



STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

Cover Photograph :

RAJANI CHACKO,
II B.A. Literature.



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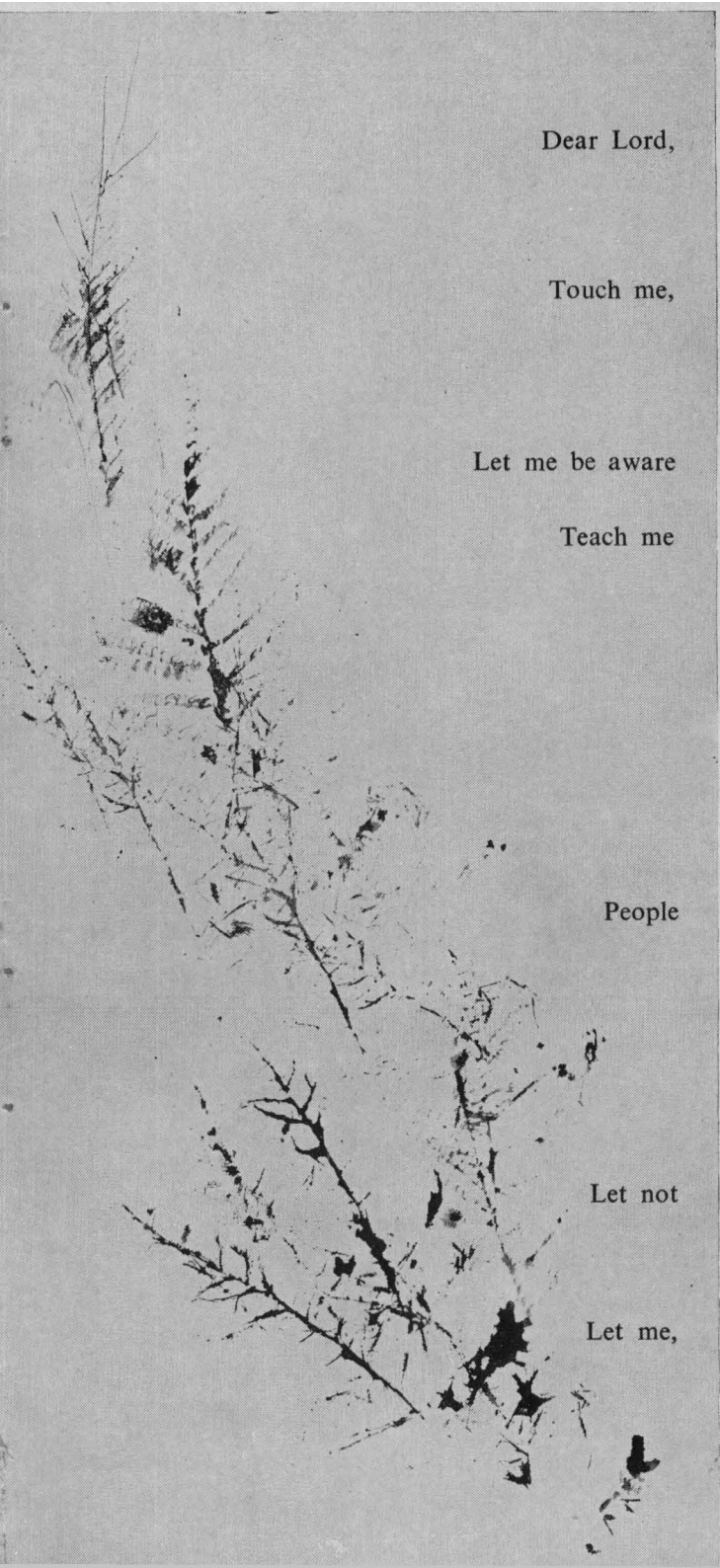
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Dear Lord,

Touch me,

Let me be aware

Teach me

People

Let not

Let me,

At your touch the Gulmohar tree
breaks into blossoms
and becomes a flame of the forest.

O Lord, with your life giving
grace that I may be young and
alive and filled with a vibrant
happiness.

of the wonder of other people.

to listen when others speak
and to appreciate their
achievement.

For their words and deeds
are a key to the wonder
of their personalities
and it is only through mutual
sharing
that we grow as a campus
community.

on the campus are fascinating
in their variety,
When fascination gives way to
fear and insecurity
teach me, dear Lord,
the most wholesome quality of
tolerance.

the glamour I find in others
lead me to a misguided rush for
popularity.

then, most of all, realise
the value of being true to myself.

I am just a young girl, dear Lord,
 and even as I grow up in many ways
 let me also remain
 just a young girl.

Keep me sensitive and spontaneous,
 eager, enthusiastic
 and light hearted.

 Let my innocence retain its moral power
 and my freshness its radiant purity.

While my mind explores the various branches
 of knowledge,
 keep alive in me, dear Lord,
 a love of truth.

Please, check my tendency to one sided growth
 and guide me in the ways
 in which I may develop as a total person
 with a balance and harmony
 within myself.

My life would be empty, O Lord,
 if I learned only to love others,
 if I valued only truth
 and did not learn to love and cherish You.

 Fill my young heart with ardent love for You,

teach my wondering mind the novelty
 in your external beauty and

 bless my soul with the peace that
 You alone can give.

Then, confident in your love
 I'll walk into my future,
 eager,
 adventurous, and
 vital.

Chittor



Board



Editorial

“I have a dream...” Five years before he was killed on April 4th 1968, Martin Luther King delivered the now famous speech on his dream for an America that would be free from injustice and inequality. Every country has had its visionaries. We had Mahatma Gandhi who envisioned a free India nurtured by love, non-violence and co-operation.

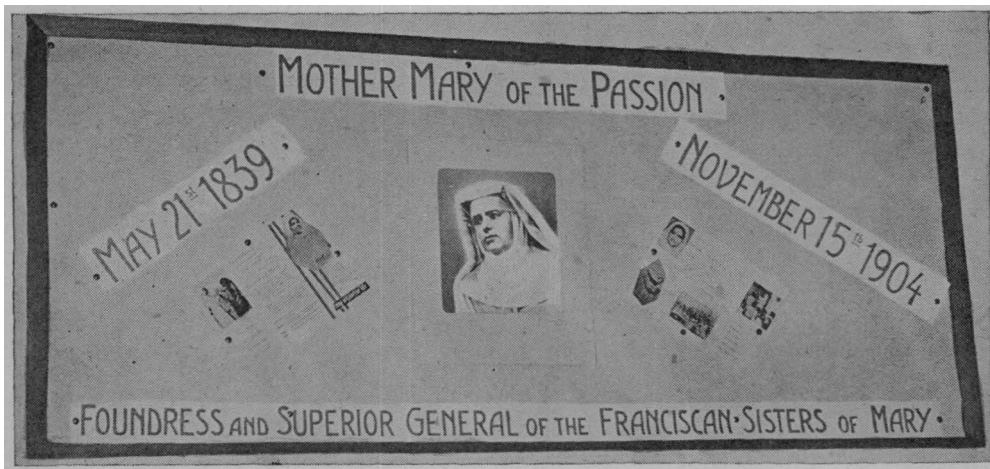
“I have a dream...” We all have our dreams, though they may not all be of cosmic or national proportions. By ‘dreams’ we do not refer to those phantasies that sleep produces. We refer to the hopes and aspirations, aims and ambitions which we would wish to achieve — not merely wish for but strive for; for only through effort can we transform an idea or a hope into reality.

“I have a dream...” We enter College with many dreams — some of which are quite fantastic. Here we learn that it is necessary to evolve a system of practical idealism in order to accomplish anything; a system that will enable us to take an imaginative and at the same time a systematic approach to life and its challenges. We learn also that our dreams can be fulfilled, more completely concretized through co-operation and understanding whether it is on the sports field or in the classroom; whether we are social workers, scholars, sportswomen or lecturers we realise that only ‘together we can create’ for we are interdependent and cannot live alone. Our College Clubs, committees and activities therefore emphasize the importance of combining individual initiative with good team work, and teach us to transform discordant elements into a ‘creative psalm of brotherhood’.

Dream on, Stella Marians, but work to make your dreams come true, relying on the powerful aid of God, in whose name we can do all things.

Lekha Menon	I M.A. Literature
Rasheeda Bhagat	I M.A. Literature
Rita Dorairaj	I M.A. Literature
Sandhya Varma	I M.A. Literature
Sheila Joseph	I M.A. Literature
Sudha Lakshman	I M.A. Literature
Susan Oomen	I M.A. Literature
Vijayalakshmi, S.	I M.A. Literature
Nandini Nataraj	I M.A. Fine Arts
Rosie Mathew Alapatt	I M.A. Fine Arts

A Woman of Vision



A woman of vision, a woman with a great dream — that was Helene de Chappotin, better known today as Mother Mary of the Passion, Foundress of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary. Her dream was a dream of love; to love and to be loved, to give herself entirely in love, to teach others to love. She was only seventeen when she heard within her soul the words “I will always love you more than you love me”, and in an attempt to repay that great love, she entered a Poor Clare convent at the age of twenty-one. Ill-health prevented her from continuing the austere life of a Poor Clare, but after a long convalescence she became a religious of Marie Reparatrice, and spent ten fruitful years in the missions of this congregation in South India. It was here that she founded the convent of Nazareth at Ootacamund, which was to become the cradle of a new religious institute, that of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary.

It was her dream of love that urged Mary of the Passion to speak of God to all whom she met, to spend long hours in prayer, in loving conversation with her Lord. “If I possess, if I see, and if I love God within me, I will be consumed by the desire that I see Him and love Him in all creatures,” she wrote in 1882. It was love that made her ever ready to forgive, even when calumniated and persecuted. In spite of the blessing of Pope Pius IX, the new institute faced many bitter trials for years after its foundation, and no-one suffered more than the Foundress herself. Yet she continued to answer the call of love in many lands, opening new houses all over the world, visiting her daughters in many of them, encouraging and strengthening them by her writings as well as by her example. “Love God very much. Plunge into His love with your entire being. Then you will love others too,” she told the Sisters in the first poor convent opened in England in 1887. All who met her felt the force of a personality entirely given to God and others, a soul aflame with desire to make God better known and loved.

When Mary of the Passion died in November 1904, there were over 3,000 Franciscan Sisters of Mary in 86 houses in many countries; today there are over 10,000 throughout the world. Eight of her daughters have been declared Blessed: the seven Sisters martyred in China in 1900 and Blessed Maria Assunta who died in China in 1907. The Sisters are engaged in teaching, medical and social work of all kinds, and assist the local priests, bishops and people in whatever are the needs of the place. All are inspired by that same dream that fed the flame of the Foundress — to love and to make love known. That dream was so much a part of her that a sister who watched over her in her last hours said: “It was not death which Mary of the Passion saw approaching, it was Love.”

SR. SHEILA O' NEILL, F.M.M.,
Vice-Principal,
Head of the Department of English.

CAMPUS NEWS

STEPPING



IT



UP





Week in, Week out

HISTORY WEEK

The second term saw the launching of a History Careers Week. The week opened with an interesting lecture given by Mrs. Nathan, Director of the Tourist Department of Madras, on "Tourism and History". We were introduced into the world of Tourism with its glamour, excitement and above all well-paid job opportunities. She gave a number of highly amusing incidents ranging from the woman who wanted to visit India merely to be in the midst of the "population explosion", to the young man whose earnest wish was to see a pure Dravidian.

The next day began with a talk by Mrs. Jha, I.A.S., whose speech attracted a number of us to try the long hard road to being successful I.A.S. or I.F.S. officers.

The various aspects of advertising, its glamour as well as its "ulcer-creating problems" were outlined for us by Mr. R. Narasimhan. The debate in the evening on "India's Non-Alignment Policy" — with five colleges participating — brought the History Week to its grand finale.

MALA BHARIN,
I B.A. History.

MUSIC WEEK

A Western Music Competition was the first of a series of programmes scheduled for the Music Week. One of our campus groups, Serena, Usha, Sampa and Elizabeth — all second years — were thrilled to find themselves the winners of the competition.

On the second day one of the famous pop groups in the city — the "Burning Images" — played to an enthusiastic audience and "Assunta Hall" resounded with rock and folk style music — the twang of guitars, the rumble of drums.

Wednesday evening found 0—8 packed again for the Carnatic Music Competition, the standard of which was generally high.

A variety entertainment of classical and carnatic music — sitar and veena solos included — was held on Thursday.

The last day — Saint Cecilia's Day — was celebrated according to the traditions of Stella Maris. There was vocal and instrumental music ranging from the guitar to the flute. One of the many - talented artists of our college presented a rare and delightful item — "a manual instrumental solo". She played the famous "Come September" theme with just her palms. It was really superb!

Prizes were distributed by Sister Sheila and the gay evening ended with the newly - organized choir singing the "Song of Saint Cecilia".

SERENA DAVID,
II B.A. History.

SCIENCE WEEK

“Will your baby have red hair?” “What does blood tell?” “Is life beyond this universe possible?” — these were the startling questions featured on the colourful posters round the campus, during the Science Week.

Nearly 30 participants, from the M.Sc.'s down to the P.U.'s, took part in the 'quiz' that opened the Science Week. Miss Rajeswari and Miss Jessica handled the physical science and the natural science aspects of the quiz.

On Tuesday, the audience witnessed a pageant of great men of Science, and the little skit “The Time Tunnel” went beyond the comprehension of the audience.

The documentaries on Wednesday were eye-openers to the students. Science, we discovered anew, was a fascinating subject, opening up wide vistas of thought and research in its various fields.

The week ended on a sober note with a talk by Mr. Dharmarajan, from the Career Guidance Bureau of the University of Madras. He gave the students valuable advice, and the Science Week left the students dreaming of becoming yet another Einstein or a Khorana !

VIDYA BHASKAR,
III B.Sc. Mathematics.

WEEK OF ALL LANGUAGES

A Language Week was a new venture in Stella Maris. The week commenced with the Tamil Club presenting an Inter-Class Literary Pageant, depicting scenes from various poems and epics which proved to be highly entertaining. Prizes were awarded and the presentation of “Kanan playing chess with Queen Banumathi” from the famous “Mahabaratha” by the 1st years was judged the best, while the third years with their scene from “Kanappa Narayana” came second.

The second day of the week was taken over by the French Club which organized an Inter-Collegiate Play Competition. Ethiraj presented “Docteur Knock”, by Jules Romains — a twentieth-century comedy. Stella Maris' presentation of ‘La Farce de Pathelin’, a fifteenth-century farce, was skilfully directed by Zarin Cooper.

“ All Languages Day ” was the climax of the week's celebrations with its lilting Sanskrit songs, piano music and harmonium accompaniments. The Tamil play ‘Climax’ and the French skit by the P.U.'s — “Une famille bien francaise” was thoroughly entertaining. The “Hindi Qawali” was a roaring success.

The Sanskrit evening of pageants led the audience into the golden reign of the Guptas.....Kaikeyi asking Dasaratha for the boons, stole the show and bagged the first prize.

The grand finale of the language week was the Hindi Club's contribution of a Hindi play — "Reedh Ki Hadi" — and Raji Krishna's rendering of a song from "Abhimaan".

On the whole the hectic preparations preceding the language week were duly rewarded in the success, appreciation and praise it earned from all quarters.

CAROLINE COELHO
and
ROSALINE ROCHE,
II B.A. Literature.

The Student Union Speaks

In these violent days of bandhs and strikes, a Student Union provides a forum where the turbulent energy of its student-members can be channelled. It represents their opinions and, with the College authorities, works for their welfare.

Our College boasts a very active Student Union. Its activities are organised "by the students and for the students" with the approval of Sr. Irene, our Principal.

Class representatives and club presidents constitute the Student Union Council, which is headed by the President. Under the capable leadership of Agnes (President), assisted by Laila (Vice-President) and Mithali (Treasurer), the Council has made this another year of achievement.

The Council decided to continue the system of dividing itself into committees with particular responsibilities. The Committees were a success this year too. The Cultural Committee headed by Usha (III B. A. Art) delighted the College with a week of music and dance in our "Youth Fest '74". The Social Awareness Committee organised "Workers' Day" to felicitate our College attenders and other workers. On this day our girls relieved them of their jobs and did all the cleaning of classrooms and mopping of floors. In the evening tea and entertainment were provided for an audience of students and workers: the audience enjoyed those hours. The Social Awareness Committee also organised a Social Awareness Week during which students were taken to the Legislative Assembly, the airport and to the offices of "The Indian Express" and an advertising agency in order to show them how they work.

The Union Book Bank and the Tuition Committee have been of great assistance to the students. Some of them have received scholarships instituted by the Union, while it has also helped the N.S.S. Vippedu Village group financially.

Our electoral system underwent a constitutional change this year so that henceforth the election of President, Vice-President and Treasurer takes place in separate, consecutive polls.

The Executive Committee which decides the agenda of Council-meetings consists of the President, the Vice-President, the Treasurer, the Secretary and a representative from each Year. The Executive Committee with the entire Council expresses its deep gratitude to Sr. Sheila who has been the Staff Advisor to the Council since its inception. A heartfelt "Thank you!" to her for her invaluable advice and guidance.

Though the Union has worked so successfully this year, it has not been roses, roses all the way. For our path to be strewn with flowers we would need the participation of all Stella Marians in Union activities. That is not an idle dream: all it needs is that you, folks, use those grey cells and play your part in making a success of our Student Union.

RAJEE SUBBARAMAN,
II B.A. Literature.

How We Managed the Menagerie

On the thirty-first of January, 1974, the stagelights flashed on at the Museum Theatre as Tom Wingfield entered. This was the opening night of our three days of public performances of Tennessee Williams' classic play, "The Glass Menagerie". Backstage there was some anxiety, as we had had only three weeks of rehearsals, but when the curtains came down on the last night we could look back on our effort with pride. Here are the impressions of some of those who were most closely involved in the production of the play — and who were responsible for its success.

LAXMI MANIAN (Amanda Wingfield):

"It was an experience that can be summed up in one hackneyed word — beautiful! A time when one did not feel the strain of any hard work, if done, and when one realized that the world was full of wonderful people ready to share one's joys and fears!"

AMRITA CHHACHI (Laura Wingfield):

"The agony — blue roses — and monotones — the long drawn out kiss which was never long enough! — the starry-eyed look which came out cross-eyed! The ecstasy(?) — my one sunny line (about the unicorn who did not feel lonely) — 'Well, if he does, he doesn't complain about it.'"

PADMINI RAMAMURTHY (Tom Wingfield):

"It was a wonderful experience. Having for the first time landed an important role in a college production, I was thrilled. But then I was scared too — at the prospect of putting up a show in just three weeks. Tom Wingfield was supposed to be a chain smoker and I hadn't ever smoked a cigarette. Yet on the whole in spite of the smoking, coughing, choking and other troubles, it was an enjoyable experience."

SUSAN OOMEN (Jim O'Connor):

“Working on ‘The Glass Menagerie’ was a tremendous experience. Never before, working on a play, have I felt the need to be so closely bound — here we were helping each other out. I look back on ‘The Glass Menagerie’ as three weeks of hard work, fun and laughter, every moment of which I enjoyed!”

LAWRENCE VINCENT (in charge of lighting):

“The day the first stage practice was held, was a day to remember as far as chaos was concerned: one of the flood-lights fused, but Stella Maris absolved me of the blame. Their cordiality and hospitality were overwhelming.”

MIKE SAMUELS (who assisted with lighting):

“I still remember the day we looked up the Encyclopedia Britannica hoping to learn about stage-lighting effects: It was a wonderful experience.”

BEULAH VENKAT (of the ‘props people’):

“It was fun running around getting things ready, like the photograph of a handsome gentleman from the Madras Club, putting on and pulling off sofa covers and changing sets in complete black-out!”

RAMA RAO (of the costume committee):

“Frantic telephone calls — ‘I’m so sorry to bother you, but could you lend me your best coat and shoes, please?’ Clothes, clothes, clothes — enough to last us a lifetime!”

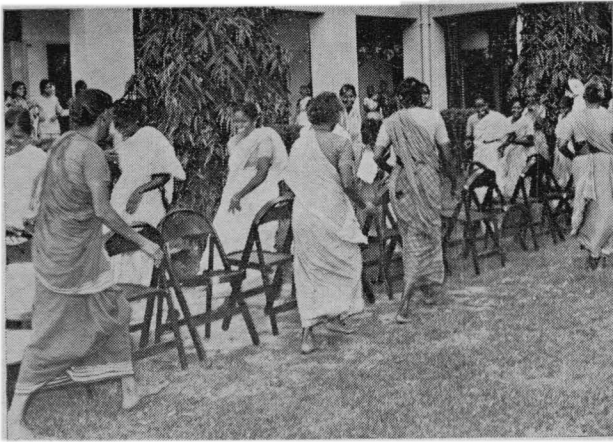
We would like to express our deep gratitude to the director Shri Raghu Kumar.

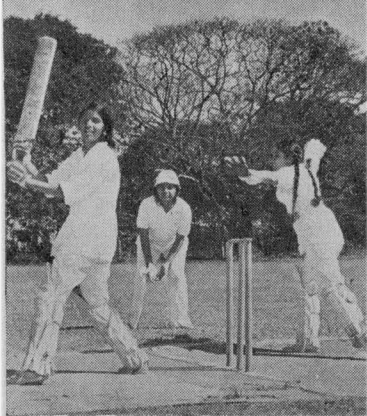
To end this summary of memories, let us hear what Sr. Evelyn, the producer, had to say:

“For me the play meant the establishment of close relationships with those who helped with it: it gave me new friends and strengthened existing relationships. It was a most rewarding experience.”

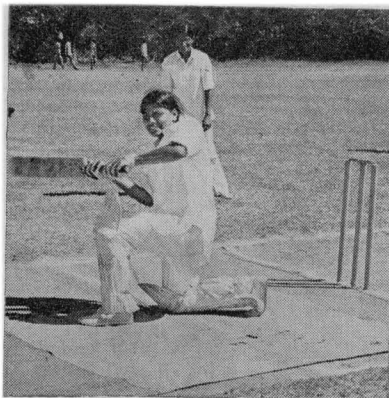
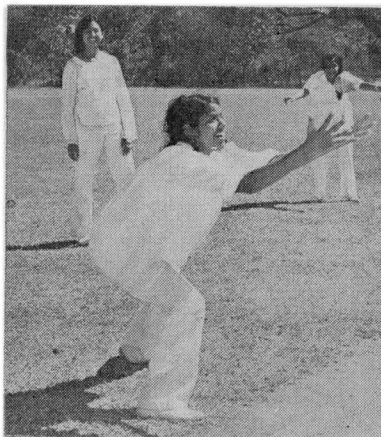
STAFF REPORTER.

WORKERS' DAY

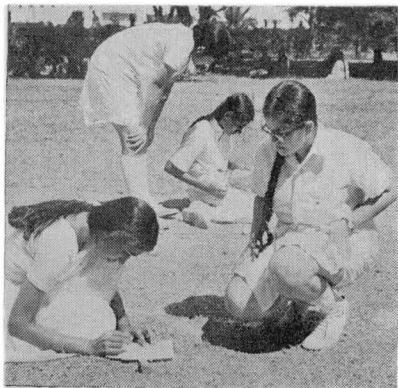




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Sporting Victories

Cricket :

Stella Maris College has entered a new phase in the field of Sports: her enthusiastic, enterprising students now have a Women's Cricket Team.

Thanks to the patience and guidance of her coaches — R. Ravichandran, Sunil Haridass, Mohan Rangam and Raukumar — Stella Maris has emerged the triumphant winner in the recent Geetha Shah Trophy Tournament. In all she has played six matches: two each against Gandhinagar and Y.M.C.A., one each against M. C. C. and S. I. E. T., and has been successful in four of them.

The Scores for the recent Geetha Shah Trophy Tournament were: Stella Maris 96 for 4, against Y. M. C. A. 36 all out; and Stella Maris 101 for 4 against S. I. E. T., 15 all out!

The team is captained by Mala Ramanathan (batswoman). The other batswomen are Usha, Kalpana Thambuswamy, Sulochana, Naveen, Sumathi, Chandini, Geetha, Kareem. Our bowlers are Namitha, S. T. Mythili, Kalpana. Sashikala is our all rounder, Poonam is our wicket-keeper.

With more practice, encouragement and co-operation Stella Marians might even get into the State team!

Netball :

After a long time Stella Maris is again the holder of the Netball trophy in the inter-collegiate tournament. Two terms of gruelling practice and fine team work enabled us to emerge winners, defeating Ethiraj College in the finals by a wide margin. Pritha and Menaka shot extremely well; while Souji, the defender, put up a brave show. The other members of the team are: Poonam (Captain), Chandini, Beryl Pillai, and Yashodara.



We are indebted to Anita Ratnam for her untiring help during our practice-sessions, as well as for the help she gave us in choosing our team.

The team later went to Coimbatore as District Representatives, but were defeated by P.S.G.R. Krishnamal College. We aim to win next year.

Badminton (Shuttle) :

Stella Maris won the Inter-Collegiate Shuttle Tournament and added one more laurel to her many victories this year. Thanks to Geetha Nambisan (Captain), Meera Thomas and Rati. The final match against Ethiraj was a very close fight. Geetha Nambisan captained the University team which entered the finals of the South Zone University badminton championships.

Hockey :

This year has brought in a number of enthusiastic young players. Stella Maris lost to W. C. C. in the finals as ours was a good but inexperienced team. Meera Thomas (Captain), Annamma Abraham and Rashmi Debi put in a very good performance.

Volley-Ball :

Stella Maris reached the finals, but after a gallant fight, lost to S. I. E. T. Amita Aiana captained the team.

Basket-Ball :

There were great achievements in this game. The year started gloriously with our team emerging as champions in the State Women's Basket-ball Tournament at Vellore in October. Geetha Nambisan was declared the best player in the tournament.



Geetha Nambisan, Sudha Kini, Souji Palandy and Pradipta Mehta under the able captaincy of Lily Joseph, entered the Inter-University Meet at Ujjain in November. The same players had the honour of representing Tamilnadu in the Nationals which were held in Madras this year. This was a great opportunity to see India's best men and women players in action. Much was learnt with regard to technique and workouts in a game.

To wind up the year's achievements, Stella Maris scored an easy victory over W.C.C. in the finals held at the Presidency Courts. Good team work and hard practice went behind all these victories. The untiring efforts of our Captain, Lily, ably supported by Geetha, were invaluable.

Stella Maris achieved yet another feat this year. The coveted Inter-Collegiate Major Games Trophy was won by the College. Our congratulations and thanks to all the sportswomen and especially to Mrs. Mangaladurai, our enthusiastic physical director.

Inside Story

The first few days :

“Hi folks !”

“Hi! Had a nice holiday ?”

“Simply marvellous! Hi there !”

Scores of excited girls hail each other as they make their way to their new rooms, weighed down by suitcases and bags. The Seniors grin from ear to ear, and the Freshies begin to feel that hostel is not as bad as they had expected.

And then the ragging begins :

“Hey you there, come here.”

“Yes,” I said, wondering what I could do to help her.

“Take that grin off your face and put it into that bucket!” — and that’s how I was introduced to ragging.

Freshie Christine says, “The Seniors could have been kinder the first few days. But now with a year of hostel life behind us we’ve got a real ‘we feeling’ and that’s what really matters.”

A day in the hostel :

The Floor rep’s point of view :

“Study hour! the bane of all floor reps because it’s a continual chasing after girls who decide on a “30 second silent bath” at 8 p.m. In actual fact they make more noise than a herd of buffaloes at bath. Secondly it’s a never-ending shushing of females who decide on a juicy gossip session. To top it all there is always the fear that Sr. Warden is just round the corner and if so... I’m not surprised at the six grey hairs that have cropped up on my head.”

Before class :

A hostelite’s day begins very early — more precisely at 7.15 a.m. when she awakens to the sound of the breakfast gong — doors bang, alarms go off, there is a hurried shuffling of feet and a rising crescendo of noise...

“Can I have three ten paise coins...” “Have you any grub left over from last night...” “Did you borrow my pen...” “Oh, NO! Geethu has my other slipper.” (Geethu: hostel dog.)

The College bell goes : 9.15 a.m. Doors are locked, books collected and the girls drain out leaving the hostel building a silent sentinel until 12.15.

After-class :

Chinese checkers, chess, caroms, for those who prefer to stay indoors; cosy corners and the grounds for the bookworms seeking solitude; for those who have energy to spare, a wide variety of games — cricket, netball, basket-ball and many more.

A Hostel Outing :

An Extract from the “ Bangalore Diary ” :

And then the journey back. We travelled in the women’s unreserved compartment — a dimly-lit box of moist and heated air, exuding from the very pores of the peasant women, with their babies, their aluminum pots, their sacks of rice, their motley pillows and their flasks of coffee. Crouched cross-legged on the luggage rack, perched on the corner of a seat, balancing on the window ledge or bent double, face buried in the ample lap of a peasant woman, we travelled homewards. Such were the tests of endurance the gods thrust upon us and we bore the load with Herculean courage. And I wonder if Hercules could ever say, “ Ha, Ha!” because we did that too!

And so the days go on :

A Hostelite Speaks :

In a few weeks’ time all that will be left of my three years in S. M. C. hostel will be memories; memories of waking up to the uproarious clanging of the breakfast bell, followed by a mad dash to the washbasins armed with my brush and soap, only to join the other girls in singing, “ John, water!” (as the water supply has suddenly stopped); memories of hilarious, noisy sessions during study hours which terminated abruptly when Sr. Warden stepped in; memories...

Hostel Day Approaches :

Hostel Day is something every hostelite looks forward to. Co-operation is the key word, ideas and suggestions come pouring in, the creative genius of the hostelites is at its height.

A Midsummer Night’s Dream :

“ A Midsummer Night’s Dream ” — was the arresting theme of a wonderful day of fun and laughter — laughter touched with pain for many, as this would be their last Hostel Day. “ Shah Jehan’s Dream — The Taj Mahal ” carried off the prize in the Inter-Hostel Decoration Competition. The exciting hunt for Treasure in the morning, the hilarious film a little later, the gay tea-party and the evening’s crowning event : the grand Entertainment for hostelites and their guests, — all revealed the most important aspect of Stella Maris hostel life : The hostel as one happy and very affectionate family. Although, like all good things, Hostel Day had to come to an end, the memory of that beautiful DREAM of a day will always remain in the minds of every hostelite, however distant she may be from her Hostel Home.

Again the days go on :

It’s February now — I’m already beginning to feel sad about going away.

“ Exam-fever ” takes hold of the Hostel :

Late-nights, hot coffee, alarm bells, frenzied research and frantic cramming at the eleventh hour...

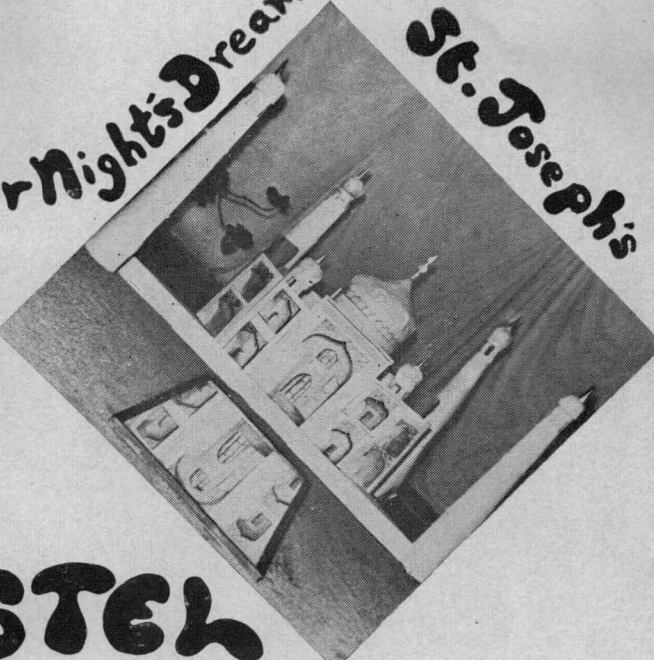
Finale :

End of the exams: at last! Hurried goodbyes, cabs hooting, luggage strewn all around and so they head for HOME !

Our Lady's

A Midsummer Night's Dream

St. Joseph's



HOSTEL GRAPHICS

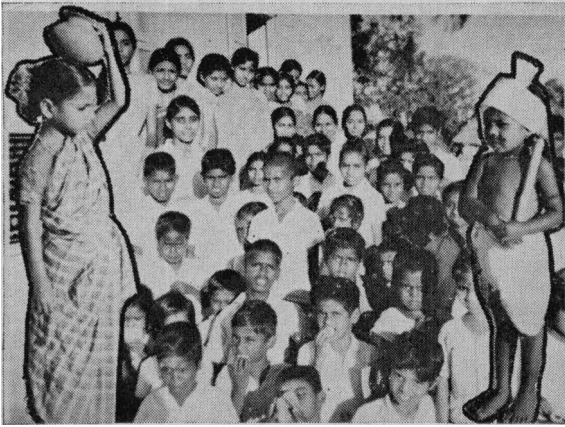


at Bangalore

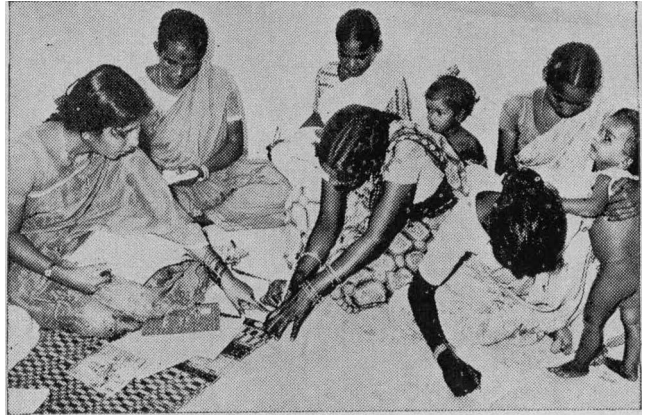
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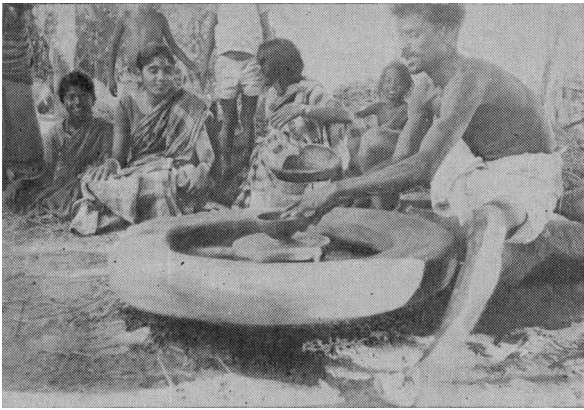
NATIONAL SERVICE SCHEME



The Gipsy School



Adult Literacy



Pottering about in Vippedu



Snow White and the Eleven Dwarfs



Uthramerur — Road Builders

Translating Words into Deeds

The N.S.S. — does it mean “The Noble and Self-Sacrificing”? No there are many who join the National Service Scheme in order to escape Games. Thus the N. S. S. consists of both willing and unwilling “volunteers” — but, sooner or later most girls realize that their work is worth all that it demands. It gives them an opportunity to see stark reality — poverty, illiteracy and sickness. It gives them an opportunity to take up the challenge of these conditions and to grow.

In the following reports of various N. S. S. groups you will notice that every one of them feels that the volunteers have grown in understanding and enlarged their hearts. The girls who visit General Hospital and Gosha Hospital feel this, the girls who worked in Narikuram and in Nochikuppam Slum feel this, the girls who visit the Harijan Hostel and the Home for the Aged feel this. Read on, and sharing their experiences, you will feel this too.

Is it enough to feel? No, we must act too: mere social awareness is not enough. So we invite you to join us or help us in any way you can to translate feeling into action.

Hutfoot from Vippedu :

We have been working in Vippedu — “our village” — for three years now. Almost every weekend some of us take the bus down to Kanchipuram and enter our village in a triumphal procession with an army of children following us.

Since lack of water was Vippedu’s greatest problem we decided to dig a well. We obtained a grant (from the Government) for this purpose but red tapism and lack of money held up the work. At present however things are moving: the well will be completed soon.

Living conditions are very bad: most of the people run the risk of going blind because they have to work at their looms in such poor light in their huts.

We were not able to improve these conditions in any way. However, we did succeed in helping the village potter because we sold two hundred of his lamps in college. We had painted these lamps before sale: henceforth we shall get the young girls and boys of the village to paint them. Some enthusiastic ones have already started painting the lamps for us.

When we brought a large group of the women of the village to Madras on an excursion they were delighted. At Meenambakkam airport they watched in silence as a plane took off and then one of them asked: “Does the plane shrink as its rises?”

Recently we met the mothers of the students in our group and invited them to Vippedu for a day, during the holidays. The invitation was enthusiastically accepted.

Let me end with an invitation to you to come and see Vippedu — and to help us help the village.

NIRMALA P. JOHN,
III B.A. Literature.

Not by Medicine alone (Royapettah Hospital) :

I never realized the value of a kind word or a smile until I started visiting this hospital. The faces of the patients would become radiant when they saw us : they seemed to need kindness and love even more than they needed their medicines.

We regularly visited a sixteen-year-old girl who was fearfully burnt. She had no other visitors at all. She would become so cheerful when we were with her that she seemed to forget her pain. One day she particularly reminded us to see her the next day. We came the next day — she was dead.

Since we visit the hospital in the morning we are able to assist the nurses in their work. We have picked up a smattering of medical knowledge this way — but above all we have learnt that there is no joy comparable to that of cheerful self-giving in service.

SHANAAZ F. H. MAWJI,
P.U. 3.

A Smile in any other Language (Corporation School Project) :

There we stood, facing twenty-five little girls of the eighth standard. They scrutinised us with interest — and with suspicion. We were to teach them how to read, write and speak English well. An easy task we thought. We were never more mistaken.

Having spent some time getting to know our children we realised that their abilities in English varied widely. With frequent tests we kept them going at a cracking pace and their reading and writing did improve — though not their pronunciation.

We spent an enjoyable day together at the Guindy Park. On this excursion we learnt that our girls were very much aware of the world around them and of India's current inflation.

We feel that their schools should recognise the different levels of these students and teach them accordingly. But though this may remain a dream for a long while to come, we are happy to help in the teaching of these children. Their smiles are our greatest reward.

MARY MATHEW ALAPATT,
P.U. 7.

Conquering the Word (Adult Literacy) :

Our work has endured several ups and downs — and more downs than ups. When we started the project on our college campus we were as yet untrained and lost interest as soon as the women did.

These women come to pick up their children from our Social Welfare Centre creche. After our course in adult literacy we attacked our problem with renewed zest : we started taking classes in the morning so that those who come for rations from the Centre could be induced to join.

Once more work started well only to tail off again. We then attempted to interest our adult students by discussing current issues with them. Then we gently led their interest on to the advantages of literacy.

On Republic Day we had a whole-day camp with the women, with sessions on budgeting, health, nutrition and small scale industries. We have started a kitchen-gardening scheme for them also. The garden, so far, has flourished better than our literacy classes but we shall continue our efforts.

M. K. CHANDUNISSA BEGUM,
I B.A. Economics.

Troubled Minds and Us (Government Mental Hospital):

“ When did you come here, Alfred ? ”

“ I can't remember. ”

“ What did you do before you came here? ”

“ I can't remember. ”

Alfred is typical of the patients at the Mental Hospital : people like you and me who suffer from an illness that is like any other, but are ostracised by society. They suffer far more from society — that is, our treatment of them — than from their illness itself.

We were entirely surprised by their alert minds when we talked to them. Having been betrayed by those around them, their minds tend to shut out the outside world and they are naturally distrustful of others. However, when they found that we kept our word to them, they began to trust us and open themselves to us more and more. We were deeply moved to know that our unimportant actions were the means of giving back to them trust and faith in others. They are not violent, wild, disorderly people, as one might imagine. They are simply human beings like you and me and despite their troubled minds they are people who are wonderfully human.

D. CHARUMATHI,
P. U. 7.

Learning by Road : (An N. S. S. Camp):

“ Uthramerur ” — the name recalls happy memories, for it was at Uthramerur Camp that we built a road in the Christmas vacation. The road was to link a colony of Harijans to the main road.

Most of us were new to manual labour and did not know how to handle our spades and crowbars. However, within two days we got into the swing of things and within a week had laid two furlongs of road.

The attitude of the village to our work was deplorably passive. They were kind enough to us, no doubt, providing us with drinking water. Yet they absolutely refused to aid in the road building and seemed quite indifferent to it.

Our group of seventy-five girls was drawn from Kandaswamy Naidu College, Cuddalore, and from Ethiraj and Stella Maris. Warm friendships were established and the New Year was ushered in with much merriment. Special thanks are due to our indefatigable Sr. Christine who led our group, enabling us to acquire the blistered hands of which we were so proud.

C. J. MARY VENUS,
I B. A. Sociology.

This Year In Gram Street

“One: painting numbers; two: dustbins; three: inoculation of dogs; four: bus-money; five: sports; six: egg-money...what on earth’s this?” asked Ragi reading over my shoulder.

“A crossword-puzzle!”

With a trustful “Oh!” Ragi turned away and I had to laugh: “It’s the agenda for our meeting!”

This agenda of a committee-meeting of the Gram Street Group reflects its wide interests. Unfortunately we did not either paint the house-numbers in Gram St. Slum, nor did we get the dustbins. But we did continue helping with the bus-fares of those going to hospital and we paid for the eggs that our T. B. patient, Dhakshinamurthy, needed.

Where did the money come from? The money was raised through the generosity of Stella Marians — and the hard work of the Group. First we had a sale of old books which brought us a hundred and sixty rupees. All these old books were provided by our college-girls — who showed even greater generosity in condescending to buy them!

The committee-member Uma suggested that we have a raffle; it proved such a magnificent success that it collected more than six hundred rupees. We saw girls—or at least a girl — in every single class in college volunteering to sell a raffle-sheet. This was truly heartening because it made us feel that the whole college was working with us in the effort to buy books for and pay the fees of school children in Gram St. Slum. Through the donations of Stella Marians we got another hundred rupees so that by October we had raised eight hundred and fifty rupees — a sum that we were sure would finance our activities for the year.

We had started spending money very early in the year — long before we had collected any! In June when schools reopened our children had needed help to pay their schoolfees and to buy their notebooks, textbooks and (where it was compulsory) uniforms. Thus, borrowing from Sr. Christine of the N.S.S., with confident assurances of guaranteeing to repay her, we had run into a debt of five hundred rupees. We knew

that to work effectively we had to be financially independent. That lucky Raffle gave us this financial independence for we both repaid our debt and had money for further work. At the end of the year we found that we had spent about a thousand rupees on the slum : eight hundred and fifty had been ours and the remaining one hundred and fifty was granted by Sr. Christine in the third term when we were unable to raise more money.

We found that money went a long way in our slum. One rupee provided little Nimmo of first standard with her only text-book. Five rupees helped Thyagarajan of tenth standard pay his fees. Nine rupees covered Gaitri's school fees for the year. One hundred and twenty-one rupees enabled Krishnaveni to enter the P. U. C. class of Pachaiyappa's Women's College.

Gaitri would not have been sent to school if we had not been able to provide those nine rupees because her family was very poor. Her father, Dhakshinamurthy, had been long out of work because of T.B. We helped him with money for his daily bus-trip to Adyar's V. H. S. Hospital and bought him eggs to supplement his meagre diet. Other hospital patients needed money too: little Nimmo, Dhakshinamurthy's daughter, had had polio and had to be taken to General Hospital daily for exercise at the Physiotherapy Centre; Devakumar, also crippled by polio, and one-year-old Iylarsi with T. B. had also to be helped.

We bought concentrated protein food like 'Protinex' for Deenadayal of eighth standard who was undergoing a heart operation and for Umayavalli, the mother of two of our school children, who was very ill after the birth of her third child. Another baby, Karpagam, had absolutely white hair from a lack of protein. 'Protinex' soon gave her black hair to her mother's delight.

Thus, Health of which Rathika and Mary Venus were in charge, was an important interest of ours. Our Small Savings scheme did not go very well due to the lack of interest of the women of Gram Street in any long term savings account. However through the efforts of Uma and of Krithi, our indefatigable Treasurer, it survived and Krithi even succeeded in persuading two of the women to open Post Office savings accounts with the five rupees they had each saved.

Lally and Indra started the Handicrafts Scheme where they gave out cloth of which the women made little cloth-rosettes which earned them eight annas per hundred. Both cloth and payment — and encouragement for the scheme — came from Mrs. Viji of the Government Slum Development Board (earlier, of Stella Maris Welfare Centre).

In the last term we started a library for the children, beginning with Tamil comics. Esther and Sheelu ran the library: it is a scheme that we should develop for it stimulates interest in reading.

While with Health, Handicrafts, Small Savings and the Library, those in charge were assisted by the other members, everyone joined in what was our major interest: teaching the children. Every evening they were helped with their homework — but they sometimes did not desire this help! Thus some of us would have to rout them out, and with threats and bribes we did manage to gather a faithful few. Jaishree, who was in charge of teaching kept a careful register of attendance at our classes: when our

absentees discovered that they were left out of invitations to festivities at college, some of them came back into the fold. Since this teaching is such an important activity, Kusumam and Lally have drawn up a comprehensive plan which suggests how we can help the children more next year.

The Divali story of how Krishna killed Narkasura was performed by the children in our Divali celebrations. They delighted in their roles and in their golden crowns — and in the sweets and crackers that a donor had provided. For Christmas we had a party with presents and games and on Republic Day little Sabina's ringing tones beat all the older orators hollow at our oratorical contest. All these functions took place in Room 0—8 in College as there was no suitable place in the slum.

The great event of the year was, of course, our Sports Day. For weeks in advance Srilatha, our President, and Rathika had been shouting "Left, right, left!" in our N.C.C. field as our children marched round in somewhat haphazard fashion. Mary Venus and Lally who lived very far away — at St. Thomas' Mount and Royapuram respectively — would stay every evening to perfect the drill. At last, on the afternoon of the twenty-third of February we had our Sports-Heats. Our horde of young Mongols had so harried our girls for five hours, that at the end of the heats-practice they sank down wearily on the grass.

I sat there too, marvelling at these girls. Several of them had just finished a three-hour Tamil Manram exam and had come straight from class to the field. No wonder they were dead tired! Now with the children, tired too and more quiet, sitting around them, they gave them final instructions for the morrow.

Rita was there early next morning drawing the chalk lines with the help of the boys. Our guests, the mothers of our children, arrived: the children were at last ready and marched around the field. They took the oath of good sportsmanship, performed their drill with excellent precision and then threw themselves into the three-legged races, the skipping races, the slow-cycling competition, the long jump, the discus-throw and other events. At last, as the shadows lengthened, the beaming little winners trotted up to Sr. Irene to receive their prizes: the older ones all insisted on shaking her hand — a 'namaste' would not do.

The Sports Day marked the close of our activities for the year because N. S. S. work was to stop that week. So, many goodbyes were said between the children of Grām Street and the girls who, through the year, had cared for them, taught them, bought books for them, paid fees for them, taken them to hospital — in short, loved them.

If this article were to be dedicated to anyone it would have to be dedicated to Sr. Christine, whose constant support made the year so happy, to our college girls whose generosity enabled us to help others, to several others, whose encouragement was essential to us. But surely, above all, it should be dedicated to those girls whom it is about — to the twenty-seven girls who worked so cheerfully, generously, selflessly — for without them there would have been no Gram Street Group to write about.

KARIN KAPADIA,
II M.A. Literature.

Passage Across India

Never a Dal Moment

Dewan-e-Khas, Dewan-e-Aam, Moti Masjid, Chandni Chowk — the sonorous names of the North ring through the memory and recall the long imposing titles of the Moslem Emperors, as the days of their rise and fall live again in the floodlit gardens of the Red Fort.

At times it seems a dream — the fountains of Delhi, and those of the Shalimar Gardens on a rainy September evening in Srinagar, with the Dal lake below glowing red in the sunset. But the icy, clear Kashmir air is real enough, so are the muffled figures hidden beneath borrowed sweaters, shawls and blankets, in search of Masala Tea, or hastening to buy walnuts and apples from the Kashmiri boats.

Dream or not, who will forget the night drive from Jammu over the passes, singing to keep the driver awake, while his turban hangs nonchalantly on a hook above the door, or getting out of the bus in the first dark morning hours to find shikaras waiting to take us across the Lake to Green View.

I shan't forget — what a prosaic memory! — digging my teeth into my first non-veg. meal in a small Punjabi Khalsa among the peaks and streams of Pahalgam, and the delicious flavour of chicken and chapathi, or the smell of ponies, and goat's milk tea at Gulmarg.

So it's not such a dream after all, and the memory, elusive and fragile from a distance, like the Taj, is found upon closer examination, to be strong and clear. I guess none of us will quite forget our trip to Kashmir.

MISS PATRICIA BUTLER,
Lecturer in English.

I remember the long bus ride from Jammu Station to Dal Lake — the road getting steeper, the tall fir trees, the thick woolly sheep jostling each other and followed by cloaked shepherds and big furry sheep dogs...

I gasped when I found the wild undergrowth spangled with small purple and yellow flowers and white daisies, and felt a crazy exhilaration as the cold mountain winds rushed against my face...

I remember also the numerous shikara rides across Dal Lake where the poplars stood erect, and the willows dripped green sunlight over the water.

Then there was the long pony ride to Gulmarg. I recall the impressive sight revealed by a sudden bend in the pony-trail — Sunshine Peak, sugary white, calmly arrogant and basking in a wealth of sunshine.

MISS LATA CHERU,
Department of English.

My memories are of :

Moments of shared silence — standing at the door of the compartment, the wind rushing past, blurring the landscape.

Moments when we felt that “now more than ever seems it rich to die” — the sudden hush that filled us when we entered the Taj.

Moments of awe and “perfect stillness” — the green meadows of Gulmarg in the foreground and the powdered mountains behind.

Rain over the Dal Lake — the shore hidden from view.

Moments of uncontrolled laughter — watching our girls surrounded by horses and clamouring horsemen; places and sights — Kashmir — the Happy Valley, the Flower Meadows, the sunflower fields on the way to the Taj, the ordered riotousness of the Mughal gardens — Shalimar, Chermashaye and Nirshad, the mountain road to Pahalgam with its sudden bends and the glorious views of the river frothing by.

My memories are also of :

The ‘little kindnesses and little acts of love’ — girls giving up their berth so that I could be comfortable, the unexpected warmth and the hospitality of strangers all over the country.

The many people whose efforts enabled us to enjoy ourselves — the travel agent always efficient and helpful, the cooks who bore with us patiently, the various nameless drivers, guides and boatmen, and of course our lecturers who accompanied us.

VIII,
I M.A. Literature.

Mollusc Memories

As the train crawled across the one and a half mile long Pamban bridge, we stared, fascinated, at the gorgeous, glittering sea below us, which we were to explore for the next six days. We were twenty-five young zoologists accompanied by Mrs. Paul and Mrs. Jacob.

Our headquarters were at the Marine Biological Service Home at Pamban. We enjoyed living in our primitive thatched hut there.

We visited Mandapam the next day. Here we saw the Fish Meal plant and the Indo-Norwegian boat-building yard. We had the wonderful opportunity of exploring a launch. Much to our surprise we found it very comfortable inside and equipped with modern household gadgets.

At the Mandapam Camp Aquarium we were thrilled to get a glimpse of that rare marine mammal, the “sea cow”. The museum there was breath-taking. We spent a happy and informative hour identifying animals we had never set eyes upon before, but whose anatomy we were well acquainted with already.

The next day a launch carried us across a stretch of satin sea to the Krusaidi Islands, the Paradise of Biologists. Our excitement knew no bounds while we watched the jerky progress of a dolphin as it gambolled after an elusive fish. Encouraged by such a good start, we attacked the coral reefs with our forceps and nets.

It was a novel and rewarding experience to see animals in their natural environment instead of the colourless, lifeless, preserved ones we had been accustomed to.

We watched with awe the incredible beauty of multitudes of sea anemones waving their arms gently. We marvelled at the ingenuity of Nature in having fashioned each Starfish with five symmetrical arms. The sight of crabs, annelids, and molluscs creeping cautiously out of their rocks to see if intruders had gone, and scuttling back on finding that they hadn't, was amusing. We were fortunate enough to find Balanoglossus and Ascidian, two rare animals belonging to a class linking vertebrates and invertebrates. Among the vertebrates we added to our collection fishes like the Tube Fish, Flying Fish and Tiger Shark.

The next day we visited Rameshwaram by 'Jatkavandi'. We enjoyed every minute of the ride which ended with a fabulous view of a raging sea lashing savagely at the shore. In no time at all the six days flew by, and we had to board the train for Madras. We took back memories we will treasure.

Zoology Department.

The Glory that is Ind

Our Art Department excursion was intended to acquaint us with the artistic masterpieces of India — but it also gave us the opportunity to make a close study of the masterpieces of the Indian railways. The hours we spent on platforms waiting for buses and for trains seemed unending.

However we did see rather more beautiful sights — at Agra, Akbar's mausoleum, Fatehpur Sikri and Agra Fort. And, of course, the wonderful Taj Mahal — but shorn of its mystique because we saw it by day.

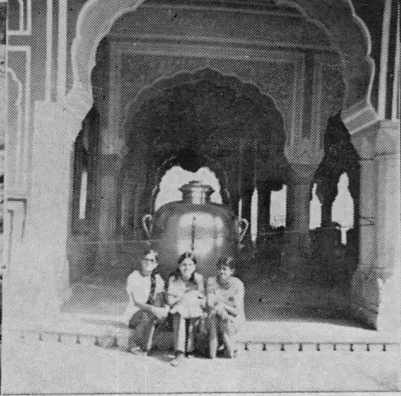
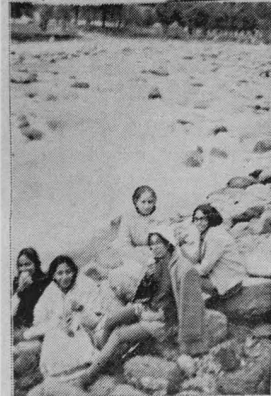
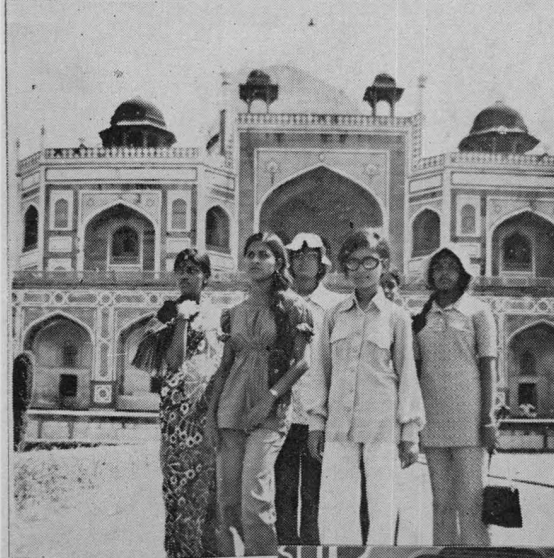
In Delhi, its royal tombs, the Kutb Minar, Jama Masjid and the Red Fort awed us by their magnificence and impressed us with a sense of the lofty vision that their architects and patrons must have had to create them.

It was Mount Abu, however, that seemed to me the most beautiful of all. The exquisite Dilwara Temples, carved in chaste white marble with the delicacy and intricacy of ivory work, took my breath away. The most ancient of the two temples was built in 1013 A.D. by Vimala Shah, a minister of the first Solanki ruler, Bhimadeva I of Gujarat, and it is called the "Vimala Vasahi". The second temple was built two centuries later by Tejapala, a minister of Vivadhvala, hence its name "Tejapala". They are a lasting testimony of the deep religious faith of the rich Jain rulers of the eleventh century.

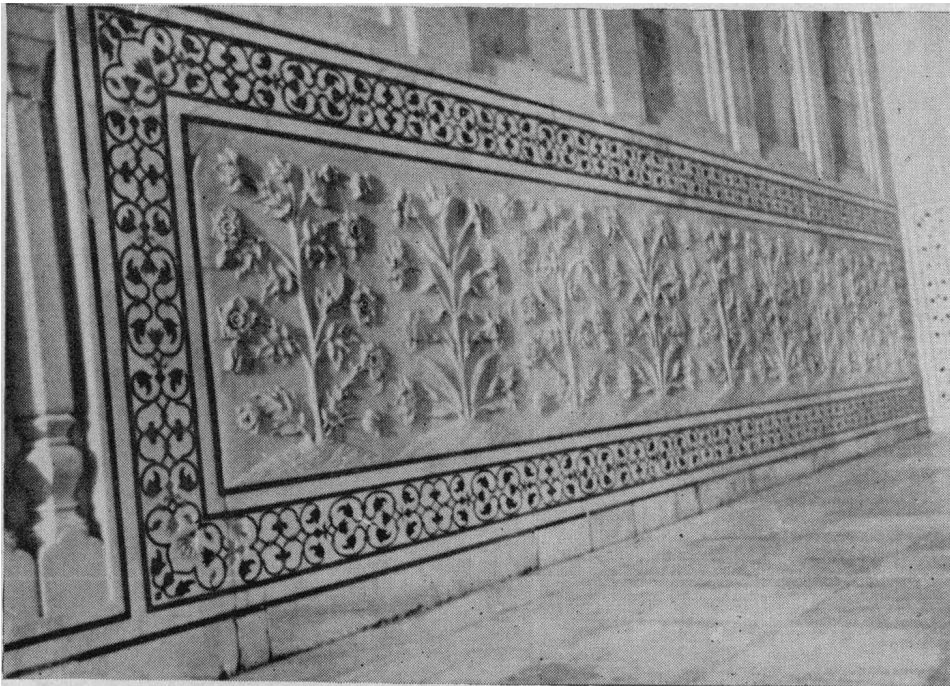
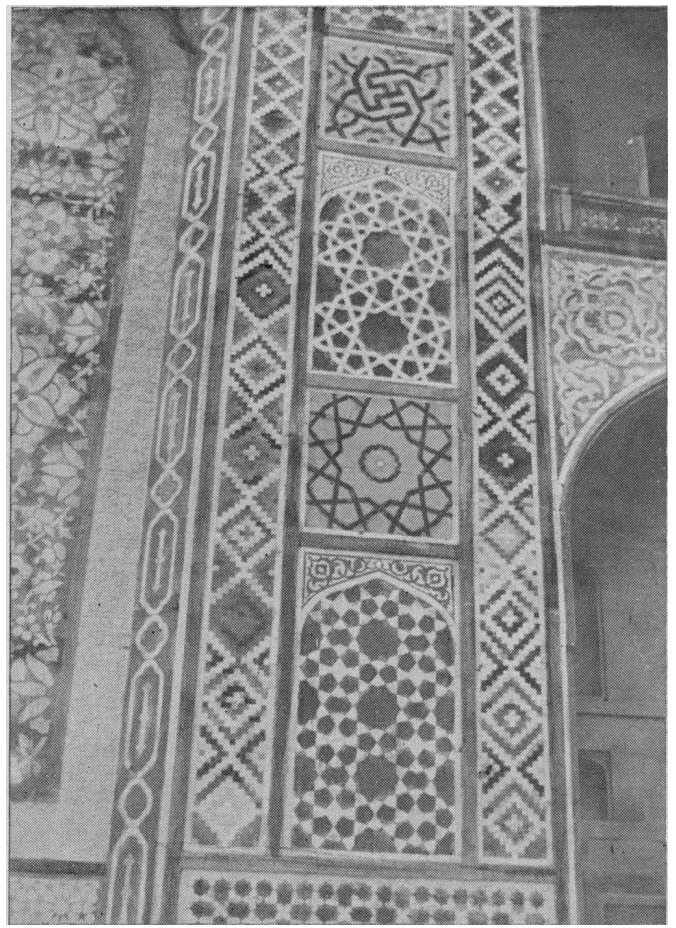
At Ahmedabad we found the students of the National Institute of Design practically swimming about on the ground floor due to floods — and hence could not see their creations. Finally, at Bombay we visited the Prince of Wales Museum, the Jehangir Art Gallery and the J. J. School of Art and crossed the sparkling sea to the Elephanta Caves.

Four days later we were back in class at Stella Maris. Yet within the narrow space of the classroom we felt that we had somehow grown in spirit during this vacation because now the magnificence of the Taj and the lofty dome of the Jama Masjid were no longer words on a page — they were now a part of us.

MISS GOWRI,
Lecturer, Fine Arts Department.



A R T S



Nolandia Take-off

The U. N. report on the First Development Decade declared that, "Nolandia witnessed the highest rate of growth of per capita income". The Second Development Decade started off with a big thud. The Nolandian economy was ideal in all aspects. Population was optimum, natural resources and capital stock were abundant, factors of production were perfectly homogeneous and mobile.

The people of Nolandia had indeed very high economic morals. The consumers never paid a price higher than under perfect competition. They were careful in all transactions to equate marginal utility to price. The producers aimed at only normal profits and an optimum scale of production. Under such perfect market conditions, the optimism of the planners cannot be doubted.

At the turn of the decade, the economy with its high marginal propensity to save was driving fast towards take-off. But just as it was about to do so, something went grossly amuck.

One of the entrepreneurs of the pin industry seemed suddenly to have forgotten the ethical code. He realised if he sold his pins at a lower price, he could sell more and thereby make something more than the normal profits. This had accelerated effects on the entire economy. The people began to buy more pins at a cheaper price and overnight, the profits of the pin industry swelled up. The Wall Street jobbers of Nolandia had indeed a tough time in procuring these shares and the asset structure of individuals underwent a complete change...

Prompted by such windfall profits, the entrepreneur decided to produce gleaming gold-topped tie-pins and this technical innovation had a reverberatory effect on the primary and tertiary sectors. It was not uncommon to see farmers and lorry drivers with zodiac ties and gold-topped tie-pins. At the annual Nolandia Economic Association meeting, the President, Mr. Thorstein Veblen rebuked the Nolandians for indulging in 'Conspicuous consumption' and the Secretary, Mr. Duessenberry, while proposing the vote of thanks, attributed it to the influence of the outside world; in his phrase, 'the demonstration effect'.

The pin industry began to expand at such a rapid rate that there were constant shifts of factors of production from the other industries-shifts which produced inflationary effects on the other sectors. The tremendous expansionary pace in the pin industry brought in its turn excess capacity in the industry and consequently recessionary trends began to set in, in the pin industry. Nolandia was now faced with the paradox of inflation and recession!

Expectations and psychological attitudes outwitted the mathematical brains of the Nolandian planning commission. This made the Leontieff input-output model for Nolandia, obsolete. Inter-sector relations underwent gross changes. Alarmed by such a turn of the tide, the guesstimators of the planning commission and a few scatterbrains

from the intellectual backwaters of Nolandia summoned a conference at a holiday resort to chalk out a new input-output table.

Meanwhile the Nolandia government launched on a scheme of mutually contradictory policies which were proof enough of unbalanced thinking. The government introduced an integrated tax structure to withdraw the excess purchasing power, and government funds were pumped into those sectors where recession had set in. The huge budget deficit was met by increased taxes. When diminishing returns began to operate in the tax structure, the government provided a new strategy, to make the Nolandia printing press the most efficient public sector undertaking. Controversy over the method of financing the budget deficit resulted in a squabble. The realistic economist who was optimistic about Nolandia's aid absorptive capacity had to resign in a state of obsolescence. Thenceforth the planning commission of Nolandia consisted only of 'Economists in Politics.'

U. KALPAGAM,
I M.A. Economics.

"Gulliver's Travels": A Theory of Human Nature

In the last chapter of "Gulliver's Travels", Swift pronounced himself "an author perfectly blameless, against whom the tribe of answerers, considerers, observers, reflecters, detectors, remarkers, would never be able to find matter for exercising their talents." By which, of course, he meant the opposite.

"Gulliver's Travels" has been the subject of furious and endless debate among its readers. To Macaulay, Swift was "the ribald priest...a heart burning with hatred against the whole human race," and Thackeray declared that "Gulliver's Travels" was "filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene."

To understand the book we must remember that Swift, in writing it, used the literary conventions of his time: especially that of assuming a *Persona*. He had used this *persona* or mask in his tremendous pamphlet 'A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of the Poor in Ireland from being Burdensome and for making them Beneficial', where, in the *persona* of a very earnest economist, Swift suggested that the condition of the Irish poor could be improved by selling their children as food for the rich. The *saeva indignatio* that burns behind his mask here, flames behind the bland and pompous *persona* of Gulliver. Gulliver represents the antithesis of Swift's own views. Only the reader who sees through Gulliver can discern the direction of the irony in the Fourth Book which deals with the Houyhnhnms.

By the time the reader reaches Houyhnhnm-land he has already witnessed several exhibitions of Gulliver's obtuseness and jingoism, notably in the land of the Brobdingnagians. Here the kindly, peace-loving king of the giants is so shocked by

Gulliver's history of man's atrocities that he sadly says : "By what I have gathered... I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth". Gulliver is extremely indignant at this indictment. However, in order to win the monarch's favour, he offers to teach him how to make gunpowder. The king is horrified : "He was amazed at how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I (these were his expressions) could entertain such inhuman ideas...he would rather lose half his kingdom than be privy to such a secret." Gulliver comments, "A strange effect of narrow principles and short views!... It would be hard indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind." This, and not the condemnation of the king is the crowning indictment of human society. The fact that Gulliver is entirely unconscious of his self-indictment increases the irony. It is indeed "so remote a prince's notions" that Swift offers as his standard, for, as the hint in the last chapter makes clear, it is the "least-corrupted" Brobdingnagians and not the Houyhnhnms who are his ideal race.

In Houyhnhnm land, Gulliver is so impressed by the behaviour of the national Horses that he decides "never to return to human kind, but to pass the rest of his life among those admirable Houyhnhnms in the contemplation and practice of every virtue." He fails to see that the Houyhnhnms cannot be called virtuous because their virtue is not subject to temptation. Their will is not deflected by the tendency to sin that Christian theology terms Original Sin. They have no parallel to the Fall in their theology and therefore, unlike mankind, are as incapable of moral glory as of damnation.

Gulliver gives his Houyhnhnm master an account of the glories of war : "And to set forth the Valour of my own dear Countrymen, I assured him that I had seen them blow up a Hundred enemies at once in a Siege." The reaction of his master like that of the King of Brobdingnag is one of horror : "My master said...when a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself." Thus, his master hints, men who abuse their will are worse than the mindless, filthy Yahoos. The perceptive Houyhnhnm also uses the word "corruption" ; the concept of a corrupted will is fundamental to Swift's theory of human nature.

The definition of man as "*animal rationale*" — a rational animal — had survived into Swift's day from medieval times. Swift concludes, in his book, that a more apt definition would be "*capax rationale*" — capable of reason.

In the Houyhnhnms Swift satirised the Augustan worship of Reason, Truth and Nature. He showed that while the Houyhnhnms have all the reason, the Yahoos have all the life, indicating the inadequacy of the Augustan ideals.

In Lilliput those who aspire to high office have to be adept at rope-dancing. This delightful satire of the corruption of those in authority becomes deadly in Houyhnhnms-land. Here those Yahoos who aspire to authority "lick their master's feet" and "drive the female Yahoos to his kennel." Swift's hatred of cruelty, of

imperialism and of war are manifest in "Gulliver's Travels". But it is, above all, arrogant, self-satisfied, corrupt *Power* that is the subject of his sharpest satire. If those in authority knew their own nature they could not presume to be the overweening tyrants they are. Self-knowledge teaches humility and it reveals nothing as more ridiculous than pride. Swift therefore, concludes his book with an attack on the deadly sin of pride: "When I behold a lump of deformity and diseases, both in body and mind, smitten with *pride*, it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience... I entreat those who have any tincture of this absurd vice that they will not presume to come in my sight."

Swift's keen and compassionate sight saw through the glittering trappings of authority into the corrupt passions that rule it. His revelation of human nature was an exposure of human posturing. As Hazlitt put it, he attempted "to tear off the mask of imposture from the world; and nothing but imposture has a right to complain of it." He embodied this vision of human nature in one of the greatest satires of all times, putting into brilliant, passionate prose what Shakespeare had put in poetry before him:

" But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

KARIN KAPADIA,
II M.A. Literature.

Levels of Realism in 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles'

"Realism" is a term on which all writers are in agreement only as to the unique extent of their disagreement. The definitions of this term are innumerable, contradictory and confusing.

Thomas Hardy however has his own point of view on the subject. In a short essay entitled 'Reflections on Art', he writes: "Art is a disproportioning of realities, to show more clearly the features that matter in those realities, which, if merely copied or reported inventorially, might possibly be observed, but would more probably be overlooked. Hence 'realism' is not Art." He clearly admits to a "distorting of realities" in his own novels. For the reader, this is difficult to accept without reservation, because what strikes us most about a novel like 'Tess', is that it is so close to life. For in 'Tess' we enter a very real world. Hardy himself admitted in his 1892 preface to the novel that "the landscape, prehistoric antiquities and especially old English architecture, the description of the backgrounds, has been done from the real."

Next our attention is caught by Hardy's extremely realistic nature descriptions. Robert Lidell comments that Hardy's close observation of nature resembles almost a "pre-raphaelite accuracy". The description of Tess walking in the garden of Talbothays Dairy at dusk is a good example to take. Here we are struck by the microscopic and almost botanical quality of the description.

Added to this is the story of Tess—the seduction of the pure unprotected working girl by a rakish moustached bourgeois; the sufferings forced on her by an unbending "intellectual" lover; the compelled choice between ruin of her family and virtual prostitution—so familiar, so real, that Albert Guerard suggests affinities between 'Tess' and the "sub-literary" popular novels of the time.

However we become aware that the novel slowly evolves from a mere naive, external realism to a higher level of consciousness expressing a realism, described by Muller as "an imaginative representation of life". Natural details become either predictive or interpretive or both. Consider the description of the swede field at Flintcomb-Ash. Nothing could be more brutally factual and at the same time convey more economically and transparently Hardy's vision of human abandonment in the dis severing earth.

Hardy's characters are closely drawn from life but endowed with an imaginative depth and significance. Take Tess. As Arnold Kettle points out: "Hardy is certainly at pains to give us the most precise and full account of the particular and local quality of Tess's experience." Yet we agree with Irving Howe that "Tess is one of the greatest examples we have in English literature of how a writer can take hold of a cultural stereotype and through the sheer intensity of his affection, pare and purify it into something that is morally ennobling." By the end of the novel, Tess is clearly established as the 'pure woman'; and we do not care to judge her at all; we no longer feel ourselves qualified.

And this is what happens to us throughout the novel. At the beginning, details seem to us merely simple and real but ultimately they cohere to pattern out a significance of the highest kind.

We are also aware that in 'Tess', Hardy works out his personal theory of Art, as "a disproportioning of realities".

First, there is a series of accidents or coincidences with Hardy appearing to be too much the puppeteer working wires to make events conform to his "pessimistic" ideas. It is accident that Clare does not meet Tess at the May-walking, when she was "pure", coincidence that Tess and Clare meet at Talbothays, after her "trouble" rather than before; accident that the letter slips under the rug. In this accidentalism of Hardy's universe, a note of artificiality creeps in, which is not in keeping with the general scheme of things.

Another major distortion is that the characters are made too often to respond not to life but to Hardy's philosophy. We detect a tendency in Hardy to idealise Tess.

Her kid brother, Abraham, spouts philosophy. Alec D'Urberville, the florid moustache-twirling seducer turns fanatic preacher. Added to this is Hardy's constant, contrived philosophic comment.

Hardy decreed that "Realism is not art", but we know that he was using the term in its limited historical sense. We may, therefore, using the term in its widest possible meaning, call Hardy's 'Tess', a realistic novel. For what Hardy finally achieves is a realism of the highest kind; the kind which tries to establish a relationship between fact and fancy, between life and Art. This is perhaps what Meredith meant when he said that "between realism and idealism there is no natural conflict. This completes that."

Criticism ought to be able not only to analyse the meaning of a book, but to convey something of what it feels like to read it. Whatever reservations analysis may suggest about 'Tess', the reader's final impression is one of deeply felt life.

RITA DORAI RAJ,
I M.A. Literature.

(Extracts from a Paper presented at the Inter-varsity Seminar on English Literature at Osmania University December 1973).

Release

Five years in the life of a city was not really long. Like an hour from a man's life. There were fewer changes than he had imagined. After the first weeks of sense-numbing shock, instinct had forced him to grope towards reality. Yet reality when eventually realised in barriers which reached to the sky, clanging doors and barred windows, only plunged him into an abyss of black despair. The second year was always said to be the worst.....However the remnants of his once raging imagination had eventually been his saviour and the remaining three years had drifted past like a nebulous dream.

A gust of wind unfurled the stained newspaper and flattened it against the gnarled tree trunk. The man resting on the bench followed the scrap with his eyes. The paper courageously but futilely attempted to beat its way through the tree, but the wind dropped and the newspaper fell at the foot of the tree, crumpled and dejected. The man stretched contentedly and his eyes wandered almost possessively over the green maidan around him. So dissimilar to the hard, sun-baked earth only a few miles away.

As the sun's heat neared its mid-day peak he reluctantly arose and walked towards the throng of rushing cars and people on the main road. He stepped into the middle of the stream of relentlessly surging people and caused an irritation similar to a

car which breaks down amidst fast traffic. He was jostled and pushed. Couples separated behind him, rushed around and were reunited in front of him. A multitude of faces. Painted faces grinned down from the walls. Pale plaster faces suffering looks of frozen haughtiness gazed out from behind glass windows. Fluid brown faces appeared and disappeared. The man panicked and taking the line of least conflict moved along with the current. He seemed to become one with the throng of dhoti-clad pedestrians who rushed for their mid-day meal with the umbrella of respectability hung over one arm.

The aroma of roasting coffee drifted seductively across the pavement and arrested his footsteps. He half turned, knowing what he would see. The place hadn't changed much. A little more classy perhaps. The owner was the same man, though he now owned a watch and was greying. He wavered, torn between curiosity and a desire for anonymity and finally slipped half-ashamedly up the steps.

The once scarred and stained wooden tables had been covered by shiny plastic. He sat down gingerly at a table near the door, studying the scene outside with seeming nonchalance. The man behind the counter laid down his damp rag and served the coffee, glancing meanwhile at his customer. The latter was urging himself to turn away from the safe anonymity of the crowd outside and look the owner straight in the face. One long look and he would know whether the ravages of the past five years were unsurmountable. He turned slowly, painfully and glanced upwards. The other's brow was wrinkled in effort as though he was faintly recollecting the strains of a long forgotten song. His eyes seemed to widen in recognition, but he shrugged and returned to his damp rag as the customer rose abruptly, nearly knocking over the cup and stumbled down the steps.

The way now was familiar and well-worn. He turned down the dingy alley leading furtively away from the main road. There was not much change, only more dilapidation and decay. The tin sign-post now hung drunkenly from a single nail. The dirt of five years lay on the pavement and the buildings. Stepping over a puddle and skirting a pile of refuse, he made his way towards the squat, brown building. Soot and mud had left their mark on the bricks and the building looked smaller and wearier than he recollected.

But his wife and his daughter would not have changed. Not in five years. His chubby little girl with tight black curls and huge, wondering eyes. Eyes which had opened even wider when he had bought her a shiny rattle a few days before he had left. His wife, bending over the charcoal stove, uncomplainingly coping with smoke and dirt, saving food for him and quietly growing thinner herself.

He remembered the steps. There were three flights. He wrinkled his nose at the stale smell of cooking, starch and soap. The front door would be ajar. He could slip in stealthily and watch his family for a moment before revealing himself. The disbelief on his wife's face growing into quiet radiance. His footsteps slowed down, faltered and came to a halt before the closed door. He raised his hand and knocked, at first hesitatingly almost apologetically and then with growing impatience and finally concern. The hollow sound resounded in the oppressive silence.

“There’s nobody there. They’ve gone,” a female voice informed him flatly.

He turned around and regarded the woman standing in the doorway of the neighbouring flat.

“They’ve left? But, but where would she go to?”

The mild curiosity changed to interest. “Do you know them? Ah, then you’ll have heard of the tragedy. No?” She sighed “Terrible, it was.” The desire to impart information had evidently overcome her initial suspicion.

“She worked her fingers to the bone, she did, to keep her child and herself fed and clothed. For five whole years, with not a soul to lift a finger for her. I know. She used to tell me. I was a good friend. There was some mystery about her husband though. She said that he was away working in Ranchi, but once she said Patna.”

She grew more expansive and ventured to open the door wider. “Of course you know how it is. It was probably jail or he had left her. He may be dead for all anyone knows.” She shrugged. “But she had a lovely child, all curls and eyes. Yes, it was a tragedy. A real blow. Feverish and delirious for two days, and then gone. Just like that. And not more than a week ago. Let me see.....exactly five days. She just packed up and left the next day.” The woman paused. The man looked rather queer. White as a sheet. He seemed respectable.

“Would you like a cup of tea? No? Then I’ll go and see to the lunch. If she returns I’ll tell her.”

The door slammed. The man stood motionless and then turned around and started down the steps.

PREMA ABRAHAM,
II B.A. Literature.

The Shadow of a Leaf

i reach out my hand
the shadow of a leaf falls
into my open palm
the kiss of the sun.
i wander in your eyes in search
dappled sunlit pools,
reflection of leaves,
of mysteries, i long to unravel.

winds wafted through the leaves,
fleeting fantasies of gilded foliage,
choreographed by the breeze :
whirling with so many messages
dancing notes of sunny secrets,
reflecting itself back, in wispy pictures
on to my open palm.

handful of shimmering shadows
ever learning, ever living,
as meanings deepen into violet hues
in the shadowy glades of your eyes ;
silent symphonies of lengthening shadows,
muted understanding of moving lights.

phantoms of velvet shadows fade,
eyes stripped bare of quivering leaves —
unsounded depths of crystal truth,
proud in saying all, hiding nothing,
growing naked with love
given and received in silent communion.

sunlight of love,
poetry of purple silhouettes,
natures leafy imprints
in your eyes, on my open palm
ever fleeting,
ever changing,
ever young,
woven with strings of lighted leaves
into the magic pattern of love.

GEETA EAPEN,
II M.A. Fine Arts.

Modern Art

To the lay man, the term "Modern Painting" summons up visions of wild splashes of paint thrown on the canvas in a frenzied manner. This is followed by the rather profound reflection that he, though thoroughly ignorant of art, is capable of much more intelligent creations of art. These seemingly childish and playful works are in reality vehicles of careful pre-planning in the areas of composition and colour.

Modern Art was born in 1874 in Paris with the launching of the "Impressionists". This was the first revolutionary movement to have erupted in the field of Western Art. They were in direct opposition to what the "Salon" — the artistic headquarters in Paris — stood for. Subjects were not confined to the historical, religious or mythological — the Impressionists felt that nothing in this world was unfit for painting. The artist had become an individual with unlimited freedom. They were intent on catching the fleeting, evanescent aspects of nature on their canvases.

Impressionist works were spontaneous; nature in all its transitory beauty — as in the works of Claude Monet; they were gay and alive with the laughter of the Parisian society as in Auguste Renoir's "Moulin de la Galette", they were beautiful like the wings of a butterfly as in Edgar Degas' studies of Ballet dancers; they were harsh, real and intensely emotional as in Van Gogh's studies of peasants; they were still, magnificent observations of Nature as in Cezanne, or Gauguin's studies of Tahiti.

When Matisse and his fellow artists Derain and Vlaminck exhibited their works in Paris in 1905, a horrified critic likened their works to wild beasts or "Fauves". Though Fauvism grew logically from Impressionism their movement was in some way a reaction against the documentary character of this style; they rejected the older painters' emphasis on spontaneity and truth to the image on the eye's retina, in favour of the simplification of form, expressive and often violent colour-organization, and an avoidance of the imitation of Nature.

The subject matter, was in no way revolutionary — it is only the means used to treat such traditional subject-matter as still life, landscapes, or portraits that shocked. Matisse's "Green Stripe", a portrait of his wife, was original in that it had a green band of paint running down the nose to signify light. "Joy of Life" by Matisse emphasizes the rather Epicurean philosophy underlying this movement.

"Expressionism" was a Germanic movement contemporary with Fauvism. The Expressionists emphasized personal feelings about their subject matter which was therefore of considerable importance. The subject matter frequently comments on the human situation and uses raw colour — brilliant, contrasting, and unrelated to the objects portrayed — to bring out into the open, nuances of personal relationship. The Fauves who used colour in such a way that their paintings soothed and cheered many Expressionists, cause us to shudder with discomfort when we look at their work.

Expressionist paintings can be joyful bordering on pain as in the flower studies of Emil Noldern, they can be anguished as in Munch, demonic as in Ensor, or typically mystical as in Modilini. Edward Munch in his painting "Cry" says it all. Fear, loneliness, anguish, all these emotions are conveyed in "Cry".

Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" (1907) is a landmark in the history of painting and with it 'Cubism' came into being. The subject, a brothel scene, shows five nudes ruthlessly faceted and faces demonically treated (an influence of African and Iberian Art) so as to resemble cubes. Picasso along with Georges Braques carries Cubism into its Analytical phase, where a multiplicity of perspectives are represented, and synthetic Cubism where unexpected textures such as linoleum and newspaper are collaged on painted surfaces.

Futurism was in vogue between 1909 and 1916 in Italy. Its immediate origin was a manifesto of modern poetry. The theme was dynamism and the Futurists found their inspiration in technological subject-matter. Paintings are characterized by forms frozen in a state of acceleration — a figure in movement would be represented in a Futurist painting by multiple images on one canvas, as in Balla's "Dog on a Leash". Other subjects ranged from tram-cars clattering through busy streets to street brawls or crowded dance halls. Their colours tended to be bright, and forms, transparent.

Surrealism dates from 1924 and was founded on the idea that rational activity covers a very narrow section of our experiences beyond which is another real world, whose images are rooted in darkness, dreams and unexpected fantasies of the subconscious. They could be naively exotic as in Henri Rousseau's evocations of primeval forests, a meeting place of lions and tigers, botanically impossible flora and voluptuous maidens; or the sinister deserted streets of Rome in De Chirico's works; or the fantastically personal exhibitionism of Salvador Dali.

Those wild splashes of paint, previously referred to, belong to the almost contemporary group known as "Abstract Painters". In the context of modern art Abstract means non-figurative, which implies a complete removal of recognizable picture content even in its most simplified or symbolic form. The subject matter of such art then becomes the abstract qualities shared by all art, such as colour, space, texture, dynamic movement, etc. Hence even the most chaotic compositions like Pollock's works, show a total involvement on the part of the painter in the process of creation. Mondrian's compositions are reduced to rectangles of pure colour, but flawlessly balanced.

Pop Art draws its images directly from the 20th century urban surroundings. The sources of Pop Art are in the world of popular culture such as fair grounds, amusement arcades, supermarkets, posterhoardings, cinema idols, comic newspapers, clothing and food. Andy Warhol's Pop Art creations with the Campbell soup packets are illustrative. The Pop artists were also called New Realists for in dealing with their subject matter they sometimes actually made their objects identical to the source.

Other recent trends in art are Op Art or Optical Art and Kinetic Art. Op Art pieces aggravate our eyes and cause visual exhaustion, allowing after-images to impose their unwanted shadowy presence. They can now be found in dress and fabric design, wrappers and furnishings. Kinetic Artists were fascinated with the problem of movement. Alexander Calder produced suspended sculptures that twisted and shimmered with the action of wind, popularly referred to as "Mobiles". Nicholas Schoffer used coloured lights, projecting units, mirrors and even programmed electronic music.

Modern Art does not mean just a variety of styles, but different ways of looking at the world. The different art movements are therefore a pictorial document of the social, political and cultural backgrounds. Art never detaches itself from life; it is a pictorial expression of life and the environment to which it is intimately fused.

GEETA EAPEN,
II M.A. Fine Arts.



A. RENOIR :
Le Moulin de la Galette



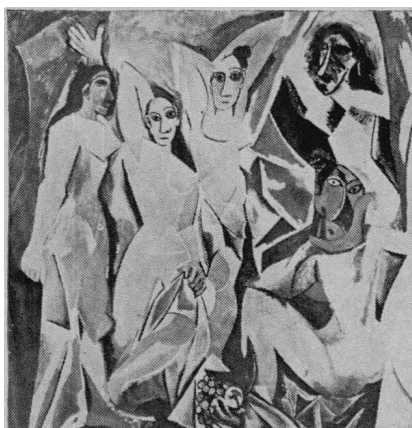
VAN GOGH: Self-portrait



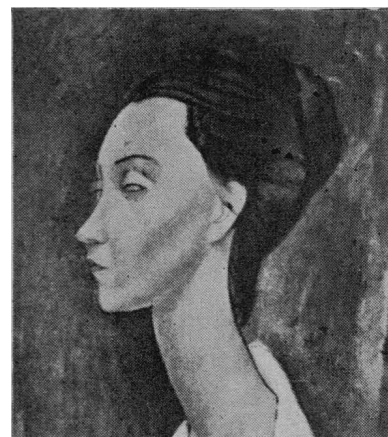
MATISSE : Green-stripe



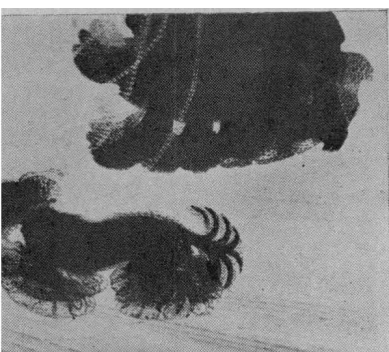
MUNCH: The cry



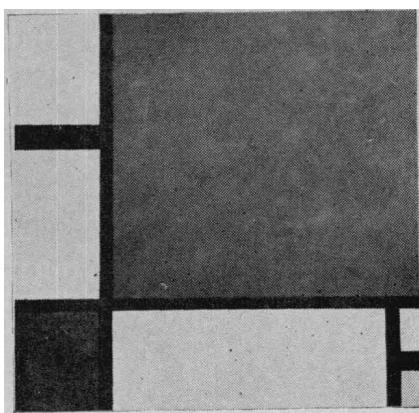
PICASSO :
Les Femmes d'Alger



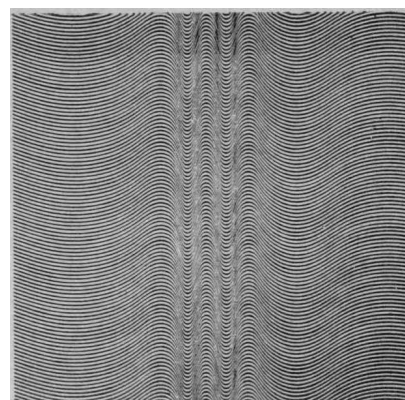
MODIGLIANI :
Lunia Czechowska



BALLA : Dog on a leash



MONDRIAN: Composition



BRIDGET RILEY : Current

AKANKSHA IS OPEN !



Shah Jahan and Wife grace the occasion

Mrs. Sabhanayakam cuts the ribbon

PROJECT PULICAT



Akanksha

A week of frenzied activity, frequent discussions in the Art Department, gaily coloured posters all over the college, at other colleges, at consulates, libraries, V. T. I. and Spencers, heralded AKANKSHA—the Kala Club's imaginative and artistic exhibition-cum-sale.

The exhibition was opened by Mrs. Sabhanayakam in the second week of February. After cutting the ribbon, our Chief Guest lit a beautiful lamp placed on decorated rangoli. She looked at the various exhibits and we were honoured by her appreciation of all that we had done.

In the central hall was a stall with marbled wrapping paper for sale. The pleasantly coloured designs were greatly admired. The batiks on the central staircase (an admirable place for exhibiting them) were also equally appreciated. Artistic flower arrangements were placed at strategic points—each piece carried a message. “Life's like that” was a collection of thorny twigs with one spray of blossoming white flowers. Many visitors were found musing before it. As symbols of our ancient culture and civilization stood live models—the Mohenjodaro ‘Dancing Girl’, Raja Raja Chola before Brahadeshwara temple, Shah Jehan and Mumtaz before the Taj. Others displayed Ajanta hairstyles.

Among the other exhibits for sale were baby clothes, handbags, embroidered and batiked handkerchiefs and marbled letter paper. The palmyra articles made by the enthusiastic students of the Stella Maris Fibre Workshop attracted many.

On the evening of the 11th, we counted our earnings and felt a sense of achievement when we realised that we had collected Rs. 1,000 which would be contributed towards our dream of setting up a Museum in the Art Department.

The exhibition was an experience—it enabled us to realise the talent and creativity of our students, it helped us also to realise the value and the result of team work. It left behind a hope for more exhibitions in the future.

AMITHA,
III B.A. Fine Arts.

The Presentness of the Past - Pulicat

This is an age of projects. No one not even the traditional-minded History Department could stay immune to its infectious influence. In our Department it took the shape of an interdisciplinary study of the past-present-future continuum of the local history of Pulicat. The method adopted was three-fold: a study of the past of Pulicat through literary evidence, a study of the present through a socio-economic survey, and finally a follow-up programme based on the findings of phases one and two. Regular visits to the archives to collect information about Pulicat had been the main activity during the first two terms. At the beginning of the third term the most fascinating phase of the project was inaugurated. It consisted of trips to Pulicat to conduct a local survey.

It was Friday January 25th, 1974. A group of excited students from the History and Economics Departments were on their way to Pulicat. A three-hour bus-drive brought us to Pulicat. The evening was spent in an intense study of the questionnaire, and in acquainting ourselves with the neighbourhood in preparation for the next day's venture. The news of our arrival and the purpose of our stay spread like wild-fire drawing spectators of every type, including modest housewives who would otherwise not step out of their homes.

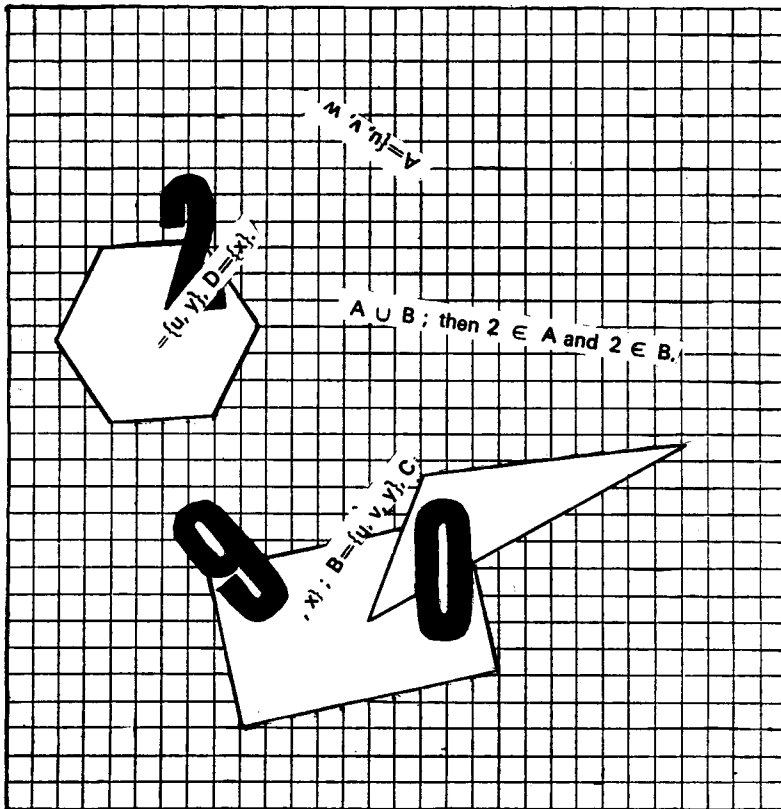
Saturday and Sunday were days of strenuous work. We set out in pairs to conduct the survey in the eleven hamlets of Pulicat. No stone was left unturned in extracting the desired information. The name of every member of the family, his age, sex, occupation, level of education were duly recorded with meticulous care. In spite of this a conscientious surveyor lamented later that she had forgotten to ascertain whether the "baby" was a boy or a girl.

An enjoyable feature of the survey was boating on the lake which divides Pulicat into two unequal halves. Volunteers to work beyond the lake were too numerous. The chosen few thoroughly enjoyed the job.

The survey was completed in four days. It was educative and enjoyable. We felt proud that we were pioneers in a new project — the first of its kind in the History Department. For us it was the partial achievement of a cherished dream — to interpret the past in the light of the present.

SASIKALA K. P.,
III B.A. History.

SCIENCE



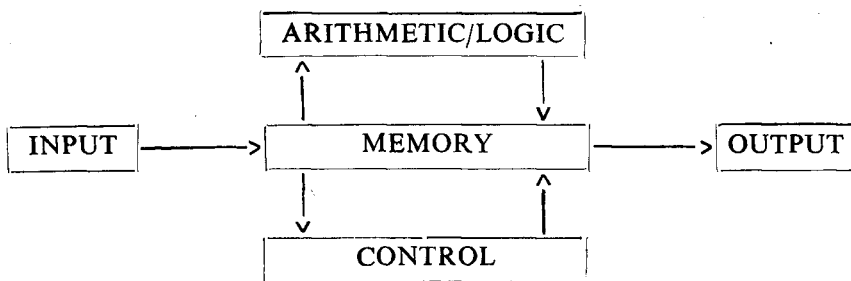
Computerised

Contrary to popular belief, the Maths Department of Stella Maris College has not been idle. All the Maths brains have been diligently working throughout the year.

The Maths Club has been meeting regularly and has organized popular talks by outside speakers — well attended by both student members and staff. The students too, have conducted some meetings themselves.

The chief excitement of the year has been the two crash courses in **COMPUTER PROGRAMMING** organized by the Computer Systems Corporation (CSC) Madras.

In this technological age, the computer — a very complex electronic device — is of great importance to man. Though a long and tedious study is required for a precise understanding of its operation, it is possible to programme the machine without a detailed knowledge of its working.



The basic scheme of the computer is illustrated above, showing the three blocks—input, output and the C.P. U. (Central Processing Unit) — the real ‘brain’ of the computer, consisting of the memory unit, the control unit and the Arithmetic/logic unit. The control unit instructs the Arithmetic/logic unit about the nature of calculations required. The programmed instructions are stored in the memory and are followed in sequential order. Not only can the computer read programmed instructions in the form of punched cards, it can also assimilate information in the form of discs and tapes. The output is obtained on continuous printing forms (the printing is done by the printer attached to the computer) or in any other form as desired by the programmer.

The computer may be a very advanced machine, one capable of the most fantastic calculations and operations — but it is helpless without the programmer — who has to give the machine a compact, logical set of instructions, the programme, without which the machine cannot function. There are various computer languages such as the AUTOCODER (the one taught in Stella Maris), a commercial one COBOL, FORTRAN and others.

Though these two courses — the first one for the final year Maths students and the second for the first and second years including a few Economics girls, — were of only 16 hours duration each, they were extremely interesting and enjoyable. Realizing the importance of computers, computer programming and its applications, the girls took a very keen interest in the course which stimulated their intelligence and tested their logical and thinking powers. Through this short-term intensive course, the students were able to obtain a basic knowledge of computer programming as such. This course has been highly appreciated by the students.

The vast applications of computers to various fields were explained in an interesting talk by Dr. Lakshmi varaharan, of I. I. T. Mrs. Shobhana Hoskot, an old student of this college and a computer programmer with Binny's, also gave an interesting lecture on the commercial uses of business computers.

To conclude the computer programming course the third years and the post-graduates visited the computer at Binny's, a commercial model, while the students in the second batch visited the computer at I. I. T. — a fascinating experience. The huge, complex of gleaming machines working smoothly and ceaselessly left the girls awestruck; incidentally, the computer at I.I.T., IBM 370, is one of the largest and best computers in current use.

Two class excursions were organized in the first term. The first years visited the reservoir at Poondi; the third years went on an interesting trip to Kodaikanal and visited the observatory there, where they watched a sunspot through the telescope. They also went sight seeing and saw places of scenic beauty. All in all, they had a very enjoyable and educative trip.

In December the eighth annual conference of the Association of Mathematics Teachers of India was held in Stella Maris College. Mathematicians from all over the country attended. The lady delegates were accommodated in the College Hostel, and the other delegates in a city hostel.

There was an impressive mathematics exhibition in which local schools participated. During the three-day conference talks and discussions on mathematical education, modern mathematics and new mathematical concepts were held. Many Stella Marians of the Maths Department acted as volunteers for the conference.

The Department has been honoured to have the teaching services of Professor Ramanathan, an eminent mathematician (recently retired), who has been conducting Post-graduate, Inter-collegiate classes in Stella Maris.

This has certainly been an active and interesting academic year for the Department of Mathematics.

THE STAFF OF THE
DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS

The Laser Beam

Today, one of the main topics in the world is the source of energy. One of the latest sources of energy is the laser beam. The term 'Laser' is derived from the initial letters of 'Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation'. Lasers are vastly superior in precision and intensity to other light sources, because they can provide high-energy monochromatic light beams which are coherent and hence have virtually no divergence.

The laser is a very special beam of light and its characteristic lies in the fact that all the light waves in the beam are in the same phase. These waves are collimated, that is, they are parallel, and so they can travel for miles in a straight line without any significant scattering whereas in ordinary light, because the waves of light have so many frequencies, the energy is distributed between them and can easily suffer divergence and scattering. Hence, these light beams diffuse after a very short distance.

This characteristic of the laser light (the light waves being in the same phase) is known as coherence. Due to this, the laser beam can be used as a carrier of power which would not diminish over a great distance. Fog and rain, however, interfere with lasers and hence to prevent power loss it would have to be passed through evacuated pipes. The laser can be sent in the form of a pencil beam.

These arrow-like beams are measured in ten-millionths of an inch. Therefore, it can be used for transmitting a large number of messages on its wide frequency band.

There are many military, industrial and medicinal uses of the laser. In the future, to avoid enemy interception inter-planar or inter-satellite communication may be done by sending signals on laser beams.

KAMAL K.,
I B.Sc. Chemistry.

Atom Power

The first half of the twentieth-century has witnessed an amazing growth in the knowledge of what goes on within the atom. A new type of mathematics, wave mechanics has become the tool of the chemist in predicting the behaviour of matter.

Energy is released by an atom when its nucleus breaks up. The spontaneous disintegration of an atom in nature is called natural radio activity. The other method of releasing atomic energy is by the use of projectiles. Now protons, deuterons and other particles are used as projectiles but of all these, neutrons are the best as they carry no charge at all.

The spontaneous decomposition of elements into simpler fragments is called Nuclear Fission. It is a chain-like process and is referred to as 'Auto-catalytic reaction'.

The energy released provides us with the necessary power to drive man-made machines. Nuclear engines driven by atomic energy are used in submarines. These are better than ordinary engines, because this process of fission does not need any oxygen to liberate energy as oil or gasoline does and submarines driven by atomic energy are free of the problems of re-fuelling. Moreover fissionable atoms are weightless when compared to conventional fuels.

On the other hand atomic energy is also destructive. Nuclear fission forms the basis of the construction of an atom bomb, a highly destructive power.

Energy is released also when two or more light nuclei fuse together or give one heavy nucleus. This latter is called Nuclear Fusion. The energy liberated during this process is greater than that released during nuclear fission. In nature, the principal source of the energy of the sun is nothing but the nuclear energy liberated when lighter hydrogen nuclei fuse together to form the heavier helium nucleus. This process takes place only at very high temperatures. It was found that if the materials needed for fusion are made to surround an ordinary atom bomb, when the bomb explodes the temperature becomes high enough for nuclear fusion. This forms the underlying principle of the hydrogen bomb.

When atoms or any heavy elements undergo disintegration they form lighter atoms which constitute entirely new elements called radioactive isotopes. They serve man in several ways.

They have a wide application in medicine, biological fields and in agriculture. They are used in the diagnosis of bodily disorders, in the treatment of certain diseases like rodent ulcer. In the biological fields they are mainly used to study various physio-chemical reactions. For example, an iron isotope helps to calculate the rate of circulation of blood in the human body. Vegetables and fruits subjected to radioactive radiation remain in good condition for many weeks without refrigeration.

The way in which atomic energy serves man depends on the way in which it is used. It was the wish of the great Einstein, whose theory forms the basis for the release of atomic energy, that it should be used for constructive and not destructive purposes. And this is the wish of all who are concerned about the future of mankind.

V. ARUNA,
III B. Sc. Chemistry.

“What a long way we have come from the days when men first lit fire to the present time when we tap the vast store of energy packed in atoms...”

PRIME MINISTER
INDIRA GANDHI

Something unknown is doing we don't know what.

EDDINGTON

THEY COME

TO US



“ I shall work for an India

In which the poorest shall feel that it is their country

In whose making they have an effective voice ;

An India

*In which there shall be no high class and low class of
people*

An India

In which all communities shall live in perfect harmony.

This is the India of my dreams”.

MAHATMA GANDHI

Pattipulam Project

“India is one of those countries where the disparity between the rich and the poor, cities and villages, is manifest to a heart-breaking degree; and we are perhaps doing too little to remedy the existing state of affairs. It may not be too much to say that this is due more to the improper channelling of resources than the lack of resources.”

It was this realisation that motivated the first M.A. students of Stella Maris College to venture on a project that would help to reshape and remould their way of living and thinking and enable them to make the best use of their resources.

And so we chose Pattipulam — a village hardly 35 kilometres from Madras, yet markedly different from the city. What started off as merely an enjoyable camp in September 1973, ended with a strong conviction that something had to be done for the village; we just could not stay in our ivory towers, and watch our fellowmen deprived of the very means of existence.

From a socio-economical survey that we conducted, we learnt more about the structure and organization of the village. It is based on caste differences with the Harijans and Brahmins living separately. The village has a population of about 900, of which 88% are Hindus and the rest Christians.

There is no single occupational focus in this village. However agriculture predominates. Fishing comes next. But unfortunately only 40% of the total population is employed. The majority of them are under-employed with very meagre earnings.

Lack of proper hygienic and medical facilities, account for the high incidence of diseases, like diarrhoea, flu, measles and chicken pox. Educational facilities are inadequate. These and many other reasons were incentives for all of us to make suggestions and work together.

We have made a beginning by conducting a clinic every Saturday with the help of a doctor from the Primary Health Centre at Kelambakkam. Providing new avenues of employment will help the villagers supplement their meagre income, and enable them to spend their time usefully. Cottage industries like poultry-farming can be encouraged. Adult literacy and applied nutrition programmes can be extended to the village. Better market facilities can be provided for the fishermen.

These are dreams, but dreams that we sincerely believe will materialise in the days to come. With the co-operation and guidance of philanthropically-minded people and students, one can be sure of making Pattipulam a model village, so that the people can look forward to a brighter happier future. We have only made a start, a modest start, but perhaps an earnest of things yet to come.

REBECCA GEORGE,
I M.A. Social Work.

This is for Real

“Social Work! after all what is it, but a friendly visit to the slums, comb the children’s hair and powder their faces.” An admission into Stella Maris Social Work Department sounded so glamorous — but after what I had heard of Social Work, I was not quite sure of either the course or myself. Having accepted the admission, I was determined to make the best of it, and that fact itself was a challenge to me.

In society various groups exist; some close and intimate and bound together by a mutual affection as a family; some not so close, but yet a group, which functions for the welfare of a community such as a school or college. Whatever be the manner in which they are bound, the greatest feature of such a group is that they are bound together, working for a common purpose, and the good of others, seeking a reward which would bring mutual understanding and harmony. This is the goal I hoped to achieve as a medical and psychiatric social worker.

While the treatment of the social and emotional aspect of physical illness has not yet caught up with the great strides in the field of medicine, marked advances have been made. Social work is one of the many services in our society which is contributing to this advance. That branch of Social Work which takes a keen interest in the social and emotional problems of the physically ill, and is carried on in a medical setting is called medical social work.

The early part of my training in Madras Cancer Hospital was both exciting and challenging. This experience brought me into close contact with the intense suffering which cancer patients undergo. Death was a not uncommon feature. I was extremely disillusioned, when I could not as a social worker help in restoring the patients to perfect health again. The least I could do was to help alleviate his social and emotional problems. My greatest satisfaction in this field was to enable my patients to see the hand and touch of God, even in times of physical and mental strain.

A great number of Social Workers deal with hospitalized persons, and many more work with individuals, whose conflicts prevent them from functioning effectively in a community, and yet do not require hospitalization. Initially I found my work with mentally deranged people somewhat comical. I slowly realised it was sad rather than comical, and I was able to adopt a kinder attitude towards them. Though it is an ailment as severe as cancer and tuberculosis, yet unlike them it evokes little sympathy.

This challenge of a medical and psychiatric social worker is a slow, tiring, terrifying, and frustrating process; but to one who is able to accept the work with courage, it can be rewarding, contributing happiness and health both to the individual and to the community.

SUSAN OOMEN,
II M.A. Social Work.

Seminar on School Social Work

(Organised by the Department of Social Work)

Modern educators realise that the child's adjustment to the school is not a simple matter but a complex and compelling demand made on the child's personality which is not always able or willing to adjust. It is felt that a closer relationship between home and school is necessary. One of the means of ensuring this would be through the utilisation of the services of a school social worker, who works with the child, the teacher, with parents and other social groups, being trained to recognise, understand and handle problems of behaviour that may arise.

School Social Work has already grown into a specialised activity in most developed countries in keeping with the increasing emphasis in modern social psychological treatment upon crises intervention, secondary prevention and involvement in therapy of important persons in the immediate human environment of the troubled individual. Secondly but not less importantly School Social Work is yet one more avenue of employment for social work practitioners.

While it is likely that some school authorities as well as teachers will have felt the need for special external assistance to some of their more troublesome wards, it is doubtful that they are aware of the role a school social worker can play in helping these children.

It was in this context that the Department of Social Work, Stella Maris College, decided to invite Mrs. Sardesai of the Indian Education Society, to Madras to be their guest for a few days and share her experience with varied groups such as students, members of the faculty of different schools of social work, school authorities and teachers.

The following are some of the results of the orientation programme in School Social Work conducted by Mrs. Sardesai for different groups.

School Staff :

Through orientation sessions held at six schools in the city, Mrs. Sardesai acquainted the teaching staff with the aims of School Social Work and the role they could play in helping difficult children individually and in co-operation with the school social worker and parents of such children.

Social Works Teachers :

In a meeting with the members of the faculty from three post-graduate social work training institutions, she discussed the organisation of School Social Work in Bombay, the difficulties faced by the initiators of such an effort, how they were overcome and how School Social Work could fulfil the differential needs of schools.

Social Work Students :

An orientation session was held for students of social work from three schools of social work utilising role playing techniques.

Seminar :

A seminar was organised to discuss the varied facts of School Social Work, which was attended by Principals and school teachers from schools all over the city, social workers, teachers and students of schools of social work and psychologists. The seminar provided a unique opportunity for professionals in related fields to meet and discuss the problems of school children and the ways in which they can individually and together contribute to their solution.

Heads of Schools :

A meeting with heads of educational institutions in which social work trainees were placed for field work training was arranged in which the role of the social worker, and the support and co-operation she would require from the school staff and related matters were discussed and clarified.

All these were no mean achievements. In fact it is difficult to say who benefited most from the above programmes. Students and staff of schools of social work found the discussions extremely helpful in that they were now able to appreciate the importance of School Social Work and the possibilities it threw open. One may be certain that the teachers who participated in the various sessions went back with an increased awareness of the challenging dimensions that their roles inhered. The heads of educational institutions realised that School Social Work was a new service that they could avail of with profit in maximising the benefits of education for all its pupils.

All of them have promised their fullest co-operation with the social work trainees who might be sent to their respective institutions for field work. No school has appointed a full-time paid worker so far, but such a thing has now become a possibility.

LANGUAGE QUARTET

Songes

Ne dites jamais plus
Que les songes sont fragiles,
Bons à rien et frivoles.

Qu'est-ce qui dure dans ce monde
Sinon les songes ?

Songes —

Vibramment vivants,
Iridescents de couleurs ;
Un pays de fées
Au théâtre intime des yeux.

Lesquels durent —
Quand tout le reste est brisé et rejeté.

Lesquels durent —
Comme des petits ruisselets
Quand les vagues s'abaissent.

SIVAGAMI S.,
I B.A. Literature

Je Rêve

Je rêve,
Si le monde était la tête en bas,
Les océans dans la ville,
Les églises seraient bâties dans la mer
Et cinq fois un feraient trois.
Si les palais seraient bâtis sur les arbres,
Les voitures couraient sur les feuilles,
Le poney avait monté sur son maître.

L'homme avait piqué une abeille,
Les professeurs enseignaient sans salaire.
L'homme était planté par une graine ;
Ainsi les jardiniers étaient labourés par une mauvaise herbe.
Si vous et moi nous étions bleus
Et toutes pareilles choses étaient vraies
Où serais-je dans le monde ?

SUDHA KRISHNAN,
I B.A. Economics

Un Songe

J'ai rêvé une scène,
Ah! un beau rêve!
De belles fleurs blanches comme la crème
Toutes oscillantes le long du ruisseau.
J'avais un rêve,
Ah! un rêve somptueux.
De l'eau bleue et froide,
Jaillissant dans un ruisseau
Qui a rempli mon coeur avec de la joie
Et m'a fait lancer un cri perçant.
Alors j'ai pensé à la belle nature sur la terre,
Que nous, peuple fortuné, avons savourée depuis notre naissance.
Ah! merci bien pour cette belle vue
Qui a rendu ma vie si brillante.

CATHERINE JOSEPH,
P.U. 7

புதியதோர் உலகம் செய்திடுவோம்

புதியதோர்	உலகம்	செய்திடுவோம்	புதியன	எல்லாம்	புகுத்திடுவோம்
மீண்டும்	நாடு	மேன்மையுற	வேண்டின்	வேண்டும்	வினைத்திட்டம்
மாற்று	வையம்	வகையுடனே	தோற்றி	நின்ற	தொல்புகழோன்
கோசிகள்	சாதனை	கொள்வோமே	தேசிகள்	அவரெனத்	தெளிவோமே
கூட்டில்	மாட்டிக்	கொண்டாலும்	காட்டில்	கண்ணால்	கண்டவற்றைப்
புசித்துத்	திரியும்	புலிதானும்	பசித்தும்	புல்லைப்	பாராது
கொள்ளை	நோயே	கொண்டாலும்	கொள்கை	விட்டுக்	கொடுக்காமல்
இல்லாக்	கொடுமை	இனியில்லை;	எல்லாப்	பொருளும்	எல்லார்க்கும்
என்றே	உறுதி	எடுத்திடுவோம்;	இன்றே	செயலில்	இறங்கிடுவோம்
கொள்ளை	இலாபம்	கொள்வோரை	எள்ளித்	தூக்கில்	ஏற்றிடுவோம்
பதுக்கல்	செய்யும்	பாதகரைச்	சதுக்கம்	தன்னில்	சாடிடுவோம்
தேசத்	துரோகம்	செய்வாரை	நாசம்	செய்து	நசுக்கிடுவோம்
போற்றிப்	பின்னர்ப்	புறங்கூறித்	தூற்றித்	திரியும்	துட்டரையும்
காட்டிக்	கொடுக்கும்	கயவரையும்	வாட்டிக்	கழுவில்	மாட்டிடுவோம்;
நீதி	நெறியில்	நின்றிடுவோம்;	சாதி	வெறியைத்	தகர்த்திடுவோம்;
ஆக்கப்	பணிகள்	ஆற்றிடுவோம்;	ஊக்கத்	துடனே	உயர்ந்திடுவோம்;
கடமை	உணர்ந்து	கடன்செய்வோம்;	மடமை	தன்னை	மாற்றிடுவோம்;
திட்ட	மிட்ட	சிறுஞும்பத்	திட்ட	மதனைச்	செயற்படுத்தி
இட்ட	முடனே	எல்லோரும்	கட்டம்	நீங்கிக்	களிப்போமே;
ஓருமைப்	பட்டு	உருப்படுவோம்;	பெருமைப்	பட்டுப்	பேர்பெறுவோம்;
செற்றார்	அழியச்	செருச்செய்வோம்;	உற்றார்	ஓங்க	உடனிருப்போம்;
தனக்கென	வாழாத்	தகவுடைய	மனத்துடன்	வாழும்	மாண்புடனே
பிறர்க்கே	உரியராம்	பெற்றியுடன்	பெறற்கே	அரியன	பெற்றிடுவோம்
தப்பாதெதிலும்	தன்னிறைவு	அப்பா!	அடைந்தே	அகமிக	மகிழ்வோம்
காந்தி	வழியைக்	கடைப்பிடித்துச்	சாந்தி	அடைவோம்	தரணியிலே

SARADHA,
III B.Sc. Mathematics

தமிழ்ப் பண்பாடு

ஒரு மொழியின் இலக்கியங்கள் அம்மொழியினரின் கலாசாரத்தையும், பண்பாட்டினையும், வளத்தையும் விளக்கும் சான்றுகள். நற்பண்பாட்டின் களஞ்சியமாய்த் திகழ்கின்றன தமிழ் இலக்கியங்கள்.

கற்பு என்பது பெண்மையின் அழகிற்குத் தேவையான ஓர் அணிகலன்.

“பெண்ணிற் பெருந்தக்க யாவுள கற்பென்னும்
திண்மையுண் டாகப் பெரிள்”,

என்பது பொய்யாமொழி. சிலப்பதிகாரக் காவிய நாயகியாம் கண்ணகி, கணிகையர் குலத்துதித்தும் கோவலனையன்றிப் பிறனை மனத்தாலும் நினையாத மாதவி, காவிரியோரமே சென்று விடாமுயற்சியுடன், வெள்ளம் கொண்டு சென்ற கணவனை மீட்டுவந்த ஆதிமந்தி, கணவன் இறந்தானெனக் கேட்டதும் தீக்குளித்த ஆதிரை, தன் முகத்தை ஊர் சென்ற கணவன் திரும்பும்வரை குரங்கு முகமாக்கியப் பெண்ணரசி, வள்ளி மரத்தையும், மடைப் பள்ளியையும் தன் திருமணத்தின் சான்றாக அழைத்துக் காட்டிய மங்கை நல்லாள் மண்பாவையைக் கணவனாக வரித்த மாதரசி, இராமன் மனைவி சீதாதேவி, வாலியின் மனைவி தாரை ஆகிய பல கற்புடை மங்கையரைத் தோற்றுவித்துப் புகழ்பெற்றவள் நம் தமிழன்னை. விசயநகர மன்னன் பாண்டிய நாட்டின்மீது போர்தொடுத்தபோது, பாண்டிய வேந்தன், “உன் குமரி அன்றி, வேறு குமரியை விரும்பாத நீ, தென் குமரியை விரும்பியது என்ன கரணியம் பற்றியோ?” எனவொரு பாடல் எழுதினான். இது ஆணினமும் கற்பினைப் போற்றியதை உணர்த்தும்.

புறமுதுகு காட்டியோடா மானமுள்ள வீரம் தமிழரின் பண்பு. “மான்மீழந்தபின் வாழாமை முன்னினிது” என்பது அவர்தம் எண்ணம்.

“போர்க்குறிக்க காயமே புகழின் காயம்”
“கணங்கணம் தோன்றிக் கணங்கணம் மறையும்
பிணம்பல, இவரெலாம் பிறந்தார் என்பவோ?”
“பிறந்தார் என்போர் புகழுடன் சிறந்தோர்,”

என்ற சீவக வழதியின் கூற்றிலிருந்தும்,

“விழுப்புண் படாத நாளெல்லாம் வழக்கினுள்
வைக்கும் தன்நாளே எடுத்து”

என்னும் தெய்வப் புலவர் வாக்கிலிருந்தும் தமிழர்தம் வீரவுணர்வின் சிறப்பு புலனாகும். வீரத்தில் பெண்களும் என்றுமே பின்வாங்கியதில்லை. இராணி மங்கம்மாள், இலட்சுமிபாய் முதலியோர் இதற்குச் சான்றுகள். தன் தந்தையையும், தமையனையும், கணவனையும் முதல்நாள் போரில் பறிகொடுத்த மறக்குல நங்கை மறுநாள் போருக்குத் தன் பச்சிளம் பாலகளை அனுப்பியது நாம் அறியாத வொன்றன்றே!

“ சிற்றில் நற்றுண் பற்றி, நின்மகன்
யாண்டுள னேவென வினவுதி; என்மகன்
யாண்டுள னாயினும் அறியேன் ஓரும்
புலிசேர்ந்து போகிய கல்லனை போல,
ஈன்ற வயிரே இதுவே!
தோன்றுவன் மாதோ போர்க்களத் தானே!”

என்று கூறிய வீரப் பெண்டிர் வாழ்ந்தது இத்தமிழகம்! ஈகை:—தன்னை நாடி வந்தோருக்கு இல்லையென்று கூறாத மனவுறுதி தமிழிடைவே இருந்தது. தலைக் கொடையாளியான குமணனையும், புள்ளுறு புன்கண் தீர்த்த சிபிச் சக்கரவர்த்தியையும், முல்லைக்குத் தேர்ந்த பாரி வள்ளலையும், மயிலுக்குப் போர்வை வழங்கிய பேகனையும், நினைவிற் கொள்ளல் நலம். கடையெழு வள்ளல்கள் என வேள்பாரி, வல்வில் ஓரி, மலையமான் திருமுடிக் காரி, வையாவி கோப்பெரும் பேகன், நள்ளி, ஆய் அண்டிரன், அதியமான் நெடுமான் அஞ்சி ஆகியோர் சிறப்பிக்கப்பட்டனர்.

“ வல்லாங்கு வாழ்த்தும் என்னுது தீயே
எல்லார்க்கும் கொடுமதி மனைகிழவோயே!”

என பெருஞ்சித்திரனார் என்னும் புலவர் குமண வள்ளலிடம் பெற்ற பரிசுகளைத் தம் மனைவியிடம் அளித்துக் கூறிராம். வறுமையிலும் செம்மை உடையவர்கள் தமிழர்.

விருந்தோம்பும் குணம் இயற்கையாகவே - தமிழிடைவே அமைந்திருந்தது. மகனையே, சிவனடியார்க்கு விருந்தாக்கிய சிறுத்தொண்டரும் ஒரு தமிழரே.

“ விருந்து புறத்ததாத் தானுண்டல் சாவா
மருந்தெனினும் வேண்டற்பாற் றன்று”,

என்பதை சாவா மருந்தாம் நெல்லிக் கணியை ஓளவையாருக்கு அளித்து!மெய்ப்பித்தான் அதியமான்.

“ நீல மணிமிடற்று ஒருவன் போல் மன்னுக பெரும!”

எனத் தன்னால் புகழப்பட்ட அதியமான் வீர மரணத்தைச் செவியுற்று, ஓளவையார் அடைந்த துயரம், உண்மை நட்பின் விளைவு. தன் தலைவனும், நண்பனுமான பாரி வீர சுவர்க்கம் அடைந்தபோது, அவன் மகளிரைப் பொறுப்பான இடத்தில் ஒப்படைத்துவிட்டு வடக்கிருந்து உயிர் நீத்தார் கபிலர்.

“ புணர்ச்சி பழகுதல் வேண்டா உணர்ச்சிதான்
நட்பாம் கிழமை தரும்”

என்பதற்கு எடுத்துக்காட்டு பிசிராந்தையாரும், கோப்பெருஞ் சேரழனும் கொண்ட நட்பு.

“ இடிப்பாரை இல்லாத ஏமரா மன்ன”னின் நிலையை அறிந்த புலவர்கள்,

“ எப்பொருள் யார்யார் வாய்கேட்பினும் அப்பொருள் மெய்ப்பொருள்”

காணும் அறிவுடைய மன்னர்களின் தவறுகளை அவ்வப்போது திருத்தி வந்தனர். சேரன் பெருஞ்சேரலிரும்பொறையும், மலையமாளும் சேர்ந்து போர் தொடுத்தபோது, சோர்வுற்ற அதியமானுக்கு ஊக்கமும், வீரமும் ஊட்டியவர் ஓளவையார். நலங்கிள்ளிக்கும், நெடுங்கிள்ளிக்கும் போர் மூண்ட காலத்துச் சந்து செய்வித்தார் கோவூர் கிழார் எனும் புலவர். சோழகுலம் பிளவுபடுவதை விரும்பாமல், கிள்ளிவளவன் ஏட்டிலே ஈடுபட்டு, நாட்டைக் காவாததால் வெள்ளைக்குடிநாகனார் இடித்துரைத்து நல்வழிப்படுத்தினார். மயிலுக்குப் போர்வையீந்த பேகன், தன் வீட்டு மயிலாம் கண்ணகியைப் புறக்கணித்தபோது கபிலரும், பரணரும், அரிசில்கிழாரும், பெருங்குன்றூர்க் கிழாரும் அவனை அவன் மனைவியுடன் சேர்ந்து வாழவைத்தனர்.

“ஓத்தாரும் உயர்ந்தாரும் தாழ்ந்தாரும் எவரும்
ஒருமையுளராகி உலகியல் நடத்த வேண்டும்”

என்ற வள்ளலார் விருப்பத்தை நிறைவு செய்த தமிழர் குலத்துதித்தோர் நாம் என்பதை உணர்ந்து, தாய்மொழியாம் தமிழ்மொழியினைச் சரிவரப் பேசக்கூடத் தெரியாதாராய் ‘நெஞ்சு பொறுக்குதில்லையே இந்த நிலைகெட்ட மாந்தரை நினைந்துவிட்டால்’ என்று சான்றோர் நம்மைப்பற்றிக் கூறும்படி நடவாமல் நெஞ்சில் உரமும், நேர்மைத் திறமும் உடையவராய், நமது தாயகத்தின் பெருமையைக் குன்றிவிட்ட விளக்காக்க உறுதி பூணுவோமாக!

மலர்விழி கனகசபாபதி
புகழுக வகுப்பு

फूल गुलाब का

बगीचे में धा प्रातःकाल खिला,
फूल एक गुलाब का नशीला,
छवि थी निसकी आति लुभावनी,
महक भी उसकी बहुत सुहानी ।

रंग था उसका गहरा लाल,
उसे देख मन हुआ निहाल,
उसमें वह था उजलापन,
जैसे हो किसी का बाल पन ।

गुलाब के पीछे कई कहानियाँ,
छिपी हुई है बनके निशानियाँ,
कभी नेहरु के सीने की शोभा,
बढाई कभी नारियों की आभा ।

उसमें । छिपे काँटे असंख्य,
मानों कहते जीवन का सत्य,
हर खुशी के पीछे दर्द है होता,
जैसे रात है आती जब सुबह बीता ।

लेकिन काँटे संदेश ये देते,
वीर न दुख से विचलित होते,
लाल, पीले काले और सकेद,
रंग हैं होते उसके अनेक ।

हूल खिलते हैं कई चहूँ ओर,
लेकिन गुलाब की शान ही और ॥

UMA KANTA,
I B.A. Sociology.

फूलों का संदेश

सवेरे हर डाली पर फूल खिला
जीवन का सर्व संदेश यहीं मिला,
सुन्दरता का नया रूप चारों ओर है खुला
फूल नाचते ओसकण बहाकर अपना गम भुला ।
प्रातः काल का महक शाम पर घट जाता
फूल अंत को देख मुरझा कर मिट जाता ।
पर अपने छोटे जीवन में फूल ने मन को रिझाया
कई लोगों का दुख अपनी शोभा से बुझाया ।
हर सवेरे नया फूल होता उगा
आशाओं का स्वर सदा रहता जगा ;
हरेक वस्तु को पूर्ण जीवन का मौका रहता बना
जो उसका उपयोग करे उसी का सुख रहता बना ।

SUDHA LAKSHMANAN,
I M.A. Literature.

॥ केचन स्वप्नाः सफलाः सन्ति ॥

स्वप्नाध्याये तथाच उक्तम्—

“ यामे तुरीये ये स्वप्नाः दृष्टास्युः सफला भ्रुवम् । ”

सुस्वप्न दर्शनानन्तरं न सुप्यात् सः स्वापे कृते स स्वप्नः विफलो भवेत् ।

दुःस्वप्ने दृष्टेतु पुनः स्वापं कुर्यात् एवं कृते सः स्वप्नः न फलं जनयेत् ।

गोविसर्जन वेलायां 5-30 a.m. सद्यस्वप्नफलं भवेत् ।

तथा च उदाहरणं तथा बहवः कथाः सन्ति ।

श्रीमद्वाल्मीकिरामायणे सुन्दरकाण्डे त्रिजटानाम्नी काऽपि राक्षसि आत्मना दृष्टं स्वप्नेऽप्यं
अवर्णयत् । “ पुष्पकविमानं आरुह्य सीतया लक्ष्मणेन सह रामः उदीचीं दिशं गच्छन्
मयादृष्टः ।

तदानीमेव रावणः सकुटुम्बः अभ्यक्तदिग्वासाः
च गर्दभं आरुह्य दक्षिणां दिशं प्रति प्रस्थितः दृष्टः ।

“ एवं स्वप्ने मयादृष्टो रामो विष्णु पराक्रमः ।
लक्ष्मणेन सह भ्रात्रा सीतया सह वीर्यवान् ॥

रावणश्च मयादृष्टो मुण्डभ्रैल समुक्षितः ।
रक्तवासाः पिबन् मत्तः करवीरकृतस्रजः ॥

काष्ठे बद्ध्वा दशग्रीवं प्रमदा रक्तवासिनी ।
कालीकंदमलिसाङ्गी दिशं याभ्यां प्रकर्षति ॥

एतत् स्वप्नदर्शननुगुणमेव रामः रावणं जित्वा सीतया लक्ष्मणेन च सह पुष्पकविमानं
आरुह्य उदीचीं दिशं प्रस्थितः रावणश्च सपुत्रः सम्राटकच्च यमलोकं प्रस्थितः

बाणमट्टविरचिते कादम्बरी ग्रन्थे विलासवत्याः गर्भोत्पत्तेः पूर्वं स्वप्ने चन्द्रमसं पूर्णमण्डलं
स्नानं प्रविष्टं विलासवती अपश्यत् । तदनुरूपं सा गर्भिणी जाता । एवमेव मन्त्रिणः शुकनासस्य
पत्नी मनोरमाऽपि स्वङ्गे पुण्डरीकं न्यस्तं स्वप्ने अपश्यत् । साऽपितदनन्तरं गर्भिणी जातेऽति
वर्णितं अस्ति । अतः स्वप्नाः सफलाः भवन्तीतिनिश्चिनुमः ।

तस्मात् सम्यगुक्तं “ केचन स्वप्नाः सफलाः ” इति । अतएव रात्रौ शयनात् पूर्वं
“ दुस्वप्न दुःशकुन दुर्गति दौर्मनस्य दुर्भिक्ष दुर्व्यसन दुस्सह दुर्यशांसि ।
उत्पात ताप विषभीतिमसद्ग्रहार्ति व्याधींश्च नाशयेत् मे जगदामधीशः ” इति ॥

GANGA N.,
II B.A. Sociology.



“ Reedh Ki Haddi ”



A scene from Kannappa Nayanar



A scene from Shakunthalam



Soorpanakai

**STAFF
PERSPECTIVE**



Miss. VISALAKSHI



Dr. (Mrs.) MASILAMANI

Renewal of Dedication

An unusual and informal prayer meeting was held on the 13th of December, 1973 to which the staff were invited.

In a beautiful room in the convent, lit with deepas and fragrant with joss sticks decorated with flowers, a room strongly reminiscent of Shangri-la with its peace and quiet and its invitation to prayer, the staff assembled and Fr. Varaprasadam started the day with a hymn.

After inviting the participants to share their thoughts during the singing of the hymn, Fr. Varaprasadam went on to talk about the idea of dedication: "Serve the Other in others" he said, and also suggested that "You are born not because you wanted to be, or because your parents wanted you, but because God has need of you."

Fr. Varaprasadam's voice was low and quiet, he did not preach, but he talked to the staff all seated on the floor on carpets, something else which added to the relaxation. Gradually, his calm and peace reached out to those present; inhibitions were forgotten; tensions slipped away; people lost themselves in private prayer and meditation. One member of the staff was in tears at the simple beauty and peace of it, while another later said "I felt as if I were released from myself. I've never felt as peaceful before".

In fact, people forgot all barriers; so much so indeed that when the second part of the programme began two members volunteered to sing hymns which were not on the schedule.

Perhaps one of the nicest parts of the programme was that the day of prayer was not limited to any one religion — you felt the universal truth of Fr. Varaprasadam's gentle words.

MISS LAVANYA RAJAH
Lecturer in English.

An Unforgettable Character

In these days of inverted values, the superannuation of a teacher after more than a quarter of century of devoted service is not head-line news. One tends to take it in one's stride. Perhaps this is as it should be, for even during her active career a teacher's impact is almost imperceptible, and its function comes only after long gestation. So to leave without fanfare is of a piece with the rest of an unostentatious career.

But for her colleagues in the department of chemistry, the retirement of Miss Visalakshi will cause a void. We have become used to her benign presence, dependent on her wise counsel, and we have so instinctively turned to her in difficult moments that she was an alter ego to each one of us, and things will not be the same without her. Our life in the department will be poorer without her rich and varied talk, her ready repartee and her buoyant sense of humor. A conversationalist, she could regale a group with her quick wit, pertinent comments and inexhaustible store of anecdotes. Above all, we will miss a person in whom the heart invariably took precedence over the head. It is this that explains the foremost trait of Miss Visalakshi's character, her sense of commitment to everybody with whom she came in contact. To be impersonal is alien to her very nature. Therefore you loved and respected her even when you differed violently from her.

Miss Visalakshi was a model teacher. Her interest in her subject was infectious. The attitudes she brought to bear on teaching were so refreshing, because they were so non-professional. To younger teachers who have problems in understanding the ways of modern youth, it was amazing how she could take the pranks of modern girls in her stride. It was an object lesson for us to see her take a personal interest in every student. In these days when teachers are prone to explain away many of their lapses by blaming them all on large numbers in class rooms, Miss Visalakshi could show that if teaching is taken as a vocation then the most important aspect of it is the personal communication with the student. All else was secondary to her.

As a teacher of chemistry, Miss Visalakshi had to manage not only a large body of students, but also an extensive physical plant. On this latter task she brought to bear her innate housewifely qualities. She was stern with anyone, student or colleague, who wasted gas or chemicals, or mishandled equipment. Dealers in chemicals and precision instruments found her a tough bargainer whose standards of quality and service were most exacting. No one could palm off on the laboratory anything defective or shoddy, for he could be sure that Miss Visalakshi would pursue him to the ends of the earth and see that he made good the loss suffered by the College. Miss Visalakshi richly deserves her well-earned rest, and we hope that she will be able to devote some time to the cultivation of her finer tastes such as music. It is a great consolation for us that, though we will miss her in the department, she will continue to be available for counsel or help whenever we need them. We assure her of frequent visits!

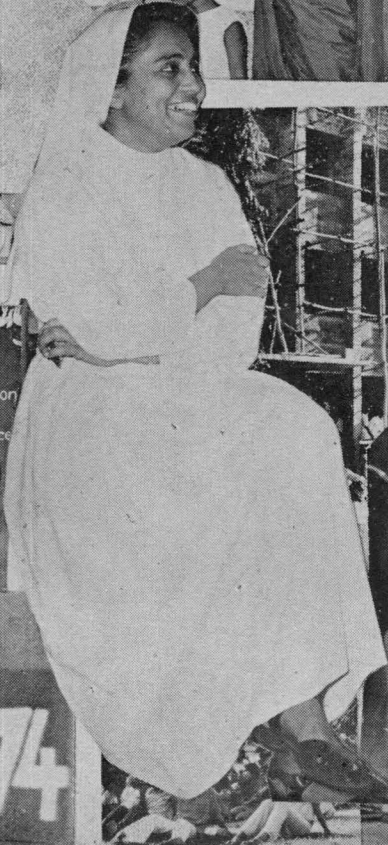
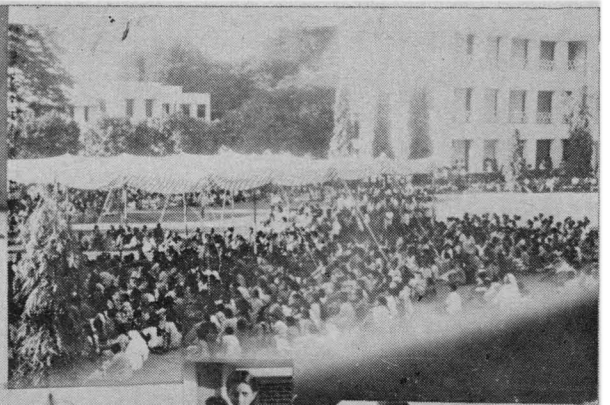
The Staff of the Department of Chemistry.

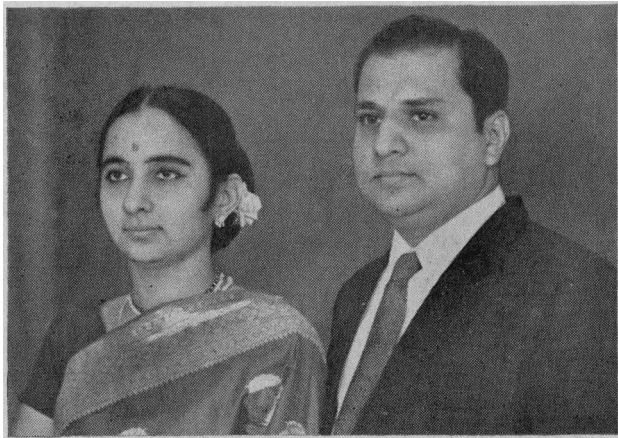
In Memoriam

On February 28th 1974, at its College Day function, Stella Maris honoured a faithful friend of the College, when Sr. Angela (Provincial) pinned a silver medal on to Dr. Teresa Masilamani, who had recently retired from her long service as a part-time lecturer in our Department of Social Work and honorary doctor at Shanti Bhavan, our Social Welfare Centre. Dr. Masilamani climbed the steps to the stage slowly, for she was suffering from a very weak heart, following a heart attack. Less than two months later, on April 18th 1974, she died peacefully, surrounded by three of her sons, a priest, Sisters and friends. The group had been praying for her and singing her favourite psalms, when one of the Sisters felt inspired to thank God for the goodness He had shown to the world through Dr. Masilamani; she thanked Him for a true Christian woman, a good wife, mother, friend, doctor, teacher and then invited all present to join her in offering this valiant woman to God. As they all did so, the Lord accepted this offering, and Dr. Masilamani slipped quietly into eternity with Him.

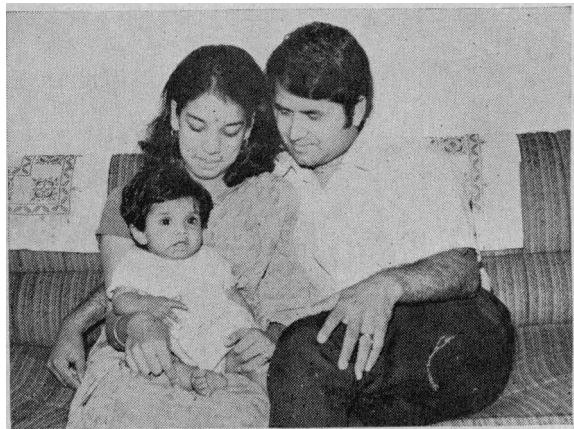
The staff and students of Stella Maris who knew Dr. Masilamani as colleague or teacher offer their sincere sympathy to the bereaved family and friends, and also rejoice with them in the faith that she now rests in peace with God.

R. I. P.





R. LAKSHMI (M.A. Eco. '64)



DONAGH D'SILVA (M.A. Litt. '69)



BALASARASWATHI (M.A. Eco. '66)



JOSI KURIAN (M.A. Litt. '73)



ASHWATHI THOMAS (M.A. Litt. '73)

Link with the Past : No Dream

It's astonishing how degree students discover each other at the end of the third term of the third year. Girls who had never spoken to the quiet/lively girl at the front/back, by the door/window, realize what a gem she is, and the autograph books produced at the end of the year are nauseating witness to this burst of affection.

No one sings Auld Lang Syne as mournfully as the third year student on the way back from the farewell picnic; no one sings the College Song with greater feeling on College Day; no one is more baffled by the unexpected display of sweetness and marriage-market charm than the lecturers, who had schooled themselves to expect only a sort of sullen recalcitrance from girls who knew little and cared less about their subjects. And no one, no one, sheds saltier tears than the third year student on the last day of her college life.

And as if to comfort her on this last day, the College issues a leaflet which informs her that she is now entitled to join the Old Students' Association (O.S.A) of Stella Maris, and gives her the details of subscriptions: Rs. 5/- p.a., Rs. 50/- lifetime.

On Graduate's Reception Day, hundreds flock to Assunta Hall, meet odd friends, congratulate the engaged/married girls, envy the working girls, and retire into obscurity. Nothing more is ever heard from most of them again, except the old one who writes for a reference, or the really affectionate ones, who pay the fees and attend all the meetings regularly. But this girl is the *rara avis*, the kind of girl whom psychoanalysts love, because she is so completely the odd one out.

It seems a pity that Stella Maris Students do not know or understand the function of the Old Students' Association.

However irresponsible or indifferent a student may have been while she was in College, she soon learns that life outside is a matter of survival, of pleasing the right people, of even having to feign a false interest in something, if she is to be even moderately happy. Even the most wealthy girls, who would appear to have sufficient money to pay for apathy eventually realize that what they might desperately want is not for sale. Ordinary people of course have to put up with mothers and sisters-in-law; there is always just that one person at work whose snide remarks can ruin a whole day; the boss never seems to be satisfied with your work, and promotions seem to go to everyone but you.

At some point or other, every girl must have thought back wistfully on her college days, when she was — metaphorically speaking — top dog. "I wish I'd done M. A." or "I wish I could do B. A. again — I'd take it seriously this time" or just, "I wish all of us could be together again — I wonder what Geetha and Mythili and Usha are doing now."

The O.S.A. exists for this purpose: College without the additional nuisance of lecturers, lessons or tests. There is no fear of getting hauled over the coals by the Principal or Vice-Principal; the college, in fact, of your dreams — just you and your friends talking over a coke, secure in the knowledge that whatever bell is ringing, it does not toll for thee.

As members of the O.S.A., you are entitled first and foremost to information, especially about your friends. The O.S.A. understands that you may not have a burning desire to find out more about chemistry or literature, and respects your needs. Most students marry soon after graduating B.A. and many are posted all over India, while an increasing percentage accompany their husbands abroad. Many students who were inseparable friends in college just lose touch once they leave, meeting each other occasionally at weddings and marvelling at the changes wrought in them by marriage.

“I can’t imagine you a mother”, says one. “Your poor child!”

“And I can’t begin to imagine you married!” reports the other. “Your poor husband!”

And the conversation runs on monotonously dull lines, with teething, mothers-in-law and servants the variations here; conversation is dull because the two have drifted too far apart to attempt familiarity safely, perhaps inhibited by their fears of the new environments of which they are now a part.

The O.S.A. can’t guarantee you scintillating conversation, of course, but it can guarantee you conversation that is interesting because it is not about yourself. The Newsletter is an attempt at compiling such information as we have about our students from letters written to the staff, or dropped in casual conversation when someone comes by to say “Hello”. It is mailed to everyone who has paid the subscription dues, which cover the cost of printing and posting it.

The Newsletter faces a Janus-like problem. On the one hand, it has too little exciting information to give anyone: somehow every one knows that Usha is in the Himalaya expedition, but because the news is not “authentic” it is not included. The result is an endless monotone (the other face) of marriages and births.

So if your sister/cousin/aunt/friend/anyone graduating from Stella Maris has done something you might like to do: eg. Meera has passed the Business Management Training Course at Ahmedabad, write to us, or give us a call, or drop in, and say so and you would have earned our undying gratitude. Even if you know just that Prema is no longer in Delhi but Lucknow, contact: Sr. Flavia/Sr. Maddalena, the President/the Secretary, you’d have carved a place for yourself in our tablets.

If you are getting married rather later than the rest of your class, the O.S.A. can give you a lot of help tracing people whose addresses might have changed since the last time you spoke to them.

If you get married very soon after graduation, and you tell the Association where you are going to stay when you leave Madras, the O.S.A. might help you with information about what other Stella Marians are there already, and you can go with the comfortable feeling that even if you don't contact the other person, there is a link with the past when you are a stranger in a new place.

The Old Students' Association is perfectly aware of the fact that some people can write letters by the ream, and others wouldn't write a letter to save a dying grandmother. It organizes get-together parties at least thrice a year, especially for those who prefer their tongues to their letter-pads, to communicate. But the problems has always been - when? Week-days are out, for most alumnae are employed. Sundays seem to be impracticable because this is the day everybody receives or calls on friends. Saturday afternoons would seem to be the best, but husbands have a nasty habit of returning at noon on Saturdays (or worse, having a whole day off) and wives are expected to mother tired husbands and children on Saturdays.

It has been suggested that O.S.A. meetings be dinners to which alumnae may bring a male escort. So far, they have been confined to tea-parties where children have been made welcome, but husbands might enjoy meeting their wives' friends and even recognizing and fraternizing with business associates, and therefore permit their wives more holidays, to be spent at more O.S.A. meetings...

Alumnae have also since the past year, been invited to formal College functions: e.g. the Jubilee, College Day, Sports Carnival.

But annual or bi-annual meetings are not enough. Use the college as a rendezvous to meet your old friends; come, say hello to the staff and you'll be pleasantly surprised to know that they are human; they will never forget you once you come after you've left college. They are always pleased to see anyone from the old days of a year or 25 years ago. And when you come, do bring news, letters, photos, what-have-you, of your friends and family. Your presence is always welcome, always; and Stella Maris has a very very soft corner for its old arthritic students.

MISS LAVANYA RAJA (M. A. Literature 1970)
Lecturer in English.

Career Guidance

The Career Guidance Unit, which operates at the Stella Maris College, is nearly a year old. A joint venture, of the University Grants Commission and the College, it was inaugurated on 13th September 1974, by Mr. L. Vasagam, the Director of Employment and Training.

The pressing need for providing information and guidance to University students and alumni in the field of employment, has long been felt by the National Employment Service and Universities. Various surveys have revealed the fact, that a substantial number of College Students have no clear vocational goal and have little knowledge of the employment opportunities available in the country and the preparation to be made for a particular career. While disseminating information on employment, the unit assists students to plan a suitable career.

Although the University Employment Information and Guidance Bureau exists, to advise and assist students in the matter of employment, it has been found that the Colleges in the affiliating Universities are spread over a vast area and it is difficult for a Bureau, located at the University head quarters, to cater to the needs of students in these colleges. It was therefore considered desirable, that liaison agencies at affiliated colleges should be organised to work in co-ordination with the University Bureau, to provide students with information on careers and courses and opportunities for vocational guidance. The location of a CGU on the college campus is therefore deliberate, — its situation makes its services readily available to the students of the college and more personalised attention is made possible.

The services extended to the students and alumni by the CGU include provision of Educational and Occupational information and guidance, arrangement of seminars, career talks and a limited placement facility.

The Unit maintains a Career Information Room, where information on courses of study offered by various Universities and Institutes in the country can be obtained. There are various charts and posters displayed, depicting possible occupations and future prospects, which give the students a glimpse into the world of work. Information regarding scholarships and training facilities in India and abroad is also provided. The Unit has literature on study abroad, including catalogues of foreign Universities, admission requirements, probable expenditure, social customs in those countries, foreign exchange regulations, etc.

As far as job placement is concerned the Unit does not offer students jobs directly, but renders active assistance by maintaining lists of prospective employers, disseminating information on occupations, circulating vacancies notified by the employers, or the various University bureaux and sponsoring candidates for suitable vacancies. The ultimate appointment in a job however depends on the merit of the candidate.

The Unit further displays the notices of competitive examinations held by various State Service Commissions, the Railway Service Commission and the Union Public Service Commission and maintains useful literature on Government Services and competitive examinations.

Dissemination of information on job opportunities relevant to various courses of study is achieved through a programme of lectures and career seminars, organised at different levels, for the students of the college. Lectures by eminent speakers from the business industry and the government, are scheduled weekly for the graduate classes. Banking, Business Management, Public Relations, Accountancy, Librarianship, Advertising and Social Work, are among the important fields featured.

The four career seminars organised during the year for the Pre-University students, proved to be a very useful and enlightening experience for them. They were designed to give them a picture of the career opportunities available to them and the vocational preparation required for each. The seminar featured about eight different careers relevant to the students' subject groupings. In this, we had the valuable co-operation of the Zonta International Club of Madras, and the Rotary club of Madras, who had arranged the panel of eminent speakers for each of the Seminars.

MRS. ELIZABETH FERNANDEZ,
Social Work Department.

Old Voices, New Tunes

The National Institute of Design, the ICICI, Universities in India and abroad and homes throughout the world — these are the places where our alumnae now live and give to those around them. Through their letters and visits we have the privilege of sharing their experiences as mothers, as teachers, as research workers. Our greatest happiness lies in their assurance that their experience at Stella Maris has helped them to see more clearly their community with all others and the contributions they can make towards giving others a more abundant life.

In answer to a questionnaire sent to the old students, Dr. P. K. Geetha, M.Sc. Mathematics 1966, Ph.D., writes :

Stella Maris College has provided me with the best allround education that any young student can aspire to. The various phases of college life have moulded in me an insatiable urge and an irrepressible zeal to face all the challenges that life can offer and relentlessly pursue the best of goals in an unflinching manner. The College has fostered in me the wonderful idea that success will not elude the hands of those who honestly and whole-heartedly work for it. The debating programmes and other extra-curricular activities have helped me to a considerable extent, in making me see the unity that can exist amidst great diversity, a common link in the different activities a person can indulge in, which is a spirit of dedication.

The need for participating in different ways with regard to the various clubs should be emphasized, so that no student keeps herself away from these clubs. Apart from formal education, other interests should be encouraged and when there is an occasion for this, the students should voluntarily come forward to take active part in the administration of the clubs. This will help them in the long run, to combine work with pleasure and leisure and develop them into versatile human beings.

I am specially grateful to the College authorities for the timely introduction of M.Sc. Mathematics in 1964, just when I completed B.Sc. This event has been a key factor in my being able to be the 'first Ph.D.' of the Mathematics students' section of Stella Maris College.

Congratulations, Geetha, and thank you for your valuable advice!

Vasantha Narasimhan, M.A. Literature 1969, writes from Ottawa, Canada :

December 17th 1973

I graduated from the University of Ottawa this year with a 90% average in my Master's level courses, and was awarded the Dean's special honours. I sincerely feel that I owe all this to your kind efforts.

For the past three years I have been teaching a few courses at the University of Ottawa, and I have been employed by the Federal Health and Welfare Department as an Editorial Assistant. I have assisted in the preparation of about 12 publications and I will send you a few reprints.

The moral lessons I have learnt at Stella Maris have made an indelible impression; I feel that I should share my joy with those less fortunate than I am. I therefore wish to make a humble contribution of \$ 10.00 every Christmas as long as I earn. I would appreciate it if the money is given to a deserving undergraduate who really needs financial support for covering educational expenses.

May the Lord bless your thoughtfulness, Vasantha. Perhaps others might like to follow your example.

From Vermilion, Alberta, Canada, Gaynor Macedo Govias, B.Sc. Mathematics 1967, writes:

November 1973

We're back in Vermilion! Ken has a job with Frieden Computers in Edmonton and I'll be leaving St. Jerome's at the end of January to join him.

We were delighted to see Gaynor and Ken both before and after their wedding at Yercaud last year, and to hear of the arrival of baby Lesley in April 1974.

From Usha (Oomen) Brown, B.A. History 1969, Edinburgh :

July 29th 1963

One thing I've noticed in Les' crowd is a certain orderliness of thought, rationality, a wide range of knowledge and an ability to probe deeply which most of the University graduates in the circle have, and it's as much for that as for anything that I want to get into University.

December 1973

I'm doing a degree in Philosophy, my first year subjects are Moral Philosophy, Metaphysics and Social Anthropology — the last in case I decide to move into another sphere.

Balasaraswathi, M.A. Economics 1964, writes :

October 10th 1973

I won the National Award for the year 1971-72 in the Xth All India Competition on Seminar Readings Programme conducted by NCERT, New Delhi 16. My award was for the essay on "Educational Paper and its recent trends". My habit of writing essays was developed in Stella Maris, and the essay which won me the award was the first one I submitted to NCERT as a teacher.

I am doing my M.Ed. at present. My thesis is on Scholastic Achievement.

Congratulations, Balasaraswathi! We wish you all the best!

Meena Bajpe, M.A. Literature 1964, writes from New Delhi:

December 3rd 1973

I'm doing a 5-day 'Cooking Course' this week. I'm also preparing for my French exam.

As I walked out of the main gate of Indipex, I ran across S. S. Nirmala. I was very happy to hear that she was doing her M.A. so I'm not the only gal trying to study at my age!

Saro (George) Mathew, M.A. Literature 1966, writes from Bombay :

December 18th 1973

We live in a flat on Juhu Road, very close to Juhu beach. I have not met anybody I know yet. Everybody speaks Hindi or Marathi, and I've forgotten most of the Hindi I learnt in Pre-University!

I hope you like the Christmas card that Mathew designed. The puppy is Minni, our pet Dachshund. She doesn't usually look so woe-begone!

March 1st 1974

Do you remember Suzan Verghese? (B.A. Literature 1968). She dropped in one evening with her husband and little son Stanley. They live very close by. She is teaching in a school in Juhu.

And from Mrs. Edisha Somar, B.A. Literature 1968, Kerala :

December 18th 1973

I'm the mother of two lovely girls. I've called them Sonia and Sunila. (The latter name I picked up from Stella Maris!)

I've just heard from Mercy (Angelina). She has a three months old son.

Padmini Chari, B.A. Literature 1970, writes from Germany :

November 19th 1973

Vivek goes to kindergarten now. He has picked up German very well. My second child Sharath is progressing very slowly. I have now spent almost four years in Munich. I have started giving lessons on classical Indian dance to some girls here, both theory and practical.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Padmini on the loss of little Sharath, who died suddenly.

From Bombay, Donagh D'Silva, M.A. Literature 1969, writes :

August 1973

I teach English at the nearby National College and find the hours convenient. We have 150 students in a class so you could imagine how capable one has to be to control them. Some of the boys are all out to harass you. A lot of tact and endless patience are very necessary.

Ruth (D'Souza) Camillus, B.A. Literature 1967, is also teaching in Ahmedabad :

June 28th 1973

I'm teaching French in St. Xavier's College, run by the Jesuits. I have only seven hours a week. Since this is the only College in the whole University offering French I am completely on my own.

Rajayee Chitra, M.A. Literature 1968, writes from Bangalore :

July 13th 1973

Manu, my first daughter, is going to school. Her school is called "Stella Maris School" and I'm feeling so happy that she's already a Stella Marian at the age of three. I have another girl called Minu, one year old. Quite a handful she is, crawling around and putting anything into her mouth !

From Mrs. K. Padmavathi, M.A. Economics 1968, from Ennore :

March 20th 1974

I am busy with my preparation to face the exams commencing from April 25th. A. V. Meera, M.A. Economics 1972, is doing her full-time course in the University. I have taken Mathematical Economics, Econometrics and Mathematical Programming as my optional subjects.

Geetha Kulkarni, M.A. Literature 1972, writes from Poona :

March 17th 1974

I have been busy with College and lectures. We have closed now for summer and therefore I have three long months sprawled before me in which to make up my reading, write luxuriously long letters and visit friends. I have interesting colleagues at College which makes my work better.

Prajna Paramita, M.A. Literature 1973, writes from Bhubaneshwar :

July 11th 1973

Needless to say I'm very happy about getting a first class. It was not terribly easy at first — always feeling the handicap of not having graduated with English as my major.

I know I would have enjoyed doing a stint of teaching this year — most of all in either of my old Colleges, Stella Maris or LSR, Delhi, but that would have left me little or no time to prepare for the I.A.S. exams this September.

January 1st 1974

In a few days more I'll be Rishi Valley-bound. I am looking forward so much to a term of teaching there.

February 26th 1974

I'm very glad to inform you that I have qualified for the written part of the IAS/IFS exam. That clears the first hurdle. Now I have to get through the interview which is better known as a Personality Test carrying a maximum of 400 marks for those candidates who have given the Foreign Service as their first option.

Danesh Moodley, B.Sc. Zoology 1971, is in Ireland :

August 9th 1973

I've spent a short holiday in Switzerland and am now in Dublin. Ireland's a lovely place — Dublin's a big city but still not too formidable and mechanical — parts of it remind me so much of Durban.

I'm going into University here — to complete my education and professionalise.

Premila Kurian, B.A. Fine Arts 1972, is studying at the National Institute of Design, Ahmedabad :

July 14th 1973

The Institute of Design is a wonderful place where work and practical learning is concerned. We have drawing and graphic designing, advertising, printing, symbol designing, book illustration, and a woodworkshop where I've learnt to work at the lathe machine. I've made five toys which were exhibited during the recent fair. There is a metal workshop and a ceramics workshop where we can see clay being transformed into beautiful pieces of crockery. Then we have a textile department full of looms and weaving and coloured threads. It fascinates me still to see the weaving done - they make cloth, wallhangings, carpets, etc. and in the furniture department we are allowed to design chairs, beds, stools or anything we like. If we have an idea, they give us the wood and we make it with help from the workers.

I'm doing what I wanted to do — work at children's book illustration. I have written two stories for children which my professors like and they have even promised to make one of them into a short children's movie.

Very interesting indeed! Best of luck, Premila!

Pushya V. Paul, B.A. Economics 1972, is working in Tiruchirapalli :

August 24th 1973

I am indeed very grateful to you for having directed me to this College. If it had not been for you, I would not be here as a history lecturer. During the last week of September I will be bringing a group of 50 girls from the History Department on an excursion to Madras.

Josi Kurian Jacob, M.A. Literature 1973, writes from Kottayam :

September 1st 1973

Though it's just over three months that I left College, already it seems ages.

My wedding is to take place on October 28th. I am getting terribly nervous now that it is so close.

I am sending you an M.O. for books for the Department Library. I shall send the same amount next year this time. You can count it as an annual subscription for the Library.

February 26th 1974

I have had reports of the Youth Fest from quite a few people there. Hope College Day and the Sports Carnival go off well too.

Thank you, Josi, for the welcome contribution to the Library!

Christine (Lobo) Gomez, M.A. Literature 1970, from Trichy :

August 25th 1973

All of us in our Department like the two new Stella Maris products — Christina and Agnes. They have taken up quite a lot of extra work. Christina, together with Sr. Genevieve, is in charge of our M.A. Library. She and Agnes are in charge of the College choir. In addition Christina helps me with Dramatics also.

October 9th 1973

Our Department is going to present a Puja Dance and extracts from the subplot of "Twelfth Night". Can you imagine what part I'm going to play? Malvolio!

The Drama practice for "St. Joan" must begin in right earnest again. Only two of us are in charge of the whole play including costumes, stage setting, lighting and make up.

February 10th 1974

Since this is our first set of M.A.s and since this is the first time any of us is handling the M.A. classes, we do feel rather nervous. All of us are extremely busy with special classes and tuitions, since there is just a month more of classes.

Christina Joseph, M.A. Literature 1973, herself writes :

July 14th 1973

Agnes and I have settled down very comfortably at Holy Cross sharing a room. I take one section of the 1st and 2nd B.A.s for General English, and the 2nd M.A.s for the Prose section of Modern Literature V.

This year there's going to be a new club — the P.G. club — and another lecturer and I have been put in charge of it.

Georgina (George) Mathew, M.A. Literature 1970, writes from Kerala :

November 15th 1973

When Rachel came home for her September vacation, she had lots of stories to tell, and for Saro and me it was like reliving our good old days at Stella Maris.

The Company has offered my husband a good post in New Jersey, U. S. A. He will obtain a good deal of experience and perhaps be able to do his Ph.D. which he had always hoped to do. Sushil and I will join him later.

December 31st 1973

Sushil's first Christmas and his first pair of teeth arrived at the same time. The little fellow seems mighty proud of it and grins all the time to exhibit them.

March 3rd 1974

Mathew left for the U.S. last night. He must have reached New York by now. I don't know when Sushil and I will be able to join him, as my citizenship application is still "rotting" on some office table!

Little Flower Mary, M.A. Literature 1972, writes :

July 9th 1973

I'm very glad to tell you that I am working in Holy Cross College, Nagercoil, as a tutor in English. I find teaching very interesting. I am handling P.U. and 1st Year Degree classes.

Sita Krishna, B.A. Literature 1968, is in Jamshedpur :

January 9th 1974

It was lovely receiving your letter which gave me plenty of College news. My youngest sister Vanaja Sahasranaman has joined P.U. in Stella Maris.

Renuka Sunderajan, M.A. Literature 1971, writes :

June 27th 1973

As time passes, one loses touch with old friends! In fact, I seem to have lost touch with all my classmates, except Grace (Arnold) Arulraj whom I meet once in a while.

February 15th 1974

My cousin, Shantini (M.A. Literature 1972), had a nice holiday in the States for four months with her sister. She has returned looking refreshed and happy with her experience there.

From Gayatri Narayanan, B.A. Literature 1973, from Calicut :

July 2nd 1973

At present I still am very Stella-sick. Strange how one misses the place, its routine and all the familiar faces. Now I even long to stand in the sun during assembly.

From Cannanore, Sudha Vasavan, B.A. Literature 1973 :

September 14th 1973

I'm still in India, as you see. My husband was here on leave last month, but unfortunately I couldn't accompany him to Muscat since my passport isn't ready. I hope to be there soon.

Did you hear from Shobana from Saudi Arabia? She wrote me a long epistle, giving me a lot of helpful advice about living conditions in the Middle East. She misses all the cultural activities that she used to enjoy so much in Madras.

Gana Viswanath, M.A. Literature 1964, is now in Madras :

February 8th 1974

My husband is working in the Officer's Training Institute at St. Thomas' Mount. I have two sons now aged four and two. At present they keep me on my toes the whole day long and though it is very interesting to look after them, I must admit it is quite exasperating at times.

Nirmala (Krishnamurthy) Vaidyanathan, B.A. History 1967, is in Hyderabad :

December 18th 1973

My husband was transferred here and we arrived on the 15th of January. Hyderabad is a pleasant change from the hectic life of Bombay.

Since July I have been doing a Diploma Course in the Teaching of English at the Central Institute of English and Foreign Languages here. One of the professors here suggested that I should apply for the post of 'Author' which is mainly concerned with planning courses for various levels and drawing up Programmed Lessons.

December 29th 1973

The two boys are quite grown up now. Vijay is eight and a half and is likely to go into Lovedale Lawrence School in June. My second boy, Rajiv, was seven on the 13th of this month.

Mano Korah, M.A. Literature 1972, writes from Kerala :

October 15th 1973

Pat might have told you that I am engaged. The official engagement is over. Last week the date for the betrothal was fixed — 4th November. The wedding date is not yet fixed, but it might be on December 31st. I don't know how I'll manage with cooking and housekeeping !

Meera Chidambaram, M.A. Literature 1973, writes :

Delhi, December 8th 1973

I have been going through a thesis 700 pages long on Human Geography for mistakes in spelling and grammar. It belongs to an Arab from Palestine whose English is terrible, so I really had to work hard.

There is an Electronics exhibition going on at the Asia 72 grounds and I am helping there in the afternoons, though I just don't know what it is all about.

Ilanji, April 10th 1974

I am leaving for Delhi in June and will probably be there till next March. I am taking my IAS exams from there.

Sr. Celine, M.A. Literature 1972, is at Auxilium College, Vellore :

July 21st 1973

I have good news to give. The Junior Branch XII students' results were far better than those of the seniors who have passed out.

November 20th 1973

We are busy with the Literary Week activities. Yesterday we had the Interclass Dramatic Competition. Tomorrow is the Literary Pageant. Leela Thomas and Vimala Abraham are on our staff. They are doing well.

From Leela Thomas, M.A. Literature 1971 :

October 18th 1973

During the September holidays I went to Delhi with my family. We went on a tourist bus and managed to see quite a bit of New and Old Delhi.

Visalakshi Viswanathan, M.A. Literature 1971, writes from Bangalore :

January 4th 1974

Saw "The Rivals" enacted by a local group. Drama troops seem to be mushrooming overnight in Bangalore. I also saw Lorca's "The House of Bernarda Alba" put up by a group called Abhinaya, and enjoyed it very much.

April 9th 1974

We had our convocation (Journalism) last month. The Vice-Chancellor of Bangalore University spoke, and said the University has made it compulsory for all students, including those of professional Colleges, to go through a course in general education and culture. I wonder when Madras University will do something similar.

Irene Lobo, B.A. Literature 1972, writes from England :

June 10th 1973

I wanted to write and let you know about my niece but I never got round to doing it. Little Katharine was born on the 4th of March and right now she looks a real darling — especially when she smiles.

December 17th 1973

Emilda is expecting her second in May. I think that's super. Katharine is lovely and I'm looking forward to seeing her after Christmas when Emilda will bring Katharine over to show her to her mother-in-law, because they will all be going to Singapore in the summer.

From Australia we hear from Kanchana Chidambaram, M.A. Literature 1969 :

August 23rd 1973

I've just come back after a 3 weeks' holiday in the south — Adelaide and Sydney. I met Valli for the first time in Adelaide and we had long nostalgic sessions about Stella Maris. The purpose of my visit to Adelaide was to consult my supervisor about possibilities of my returning to Flinders next year for a few months to complete my doctorate. On my way back I stopped over in Sydney for the Language and Literature Conference. Third term commences on Monday. I'll be teaching Elizabethan and Jacobean poetry for six weeks. I've introduced a course on my research topic which I'm looking forward to teaching.

January 8th 1974

The Adelaide Festival of Arts starts in early March. Among the visitors to the Festival are John Updike and R. K. Narayan. There will be plenty of live theatre, opera, ballet, concerts and poetry workshops.

And Valli Subramaniam, M.A. Literature 1971, writes :

July 4th 1973

Who are you choosing to come to Flinders next year? Apart from whoever it is enjoying herself, I will have company. Not a single Indian girl on the whole campus apart from me!

Having a week-long seminar on Orwell — one hour a day. I enjoy listening to the various speakers. It is held during the lunch hour and everyone in the audience eats through the speech! Everything is so different from decorous and formal India!

February 15th 1973

Kanchana and I — two Stella Marians — are together in a room here now.

I think that if Indian students had all the advantages students here have — so many books and current periodicals — they'd prove their worth was more than any Australian. Indian students are much more hardworking : the shame is that all the hard work they do is in the wrong direction. What is called 'by-hearting', and those dreadful notes that lecturers indulge in to save themselves trouble, should be absolutely banned. Students should do their own reference and thinking. More of 'improvement hints' (for what they're worth!) after I start teaching (19th century poetry) in the coming term!

Seethalakshmi, M.A. Economics 1971, is teaching in Madurai :

July 26th 1973

I joined duty here at Fatima College, Vilangudi, Madurai, on July 2nd. Wherever we go we find Stella Marians. Miss Rosy, our Economics Department Head, Miss Sheila, our librarian and Miss Packiam, lecturer in the Sociology Department, were all students of Stella Maris.

Meera Murthi, M.Sc. Mathematics 1973, is a lecturer in Bangalore :

July 29th 1973

I have good news for you. I have got the job in Mount Carmel. It was really a pleasant surprise, as there were ten other candidates, most of whom passed out this year from Bangalore University.

Lakshmi Ramachandran, M.A. Economics 1974, is happy to be just a housewife in Coimbatore :

October 22nd 1973

I have settled down here quite comfortably as a peaceful housewife. Confined only to the house without going to College and meeting friends and students was quite a difficult change initially.

C. M. Rajam, M.A. Economics 1973, writes from Bombay :

January 21st 1974

You will be glad to know that from January 14th I have been a lecturer here at H. R. College of Commerce and Economics. I am teaching Economics to Inter Commerce students.

Rosalind (Paul) Moduthagam, M.Sc. Mathematics 1968, from Chicago :

September 19th 1973

In summer I took a fundamental course in computers. Since my husband is working on his Ph.D. in Biophysics, I cannot continue this semester. I hope to continue next term when he is finished with classwork.

November 24th 1973

I have been teaching Mathematics in a junior College from November 1st.

Vaijyanthi Raghunathan, M.A. Literature 1966, writes from Canada :

November 26th 1973

Nirmala came here in September with her family.

We call our little girl Jyotsna. She is five months old now and is learning a new trick every day. You will be able to see her soon, since we are planning a trip to India in December.

The trip materialised, and we were delighted to see Vaija and Jyotsna.

Juliana Chacko, B.A. Economics 1970, is working in Bombay :

April 10th 1974

I will soon be completing a year in ICICI as an economist. I work mostly on project appraisal, and try to see that public money is invested in companies whose schemes are 'socially' beneficial and economically viable. The job is interesting, and I have felt involved in the developmental effort going on in the country.

However I do at times dream of adventure, so I'm exploring the possibility of joining the World Bank or the International Monetary Fund in Washington, whose aims I have always appreciated.

A 'developmental effort' goes on not only in India but in all individuals everywhere. This self-development is, of course, the vital first step to any sort of larger programme. Our alumnae, wherever they are, have always our prayers with them in their continuing effort to live for others.

We offer our deep sympathy and the promise of our prayers to the family and friends of the following old students who have died in the past year :

D. Usha, M.Sc. Mathematics 1971, our student for six years, who died in April 1974 just after the first birthday of her only child.

S. Jayalakshmi, M.Sc. Mathematics 1973, who did her postgraduate studies only in Stella Maris. She died on November 30th 1973.

University Examination - March - April 1974

RESULTS

Name of the Examination	Number appeared	Passed in			Total	Percentage of passes
		I Cl.	II Cl.	III Cl.		
Pre-University :						
Mathematics, Physics & Chem.	177	154	12	3	169	95%
Physics, Chemistry & Nat. Sc.,	334	142	92	33	267	80%
History, Econs. & Drawing & Painting	38	10	18	3	31	81%
History, Econs. & Adv. English	58	30	21	2	53	91%
Total	607	336	143	41	520	85.6%
B.A.						
First Year	233	219	94.4%
Second Year	211	168	79.6%
Third Year :						
History	31	...	3	20	23	74%
Economics	69	...	14	48	62	90%
History of F. Arts	21	6	8	7	21	100%
Sociology	41	5	30	4	39	95%
English	31	...	9	22	31	100%
B.Sc.						
First Year :						
Mathematics	40	40	100%
Chemistry	33	33	100%
Zoology	40	39	97.5%
Second Year :						
Mathematics	40	39	97.5%
Chemistry	29	29	100%
Zoology	40	32	80%
Third Year :						
Mathematics	39	37	1	1	39	100%
Chemistry	30	23	4	...	27	90%
Zoology	35	9	18	8	35	100%
M.A.						
English	21	6	14	...	20	95%
Economics	24	1	20	...	21	87.5%
Hist. of Fine Arts. Part-I	4	4	100%
—do— Part-II	6	...	6	...	6	100%
Social Work - Part-I	28	25	89%
Social Work (Whole)	10	2	8	...	10	100%
M.Sc.						
Mathematics-Part-I	24	22	91%
Mathematics (Whole)	21	11	7	...	18	95%

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I, Irene Mathias, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Date : 4—10—74

Signature of Publisher IRENE MATHIAS, F.M.M.