectures and talks on politics by experienced men in the field. They dealt with many of the urgent problems in the country and solutions for them.

We were first given a brief outline of “Indian Politics”, and “The Structures of the Democratic Set-up in India”. Our system was compared with those of other countries, and its merits and demerits brought to light. The need for democracy in a country like ours was emphasised. Our next talk dealt with “Tradition versus Modernity”. The difficulties confronting a sudden switch-over to modernity were highlighted, and the need for extreme tolerance and patience during the possibly long period of change was stressed.

In a land with many languages, varied cultures, (not to mention the different races, religions, castes and tribes) there is no dearth of political parties. Shortly before the attainment of Independence in 1947, divergence of views among the leaders of the Indian National Congress gave rise to a split which encouraged further divisions. To many of us, one party was not very different from another, till we had representatives from different parties to come and give us their ideologies, how and when they were formed, and what their aims were. I must say that special credit should go to the representatives of those parties who gave us very illuminating talks, without indulging in propaganda of any sort.

This was followed up by a talk on "The Future of Democracy in India", since parties are springing up which may change the face of politics in India, as they have done elsewhere.

Finally we were given a talk on "The need for Law and Order in a Democratic Set-up". It was informative and interesting, in that it was punctuated with illustrative anecdotes. Justice demands that every citizen should enjoy his fundamental rights. Unless law and order is maintained fairly, rigidly and effectively, exploitation, intimidation and victimization of citizens or groups of citizens by other citizens or groups, and deprivation of fundamental rights would be inevitable. Man would no longer be man, and only the rule of the jungle would exist.

Grateful though we are for the knowledge received, yet we realise that as in all learning, we need to press ahead. Education is not confined to the class room - for it is by living that we learn.

A. LAKSHMI NARAYANAN
II B.Sc. Mathematics

The Pre-University Literary Club

Amateurs, yet with perseverance we hope to become experts.

The news spread like wild fire through Stella Maris and took the Pre-University students by storm! And now before you start conjuring up remote possibilities, let me tell you what it was all about - the inaugural ceremony of a literary club; exclusively for the P. U. students, the first of its kind in the annals of Stella Maris. Its main objective is to provide an outlet for the ambitions of many literary enthusiasts, who could either not be accommodated in such large numbers in the dramatic club, or those who felt they could not hold their own against the more experienced oratorical experts among their seniors. Enthusiasm is very infectious, and so the membership of the club soon rose to a comfortably high number.

The inauguration day saw Assunta Hall in splendid decor, filled to capacity. The function was a story of success. The president outlined the aims, and activities which the club proposed to hold for the year; and soon after the dramatists of our club managed to capture the undivided attention of the audience by a charming play, which quite surpassed our expectations. But the highlight of the programme was an eloquent speech by Father Murphy, who transported us to the early days of English literature, and kept us engrossed to the end of his speech.

The office-bearers having been elected already, with Nirmala D'Souza heading the literary cabinet, the club met on the 24th of July, and our dramatists excelled themselves in yet another short skit. A delightful as well as informative quiz programme was held; the end of which saw many of us hurrying home, only to bury ourselves in our literary collections in the hope of improving upon our knowledge. It was decided that the club would meet only once a month, so that the students could participate in other club activities as well. The dramatic talents of the club members having been proved already the next essay competition served to reveal our talents in the art of writing. The subject, "The purpose of literature in the space age" was a reminder of the great value of literature, at a time when students attempt to do away with Shakespeare and Milton.

The second term saw the debating platforms of our college packed with future public speakers of the country; and the literary club, not to be outdone, announced an extempore speech competition. Pushya, of Pre-University-7, walked away with the first prize, having excelled herself on the topic "Poets are born, not made".

The dramatic ingenuity of the members having been awakened, they worked with alacrity on quite a long play, "The importance of being Earnest" and the result fully justified their earnest toil. Further activities of the club were cut short for the term by the long holidays due to student unrest over the medium of instruction.

The third term saw a renewal of activities, which time and space will not permit me to describe. Considering that the literary club of the Pre-University students was an initial maiden venture, and that it had hardly enough time to fulfil all its ambitions, I can say that it proved to be a great success and I am sure that all other members will agree with me, and wish it a bright future.

MERCY EMMANUEL
Pre-University

Farewell to "The Uniques"

"Gone are the days when together they did play". We will miss you.

O-8 is packed and overflowing for the magic word has spread: "The Uniques" are playing. The twang of guitars being tuned has stopped. There is silence, as the first, nostalgic strains of "Sakura" drift through the audience. The show has begun.

"The Uniques", are the most popular girls' group in Madras. Started four years ago only two of the original members remain. Today the group consists of Lillian Azuma, the sensitive lead guitarist; Margaret Cherian, the talented rhythm guitarist; Asha Shetty, their golden-voiced singer, who also plays bass guitar; and Zilan Munas, the dynamic drummer.

"The Uniques" have given a number of performances in college, and their popularity can easily be judged by the vast audience that gather to hear them. This last academic year, unfortunately, their shows have been few. All the members of the group are final year students, and presumably have been studying too hard to devote much of their time to the pop group - or is it just laziness? They have also given some exclusive public performances to a select audience at the U. S. I. S., where they have been greatly appreciated.

The group favour the old fashioned beat of rock and pop music, and they prove to us that the "old fashioned" can still be very appealing. Most of their music is based on the sounds of "The Ventures" and "Simon and Garfunkel". It is quiet music but with a definite beat and rhythm, that soon sets even the most sedate foot tapping.



On the stage the group form a gay quartet in their costumes. Their showmanship and co-ordination is superb. They promote a friendly and informal atmosphere as they swing into their latest composition. Yes, this talented group even composes its own music. Off-stage and during practices the same friendly atmosphere prevails, for all four are good friends. It is nearly as enjoyable to sit through one of their performances. Sr. David must also be mentioned here, for the encouragement and invaluable help that she has given the group.

All good things must come to an end. The final performance of the group is over and Stella Maris will have lost its most talented musical group.

MANJULA ALAGANAN
III B.A. Literature

Inter-Collegiate Debates - A Report

The laurels of a few experts is not what we want; 'tis the effort of the majority that sings our praises.

Why? Anything that is done today is confronted by this three letter word which is bandied most among the youth of today. The victorian or traditional Indian attitude was not to question why, and the more youth questions, the more misunderstood it is. Why should the spirit of enquiry be suppressed? As one of the young debaters waxing eloquent on 'student unrest' put it: "What we want is communication (a two-way process) and understanding".

It is amazing to see the young communicating their ideas for understanding in a sincere, enthusiastic and confident manner. The 'frankness' is striking - they don't shrink from criticising even if it is to their disadvantage. Two of our debaters did receive (while giving!) the 'fire of criticism' when they made rather damaging but sound comments on our University (a "museum" - it's coming alive!) and Indian punctuality. Consolation - they bagged the prizes - an example of the judges' impartiality.

Back to the question of why. My query is why are there so many debates? Every college union and association, commercial organisations, philanthropic clubs, government departments, all conduct annual debates, not to forget the debates on Centenary Celebrations. If it is a means of directing student 'energy' in constructive channels it is indeed a welcome move. But the point is, the same students participate with unrelieving monotony in these and are drained of all 'energy' the others conserving it for various purposes - I won't venture to guess. Further 'constructive work' done by students rarely ever hits the headlines - only 'strikes' enjoy, that privilege and in the front page too.

The redeeming feature in Stella Maris is we had a team of 12 (last year it was 16) who took turns and guest speakers who made the grades were also invited. While putting ourselves on this move to 'unearth' and display Demosthenes' talent, it is a moot point to put our 'thinking caps' on - With 1700 students in college, are there only 12 good speakers? Why the student apathy? Even if the prizes are 'fab' (as in the competitions held by the Punjab Association) students don't come forward. Where is the energy and drive that are supposedly in the youth? Stage fear may be a partial explanation but can't students even write an essay? Then again even if they sign up, they mysteriously drop out for reasons best known to themselves. While one cannot but appreciate the generosity of (1700-12) students to let their friends wear the laurel wreaths, it is worthwhile to remind them that charity begins at home.

I might as well put a stop to these 'meanderings' and start counting our 'laurels' - the avowed purpose of a report. If the beginning looks very little

like a report, it is intentional. The 'rigidity' of prepared speeches was broken by a few 'extempore' oratorical contests. At the Kilpauk Theosophical Lodge, Shrimathi Iyengar won the third place. At Women's Christian College, Kasthuri and Karin Kapadia secured the first and second prizes respectively. The Lion's Club attempted to blend prepared and extempore oration in their competition, the students having to prepare on a wide range of subjects and one being chosen by the judges. Karin Kapadia won the trophy and a lovely medal for her eloquence. She had a "windfall" when she secured the First Place in the Productivity Council Speech Contest.

Doreen D'Souza obtained the consolation prize in the Civil Service International Oratorical Contest when she answered the question why social service is not a myth in the space age. Rita Dorairaj was also a 'consolation prize-winner' at what the Railways termed an 'Elocution Contest'. Indira Rama was also awarded a consolation at the U. N. Celebrations of the Gandhi Peace Foundation.

At both the Rotary Club and Mylapore Academy Oratorical Contests Rachel Chandy was declared the best speaker. Rachel Kurien bagged the first prize in both the Loyola College History Association Debate and 'New Life for India Society' Oratorical Competition. Rachel Kurien and Rachel Chandy won the second place at YWCA and A.C. College respectively.

The John F. Kennedy Memorial Shield (S.I.E.T. College) was retained by our Debating Team - Kasthuri N. and Karin Kapadia who also secured the first prize. Stella Maris, represented by Nalini and Bharathi R, won the S. I. C. C. Essay Competition for the second year in succession, while Shrimathi secured the third place in the Oratorical Contest.

Rekha Shetty and Karin Kapadia spoke convincingly on 'Small Savings' and were declared the best team. Rekha, who won a prize last year too, came second. while Karin received the consolation prize. Our promising debaters Doreen and Rita brought home two trophies all the way from Madras Christian College, Tambaram, where they spoke forcefully on "Brain Drain—Why not?" Rita also secured the first prize. At Queen Mary's College, Swarnalatha E. and Prabha S. came first and second when they were eloquent on 'Decentralisation and Socialisation'.

After a silence of two years Stella Maris sounded the trumpet of victory at the University Debate in English. Karin Kapadia was declared the best speaker. In Hindi, Vatsala Chaudury repeated her performance of last year and was adjudged as best orator. Karin's story is one of resounding victories - at the Punjab Association Oratorical Contest she shared the first place with Rekha Shetty - incidentally, her story is very similar to Karin's. Rita Dorairaj and Kamini Hegde were placed first and second respectively in the other oratorical contest.

While all trophies are coveted, the I.I.T., is more so. In spite of the "booing" (a kind of friendly and unnerving reception given to guests by the so-called 'elite' in the intellectual arena) Rachel and Rekha with poise sailed home to victory. Rekha was awarded the best speaker trophy. However we lost the cup for group discussion - won by the Engineering College.

In the Quiz Competitions, Lakshmi and Valli, as usual were very obliging. They along with Geetha brought home the coveted Lion's Club Trophy. Rekha and Annie Mathews made their debut at Ethiraj and were crowned with success. At Loyola, too they won the trophy. Geetha and Valli won the Shakespeare Quiz at Madras Christian College, with the latter securing the first prize in the Essay Competition as well. Quiz Contests, except for the regular All-India Radio Broadcasts every month, are very few.

Unlike reports which confine themselves to victories, I shall place on record where we did not succeed. At the I.I.T. Quiz Contest, at the Oratorical Competitions conducted by the Cultural Academy and by the Mylapore Academy we did not get an 'honourable mention'. The Goschen Gold Medal too eluded our grasp this time. Those who participated in the Loyola College Commerce Association debate came back with satisfaction (their prize!) for they said the audience was responsive.

Life seems to be one round of debating activity considering the hectic time we have had this year. Congratulations to all debaters of the team who always rose to the occasion and gave of their best.

The Team

Rachel Chandy	—	III B.A.
Shrimathi Iyengar	—	III B.A.
Ashwathy Thomas	—	III B.A.
Rekha Shetty	—	III B.A.
Mariam John	—	II B.A.
Indira Rama	—	II B.Sc.
Rachel Kurien	—	I B.Sc.
Rita Dorairaj	—	I B.A.
Doreen D' Souza	—	I B.A.
Radha Sharma	—	I B.A.
Susila M.	—	P.U.C.
Sowmya	—	P.U.C.

Guest Speakers

Kasthuri N.	—	II M.A.
Karin Kapadia	—	II B.A.
Swarnalatha E.	—	I B.A.
Prabha S.	—	I B.Sc.

S. V. SEETHA
Lecturer in English

The College Choir

With determination and co-operation, much can be achieved.

The choir of Stella Maris College had a sudden beginning, when one morning in October 1968, the college notice board, called the attention of music lovers. A considerable number joined, to make up the three sections - first and second sopranos and the altos.

Under the professional guidance of Mrs. Bonnie Woolfe and through her untiring efforts the choir soon won the applause of eminent musicians at the first concert held on St. Cecilia's Day. It continued to improve, and distinguished itself again at the carol services at Wesley Church, St. George's Cathedral, the American Women's Club, and the Cultural Academy. The choir became an important part of any entertainment in college. The final performance under Mrs. Woolfe was open to the public - a Musical Evening on March 6th 1970, at the Museum Theatre. In August, the choir bade "au revoir" to Mrs. Woolfe.

However, their co-operative spirit continued. They wondered at first, how Zilan Munas, a final year student of Western Music, with no professional training, would take the place of a professional conductress. However, her spirit soon won them over. The new choir of twenty-five with a dozen old members worked hard, and Zilan made them realize that they were capable of achieving much. She maintained discipline and at the same time made singing an enjoyable college activity. The first performance was again on St. Cecilia's Day, in November 1970, and the choir won deserving applause.

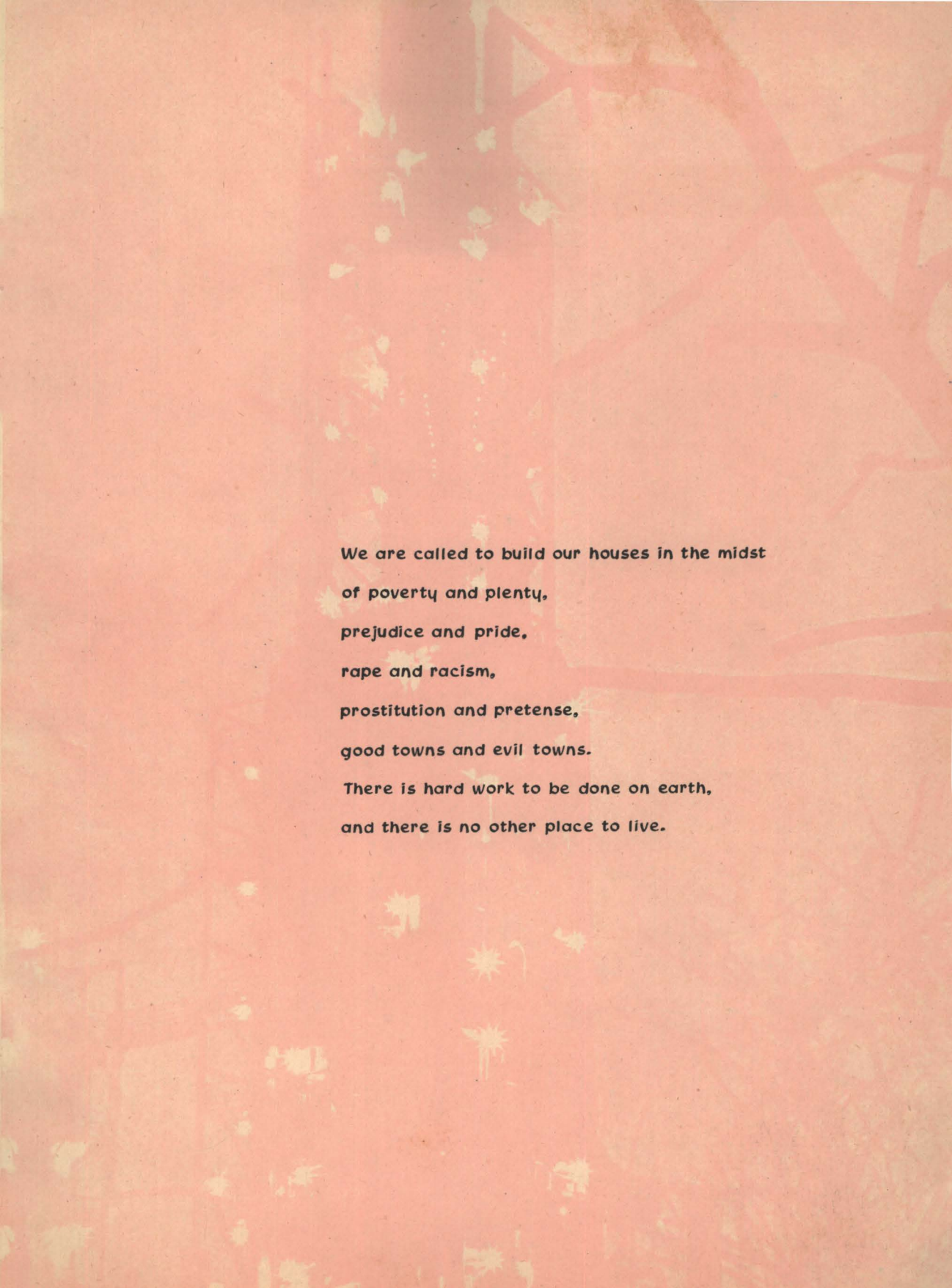
One cannot recollect the choir standing gracefully, singing with ease, blending so well, eyes fixed on the conductress, without remembering Margaret Cherian's skilful, melodious accompaniment at the piano. Thanks to the time she gave for regular practices, and her patience in repeating notes and phrases till one felt confident about singing them correctly, the choir continued to work smoothly. She too is a final year student, in English Literature.

Under student direction the choir sang at Wesley Church, St. George's Cathedral, and for the last time, at college day this year. A number of schemes for public performances were proposed for the third academic term, but due to unforeseen holidays, these proposals did not materialize.

If this spirit of friendly co-operation towards a harmonious whole continues, I assure the future members and leaders of any other choir which may be formed in college, of success, fun and reward for labour.

ROMA JAIPAL
III B.A. Literature





We are called to build our houses in the midst
of poverty and plenty,
prejudice and pride,
rape and racism,
prostitution and pretense,
good towns and evil towns.
There is hard work to be done on earth,
and there is no other place to live.

The Dynamics of Freedom

Though a much abused ideal of the day - freedom will always remain man's birth-right.

Charles Kingsley introduced a dynamic concept of freedom when he sought to differentiate between that freedom which enables one to do what he merely desires to do, from that which empowers him to do what really ought to be done. History furnishes several memorable episodes that exemplify the latter variant of freedom, which alone according to Kingsley, is real and righteous freedom. The heroes of the American war of independence, the French revolutionaries, the Irish rebels, and more recently, the participants in the Indian freedom struggle, and all others who have fought against alien domination, imperial tyranny, or oppression of any other kind such as serfdom, slavery or religious intolerance, have laboured in their own way, to uphold this noble ideal of freedom.

On the other hand, the former idea of freedom has been carried to its impalatable extreme by proponents of free love, the hippies and beatniks of the west, and thousands of other social dropouts and campus rebels all over the world. This is not real freedom; it is only excess - very vigorous manifestations of which would make every discerning spectator exclaim: 'O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!'

It remains an indubitable fact that real freedom is an essential pre-requisite for the ennoblement of human personality. It is verily the life-blood of human existence, the foundation of a flourishing and fruitful society. Men have claimed it for themselves on religious, intellectual and humanitarian grounds. History fondly lingers on those annals that breathe the glorious spirit of the bards who sang of freedom, the heroes who fought for it, the martyrs who died for it. "Man has broken through all the prison bars of natural law, and has asserted his right to freedom, has made it the theme of his noblest thoughts, has beaten it into a martial music for his marching legions and forever looks onward and upward for this glorious consummation of his highest hopes - to be free forever."

Rousseau declared that man was born free, but was bound every where by chains - chains of corrupt aristocracy, the rut of religious intolerance, the bog of superstition, and the darkness of ignorance. Other poetical theorists like Voltaire, John Locke and Montesquieu, who were contemporaries of Rousseau, also urged the necessity for political liberty. The European renaissance was essentially a freedom movement. Many powerful and noble men were inspired by the eternal values of liberty, equality and fraternity; and in France, the intelligentsia and the masses were architects of the epoch-making French Revolution. In the New World, America's unquenched thirst for freedom crystallized into her Declaration of Independence.

Freedom slowly but steadily spread her wings, and flew from the occident to the orient to remove all vestiges of Imperialistic ambition and feudal oppression. Her task is not complete as yet: nonetheless, her achievements, so far, have been significant, if not spectacular enough. The task is difficult because political liberty is meaningless in societies where there is appalling economic insecurity. Freedom to choose his rulers does not seem significant to the common man, so long as they do not succeed in liberating him from poverty and disease.

But whether it is political liberty or economic security, they are only means to the ultimate end, namely the achievement of maximum possible personal freedom. It was the realisation of this truth that made Milton exclaim so grandly: "give me liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely, according to conscience". Nothing is nobler in man than his mind, and nothing is nobler about it than the exercise of its complete freedom of reasoning and choosing. William Lloyd Garrison, the famous antislavery leader, extolled the freedom of the mind thus :

"No chains can bind it, and no cells enclose;
Swifter than light, it flies from Pole to Pole,
and in a flash, from Earth to Heaven it goes!"

But the disheartening fact is that, like many good things of life, the right to freedom has been put to much abuse in the so-called 'free world' of today. Freedom has become the convenient camouflage for eccentricity and cynicism. Frustrated and disillusioned youngsters have sought refuge in the bizarre glares of hippieland, in their revolt against the establishment. Their negation of the lasting values of life, their cult of abject escapism, has thousands of sponsors and sympathisers all over the globe.

This is an unfortunate trend, for escapist tendencies are baneful to the well-being of society. The individual's evasion of his obligation to society, serves, not to solve the problems of the establishment, but only to augment the same. Rabindranath Tagore has pointed out that "an individual who succeeds in disassociating himself from his fellows may imagine that he thereby attains real freedom, for all ties of relationship of value imply obligation to others. But we know from our experience of history that this is not a fact..... The best and highest type of society is one that is for ever active in trying to solve the problem of mutual relationship. Only thereby can wider areas of freedom for its members be acquired."

Thus, the escapist cults that are playing havoc in the affluent societies of the West, and which are not unknown in the East, are merely reactionary movements, unlike the revolutionary freedom movements of the past. They are said to be barometers of a sick civilisation - sick because of its excessive pre-occupation with warfare, violence, racism and highly materialistic and mechanized pattern of life. These contentions against modern civilisation are true to a very large extent, no doubt, but to claim that our social living has thereby been irreparably damaged would represent a highly pessimistic attitude, that is quite unwarranted.

And it is certainly unfortunate that those who are chiefly attracted towards the escapist movements, having fallen prey to the widespread pessimistic tendencies are the youth who are at that stage of life that has been hailed by poets as the spring-tide of life and the threshold of achievement.

It would do good to recall that it was at a time when Darwinism was largely misunderstood, and had given rise to a lot of pessimistic thinking, that Robert Browning spoke of:—

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break
Never dreamed, though right went worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, Sleep to wake.”

Thus, optimism is necessary for a confident and constructive life. “He who puts forth one depressing thought aids Satan in his work of torment; he who puts forth one cheering thought aids God in his work of beneficence.” This explains that one’s obligation to society must not be disregarded, while claiming his right for freedom. As far as the individual is concerned, obligation without freedom is unwise, but it is equally true, from the point of view of society, that freedom without obligation is unfair. If a happy mean is struck between the two essentials, it would help us attain to the upanishadic ideal of true freedom, namely, our progress “from Darkness to Light, from Untruth to Truth, from Death to Immortality.”

S. RAMALAKSHMI
III B.A. Economics



Outward Show and Inward Woe

Are the 'snobs' to guide the destiny of the university? Yes they will! Unless an inner conversion takes place.

The personal column of a magazine of national repute recently carried the following letter written by a group of girls; "We are teenagers studying in the Senior Intermediate Class. We belong to lower middle class families, but the majority of girls in our college come from wealthy and extremely well-to-do families. Their conversation is entirely confined to the activities in high society, and as we are unacquainted with such matters, they avoid us. We feel friendless and alien. Do you think we could make friends with such girls?"

This proves that snobbery has invaded even the college campus. Snobbery has become so common these days, especially among the youthful elite, that its obnoxious influence is felt even within the precincts of the University, where young people are supposed to unite as a family under the loving care of the Alma Mater. Is it not really detestable that young minds should be so darkly tainted with this silly snobbish attitude?

The problem is not as minor as most of us may be led to think. It is becoming increasingly significant in a developing country like India, where more and more teenagers from the smaller income groups are attending colleges. The discrepancy in the social outlook between the rich and poor student groups is bound to widen with the years, and this poses a serious threat to effective education.

A snob gives undue importance to social position and wealth, and stigmatizes merit and worth where they should be applauded. Surely such notions among the young will defeat the very purpose of education. Students tend to be indifferent to studies, fritter away their time and energy in assuming snobbish airs, parading their superficial finery and trumpeting their so-called knowledge. All this unwarranted paraphernalia is suicidal to constructive education. These misconceived notions are harmful in that they misdirect youthful energy, stultify studious work, and develop a haughty and arrogant attitude, where respect for the individual is utterly absent, and meaningless distinctions are made between students belonging to different social groups.

This attitude is prevalent in most of the colleges in the big cities of India. It is high time that we young people make concerted efforts to get rid of this evil which weakens the feeling of oneness among the youth.



In my opinion, snobs offend from want of thought more than from any want of feeling. They think they can join the ranks of the civilized and refined by associating solely with those who are on the higher rungs of the ladder of social status, and hence they overlook those of modest means. It is this misconception that makes them rude and insolent, in a crude attempt to be considered among the elite.

The first step to combat snobbery is the realization that culture and civilization are not the peculiar privilege of the wealthy. We must understand that the cultured are those who have laboured to divest knowledge of all that is harsh, uncouth and exclusive, and have humanised it, to make it efficient outside their cliques. In our pursuit of knowledge of life and the world, we should keep this fundamental fact in mind. Civilization does not imply snobbery, for as Richard Livingstone said, it is a sense of values extending to the field of intellect, character and imagination.

Our fight against snobbery must essentially be based on this definition of civilized society. We would be adopting a positive approach to the problem by giving importance to the development of the intellect, and cultivating our faculties of knowing and understanding others as they really are, not as they seem to be. Then our reason will spontaneously impress on us the fact that merit and worth are not to be relegated to the background, and we will learn to give credit wherever it is due irrespective of the social status of the person.

The moon is reflected in all its calm beauty in a pond that has crystal clear waters, and not in one where troubled and murky waters contort its image. So too, we can see the intrinsic goodness of every individual only if our mind is undisturbed. But when we don artificial meaningless airs, we miss the good qualities in others. and our vision is limited to what is superficial.

A little thinking will show us that while wealth is ever changing like the ebb and flow of a tide, worth is everlasting like the perennial waters. This will foster respect for virtue and make us realize the volume of meaning embodied in Pope's words :

Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather or prenella.

Further, since snobbery is unnatural and artificial, it is at a tangent to what is real. This makes it important for youth to acquire the power to see things in their proper proportion, to evaluate the temporary and the lasting, the particular and the universal, the shallow and the deep. We must not run after the mirage of gross materialism, but direct our steps on the path of beneficial, co-operative

living. Let us not see merely with our eyes, for then we see only the superficiality of things; let us try to penetrate further and see with our inner eyes; disregarding all that is superfluous. Oh! what a grand and harmonious image of youth we can get if we move from the superficial to the superconscious.

Another constructive suggestion is to liberate ourselves from the cocoon that we have woven round us out of our own fancy. This can be done by building up our own character and personality so as to make ourselves approachable and friendly. The essence of this is the cultivation of simplicity and sincerity. The former, however, does not mean that we should become recluses, running away from the beau monde, for that would imply over-simplification. We should cultivate social grace rather than be awed by social glitter for the two are not necessarily correlated. Conversation is not "a fair for the display of the minor mental commodities", where each exhibitor is too concerned with his own wares to observe those of his neighbour. Ours must be "utile dulce" in nature, combining the useful and the agreeable. Youth must show that behind the surface dazzle there lies a heart equipped with a vein of purest gold.

The tendency towards ultra-modernism makes us gather needless habits and needless articles which complicate our very existence. The greatest beauty aid for a young person is simplicity of heart. Meanness, hardness and coldness create hostility, but simplicity and sincerity are potent instruments in forging life-long friendships and bringing together young people from different strata of society, dissolving man-made distinctions. Snobbery is a veneer that heightens egoism and hypocrisy, while sincerity is a magnet that attracts altruism and service,

The "sine qua non" for a happy and fruitful co-existence is the feeling of love - pure, sublime, unselfish love, that has an unimaginable capacity to embrace all youth within its portals. The unlimited potentialities of this agent cannot be over-emphasized. It is the only power in the world which grows in quantity and quality the more it is shared, and as such it provides an inexhaustible fuel to harness youthful energy for the purpose of transforming man and society.

Let us root out the sterile weeds of snobbery from our hearts and sow the seeds of love, which germinate into saplings of mellifluous words, sprout into supple plants of pure thoughts that yield tender buds of noble feelings, blossoming into soft silky flowers of good deeds that ultimately produce the fruits of united youth.

Love must be accompanied by its twin, faith - faith in one God, and faith in every individual, irrespective of rank. Once we allow the Light to enter our hearts, the nocturnal birds of snobbery and pride will fly away, unable to face the rays, and love will reap rich harvests for youth, under divine protection.


This deep faith in God and His creatures will bring young people together, no matter what their religion or social position. Youth will now be able to undertake the task of national reconstruction, because they are no longer separated by deliberately devised distinctions. Faith will make them realize that they are all beads strung together on that one Golden Thread, which enriches and enhances their value.

Another practical suggestion to erase all traces of snobbery is to use our power of imagination. We will find it easy to mingle pleasantly with various students if we only imagine the environment that is familiar to them. This will help us adapt ourselves to their social outlook, and appreciate their cultural activities. Likewise, a lively sense of humour will help us manage all kinds of artificial situations that snobs may contrive to create. A witty word at the right time may take the bitterness off a rude and embarrassing remark, and soften the pain caused by the wound. A fertile imagination and a keen sense of humour are definitely useful in drowning the mental disturbances caused by snobbery and pride, and making it possible for youth to operate on the same wave length.

In conclusion, it would be worthwhile to remember that artificiality and snobbery breed bitterness, and poison personality; while sincerity and humility provide honey and wax, and aid in the development of a lovable personality furnishing both sweetness and light. Surely even a snob would prefer the latter!

USHA MAHADEVAN
III B.A. Economics

Uphill or Downhill ?



It's hard to find the answer. Yet with hope and determination we shall remain on the ascent.

Adjectives galore can be applied to youth. Youth is symbolic of hope, enterprise, driving energy, ambition, restlessness, recklessness.....Youth is indeed a bundle of paradoxes, and makes an interesting focus for psycho-analysis. Youth is at once realistic and idealistic, buoyant and indifferent, constructive and destructive, carefree and serious, and last but not least, a liability and an asset. In short, youth is temperamental and mercurial and as such as unpredictable as the weather, which may take a turn for the better or for worse. So too with youth, which is subject to recurrent and fitful changes of mood.

The potentialities of youth, both for good and for bad, are enormous. Those in the enemy camp believe that youth is making a criminal misuse of its boundless energy.

“Where are we going?” — is a question we often ask ourselves, when the philosophical or retrospective mood overtakes us. Even as the question looms large in our minds, we realise with a sigh, that it is a question, impossible of a definite or satisfactory answer.

To begin with, how about a contrast between the youth of today and the youth of yesterday? Sounds promising, doesn't it? A superiority complex, eh? well, here's hoping that your over-confidence won't receive too rude a jolt after reading, let's say, what I hope will be, a fairly impartial judgement, on these two generations of youth, their trump cards and their short comings.

The youth of yesterday (with my humble apologies to them) was not of an enquiring turn of mind. It was obedient, submissive and never dared to question the validity of what elders said. In it were ingrained many sterling qualities such as respect for age, patriotism and profound yearning to delve deep into and master Indian culture its history and religion - a source of perennial interest to foreigners, but unfortunately, not to the present-day youth, exceptions granted. The youth of yesterday led a comparatively unruffled and placid life, and never dreamt of organising strikes, either against the government or educational institutions. Of course, we can interpret this in our favour by saying that the youth of yesterday was passive and did not get actively involved in the battle of life.

In striking contrast, the youth of today is highly analytical, precocious, over-enthusiastic, more aware of world problems and anxious to have a finger in every pie, if possible (except perhaps the unpalatable pie of books), daring and actively involved in organisations, all and sundry. In a nutshell, we are the go-go youth in a go-go world,

Neither the youth of today nor of yesterday is perfect. Present-day youth has its share of piccadilloes. Outstanding among these is its lack of respect for age. This is specially prominent in western society where there is a rapid devaluation of the older people. "I'm glad to see my children come and I'm glad to see the back of their heads", is a commonly-expressed sentiment. Yet another glaring void is a lack of spiritual training. Given more of this, youth would turn out to be more stable and balanced and would not easily be swayed by a sudden gush of emotion.

If properly propelled, youth can prove to be the steersman of a nation's future destiny. Here is the example of Joan of Arc, the little shepherdess who redeemed France from its position of subjugation to England. Dark days enveloped France when Joan was born. In a few years and thanks to the heroic efforts of Joan, this dismal chapter of French history gave place to a promising and hopeful future.

When she was thirteen, Joan heard mysterious voices urging her to save France and her king. These voices became more and more insistent and once her instructions became definite, she set off post-haste on her task. She was to stage the siege of Orleans and lead the king to his coronation at Rheims. This she did. Such was the stainless emblem of humanity who was tried for heresy and witchcraft by the English. Joan's trial was in every way illegal. She was insulted, ill-used and tortured. In vain, they tried to trap her into saying something which would give a flimsy excuse for her sentence. But she said, "Truly, if you were to tear me limb from limb and separate soul from body, I would tell you nothing more!"

At length in 1431, a year after her capture, she was sentenced to death. Thus, in the most horrible manner, after a betrayal that is next in vileness to the treachery of Judas, Joan was put to death.

But Joan's life did not end in defeat. She restored to France her former glory and planted in it a new patriotism. The victor was not the living king - but the peasant-girl — Joan.

Not all of us can aspire to such heights. But if and when a similar situation does arise, we should prove our mettle. Joan of Arc lived and fought for the political independence of France. The youth of today are engaged in an equally, if not more, pressing war - the war against poverty and inequality. They are striving for social and economic justice, without which democracy is a mere eye-wash. Their aim is to pull down the walls of social injustice, economic inequalities and racial discrimination.

Youth, all the world over, is making a concerted attack on these serious issues. Thus, we have the Peace Corps—a unique institution advocated by J. F. Kennedy in his 1960 Campaign. The Peace Corps was a cadre of several hundred,



later several thousand, mostly youthful volunteers, carrying American energy and skills directly to the people of under developed countries. They live with the people in their villages, speak their language and help them to develop their natural and human resources and receive no compensation, other than the satisfaction of helping others. The Peace Corps became in time the most stirring symbol of hope and promise, in the developing nations. They worked as teachers, doctors, nurses, carpenters and technicians - and served as America's most effective ambassadors of idealism. They brought back to America a well-grounded understanding of life in the backwoods of the world.

There are a legion campus organisations that bring students together in holiday time to serve the poor in Mexico and other poverty-ridden areas of the United States. They are engaged in such activities as hospital visiting, play ground supervision, slum-clearance.

The Hippies in America have laudable aims - atleast on paper - but use questionable means to achieve their ends. They are labelled as drug-addicts and misfits in society. But one should never be led away by appearances. Due credit has to be given for their achievements - such as securing a fair deal for the Red Indians, their loud protest against the Vietnam War and racial segregation.

The Black Panthers are yet another dynamic organisation of Negro students who are radical and revolutionary. This is a militant organisation and hence is not much favoured.

There are some, who would prefer to think of the Hippies and Black Panthers as organisations of youth with a misguided zeal.

The Moral Re-Armament is yet another association (though not entirely of youth) worth mentioning in this context.

Thus, the youth of today has a definite aim and laudable one at that. Youth is in general dissatisfied with the existing order of society which reeks of corruption, favouritism, discrimination and all the attendant evils. It aims at building a new world in which class, status, race, religion and creed will no longer prove to be a stumbling-block in the honest man's struggle to improve his lot.

Those who despair of the world of youth and wonder whither it is heading, need do so no more. Goodness is a cementing force. It is not likely to fail us even in today's world which is by no means an ideal one.

V. NALINI
III B.A. Economics

The Careers of American Women

An example worthy of emulation.

In Spain, there lives a lady today who is universally loved by the people, and who guides her husband in the administration of the country. She is a selfless, humble personality, an eminent social worker with unflinching courage and strong faith in God. She is the life of her little loving family, and the main guide of her nation. In short - she is a faithful wife, a good mother, and a loyal citizen of Spain. She is "La Generalissima" - a unique woman of the twentieth century. We hear of many women like her today, not as popular perhaps, but as good and efficient as this generous lady; yet indeed it is a great pity that we still cling so scrupulously to the hackneyed saying: "Equality of sex leads to the disintegration of society".

It is a well known fact that it took a considerably long time for women to fight the way to their rightful place in society. We read that the Restoration Theatre was frequented mostly by courtesans and loose women. Hence other women went suitably masked to the theatre. Of these Alexander Pope writes:

The Fair sate panting at a Courtier's play,
and not a mask went unimprov'd away;
The Modest fan was lifted up no more,
and Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.

Even Jane Austen's women do not seem to have anything to do but stroll around the shrubbery and pay social visits. A very small percentage of Victorian women broke tradition and took up positions as teachers and nurses. But with the advent of World War I, necessity urged women to establish their rights in society and launch upon things undreamt of till then. Today women have equal standing with men in society; they have accepted the challenge, and proved how they can fulfill efficiently their tasks as good mothers and eminent workers. A little insight into the careers of American women, who belong to a progressing nation, would open our eyes to this fact.

Women of the United States consider it a great privilege to work their own way through life. There are types of career-women amongst them; those whose work or profession is full-time, and those whose career is only part-time. The latter is more popular among young women than the former. Some American women, like many of those in India, devote themselves to a full-time career outside the home, if they have not had the opportunity to meet a suitable partner for marriage. It is not uncommon to find many single women who thus live happily, spending their time most usefully. As in our country, office work, teaching and nursing are the usual careers chosen. The women of the United States are no less dedicated than those of India, and it is interesting to note that

their favourite careers are undoubtedly teaching and nursing. These two professions are especially popular among them, for they offer scope for service. Moreover, they also enable unmarried women to exercise their feminine qualities of gentleness and motherly care for others. Women, as we know, are most often endowed with innate creative qualities. So in the United States we come across ladies who go into professions such as commercial art, and interior decorating etc. which provide an outlet for a woman's artistic capacities.

Most young girls in India aspire to become doctors and, hence we find an enormous number of them thronging the medical colleges in our country. They, perhaps, would be surprised to realize that, as a rule, very few American women study to become doctors. Neither do the very important professions like law and engineering hold great attraction to them. Not that these professions are not open to them, but that they are considered men's fields and they require many years of preparation. To become a doctor in the United States, eight full years of study are required after Pre-medical and one has to devote ten laborious years of study to become a specialist. Since the majority of women wish to marry and have a family, these long, tedious years of study do not appeal to them. One finds the majority of young girls in India very vague about their plans for the future. They do not make adequate choice of the subjects offered in college, and hence are at a loss when they finish their course, and many ultimately get frustrated. Most girls in America who go to college, do so to acquire a general liberal arts background that will enable them culturally to become good wives and mothers. It should be noted that they do not attend college to prepare for a profession, as in our country, except that of teaching.

The second area of careers is that of part-time work; most American women engage in this at one time or another of their lives. The average young girl works for at least a year or two before her marriage. Commercial courses are offered in American high schools. If she has taken a commercial course, she will get a job as typist or stenographer until she meets a young man whom she wishes to marry. A girl who has attended college, usually teaches a while before marriage, with the view to earn money for her future home, unlike many young women of India, who spend their time at home beside the radio waiting for the 'right person' to turn up. Nursing being a favourite career, many young women also engage in a nursing career for a few years.

After marriage, American women, like most women of India, do not usually have any other career for a few years, for marriage is a full-time job for a young mother. As in Britain, a young married girl in U.S.A. has to battle a drawback, that of the scarcity of servants. In the United States, no one has servants; so a young wife must do her own cooking, washing, ironing, cleaning and child care. One may imagine her to be a weary drudge; on the contrary, she takes pride in performing her household duties. She has, however, many appliances to help her—tinned food, electric stove, washing machine, and refrigerator, vacuum cleaner,

sometimes a dish-washer and clothes-dryer as well. These appliances enable her to devote more time to her children - a task which pleases her most, and to engage in outside social activities with her friends, such as card and tea parties. She also finds time to do volunteer social work in hospitals and homes for the aged. A young mother has also a social life with her husband, for although she lives in a separate house away from her parents and in-laws, if they do not live very far away, they often offer to take care of the children one or two evenings a week, so that the young husband and wife may go out to the cinema or visit their friends. Most often the parents and in-laws live at a distance; so a teenage girl is hired as a 'baby-sitter' to come in and take care of the children for a while on some evenings.

Every young wife in the United States has to accommodate herself to the high cost of living. After the children are in school or grown up, many wives engage in part-time careers once more, in order to meet the high cost of living and to earn money for her children's college education. It is interesting here to note that the children, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, work part-time in the evenings to pay for their college education. My friend from the United States tells me of a young student who works three nights a week to earn some money for her college expenses for the following year and who gives her Saturday mornings to helping with a programme for recreation for children in a poor section. But when the children are too young to work, the young wife teaches part-time in a school, or works a few hours in an office. These days we hear of courageous women taking up quite challenging professions. I know of a woman who is doing medical work in a magnificently dynamic group of ex-alcoholics and drug addicts. Ordinarily, a married woman does not do full-time work unless the family needs money. In this case, young children must be left at nurseries, which mothers do not like to do if possible, because they feel children need personal care at home.

One finds, in the United States, professions that enable women to develop their potentialities to the fullest extent. The average American woman is a standing example to the women of conservative as well as modern countries in her two-fold aim of being a good social worker and an excellent wife and mother. Her main career is thus her home, being an interesting and helpful companion to her husband, a devoted mother, and an efficient, creative householder. On account of her high level of education, she is also able to fill part-time professions before or in her married life, as well as to engage in social activities; but these are always secondary to her main career of wife and mother.

ROSEMARIE SUBRAMANIAN
I M.A. English

Why L. S. D.?

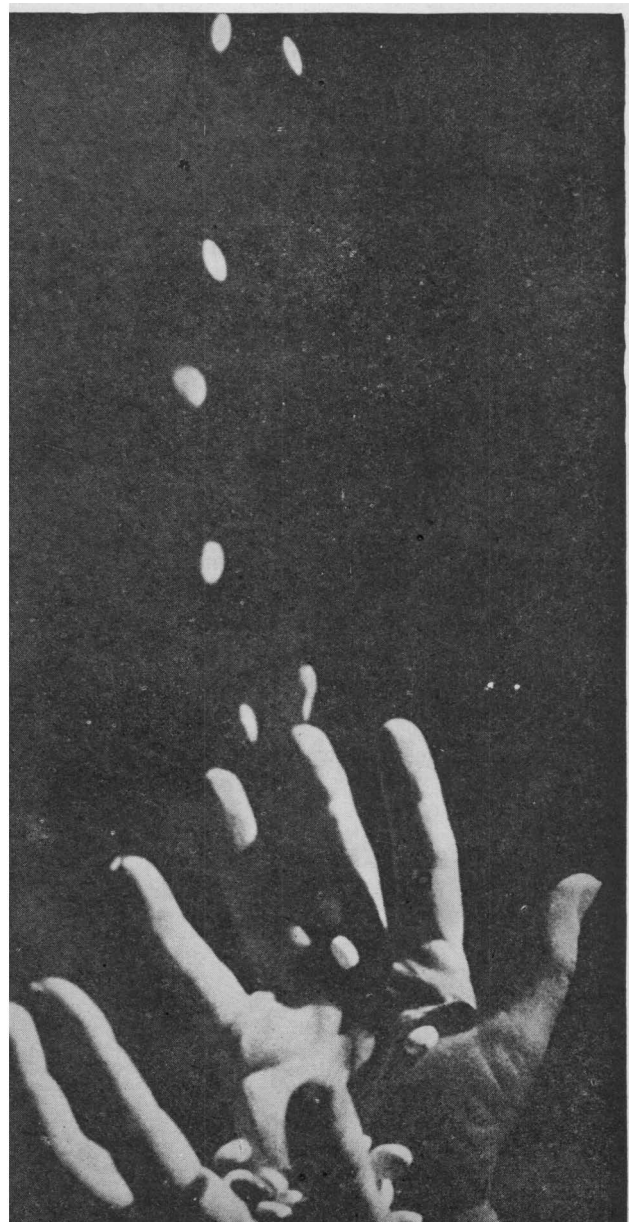
Escapism is for cowards.

Science and the humanities complement each other and together they contribute to the fulness of man. Science has a tendency to increase in ascendancy with the passage of time. Being an agent of both peace and war, joy and frustration it can be master as well as servant of man. Therefore, it is vital to decide which it should be.

A logical and consistent application of the manifold cosmic techniques of science, which stagger the dimensions of our imagination, can strike harmony or discord both in the physical and mental realms of the human system. Yet, obviously, chaos and disorder, frustration and discontent, envelop every corner of the world today. Consequently, man the escapist seeks freedom so as to reduce anxiety, calm the nerves, lift depression, deepen mystification, and achieve a world of his own where he will ultimately reign supreme. The most rampant, though transient method he has discovered of late is drugs.

What are drugs? Essentially, they are, as the dictionary says, a constituent of all medicines; yet, they can also serve to stupefy or poison the human frame when indulged in recklessly. L.S.D. (Lysergic acid di-ethylamide) appears to be one of the most popular drugs of our times. Stimulated, as it were, by an accumulation of potential, striving to attain projection in a sinking world of division, disharmony, discord and distrust, a degenerate youth succumbs to the slenderest chance of escape by drugging himself.

Drugs are attractive in their promise of wisdom, insight, creative power



ability to love, and attainment of one's full potentials. But an L. S. D. "trip" leads on to chromosomal disorders and consequent genetic damage due to its potential toxicity. It necessarily threatens cranial aberrations and even death. Narcotics alter processes not intended to be altered. The non-specificity of drug action is increasingly crucial in the case of such psychoactive drugs as L. S. D.

Research in L.S.D. has attributed its consumption mainly to family dynamics, social set up, feelings of being drained, and curiosity. That frustration and despair in every sphere of life are the key factors which confront and stimulate drug addiction particularly L.S.D. consumption—is undoubtedly, a white lie. The inability to face life with courage, coupled with a host of fanatical and illusionary ideas, render modern youth open to drug-addiction at the expense of impaired reason, attention, calculation, human and physical energy, and diminished ability to relate to others. That the hallucinatory effects even impair IQ potential is very often overlooked.

We are bombarded every day by myriad impressions, potentially richer than what we can assimilate. What is needed is the effort to cull the good from the bad. Only the hostile and confused seek instant transformation through drugs. Those who cannot cope with the challenge of maturity, have idealised infancy as the true state of man, and cherish the unbridled urge to return to babyhood. In such a state of mind, they shrug off discipline of the mind in favour of no mind. They nurse their spiritual hunger with a chemical diet. It would be ridiculous if it were not so sad.....?

Drug giving and drug-taking ultimately cater to the breeding of more frustration and alienation. Seeking to change ideas through chemicals may seem convenient and economical, but such a solution has already become another technological Trojan horse. Drug addicts, and particularly L.S.D. cultists, claim a breakthrough from reality, though nothing is claimed for modern hallucinatory drugs that has not been claimed for their predecessors like hashish, marijuana, heroin and the like. Creative imagination and illusions are not really the same. The only option, is to come right back from these L.S.D. trips or to perish on the way. For this bewitched path winds to personal destruction. So whither are you bound, drugged youth - Why L.S.D.?

SEETHALAKSHMI
III B.Sc. Chemistry

The India of My Dreams

It would become a reality if youth employed its precious energies more suitably.

Our ancient land was renowned for its industry, for the word "Industry" apparently derives from "Indus". In spite of foreign conquest and plunder, the spirit of India did not die out. The struggle for freedom began to restore the land to its former greatness. In a most remarkable non-violent manner, India attained independence.

All started well. Then something went wrong with our priorities. We destroyed many useful and essential institutions, and tried to build India on a basis of cultural distortions and transplantations from the west. In the resultant disorder, the common man feels bewildered and confused.

Beloved young readers, your resources can be effectively mobilised, to build a modern India on the best of our own traditions and far-sighted activity. In all the corners of the globe, youth have been agitating not only for educational reform, but have also come out to strengthen political, economic and social protest movements. But it should be admitted that at times students are led by wrong objectives and by narrow-minded political elements. The ability of students has been shown in the ousting of President Sukarno of Indonesia, and in our own country, on the language issue — though we have not as yet been fully successful.

A good political set-up is the need of present India. India has adopted one of the guises of socialism namely 'Democratic Socialism'. But this has failed in India, and its effect on the future is yet to be seen. As Ernest Sprawson remarked, "Democracy as a political 'ism' wears bright laurels, but in practical experiments, it has gone dim and paled". The politicians of the day do not follow the Gladstonian ideal, "I am their leader, to be led by them, and they to be guided by me". When the elders fail in their duty, it is natural for the young to take an upper hand. Students of the universities talk politics, and there is no use blaming them. The multi-party system is now on the verge of throwing India into disaster.

What is the solution to the problem? Democracy, in order to fight its formidable rivals today, must make radical adjustments. For this, the youth of the country should try, through their undinted efforts and staunch co-operation, to join forces and canvass for a bright set-up. Men of head and heart should be chosen to rule the country. As Aristotle remarked, "A state exists for the sake of a good life, and not for the sake of life only." Mere patriotism is not enough, for as Johnson said, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel". Every individual must act for he is the one who builds, moulds and betters the social destiny of the nation. In this sense, the youth of India can definitely

exert a heavy influence. The service of youth plays a very vital role in national integration. This vast country should not be allowed to be divided. India is culturally one, from the Himalayas to Kanyakumari, and for this it has been applauded as a country with 'unity in diversity'. But now there is a fear that India may depart from its cultural heritage of the past. Youth could try to reorganise Indian Culture according to the changing times. As Dr. Radhakrishna said, "If national solidarity is to be preserved, there should be social justice and equality of all castes". The place of women in society should be recognised, for Manu, the great law-giver, laid down long long ago, "Where women are honoured, there reside the Gods". Optimism and not pessimism should spur us on to promote unity. As H. G. Wells and Pearl Buck declared, the ultimate aim of youth should be to open up a "new world of united mankind". Love of humanity is the greatest pre-requisite of all great art.

At the international level, student co-operation and mutual understanding can work wonders. Peace Corps and International Youth Seminars are new efforts in this direction. After the second world war, a world body, the U.N.O. has been established to promote world peace and prosperity. Mr. Kennedy spoke of it as "the only beacon, throwing its light of hope, thereby guiding the vessel of the destiny of the cold-war tossed humanity". All men desire peace, but very few desire those things that make for peace. This must change, and youth should play a positive and dynamic role through good-will missions, to promote international peace and justice.

India is a vast babel of tongues. This has resulted in linguistic problems. Politicians are confused between aims and achievements. They try to abolish English, which is the most widely spoken language of the world. Instead of wasting, their time and energy on minor problems like language, statesmen should concentrate their attention on the serious problems of India, such as unemployment and the gigantic food problem. In spite of our developmental five year plans, the rich have become richer and the poor become poorer. The need of the hour is complete reformation without personality cult.

In conclusion let me quote Shelley: "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" India's destiny, in every sphere of her development — however dark and disappointing it may look at present can be crowned with success, if we co-operate towards its betterment. Let me appeal to youth not to widen the generation gap, but, to bridge it by being mighty in thought, mighty in action, mighty in culture and mighty in peaceful service of humanity. The India of my dreams is the India of Tagore's vision, the India restored to its spiritual and moral grandeur, with a good quality of education, and a high standard of living;

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high,

Where knowledge is free,

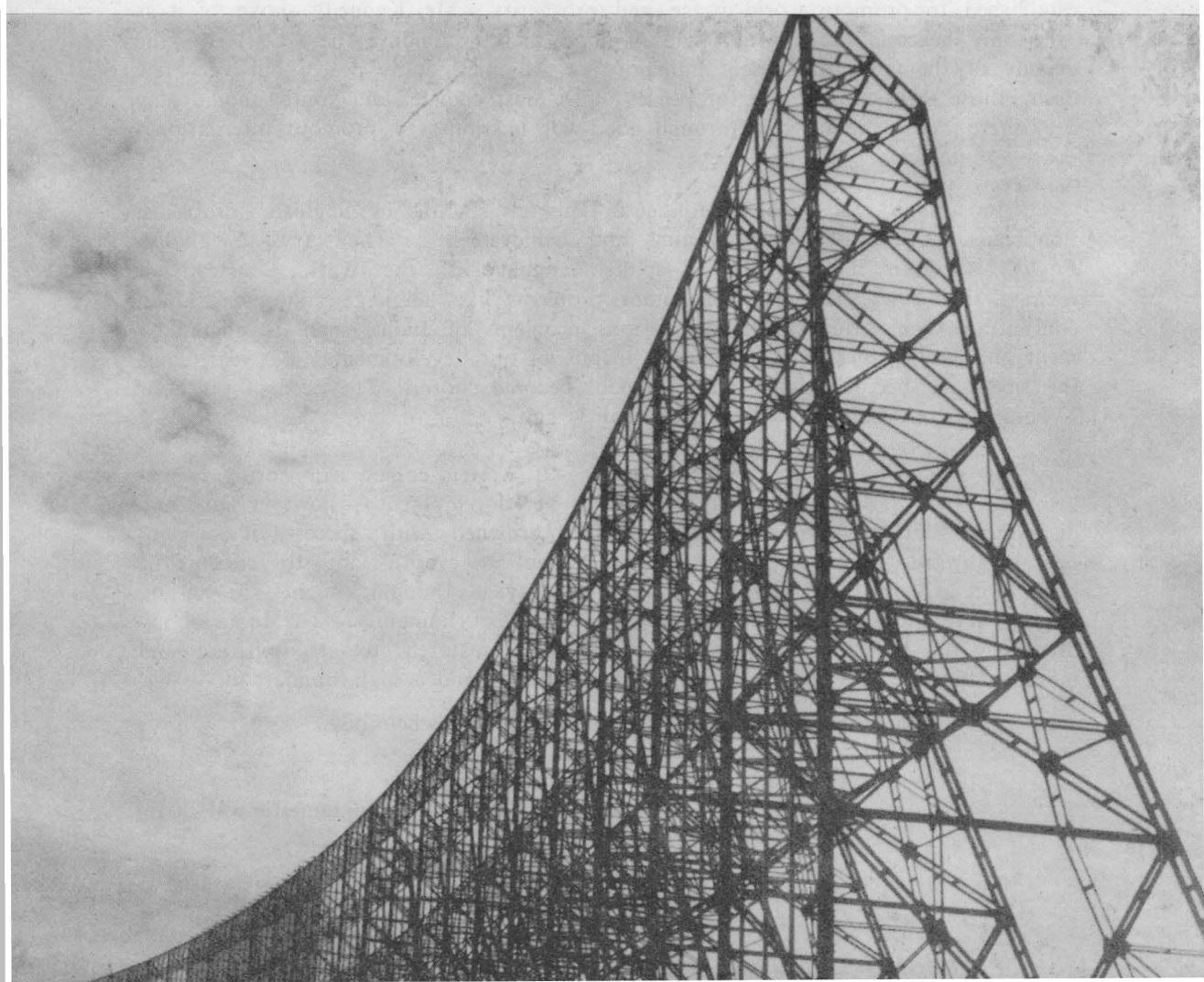
Where the world has not been broken up into

fragments by narrow domestic walls,

Where words come out from the depth of truth
Where tireless striving stretches its arm towards perfection,
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the
dreary sands of dead habit
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever widening
thought and action
Into that heaven of freedom, my father, let my country awake.

Adieu Readers

D. RAMABAI
I. M.A. Economics



Whither Youth?



Wading through the obstacles of uncertain night,
Hoping to reach the land of light.
Impatient, lacking political insight,
Tools to demonstrate party might.
Hazy in their notions of the right,
Epitomizing the course of the future plight,
Rise, dissolve differences, and unite.

Young as a fledgeling with soaring ambitions fed,
Overzealous, to radical changes wed;
Urging the old-dated norms to shed;
Tirelessly striving brotherhood bonds to spread,
Halcyon days seeing on the horizon ahead!

USHA MAHADEVAN
III B.A. Economics

Youth Through The Ages

We need to be progressive while conserving tradition; to work for a future while paying homage to the wisdom of the ages.

One of the commonest traits of all ages is the making of sweeping and generally derogatory generalisations, and our age is no exception. The horrified cry, "Oh, this modern generation....." is so well-worn that it has become a cliché. For the consolation of the youthful weary, it must be stated that Socrates said exactly the same thing about the youth of *his* day. He said that they were vapid, frivolous, irreverent and above all, irresponsible. And I am sure that if his pupil Plato had his own way, he would have banished all young people from his ideal republic.

In India, however, one sees few outstanding records of adult criticism, for the simple reason that, peculiar though it may seem, youth as an individual factor was practically non-existent in India till very recently, much less youth power. Consequently, there was no cause for any kind of comment on something that was so insignificant. Especially for a woman, the term "youth" denoted nothing in the old days.

All through the passage of the years, the Indian woman graduated from child to adult, in position and identity, with the suddenness of a monsoon cloudburst. Till she attained the state of matrimony (at a ridiculously early age), she was a child—without any responsibilities, ignorant of most things outside her own limited sphere, and quite carefree, in a suitable restrained manner of course. The day she got married, she was supposed to become a woman, capable of assuming all the responsibilities of a housewife—caring for her husband, home and children with an efficient love. The transition from child to woman was so sudden and drastic, that the legendary submissiveness of the Indian housewife is not in the least surprising. While still what we would today consider a mere child, she was thrust into a strange family and expected to run the household efficiently and capably. With all these duties and responsibilities suddenly piled upon her, she naturally wilted, and lost every vestige of independence and initiative.

The Indian male of the past had a better deal, though his role as a youth was also practically non-existent. As in the case of the girl, he led a carefree and sheltered childhood, and once he was about twelve years old, became a "brahmachari" and went to live with his "guru". There again, he had many duties, but virtually no responsibilities, and his transition to the "householder" stage, though less drastic than a woman's was still quite startling. The young, intellectual brahmachari was suddenly saddled with his father's property and wealth, a wife, and the resulting responsibilities while his father conveniently departed with his wife to



live an ascetic life. The “Kshatriya” was in much the same predicament. After tutoring by his “acharya” he was, technically speaking, fully equipped for battle, but knew little of the responsibilities that go with war-fare. No young person could ever dare to question his teacher, or dispute the ethical considerations of his duty. They had to accept unthinkingly what older and more experienced people told them.

Looking back on the so-called “youth” of India’s past, one cannot help feeling relieved that times are changing. While yet emotionally and mentally adolescent, they were expected to tackle adult responsibilities and deny themselves all manifestations of youthful high spirits. No young man of good breeding could bet at a chariot race, and no young girl could venture anywhere without demurely lowering her head and risking a crick in the neck. We youth of today can enjoy ourselves without being repressed, and even more important, modern youth can play a far more significant and worthwhile role in society than before. The tremendous potential in youth may be channelised usefully into undertaking responsibilities and ventures which are particularly suited to young people. Unlike in the past, we are being prepared, gradually, to accept adult responsibilities in the future.

VINITA RAJAGOPAL
II B.A. Literature

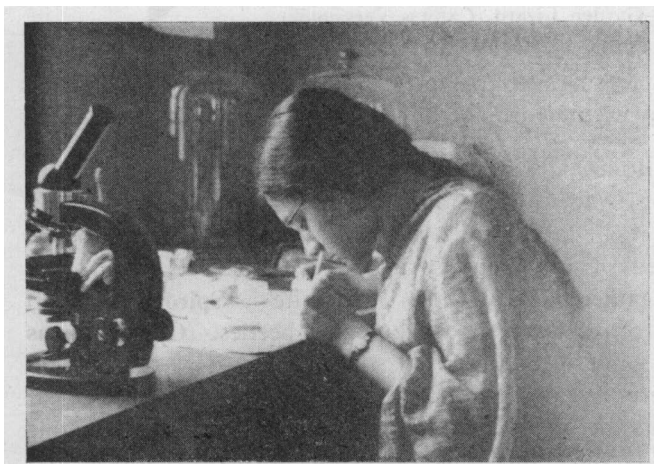
Zoologist! Aspiring For Doctorate Degree?

Let us devote our life to worthwhile actions,
to great thoughts and fruitful undertakings.
Life is far too short to stop living.

A few days back, when I was asked by Mother Principal to write a short note on my career, I was really wondering if I could take it up. If I do, should I be able to impress the present students, and inspire them to look to research. Well, let me see, I shall definitely be very glad if this note turns the stone even for a single person.

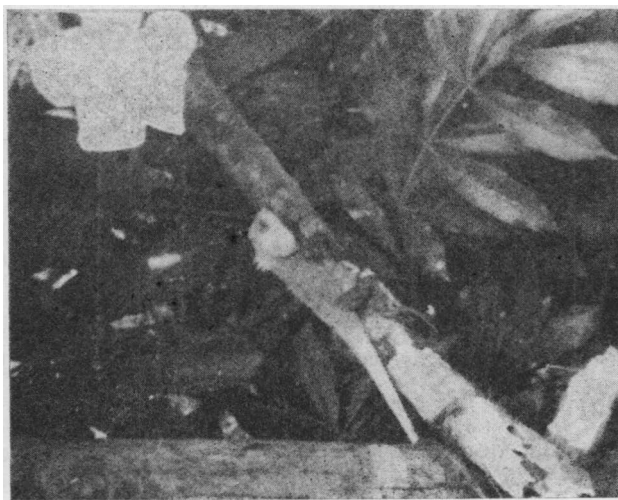
Now to define the term 'research' — it is something that one searches for, something that is discovered and not invented actually. Hypotheses are proved,

and either confirmed or contradicted through a series of experiments with, of course, ups and downs. A true researcher is never overwhelmed with failures which one is bound to meet in any field. I should say that research has no failure. It more or less like a child when she learns to walk — has several falls before she can actually walk and smile. This is basically true with all fields of research — both in arts and science subjects.



Though a research worker, after choosing the subject, plans the work to a certain extent, one is often liable to change the planned path, at least a little bit of it, if not to a greater extent. This is more so with science subjects. When a research scholar enters the laboratory, she has a set of ideas with which she starts the initial steps of her work. But she cannot predict the results. This is very true with biologists, who have to experiment with live animals or plants as the case may be, and one cannot be sure about the longevity or physiological reaction of a living body.

I myself being a Zoologist, perhaps can explain this a bit clearly about research with zoological specimens. For this, it is better that I explain the project of my thesis, on which I was awarded the Ph.D. degree by the University of Madras. Of course it is rather difficult to put the matter into a



Photograph 1—Garden Lizard (*Calotes Versicolor*)

nutshell, for it took more than 3 years to complete what I wanted to try out, and the results were summed up in the form of a 150 page thesis.

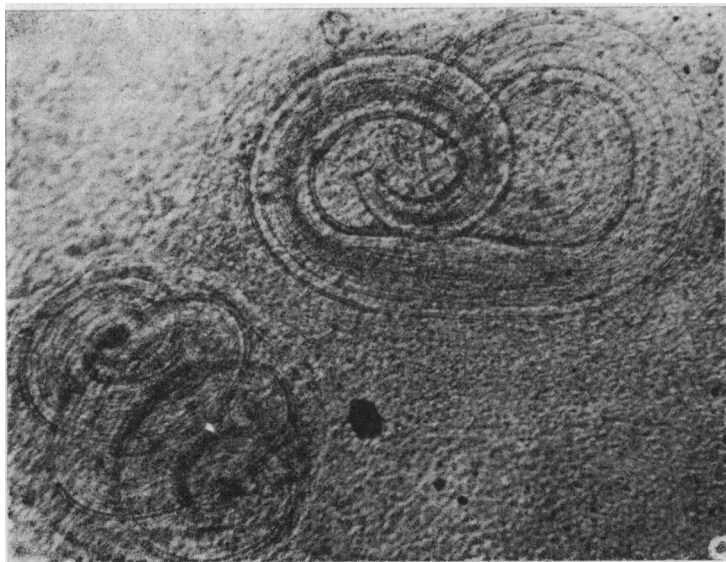
My work was on a nematode parasite of dogs, which invades the aorta and oesophagus of the host (dog) and causes traumatic injuries. I should say that once the host is infected, it is fatal — the animal is bound to die sooner or later and no proper remedy was until then available. From the earlier work on the subject, I gathered that this parasite (*Spirocerca lupi*) develops into the third stage infective larva in coprophagus beetles (*Gymnopleurus koenigi* and *Euoniticellus pallipes* - intermediate hosts) and awaits its transmission to the definitive host (dog) where it gains maturity. For this the dog should eat the beetles under depraved habits or for sport, or it should ingest any palatable material contaminated with the larvae. But this does not normally happen, and I am sure those of you who pet a dog have rarely noticed your dog munching a beetle or licking filthy material, though this is not uncommon with stray dogs. But there are also the transport hosts which act as carriers of the infection, and by ingesting these, the dogs are most liable to be infected. Such carriers, as reported, are many. They may act as a link between the beetle and the dog. In America chickens are the most common transporters, and in India insectivorous animals like lizards, birds, rats, shrews were suggested by some observer. So I dissected a number of partridges, rats, shrews and lizards but succeeded in detecting the larvae only in a few shrews (*Suncus murinus*) and in a large number of garden lizards (*Calotes versicolor* - Photograph 1). I collected the larvae (photograph 2) from these two transport hosts in thousands, and fed them to the experimental dogs, less than a month old age. The dogs were under clinical observation, and when they died, they were autopsied. The developing larvae were detected, and the infected organs were preserved for further study.

I have very often observed dogs (pedigree or nondescript), chasing after these garden lizards, either for sport or under depraved habits, and I have also been told by various dog owners that it is a common sight. The lizards are so heavily infected (over 600 larvae in some), that through just a mere bite or tear on the lizards, the microscopic larvae get into the mouth of the dog. Thus they start making a comfortable home in the host, slowly leading it to death with a sort of cancerous growth (as revealed by optical microscope) in the food pipe (oesophagus), which finally chokes the animal to death. Electron micrographs of the infected tissues further reveal breakages in the collagen fibrils, as compared to the normal fibril (photograph 3).

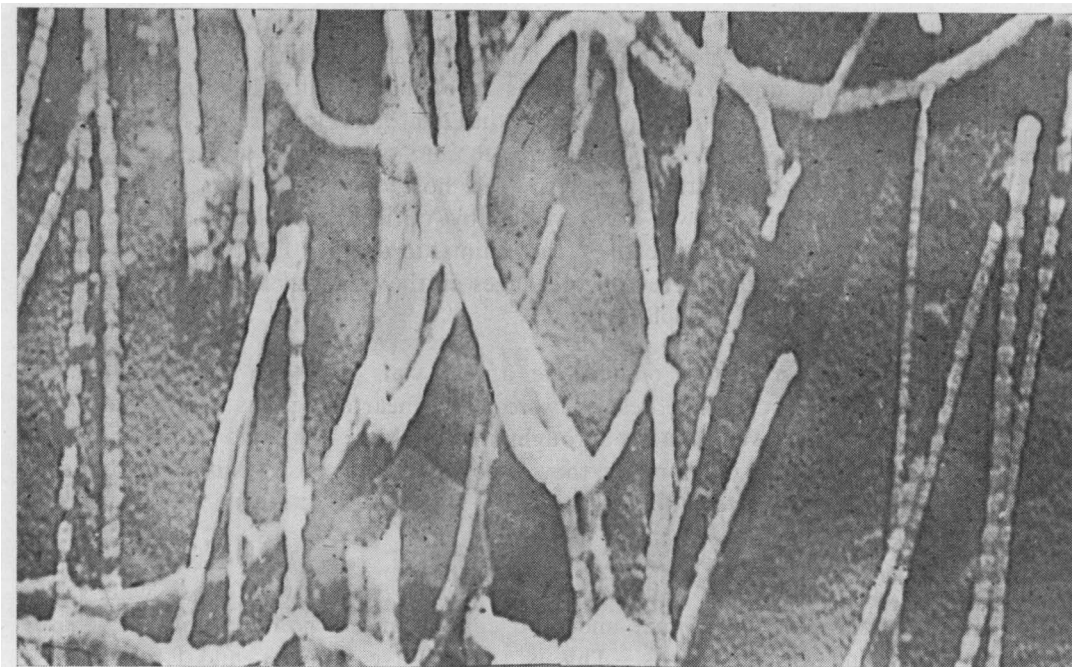
American Cyanamid Co. offered me a few vials of the drug Disophenol to try out their efficiency. The results were very heartening, as some of the infected pet dogs, that were readily brought to us, were injected with this and found free from infection as long as they were under our observation. Of course, this drug is quite expensive, and I am not too sure if it is available in the market now.

So, after reading this, I am sure all of you who own dogs will take extra care to see that the animal under no circumstances should engulf or chase beetles, shrews and garden lizards. This is a preventive measure, and I follow this strictly for my own pet dog. So, dog owners, Beware !

Now if I am asked how does research help for the betterment of the country, I should say that as a teacher teaches, a social worker helps the



Photograph 2—Larvae of Spirocerca Lupi




Photograph 3—Electron Micrograph of Infected Collagen Fibril

downtrodden, and a doctor treats his patients—so research enlightens the scientist in paving the way for further discoveries. It improves the already existing knowledge. One can always affirm or contradict the existing knowledge, of course, through series of experiments, before one makes any hasty statement. If research did not have its importance, we would never have thought of 'moon exploration'.

I wonder how many of you will take up research after your Master's degree? Of course, one does not always take up research only for the sake of degrees. Research has its own glories.

DR. KRISHNA SEN, M.Sc., Ph.D.
(Graduated from Stella Maris College in 1962 with Zoology as the main subject and at present a post-doctoral Research Fellow at the Biophysics Laboratory, Central Leather Research Institute, Madras-20)

The Art of Enjoying Life



It lies in living.

What does it mean to be alive, to live intensely? What is the art of enjoying life? I do not know what life means to other people, but the answer for me lies in these words :

“There is only one world, the world pressing against you at this minute. There is only one minute in which you are alive, **this minute** here and now. The only way to live is by accepting each minute as an unrepeatable miracle. Which is exactly what it is— a miracle and unrepeatable”.

The trouble with us is that we tend to put off living. We are all dreaming of some magic flower garden over the horizon — instead of enjoying the flowers blooming outside our windows today. When I was a little girl in school, our idea of heaven was to reach high school; when we got there, we found nothing special, and the word ‘college’ held some sort of magic; now we are in college and the only magic is in trying to keep up with tests and assignments. We are too busy, too bored. We do not know how to enjoy life. We forget that “Life is in the living, in the tissue of every day and hour”.

For most of us, unfortunately, our idea of enjoyment is limited. We wait for the holidays; we wait to go to a movie, a party; we wait to go somewhere to do something, before we start thinking of enjoying ourselves. But have we ever thought of enjoying the feeling of **just living**?

How about college — is it merely a humdrum routine? But then, how blind can we get! There are so many things to be seen, so many feelings to be experienced—if only we have the eyes to see, and the sense to feel, if only we wake up and start living.

How about listening attentively to a lecture, or for a change, day dreaming in class, watching sunlight buttering the trees and cottonwool clouds hanging delicately among the branches.....? How about taking part in a debate, a play, a game of tennis... ..? How about catching a bus on time, having a favourite dish on the canteen menu.....?

How about cokes, - colder - than - usual, water-coolers - work.....?

How about so many things, common place yet special things we never notice, things we never observe, things we take too much for granted and thus never enjoy?

Kalidasa has so beautifully expressed it all, when he wrote :

Look to this day!

For it is life, the very life of life.

In its brief course

Lie all the verities and realities of your existence :

The bliss of growth

The glory of action

The splendour of beauty,

For yesterday is but a dream

And tomorrow is only a vision,

But today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness

And every tomorrow a vision of hope.

Look well, therefore, to this day!

The art of enjoying life becomes simple — savour every second, live in moment by moment. Just **live**!

RITA DORAIRAJ
I B.A. Literature

There he sits, old,
part of the pavement,
eyes seeking the sky in vain,
arms stretched out,
raising a feeble voice.

Footsteps come, pass by
and recede, sounds
swirling in the air
like dust-motes,
all except the one
he longs to catch-
a tinkle in his can.

Is everyone else
blind to him, he
who is so aware of
them? No passing
thought, or look, for
one less placed than
them. Compassion?

An unknown word, lost
in the labyrinth of desires
- as they. None can draw them
out - least the hunger torn
voice of a blind beggar.

SHRIMATHI IYENGAR
III B.A. Economics

Hello, Edgar Allan Poe!
That, by the way
is the name of a crow
He cocks his head
to one side, just so,
And looks at me with
beady eyes, as if to say: "Oh ho,
What do you know-
she's writing a poem on me,
me - Edgar Allan Poe!"

SHRIMATHI IYENGAR
III B.A. Economics

It dips
it soars
it glides
it skates
in the air

It swoops down
as though for prey,
then — whizz!
it knifes up
through the air

It slithers
it zig-zags
it hides
it seeks
for the air

It waltzes
it pirouettes
it dances
it flirts
with the air

It shimmers
it flutters
to the beat
of my heart-
a kite is
in the air.

SHRIMATHI IYENGAR
III B.A. Economics

Individuality - (I Don't Want To Be a Mere Number)

In this technological age man seeks an identity. He will find it in the sincerity of his action.

I was talking to Mr. Kapadia the other day. I told him about the article I planned to write — about the individuality of a person being cramped in a college like ours, having hundreds of students, each with a number. I don't know how many resent the idea of being known by a mere number ; but as far as I am concerned, I am mighty pleased when someone says, "You're Georgina, aren't you?" instead of "Are you 600?".

To come back to my friend — he knocked the ash of his cigarette end into the ashtray and looked at me thoughtfully for a moment, then he said, " You know the plankton in the ocean?".

"Yes" I said, wondering what that had to do with individuality.

"There are billions and billions of them. Yet each one of them is different. How?".

"Their chromosomal constitution.....their genes....."

"Exactly. Because their constitution is different, their activities also vary — to a very slight extent.....are you an individual?"



I sat up. "Of course I am".

He smiled. "How do you know?"

"Why, my thoughts! They are different from those of others!"

"Do you think everybody has thoughts?"

"Yes — they must I suppose they do have thoughts!"

"All different from each other?"

I nodded.

"There!" He made a curious gesture with his hands. "There you have your individuals!"

"I **know**! But how will people know about something that goes on inside you? We want them to know we are unique — *each* one of us!"

"That's it! Express your thoughts in action and they will cease to be something that goes on inside you! Think and **act**!"

A sentence I had read somewhere comes to my mind when I recall Mr. Kapadia's words now. "There's one thing most important — only one: Thought".



Thought — thinking. No man is really educated unless he learns to think. Thinking gives you knowledge of yourself. You might say, “I am a mere drop in this ocean of students!” Yet there is that vague striving inside you, a desire to know yourself. This desire drives you through a process of self-study, self-questioning, self-reproach — a self-betterment on the whole. This is what you are doing — should be doing — now in the present. What you will do — would like to do — in the future is “ambition”. The thoughts of today will be the deeds of tomorrow.

Here’s where the secret of individuality lies. The ambition for tomorrow is something like the top-storey of a sky-scraper. Before planning for that, you must have full vision of the whole building — especially the foundations. The present becomes a chaos of activities with no single aim when the individual forgets to think, and the future becomes extremely hazy. One can and must have rosy dreams for the far off future, but at the same time one must have a clear-cut aim for the near future — something simpler and more feasible.

This is where individuality comes in. Power to build lies in everyone. Individual expression of that power depends on how the individual uses it to convert his thoughts into action. Thoughts differ from individual, as the chromosomal structure differs from each tiny plankton to the other. And the actions that spring from these thoughts will also differ. Thoughts are invisible; actions are visible. Ambitions are invisible, just as the foundation is visible once the building process has started though the top storey remains wrapped in the imagination of the builder.

So start building now. If you wish to show your individuality to people, make a real impact on them.

“Encourage **your own** ambition and mark out a definite course for it”.

Think and be discontented, wisely discontented, with yourself and you’ll go as far as it is within you to go.

Think and act.

GEORGINA KANDASAMY
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Violence, Youth And Social Change

Man is the only creature endowed with the talent for constructive criticism. While finding fault, he would be man only if he did something about it.

The preamble of the constitution of India affirms that there “shall be guaranteed and secured to all the people of India, justice—social, economic and political; and equality of status, of opportunity and before the law.....?”

Reality asserts that there is as yet no authentic justice—either social or economic, nor actual equality of either status or opportunity.

So there we are: a nation twenty years old, with 550 million people, of whom the vast majority are very poor, and the small minority very rich, with a middling section that is neither rich nor poor, but uncomfortable.

The economic injustice at the root of this wretchedness disturbs every thinking Indian. The beggars on the streets and the vagrant children growing up into delinquents, are poignant symbols of this poverty of purse and heart.

Time is running out. Economic justice can be advanced only slowly in democracy, but it is further retarded by the rich. Legislation has crawled at a snail's pace, and as our government is not noted for its integrity, money-makers have found it all too easy to be law-breakers. The Scandinavian countries and Britain have achieved what has been called the Indira-type of socialism through legislation. But young Indian radicals have abandoned this instrument of change. They have turned to the violent type of socialism of Russia and China. These countries have achieved a certain standard of living by liquidating their opponents. The young Indian looking at China is dazzled by the apparent equality of a nation, where everyone from Mao to the poorest porter is clad in the same standard blue cloth. He is repelled by the ostentation of our leaders, who clothe themselves royally, while the poorest man has hardly a loin-cloth to call his own. Gandhiji acknowledged the meaninglessness of political freedom in the face of economic injustice, when he said that God appears to the starving man in the form of bread. Because he identified himself wholly with the people, he came closer to their spirit than our khadi-clad impostors or even the young Naxalite revolutionaries. After an acute survey of the needs of the people and the best ways to meet them, Gandhiji completely rejected violence as a means of change. He yearned to lift the British yoke from the shoulders of his miserable countrymen, who called him “Father”, but he would not allow violence, because he was convinced that the end never justifies the means. He believed that a good means is in itself a good end, and therefore did not hesitate to choose the most difficult path of all. Today Gandhiji is scoffed at by young intellectuals.

Nurtured through school on a surfeit of stories about his love of punctuality and cleanliness, they have gained only a hearty dislike of him. They have surprisingly little knowledge of his philosophy, and even less of his tremendous achievement. "He led India to independence", they admit, and add, as an after thought, "non-violently", without the slightest awareness of the terrible passions of the time and of the gigantic differences that he bridged between the Indian peoples.

It is far easier to destroy than to build. Even those who are intellectually convinced that violence is not, ultimately, successful, lose their balance in moments of emotion. This is dangerous. Those who cry, "tear down this corrupt capitalist structure, give land to our landless millions!" forget that the landless labourer needs more than land—he needs knowledge and technical aid, raw materials and modern equipment, a steady market and incentive prices. All this needs planning—efficient, honest planning—and this is where the youth come in. Unless we have integrity of character, we will succumb to the love of wealth and status, and continue the rape of Mother India. Those young radicals who are ready to build the brave, new world, must make a rational review of the means they would use. If they will not listen to Gandhi, let them remember Martin Luther King's warning that the policy of an eye for an eye would in the end, leave everyone blind. King is being proved tragically right in the United States, where race relations have become steadily more bitter and hostile, since the negroes decided to abandon King's non-violence. This analogy emphasises the fact that when one gives up belief in the essential goodness of other human beings, there is no way left but that of hatred and destruction.

It is this trust in the basic goodness of the oppressor that is the peculiar characteristic of the non-violent struggle. This is not as starry-eyed a philosophy as it may seem. Even the most casual student of history knows that "revolutions may come and may go, but exploitation goes on forever". To those who are genuinely interested in improving the lot of the people it must be obvious that a change of heart in the country, or a moral revolution, would be the only lasting kind of revolution. Our notoriously corrupt government could be changed into one of less corruption if we set about this task. We do not see a millennium around the corner, but we do know that we can clean up this country at least to a certain degree. The young person must remember that not even Russia is perfect. Though it claims to be the land of "liberty, equality, fraternity"; it too, has its haves and have-nots, in its wealthy partybosses and the mass of poorer 'comrades'. As Orwell put it in "Animal Farm", "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others".

It is ironical that those nations which have the greatest degree of economic equality are those in which individual rights are most severely restricted. We have already granted that liberty is worthless to a starving man, but of what value is economic equality to one who has no liberty? Free will and reason are the traits

that distinguish men from animals. Take away free will, and you take away his humanity. When a man is no longer allowed to think for himself or express his ideas, he is rendered so much the less human. No people have as yet been able to organise themselves so that they enjoy both economic equality, and liberty, but this eclectic society will not have even a chance of evolving unless we ourselves move closer to the ideal man, unless we evolve into truly humane beings.

Young people can bring about a radical change in society by their personal attitudes on such persistent problems as casteism and corruption. They must help to change the mentality of the Harijan, who through centuries has been brain-washed into thinking of himself as sub-human. They must make the "brotherhood of man" that they speak of a reality, and give back to the down-trodden the dignity they had lost.

Many of us indulge in the unconscious hypocrisy of demanding absolute probity of our leaders, but not of ourselves. Cheating in tests and exams may seem a peccadillo, but this must have been the youthful pastime of our oh-so-noble politicians. Those young Indians who wish to lift their people to a better life, must themselves live "better" lives if they are not to become successors to our millionaire ministers.

The mid-term elections swept Indira Gandhi back to power, because the people believed she would keep her promise to eradicate poverty. Mrs. Gandhi, however, has emphasized that young people must have a deep sense of responsibility, because they are partners in this herculean endeavour to create a just society, in which democratic freedom and economic equality coexist.

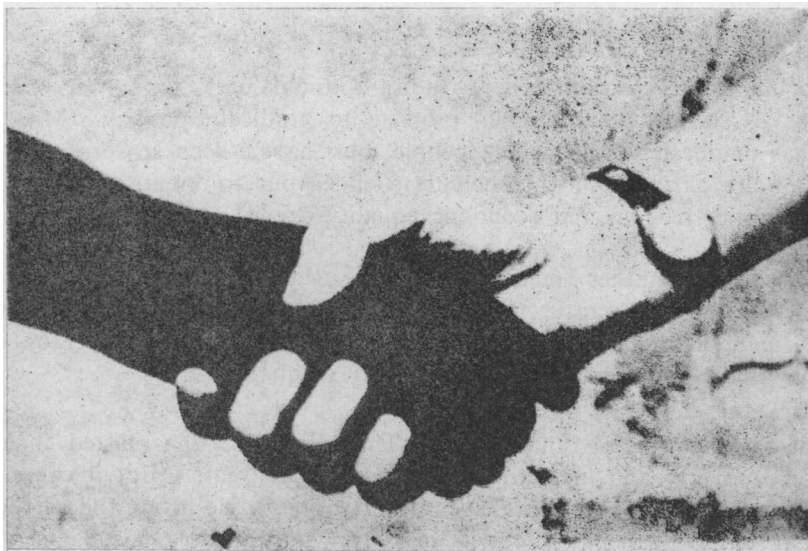
In 1949, her father made a prophetic statement. He said, "We believe passionately in the democratic method, and we seek to enlarge the bonds of democracy both on the political and economic planes, for no democracy can exist long in the midst of want and poverty and inequality".

That is why time is running out. This democracy has lasted in the midst of want and poverty and inequality for over twenty years. But it cannot endure "half slave and half free". We have to free our people from the chains of the poverty that enslaves them. We will make an unforgivable mistake if we choose to do so violently, because history has warned us, again and again, that the fruits of violence soon turn bitter. Non-violent, then, must be our methods but they need not be slow. The haste with which we progress will depend entirely on us—on the unglamorous, hard work we are capable of, on our perseverance and dedication—on our leadership.

This nation was once fired to do great deeds through non-violent means. The fire smoulders today, but it is still there. It is there and waiting to be kindled to life, to flash and flare phoenix fire.

This is the glorious challenge we are faced with. Fire—and “blood, toil, tears and sweat”. Our blood, not anyone else’s. For only in our blood, can we, the youth of India, write the guarantee that secures to all the people of India, justice—social, economic and political; equality of status, of opportunity and before the law.....”

KARIN KAPADIA
II B.A. Economics



We Are Paralytics

“This is our unforgivable crime — that we see around us and are not touched!” says a concerned Stella Marian.

“The average educated Indian is a paralytic, unable to use any part of his body except his tongue”, was the opinion expressed at a seminar on Education for Development held in our college not so long ago.

The person who comes to college usually does so because a degree seems to be the only ticket to a 10 to 5 job in some airconditioned bank or private firm. And while we're at it, one may as well have a good time while we're being regimented and socialized. Our friends in college are those who think the way we do, laugh at the same brand of jokes, belong to our income group, go to our type of social functions and occupy certain benches in the classroom.

We have fallen in love with a Coca-Cola culture that advances and propagates class mentality, obsession with the latest fads of the west, and all sorts of status symbols, from driving one's own car to a studied carelessness with regard to people in general. We take pride in our examination results while we turn out women who belong to the hothouse variety bred on guide-books and Film-fare. All this while young people on the other side of the globe are rejecting values that have become so deeply materialistic that they nauseate the thinking individual.

How many of us are aware of the fact that the government spends Rs. 1400 on every graduate? We who so eloquently uphold social justice at seminars and meetings and debates are betraying the sweating, small farmer, the hopes of the dockyard labourer, the dreams of the poorly paid clerk, who paid the government so that we may liberate them from a situation that is beyond their control.

Awareness means a square facing of facts, a desire to do something positive, a restlessness and a concern that allows no peace of mind to the thinking individualat least not so long as she has a choco-bar and millions not even a paise. Our lives are so cushioned and pampered that it means nothing to us when our servant's in the clutches of the money lender, when her family survives on her plate of food, when the girl sitting beside you in class cannot understand the lessons, when the canteen staff have to run after plates that we litter around the campus. This is the unforgivable crime of ours, the elite's that we see



these things and are not touched.

National interest is purely emotional, to be recalled on Independence and Republic day. The film, "The Graduate", caused more of a stir than the national elections. We look askance at the election manifestoes, condemn the socio-economic condition in India, the failure of democracy and the cultural and moral crisis, while our heads are in the clouds and our toes are digging viciously into plush velvet carpets.



Our whole existence is so compartmentalised, narrow, unimaginative that we seem to live only for the gratification of the male. I'm no militant feminist but something must be radically wrong if one cannot wear a new hairdo without the very meaningful, "who's it all in aid of, yar?" One cannot speak to a boy without the whole college speculating on whether "you're serious" or not. Such is our mentality that a deep sense of respect for people, a need to find the person behind a situation, and for real, deep human relationships are impossible.

The revolution is happening, but it will never really happen, on our campus if we don't begin it with a change within ourselves, a change of attitudes, working for the breakdown of the present crushing structure and a search for a meaningful sense of values. There is a vast difference between what we say we believe and what we do. Bernadette Devlin said, "We are born into an unjust system, but we are not prepared to die in it". Are we prepared to echo her?

With 40% of our city's population living in slums, not to mention the poorer areas where sanitation and hygiene are a far cry from our modern houses, there is obviously a lot more than injustice, poverty and exploitation needing deliverance. There is a morass of human misery waiting abjectly for our help. With the holidays just in the offing, opportunities for service have multiplied. The primary decision lies with the individual, however, it is her selflessness, her commitment to the people in the midst of whom she lives, her personal change, that is going to count. And if she seems "some kind of a queer nut", well, may be she is, for she stays true to herself which certainly is an abnormal thing these days.

JACQUELINE BROWNE
II B.A. Literature

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இளமை மாறா எம்தமிழன்னை

“திறக்கும் கண்கள் தமிழாய்த் திறக்க திகழும் புருவம் தமிழ்வில் தொடுக்க பிறக்கும் மொழியில் தமிழ்ப்பூ மலர, பீடுறுந் தோற்றம் தமிழனைக் காக்கும்” தமிழனின் ஈடு இணையற்ற அரணாகத் தண்டமிழ்ப் புலவர்கள் கண்ட, கருத்தோவியம் இஃது “சாவிலும் தமிழ் படித்துச் சாக வேண்டும், எந்தன் சாம்தலும் தமிழ் மணந்து வேக வேண்டும்” என்று புரட்சிக் குரல் எழுப்பினான் பாரதிதாசன். எண்ணற்ற மக்களை தன் ஏழிசையாலும், இனிமையாலும் கவர்ந்து இழுத்த கன்னித் தமிழன்னை கவிஞர் தன் கற்பனை வானில் ஓர் கனவுக் கன்னிகையாகத் திகழ்கின்றாள். “முந்நீர்ப் போக்கு முடி பிறச் செறிந்த, நன்னில மலையாளத்தவர் சுந்தரம் பிள்ளையவர்கள் நம் தமிழ் அன்னையை, இளமை குன்று இனிய நங்கையாகக் கண்டார். எத்தனையோ புலவர்கள் தம் எண்ணத்தை வண்ணமாக்கி நெஞ்சத்தை மஞ்சமாக்கி, தம் நினைவு அலைகளின் மூலம் அவள் எழிலை இணையற்ற ஒவியமாக்கித் தந்துள்ளனர். ஆனால் நம் அடிகளோ? அவர் நெஞ்சை நிறைத்த அன்னையின் அருள் வடிவைக் காண நம் நெஞ்சம் விழை கின்றதன்றோ? காணுங்கள்!

நெஞ்சைக் கவர்ந்து நினைவை அலைக்கழித்து, உணர்ச்சியைத் தூண்டி விட்டு, ஓய்மையார் புன்னகை பூப்பது அன்று அவள் அழகு; பார்ப்பவர் உள்ளம் பரவசத்தால் நிறையக் கைகூப்பி வணங்கத் தக்க உயர்ந்த அழகு; தெய்வீக ஒளி பொருந்திய அந்த முகப் பொய்கையால் சிரித்திடும் இரு குவையிலிருந்து கருணைத்தேன் எக்காலமும் பெரு கிக் கொண்டிருக்கும்.

“ஆள்பாதி ஆடைபாதி” என மொழிகின்றோம். ஒருவரது குணநலன்களை அவர் தோற்றத்தையும் அணிந்திருக்கும் உடையழகையும் கொண்டுதான் மதிப்பிடுகின்றோம். அதிலும் பெண் என்றால்? சுந்தரம் பிள்ளைகளுக்கும் மனித இயல்பினுக்கு மாறுபட்டவர் அல்லவே.

விண்மீன் கண் சிமிட்டும் வெண்மதி தண்கண்ணி பரப்பும் விலையுயர்ந்த ஆடையல்ல அவள் உடலைக் கவினுறச் செய்வது; வெண்சங்கும் நன்முத்தும் விளையப்பெறும் விரிகடலை அவளுடைய நீலமணியாடை ஆடையழகைக்கண்ட அடிகள், புறத்துருவில் தோய்ந்த சுந்தரர், அகத்தழகு காண முற்பட்டு முகத்தை நோக்குகின்றார். அடுத்தது காட்டும் பளிங்கு போனெஞ்சம் கடுத்தது காட்டு முகமன்றோ? “அகத்தின் அழகு முகத்தில் தெரியும்” என்பது பொய்யாமோ?

கன்னிகையின் சீராகும் வதனமெனத் திகழ்வது பரதகண்டம். நீலமணியாடை புனைந்த நம் நிலவு மங்கையின் பரத கண்டமாம் முகமதில் தக்க சிறுநுதல்; நுதலுக்கு அழகு தருவது திலகம்; மதிமங்கைக்கு எழில் தக்கணமும், திராவிட நல்நாடும்; அந்தத் திலக வாசனை போல் நம் அருந்தமிழும் எத்திசையும் புகழ் முரசு கொட்டியது வெற்றிக் கொடி நாட்டியது.

சுந்தரம் பிள்ளைகள் தம் எண்ணக் கோவிலில் வைத்து வழிபட்டு வந்த இந்த ஆரணங்கு யாரென்று இத்துணை நேரம் புரிந்திருக்கும். கற்றவரும் மற்றவரும், பாவலரும் பாமரரும் பண்பாடிப் போற்றி, பரவசத்திலாழ்த்தி (மற்றவரை) மகிழும் எம் தமிழ் அன்னையே இத்தகைய பேரெழிலுக்குரியவள்.

வானாகி, மண்ணாகி, வளியாகி, ஓளியாகி, நீராகி, நிலத்திலுறையும் அனைத்துயிருமாய் உறைகின்ற இறைவன், உயிர்ப் பொருளை உண்டாக்கும் கருத்தாவாகவும் இலங்குகின்றாள். மண்ணுயிரனைத்தையும் ஆக்கி அளித்து, அழித்து பணியாற்றிவரும்

எல்லையறு இறைப்பொருள் அங்கிங்கெதைபடி எங்கும் அளித்தமற நிறைந்திருப்பது போல, கன்னடம், கனித்தெலுங்கு, கவின்மலையாளம், துளு என்னும் ஈரி ரண்டு குழவிகளை ஈந்துவிட்ட போதிலும் குழவி பெருகி பெருங்குடும்பமாய் புவியினில் சிறந்திட்ட நிலையிலும், அன்னைதம் சோதரி ஆரியம்போல் உலகவழக்கு ஒழிந்து, சிதையாது, ஓடிவரும் பேத்திகட்கு ஒளிர்கின்றாள் பாட்டியாம்; பல்லோடு சொல்லும் போய், முக்காலுக்கேகும் நிலையே பாட்டியின் உயரிய இலக்கணம் என்று நினைந்திட்டால் சிந்தையை மாற்றிடுவீர் எனச் செப்புகின்றார் பிள்ளைகள்.

அன்னையின் சீர் இளமைத்திறம் மாறாத நிலைகண்டு சிந்தை மயங்க, வியப்பில் ஆழ்ந்து, செயல் புரிய மறந்து நிற்கின்றார் சுந்தரர், எத்திசையும் புகழ் மணக்க இருந்த பெருந்தமிழணங்கின் வாடா இளமை, நம்மொழி வையத்துக் கூம்பா நிலைக்குக் குறிகாட்டி நிற்கும்.

இளமைக் காவினிலே எழும் இன்பக் கனவுகள், முதுமைக் கானகத்திலே முதிர்ச்சி தரும் கனியாய்ச் சுவை நல்கும் இக்கூற்றுச் சாதாரண மனிதருக்கு ஒக்கும். ஆனால் நம் அன்னை ஆரணங்கு! இளமையும் முதுமையும் இணைந்த ஒரு புதுமுகம் அவள்; புறத் தோற்றத்தில் இளமையாய், உள்ளத்து உணர்வுகளில் முதியவளாகக் காட்சி தருகின்றாள் நம் அன்னை. உயர்ந்த நினைவுகள் உருவத்தை இளமையாக்குகின்றன. நிறைந்த நெஞ்சம் பூண்ட அன்னையின் அரும் பண்புகள், அவளை இன்னும் இளமையின் பிடியிலிருந்து பிரியாமல் இருக்கச் செய்கின்றன, என்றால் மிகையோ? “தழிஇய சாயலவள் என்று ஐம்புலன்களாலும் ஒருங்கு நுகரும் மென்மைத் தன்மைத்தவள் என நினைந்து தாய்மையின் இளமைக்குத் தலை வணங்குகின்றார் தமிழ்ப் புலவர்.

சுந்தரம் பிள்ளையவர்கள் தம் தூய நெஞ்சக் கடலிலே மோதுகின்ற இத்தனை நினைவு அலைகளிடை, இனிய பல நல் முத்துக்களையும் காண்கின்றோம். அவை அழகிய அன்னையின் கழுத்தைத் தழுவி நிற்கின்றன இதோ! மாலையின் இனிய ஒளி:—

“நீராடும் கடலுடுத்த நிலமடந்தைக் கெழிலொழுமும்
சீராரும் வதனமெனத் திகழ்பரத கண்டமதில்
தக்கசிறு பிறைநுதலும் தரித்த நறுந்திலகமுமே
தெக்கணமும் அதற்சிறந்த திரவிடநல் திருநாடும்
அத்திலக வாசனை போல் அனைத்துலகும் இன்பமுற
எத்திசையும் புகழ் மணக்க இருந்த பெருந்தமிழணங்கே!
பல்லுயிரும் பலவுலகும் படைத்தளித்துத் துடைக்கினுமோர்
எல்லையறு பரம் பொருள் முன் இருந்தபடி இருப்படிபோல்
கன்னடமும் கனிதெலுங்கும் கவின்மலையாளந்துளுவும்
உன்னுதரத் துதித்தெழுந்தே ஒன்று பல ஆயிடினும்
ஆரியம் போல் உலகவழக் கொழிந்து சிதையா உன்
சீரிளமைத் திறம் வியந்து செயல்மறந்து வாழ்த்துதுமே”.

அறியாமை இருள் நீங்கி, அஞ்ஞானப் போர்வை தவிர்த்து, மெய்ஞ்ஞான ஒளி காட்டும் இம்மணிச் சரம் மேதினி உள்ளளவும் தமிழ் முருகு தாழாது என்ற கருத் திற்கு அணியாய் நிற்கின்றது.

இளமையின் தூய்மை

பிறவி என்னும் பெருங்கடலின்கண் ஊழ்வினை என்னும் சிறந்த மாலுமியினாலே செவ்விய முறையில் செலுத்தப்படும் வாழ்க்கையென்னும் மரக்கலத்தின்கண், துன்ப மூட்டைகள் பலவற்றைச் சுமந்து கொண்டு கருவிலேயே யாத்திரை தொடங்கும் நம் கண்ணுக்கெட்டியவரை ஒரே நிலத்திரைக்கடல்தாம் காட்சியளிக்கின்றது. கண்ணிலே ஒரு துறைமுகம்கூடத் தென்படுவதில்லை, இக்கப்பல் செல்லும் வழி எப்போது எல்லார்க்கும் ஒரே சீராக இருப்பதில்லை, வலிய திரைகளையும், எளிய அலைகளையும் கடந்து துன்பமோ, இன்பமோ ஏற்படுத்திச் செல்லும். எந்தத் துறைமுகத்தில் நாம் இறக்கி விடப்படுவோம் என்பது தெரியாது. அதனால்தான் மனிதனுக்கு நிரம்ப ஆசை.

முப்பெரும் பிரிவுகளாகிய மழை (அ) பிள்ளை, இளமை, முதுமை, என்ற வாழ்க்கையின் கண், மழலைப் பருவம் மிக இன்பமாகக் கழிந்துவிடும். முதுமையில் நாம் வாழும் வாழ்க்கையின் அடிப்படை, இளமையில் நாம் ஆட்கொள்ளும் பழக்க வழக்கங்களே, புகழோடு திகழ இதுவே கைகொடுக்கும்.

“இளங்கன்று பயமறியாது” என்பர் பெரியோர், இப்பருவம்தான் வாழ்வெனும் பயிருக்கு நிலமாகும். இந்நிலத்தைச் செழுமையாக்குவதும், அன்றி வரண்ட பாலைவனமாக்குவதும், நம் பழக்கவழக்கங்களாகிய உரமும் களையினை நீக்கும் சான்றோர் ஆதரவும் ஆகும். இப்பயிருக்கு இன்றியமையாதது, சூரிய ஒளியாகிய கல்வியாம். இக்கல்வியின் சிறப்பினைச் சான்றோர் வலவாகப் புகழ்ந்துள்ளனர். கம்பர் பாலகாண்டத்தில் :

‘ஏகம் முதற் கல்வி முனைத்தெழுந்
தெண்ணில் கேள்வி
ஆகம் முதற்றிண்பிணை போக்கி
யருந்தவத்தின்
சாகம் தழைத் தன்பரும்பித்
தருமம் மலர்ந்து,
போகம் கனியொன்று பழுத்தது
போலு மன்றோ’

எனக் குறிப்பிட்டுள்ளார்.

“நல்லதோர் வீணை செய்தே அதை நலங்கெட
புழுதியில் எறிவதுண்டோ!”

என்பதற்கு ஏற்ப

அரிதரிதாய் கூன், குருடு, பேடு நீங்கி, எடுத்தபிறவியில் ஞானமும் கல்வியும் நயத்தலரிது என்பார் ஓளவை. அத்தகைய பேறு பெற்று எடுத்த மாணிடம் பிறவி தன்னில், இளமையினை வீணுக்கலாமோ? பெறக்கரிய பருவமன்றோ அது.

இத்தகைய இளமையில், நிலையாமையை மனதில் கொள்ளாது நிலைத்த புகழையும் இன்பத்தையுமே நாடவேண்டும்.

“நல்லறத் தந்தையாகவும் நிறைவைத் தாயாகவும் நற்குணமும் கல்வியும் உயிர்த்தோழனாகவும் துணிவுதனைத் தம்பியாகவும் கொண்டு”.

இளமை என்ற சோலைதனில் திரிதல் வேண்டும். காலம் அங்கு பொன்னானது. எனவே பொன்போல் பொழுதின்போற்ற வேண்டும். இச்சோலைதனில் நாம் திரியும் வேளை குறைவுதான் எனினும், அனைத்தையும், கற்கவேண்டிய அனைத்தையும், கற்றுபின் அதற்குத் தக்க நிற்கவேண்டும். இதனால்தாம் ‘இளமையில் கல்’ என்றும் போலும். இளமையில் மனிதன் துன்பச்சுமையினைச் சுமக்க வேண்டா. கல்வி, நன்னெறி, நற்சிந்தனை ஆகியவற்றை மனதில் கொள்ள வேண்டும்.

இளமை என்ற மலரின் கண், புனிதமான இதழ்கள் வேண்டும். ‘வாய்மை’ இதன் ஓர் இதழாதல் வேண்டும்.

“யாம் மெய்யாக் கண்டவற்றுள் இல்லை எனத்தொன்றும்
வாய்மையின் நல்ல பிற”

என்பார் தெய்வப் புலவர். இத்தகைய வாய்மை ஒப்பற்ற இதயாக்கக் கூடிய, புனிதத் தன்மை ஏற்படுத்தும் என்ற நம்பிக்கையில் எவருக்கேனும் ஐயமுண்டோ?

அடுத்து, அன்பும் அன்பின் குழவியாகிய அருளுமேயாம், இவ்விரண்டும் சேர்ந்தால் இன்சொல் தாமே வரும்

“இன் சொலால் அன்றி இருநீர் வியனுலகம்
வன் சொலாலென்று மகிழாதே; — பொன் செய்
அதி வளையாய்! பொங்கா தழற்கதிராற்றாண்ணென்
கதிர் வரவாற் பொங்கும் கடல்”

என்று இன்சொலின் இனிமையினை நன்னெறி பகரும்.

மேலும், “கற்றது கைமண் அளவு, கல்லாதது உலகு அளவு” என நினைந்து அடக்கத்தைக் கடைப்பிடித்தல் வேண்டும், இதனைக் கடைப்பிடித்தால் பணிவுடைமையும் உடன் கைகோர்த்து வரும் பணிவுடைமை பெரியோரது அன்பினை, மிகுதியாகப் பெற்றுத் தரும் அதுவே தீயதிருந்து காக்கும் அரணாகும் அன்றோ!

இதனைக் காட்டிலும் பெரியதோர் அரண், ஒருவனுக்குப் பிறிதொன்றும் உளது அது தான் தெய்வபக்தி. இங்கு, “நம்பிக்கை” என்பதற்கே முதலிடம் வழங்கப்படும். எத்துறையினும் நம்பிக்கை இருந்தால் தான், கால் எடுத்து வைத்தல் இயலும்.

“யாவையும் எவரும் தானாய்
அவரவர் சமயந் தோறும்
தோய்விலன்; புலனைந்துக்கும்
சொலப்படான்; உணர்வின் மூர்த்தி;
ஆவிசேர்ப உயிரின் உள்ளான்
ஆது மோர் பற்றிலாத
பாவனையதனைக் கூடில்
அவனையும் கூடலாமே!”

என்பது மெய்ஞ்ஞானக் கனியான சடகோபரின் திருப்பாசரம்.

இவ்வாறு இளமையைப் புவியினுக்கு அணியாய், ஆன்ம பொருள் தந்து, புலத் திற்றுகி வாழ்தல் வேண்டும்.

இருவகைப் பாலுக்கும் பொதுப் படையாக மேற்கூறியவை இருப்பினும் சிற்சில வேறுபாடு உண்டு. அதிலும் மிக விழிப்போடு இளமையில் இருக்க வேண்டுவது பெண். ஒரு பெண்ணுக்கு முக்கியமாக வேண்டப்படுவது கற்பு. கற்பின் மாண்பினை உணர்தல் இன்றியமையாதது. கற்பு, கண்ணாடி பாத்திரத்தில் வைத்திருக்கும் பொருள் போன்றது. கண்ணாடி, சிறிது விரிசல் கண்டாலும் பொருள் சிறிது வெளியே வந்து விடும். உடைந்திட்டால் பொருளை முழுமையாகப் பெற இயலாது. இதன் காரணமாக அவள் தன்னைச் சில சட்டதிட்டங்களுக்கு உட்படுத்தியே வாழ வேண்டும். இதனால் அவளுக்கு 'பழைமை' என்ற பட்டத்தினைச் சமுதாயம் சூட்டினும் ஏற்றுக் கொள்ளத் தயங்காது இத்தகைய பெண் உள்ளம்.

இளமை வாழ்க்கையின் விளையாட்டு அரங்கம். இதன் கண் மனம் போன போக்கிலே நடைபோடவோ, செயல்படவோ கூடாது. இது தான் பிற்கால வாழ்க்கையின் விதை நிலமாம். நன்னெறி எனும் விதை விதைத்து, அன்பெனும் நீருற்றி, ஆணவம், கன்மம், மாயை ஆகிய சுளையினை நீக்கி, கல்வி என்னும் ஒளியில் படரவிட்டு, இளமையென்னும் உரிய பருவத்தில், 'நல்லோன்', 'பெரியோன்' என்னும் பயிரினை அறுவடை செய்தல் இன்றியமையாதது. இவையன்றித் தூய்மையான இளமையின் கண் தீராக் கறையினை ஏற்படுத்துதல் கூடாது. தூய்மையானப் பொருளினைத் தான் மிகவும் பாது காக்க வேண்டும். இங்கு பாதுகாக்க வேண்டியது இளமையன்றோ! எனவே இளமை தூயது தானே!

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இளமையின் இரகசியம்

காலைத்தாளைக் கையில் எடுத்தேன் கண்டேன் ஒரு விடுவிறுப்பான விளம்பரம்! அதில், பிரபல நடிகை 'ஜிகிஜூரி' முத்துப்பல் மோகன முறுவலுடன் கூறுகின்றார், “என் இளமையின் இரகசியம் நான் ‘ஜின் ஜின் ஜின்’ சோப்பு, முகப்பவுடர், கூந்தல் தைலம் இன்னும் பற்பசை இவற்றை உபயோகிப்பதே ஆகும்” ஓ!! இவ்வளவுதானே இளமையின் இரகசியம்! இன்றிரிந்து இவற்றை நானும் பயன்படுத்தினால் என்ன? படுத்தினேன்? இல்லை, இல்லை அது என்னைப்படுத்தியது. பத்தே நாளில்!! கூந்தலை எண்ணியே விடலாம்! பற்களோ காதோ! முகத்தினை நிலவாய் மாற்றியது முகப்பரு. பதினேழு வயது வாலைக்குமரி நான் எழுபத்தோராண்டு மூதாட்டியானேன், இனி என் செய்வது?

நாடினேன் ஒரு அறிஞரை, அவர் வயதோ ஐம்பத்திரண்டு. காணவோ, இரு பத்திரைந்துதான் பெறும். சாயம் காணாமலேயே சிகை கருமையாய் இருக்கும். அவர் பழக இனியவர்; தமிழ் அறிந்தவர். இளமையின் இரகசியம் பற்றி வினாவியபோது அவர் முறுவல் பூத்தார். உரைக்கத்தொடங்கினார்:

“இளமை இரகசியம் பற்றி என்னை நீ வினவுகிறாய்! என்னமென்று எடுத்துரைப்பேன்? எவற்றைத் தொடுத்து உரைப்பேன்? யான் வாழும் அமைதி வாழ்வின் பெருமிதமே அது-வாமோ? எனினும் உரைக்கின்றேன் கேள்!

“எனதிளமைக்குத் தலையாயக் காரணம், யான் பெற்ற, ‘தற்காத்துத் தற்கொண்டான் பேனித் தகைசான்ற சொற்காத்து சோர்விலாள்’ ஆகிய எனது மனைவியே ஆகும். இல்லவள் மாண்பாலும் இல்லது ஏன்? அன்பூட்டி, இன்பம் பொழிந்து, இன்னலுற்றபோது, அஞ்சனமாய்த் தோன்றி ஈடில்லாது அவள் விளங்குகையில் விளங்காதோ என் வாழ்வு?

‘மங்கலம் என்ப மனையாட்சி மற்றதன்
நன்கலம் நன்மக்கட் பேறு’

என்பார் பொய்யா மொழிப்புலவர். இன்று இம்மக்களைப் பெருதற்கு அன்றுயான் என்-நோற்றேறே? அறியேன்யான். பெற்ற மக்களோ இருவர். அவர் ஆயிரத்தில் ஒருவர்; படிப்பில் மிக்கவர்; பண்பில் சிறந்தவர்; பணிவில் நிறைந்தவர். என் சொல் மிக்க மந்திரமில்லை என்பது அவர்கள் நினைப்பு. அங்ஙனம் இருக்கையில் எனக்கு நிறை-யே. அன்றி குறைக்கு இடமேது? குறையின்றி வருமோ நரை?

பண்பிலும் பணிவிலும், மனைவியும் மக்களும் ஒருபடியெனின், அதற்கொருபடி மேலே செல்லுவர் எனது ஏவலாளர் என் எனும் முன், எண்ணெய்யைக் கொணரும் அவர்கள் இருக்கையில், சுமை எனக்கு ஏது?

“இல்லம் இங்ஙனம் இசைவாய் இருப்பதோடு அலுவலகமும் சுவர்கமாய் அமைந்துள்ளது. இடப்படும் பணி அளவானதாய் இருக்கக் கிடைக்கும் ஊதியமும் நிறைவானதாய் உள்ளது. அலுவலகத்து மேற்பார்வையாளரும், காட்சிக்கு எளியராய், கடுஞ்சொல் இல்லராய் கருணியாளராய் கானும் குறையைக் கருத்துடன் தீர்ப்பவராய் உள்ளார். அங்ஙனம் ஆகையில் எங்ஙனம் என்னை நரையோ, திரையோ, மூப்போ குழும்?

எனது வீட்டைப்போலவே யான் வாழும் நாளும் வாழ்த்திடத் தகுந்ததாய் சிறந்துள்ளது. மாந்தராய் தெரிந்தெடுக்கப்பட்ட மாந்தரின் நல்லாட்சியில், மாந்தர்க்குக் குறைவேது? இயற்றலும், ஈட்டலும், காத்தலும், காத்தவகுத்தலும் வல்லதாய் அரசு இருக்கையில் அல்லலுக்கு இடமேது? அயர்ச்சிக்கு வழியேது? பொதுவுடமை வாழும் நாட்டில், பொன்போற்பொதிந்த வாழ்வைக்கண்டால், மூப்பும், முப்புற்று அன்றோ ஓடிடும்?

“இறுதியாய் என் இளமைக்குக் காரணமாய், இங்கு வாழும் பெசியோரைச் சுட்டுவேன். ஆன்றோர் சொற்பொழிவு எதனையும் விட்டுடாதயான், செவிவழி கேட்டவற்றை மனத்துழிபதித்து, செயல்வழி காட்டவும் விழைவேன். ஒழுக்கமுடையார் வாய்ச்சொல் இழுக்கல் உடையுழி ஊற்றுகோல் அற்றே? அவ்ஊன்றுகோல் இருக்கையில், சறுக்கலுக்கும், சறுக்கி விழுந்தநோவிற்கும் வாய்ப்பேது? சான்றோர் சொல்லில் ஊன்றி வாழும் எனது நண்பர்களோ தகைசான்ற சான்றோர்களே! அரியவற்றுள் எல்லாம் அரியதே யான பெரியாரைப் பேணித்தமராக் கொள்ளனையான் கொண்டுள்ளபோது, என்மீது காலதேவன் நடம்புரிவனே?

“எனவே கேள் நீ யான் உரைப்பதே இளமையின் இரகசியம் அமைதிவாழ்வே வாழும் வாழ்வு வகையாய் அமைந்திடின, நாளும் இளமை நகராது நம்மை விட்டு, காடு செல்லும் வரை.”

கேட்டீர்களர் இளமை இரகசியம்? இதனையே பிசிராந்தையார் புறநாநூற்றில் உரைக்கின்றார். கோப்பெருஞ்சோழன் வடக்கிருந்தானுழைச்சைன்ற பிசிராந்தையாரை, கேட்குங்காலம் பலவாலோ? நரை நுமக்கில்லையாலோ? என்ற சான்றோர்க்கு அவா சொற்றது:

‘யாண்டு பலவாக நரையில் வாகுதல்
யாங்காகியரென வினவுதிராயின்
மாண்டவென் மனைவியோடு மக்களு நிரம்பினர்
யான் கண்டனையரென்னினையும் வேந்தனும்
அல்லவை செய்யான் காக்கும் அதன்றலை
ஆன்றவிந்தடங்கிய கொள்கைச்
சான்றோர் பலர் யான் வாழுமுரே.’

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I B.Sc. Mathematics

இளமை எழில்

உலகம் ஒரு நாடக மேடை, உலகில் உதிப்போர் அனைவரும் நாடக நடிகர்கள் நாடகத்தில் இன்பமும் துன்பமும் மாறிமாறி வந்து இறுதியில் முடிந்தும் விடுகிறது ஆனால், வாழ்க்கை நாடகம்?..... அப்பப்பா? எளிதில் இயம்ப இயலாத இறுதியையன்றோ இயல்பாக ஏற்றுள்ளது. நாடகத்தில் கதாசிரியன் சொற்படியன்றோ நடிகன் நடிக்கிறான், ஆனால், வாழ்க்கை நாடகத்தில் “அவன்” ஆட்டுவித்தால் யாரொருவர் ஆடாதவர்? அத்தகையவனின் சக்திக்குள் அடங்கிய பண்புடையார் தமக்கென முயலாது, பிறர்க்கென முயலுநராதலாலன்றோ பண்புடையார்ப் பட்டுண்டுகம் நிலை பெற்று விளங்குகின்றது. இப் பண்புடை மக்கள் தம்மால் நல்லது செய்தல் ஆற்ற மாட்டாராயினும் அல்லது செய்தலை அறவே நீக்கினர்,

“நில்லாது சீவன் நிலையென்றென எண்ணி
வல்லார் அறக்கம் தவத்துள்ளும் ஆயினார்,
கல்லா மனிதர் கயவர் உலகினில்
பொல்லா விளைத்துயர் போகம் செய்வாரே”

என்னும் நீதிநெறி விளக்கத்தின் பொருளுக்கிணங்க, உலகத்தின் இன்னொரு தன்மையை உணர்ந்து, இளமையிலேயே விளம்பி நாகனரின் வாக்கிற்கிணங்க,

“இளமைப் பருவத்துக் கல்லாமை குற்றம்;
வளமில்லாப் போழ்த்து வள்ளன்மை குற்றம்;
கிளைஞரில் போழ்த்திற் சினங்குற்றம்; குற்றம்
தமரல்லார் கையக்த் தூண்” என்னும்

குற்றத்திற்குரியனமற்றை நீக்கி,

“கன்றாமை வேண்டுங்கடிய; பிறர் செய்த
நன்றியை நன்றாகக் கொளல் வேண்டும் -என்றும்
விடல் வேண்டும் தன்கண் வெகுளி; அடல்வேண்டும்
ஆக்கம் சிதைக்கும் வினை”

ஆகிய வேண்டத்தகுவனவற்றைத் தம்மிடத்துக் கொண்டவராய்,

“உறங்குவது போலும் சாக்காடு; உறங்கி
விழிப்பது போலும் பிறப்பு” என்னும்

உலகத்து நிலையாமையாகிய பெற்றையை உணர்ந்து ஒழுகினர்,

“நீரில் குமிழி இளமை நிறை செல்வம்
நீரில் சுருட்டும் இளத்திரைகள் — நீரில்
எழுத்தாகும் யாக்கை நமரங்காள் என்னே
வழுத்தாது எம்பிரான் மன்று”

என்னும் குமரகுருபர அடிகளின் வாக்கிற்கிணங்க, நீர்க்கோல வாழ்வை நச்சி வாழ்தலில்

பயனிலை. அத்தகைய வாழ்வில் பால்நிலவு போலும் விளங்கும் இளமையோ, மன்னுதீர் மொக்குள் ஓக்கும். அந்நிலவு, மீண்டும், மீண்டும் வருகை தந்து இன்பம் அளிப்பது போல், இளமையோ மனிதவாழ்வில் பலமுறை வருதலில்லாததால், அதனால் வரும் இன்பம் மின்னின் ஓத்து இறக்கும். அவ்விளமையில் பயனற்று யாம் நுகரும் செல்வமோ வெயிலுறு பனியின் நீங்கும், அங்ஙனம் அமைய,

“நீர்க்குமிழி பூண் அமைந்து நின்றாலும் நிலலாமெல்
பார்க்குமிடத்து இதன் மேல் பற்றுவது எந்நாளோ ?

என்னும் தாயுமானவர் மொழிக்கிணங்க, இவ்வழிவு உடைய மெய்யில் பற்றுவைத்தல் தான் என்னே அறியாமை!

“மும்பு மேல் வாராமை முன்னே அறவினையை
ஊக்கி அதன் கண் முயலாதால் — நூக்கிப்
புறத்திரு போகென்னும் இன்னாச்சொல் இல்லுள்
தொழுத்தையால் கூறப்படும்”

என்னும் அஞ்சம் பிணிமூப்பு அருங்கூற்றுடன் இயைந்து வரும் முதுமையில்,

“இன்னுளர் இன்றேயும் மாய்வர்; அன்றே
அவருடைமை பிறருடையதாயிருக்கும் ”

என்னும் உலகத்து நெறி உணர்ந்து, இளமையிலேயே ஒழுகுதல் வேண்டும் என்பதற் காக அன்றோ, இளமை, மேகம் மழையாக மாறி விரைவில் மாறி விடுதல் போல் முதுமைத் தோற்றத்தையும் தந்து, முடிவில் மாறுகின்றது, எல்லோரையும் கவரும் படியான புதுமை என்னும் உடைத்தாய இளமையில் கவலையற்று கண்ட இடங்களில் அலைந்த இம்மானுடல் அன்றோ, பின் முதுமை என்னும் கூண்டினுள் அடைக்கப் பட்டுள்ளது. இவ்விளமை அன்றோ பின் வரப்போகும் முதுமையின் துயரை உணரச் செய்து,

“தருமம் தலை நிற்கல் நன்று” என்பதையும்,

“தக்கமில் செய்கைப் பொருள் பெற்றால் அப்பொருள்
தொக்க வகையும் முதலும் அதுவானால்
மிக்க வகையான அறம் செய்கென வெகுடல்
அக்காரம் பால் செருக்குமாறு” என்பதையும்

“தோற்றம் அரிதாய மக்கட் பிறப்பினால்
ஆற்றும் துணையும் அறம் செய்க” என்பதையும்

“மனைத்திற வாழ்க்கையை மாலம் என்று உணர்ந்து
தினைத்தினையாயினும் செல்வமும் யாக்கையும்
நிலையா என்றே நிலை பெற உணர்ந்தே,
மலையா அறத்தின் மாதவம் புரிதல் வேண்டும்” என்பதையும்.

“ஆற்ற அரவரணம் ஆராய்ந்து
அடைதல்லால் பிறவரணம் உயிர்க்கு இல்லை ” என்பதையும்,

“புல் நுனிமேல் நீர் போலும் இவ்விளமை என்றெண்ணி.
இன்னினியே அறவினை யெய்தல் வேண்டும்”

என்பதையும் விளக்கி நிற்கும் ஒரு கருவியாக விளக்குகின்றது. இத்தகைய அறநெறியை உணர்த்துதலால், கற்கண்டு, கணிரசத்தேன், கற்பனையிள் ஊற்று, கவிதையின் ஆதி, பொன், மணி, என்றெல்லாம் அழைக்கத்தோன்றும் வண்ணம் அமைந்த இன்பம் மிக்க இளமையை ஏனோ பயனின்றி கழிக்கும் பெற்றி!

எனவே, இந்நில்லா இளமையில், யாம், உணரவேண்டியவை, உணரக்கூடியவை உணர்ந்து

“படுமழை மொக்குளிற் பஸ்காலும் தோன்றிக்
கெடுமிதோர் யாக்கை என்றெண்ணித்—தடுமாற்றம்
தீர்ப்போம் யாம் என்றுணரும் திண்ணறிவாளரை
நோப்பார் யார் நீணிலத்தின் மேல்”

ஆதலால், ஒவ்வொரு செயலையும் எண்ணித்துணிந்து,

“ஒன்றும் நாளை என்றென்றே,
ஒதுக்கித் தள்ளல் நன்றன்றே.”

என்பதைக் கருத்தில் கொண்டு நன்றே எண்ணி, சொற் செயலால் நாளும், நல் தொண்டு புரிந்து, இளமையில் கல்வி கற்று, அதற்குத் தக நின்று, தன்னையழித்துச் சுடர் கொடுக்கும். மெய்யு வர்த்தியின் மாண்பு பெற்று, இளமையைப் பயனுள்ளதாகக் கழிக்கப் பாடுபடுவோமாக!

D. No. 196

R. USHA

I B.Sc. Mathematics

இன்பமெனும் அவளைக்கண்டேன்

1. பூங்குழல் யாழின் சீர்மிகு இசையில்
கொம்பினைச் சுற்றிப் படரிளங் கொடியில்
நிலவொளி பனியின் தூழகை மணத்தில்
இன்பம் எனுமவள் இளமை கண்டேன் !
2. படர்தரு பழனம் விளைகாண் உழவர்
இட ரொழி கிணையொலி பழைமுகில் குழுவைச்
சுடரிணை விழியொடு நோக்குந் தன்மையில்
இன்ப மெனும்வள் இழையக் கண்டேன் !
3. தளிர் மென் சிற்றடி குதுநில மளக்க
மிளிர் பொன் தண்டை கல்லென் றெலிக்க
குளிர்பிறை நுதலொடு மிழற்றும் மதலை
மொழிதனில் இன்பத்து முழுமை கண்டேன் !
4. போக்கரும் புள்ளும் மந்தியும் கொய்தும்
நீக்கரு எண்ணின் கனியடர் தருவின்
ஆக்கிய கூட்டின் ஒருமருங் கொதுங்கி
ஊட்டும் கிளியில் ஒளிரக் கண்டேன்
5. அன்னவை பலவுள் ஒளியாய் இன்பமகள்
கன்னல் சாறெனச் சுவை நலமீந்தாள்
இன்னலுமுற்றாள் துட்டரின் ஆசைத்தீயில்
விம்மித் துடித்தே மாளக் கண்டேன்

பா. ஆஷாபிரபு
முதலாண்டு அறிவியல் (கணிதம்)

‘ Qué Será, Será ’

Je m'assieds devant le feu dans une berceuse, près de la fenêtre. Le soleil vient de se coucher. Le crépuscule ami me remplit de paix. Tout est calme. Je fume avec contentement une pipe et je tombe dans une rêverie. Je pense à Jean, mon petit-fils, qui est allé au cinéma et qui n'est pas encore de retour. C'est un bon garçon. Depuis la mort de ses parents, je l'élève. J'ai voulu qu'il tourne bien et marche droit. Ah ! Comme les années se sont écoulées ! Le petit, à l'heure qu'il est, est un jeune homme, très comme il faut et obéissant. Non, il n'est pas comme les autres garçons de ces jours-ci. Je suis fier de lui. Il a vingt-cinq ans, il a l'âge de se marier. Il pense à l'amour peut-être, mais il n'en parle pas. Marie Louise, la grande fille cadette de George Dupont, mon ancien ami, sera la compagne idéale pour lui. Elle est jolic et bien riche. Elle aura sans doute une dot considérable. C'est certainement un bon parti. Demain, je téléphonerai à Dupont.....

Tout à coup, ma rêverie agréable est interrompue, par la sonnette. La bonne ouvre la porte. Je reste interdit. Jamais de ma vie ai-je vu un tel spectacle ! En voilà une apparition ! Une créature bien étrange...une fleur à l'oreille, des grains de collier au cou, des pantalons rouges carrelés et une chemise verte tachetée. Elle a les cheveux ébouriffés, les pieds nus et une cigarette à la main. Vraiment je ne sais que dire pour quelques instants. Enfin, je retrouve ma voix et balbutie quelques mots à Jean, qui est debout auprès d'elle :

——Qui est — ce ? Pourquoi l'as — tu amenée ici ? ... et ... que veut dire cela ?

——Grandpapa, c'est Lulu, ma fiancée et ...

——Quoi ! Depuis quand ? Comment ! Entends-tu réellement ce que tu dis ? Explique-toi.

——Je me suis épris d'elle. Voilà tout.

——Impossible ! Je ne puis consentir à ce mariage, entends-tu ? Pourquoi as — tu choisi cette créature quand il y a tant de filles respectables ?

——Eh bien, je te l'ai déjà dit : je l'aime de tout mon coeur. Je l'épouserai !

——Jamais ! Sur mon cadavre, s'il te plaft, mais pas avant. Sais-tu que tu es mon petit-fils ? Un Valois ne se marie jamais avec une hippie. Obéis-moi du moins cette fois. Le mariage n'est past une chose simple.

——Je ferai comme il me plaira. Tu ne peux pas m'empêcher. Après tout je suis majeur ...

Tout à coup, j'entends de la musique. C'est une vieille chanson, ma favorite. Mais presque aussitôt, l'étrangère ricane d'une voix rauque :

— —Holà ! Quelle drôle de musique ! N'avez-vous pas quelque chose de 'jazzy', comme 'Haré Rama ! Haré Krishna' ?

Enragé, je m'écrie en grande colère :

— —Quelle insolence ! Demoiselle, connaissez — vous le simple mot'politesse ? Que savez-vous de la musique, de la culture ? Si vous voulez épouser mon petit-fils, vous devriez ...

Mais avant que je ne puisse finir, elle m'interrompt d'une voix sère :

— —Ah ! taisez-vous, monsieur. Soyez plus calme. Ce n'est rien. Le mariage n'est pas grand'chose. Un petit peu d'amusement. Voilà tout ! Un jeu court pour faire passer le temps gaîment, surtout quand on n'a rien d'autre à faire, n'est-ce pas ... Jean, mon chéri ?

C'est trop à la fois. Je perds tout à fait mon sang-froid. Je me retourne vers Jean, le bambin que j'ai élève. Je lui dis :

— —Tu es bien hardi de l'amener ici, cette jeune fille ... cette Lulu ... qui ose parler ainsi sans honte devant moi, un homme aux cheveux blancs. Laisse tomber cette amitié insensée ... je te trouverai une belle fille, bien élevée et mille fois plus charmante.

— —Pardon, mais j'insiste : je l'aime passionnément. Je suis un honnête homme. Non, grandpapa, je t'aime, mais je l'aime encore plus que toi. Pardonne-moi.

— —Eh bien, va-t-en, ingrat. Va et ne reviens plus.

— —Je m'en irai ... mais ne crois pas que tu aies bien fait.

— —Pas bien fait ! — dis-je, tout égaré, mes yeux pleins de larmes, moi, qui t'ai élevé, mon fils ; qui t'ai donné de la nourriture, un toit, et de l'amour — de l'amour — de l'amour, mon fils, de l'amour ! Tu es tellement changé ... pourquoi, pourquoi ?

Jean ne paraît pas ému. Il regarde fixement l'espace.

— —Pah ! L'amour ! Rien ne vaut mieux que l'amour libre, eh Jean ? dit la jeune fille.

— —Tu as raison, Lulu chérie. Grandpapa, ton amour n'est pas aussi important que celui de Lulu ... Donc, je m'en irai, te laissant tout seul, sans personne pour t'aider.

En disant cela, Jean regarde vers Lulu et dit :

—Allons, ma mignonne.

Le dernier regard que la fille me jette est plein d'insouciance. Elle hausse les épaules, comme si elle veut dire, 'tant pis'. Je ne m'en soucie pas !

La porte ferme avec un grand bruit. Il me semble que le toit croule sur ma tête. Je m'assieds abattu, la tête entre mes mains tremblantes. C'est fini. Jean, mon petit-fils que j'aime tant épousera l'étrangère ... cette hippie qui considère le mariage comme un jeu ... un jeu, voyez-vous.

Le disque joue encore ... cette musique qui vient du temps jadis quand tout allait bien et que tout le monde était heureux. Les jeunes étaient si bons ... si obéissants. Il y avait du respect mutuel. Mais maintenant ...

Ah ! Mon Dieu ! Je n'ose plus y penser. Mais maintes et maintes fois cette pensée me revient à l'esprit ... Il est parti, mon petit ... il ne m'aime plus ... Oh Jean ... Jean, sais-tu où tu vas ? Reviens ... reviens ...

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यौवन

मनुष्य के जीवन को हम पाँच विभिन्न भागों में बाँट सकते हैं। वे हैं बचपन, लड़कपन, यौवन, प्रौढ़ावस्था और बुढ़ाप। इनमें से यौवन या युवाकाल सबसे अच्छा काल है, क्योंकि इसमें युवक की शारीरिक, मानसिक और धार्मिक शक्ति का विकास होता है।

वह अपने बचपनसे, खेलता कूदता आ रहा है, पर उसको वह व्यायाम नहीं मानता है। उसके लिए, खेल और कूद, सिर्फ आनन्द और मज़ा पाने का एकमात्र मार्ग है। लेकिन, जब वह अपनी युवावस्था में अपना शरीर देखता है, और दूसरे युवकों के शरीरों से उसकी तुलना करता, तो वह देखता है कि वह कितना कमज़ोर है। अब वह दौड़ कूदकर खेलता है, और तरह तरह के व्यायाम करने लगता है ताकि उसका शरीर बल से भर जाय।

शारीरिक विकास के साथ साथ युवाकाल में युवकों की मानसिक शक्ति की भी वृद्धि होती है। शरीर के स्वस्थ होने के कारण मन की भी शुद्धि होती है, जिसके कारण उसमें नये-नये भावभाव उत्पन्न होने की सम्भावना होती है।

युवावस्था में युवक अपनी विवेचनात्मक बुद्धि का उपयोग करने लगता है। अब तक उसने दूसरों की आज्ञा का पालन बन्द आँखों से किया था। लेकिन अब वह नाना प्रकार के प्रश्न पूछकर उनके उत्तर पाने पर ही वह उसे करने को मंज़ूर होता है।

युवक अपने यौवन में ज्ञान के लिए भटकते रहते हैं। जब वे कुछ ज्ञान पाते हैं, उससे उनकी ज्ञान-प्यास बुझने के बजाय, और तेज़ होजाती और उसे बुझाना बहुत मुश्किल हो जाती है।

लड़के आरम्भसे ही यह निश्चय कर लेते हैं कि वे क्या करना चाहते हैं? क्या वे डाक्टर, या इंजिनियर, या सरकारी नौकर बनना चाहते हैं? इसका वे दृढ़ निश्चय करके, अपनी अभिलाषाओं की पूर्ति के लिए खूब मेहनत करके अपने युवाकाल में पढ़ने लगते हैं, ताकि वे अव्वल आँवें और अच्छी नौकरी पावें।

लड़के, अपने यौवन में ही एक दूसरों को ठीक तरह से पहचानते हैं । उनको तभी जान पड़ता है कि, वह युवक अच्छा है और उसकी संगति से मेरे चरित्र का विकास होगा या वह बुरा है, उससे मेरा मेल-जोल नहीं होना चाहिए । वह अपने दोस्तों को खूब सोच विचार के बाद ही चुन लेता है और उसकी जान पहचान उन लोगों के जरिये ही समाज में होती है ।

अक्सर युवक अपने बाप दादे से, भगवान और अपनी सृष्टि पर कुछ न कुछ प्रश्न पूछ बैठते हैं । इन प्रश्नों का उत्तर उन्हें कभी कभी मिलता है और कभी कभी प्रौढ़ लोग उन प्रश्नों की उपेक्षा कर देते हैं । इस बात पर ही नहीं और कई बातें हैं, जैसे कालेज में शिक्षा का माध्यम और शिक्षा पद्धति में परिवर्तन जिसपर प्रौढ़ और पंडित बूढ़े मौन धारण कर लेते हैं या कहते हैं कि अब की बात ही ठीक है, उसे बदलना न चाहिए । इस व्यवहार से युवक आपे से बाहर हो जाते हैं और हिंसात्मक नीति का प्रतिपादन करने लगते हैं ।

आज के नवयुवक ही कल के नागरिक हैं । इसलिये उनका शारीरिक और मानसिक विकार ठीक ढंग से, उनकी रुचि के अनुसार होना है । प्रौढ़ और बूढ़ों को युवकों के प्रति सहानुभूति दिखानी है और उनकी समस्याओं के हल करने में साथ देना है । तभी शांति स्थापित होगी और आज के नवयुवक अच्छे और सच्चे नागरिक बनकर, देश की भलाई के लिए काम, तन-मन से करने लगेंगे । तभी भारत की उन्नति होगी और स्वर्ण सा देश बनेगा ।

तरुण पीढ़ी

किसी राष्ट्र के निर्माण कार्य में उसके तरुण वर्ग की बहुत अपेक्षा रहती है ! बड़ी पीढ़ी के लोग तरुण पीढ़ी के बारे में अक्सर मुँह बिचकाकर अनेक उलाहनें देते रहते हैं । जैसे तरुण पीढ़ी उच्छृंखल हो गयी है वह अपने धर्म पर आस्था नहीं रखती । उसके हाथ में अगर देश का भविष्य गया तो देश बिल्कुल चौपट हो जाएगा । वस्तुतः तरुण पीढ़ी का हृदय स्वभावतः भावुक एवं जोशीला होता है । वह बाहरी तड़क भड़क एवं जोशीली बातों से फौरन आकृष्ट हो जाता है । उस हालत में युवक चाहे माओ के विचार पढ़ें, फैशन परेड में भाग लें, किसी विरोध प्रदर्शन में शामिल हों या पुलिस से मुठभेड़ में उनपर एसिड बल्ब तोड़ें, गाड़ी या ट्राम जलाएँ, उसका दोष राजनीतिज्ञों एवं पाश्चात्य संस्कृति को प्रोत्साहित करने वाले चित्र निर्माताओं आदि पर ही जाएगा । यह सम्भव है कि कोई नेता किसी महान् उद्देश्य से कोई आन्दोलन सञ्चालित करें और उसमें युवकों का सहयोग भी सद्भावनापूर्वक प्राप्त करना चाहें । परन्तु इन सार्वजनिक आन्दोलनों में एक बहुत बड़ा दोष यह है कि आन्दोलन अनुशासन शांति और नियंत्रण का वातावरण उपस्थित नहीं करते । इसलिए स्वभावतः इन आन्दोलनों में भाग लेने वाले अनुशासन के महत्व को नहीं समझ पाते । और जब अनुशासन और नियंत्रण से दूर रहने में उनको आकर्षण होता है तो उच्छृंखलता आश्चर्यजनक बात नहीं । घर हो या बाहर, कक्षाकक्ष तो या क्रीडास्थल, गली हो बाजार, मेला हो या उत्सव, कोई सभा हो या सांस्कृतिक समारोह, सर्वत्र युवकों की उच्छृंखलता का ताण्डव नृत्य देखने को मिल जाता है । रेल में बिना टिकट यात्रा करने में, चरित्रहीनता में किन्हीं भी पूज्य पुरुषों की टोपी उछालने में, चोरी, डकैती, हत्या जैसे जघन्य कुकर्मों में युवक के दर्शन नित्य प्रति होते हैं । कहाँ तक उनकी उच्छृंखलता की कहानी कहें । प्रति दिन समाचार पत्र देश के किसी न किसी कोने के युवकों की अनुशासन हीनता के एक दो समाचार देते ही रहते हैं ।

तरुण वर्ग चाहे लुंगी - कुर्ता पहन कर पाँप संगीत सुननेवाली जमात हो और चाहे साल भर तक पढ़ाई की तरफ से उदासीन, बेमन किसी घिसे पिटे, समय से कटे हुए विषय पर नोट्स लिखवाते रहनेवाले प्रोफेसर पर नागज होकर परीक्षा भवन में स्याही की दवात फेंक कर मारने वाला उग्र विद्यार्थी समुदाय हो, उसकी एक विशेष वजह है वह यह कि उन्हें सचमुच न तो जिंदगी की परीक्षा के लिए तैयार किया गया और न उसे सालाना परीक्षा के लिए । दोनों

ही मूलतः एक तरह की परिस्थितियों में जी रहे हैं । भविष्य को लेकर दोनों के सामने एक ही तरह का प्रश्नवाचक चिह्न है ।

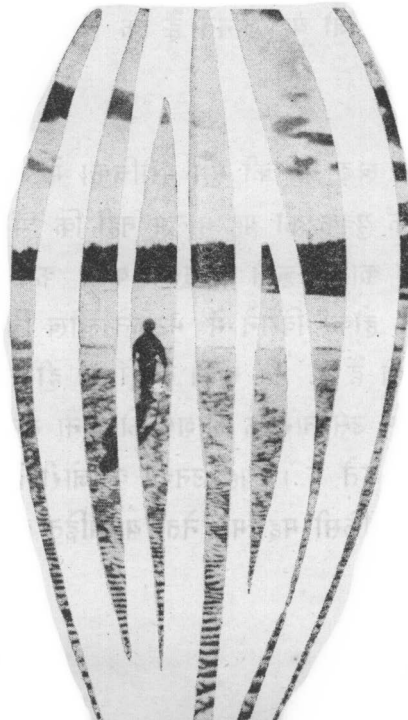
युवकों के लिए आज्ञापालन एक कटु विषय बन गया है । प्राचीन पीढ़ियों का अपमान करना ही मानों उनके जीवन का ध्येय बन गया है । 'अपने से बड़े' यह दर्जा आज के जमाने में कोई अर्थ न ही रखता । तरुण पीढ़ी चाहती है कि बड़े लोग उन पर कोई हक न रखे और अपनी विचारधारा जबरदस्ती उनके गले न उतारें । और बस उनकी अपनी विचारधारा का ही सम्मान हो ।

आज के युवक वर्ग के कंधों पर धार्मिक, सामाजिक, राजनैतिक, साहित्यिक, ऐतिहासिक एवं आर्थिक कार्यों का भार रहता है । इन सबसे सम्बन्धित कार्यों को करने में वह असमर्थ रहता है । आज का युवावर्ग हमेशा धर्म से सम्बन्धित बातों से पूजा-पाठ इत्यादि कार्यों से सदैव छुटकारा पाना ही चाहता है । यदि उनसे यह आशा की जाय कि वे आज के धर्मों का पालन करें तो यह तो उनके लिए नामुमकिन बात है । उनके लिए तो मानों ईश्वर मर चुका है । आज के ईश्वर का मतलब उनके लिए भय और अंधविश्वास है पर इसके साथ-साथ यदि वे यह भी समझे कि मानवीय दया, सहानुभूति तथा हर इंसान के साथ गौरव व आत्मसम्मान के साथ रहना भी इंसान के लिए आवश्यक गुण हैं परन्तु इन सबका उनमें प्रायः अभाव रहता है । आज के युवक वर्ग पर अभी उस हवा का प्रभाव हो रहा है जो पश्चिम को बहाये लिए जा रही हैं । हाँ, कुछ युवा वर्ग ऐसे जरूर हैं जो यह जानते हैं कि हमें बन्दर की भाँति दूसरों की नकल नहीं करनी चाहिए ।

आज का तरुण वर्ग खड़ भ्रम की मृग मरीचिका में जी रहा है । अपनी पहचान की तलाश में क्यों कि आज के युवक को यह मालूम नहीं कि 'मैं क्या हूँ?' । ये भौतिक प्रश्न नहीं हैं । यह प्रश्न है नैतिकता का, संस्कृति के मूल्यों का । कम से कम आजके युवक वर्ग में आधा से ज्यादा वर्ग आत्महीन होकर विराने में भटकते चीख चिला रहे हैं । उनमें स्वयं में कोई कार्य करने की क्षमता नहीं है । वह सदैव दूसरों का ही सहारा ढूँढ़ता है । आज एक युवकने जो नारा लगा दिया बस उस नारे के आशय को बिना समझे सोचे सारे युवक उस नारे का आश्रय लेकर खलबली मचा देते हैं । यह उनकी कमजोरी है नहीं तो क्या है? यदि आज हम आदर्श नेतृत्व के आह्वान पर किसी महात्मा, नेता या पंडित को ले जो हमारे लिए ही कार्य

करते करते अब मर चुके हैं। मगर उनके मरने से ज्यादा आज के युवक वर्ग ने उनकी आत्मा तक को मार डाला है। जिस आजादी के लिए अपने जीवन में जिन्होंने संघर्ष किया, लड़े और मर गये उनका आज के युवक वर्ग ने क्या किया? इसका जवाब आज का कोई भी युवक नहीं दे सकता। बल्कि वे उनके कार्यों की, उनके जीवन के बलिदानों की, एक छोटी सी मजाक समझ कर खिली उड़ा देते हैं क्यों कि महापुरुषों के पद चरणों पर चलना तो इन्होंने सीखा ही नहीं बेशुमार भ्रष्टाचार और उससे भी ज्यादा अपनी स्वार्थसिद्धि की हरकतों से इनका गला घोट दिया है।

आज के युवक वर्ग ने अंधविश्वास, कट्टर धार्मिकता और 'बड़े हैं इसलिए जो कहते हैं ठीक ही है' वाले दृष्टिकोण से अपने को छुड़ा कर अलग कर लिया है। पर वे यह नहीं जानते कि उन्हें अपना जीवन के लिए, किसी आदर्श की, किसी अधिनायक की तलाश करनी चाहिए। हमारे युवकों के मृदु हृदय में अनुशासन प्रियता का बीज डालने पर सुदूर भविष्य में यथासमय एक विशाल वृक्ष की उत्पत्ति होगी जिस पर विनय, सौजन्य, सदाचार, संयम के सुमन सुरभित होंगे तथा लोक सेवा देश प्रेम, एवं विश्वबन्धुत्व के मधुर फल लगेंगे। उनका जीवन आदर्श जीवन होगा। देश की प्रगति को सही गति मिलेगी। पूज्य बापू ने ठीक ही कहा था 'युवकों को अपने जोश का उपयोग करना चाहिए, पर होश के साथ। एक प्राचीन लोकोक्ति भी यहाँ उल्लेखनीय है — 'यदि यौवन को वार्धक्य का ज्ञान और वृद्धावस्था को यौवन की कार्यक्षमता प्राप्त हो पाती तो निर्धनता केवल काल्पनिक गाथा मात्र रह जाती।'।'



Youth in Sanskrit Literature

Youth is often the centre of thought in any literature. Sanskrit literature is no exception. In fact, all heroes in the literature of this “Devaboasha” are young, noble and brave. The hero’s characteristics include youth, among other qualities. As Dhananjaya comments in “Dhasarupa”:

नेता विनीतो मधुरस्त्यागी दक्षः प्रियंवदः ।

रक्तालोकः शुचिर्वाग्मी रूढवंशः स्थिरो युवा ॥

बुद्धयुत्साहमृतिप्रज्ञाकलामानसमन्वितः ।

शूरो दृढश स तेजस्वी शास्त्रचक्षुः स धार्मिकः ॥

In accordance with this, as specified in the treatise on Dramatingy the heroes and heroines are young and good looking. According to the poets, youth and beauty go together. Witness Kalidasa’s eloquent description of Parvati’s beauty, which is preceded by the statement that this was the result of her attaining maturity:

उन्मीलितं तूलिकयेव चित्रं सूर्यशुभिर्भिन्नमिवारविन्दम् ।

बभूव तस्याः चतुरश्रशोभि वपुर्विभक्तं नवयौवनेन ॥

Her advent into the bloom of youth has given rise to beauty of form.

Youth signifies more than mere beauty. It embodies zest for life, as well as fits of joy and depression resulting from its involvement with romance and nature. When together with their beloved, they have moments of intense joy: separated, they feel heart-rending sorrow. The joy of togetherness, the eagerness of the youthful lover, is evident in the following verse from the immortal kavya “Raghuvamsa” of Kalidasa:

वेलानिलः केतकरेणुभिन्ते सम्भावयन्त्याननमायतक्षि ।

मामक्षमं मण्डनकालहानेर्वेत्तीव बिम्बाधरवद्धतृष्णम् ॥

In his “Meghasandesha”, on the other hand, the poet describes the sorrows of separation with stirring eloquence. The exiled Yaksha lover sends a message through

a cloud to his beloved, whom he describes as dejected and forlorn because of the separation :

तां जानीथाः परिमितकथां जीवितं मे द्वितीयं
दूरीभूते मयि सहचरे चक्रवाकीमिवैकाम् ।

गाढोत्कण्ठां गुरुषु दिवसेष्वेषु गच्छन्सु बालां
जातां मन्ये शिशिरमथितां पद्मिनीं वाऽन्यरूपाम् ॥

Sympathising with the lover, whose love-sick mind does not realise the futility of talking to a cloud, the poet observes :

कामार्ता हि प्रकृतिकृपणाश्चेतनाचेतनेषु ।

Like love, nature also excites the young, and imparts its mood to them. They revel in spring. Winter sometimes makes them disconsolate, or its strange beauty drowns the gloom. Entering the Malya mountain, Jimutavahana, the hero of Nagananda, is moved by the beauty of nature. So too is Dushyanta in Kalidasa's "Sakuntala", when he enters the penance grove of the sages.

Typical of youth is love of adventure. Dandius' prose work, "Dasakumara-charita", deals entirely with the adventures of ten young princes. Having described at length the birth and growth of these young men, the poet tells us that the princes set out on a conquest, which led each to his adventure :

तत्साचिव्यमितरेषां विधाय समुचितां बुद्धिमुपदिश्य
शुभे मुहूर्ते सपरिवारं कुमारं विजयाय विसर्जम् ।

But the adventure-seeking youth have usually a purpose to fulfil. In his "Kirartar-juniya", Bharavi gives us the purpose of Arjuna's adventure in the Himalayas. He set out on this adventure on the advice of the sage Vyasa to obtain the Pasupatastra by penance :

अनेन योगेन विवृद्धतेजो निजां परस्मै पदवीमयच्छन् ।

समाचराचारमुपात्तश्लो जपोपवासाभिषर्वमैनीनाम् ॥

Youth is so extolled as eager, adventurous and purposeful.

Seldom is youth condemned as useless or filled with mad impulses. One such rare verse condemns youth together with wealth, lordship and foolishness :

यौवनं धनसम्पत्तिः प्रभुत्वमविवेकिता ।

एकैकमप्यनर्थाय किमु यत्र चतुष्टयम् ॥

But even to this accusation, the optimistic philosopher-dramatist, King Harsha, has an answer. In his 'Nagananda' the hero Jimutavahana says that though youth is misguided and given to folly, it pleases him in that it enables him to serve his parents :

रागस्यास्पदमित्यवैमि न हि मे ध्वंसीति न प्रत्ययः
कृत्याकृत्यविचारणासु विमुखं को वा न वेत्ति क्षितौ ।

एवं निन्द्यमपीदमिन्द्रियवशं प्रीत्यै भवेद्यौवनं
भक्त्या याति यदीत्थमेव पितरौ शुश्रूषमाणस्य मे ॥

Thus we find that Sanskrit Literature abounds in youthful characters who, though young in age and heart, are old in wisdom. Their youth is an instrument in the service of society, and hence in the ultimate service of the Almighty.

M. S. PRATHIMA
III B.Sc., Mathematics



The world is full of worlds.

Think hard, and there is a new world before you.

Hear the worlds.

See them.

Receive them.

Give them.

Be Someone Now

Let us love man ; let us love this world ;
and above all let us desire to do good.

Today's world ! Scientists, Historians, Theologians all agree it is a world of change. The end of every year finds us on the threshold of a new world. This new world, with its new ideas, its new hopes, its new challenges calls for a new approach. Is the average Stella Marian equipped to meet these challenges ? While we strive to answer this question, the letters and visits of our former students reassure us. The years of formation at Stella Maris seem to have given them that boldness of spirit that is essential in today's world.

The first word of reassurance comes from Mahema, Stella Marian for many years and president of the college union 1959-'60. Mahema, after having passed her M.A. Literature in 1970, is now in the U.S.A. Her post as Director of Asia House, Oberlin College, Ohio, was announced in May 1970, although Mahema actually took up the post only later in July.



Mahema and daughter Suja

22—7—'70

"My work has not really begun yet. College re-opens during the first week of September.....Asia House is reputed to be the most beautiful dorm on the campus, as



Manu (daughter of Rajayee Chitra)

well as one of the most popular ones.....Please pray, that I may be strengthened to maintain the high standards which have been established. Since it is a program dorm, I will have to be not only Program Director but also House Director! Gosh, I do feel overwhelmed at times! We've been given a lovely apartment, with a well-equipped kitchenette, so surgically white that it looks more like an operation theatre.. Of course, it is a pleasure to cook.....My husband has made a name not only as a good Chemistry student but as an expert cook. It's my turn now to "out-cook" him! We've already started entertaining our friends, and I find that Americans really enjoy Indian cooking.

"If all goes well, I plan to have a Winter Term Project on this subject.....We're also planning a number of programs, reflecting the art and culture of India. The students who live at Asia House have a very special interest in Asia, many being involved in the East Asian Studies Program. So we'll be having Chinese and Japanese students living here also. My work will be to provide a supplementary series of informal programs in the evenings, through films, exhibits and speakers. We hope to have a Steering Committee of faculty and students, which would help in planning the programs.

"Suja has adjusted very well to life here.....She has worked up a terrific appetite since our arrival, so feeding her is no problem as it used to be in Madras. When we go out for walks strangers stop to say "Hi" or to remark "What a pretty girl!" One old lady said, "Why don't you give her to me?".....The people here are very friendly and I've been touched by the extremely warm reception that I've been given. We are happy that we have the privilege of living and working in a small college town rather than in one of those roaring, impersonal American cities".

While thanking Mahema for her interesting letter, we would also like to remind her of her promise to write often. We assure her that news from "Asia House" will be more than welcome.

Another of our presidents, though of more recent origin, is Usha Oomen, whose name is closely related to the college union. Usha wrote from Kuwait immediately after her arrival.

18—10—'70

"I am keeping busy. I am enjoying the French lessons. I am also getting help from one of the lecturers in the Kuwait University in doing some reading in English literature. I hope to start either Hindi or German classes soon, and I am banging away at the typewriter in the forlorn hope that I might learn typing. How are things at college?"

20—2—'71

"I am experimenting with cooking—experimenting is the right word. More often than not the concoctions I produce please neither the taste buds nor the eye, nor for that matter the nose — still I'm learning!!!! At the expense of my poor family, though they seem to be standing up to the strain fairly well. I am afraid I've been neglecting my reading for the last few weeks. I have been trying to get through Bonhoeffer's "Ethika" but I don't seem to be progressing".

A hop, step and a jump, and we are in Shenoy Nagar from where Chitra Anand, M.A. Literature 1969, writes :

1—7—'70

"I am rocking my daughter to sleep on my lap, and if you find some letter clinging perilously on to others you will know why. Selvatry and her son Vijay are here in Madras. She said she'll come with me to college one day. I am wanting to come too, but cannot leave the baby alone. I will try to come when she is better. She has lots of hair on her little head, and she is so naughty and clever. Yes, I am proud of her already, and I guess that's what's been running in your mind."

A few months later Chitra found herself in Delhi. Despite a baby and a large home, she found the time to write :

20—3—'71

"Manu keeps me busy day and night. So tho' I have always wanted to write, I have never had



Kanchana Chidambaram

the time. The place where we are staying is a quiet and very nice locality. Here we have a footnote of a garden pinned on to the front varandah quite rare, since in all the houses the ground is cemented wholly....

“Do you know of any other Stella Marian in Delhi whom I know? I think there must be plenty”.

Teaching has become the specialty for many a Stella Marian. One of our fledglings, Angelina Idiculla, M.A. Literature 1970, a member of the St. Theresa's staff, Ernakulam, writes on the eve of her first lecture.

22—6—'70

“I am here at St. Theresa's. I have the post of a lecturer here, and am staying in the staff hostel. Everyone seems to be rather friendly.

“Donagh is on the staff here. It was really lovely seeing a familiar face around the place. Geetha Narayan is here too in the Sociology Department. I start lecturing tomorrow, and I am feeling rather nervous.”

No more “cold feet”, as is evident from her next letter!

17—8—'70

“I am quite used to lecturing now and I enjoy it. Since many girls are from the Malayalam medium, it is rather tough at times and very exasperating as they do not even seem to know the simplest of words and I do get stuck sometimes trying to simplify it still further. On the whole they are really nice girls to lecture to and the members of the staff are most helpful and friendly.

“I will be coming for the convocation. I think Georgina will be coming too. It will be great seeing Stella Maris again”.

Angelina did come, together with Renukha. It was such a joy seeing them again, and above all to share like experiences. Back at St. Theresa's, Angelina wrote again:



Mrs. Venkataraghavan (Usha Bharatan)

1—2—'71

“Regi is fine; completely engrossed in her baby. She sent me some snaps of her house and one snap of the baby. Her house is really beautiful. My brother-in-law gave it to her as an anniversary gift”.

Stella Marians are never alone; they somehow meet one another; So too did Angelina, for Renuka, M.A. Literature 1970, was soon to join her. Renuka, fortified by the presence of an old friend in new surroundings writes :

31—7—'70

“I was delighted to see Angelina at the station here. She took me to see the principal who gave me the time-table and asked me to start teaching from tomorrow, the 1st. Everything is rather confusing to me now, but Donagh and Angelina help me around a great deal. In fact I am rather nervous about facing classes tomorrow. I believe most of them have difficulty understanding English and some ask you to explain in Malayalam.

“I have been asked to do 9 hours of teaching the pre-Degrees and the 1st year B.Sc's. I have a lot of corrections. Already a huge pile has been sent to me which I must submit before 12-30 p.m. tomorrow”.



Mr. and Mrs. Naidoo (Sulochana Naidoo)

2—2—'71

"Life seems to be stagnant here and nothing much has taken place. We, the staff, were practising vigorously for a throw-ball match; the arts staff versus the science staff. But unfortunately the science staff wanted it postponed since they are over-worked at the moment. Mother General's Feast Day will be celebrated soon and the students are putting up a play. It is the scene from 'Pride and Prejudice' where Mr. Collins proposes to Elizabeth".

Unlike Renuka, Nirmala Vaidyanathan, B.A. History, seems to be having quite a hectic time running a home and studying for her M.A. at the same time :

29—6—'70

"You must have heard by now that I'd come to see you all at S.M.C. I was so sorry to have missed you, and that, just by a day. On our return journey to Bombay we passed through Kolhapur where I got my results. I'd done one part of my M.A. exams. in April. Well, mother, thanks to all your good wishes and blessings I've got through. Next year I have four more papers, subjects being, Survey of the Victorian and Romantic ages 2) Literary criticism and Essay 3) Form of Literature (comedy) and 4) European classics. Since I have time till next March I hope to do fairly well. Only, with two school-going kids to look after, cooking to do, innumerable guests to care for (there are so many of them in Bombay), and only a part-time servant maid to help me, I sometimes wonder when I will find the time to study !"

Congratulations Nirmala ! Have the courage to persevere.

24—12—'70

"Here's wishing all of you at dear S.M.C. A very merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Every Christmas I think of the lovely time I used to have there. I used to come to the College on 24th, stay at the hostel, attend midnight mass, X'mas lunch the next day, and return home. I still treasure the little figurine of Sister Assunta which I received in one of my Christmas packets. Sometimes I get very nostalgic when I think back to the carefree college days—some of the happiest years of my life".

An ever faithful correspondent, Rita, despite a busy home and an active social life, finds time to write long and interesting letters to Stella Maris.

23—5—'70

"You must be getting ready to face the new college year, and here I am remembering that it's 9 years since I finished the M.A., and 7 years I stopped lecturing.



Anitha (daughter of Ethel Sheela)

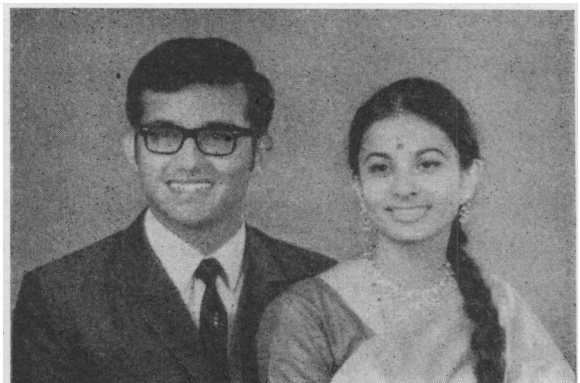
Since last year I have been working with the Catholic students group in the parish, helping them with public speaking. Recently this group organised a work camp at mission station $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours' drive from Bombay, which has been adopted by our parish. Hubert and I were asked to give two talks: one on "confession" and the other on "the meaning of life". We took our children and a nephew along. They enjoyed the camp life — sleeping in a tent on hay and swimming in the river. The discussions stemming from these talks were most interesting and a revelation. I have another surprise for you. I am teaching since June in the convent school which is ten minutes' walk from home.

The teacher who taught standard X left suddenly. I was offered the job and agreed on condition that I teach English and G. K. and come for not more than 2 hours.

"It is an I.S.C. School and the texts prescribed are interesting — Julius Caesar, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Hopkins, Lawrence, Thomas, "To kill a Mocking Bird" by Harper Lee. I find the work more interesting than lecturing as one can elicit a personal response from them since the number is small — 51 in a combined class. Through the G.K. classes I try to stimulate them to think, judge, evaluate, and can get somewhere since language is no problem.

"From the beginning of this month we have had one event after another to keep us on our toes. While correcting examination papers and preparing reports I had to sandwich in Anand's First Communion celebration. That was just over when we decided to let Hubert go to hospital for a few minor things which kept him in hospital for a week. I remembered to pray for you at midnight mass and during the New Year vigil".

Kanchana Chidambaram, M.A. Literature 1969, whose flight to Australia was announced in last year's College magazine, writes often from Flinders University.



Mr. and Mrs. Rao (Suneetha Rao)

It is encouraging to note that Kanchana is confident and well-equipped for the gruelling task of a Ph.D. research scholar.

16-4-'70

"It is hard to believe, but I am in Flinders after all, seated in a fabulous library engaged in 'research'.

"I was met at the airport by a tall [middle-aged gentleman who took the bag from my hand, shook hands with me and said, "I am Professor Elliot, Miss Chidambaram. Did you have a nice flight?" From the airport he drove me straight to the University, where I was introduced to the other members of the "discipline" of English.

"The University is a beautiful place, situated on top of a hill in Bedford Park. There is an academic calm about the very atmosphere".

An encouraging start; Kanchana continues to assure us that all is well.

14-6-'70

"I'm enjoying every minute of my stay here. I don't think I'd ever be disenchanted as one normally is, after the initial glamour has worn off. Flinders is wholly modern : modern furnishing, modern equipment, modern approach towards the pattern of education, and students who are thoroughly 'mod' too. The library is on three levels and six hundred students can work comfortably in separate enclosures at a time..... The library is open from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. during the term and during the vacations. Flinders also has an inter-library loan system.

"I had'nt browsed for long before I decided what I wanted to do. I have chosen the theme of infancy as dealt with by Henry Vaughan and Thomas Traherne.

"I don't attend any lectures but work entirely on my own, at the University from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday. The M.A's and the Ph.D's at Flinders are grouped together as post-graduates. The M.A's don't attend either lectures. An M.A. Course doesn't differ very much from that of a Ph.D., except that an M.A. thesis involves less work and is less exhaustive. There are six of us post-grads in English at Flinders, 2 for Ph.D. and 4 for M.A.

"Last week I was invited to speak on Hinduism to a group at Snowtown, 96 miles from Adelaide. The group is composed of housewives who are doing a correspondence course in comparative religions. I found it an interesting experience. Next week I'm addressing another group at the Holy Trinity Church Hall, Adelaide, on the caste system in India.



Mr. and Mrs. Gomez (Christine Lobo)

30—1—'71

"I had a very refreshing holiday in Sydney. Three of us drove up from Adelaide to Sydney, stopping at Canberra for a day.

"The academic year at Flinders commences on March 9th. As the secretary and treasurer of the Literature Society, I shall have to organize programmes for the monthly meetings, contact interstate academics to deliver papers, apply to the students' representative-council for financial grant, so on and so forth. We also hope to arrange a week-end seminar for the members, in a primitive country-house about 30 miles from Adelaide.

"I have been appointed the editor of the post-graduate's journal called "FUMDATA". The post-grad association is called "FUMDA" (Flinders University Morris Dancing Association)."

Never weary of writing home to Stella Maris, Kanchana writes again:

12—2—'71

“Thank you for the copy of the 1970 College Magazine which did more than recall the spirit of conviviality, co-operation and youthful exuberance that I always associate with Stella Maris. From the editorial to the epilogue, I avidly devoured every page of the magazine with great interest. My colleagues appreciated the seriousness of purpose of the publication and the idea of the theme pervading the whole. Congratulations to the Editorial Board for their brilliant effort”.

Nearer to home is Maya, B.A. Lit. '68, who writes of her studies in Bombay :

3—9—'70

“Doing my M.A. here, I am certainly reminded of S.M.C; and I realise how much of the family spirit was present there (and is still, I am sure), while I am amidst practical strangers. I wonder, perhaps, whether I appreciated all that S.M.C. gave me, while I was there. One never realises the worth till it has passed from one's hands — how profound ! Our M.A. lectures are at the University and we are a class of 100 — what a contrast to Madras ! But the people are friendly, and we have a great deal of fun mixed with the serious business of puzzling over Blake or rapturising over Lamb !”

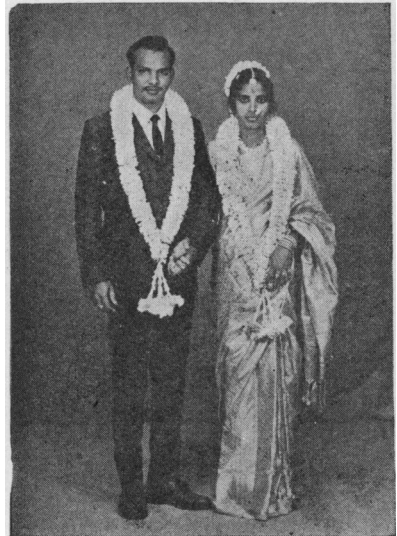
Rajalakhmi, B.A. Economics '59, after a long lapse of silence, surprised us with news. Interesting as it is to hear from the “ recent ” Stella Marians, it is perhaps even more interesting to hear from the “ ancient ” ones.

24—12—'70

“My son Venkatesh has now completed two years. He is full of mischief and at times his pranks are really very annoying. The Cluny Mission has opened a convent here, and I intend putting him in school as soon as he becomes eligible. I keep telling him of all my experience in school and college, and so he is thoroughly familiar with all of you, though he hasn't seen you face to face.

“Jaya is in Bangalore. Her two sons are in school now. She too keeps on saying she wants to look up every one at Stella Maris. But then when she comes on her lightning visits, she just has time to do some essential shopping.”

Juliana Chacko, B.A. Economics '70, one of the most recent graduates of Stella Maris, is busy poring over complicated mathematical equations.



Mr. and Mrs. Chelliah
(Mary Philomena)

22—10—'70

"I am doing my M.A. in Economics. There are about 120 students in the class, girls and boys. All the lectures are at the University, and professors of the department lecture to us. We are there from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. usually, for the lecture hours are not continuous. The course here is quite mathematical compared to that in Madras, and I have to appear for a test in calculus. Nevertheless, our professors insist that this course is considerably less mathematical than any of the modern courses in economics in the universities abroad.

"Reference work in the library appears to be quite important in Bombay, and the reading rooms are packed even in the holidays. We are having a one-month vacation right now; many of the students spend the day in the journal rooms of the University.

"There is not much extracurricular life on the campus. One reason, I suppose, is that about 60% of even the day-time students are employed. Nevertheless, the students' union does run a magazine, and has organised a couple of socials.

"The University Debating Society and the Dance and Music Society too, are quite active".

Editor of the 'Udaya' and captain of games, Shanthi Kini, B.A, Lit. '70, finds life away from Stella Maris rather dull.

26—6—'70

"I love to keep busy all the time, and now that I've left Stella Maris a huge vacuum has been created and I don't think I can fill it either, at least not for a long time to come.

"I must confess I am already beginning to miss Stella Maris, 2 - 9, the English Staff, and my sports, the Editorial Board, the Students' Union and more than anything else the Hostel. I'm longing to visit you all again — perhaps I will and soon".

No more time to be dull, Shanthi complains of lack of time to catch up with her work.

4—1—'71

"I've been busy making and mailing my Christmas cards. Every evening after I got home from work I used to immerse myself in this labour of love! It took me 2 months to get some 70 cards made! Anyway, the mailing rush is over and I'm enjoying a brief respite.

"I joined work at the bank on Oct. 15th, the day after my return from Madras. The people at the bank were extremely good to me and made me feel at home right away. As a result I've been able to settle down happily, and I've really learnt a good bit of banking in a short time. Banking is a fascinating subject and the only irksome detail is that I have to be seated for nearly 6½ hours each day, and besides we work under tubelights the day long, so it's quite a constriction to me in particular — I really miss the "out-door" life of Stella".

After a very long silence, Regina Idiculla, B Sc. Zoo. '69, decided to write — perhaps it was due to Angelina's push !



Mr. and Mrs. D'Silva (Donagh D'Morias)

11—8—'70

"I've been going to classes in the hope of gathering credits for my Master's ; so far I've taken 3 courses and that means 9 credits. I need 33 for my Master's. The summer courses are really vigorous and tiring and...you have to work. I guess you know that I'm going to be a mother in November and we are both so excited. The more I think of it the more my wonder grows at the thought that there's life within me".

28—10—'70

"Well, I've got less than two weeks left when the baby'll come. Both of us are so excited and I am getting impatient now. It's such suspense not knowing what the baby'll be — a boy or girl. Here winter is in the air and the days are growing shorter. We had to move the time one hour back to make up for the short days. Most of the leaves have dropped down and boy! isn't it an ordeal raking them from the lawn! I think Autumn is the most beautiful season. When all the foliage changes colour it's such a pretty sight. But it lasts for such a short time".

The baby did arrive, as we learnt from Angelina. With the new arrival, perhaps there's not much time to think of Stella Maris. Yet we'd like to assure Regina that Stella Maris would love to hear of the new-comer.

In Munich is Padmini, B.A. Lit. '69. She is now the happy mother of two children, the second having arrived but a few months ago.

11—10—'70

"I have glad news for you. I delivered a male child on the 22nd of September in Munich. We have named him Sharath (meaning autumn in Sanskrit). We are coming to India for a short visit of five weeks and will be there on 15th December. I am extremely excited about it to say the least".

Padmini did come. And of course, came to see us in college. No sooner had she returned to Munich, than back to Stella Maris came a letter.

23—2—'71

"It is exactly a month since we came back to Munich after our glorious trip to India. I feel terribly homesick this time, though Vivek keeps me quite busy and sees to it that I don't brood too much. *Fasching* has the people of Munich in its strong grip, when everyone goes totally crazy to say nothing of the mad dresses they wear. That's one thing about this place. Everybody is so happy and care-free, May be one day this miracle will strike India".

Sulochana, sent us a beautiful photograph of her wedding and a letter too:

20—4—'70

"At present I am working in the Department of Pharmacy at the University College for Indians, Salisbury Island, Durban. I find my work very interesting. The work I have to do includes culturing bacteria, making different types of media for bacteria, staining of slides, making creams, ointments, mixtures, eye lotions etc. Chemistry plays an important role in the latter part of my work. So wherever I may go, I shall always remember those days of P.U. 3, my first Chemistry class".

Stella Marians are scattered along the length and breadth of our country, and this provides a perpetual "in-flow" of news. Annie Thomas is pursuing higher studies at the Indian Institute of Science at Bangalore. Annie has a hard time "lifting the sledge hammer", but we hope that by now she is used to it. Parimala, M.Sc. Maths. '69, writes from Nellore that both she and her baby girl are fine. Mrs. Malini Ranganathan (Parthasarathy), who was also on the staff, has made her home in Madurai. Malini's invitation to visit her new home is most welcome, but as to whether we will be able to accept it, is left to be seen. Usha Thomas, B.Sc. Chem. '67, completed a course in England, and is now in the

All-India Institute of Medical Sciences, New Delhi, on a Research Fellowship. Cecilia Elder, B.Sc. Maths. '62, after a busy career in a bank, is now happily married. Easter brought with it a unique celebration in our chapel, the engagement of Donagh D'Morias, M.A. Lit. '69, to Eddie D'Silva. The wedding was soon to follow.

Great is our joy when news and letters reach us, but greater is our joy when we see our old students in person. Geetha Zacharias, B.A. '69, flew to Switzerland via Stella Maris. Malathi Natarajah, B.Sc. Zoo, came with her husband; while Jothi, also B.Sc. Zoo; came to tell us that she was soon to be married, and would be flying off to London and the States. Two promising teachers are R. Lakshmi, M.A. Ecos. '66, and R. Padmaja, M.A. Ecos. '69. Both shared with us their experiences of teaching. Mrs. Nalini Hari, M.A. Ecos. '70, is just next door in Government Arts College. Nalini pops in now and again, and never fails to bring with her little "Chinnie". Rosie Abraham, B.Sc. '66, who is now mother of two little imps, was here; so too was Molly Mathews, B.Sc. Zoo. '65, all the way from Nepal. One of the Vaz girls (be sure you have her right and don't get her confused with either of her sisters who have similar names) Marina, Western Music '66, took us by surprise when she decided to visit us after three years in Europe. Marina has decided to stay within the borders of the country for some time. She is now in Delhi. Walza Mathews (Pillai) is never tired of the labs — every time she passes through Madras the irresistible attraction of the labs brings her home to Stella Maris. On her last visit in January, she brought her three month-old baby son. "Mathematics is needed everywhere" assures S. Rama, B.Sc. Maths. '69, who is now a permanent officer in a bank. Daphne Paiva, B.A. Ecos. '69, came with her fiancé; while her sister Bernice, B.Sc. Chem. '70, also came — but the latter to assure us that she is more than gratified with her medical studies. Elizabeth Ninnan, of B.Sc. Chem. '67, passed in M.Sc. with a first class, gave us news of other Stella Marians as well. Stella Marians visiting their families at Madras can never resist the temptation of at least a short visit to their Alma Mater. One such visitor was Janakhi, M.A. Ecos. '66, who was back home in Madras from Australia. Janakhi is on a short holiday. Likewise Malini, B.Sc. Chem. '67, and Geetha Rajagopalan, B.A. Indian Music '68, visited us with their "protégés". Very good news from Nirmala, B.A. Social Science '67, who assured us that all that she learnt of the woman and the home is applicable in her case. Her two children keep her more than busy all day. More recent visits were from Juliet Pinto and Marguerite Dominique, both M.Sc. Maths. '70, who shared like experiences with us.

Every Stella Marian who writes to us and every Stella Marian who visits us assures us of her gratitude to Stella Maris. Thus encouraged, Stella Maris moves forward together with her students, ever striving to answer the question, "Whither Youth?" The objectives are clear, yet the ascent precarious and challenging. Nevertheless, with the experience of the past, the determination of the present, and the hopes of the future, we press onward "together seeking the light".

University Examination, 1971 Results

			Number appd.	First Class	Second Class	Third Class		Percentage of Passes
M.A.								
History of Fine Arts — Part I	8	Passed 6	75
Economics	18	...	18	...	—	100
English	22	9	12	...	—	95.4
History of Fine Arts — Part II	4	2	2	...	—	100
Social Work — Part I	20	Passed 17	85
Social Work — Part II	6	6	6	...	—	100
M.Sc.								
Mathematics	23	13	9	...	—	95.6
III B.A.								
History	24	...	2	18	—	83.3
Social Science	29	...	5	19	—	82.7
Economics	85	...	28	49	—	90.5
Indian Music	5	3	—	60
Western Music	2	2	—	100
History of Fine Arts	11	...	4	5	—	80
Drawing & Painting	9	3	3	2	—	88.8
English	29	3	18	8	—	100
II B.A.								
English	198	...	18	179	—	99.4
Language	197	62	58	72	—	97.5
III B.Sc.								
Mathematics	32	27	5	...	—	100
Chemistry	18	15	2	...	—	94.4
Zoology	33	12	16	5	—	100
II B.Sc.								
English	102	...	17	85	—	100
Language	102	18	40	43	—	99
Ancillary : Mathematics	13	Passed 13	100
Ancillary : Statistics	13	Passed 35	100
Ancillary : Chemistry	37	Passed 36	97.2
Ancillary : Botany	16	Passed 16	100
Pre-UNIVERSITY	637	328	156	30		80.6



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