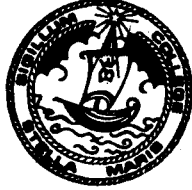


# STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

1992





**STELLA MARIS COLLEGE**  
(Autonomous)

**1992**

**February 1993**

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## CONTENTS

### REPORTS

1. College Day - Principal's Report 1991-92	...	1
2. Students' Union Report 1991-92	...	11
3. Annual Sports Day Report 1991-92	...	16
4. National Service Scheme 1991-92	...	19
5. NCC Report 1991-92	...	22
6. ENTREPRENEURSHIP Development Programme for Women	...	24

### ARTICLES

1. A talk with our Students Union	...	31
2. Invitation to a nature walk — Dr. Miss Vijaya Parthasarathy, Head, Dept of Botany	...	37
3. If you want to play it, play it right — Aarati Chadda, B.A. Literature	...	40
4. New Cancer Therapy: Hope on the Horizon — Jyotsna T. Raghunathan, B.Sc., Zoology	...	42
5. A Fulbright Encounter — W.B. Prathima, M.A., English	...	44
6. A Cricketeer Speaks — Vimal K. Sripathi, B.A., Literature	...	46
7. The Stella Times - How it was born? — Meena Ramachandran, B.A., Eco.	...	47

### WITH GRATITUDE

1. Mrs. Jayalakshmi	...	27
2. Rev. Sr. Juliana, F.M.M.	...	Art inset
3. Mrs. Chellam Mithran	...	Art inset
4. Sr. Thecla Camacho	...	Art inset
5. Congratulations - Srividya Rajagopalan	...	Art inset
6. Mrs. Rakamma	...	29

### MISCELLANEOUS

1. Travel Diary	15, 29, 39, 41, 57, 61, 68, 85	
2. Book Review	...	83
3. Examination Results	...	87

## CREATIVE WRITING

1. It was — S. Deepa, B.A., Literature	...	56
2. Redesign Man — G.R. Malini Rao, B.A., Fine Arts	...	58
3. The man I saw through the window — Nandini Sukumar, B.A., Eco.	...	62
4. On the campus in twentytwo hundred	...	65
5. A world of difference - Sangeeta, M.A., Eco.	...	67

## POETRY

1. The Fourth Dimension — Rashmi Chandy, B.A., Literature	...	69
2. Debris — M. Purnima, B.Com.	...	70
3. Upon a Thought — M. Purnima, B.Com.	...	71
4. Being — Rashmi Chandy, B.A., Literature	...	71
5. Soul — Prayer	...	71
6. The Dignity of Death — Jeff Fisher	...	72
7. The Pioneer — S. Deepa, B.A., Literature	...	73
8. A thought in green — Vijayalakshmi, B.Sc., Botany	...	74
9. Tamil, Poetry	...	75 to 77
10. Hindi	...	78 to 82

# Prayer

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace

Where there is hatred, let me sow love

Where there is injury...pardon.

Where there is discord...unity.

Where there is doubt...faith.

Where there is error...truth.

Where there is despair...hope.

Where there is sadness...joy.

Where there is darkness...light.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not  
so much seek

To be consoled...as to console.

To be understood...as to understand.

To be loved...as to love.

For

It is in giving...that we receive

It is in pardoning, that we are pardoned.

It is in dying...that we are born to  
eternal life.

St. Francis of Assisi

## EDITORIAL

*The beginning is a part of what already was.*

*The end, already a part of what is to come.*

*To look before the beginning,*

*To know the Eternity after the end -*

*The possibilities are infinite, aren't they?  
The blank pages suggest possibilities; to some  
they seem empty.*

*We invite you to linger among these pages  
filled with the thoughts of our young writers  
- thoughts, sometimes, a ballooning of the  
imagination; sometimes floating closer down to  
earth.*

*And as one looks for a link between them,  
one realizes that many themes lie locked on  
these pages. The joy is in discovering that one  
can "connect nothing with nothing".*

**EDITORIAL BOARD** Niranjana S., B.A. Economics  
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# **STELLA MARIS COLLEGE**

(AUTONOMOUS)  
MADRAS 600 086

*College Day: March 7, 1992*

*Principal's Report 1991 - 92*

..... Dr. Sr. Annamma Philip, fmm.

Esteemed Chief Guest of the day, Dr. N.V. Chandrasekara Swamy, Director, I.I.T., Madras, Smt. Ananthalakshmi, Dr. Sr. Mary Ann, Secretary of the college, Members of the Governing Body, respected academicians, dear parents, friends and benefactors of the college, faculty members, administrative and supportive staff and dear students:

Stella Maris College, which is as young as Independent India, celebrates its 44th College Day today, on a note of rejoicing and thanksgiving. It is a rare privilege to be entrusted with the formation of over 2000 young people. We hold this priceless treasure, infinite potential, future of Mother India within the portals of this great institution.

This noble task of educating the young women of India is possible because of the dedication, love and commitment of our faculty members, administrative and supportive staff and the management.

I stand before you with a deep sense of gratitude to God who has been magnanimous. We have experienced His powerful presence, abiding love and bountiful blessing.

Here is a brief report of our endeavours during the year 1991-92.

Stella Maris has always sought to develop in its students an intellectual curiosity and an eagerness for life-time learning.

Value Education and Social Awareness Programmes are an integral part of the academic curriculum, in order to ensure all round development of young women — women who will be committed, courageous and sensitive to the needs of our society.

As part of Value Education, a two day programme for the outgoing students on Family Life Education was conducted by Dr. Marie Mascarenhas, Director, CREST, Bangalore.

In order to foster the faith formation of our Catholic students, retreats and other special programmes were organised for them.

The counselling services offered by the college and the availability of Dr. Emma Gonsalvez as a consultant, have been of immense help to the students.

Leadership Training Service and Personality Development Programmes have facilitated the students to discover their innate capabilities.

The need for a programme of Social Awareness in our education cannot be over-emphasized. We believe that an effective means of enabling students to be in touch with the social reality is to involve them in the service of the community. Care of the Handicapped, Health Education, and Environmental Awareness are some of the optionals offered to the students. Health and Environment Programmes at Mappedu by the Zoology Department, field trips to Kozhumanivakkam and Manimangalam by the Economics Department were attempts to experience rural realities.

To collaborate with the state government in its endeavour to achieve cent percent literacy in Tamil Nadu, Stella Maris is launching the Literacy for Life programme as part of the MANAR project supported by the UGC. The Department of Social Work has already done some preliminary work.

To celebrate Human Rights Day, a special programme was organised by a voluntary agency. Our students assisted in this programme in which 750 street children from all over Tamil Nadu took part.

With the rapid strides in Science and Technology resulting in information explosion, an inter-disciplinary approach to learning is crucial. To this effect the Inter-Disciplinary Courses in the fourth semester enabled the students to have an insight into disciplines other than their own.

We acknowledge with gratitude the financial assistance from the United Board for Christian Higher Education which has made many of these programmes possible.

The college is in its fifth year of autonomy. We look back with a sense of pride: it has been both challenging and rewarding. Recommending

continuation of autonomy for a further period, the University Review Committee which visited the college in August 1991 commented: "It is quite evident that this constituent college of the Madras University has been steadily growing into a magnificent, highly sought after institution of 1900 students, pursuing degree and post-graduate degrees in various disciplines of Arts, Commerce and Science".

Here it will be appropriate to mention the results of April 1991: B.A. / B.Sc. 77%; B.Com. 95%; M.A. 74% and M.Sc. 95%.

At this moment we are not content to sit back or revel in a sense of satisfaction, but are vividly conscious of an urgent need to forge ahead with innovations under autonomy.

In this context I would like to mention that the Staff Council is preparing for a National Level Consultation on 'Forward Looking Strategies in Autonomy' which will be held in August 1992.

Stella Maris College has the unique distinction of having organised the first ever student cell of the Indian Society for Training and Development, which was inaugurated in August '91. Besides benefitting immensely from the training programme, the students had the opportunity of listening to senior HRD personnel, eminent industrialists and executives on topics ranging from Management of oneself to Business Management. The programme evoked dynamic response from a large number of students, thanks to the initiative and effective co-ordination of Dr. Mrs. Sundari Krishnamurthy, who is also a member of the Managing Committee, ISTD, Madras Chapter.

Organised jointly by the Indian Bank and Stella Maris College, a mass awareness programme for all final year students, and setting up of an advisory cell were the special features of the Entrepreneur Development Programme. 31 students attended a certificate course and worked on various projects like fast foods, recycling and colouring of plastics, air filters etc.

Stella Maris was once again the Academic Centre for the Semester Around the World Programme, the fifth of its kind, for the students of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame University, USA. Dr. C.K. Pullapilly, Professor, St. Mary's College, Notre Dame along with Mrs. Ramaa, Department of Fine Arts and Mrs. Bernadine Joseph, Department of English, the programme co-ordinators, worked out an impressive package on Indian life for the group of 20 American students. There were guest lectures on various aspects of Indian Society, Philosophy, Religion and Art, a weekend with an Indian Family, a day at a

village etc. From the review of the programme it was apparent that the students were highly appreciative of India's rich and diverse culture.

The highlight of the activities of the Department of History this year has been the launching of the Preparatory Course for I.A.S Examinations in January '92 with 24 students enrolled in 6 different subjects. The programme is ably co-ordinated by Dr. Ms. Stella Jesudoss and a band of dedicated faculty drawn from the various departments of the college and from outside. Besides being a forum for the development and training of young women as persons of integrity, ability and selfless service, the course hopes to make its contribution in enhancing the quality and number of candidates from Tamil Nadu taking up I.A.S. Examinations.

I would like to place on record our deep appreciation of two of our faculty members whose valued services have been a great asset to this institution.

Dr. Mrs. Chellam Mitran, Head, Department of Economics, will be retiring after 35 years of service to this institution. She has been a tower of strength with her intellectual calibre, sense of commitment and loyalty. You, Mrs. Chellam, have shared a precious part of your life with Stella Maris and the noble values you have communicated to generations of students will ever live on.

Serene and gracious, gentle yet forceful, Sr. Juliana has been with the Department of Mathematics for the past 29 years. Meticulous in every sense of the word, selfless and responsible, Sr. Juliana inspires trust and transmits a deep sense of tranquillity. With her invincible faith in the power of prayer, she leads others to a vibrating consciousness of the Divine.

Mrs. Rakamma, who has been with us for 21 years and whose services as supportive staff have been of great value, retired this year. Faithful to her duty, she carried out her responsibility with great sincerity. We will always remember her with gratitude.

I would also like to express our gratitude to Mrs. Rosaline Paul, Department of Botany and Mrs. Jaya Johnson of the Department of Chemistry, former members of our faculty, who are pursuing higher studies in the US. Their commendable services are deeply appreciated.

Ever young at heart, Sr. Edith Tomory, one of the pioneers of this college and Foundress of the Department of Fine Arts, is an example of vitality and

determination. The department finds in her a strong support as she continues to stay in tune with the changing pulses of the art world.

Our congratulations to Mrs. Padma Seshadri, Department of English, and Mrs. Hilda Raja, Department of Social Work who have received their doctorates this year. Ms. Vijaya Parthasarathy, Head, Department of Botany, Ms. Jatinder Singh, Mrs. Ramaa, Department of Fine Arts and Ms. Asia Banu, Department of Economics have also submitted their doctoral theses. A number of our faculty have registered for their Research Programmes.

At the XVI General Assembly of IFCU - The International Federation of the Catholic Universities - held in September 1991 at Toulouse, France, Stella Maris College was represented by me. Here I would like to mention that Stella Maris has been chosen by IFCU as one of the 3 centres in India to take up a research and action project on Culture and Drug Abuse in Asian Settings.

Several of our faculty members have been actively involved as consultants and office-bearers on the committees of Governmental and Non-Governmental organisations. They have also been invited by Universities and other institutions to serve on their academic bodies. Our faculty members have participated in National and International Conferences, presenting papers or acting as resource persons.

Committed to promoting the cause of Indian Women, Ujjwala, the Women's Forum of Stella Maris College, besides their other programmes of the year, will be celebrating International Women's Day on March 10th.

Mrs. Arputharani Sengupta, Department of Fine Arts, held a one-woman show at 'The Gallery' entitled 'Reborn in Flight'. She has also been selected by the Lalit Kala Academy as one of the ten leading artists in South India.

The 'Do-it yourself' Food Adulteration test kit developed by Ms. Geetha, Department of Chemistry has made an ever increasing impact on society. This is evident in the ample coverage it has received both in India and abroad.

Mrs. Chitra Krishnan, Department of French has been awarded a scholarship by the French Government to undertake a Masters Programme at the Sorbonne University under the auspices of the U.G.C.

Dr. (Mrs) Madhu Dhawan is the author of a book on Journalism and a play in Hindi. She has also published Hindi texts, poetry and a collection of short stories. To her also goes the credit of a video presentation on Journalism in English and Hindi.

The Future Studies unit of Stella Maris has been invited by the Central Board of Secondary Education to draft the syllabus on Futures Studies as well as prepare a teacher's manual.

The Department of Social Work has been entrusted with Central Government sponsored field projects. A research project on "Evaluation of Working Women's Hostels in Madras City", sponsored by the Ministry of Human Resources Development, Government of India, was completed under the direction of Mrs. Poppy Kannan of the Department. The study was part of a national project of the Government of India.

The Field Project on "Supervision and Monitoring of Creches in Tamil Nadu" was completed this year. The project was sponsored by the Department of Women and Child, Ministry of Welfare, Government of India and was directed by Miss Cecilia Thangarajan. The field project on Non-formal Education for women and girls, sponsored by the U.G.C. was completed under the direction of Dr.(Ms.) K.G. Rama.

Being of great practical value, the Post Graduate Diploma Courses in Medical Lab. Technology and Computer Science and Applications have enabled students to cope with the increasing pressures of a highly competent society.

Besides academic preoccupations, the students have made time for active and responsive participation in various co-curricular and extra-curricular activities.

The motto of the Students' Union this year was 'Let's change for the better, let's start with us'. The office bearers under the guidance of the Deans have made genuine efforts in translating this motto into reality, a reality which transforms the image of womanhood, rather than wait for the world to alter its attitude to women.

Along with a warm and lively celebration of PTC Day, Teachers' Day and Workers' Day, the union also efficiently conducted exciting inter-year competitions. Union Day was an occasion of great solemnity, culminating in a colourful and festive carnival. Displaying its intellectual bent of mind, the union also organised a seminar on the effects of progress on humanity, entitled 'Future Scan - an Indian Perspective'.

The Spic-Macay chapter brought eminent artists for a campus performance which revitalised our consciousness of the wonders of our Indian heritage.

Stella Maris College was the venue of the 'Human Christmas Tree' programme organised by the Ecumenical Fellowship in Madras. Our students

participated with great enthusiasm and the tree was gloriously alive radiating warmth, brightness and good cheer. The students also presented a rich pageant before an enthralled audience.

Soumya Raman, II B.A. History and Subhadra, I B.Sc. Chemistry, represented Madras University at the SAARC debate in New Delhi and won the II prize.

I take this opportunity to congratulate you, students and the Students' Union in particular for promoting increased participation in the various activities of the college.

Today's cultural programme involving 205 students is a fitting testimony to their youthful exuberance and ever burgeoning creativity.

The various departmental activities supplement and enrich the teaching-learning process.

'Charitram', an exhibition on the different kinds of civilizations that the world has witnessed, was organized by the History Department. This was accompanied by a sound and light programme entitled 'Payanam - The Descent of Man'.

The creative energy and artistic ability of the students of the Fine Arts department found expression in their annual exhibition - "Illusions". Their attempt to fathom the concept of illusion was expressed in varied sizes and shapes and in multimedia. The Department of Zoology held exhibitions on 'Environmental Toxicology' which emphasized the importance of bio-farming, iodine and toxicity of nickel and on 'Economic Zoology' which stressed the relevance of Zoology in our daily lives.

Recognizing the competence and the aesthetic insight of the students of the Fine Arts Department, the authorities of the Kamaraj Domestic Terminal, Madras, have invited them to display their exhibits at the Airport Art Corner during April-May 1992.

The Horticulture Directorate of the Government of Tamil Nadu and the Indian Farmers and Fertilizers Co-operative, in collaboration with the Botany department, organised an intensive campaign on kitchen gardening.

The faculty and students of the Chemistry and Botany departments have organised several environmental awareness programmes.

The Department of English organised a one day workshop on Journalism and staged a play 'HAIKU'. Some of the departments also bring out journals which display the students' editorial abilities. The annual features of the Economics and the Chemistry Departments, the Dr. Sr. Helen Vincent Endowment Lecture and the Inter-Collegiate Quiz for the Sr. Juliet Irene Rolling Cup evoked considerable interest in the audience.

Ably co-ordinated by Dr. Mrs. Hilda Raja and Mrs. Poppy Kannan, the first M.A. students had their rural camp at a tribal village called Allikkuzhi in Poondy Block. During the five day camp, apart from community meetings, surveys, recreational and cultural activities, the students organized a health check-up camp which covered three villages.

We, at Stella Maris College, can be justly proud of our NCC unit. Under-Officers Bama Rani and Ashwini Narayanan represented India at the Youth Exchange Programme in Canada and the United Kingdom respectively.

Corporals Nritya, Sanchia and Flight Cadet Rekha represented Tamil Nadu at the Republic Day Camp held at New Delhi in January '92.

Corporals Diana Gilbert and Leena Chacko represented Tamil Nadu at the All India First Aid and Home Nursing Competition in which Corporal Diana Gilbert was awarded the first prize.

Corporal Goretti D'Costa was part of the victorious Tamil Nadu Team for the Signals Competition. Flight Sergeant Fowzia is the only girl cadet to have been issued a power flying licence in the NCC.

NCC day this year was celebrated with a spectacular and awe-inspiring presentation on communication down the ages entitled 'Pulses into Waves'. The cadets also displayed their prowess at Karate.

Enthusiastic and dedicated, Captain Gita Samuel instils in her cadets discipline and a sense of responsibility.

The NSS unit with its 307 volunteers have been involved in 20 projects in the areas of health, education, service for the aged, the destitute and the handicapped. Besides this, the focus of the NSS this year was on literacy. With the orientation from the State Resource Centre, a group of NSS volunteers participated in an exposure camp in September at Thiruvallur and Thiruthani. Subsequently, in January '92 a ten day camp 'Youth for Mass Literacy' was held at Ratnagiri in which 51 students took part. It was a rewarding and enriching experience for both students and villagers.



College Day  
1992



N.C.C.



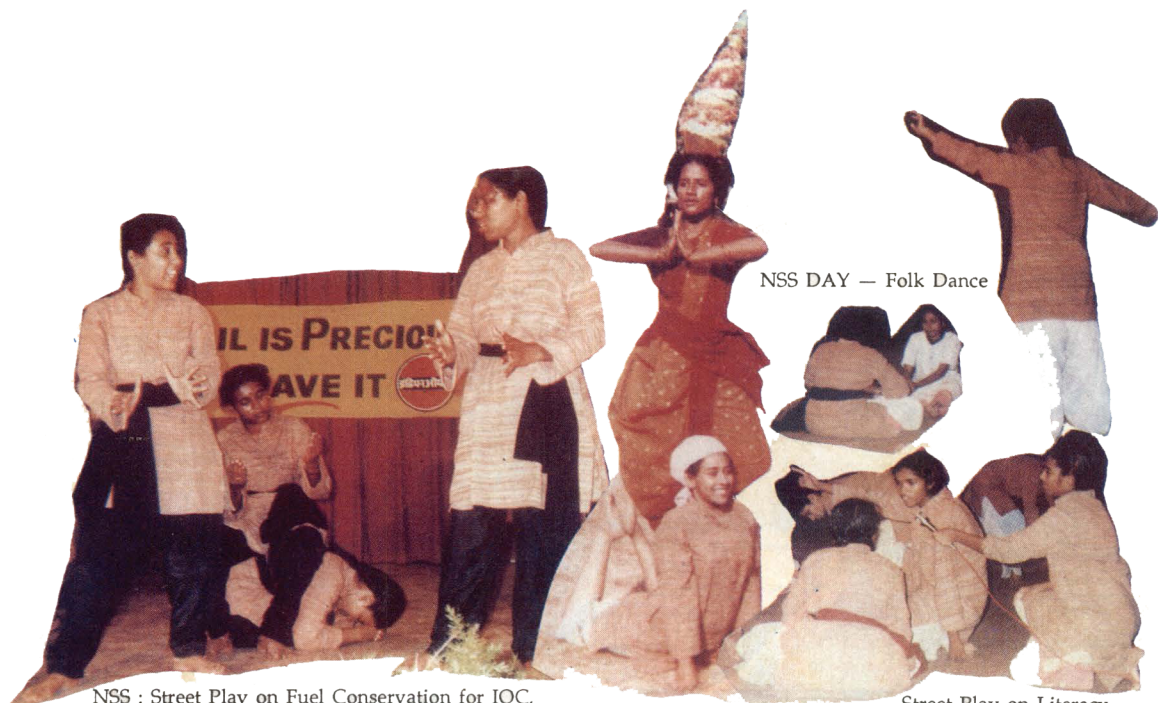
N.S.S.



NCC DAY — Karate Demonstration



NCC DAY



NSS DAY — Folk Dance

NSS : Street Play on Fuel Conservation for IOC, January '92

Street Play on Literacy, NSS Camp '92

During the Energy Conservation Week celebrations, our NSS volunteers were invited by the Indian Oil Corporation to stress the need of the hour - fuel conservation which they forcefully depicted through a street play.

A certificate of merit was awarded to our NSS unit by the Voluntary Blood Bank, to acknowledge the ready and willing co-operation of students in donating blood.

Special mention must also be made of Jayanthi, III B.Sc. Chemistry, who represented NSS at the Republic Day Celebrations at New Delhi.

All the activities culminated in the NSS Day celebrations which was a co-ordinated effort of the institutions where our volunteers work - a play by the Spastic Society, a band from Opportunity School and a fancy dress competition were some of the commendable events of the day.

The untiring efforts of Ms. Prabha Nair and Ms. Chandunissa have given vitality to these programmes.

In the sports field, our students endeavour to uphold all that is fine and worthy of the spirit of sportsmanship. This year our Basketball team has been in high fettle. Thanks to the partial financial assistance received from the UGC, a new Basketball Cement Court, built with the latest specifications, has become an added asset.

At the first Stella Maris Naismith Challenge State Level Inter-Collegiate Citra Basketball Tournament, our students were the winners, with HariPriya Rajan being awarded the prize for the Most Valuable Player and Aparna Viswanathan the Best Defensive Player.

Our Basketball team has won several tournaments — the State Level Open Tournament conducted by the Kamaraj College, Tuticorin, the Open Tournaments conducted by the Madras Medical College and the IIT, Madras. They were the runners-up at the All India Inter-Collegiate Feasto Basketball Tournament at Calicut and the Women's State Championship Tournament held at Stella Maris College.

This year also, many of our students donned the University colours. 41 of our players represented the Madras University South Division in major games and athletics and 16 of our players represented the Madras University in various sports and games at the All India Inter-University Tournaments.

Lorraine Burby of II M.A. Literature was awarded a special prize for her performance at the All India Inter-University Tennis Tournament held at Hyderabad.

Sripriya Mahesh won the first place in the state Roller Skating Championship.

Our thanks to Mrs. Malathy, our Physical Directress for her consistent efforts.

Guided by Sr. Celine, the industrious and committed Administrative Staff who are indispensable for the smooth functioning of the college, deserve a special word of appreciation. A special feature this year was a two day training programme for them on Management Skills.

Co-ordinating the activities of the Examination Unit is a mammoth task. To Mrs. Jayalakshmi, Controller of Examinations and the staff of the unit goes the credit of the efficient conduct of examinations and the timely publication of the results.

We owe a debt of gratitude to the supportive staff who serve the college with dedication and loyalty.

No report of the activities of the college would be complete without acknowledging the valuable support of Dr. Sr. Mary Ann, Secretary, Dr. Sr. Mary John & Dr. Mrs. Meera Paul, Vice-Principals, Sr. Christine, Ms. Agnes Fernando, Dr. Mrs. Madhu Dhawan - Deans of student affairs, Heads of the Departments and members of the faculty, administrative and supportive staff.

I also extend my deep gratitude to the University authorities, the Education Department, the Regional Directorate, the Directorate of Collegiate Education and the University Grants Commission for their advice and continued support, the All India Association for Christian Higher Education, the Xavier Board, the United Board for Christian Higher Education, various agencies in Madras especially the Indian Bank and the Indian Overseas Bank for graciously sponsoring our students' welfare programmes, the public utility Departments such as the PTC, the Police Department, the Madras Electricity Board, the P & T Department, the Madras Telephones, the Corporation of Madras, AIR and Doordarshan for their genuine concern and timely assistance.

All this and more would not have been possible without you, dear parents, friends and benefactors who have steadily encouraged us in our endeavour.

Before I conclude, let us pause for a moment. We are in a state of flux in the field of education. It is time now to alert ourselves lest we submerge in the rising tide of change.

In his book "Power Shift" Alvin Toffler says "We live at a moment when the entire structure of power that held the world together is now disintegrating. And this is happening in every level of society". The field of Education is no exception.

Knowledge, wealth and violence form the power triad in which man has become inextricably entangled. Knowledge is infinitely more powerful than wealth or violence. Let us not corrupt this power, for this is absolute power.

Seeking after knowledge is a pursuit of truth. Are we not in the present context led into a manipulation of truth so as to create consent? Do we as educated citizens of this country give our young a chance to make sense of the astonishing changes propelling us into the 21st century?

Let all that is noble in us soar high. Let us be dauntless in our journey. Let the pristine nature of knowledge illumine our spirits, the infinite wisdom of the Almighty lead us on.

Thank you and God bless. ■

## *Students' Union Report 1991-92*

The student union motto for the year 1991-92: "Let's change for the better, let's start with us" was presented on July 1, 1991. The objectives for the year were also presented on the same day :

1. Deeper awareness of one's relative identity with society, starting with the college campus.
2. To initiate programmes through departments aimed at arousing intellectual curiosity through innovative media.
3. To motivate non-departmental clubs.

The Stella Campaign was launched, in keeping with the first objective, engineered to initiate a closer interaction between the students and the college. The Stellebration Week was from 18-7-91 to 25-7-91. On the 18th, stickers were issued to students and complimentary stickers were offered to the staff. The Twenty-Second of July was declared as 'Ethnic Monday' and students participated in the Dandiya organised at the O.A.T. during the break. The Stellebration Week came to an end on the 25th with as many students as possible signing up on the graffiti poster put up at the O.A.T.

PTC day was celebrated on 12-7-91. Mr. F.C. Sharma (IPS) who has recently taken over as Chairman of the PTC, participated in the celebrations. It was a very festive occasion, complete with shamiana and programmes for the bus men.

Elections for the office-bearers of the various non-departmental clubs were held and completed by 20-7-91.

Orientation for the class reps., club presidents, representatives of the NSS, NCC and Games was conducted for the first time as a joint effort by the Deans and the office-bearers. The sessions were spread out over the 2nd, 8th and 9th of August, 91.

The programme consisted of innovative exercises, games and a few input sessions designed to improve leadership styles, enhance communication skills and hone sensitivity among the student leaders. On the whole it was very well received.

11th to the 14th of August marked the Stella Maris Naismith challenge-an inter-state basketball tournament. Strictly speaking, it was not a students' union activity but it deserves mention in the list of students' activities for the year considering the extent of students' involvement in it. The tournament concluded with Stella Maris bagging the trophy.

The first Union Council Meeting of the year was held on 30-8-91. Apart from the usual presenting of reports, this meeting also featured a detailed discussion of the major activities for the first semester — the inter-years.

Teachers' Day was celebrated on the 5th of September 1991. Students delivered speeches at the O.A.T. This was followed by tea at 0-1 with songs and gifts for the teachers.

For the first time an innovative "Congrats Assembly" was held on the 11th of September. A cultural report, prayer and thought for the day were presented, followed by prize distribution, congratulating prize-winners in the various inter-collegiate competitions. The Principal, Sr. Annamma Philip, also addressed the gathering.

Inter-years were held from 16-7-91 to 21-9-91. This year it was called "Excalibre", to denote the excellence of calibre that we hoped to see and did see, in the quality of performances. There were 31 events totally, which were classified into Groups A, B and C. Events were judged on the basis of the number of participants and subsequently the amount of effort involved in

each event. Hindi Dramatics and Debate and Tamil Elocution were among the new events introduced this year. A T-shirt designing competition was also introduced. This year a participation cup was awarded instead of the usual participation points and a runner's-up trophy was also instituted.

For the first time this year, a General Body Meeting was held on the 4th and 5th of December. This meeting was open only to students and it was held to facilitate the students to air their grievances, problems, give their suggestions, or simply to discuss anything that they wanted to. Attendance was not very encouraging but at least a beginning has been made.

In the month of October, the Western Music Club organised an inter-collegiate music competition in which WCC, MCC and Stella Maris College took part.

Friendship Day was celebrated on 10-10-91. A florist was invited to sell flowers on campus, with the theme being, "Give a friend a rose and make her day".

November 25th to the 29th was the club week. The Current Affairs Club and the Quiz and Debate Club organised competitions on 27-11-91. The Quiz and Debate Club screened a Video (Newstrack) and then distributed questions based on the video. The Current Affairs Club organised an inter-collegiate oratorical competition. The Abhinaya Club organised a demonstration performance by Smt. Radha, the Bharatanatyam exponent on 28-11-91.

On Nov. 28th the students' union organised an inter-collegiate elocution competition, as part of the "International world AIDS share the challenge".

On December 4th, the Western Music Club distributed questionnaires with several interesting questions — a club activity on the lines of an informal event.

On the 7th of December, the Human Christmas tree was seen for the first time. The students' union organised a pageant as part of the cultural programme.

19-12-91 — a surprise party for the class representatives was held by the students' union. The party, needless to say, was a great success.

The Second Union Council meeting was scheduled for 20-12-91, but because the college closed down early due to unrest in the city, the meeting

was postponed to 10-1-92. An important resolution was passed - any student may be nominated for not more than two posts as office-bearers of the students' union.

Elections of the office-bearers for the next academic year were held between 13-1-92 and 19-2-92.

Sports Day was celebrated on 19-2-92.

The students' union seminar was held on 20-2-92 and 21-2-92, on the effects of progress on humanity. It was titled "Future Scan". Expert speakers as well as student teams were invited to present papers on a variety of sub-topics. Approximately 225 students from our college attended the seminar apart from the staff and guests from other colleges. Badges and certificates were distributed to all participants, with special ones for those presenting papers.

Workers' Day was celebrated on 10-2-92 with the usual prayer song, speeches and distribution of gifts followed by breakfast. A cultural programme was put up by students for the workers at 0-1. This was followed by the screening of a Tamil film.

Union Day and Union Carnival were celebrated on 28-2-92, with Mrs. Sujatha Chandrasekhar, an ex-student of Stella Maris, and an accomplished person in the academic field, as the chief guest. The union carnival, apart from the usual gamut of games and food, also saw the release of the college 'T' shirts this year, priced at Rs.45/- each, in two colours - burgundy and navy blue.

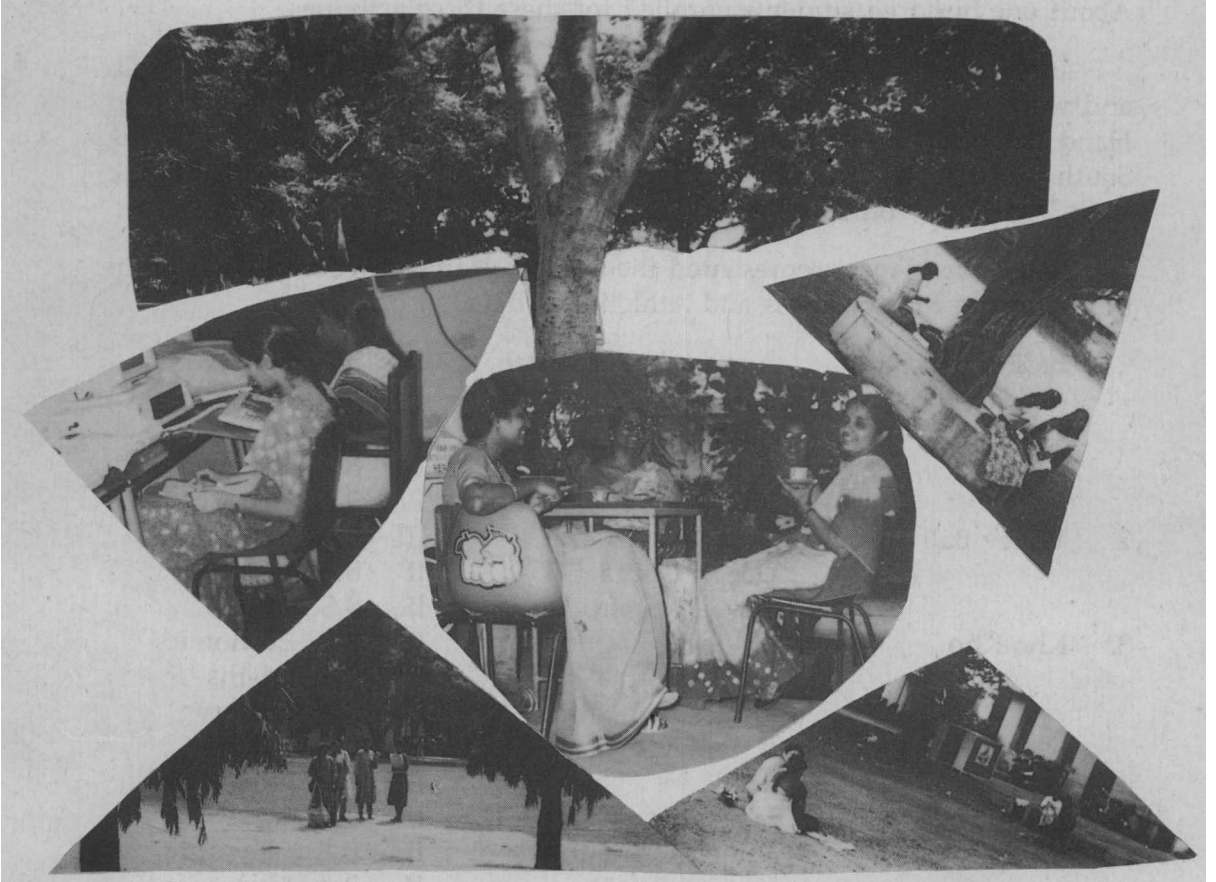
On 20-3-92, the office-bearers for the year 1991-92 handed over responsibility to the new team. The swearing in ceremony was followed by the Thanksgiving Mass. The combined farewell by the Juniors was at 2.00 p.m. the same day.

On 23-3-92, the valedictory was held for the outgoing students, with the sciences and arts traditionally in different colours.

The administrative staff tea was held on 27-3-92, the last working day for the year. The function was very informal with tea being served in 0-1 followed by distribution of gifts and a speech, thanking the staff for their unstinting, often unrecognised hard work throughout the year.

"LET'S CHANGE FOR THE BETTER, LET'S START WITH US." ■





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*'The Semester Round the World Programme' of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame University, Indiana, USA, was part of the academic and cultural scene of the college for the fifth time. Jeff Fisher, one of the students, began a travel diary on his arrival in India. Excerpts from his diary are featured on some pages, beginning p.29.*

## *Annual Sports Day Report - 1991-92*

The achievements of our students in the field of games and sports during the academic year 1991-1992 was very commendable. Many students brought home laurels and there was a deep sense of fulfillment. In addition to the major games, the college started Gymnastics, Karate and Yoga for the students. About one hundred students enrolled for these three activities.

In the Inter-Collegiate Tournaments, our players as usual did very well, and were the winners in Basket-Ball and Table Tennis and Runners Up in Hand Ball and Kho-Kho. The Tennis Tournament was not conducted in the South Division but three of our players represented the South Division for the Inter-Divisional Tournament.

41 of our players represented the Madras University South Division in the following Major Games and Athletics as detailed below:

1. Basket Ball	Aparna Viswanathan	III	B.A. Fine Arts
	J. Sasikala	I	B.A. Economics
	J. Durgadevei	I	B.Com.
	Aruna	I	B.A.Fine Arts
	Rekha	I	B.A. History
2. Volley Ball	Sumithra	III	B.A. History
	Deepa Gupta	II	B.Com.
	Sheela Kurien	II	B.Sc. Maths
3. Kho-Kho	I.Moheb	III	B.A. Economics
	M. Anuradha	III	B.Sc. Maths
	Thulasirani	II	B.A. History
	B. Sridevi	III	B.Sc. Maths
	Mini	III	B.A. Literature
4. Cricket	Jayashree	II	B.Com.
	Vimal K. Sripathy	II	B.A. Literature
	Kamini Bajaj	II	B.A. Literature
	Sharon Netto	II	B.A. Sociology
	Patricia	III	B.A. Fine Arts
5. Table Tennis	Bhuvanewari & Chitkala	II	B.Sc. Zoology
	Rekha	I	B.A. Economics
6. Hand Ball	Susy Netto	II	B.A. Sociology
	Tina Pinto	III	B.Com.
7. Hockey	Thamu	III	B.A. Economics

*SPORTS*



*DAY*



NAISMITH CHALLENGE



MARCH PAST



LIGHTING THE TORCH



PRIZE DISTRIBUTION

## The Students' Union



Seated : The Deans with Sr. Principal  
Standing left to right : Ratna, Anjana, Rakhi, Deepa B.,  
Deepa P. and Malti



**UNION DAY**



**FRIENDSHIP DAY**



**ETHNIC MONDAY**



**UNION CARNIVAL**

	Aarthy	III	B.A. Sociology
	T. Asha	I	B.Com.
8. Shuttle Badminton	S. Indu	II	B.Sc. Chemistry
9. Tennis	Lorraine Burby	II	M.A. Literature
	Sumangala	II	B.Com.
	Heena	II	B.A. Economics
10. Athletics	Saipriya	I	M.A. Literature
	T. Asha	I	B.Com.
	Dhanalakshmi	III	B.A. History
	Jacqueline	II	B.A. Economics
	Sharon Netto	II	B.A. Literature
11. Ball Badminton	Twinkle	II	B.Sc. Physics
	Mercy	II	B.Sc. Physics

16 of our girls represented Madras University in various games and sports All India Inter-University Tournaments. They are:

1. Basket Ball	J. Duragadevi	II	B.Com.
	Aruna	I	B.A. Fine Arts
2. Cricket	Jayashree	II	B.Com.
	Vimal J. Sripathy & Kamini Bajaj	II	B.A. Literature
3. Kho-Kho	M.Anuradha	III	B.Sc. Maths
	I. Moheb	III	B.A. Economics
	Thulasirani	II	B.A. History
4. Tennis	Lorraine Burby	II	M.A. Literature
5. Hand-Ball	Susy Thomas	III	B.Com.
	Sharon Netto	II	B.A. Soc.
6. Hockey	T.Asha	I	B.Com.
7. Rowing	Savithri Chandra	I	B.A. Fine Arts
	Emma	I	B.A. Literature

Lorraine Burby of II M.A. Lit. has been awarded a special prize for the Best Performance during the All India Inter-University Tournament held at Hyderabad. The Madras University Team were the runners up.

Ten of our girls also represented Tamil Nadu State in various games:

Jayshree of II B.Com, Vimal K. Sripathy, Kamini Bajaj of II B.A. Literature in Cricket.

Aparna Viswanathan of III B.A. Fine Arts and J. Durgadevi of I B.Com. in Basket Ball.

T. Asha of I B.Com. in Hockey, Savithri Chandra of I B.A. Fine Arts and Emma of I B.A. Lit. in Rowing, Tina Pinto of III B.Com., Sasipriya of I M.A. Lit., T. Asha of I B.Com., and Marissa of I B.A. Literature in Athletics.

Shripriya Mahesh of II B.A. Economics won the First prize in the State Roller Skating Championship.

Apart from the above activities our College Basket Ball Team participated in several open tournaments.

This year a new Basket Ball Cement Court was constructed with the latest measurement and the Stella Maris Naismith Challenge State Level Inter-Collegiate Basket Ball Tournament was conducted. The Stella Maris Team were the winners and the Saradha College, Salem team were the runners up. Haripriya Rajan of III B.A. Sociology was awarded the prize for the most valuable player while Aparna Viswanathan was awarded the prize for the Best Defensive Player.

Our Basket Ball team were the:

- winners of the Open Tournament conducted by the Madras Medical College and were given cash awards.
- winners of the State Level Open Tournament conducted by Kamaraj College, Tuticorin.
- winners of the Open Tournament conducted by I.I.T. of Madras.
- runners up in the All India Inter-Collegiate Feasto Basket Ball Tournament at Calicut, conducted by the Feasto Club.
- runners up in the Women's State Championship Tournament.

Inspite of their many academic programmes the students have shown a keen interest in sports and games this year also. ■

## *National Service Scheme 1991-92*

The National Service Scheme Unit functioning at the College level, provides opportunities for students to have an all round development consistent with the educational aims and the goals of the College.

The objectives of the NSS are outlined as follows:-

1. To create social awareness leading to effective action.
2. To be actively and constructively involved in the needs and problems of the community and thus become agents of social change.
3. To aim at an all round development of the personality of leadership.

These objectives are realised through various projects and activities undertaken throughout the academic year. The student volunteers are placed in projects to render voluntary service for three hours per week as per the requirements of the scheme.

A total of 307 volunteers enlisted in NSS for 1991-92 under the guidance and supervision of three programme officers. The number of NSS units being three, the enrolment of students had to be restricted to 300. A total of twenty projects / areas of work were identified for the placement of the NSS volunteers.

The services extended can be classified under the following categories.

### *I Services for the Handicapped, Aged and Destitute:-*

- |   |              |
|---|--------------|
| i) St. Louis Institute for the Blind                    | - Adyar      |
| ii) Pathway Centre                                      | - Adyar      |
| iii) AMS Iswari Prasad Dattatreya<br>Orthopaedic Centre | - Adyar      |
| iv) Rehabilitation Centre                               | - Adyar      |
| v) Little Flower Convent School for<br>The Deaf & Blind | - Anna Salai |
| vi) Anbagam (Home for the Aged)                         | - Adyar      |
| vii) Sishu Bhavan                                       | - Royapuram  |
| viii) Mithra  | - Anna Salai |
| ix) Centre for Special Education                        | - T.Nagar    |
| x) Thakkar Baba   | - T.Nagar    |

- |                        |                    |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| xi) Opportunity School | - Kellys           |
| xii) C.S.I. School     | - Perambur         |
| xiii) Sahaya Illam     | - St. Thomas Mount |

### *II Educational Services - Formal*

- |                                      |                   |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------|
| i) Narikuravar School                | - Saidapet        |
| ii) Marian's Nursery School          | - St.Thomas Mount |
| iii) Cathedral Free Education School | - Santhome        |
| iv) YMCA Boys Town                   | - Parrys          |
| v) Shanti Bhavan                     | - College Campus  |
| vi) Corporation School               | - Royapettah      |

### *III Medical and Health Services*

- |                        |                    |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| i) St. Thomas Hospital | - St. Thomas Mount |
| ii) Blood donation     | - Various places   |

The student volunteers also had the opportunity of participating in the various activities organised by the NSS, University of Madras and the NSS units of other Colleges.

Special Camping Programmes are an integral part of the NSS, and volunteers participating in these ten-day special camps get an enriching experience of rural realities.

### *Special Achievements and Activities - 1991-92*

The Family Planning Association of Madras organised a special seminar on "Population Growth in India" for NSS volunteers on August 7, 1991.

Literacy Week was launched from Sept. 9-13, 1991 by the NSS in College. The importance of literacy was highlighted by holding:

- Essay competitions in English/Tamil
- A poster making competition which encouraged students to display their skills and talents.
- A guest lecture on the importance of literacy, delivered by Prof. Bernard Swamy, Loyola College.



The State Resource Centre conducted a one-day training course on literacy for the third year volunteers to enable them to be involved in literacy programmes.

An exposure camp at Tiruthani and Tiruvallur was organised to study the possibilities of undertaking literacy programmes among the people of V.K.R. Puram, Serikunoor and Narayanapuram. Twelve third year NSS volunteers along with a programme officer visited the villages and through a questionnaire ascertained the level of illiteracy there. The camp was from Sept.20-23, 1991.

A one day workshop on AIDS prevention was held by the NSS, University of Madras on Dec. 2 1991. Five senior NSS volunteers attended the same.

The Ministry of Health and Family Welfare, Government of India, and the World Health Organisation jointly initiated an experimental sensitization campaign on AIDS for University students through the NSS. In connection with this, the NSS, University of Madras organised a "Universities Talk AIDS" Programme on Dec. 12, 1991. Five third year NSS volunteers participated with exhibits on AIDS. One of our students won the best participant prize and the others received certificates of participation.

A ten day Special Camping programme was held in Ratnagiri, North Arcot Ambedkar District, from Jan. 3-12, 1992. The theme for the camp was "Youth for Mass Literacy". The Programmes undertaken during the camp included

1. Identification of potential learners.
2. Mass Literacy Campaign to create awareness and motivation for functional literacy.
3. Orientation and training of camp participants for involvement in Mass Literacy Programmes.
4. Leadership skills training for volunteers.
5. Health survey among villagers.
6. A cultural programme highlighting prevalent evils such as drinking, school drop-outs, large families and child marriages, was organised by the volunteers. It was well received by the village audience.

A third year B.Sc. Chemistry NSS volunteer was selected by the University of Madras to represent the NSS at the Republic Day parade on Jan. 26, 1992.

- In connection with the Fuel Conservation Week celebrations by Indian Oil Corporation, the NSS volunteers staged a street play at Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and Stella Maris College on Feb.13 and 22, 1992 respectively.

NSS Day was celebrated in the college on March 2, 1991 along with the inmates and participants from the twenty projects where the NSS volunteers had rendered service during the year.

A cultural programme, which included a band from Opportunity School, a skit by the Centre for Special Education (Spastics), a fancy dress competition by the children and adults of various institutions and the street play by the NSS volunteers was organised.

A Sports meet was also held to enable the inmates of the various institutions to display their skills. They were awarded prizes.

This year's activities once again proved the concrete attempt made by the NSS volunteers in making education relevant to the needs of society. ■

## *NCC REPORT 1991-92*

1991 was an eventful year for the cadets of Stella Maris N.C.C. Unit.

Even before the academic year began, eight of our cadets attended the All India Basic Leadership camp at Kampte and SUO Crystal Rodrigo joined a mountaineering expedition to Uttarkashi. 11 of our cadets attended the CATC camp held at DGV college out of which 7 were part of the general contingent and 4 of the BLC contingent. They also represented Madras Group A which was the Banner winning contingent at the Inter-Group Competitions held at Madurai and Tiruchi. Cadet Nritya was state 3rd in Cross Country and cadet Diana Gilbert state 2nd in First Aid.

The I year students were enrolled on July 1, and initiated into the N.C.C. activities at the annual inaugural camp held for 3 days at the Theosophical Society organised by the NCC unit of S.M.C. Alpha and Charlie companies carried off most of the prizes in the competitions held.

This year we had two ambassadors of India to the UK and Canada — SUO Ashwini to UK and SUO Bama to Canada as members of the Youth Exchnage Programme.

The unit participated in 2 social service activities; a Literacy Programme in which 10 cadets participated and a blood donation camp where 11 cadets donated blood.

We had a large representation of cadets in the cycle expedition to Ratnagiri - a distance of 220 km. 17 cadets proved to be champion cyclists, 2 cadets also attended the medical attachment camp held at St. Thomas Mount.

Four cadets from this unit were part of the TN. BLC contingent to Delhi. Cpl. Diana Gilbert was the all India Gold Medalist for 1st Aid and home nursing. L/Cpl. Leena, L/Cpl. Goretti and L/Cpl. Mamta Rao were all part of the winning team. Cadofest 1991 was another feather in the SMC cap. Our first years excelled in these competitions and we have hopes of retaining the banner we won last year.

3. Cadets attended the RDC at Delhi from our college: Cdt. Nritya Cdt. Sanchia and Flt. Cdt. Rekha.

The competitions between the companies which is conducted throughout the year culminated in the Inter Coy. Competition on Jan. 18, 1992 with the Charlie Coy. coming out on top this year.

17 cadets wrote the B certificate exam on February 15th. 4 cadets also wrote the C certificate exam on February 20th.

With the NCC day celebrations another chapter in the life history of SMC came to an end. ■

## CONGRATULATIONS



Leena Susan Chacko  
Participant: BLC, Delhi,  
Winning Team, First-Aid &  
Home Nursing



Cpl. Diana Gilbert  
All India Gold Medalist,  
First-Aid & Home Nursing



Goretti D'Costa  
Participant: BLC, Delhi,  
Winning Team, First-Aid &  
Home Nursing

# *Entrepreneurship Development Programme For Women - A Report*

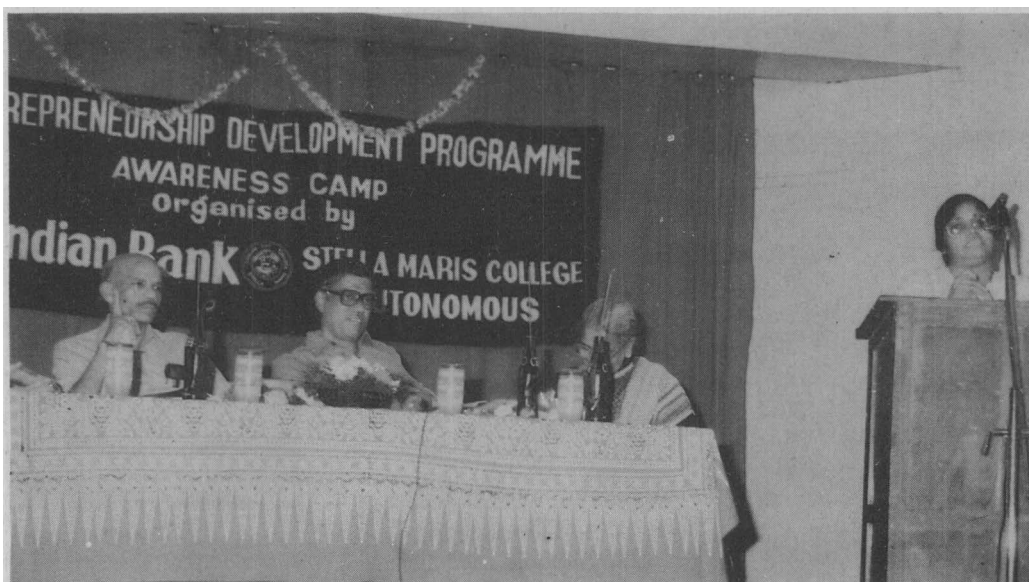
.....

*Rukmani Srinivasan  
Course Coordinator  
Faculty, Dept. of Chemistry*

Unemployment in India has been steadily on the increase, and no more can a graduate wait to be employed by registration at the employment exchange, or by responding to all those advertisements in the wanted column. While women have been doing extremely well in all fields, fewer have been entering the field of industry or business. This is a field where the dreams of the middle-class can be realised. There is an urge in many to enter this field but they do not know how.

The know-how required to start business or industry is offered to our final year students as a part-time certificate course, in collaboration with Indian Bank, who are the sponsors of the entire programme.

The programme was launched in 1989 by Mr. M. Gopalakrishnan, Chairman and Managing Director of the Indian Bank. The course comprises an awareness camp, followed by contact sessions and a project. This not only



serves as an exposure, but also provides practical training to the students. So far, three such courses have been conducted by various officials from ITCOT, Indian Bank, SISI, University Law etc. The projects submitted were on a variety of topics like leather garments, export articles, poultry, fast foods, granite-polishing etc. No other institution offering such a course includes project work as a component. The number of students has been restricted to 35 each year.



On successful completion of the course, the students receive a certificate issued jointly by Stella Maris College and Indian Bank. The certificate holders have an edge over the others in becoming real entrepreneurs.

Usually, it is only in middle-age that one is experienced and mature enough to become an entrepreneur; this is especially so in the case of women, as was revealed in the exchanges with some women entrepreneurs. The project thus offers a chance for the young to wake up early. The future presents a promise of early achievement. ■



## *With Gratitude*



Rev. Sr. Juliana, f.m.m.

Gracious, gentle, serene, holy .....

Words that spring to mind when one thinks of Sr. Juliana, who retired as the Head of the U.G. Department of Mathematics this year. Always with a kind smile, a comforting word, a thoughtful gesture, Sr. Juliana has won a place in the heart of every Stella Marian.

Sr. Juliana's tryst with the Mathematics Department began a long time ago in June 1963. From then on, she has served in various capacities at both P.G. and U.G. levels.

Self-effacing and ever so gentle in every action she does, Sr. Juliana leaves an indelible impression on all who meet her.

The Mathematics Department will in particular miss her presence. Lovingly, she has sought many a student and helped her with her studies. Her comforting presence has soothed many a troubled mind. The students and staff will always remember her with much affection.

May God bless her !

It was in 1957, exactly a decade after the founding of Stella Maris College that Mrs. Chellam Mithran joined the Department of Economics. With warm twinkling eyes and a pleasant smile, Mrs. Chellam is a multi-faceted personality. A specialist in Public Finance, she served in the Finance Committee and the Governing Body of the College; an eloquent lecturer, she has inspired generations of students. Mrs. Chellam possesses a rare combination of firmness and flexibility, dignity and simplicity.

Her retirement comes after 35 years of dedicated service to S.M.C. We wish her good health, peace and happiness.



Dr. (Mrs.) Chellam Mithran receiving a gift of appreciation from Sr. Principal on College Day



## *A tribute to Sr. Thecla Camacho*

*Dr. (Mrs) Mary John  
Faculty, Social Work Dept.*

Sr. Thecla Camacho is indeed a woman of great vision, determination and will to achieve what she deciphered as the goal in her life. It was Sr. Thecla - formerly Sr. Eanswida - who gave shape to her vision of social service by starting the Diploma in Social Service course as early as 1952, at a time when very few in India had identified the type of training that could be imparted to students aspiring to be professional social workers. Though a modest effort, it provided the enthusiasm and impetus for many a student to join this course, many of whom were, and are still, holding important social work

posts all over India. Then, in 1962, a University Post-graduate degree course was started under the able guidance of Sr. Thecla. She provided the life, spirit, charisma and enthusiasm for it through her dynamic leadership. She was truly a great administrator who could motivate and sustain her staff. Whatever she said was a great source of inspiration and encouragement. She could always command utmost cooperation from her staff. No one questioned her authority because she commanded respect and in a way, a certain awe, which was very much the spirit of service during the period of her leadership, from 1962 to 1977.

A great lover of the poor, Sr. Thecla's compassionate and generous reaching out to the needy is something which I have personally witnessed. However she was equally aware of organised social work efforts. Besides starting the Dept., concrete proof of her interest in organised social work efforts took shape in the form of organising a Christmas Fête at Abbotsbury - a fund raising programme for welfare organisations - which became an annual feature. At the departmental level, she initiated camps for new entrants into the Dept., whereby the students could be exposed to the realities of life. During her tenure, many camps were organised at Pattipuram, a village en-route to Mahabalipuram, at Vlppedu, a village close to Kancheepuram and also for the residents of Shivashanmugapuram Slum and Thiruvedian Street close to the college. These camps not only provided a visual and practical learning experience to the students, but also served as an important channel for building close relationships amongst the students and between students and teachers.

The Social Welfare Centre at Shanti Bhavan is the brain child of Sr. Thecla. Always concerned about the poor, she put into shape her concern by starting the welfare centre, which reaches out to the poor in the neighbourhood, meeting many of their needs. The need for a crèche, a day-care centre, a medical unit and a skill oriented training unit - that is, a tailoring unit for the young girls of the poorer class was recognized and therefore established.

This tribute would be incomplete if I do not mention the special skills of Sr. Thecla in the culinary arts. Sr. Thecla can bake a tasty cake, a stuffed turkey or chicken in no time. Her expertise and technical know-how in this area is simply tremendous. Indeed staff and students have had many an opportunity to relish her dishes and baked items, while she was in the department.

On the completion of her 50th year of entering the religious order I wish Sr. Thecla many more years of health, vigour and vitality to pursue her chosen vocation.



## Mrs. Jayalakshmi

*Indira Priyadarshini*  
*B.A. Literature*

.....

Stella Maris College never ceases to fascinate. Two years on the campus, and I can still expect to run into the most amazing people and the most amazing situations. But I certainly wasn't prepared for Mrs. Jayalakshmi, Controller of Examinations who was introduced to us by Sr. Principal during our first week in college as "one of the most important persons on campus". Being unfamiliar with the mechanics of autonomy at the time, we did not quite comprehend the importance of the office of Controller of Examinations. Besides, Mrs. Jayalakshmi, unassuming and simple in her ways, has always preferred to remain behind the scenes. Doing this profile on the outgoing Controller of Examinations has therefore been a most illuminating experience. I have benefitted from her vast reserves of knowledge and experience, discussing with her, various subjects - the most interesting, of course, being *herself*. Here, I concluded, was that rare blend of the traditional and the modern; a person so widely respected and admired and yet retaining her equanimity, even her sense of humour; one who takes her work very seriously but is refreshingly human in her approach.

Mrs. Jayalakshmi, has been with the college for forty-one years (the college itself is forty-five years old). She has the unique distinction of having served under all the principals Stella Maris College has

had. She is also the faculty member with the longest service. She has been in the Tamil department for thirty seven years with various additional responsibilities - four years as Dean and seven years as Chief Superintendent of University Exams. While still in service she took on her most challenging role, that of Controller of Examinations.

The eldest of five children of a traditional South Indian family, Mrs. Jayalakshmi was trained early in life to shoulder responsibility. Having made up her mind that she would be a Professor of Tamil literature, she enrolled at Queen Mary's College. She set out on what has been a glorious career, with a year's teaching at Sarada Vidyalaya. Then, in 1951, she took the most significant step of her life. She joined the Stella Maris fold. Over the years the college grew from strength to strength and Mrs. Jayalakshmi with it, doing what she loved most - teaching Tamil.

Mrs. Jayalakshmi's identification with the college is total. She calls it her "first home". It was Stella Maris, she says, that helped her overcome her natural timidity and diffidence, instilling in her the kind of confidence for which she is known today. When Sr. Juliet Irene became Principal of the college, she encouraged Mrs. Jayalakshmi to help in the cultural activities of the college. Her involvement led to her

being appointed Dean of Students in 1981, when Sr. Helen Vincent was Principal. She had also been serving as Superintendent of University Examinations from 1980. When our college became autonomous in 1987, Mrs. Jayalakshmi was the natural choice for the pivotal, if demanding, office of Controller of Examinations.

Most students might not be aware that tests and examinations mean more work for the people at the examination office than for them. While Mrs. Jayalakshmi agrees that her job involved tremendous responsibility and serious work, she also points out that the experience was very stimulating, allowing great scope for creativity. She maintains that it has helped her grow as a person, has broadened her vision and has brought her into contact with some of the most wonderful people in the teaching profession.

Mrs. Jayalakshmi attributes her achievements to a deceptively simple three-point formula - faith in God, personal discipline and will power - in that order. Her strict adherence to her very own three commandments is worthy of emulation. She is of the opinion that no external entity can control our destinies; young people, especially, must learn to start making decisions for themselves. Mrs. Jayalakshmi says she would never have been able to achieve "what little I have achieved" without the guidance and encouragement

of the Chairman of the Examination Committee, Dr. Sr. Annamma Philip, and the co-operation of all the staff members.

When asked to identify her most positive assets, she mentions her energy and her memory power. She acknowledges them as "gifts from God" and has capitalised on them. Indeed, her stamina would put many a teenager to shame. Going by the kind of activities and interests she is involved in, one would suspect her day to be made of fifty four hours. She spends no less than seven hours a day in college (12 hours during exam-time). At home there is enough and more time to do the cooking, cleaning and a bit of handwork, to attend religious discourses, to visit friends and relatives and to write poetry. Her memory power is nothing short of phenomenal. She knows the exam-codes of all the subjects for all the departments. She knows by rote the names, roll numbers and other details of all the students taking arrear exams. She can recall the names and recognize the handwriting of all the students she has taught, not just that of distinguished ones like Dr. Sr. Helen Vincent.

Mrs. Jayalakshmi has been a part of the college from almost the very beginning; her association with Stella Maris College will not end with her retirement.

May God bless her retired life in every possible way for she has been selfless in her sharing. ■



Mrs. Rakamma, being felicitated by  
Sr. Principal on College Day.

Rakamma retired  
after 21 years of  
dedicated service.

“Faithful to her  
duty, she carried out  
her responsibility  
with great sincerity.  
We will always  
remember her with  
gratitude.”

## *Travel Diary*

*Jeff Fisher*

**September 11, 1991**

... we just arrived in Bombay today. Bombay really is an eye-opener. From what I have read and what I have been told about India, I knew there was poverty and beggars, but nothing could have prepared me for this. Most of the time I'm too shocked to do anything but gape. They come out of nowhere and grab me, and if I do give them money, I'm swarmed by more. It's a vicious cycle that these people have to live in, and it seems that there is no escape.



My first real Indian dinner was great. I had some tandoori chicken and nan. One thing I learned is that the little green things that look like green beans, aren't. And drinking water just makes the taste hotter in your mouth. All the waiters enjoyed watching these dumb Americans try and eat spicy Indian food. Never again am I going to ask for spicy food in India. (*Contd.*)

## *Articles*

## *A talk with our Students' Union*



*Watching our Student Union has been quite an illuminating experience. One thought the young were playful and flighty. Our Union however has impressed us with its sense of purpose and conviction, its mature approach to different situations, its quiet dignity in the conduct of various programmes in the college. And here they are, Students' Union '91-'92 :*

<i>Deepa B</i>	<i>:</i>	<i>President</i>
<i>Rakhi Verma</i>	<i>:</i>	<i>Vice President</i>
<i>Anjana Giri</i>	<i>:</i>	<i>Secretary</i>
<i>Malti &amp; Rathna</i>	<i>:</i>	<i>Cultural Secretaries</i>
<i>Deepa P.</i>	<i>:</i>	<i>Treasurer</i>

*Interviewed, interestingly enough, by the future president of the Union, Samantha.*

*How did you like working as a group ?*

Deepa B : Although there were tensions now and again, we did thrash it out and we were able to say what we felt and bring out all our feelings. It was really great — we made such good friends.

*What kind of programmes did you arrange while you were in office and which gave you the most satisfaction ?*

Deepa B : Well, we started off with the normal first assembly after college re-opened. Then we had our motto presentation — I think that had to be the one we liked most — that and teachers' day. I think those two were very sincere and we were happy with them. Then of course Inter-Years, then Ethnic Monday, PTC Day — those are all protocol, the 'Congrats Assembly' which was different. The Stella Campaign we'd started off — a programme but not an assembly as such. Then Friendship Day, then an Aids Elocution competition, the Seminar, Students' Union Orientation for class reps. — that was really nice. The Union Day — yes, that's it. We enjoyed most of it — Inter-Years was a drag in the sense that there was so much work and in the middle of it we thought, we'd just leave it and go some place else. But at the end of everything, we really have no regrets. I think the best ones were the Seminar, Class rep. Orientation, Union Day, Teachers' Day, Christmas Surprise Party for the class reps.

*You were obviously pleased with the presentation of your motto. What made you choose the motto ?*

Deepa B : We were told that we had to pick a motto for the year, during our orientation. We decided that if any one of us said "it", the way we said "it", the rest of us should be able to react. I mean something like "Yeah, that's it" — that sort of thing. We found that we were deviating -- we were more worried about the words than the sentiment. Finally, something about change and finally we coined the words "Let's change for the better, let's start with us". Finally, when we did hit upon that motto, (*significant pause*), that's what made it so special.

*What were your programmes mainly aimed at?*

What we realised at the beginning was that our programmes should not be targeted to involve girls who always take part in activities. What we wanted was, to get all kinds of girls, to draw them out of their shells, to make everyone enjoy college life and really become a part of campus life. We presented a variety of programmes so that everyone could choose to her liking.

*Do you feel that the functioning of the Students' Union is too rule-bound? Do you feel it is largely suppressed by the management?*

Anjana : I think any system, if it has to function effectively, definitely needs rules. Considering that any Students' Union when it first starts is just a bunch of 2nd years, who have just come into their 3rd year, they definitely need a very strong guiding body which is what the management has been. We didn't feel any kind of limitation in the way because we have a pretty good rapport with the management and at any point of time if we had any hassles we felt quite free to go and discuss it with them and we achieved a consensus, so it was pretty okay.

*If you could re-live the past year would you make any changes in the decisions you took?*

Rathna : Seriously? (*laughs*) I think I'd ask for a bigger union room and a quota for food and drink for union members. But no, I think the only thing I'd like to, not change, but make different, is the farewell.

Planning the farewell for our seniors-- we found that extremely tough because it was the first time we were organising something like that — on such a great scale.

*Would you like to re-live some of the things so that you could make different decisions ?*

Rakhi : I think one thing which I felt I would have liked to do differently now is the Stella Campaign. Our ambitions were pretty high at that time and what we wanted ultimately did turn out to be two totally different things. So, I think now if we were to approach the very same thing, we'd do it on a totally different line — we'd know what kind of group to target or what kind of impact to make on a particular kind of group.

*Are there any on-going projects that you would like the new Union to continue?*

Rathna : The Stella Campaign — I think that's about it

Deepa P : The T-shirts.

Malti : Contour. One thing I would be very happy to have, if the next Union could continue with it is the sciences being brought together again and their potential tapped at different levels.

Deepa B : Seminar. Please do make that a yearly activity. Again, may be twice a year.

Rakhi : Come to think of it, even the Class Rep. Orientation. I think it made a lot of difference.

Anjana : Speaking about the seminar again. When you organise a seminar, please choose a small topic and don't have too many speeches in one day.

*Do you think it was a rewarding experience?*

All : Yes.

Malti : It's been a privilege and it's a pleasure to be part of the union and to know there are so many people behind you to help you and support you, and that your ideas are not only yours, but are being shared by a whole lot of them and the satisfaction that comes out of it when you are able to do it is amazing.

*Being away from home a lot — was there any resistance?*

Rathna : Let me put it this way. I called home one day and told my mother that I was coming home late — she said, what time, I said about 6.30 p.m. - 7 p.m. She said okay, I'll send your bed, (ha! ha!) I'll rest my case there.

Deepa B. : This was just before Union Day and Seminar. I left home at about 7 a.m. so my father said, she's left at 7o'clock, she'll be back at 7o'clock. then the next day I left at 9o'clock. He said: I hope you're not going to repeat this. I don't want you coming back at 9. I think as far as that part was concerned, my family was very co-operative.

Rakhi : At home the common joke was that my daughter studies in Stella Maris. She's a hostelite — she comes home sometimes.

Deepa P : I was in the hostel most of the time. But when I was at home, I was in the hostel most of the time. (ha! ha!)

Anjana : I guess they've said what I wanted to. I did not really have any problems, but it was an on-going joke through the year.

*Do you think our education system is liberal enough?*

Anjana : I think the main problem we face in any particular class is that when you have one lecturer and you have so many students you are going to cut off one group or the other. So I think if we can trust and think and work around that, it will make a lot of difference. Especially now since we have the option of staying in class or going out within the 25% we are allowed to take off, I think it makes more sense if I was interested deeply in what was going on in a class, and I want to sit there. I shouldn't be there because I need my 75%.

*Do you think that not having too much exposure to inter-collegiate cultural affects us in any way?*

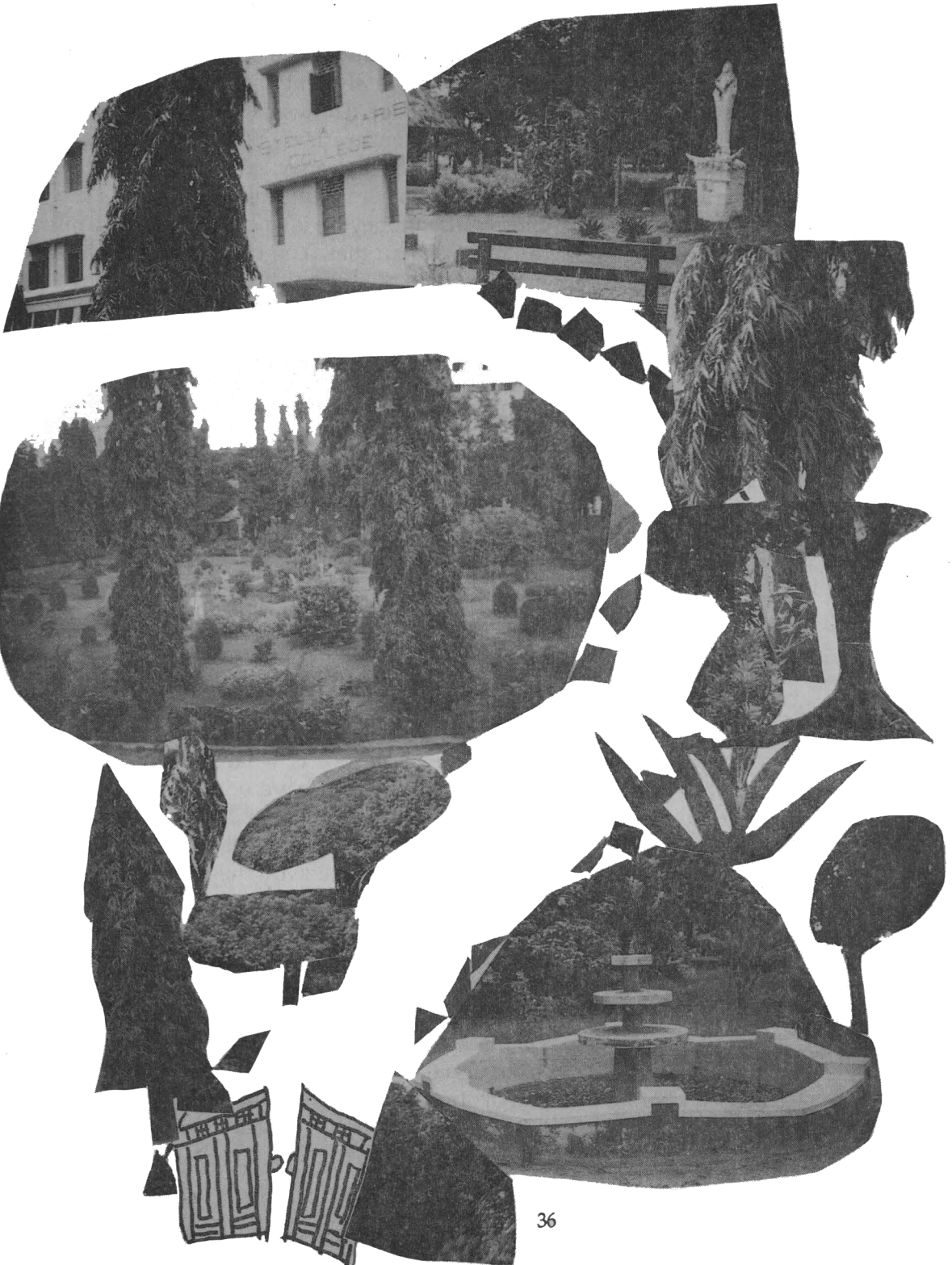
Deepa B : I think we've said it once but we don't mind saying it again-- if I can speak for everybody. It does not in any way hamper any of our cultural skills — a lot of colleges have inter-collegiate cultural which we can go to and participate in. Frankly, from our side, we were totally convinced why we need not have one, not that we should not have one. We needn't have one because what we wanted first was to draw out the best from our own college. It's a few



students who are very good and can always go out and participate. But the idea was to identify more students so that they could participate at least within the college. Things like "Down Sterling" and "Mardi Gras" are a two month affair. You start planning months ahead, you sink in lakhs of money, it's a big publicity event, of course, you get a lot out of it culturally, but what's the point. You keep sinking in the money — it's no longer a cultural — it becomes something more than that. You can't have an inter-collegiate cultural where you just give certificates or you just have a mike on the stage. It's not that any more. People want strobes, people want this, people want that. People want prize money--and it's pointless!

*Is there any message you would like to give to the student body?*

Anjana : Okay, there's a message which all of us have been waiting to give the students for a very long time. It's just that each time we've organised something -- (okay, to a great extent its been because that's what we're for) — but it's also because we want every student to feel what we did. If it's something for which we expect participation, we do it because we want every girl to enjoy it as much as we did. It's the whole question of an attitude, you know. It's like you plan something, you work very hard, you're very sincere about it. You don't expect anything for yourself but you're doing it because you want them to enjoy themselves. And when it finally goes through, everybody says `great effort', `good job'. But the kind of participation we've got is what everybody has seen. It has been very deflating. It could have been discouraging but we didn't let it. We wanted to go to every class and speak to the girls and try and tell them, that we're here only for three years. It's something that they won't realize till they leave. It's just that we understand if you're asked to come on stage and dance or sing, you might have inhibitions about it; which is why we had so many small competitions that anybody could take part in — you don't even have to give your name up, you don't have to be seen by a crowd, perform or anything. It is just a small game for you to have fun. But the attitude is kind of baffling! You can't understand why people don't want to. So it's just that we'd like to say, before you turn your nose up at something, just try and think for a moment why it's being done. Probably you won't be so quick to turn it down then. ■



# Invitation to A Nature Walk

..... Dr. Miss Vijaya Parthasarathy  
Head, Department of Botany

Plants contribute to the welfare of mankind in many ways. Fruits and vegetables form an indispensable part of our diet, providing the essential vitamins and minerals from the nutritive and health point of view, besides being of great economic value. The aesthetic pleasure derived from the ornamentals through annuals, shrubs, creepers and trees contributes to a happy and pleasant environment. South India offers immense scope for growing many beautiful and economically productive plants.

Here we would like to take you for a walk through our college. Call it a nature walk, or a botanical walk if you like. But whatever it is, it's worth it! The Stella Maris College campus has a beautiful garden in front of almost every building, with very many varieties of garden plants. There are a few artificial fountains and ponds in which water-plants are grown. The roadsides are lined with a number of trees with huge romantically shady canopies.

Along the play-grounds and pathways, weeds are found in abundance. Some of them grow all through the year while others are seasonal, seen only after the North-east monsoon i.e. October to December.

To start this Botanical trip around the campus let's begin from the In-gate. The semi circular road on one side has shady trees consisting of tall **Polyalthia** wrongly known as Ashoka ( நெட்டிலிங்க மரம் ) the spreading **Morinda** or நுணா the wild Mango trees, the rugged **Guazuma** ( தேன்பிச்சி ) cassias. The central semi-circular garden contains a number of cultivated shrubs and herbs. The **Ixora** with its dense inflorescence, the colourful **Cannas** ( கால்வாழை ) **Lantanas** ( உண்ணிச் செடி ) with their double coloured small clustered inflorescence, the bushy **Agaves** ( இரயில்கத்தாழை ), the topiaries cut out of **Casuarina** ( சவுக்கு ) and **Bougainvillea**, add beauty to the frontage.

The frontyard of Hermine Block can be called the "Green house" of Stella Maris where varieties of potted plants raised as part of a nursery, create a moist, green quietness. These plants are commonly known as "crotons". There are large foliaged **Caladium**, **Alocacias**, multicoloured **Coleus**, **Codiaeum** with its linear dotted leaves, the maroon coloured **Dracaena** and **Maranta**, the shade loving **Nephrolepis** and **Maiden-hair fern** and the spidery **Asparagus**.

In front of the Assunta Block, there is an artificial pond and fountain with hydrophytes like *Hydrilla*, *Vallisneria*, *Jussiaea*, *Limnanthemum*, water Lily, *Chara* and *Lemna*. Actually, being strategically placed in front of the Botany Department the pond has acquired more of the Botanical specimens used for class work than of consciously beautifying plant collections! Besides the pond, the area is covered with the short spreading pink leafy floral bunches of *Mussaenda*, a variety of *Hibiscus*, short, bushy *Russelia* with its occasional red flowers and the tall lanky *Euphorbia tirucalli*.

As we proceed towards Shanthi Bhavan we see a tiny kitchen garden on one side with brinjal, banana, beans, papaya etc. and on the other the Neem, Tamarind, Gul Mohr, Rain tree and Teak which lead you to the "F" Block. Further down on your left you enter the large quadrangle of the assembly grounds with the ground flora containing lots of grass. Due to constant trespassing the grass has become stiff, dry and muddy brown "with an eye of green" in it. However, interspersed with the grasses are the tiny stars of white flowered *Oldenlandia* and pink coloured *Indigofera* with the early morning dew shining on them. The tiny purple coloured *Ionidium* flowers stand out singly from the axil of the leaves, and are often seen to fringe the assembly grounds. The tall aspiring *Polyalthias* which try to reach the sky, stand with their drooping limbs, calling to you to reach out for them.

The hostel buildings are surrounded by many economically useful and shady trees like Citrus, Guava, Sapota, Coconut and a variety of Mangoes. Tall silver oaks, *Thuja*, *Cypressus*, *Araucaria* and other unusual trees are found around them.

In the NCC grounds, on one side are seen the shady trees of *Peltophorum* Neem, Gul Mohr - *Delonix regia* wrongly termed the 'flame of the forest', tamarind, wood apple and *Cassias*. The seemingly waste lands near the compound walls are the setting for many medicinal plants. To mention a few:

*Achyranthes aspera* — ( நாயுருவி ). A small herb with long spikes and tiny spiny dried fruits. It is used for bleeding gums, tonsillitis and pharyngitis.

*Boerhaavia diffusa* — ( முக்கரட்டை ) A small prostrate herb with rounded leaves and tiny purple flowers. It is used as a remedy for cough and cold, and for the condition asthma oedema.

*Catotropis gigantea* — ( எருக்கு ) A common wayside weed with a milky exudation when broken. This milky white latex is used to remove warts. The leaves are antiseptic and can be used as parasiticide.

**Cardiospermum halicacabum** — ( முடக்கத்தான் ) A tendril climber with watch-spring like structures below the flowers. It is used for rheumatism, lumbago, arthritis and nervous diseases.

**Catharanthus roseus** — (Periwinkle) - ( நித்தியகல்யாணி ) Small herbs with white or purple flowers often grown in graveyards. The alkaloid extracts of this plant are used against cancer.

**Cissus quadrangularis** — (பிரண்டை) A tendril climber with quadrangular stem. It is useful for stomach problems.

**Euphorbia hirta** — (அம்மாம்பச்சரிசி) A small prostrate herb with clustered ear-stud-like inflorescence. The latex has bactericidal action.

**Leucas aspera** — ( தும்பை ) A small herb with irregularly clustered tiny white flowers on the stem. It is used for cough and cold.

**Ocimum sanctum** — ( துளசி ) A sacred plant for Hindus. The dried plant has expectorant and stomachic properties. The fresh leaves and roots are applied to stings of bees, wasps, leeches and snake bites.

**Solanum nigrum** — ( மணத்தக்காளி ) A spreading, tiny herb with minute star like white flowers. It is used as a remedy for ulcers.

We take for granted so much of the environment. In the preoccupation of routines, we fail to notice the variety and the range of the greenery around us. This trip would not be complete if today, you do not pause before a leaf, a tree or, a blade of grass .....

## *Travel Diary*

*Jeff Fisher*

**September 13, 1991**

... now Aurangabad is more like the India I imagined before I came here. The broad, sweeping plains broken by plateaus and hills - these are the images of the expansive India I expected.

The main purpose of our visit here was to see the Ellora and the Ajanta Caves. The magnificence of the two cave systems did not really set in until I figured out that these were both several thousand years old. I was standing in front of the very first three dimensional drawing done by mankind. The caves themselves reminded me of the excavations done by the American Pueblo Indians around the same time. It's amazing that two different cultures, continents apart, could achieve the same feat of architecture back in those primitive times.

*(Contd.)*

## *If you want to play it, play it right...*

..... Aarti Chadda  
B.A. Literature

1947 and the Independence struggle was over. The British had withdrawn, ostensibly breaking all ties with India. Yet the Raj, in many ways continued.

In Madras, a small group of Englishmen, perhaps in a bid to safeguard their "Britishness", began an informal theatre reading group, and therein lay the beginnings of 'The Madras Players'.

A decade and a thousand pounds later, Englishmen realised the need to involve the "natives" in order to keep the talent flowing. A director, Mr. Newton was brought down specially from England and with a first-time "mixed colour" cast, the Madras players staged Shakespeare's "Othello". For five nights they ran their show at the Museum Theatre. And it was a success. Some say a roaring one !

They haven't looked back since. V.S. Gopalakrishnan, a founding member of the group, considers the work of his generation as a pioneering exercise. Soon to complete half a century in theatre - both English and Tamil, he says, "Then, with the support of the British Council, many Indians were encouraged. In fact, they were even sent abroad for training. Despite the effort, it was still difficult to fill the hall". Today, he feels a production

by the Madras Players, will draw the audience on its own strength.

Since then 'The Madras Players' has grown. And developed — not only itself but to a larger extent, its audience in the city. The members still call themselves a "loose group" who have "no rules" and are not even registered as a society. Mr. Ravi Bhaskaran, a member of the The Madras Players for over twenty five years, says, "We are just friends, interested in theatre and doing something with it". They enjoy the work for what it is, and stress the fact that they are an 'amateur' group, not interested in the monetary aspects of theatre. Most of them started with back stage and errand boy roles and have struck out since, from two line roles to major parts, depending on the show.

The Madras Players, over the last few decades has staged exemplary performances of "Twelfth Night", "A View From the Bridge", "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf", "Night of the Iguana", and "Uncle Vanya", to mention a few. They have in this span of time, frequently been associated with the USIS, the British Council, and Max Mueller Bhavan. They have been invited to perform in Colombo, Bangalore, Hyderabad, and Bombay and to participate in the prestigious Deccan Herald Theatre Festival in Bangalore.

Mr. Ravi Bhaskaran says that at one time they were hesitant to run a show for more than two days at the Museum Theatre. Today all their plays are shown at the Music Academy and people respond. They would like to believe that their work has impressed the audience to the extent that they can stage any kind of play and still be appreciated for their professional performances. The fear of being strait-jacketed into a type does excite a periodic attempt at something different like "Monkey Grammarian" staged at the Max Mueller Bhavan earlier this year.

Despite tremendous efforts, they are still wary of Madras audiences. Both V.S. Gopalakrishna and Ravi Bhaskaran feel that the audience in Madras is still conservative and can be exploited a great deal and it's time the first step is taken. The approach and attitude to theatre of many performers is still superficial and if this can be deepened, perhaps the audience can be "taught" to appreciate better theatre.

Nearly a decade ago, Ammu Mathew, an active member of Madras Players passed away. In her memory, the proceeds from 'A View From the Bridge', was handed to the Women's Christian College. The Madras Players hoped they would use the money to do something with theatre every year. It was a gesture, towards a friend and colleague and an attempt to encourage new talent in the city.

The Madras Players say they are a "melting pot" of people from different fields, with a common passion for theatre. They share their talents, ambitions and dreams through drama, and add that they are always open to anyone who approaches them anywhere - anything as long as the reason is theatre. More than anything they would love to see the youth take the plunge and just start something. Any thing.

"Listen: there's a hell of a good universe next door, let's go".  
— e.e.cummings ■

## *Travel Diary*

*Jeff Fisher*

September 17, 1991

... the drive to Agra was an experience in itself. At one point, we stopped the bus to see a swarm of vultures and wild dogs feeding on the carcass of a water buffalo. India is amazing in how it can change from modern society to complete materialism in just a walk down the road.

The TAJ MAHAL was everything they said it would be. Except it was a little small. I guess television does tend to make things bigger than life. May be that's why so many Indians think all Americans look like Sylvester Stallone or Bo Derek. That's what we get for having movies as our cultural ambassadors.

*(Contd.)*

## *New Cancer Therapy: Hope on the Horizon?*

..... Jyotsna T. Raghunathan  
B.Sc. Zoology

One morning in early 1988, Marilyn Gizzie awoke with severe nausea and extreme weariness. These symptoms became progressively worse in the days that followed and included agonizing muscle-cramps, night-sweats and pain. By July, the 51 year old school Principal could work barely two hours a day. The doctor's verdict? Renal cancer !

Two weeks later, a massive tumor had to be removed from her right kidney and still the scars showed the killer disease to have spread to her left lung and adrenal gland. Doctors gave Marilyn a 20% chance of survival with the deadline ending (at the most) two years ahead.

This 'hopeless' case, attracted the attention of Dr. Craig McGee, Associate Professor of Oncology and Medicine at the University of Rochester, who had just developed an experimental vaccine. This vaccine, in his own words, had "been tested only on 50 patients", but had stopped the cancer in twenty percent of them.

"What are my other options?", Marilyn asked.

"There is no other effective therapy", he replied.

A month after this strange meeting, Gizzie had started out on her campaign

to thwart cruel destiny, and had her first vaccine. Her treatment consisted of three vaccine injections. Each one flooded her body with more than 10 million of her own, reactivated tumour cells, which mobilised her entire immune system into full swing. By early December, the lung tumour had vanished! After a year's gap, Gizzie began her second set of three vaccine injections.

Today, Marilyn Gizzie is able to lead an almost normal life, in spite of a small tumour on her left hip and one on her left shoulder. "I'm not completely out of the woods, yet," she says, "but at least I've returned to a normal life."

This is just one example of using new forms of cancer therapy successfully. Scientists are crossing new frontiers in this field rapidly and the amount of research and dedication they put in is truly enormous.

It is too much to expect instant solutions and quick rewards; it could take years for doctors to learn to minimize the efficiency of new forms of treatment. But the considerable success that doctors and scientists have already encountered by trying out cancer vaccines as a new mode of therapy, inspires greater hope for cure in the near future.



"Why cancer-vaccines? We already have successfully tried out chemotherapy and radiation-therapy," one may ask. But there are several advantages in this new approach. Cancer vaccines eliminate most of the dangers of chemotherapy and radiation therapy, as well as minimizing the side-effects, while more effectively combating the ailment. Their mechanism works along the line of "If you can't beat them, join them!".

When our body is invaded by any foreign substance (a virus, bacteria, organ-transplant, etc.), it responds by producing numerous antibodies to combat the intruder. Cancer-vaccines first trigger-off the human immune-system. The 'jolt' that starts the immune-system off can be achieved by an auxiliary material, like harmless bacteria, a mildly toxic chemical solution, added to the vaccine. Now comes the really crucial role the vaccine has to play. It is responsible for directing the immune-system as to "what to attack"! Normally this is a daunting task, since cancer-cells develop from ordinary cells, and it is very difficult to isolate one from the other. Here, the scientists are aided by special 'identity-tags' in the form of antigens, present on the cell surfaces. Each tumour-cell contains a number of

potentially immunogenic (immune-system-stimulating) antigens. Once the correct ones are identified, scientists can isolate and clone the antigen linked to a particular cancer and make this into a vaccine to mobilize the immune system.

A second approach to activate the immune system has also been successfully tried through gene-therapy. At the University of Michigan, melanoma tumours were directly injected with the specific gene that activated the antigen, which in its turn 'switched-on' the immune system to fight the lethal cells invading the body.

These are only a few new techniques being tried out as a new form of cancer therapy. Scientists are still involved in a mammoth struggle to find a fool-proof method to prevent, combat and possibly even eradicate this most notorious killer-disease. The ultimate goal? An arsenal of vaccines for every possible type of cancer, as a preventive measure, as well as a cure.

The plan-of-action has been formulated. A large part of the battle has already been fought or is being fought over the past two decades. It is possible that very soon, man will emerge victorious in his crusade against cancer.■

## A Fulbright Encounter

.....

W.B. Prathima  
M.A. English



Fulbright Prof. J.T. Hansen who came to give the English Department a series of guest lectures, was introduced to us as 'Tim Hansen'. We misheard 'Hansen', and immediately, jumped to conclusions — how well the name 'Handsome' suited him! Some of the handsomeness is conventional — direct green eyes and an imposing height. But it is also the intelligence apparent in his face and the willingness to laugh at anything, including himself, that makes him attractive.

He begins the story of his life conventionally enough. "I was born on 2nd April 1934", he says sombrely. And then the twinkle enters his eyes, "at 1.01 a.m. and I have a feeling that I was actually born on April First — April Fool's Day — which is why I am a trickster."

The Professor is not all brain — he has played professional baseball. But he quit, he said, because "(a) it was boring, (b) the players talked all the time and it wasn't even about women". Professor Hansen went to Whitman College at Walla Walla, ("They liked the place so much they named it twice", he says). It was here that he met and married Sharon Mc Gee in 1956, (they celebrated their 35th wedding anniversary recently at Fisherman's Cove). He earned his Ph.D. from the University of Oregon in 1965, and it was around this time that his sons

John and Mathew were born. In 1976 he was Fulbright

Professor in Iran and at present, he is Fulbright Professor in India. In 1992 he will be publishing a book — **Parallels**.

When we ask him what made him decide to be a Professor, he says "Decisions are never made on a rational basis. When I was 23, I was working for Boeing. A friend of mine died of a heart-attack and it made me think. And I decided that what I really wanted to be was a Professor". He teaches at the University of Puget Sound — a white, upper-middle class college, because, "these are students that are eventually going to be in leadership positions, and I want to get to them and teach them something". From 1973 however, his wife's career has been important. One day he was alone at home and decided to wash the dishes, and he caught himself thinking, "Would I want to do this the whole day long, for the rest of my life? From that time on Sharon's career has come first". Mrs. Hansen had to give up her executive post in the state Governor's Office in order to accompany Prof. Hansen

to India. But he says with a touch of husbandly pride, "since we've been here, she has already received three offers of jobs through the mail."

Who are the persons who have inspired him? First on his list is his mother who has a wonderful sense of humour. The Professor remembers that as a seven-year-old, he had a falling-out with his mother, and had angrily written on the garage-wall — "I hate Mom". When he went back after a few days, he found that under it was written — "I hate Tim"! His mother is now extremely ill with arthritis. "But her mind", he says, "travels at 1000 miles per hour, so each week I send her a long letter".

His father, a baseball coach, inspired him with a sense of social commitment. During the second World War, he was the manager of a camp where all the Japanese in the United States were re-located. Since the Japanese for no fault of theirs were denied entry to the shops, he led them in staging a sit-in. His father-in-law, a pharmacist taught him "not to be afraid of being vulnerable."

What attracted him to India? "Gandhi", comes the prompt reply. "This simple old man defeated the British Empire, and I realise that he didn't do it

by being simple". He is also touched by the interest Indians take in others — "even shopping here becomes a social transaction", he muses. Prof. Hansen said that he respected Stella Maris for its independence and sense of values, and because "it is a young school, but has already developed a tradition." The twinkle is back when he says, "I enjoy teaching women students". He then adds seriously, "They are more willing to consider out-of-the-way ideas".

As for us, we will never forget the way he put us at ease. When Prof. Hansen asked a question during our first session, there was an uneasy, embarrassed silence, at which he pulled a face and said with an exaggerated accent, "Aw! you're just like my students back home!" That was a promise — that he was not going to judge us, and that we were not inferior. A promise that he kept, as for nearly a month, he encouraged us to new insights in American Literature.

Prof. Hansen is both an affectionate, caring sentimentalist — and a self aware realist. "I hope you will all write to me", he said, and then, "but please pin your photograph to the letter, because I may not recognise your names." We will miss him. ■

# A CRICKETER SPEAKS



Vimal K. Sripathi B.A. Literature

"Cricket is a frame of mind, it is an attitude to life, it is a discipline, a comradeship, a thing of serene and joyous memories. It embodies our philosophy of conduct".

-A.G. Gardiner

Cricket has always been a very popular game with us, and more and more people are turning to the game with enthusiasm. An important development has been the entry of women into the competitive cricket field.

The Indian Women's Cricket Team was formed in 1973. Players like Sudha Shah, Shubangi Kulkarni, Gargi Banerjee, Diana Eduljee, Shanta Rangasamy and Sandhya have the distinction of playing for the national team from the year of its inception.

Tamil Nadu is especially proud of Sudha Shah who has the unique record or captaining the state team for seventeen years. Apart from the statistical achievements that she has on record, she excels in the field of personal relations as well. Sudha is encouraging and dynamic. It could rightly be said that she is the backbone of the team.

Tamil Nadu also has other players like Sumati Iyer, Hemamalini, Jayalakshmi, Lizzy and Meenakshi who play with great enthusiasm. In fact even the new experience of motherhood has

not kept Sumati away from the field and she is now back in action.

Women's cricket is played at various levels - School, College and so on. There are some colleges where cricket is encouraged. Our college has to its credit several players like Kathyayani, Dakshayini, Pushkala, Shakila, Razia Khan, Duriya, Durga Das, Lavanya, Bhuvaneshwari, Kamini, Jayashree (and I am proud to be one among them) who have represented cricket for the State and the University.

Unfortunately, women's cricket is given very little publicity. It is hardly ever covered in depth by the newspapers. There was some change this year when Doordarshan telecast the live coverage of an inter-state match held in Lucknow. Another surprising fact which was revealed during the Times Trophy Tournament in Bangalore was that our matches were watched by many spectators. Thus the game now has new colour, new enthusiasm and new character. Cricket played by women seems more in the spirit of the game and less in the nature of a business, as with men.■

## *The Stella Times : How it was born*

.....  
Meena Ramachandran  
B.A. Economics

College magazines come and they go; we take them for granted. But when a Journalism class dreams of a paper of its own and the dream takes on headlines, columns, an editorial, sheets of newsprint - the excitement is boundless, the sense of achievement is memorable.

The Journalism - the IInd year IDO  
class students 1991-92

That Paper - THE STELLA TIMES

Our college has had news papers before. Students of Journalism as an allied subject had brought out a wall paper called GRAFFITI. The Union used to bring out UDAYA in newspaper format. THE STELLA TIMES was the first shot-in-the-dark venture, perhaps, just a class attempting to bring out one issue of a 'proper' newspaper. Even without a "we're first" rationale, that first issue of the STELLA TIMES stands as proof of positive achievement.

So how did it all began? When Mrs. Seshadri who was offering the course, put forward the suggestion, it met with the unbridled enthusiasm of a small group of over-enthusiastic 'crackos'. But the idea took hold till the core group began to push along an off-handedly interested majority. As the pace picked up and the prospect of a 'newspaper of our own' became a viable reality, everyone got down to it.

Initial deadlines wavered but held fast and articles began to take shape. With Madras's major dailies pledging newsprint

and Mrs. Seshadri as long-suffering guardian angel, we progressed from collecting material to editing and finally printing. By now, no Fleet Street hack was more professional than we. Printer's ink pumped in our veins and we spoke out of the corner of our mouths. Layouts, presses, deadlines ruled our lives. So what if ballpens had to substitute for traditional battered typewriters; so what if scoops and trenchcoats and battered fedoras were pipe dreams? We made do with khadi and intense expressions. We were news women awright!

The day was finally delivered; I'm sorry I meant the paper! We stood around with wide grins and smelled the newsprint as our newspaper sold like canteen chole-bhature. Articles - ranging from the informative to the newsy to the satirical - were discussed all over campus and when people commented on the lack of bylines, we smiled benignly as befits Pico Iyer's successors.

The euphoria faded eventually, but never entirely. A new semester began; we went back to being college students. The mystique and miasma of being in the final year surrounded us and journalistic hopes took a backseat. But all it takes are a couple of freshies rushing up to gush "Are you in any club? Has something exciting happened? We're reporters for the ...." and we lounge back and tip our fedoras over our keen eyes. A tradition had begun. ■

## RIDDLES IN SANSKRIT LITERATURE

Literature in any language is enriched not only by its idioms, but also by its proverbs, maxims and riddles. Sanskrit literature is no exception. In fact, Sanskrit literature, particularly the folk-literature abounds in riddles and puzzles of various kinds.

The most common form of riddles in Sanskrit are termed Prahelikas (प्रहेलिका :) They are similar to the puzzles and charades of the present day. In most cases, the answers to the riddles will be found concealed in the statements or passages given. One has to be proficient in the languages to understand these riddles and trace the hidden answer. It is by a careful splitting and clever combinations of words that the answers can be arrived at.

To begin with, here are some typical riddles. They might appear to present contradictory statements, but are solved by a proper comprehension. These riddles which are quite simple are supposed to be for children.

### Simple riddles :-

- i) अपदो दूरगामी च  
साक्षरो न च पण्डित : ।  
अमुख : स्फुटवक्तु च  
यो जानाति स पण्डितः॥
- Meaning:- Without feet, it travels far. Full of words (syllables) but no scholar. Has no worth, but expresses clearly. Whoever knows the answer is a scholar.
- Answer - लेखः
- ii) अस्थि नास्ति शिरो नास्ति  
बाहुरस्ति निरङ्गुलि : ।  
नास्ति पादद्वयम्  
गाढमालिङ्गति स्वयम् ॥
- Meaning : It has no bones and no head. Has hands without fingers; has no pair of feet, still it embraces your body.
- Answer :- कञ्चुः
- iii) एकचक्षुः न काकोऽयं  
बिलमिच्छन् न पन्नगः।  
क्षीयते व धर्ते चैव  
न समुद्रो न च चन्द्रमाः॥
- Meaning : It has a single eye, but is not a crow; seeks the hole, but not a serpent; increases and decreases, but neither an ocean nor the moon.
- Answer : सूचिका

iv) न तस्यादिः न तस्यान्तो  
मध्ये यस्तस्य तिष्ठति ।  
तवाप्यस्ति ममाप्यस्ति  
यदि जानाति तद् वद ॥  
*Answer* : नयन

Meaning : It has no beginning or end that remains in the midst, which this is with you and me too Say, if you know, what it is-  
*Answer* : **The Eye**

v) अर्धचन्द्रवदाकारम्  
स्त्रीनामाथ त्रयक्षरम् ।  
नकारादिरिकारान्तम्  
यो जानाति स पण्डितः ॥

Meaning : Shaped somewhat like the crescent moon, Feminine in gender, made up of three syllables, Beginning with 'Na' and ending with 'I'. He who knows it is wise.  
*Answer* : **A City**

*Answer* : नगरी

## Riddles of a slightly different type

vi) कुलालस्य गृहेऽस्त्यर्धं  
तदर्थं हस्तिनापुरे ।  
लङ्कायामपि तदुभयं  
यो जानाति स पण्डितः ॥

Meaning : Half of the word is in the potter's house, the other half is in Hastinapura, Both remain together at Lanka, He who knows it is a scholar.

*Answer* : कुम्भकर्णः

*Answer* : **Kumbhakarna**

## II Concealed Riddles गुप्तप्रहेलिकाः

In these riddles, the answers can be traced by the combination of letters or words in the given statement and passages. These combinations can take various forms like the coming together of consecutive words or first and last letters of each line.

Examples : Combining the consecutive words gives the answer to the question asked -

i) कं बलवन्तं शीतः न स्पृशति?

Who is the strong man that remains unaffected by cold? Ans - कंबलवन्तं combining the first two words which mean - one with a blanket or rug.

ii) का शीतलवाहिनी

- which is the cool river?

*Ans* - का शीतलवाहिनी

- that which flows in Kasi - ie.,

**Ganges**

- |                            |   |
|----------------------------|---|
| iii) सीमन्तिनीषु का शान्ता | who is serene among women?                    |
| राजा कोडदतगुणोनमः ।        | who is the king of excellent virtuous?        |
| विद्वाभिः का वन्द्या       | what is honoured by the learned?              |
| तत्रैवोचु न बुध्यते        | The answers are to be found in the questions. |

In this example, the answers are provided for the three questions raised, in the first three lines, by combining the first and last letter of each line, by combining the first and last letter of each line. The answers would therefore be-

- सीता (Sita)
- रामः (Rama)
- विद्या (Knowledge)

iv) Riddle solved by the process of Combination -

पिता आदिशत् पुत्र	The father order his son-
लिख लेखं मामइया	Write a letter as I order -
न तेन लिखितं लेखम्	No letter was written by him
पितराई न लभडिता	And father's order not violated-

The contradiction can be set at naught by combining न and तेन in the third line to mean तिन - in all humility.

III क्रियागुप्त प्रहेलिका: Riddles with verbs concealed -

The 'verbs' that remain hidden in the statements are traced by dissolution and combination of words.

Examples: -

- विराटनगरे राजन् कीयाकादुपकीचकम् ।  
अत्र क्रियापदं गुष्टं यो जानाति स पण्डितः ॥

O King, in the city of Virata, from Kicaka to Upakicaka the verbal form is hidden : he who finds it is a scholar.

In the example, the first line is ambiguous, with reference to Virata, Kicaka, Upakicaka etc. which are names from Mahabharata. But it has nothing to do with the epic. If which we trace the right word - the verb - and it makes sense then. The verb is to be traced here in the word विराट - वि : bird आट roamed - आट is the Past tense of the root 'अट्' to roam.



So, the real, intended meaning of the sentence would be "O King, in a certain town, a bird roamed around from one bamboo tree कीचकं to another nearby." उपकीचकं

Another eg. of this kind-

ii) पाण्डवाना सभामध्ये दुर्योधन आगतः । तस्मै गा च हिरण्यं च सर्वाण्याभरणानि च ॥

Another क्रियागुप्त riddle, with an ambiguous sense-

Duryodhana who came to the court of the Pandavas, to him, gifts, gold and ornaments...

The verb is hidden in दुर्योधनः in combination with the previous word - मध्ये अदु + यः. The verb is अदुः - gave

The correct meaning, therefore, is to be construed as follows -

The Pandavas gave (अदुः) gifts, gold and ornaments to any poor man (य अधनः) who came to their court.

iv. Based on Sandhis - ie rules related to combination of vowels-

eg. i) हतो हनूमता रामः सीता हर्षमुपागता । रुदन्ति राक्षसाः सर्वे हा हा रामो हतो हतः ।

The meaning of the verse, at the first reading, would appear ridiculous. But the real meaning is understood by Sandhi-a combination of vowels.

हनूमता + आरामः हतः

आरामः                      menas "garden'

Again, in the 2nd line - हा हा + आरामो हतः :-

So, इत - हनूम्मा आराम the garden was destroyed by Hanuman and all the Rakshsas cried out - हा आरामो हतः णी, the garden is destroyed -

Another example of this variety -

ii) वटवृक्षो महानेष मार्गमावृत्य तिष्ठति ।

तावत्त्वया न गन्तव्यं यावन्नान्यत्र गच्छति ॥

The great Banyan tree वटवृक्षो stands obstructing the path. You should not go there till it moves away.

This is the meaning as understood at the first reading. But the word वटवृक्षो is to be split up as वटो + ऋक्षः when the real meaning is obtained - वटो in the Vocative case is addressed to a boy. हे वटो O young boy, ऋक्ष bear - stands there - don't go there till the bear moves away.

There are also matthematical riddles based on such Sandhis.

eg. एकोमा विंशतिः स्त्रीणां स्नानार्यं सरयं गता ।  
विशतिः पुनरायाता एको व्याघ्रेण भक्षितः ॥

One less than twenty women (apparently 19) went to the river, Sarayn, for bath. Twenty returned home and one eaten by tiger.

The solution is based on Sandhi.

The word एकोना may be split up both as

एक + ऊना - one less, and

एको + ना - one man.

The reconstructed verse would thus mean -

One man and twenty women went to the river, Sarayn. The twenty women returned home, but one man was eaten by the tiger - (एकः masculine)

Perhaps more popular are the forms like the charades.

In this type, the answers to the questions in the first three lines of the verse from the last line.

eg. i) कस्तूरी जायते कस्मात् ?  
को हन्ति करिणां कुलम् ?  
किं कुर्याद् कातरो युद्धे  
मृगात् सिंहः पलायते ।

From where is the musk obtained ? Ans. मृगात् - from the deer Who kills the herds of elephants? "सिंह" - the lion what does the coward do in the battlefield "पलायते - Retreats.

The last line is formed by the answers to the 1st three.

Another eg. का पाण्डुपत्नी, गृहभूषणं किम् ।  
को रामशत्रुः किमगस्त्यजनन ।  
कः सूर्यपुत्रो विपरीतपृच्छ ।  
कुन्तीसुतो रावणकुम्भकर्णः ॥

Here again, the last line contains the answers.

More intricate are the ones in which the answer is the same for two questions or more and is provided by the word of interogation.

eg. कामपि धत्ते सुकररूपी  
कामपि रहितामिच्छति भूपः ।  
केनाकारि मन्मथजननम्  
केन विराजते तरूणीवदनम् ॥

The first word कां is the answer for the first two lines, though with difference in meaning and केन is similarly the answer for the next two lines.

Whom does a king desire to be free of boar ?

कां - The Earth

Of whom does a king desire to be free from ?

कां - a rival king.

Who brought about the life of Cupid ?

केन - By Visnu or Krishna

By what does the face of a young woman shine ?

केन - By happniess or tresses

In some cases, the initial syllables of different wrods from the final solution of the charades, as in the following example of a poet - a diatribe against Kayasthas - (कायस्थ) the scribe.

काकाल्लौल्यं यमात् क्रौर्यं स्थपते : दृढधातिताम् ।  
एकैकाक्षरमादाय कायस्य : केन निर्मितः ॥

Who had created the कायस्थ the scribe, taking as it were the fickleness from the crow, cruelty from Yama and firmness to strike from the carpenter, taking the initial letter from each of these - का + य + स्थ - कायस्य

Typical Sanskrit charades are usually composed of four questions - The answers to the first 3 questions from the answer to the last question.

eg. का कान्ता कालियाराते : ?  
पुनरर्थे किं अव्ययम् ?  
किं वन्धं सर्वदेवामाम् ?  
फलेषु किमु सुन्दरम् ?

Who is the beloved of Krishna (Visnu) the enemy of Kaliya ?

Ans : मा - Lakshmi

What is the "ideclinabel' in the sense of "but' तु

Ans : (तु)

Who is worshipped by all Gods

Ans : लिङ्ग -

Which is the most beautiful fruit?

Ans : मा + तु + (लिङ्ग)

मातुलिङ्ग Pomogranate fruit

Mention may be made, in sconclusioin, of the element of "humour' in some verses.

कमले कमला शेते, हरः शेते हिमालये ।  
क्षीरार्थो च हरिः शेते, मन्ये मत्कुणशंकया ॥

"Lakshmi resides in louts, Siva remains on Himalayas, Visnu rests in the milky ocean - I think it is because of the fear of bed - bugs.

Making a dig at the son-in-law are the following two verses-

सदा वक्रः सदा क्रूरः सदा मानधनापहः।  
कन्याराशिस्थितो निन्य जामाता दशमः ग्रहः ॥

The son-in-law is portrayed as the tenth planet (apart from the navagrhas) - always crooked, cruel, taking away honour and wealth and remaining in Kanya Rasi - (Zodical sign of "Virgo')

असारे खलु संसारे सारं श्वशुरमन्दिरम् ।  
हरो हिमालये शेते, हरिः शेते महोदधौ ॥

The father-in-law's house is the only place of substance, in the otherwise worthless worldly life. Hara (Siva) resides on the Himalayas (abode of his wife, Parvati's father) and Hari (Visnu) resides in the great ocean (place of his wife, Lamshmi's birth)

An interesting dig at the physician -

वैधराज नमस्तुभ्यं यमराज सहोदर ।  
यमस्तु हरति प्राणान्, वैधः प्राणान् धनानि च ॥

Oh, physician the great, the brother of Yama, I bow to you. Yama takes away only the life, where you, the doctor, take away the life and money.

There are thousands of such passages in Sanskrit Literature which reveal to us the wit and ingenuity of the Indian people.



## TRAVEL DIARY

September 13, 1991

...now, aurangabad is more like the India I imagined, before I came here. The broad, sweeping plains broken by plateaus and hills, these are the images of the expansive India I expected.

The main purpose of our visit here was to see the Ellora Caves and the Ajanta Caves the magnificence of the two cave systems did not really set in until I figured out that these were both several thousand years old. I was standing in front of the very first three dimensional drawing down by mankind. The caves themselves reminded me of the excavations done by the American pueblo Indian around the same time. It's amazing, that two different cultures, continents apart, could achieve the same feat of architecture back in those primitive times.

September 17, 1991

...the drive to Agra was an experience in itself. At one point, we stopped.

# *Creative Writing*

## *It Was\**

..... Deepa S.

*B.A. Literature*

Things are so simple in life. Putting a female child to death is so simple, for instance – just forget those maternal bonds and you can have her slaughtered, anyway.

It is so simple to contract a disease that simply means death – oh, why do the newspaper columns blare us down with incidents of a highly potent killer-disease unleashed?

It is so simple to have a quiet pregnancy and more so a quiet abortion. Why then do we have the Scriptures decrying adultery? What is adultery, after all? It is only a simple excess of the senses, yes?

The aftermath of anything in life, Hot and Dusty, is only a certain coolness...

So, why did I begin this anyway? Well, I was, sometime back, fascinated by life. Fascination... Just how splendidly the word goes! And so did I. I was fascinated by Philosophy, Mysticism, Miracles – just as I used to devour Pastries and Rich Creamy Cakes as a child. Or, I had proved myself too much as a Richly Fascinated Child, who had no grip over reality. And so, it went like this – it was a moment of infatuation, or was it? I did not know. Sometimes, I feel it is demeaning to put

down into solid words what you have really experienced. Is it a waste of words? Of breath? Anyway, it was something like this – did I meet her at a theatre? A Party? While I was at my best, entertaining friends? She came over. Or, did she? I think I went over. What did I speak to her about? Or, did I dumbly stare at her?

I did not stare at her for nothing. She was astonishingly pretty.

I met her at a Prayer-Hall. Lord, what a choice of place to serve as setting for amorous pursuits! Sometimes, feelings are powerful. One moment of intoxication cooled down to pathos.

Oh!, what had I done? I had fallen for a simple, peasant girl in my need to stand High before god. The fleeting glimpses of a possible Salvation struck my mind. I turned my face away, wrestling with emotions. With Classic Moral righteousness, I had lost my girl. I had lost my boat, my Love Cruise. The aftermath was one of nagging worry and guilt – not because I had lost her but because I wanted to retrieve my place before God. I wanted to win a second Eden, where there would be no Eve – only an Angel. But Love is reality, no? And we sure do hide our faces when it

\* Second prize, Creative Writing Competition, College Magazine

comes to Sin. Sin in itself is only a common error, yes? Why do the newspapers talk about Sin and sinful people, when we all know that they (the people) are only men and women like us? What is sensuousness, anyway? Does it have to exist with a Keats when it can exist in a more quantifiable measure with us? Do you have to promote pornography? God forbid, but it lies nevertheless, in human lives .. What is indeed Chastity if it cannot lie with people like you and me? What is indeed virginity if it cannot live in strong sexual implications and metaphors? What is indeed Salvation if it exists not with men?

These very many `its' and `isms' exist with mankind. You and I — we make the world and all its complex dimensions.

We choose, we live.

But let us choose better. If we can reach up to the Farthest ends of Divinity, let us each possess the Golden Apple.

Divinity or Chastity is not a figment of any medieval imagination, mind you. It lies here... in our hearts... in the very disciplined souls we put on, spotless and clean. It is after all a benevolent universe. It is a message of Hope. A thriving reality, no mere Fairy, this Hope, to cheer us. She is a living legend. Let us, meanwhile do away with fascination, infatuation, all other such. Posterity must not dismiss us as part of an unhealthy imagination, so that, when they think of us they can think in terms of themselves too, and construe our success as part of a thriving reality and say:

*It was.... It is....One of Hope...?* ■

## *Travel Diary*

September 18, 1991

Jeff Fisher

... New Delhi is definitely a worldly city. There are large paved streets, and people even occasionally follow the street signs. I still cannot get over driving on the wrong side of the road, much less having to dodge cattle while you drive.

This morning, we all met the Prime Minister. I think, as we went through the security checks, it finally set in that we were meeting one of the most powerful men in the world. And the funny thing was, that Prime Minister Rao talked to us like equals and actually sought our opinion of India. One of the most meaningful things he said was about the difference between knowledge and insight. Knowledge is gained from learning through books and education, and, as such, is limited to books and education. But insight can only be gained through experience. He praised us for trying to experience the real India. His demeanour reminded me more of a grand-father who has already experienced the world and is trying to guide his children through it as best he can.

We were also lucky enough to be granted an interview with Mrs. Sonia Gandhi, the widow of the former Prime Minister. Mrs. Gandhi was still in mourning for her husband, and it was plainly evident in how she spoke and acted. She was not even able to speak of Rajiv without her voice cracking in sorrow. We were not allowed much time with her. She struck me as a very controlled and elegant lady who more than anything else wanted to continue with her life. It's a shame that her beauty has to be marred by the scars of politics. (*Contd.*)

# Redesign Man

G.R. Malini Rao.,  
B.A. Fine Arts



A reporter from 'The Divine', L.O.R.D. Press Release from heaven, visits Mr. Jeffrey, an American genetic engineer, who has redesigned Man and got God's approval. Here is the interview as recorded then--

Hello Jeffrey, shall we begin?

'Hi! Sure'.

Okay. Why did you think of redesigning man all of a sudden?

'Well, you know', 'contentment' is the least used word by the whole of humanity. I thought that we have been content with our body for too long, you know... Two hands, two legs, a nose, a mouth, and a pair of eyes

and ears and that makes a man. As everything changes with time, I felt the human body should be redesigned to suit the present circumstances.

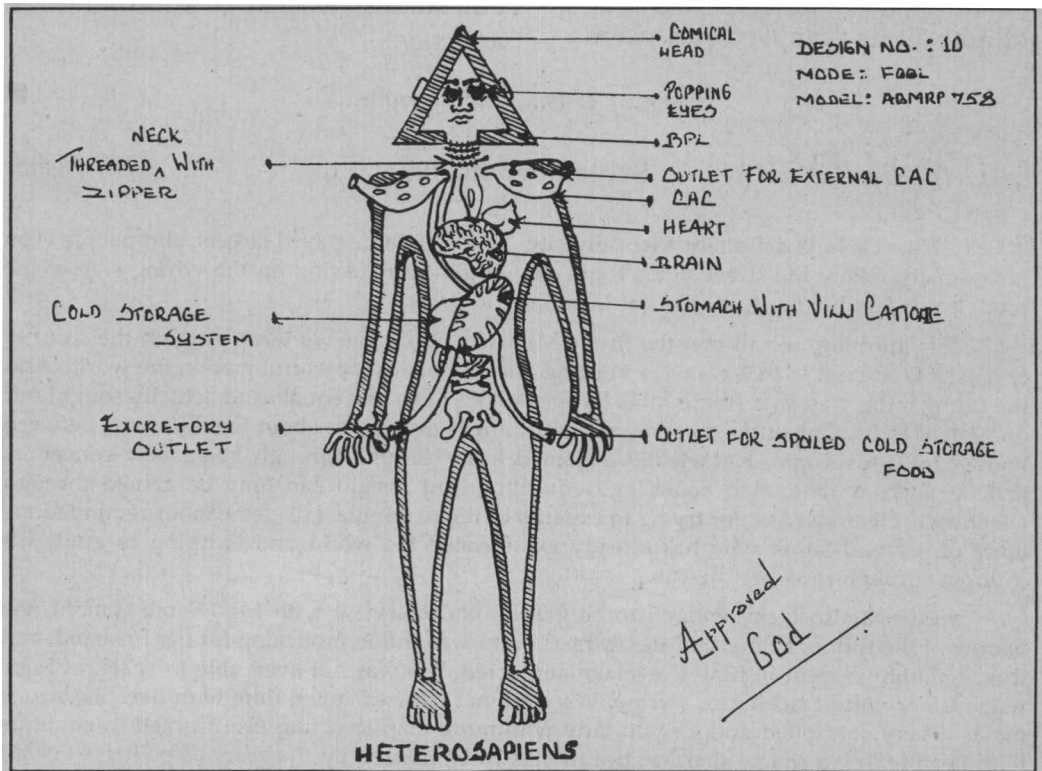
How did you go about doing it? It must have been a really tough job for a mortal doing the work of God?

'Yes. It was only after hours of raking the cerebrum that I hit upon this idea and I worked on it and then submitted my thesis to God.'

Could you elaborate on the actual system and working of the redesigned man?

(In the laboratory)

'Here is the model'.





*Why is this head conical? Does it serve any purpose?*

'Yes. The body that God created and man possessed for nearly a million years shows, on close observation, some inefficiency. For instance, the shape of the body. The original shape enables man to walk on land with ease. If the body was fully streamlined, meaning to say, the head ended in a cone, then man could swim like a fish and with a little external apparatus he could even fly'.

*But wouldn't this conical head reduce the space for the brain? Wouldn't man become dull?*

'A good question. I have accounted for this. The brain has been placed along with the heart...'

*But then would it not affect the heart in its function?*

'I was just coming to that. For the heart not to occupy too much place, the right auricle and ventricle of the heart have been replaced by the brain and the left auricle and the ventricle have been further divided into two, thus leaving man with a four chambered heart. So there is not much difference in the circulatory system'.

*But don't you think that man will lose his sensitiveness, his emotions, that are bestowed on him by almighty God, due to the reduction of the heart?*

'Yes. You are right. But to view things positively, it is an added advantage to

have your head (I mean the brain) rule more often than the heart in this materialistic world'.

*Okay. Does it have any other advantage?*

'Physiologically, the advantage of this arrangement is that the brain will receive more blood from the heart by virtue of its closeness to it. The systolic and the diastolic pressure of the heart stimulate the neurons of the brain, thereby making man more intelligent than ever. This phenomenon occurs on the principle of accupressure'.

*Jeffrey, why is the nose broader than in the original?*

'Because of growing industrialization, the nose must be in a position to filter harmful gases and dust particles. Thus along with the original hair, some porous filters (of the likes of a sponge) are added. This will prevent diseases of the lungs like Asthma, Bronchitis, T.B. etc.'

*What about the eyes? Have you retained the old model?*

'No. The capacity of vision is limited to the surface level and is not sensitive enough to go to the subcutaneous and telepathic levels. By the combination of lens gel (a viscous liquid lens) and a hypnotic source in the eyes, the focal length of the eyes and its revolving power can be increased by using the formula

$$\frac{1}{u} + \frac{1}{v} = + \frac{2}{f}$$

*The hypnotic source? What is it? What does it do?*

'The hypnotic source gives out waves with high intensities and frequencies. By virtue of the above characteristics, the wave can penetrate one's mind, (brain) and the actual thoughts and feelings are conveyed without uttering a single syllable.'

*What is the range of this phenomenon?*

'This phenomenon can effectively occur only when the source and the target are at rest, as the wave bounces back to the same position from where it originated.' He added mischievously, 'This phenomenon is very useful for students who wish to exchange views when the lecture is going on. Seriously, this phenomenon is governed by the formula

$$S = \frac{2\pi - uv}{w(1 + t)}$$

*What are the other applications of this phenomenon?*

'There are a lot of applications of this visual system, for example, in criminal interrogation. An ethical advantage is that the world would be a better place to live in because it would be more truthful.'

*But Jeffrey, tell me, why does the skin seem puffed and leathery?*

'If man intends to survive and evolve for many more million years to come, he has to adapt himself. Nowadays man has to adapt not only to natural adversities

but also to the mushrooming violence, vendetta and arms race. His very existence is followed by a question mark. Hence the body on the whole is bullet proof by virtue of the bullet proof lining (B P L) along the layer of fat, along the profile of the body just under the skin.'

*The neck looks funny ... like a screw, also the shoulders have something on them.*

'You are right. The neck is externally threaded to enable it to rotate 360° with respect to the right hand screw. Between the last thread and the ribs, a zip is provided so that one head can be unzipped when in pain (as in headaches), so that the rest of the body is unaffected.

*But won't this affect the physiological aspect?*

'No, not at all, as the brain is in the chest region, the co-ordination of activities is not affected.'

*About the shoulder...?*

'Other than being just pedestals for the head, they contain the annulling apparatus that removes stress by circulating soothing cold air currents (C A C). This is why the shoulder has a rounded appearance.'

*What about the digestive system and the excretory system?*

'To cope with adulteration and food poisoning occurring ever so often, the stomach is provided with a lining of thorny sheath called 'villi cactiolei'. An additional arrangement is made for excess

food — something like cold storage — to make sure it doesn't spoil within the body. You know it is very convenient during war time or during economic crises.'

*Okay. Why have you named the redesigned man 'heterosapiens'?*

'It is quite obvious - my design is a mixture of living and non-living systems. Hence the name.'

*Jeffrey, you still have the old design of man. When will this new design come into force?*

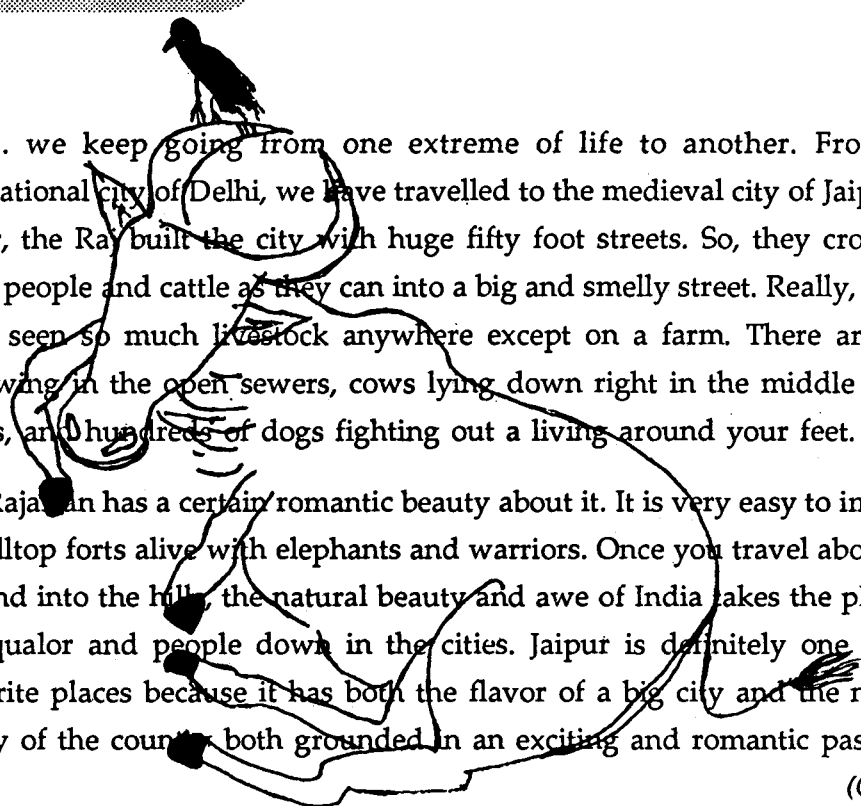
'God has told me that he would implement my design from the next stock of men He is going to create.'

*One last question. How did it feel when you met God?* ■

## Travel Diary

September 20, 1991

Jeff Fisher



... we keep going from one extreme of life to another. From the international city of Delhi, we have travelled to the medieval city of Jaipur. In Jaipur, the Raj built the city with huge fifty foot streets. So, they crowd as many people and cattle as they can into a big and smelly street. Really, I have never seen so much livestock anywhere except on a farm. There are pigs wallowing in the open sewers, cows lying down right in the middle of the streets, and hundreds of dogs fighting out a living around your feet.

Rajasthan has a certain romantic beauty about it. It is very easy to imagine the hilltop forts alive with elephants and warriors. Once you travel above the city and into the hills, the natural beauty and awe of India takes the place of the squalor and people down in the cities. Jaipur is definitely one of my favourite places because it has both the flavor of a big city and the natural beauty of the country both grounded in an exciting and romantic past.

*(Contd.)*

## *The man I saw through the window\**

..... Nandini Sukumar  
B.A. Economics

I saw them approaching, as the train rumbled to a stop, peering through the windows, looking around the platform, watching the doors expectantly. My heart ached for them. I knew who they were looking for; in a way I was looking for him myself, through a window - yes, but looking none the less. There was of course no point. He was dead. Dead as surely as he had shot himself, dead, as in buried and gone. He no longer existed in the face and form they knew and loved.

I've always hated stories where the author begins midway through the tale, misses a few decades here and there and does somersaults with time. You can't accuse me of that whatever else you might do.

"He" - we'll just call him "He". No messy fictional characters or attempts to camouflage him. We both hated that. Just leave him anonymous, blank. We'd both like that.

He was born to middle class parents about fifty years ago. The second of three children. He was born as he remained thereafter - quiet, reserved, shy. The essential invisible man. There was always a substance to him and to his speech and deeds but it was never substance that leapt up and proclaimed itself in a crowded hall or on a platform with a medal attached. One of his contemporaries

once described him as "solid". You never really noticed him or his work, but it was indispensable. Anyway, to return to the point, he lived a perfectly undistinguished ordinary life. He did well academically at school-but was never top of his class. He got into a good engineering college, but it wasn't the best. He graduated and got a job as was expected of him. Later he even married the nice girl his parents suggested and lived reasonably happily ever after with her.

Around him people died, drifted, bled, but he stood firm. His eldest brother, the glamorous, good looking, brilliant son, went, rather predictably he thought, into drugs and thereafter existed in a kaleidoscopic world of hallucination, withdrawals and fixes, raving incoherently, whenever visited. His parents, who'd always loved him dutifully but never really been close to him-"such a good, quiet boy", receded further into the background of his life till they died of old age and cancer respectively. His sister was walking to college one morning when a careless driver knocked her down, leaving her to die a week later in a hospital. This perhaps aroused in him surprisingly strong feelings of anger and loneliness, especially when he remembered trying to teach the five year old that she was, cricket, on Sunday afternoons.

\* Entry, Creative Writing Competition, College Magazine

But life goes on and in his turn he had children, whom he vowed he would talk to and play with, irrespective of their abilities of communication. One day he had a daughter and immediately resolved to never let her walk to college.

In course of time, especially as history repeats itself in the lives of ordinary men, a motorist turned a corner carelessly. His wife died, his daughter merely went into coma. He was well-off but when after six months they told him that there was a life-saving operation - it was in America- (of course where else would it be?) he realised that he had to do something to raise the money.

Eventually he went to work for a highly profitable, highly risky arms company, whose latest brainchild happened to be a particularly noxious and corrosive form of chemical attack which left the victims looking like they lived on the sets of a horror movie. Bones were eaten away, skin peeled off, hair fell out and so on. But they were willing to pay their employees for the risk. His daughter went away to have the life-saving operation and recovered. But he was never reunited with her. Early on, perhaps thinking of something else, he had an accident at the lab and it became necessary for him to live alone. It is also true that he had no particular desire to socialize now, looking as he did. He didn't find this important enough to mention to his daughter.

One day he had a letter from her saying she was tired of waiting, all she wanted to do was to come home and live with him again, to pick up the threads of

a life that for her had been interrupted, that for him was now over. She arranged to meet him.

I thought then that there would never be another meeting with her or another speaking to her again. It was better for her never to see me again. However I didn't have the strength not to see her and look at her and remember her five year old attempts at cricket again. I would get on the train, I would see her and pass on. She would not know, would never know. There was money enough for her and she had her health and strength and beauty.

I saw them looking for the man through the window as the train drew to a halt. She was waiting; perhaps, she would always remain waiting. He would never be the same recognizable father again. He was gone.

The train gave a little jerk, whistles screamed, farewells were shouted, we began slowly to move. She looked around, bewildered, confused, almost crying. How could he not have come?

I stood up and ran to the door, as we gathered momentum. I owed it to her, to the father that had once been, to explain, to console, to comfort, to support. I leapt out and stood on the platform. She saw me, relief lighting her face with joy.

She began to run. She reached me and flung her arms around my neck. At the molten joy on her face my regrets melted and all need for explanation whispered away like mist.

"Daddy", she said. ■

*On the campus...*



## *On the campus in Twenty Two Hundred*



Jennifer Joseph  
B.A. Literature

"I hate Mondays!", groaned Zena-1947, repeating an oft-quoted line from the classic of the 20th Century "Sisters", written by that great literary stylist Shoba De. Here she was sitting on the ramshackle remains of some pre-historic construction, in some obviously deserted section of Stella Maris Resource Center, with her rundown hovercraft on stand-by, waiting patiently for the next kick that would hopefully sputter some life into it...

GAMMABASE 1-10 and the hologram show that awaited her seemed light years and eons away. Deadlines now, that was something that hadn't changed in the last 200 years. Incidentally, today was the day her project was due, and the fact that she shared her plight with her favourite heroine from her well-thumbed copy of the book "Lace", offered little consolation. Grimacing at the four suns that flared up into the skyline, Zena-1947 decided that there was nothing else to do but await the arrival of one of the many locator guide robots. A sigh escaping her, Zena-1947 looked torturedly at her scattered resource material, which the dilapidated hovercraft had flung into the air when it came to a grinding halt. Plucking laser discs and floppy discs of all shades, shapes and sizes from the chrome and plastic twigs and leaves that passed off as vegetation, she was

reminded of her all time favourite movie, 'Gorillas in the Mist', that beautiful classic of the 20th century, filled with organic vegetation and animals she had only observed in the Zooatarium. Compared to Sigourney Weaver surrounded by gorillas, her problems paled into insignificance. But alas! those were indeed the days.

Gathering her wits and the remaining floppy discs about her, Zena-1947 plodded to the hovercraft. Suddenly the dull gleam of something smooth and even on the ground caught her eye. Inspired by Tracy Whitney in the Sidney Sheldon classic and the Indiana Jones trilogy, Zena-1947 found herself on her hands and knees hastily unearthing what seemed to be an even, smooth slab of pre-historic construction material - marble, or was it cement? From what was left of the inscription, Zena-1947 learned that it was something known as a "foundation stone" for the "structural appendage" — 'St. Francis Block', Stella Maris College. What a queer, antiquated expression, she thought. To think that the ancient Resource Center Stella, was once actually known by another name. Still pondering over this curious expression, Zena made herself comfortable on the terrafirma that she had just unearthed. If the kicks hadn't sparked off the hovercraft, the ear splitting yelp that escaped Zena at this point, sure would have.

Slowly but painfully Zena-1947 removed the offending object that had embedded itself in her new radiation proof bodysuit. It was the organic object that they called wood, used for desks, receptacles and construction Zena recalled, from one of her computer modules on history. Engraved on this curious object was the image of a primitive burial receptacle called 'caffeine' or was it 'coffin', followed by lettering in a bold hand which read - "R.I.P. - dedicated to all the victims of this lecture."

Any observer at this point would have pondered over the delicate balance of Zena's sanity.

For here she was doubling up with laughter, at the thought of what might have evoked or rather inspired this elegy. But, of course she had heard of what they called "class rooms", but she couldn't for the life of her imagine a class room situation which had obviously inspired this sentiment. A graphic animation on her computer screen in one of her history modules was as far as she could get. But somehow, the idea of a human for a resource emanator or a 'teacher' as they were known, always seemed strangely appealing.

And strangely so did all the stories that she had heard of a social animation and refreshment center known as a 'canteen', where trainees could purchase freshly cooked food. How truly novel!! The closest R.C.S. came to it was the 'Holocade' where trainees would while away hours munching on high protein

alfalfa vadas and algae chutney. The more social species of trainees would have a quick chinwag with inter-stellar holograms of mates on other bases, such as the extremely popular 'Loyoliate' of the Male Species etc. Chinwags and gourmet food aside, the only facet of S.M.C. that she would have sold heart and soul for was the lush organic vegetation that it was supposed to be surrounded with. At least that's what the computer at her terminal suggested. Enveloped in luscious, organic species such as the rare *Chlorus barbata* or "crab grass" or even the *Butea frondosa* or "flame of the forest". The average trainee was indeed truly privileged.

A slow whirring of cogs and the steady monotone of 'LOCATED! LOCATED!' rudely awoke Zena-1947 from her reverie. It was "Aristoknowtell" the R.C.S. locater guide. The robot had been sent in search of the missing presenter of the hologram show.

"Oh well, one could live without trees and organic vegetation", thought Zena. "Who needs twigs, leaves and compost when we've got our inter-stellar space buggies, do-it-yourself automated beauty saloons and hologram projections of Kevin Kostner at the tip of your fingers!!"

Zena-1947, dropped the wood relic into her pocket and quickened her pace towards the hovercraft. With an added spurt of energy she yelled - "Catch me if you can, Aristoknowtell !!!" ■



## A World of difference

Sangeeta,  
M.A. Economics



I walked towards the arrival hall. My heart sank. It was going to be a long vacation. My mother had advised me about the orthodox set-up - the people, their attitudes, their beliefs. I had never been keen on spending my vacation in a place where I did not belong, but it was impossible to make my mother understand.

The initial endearments were exchanged;

- I expected to see you with long hair! I heard my grandmother's mild disapproval.

- And I expected you to say just that, Nani. I tried to be flippant and failed. I wished my grandparents had not come to receive me.

Dinner was an ordeal, with both Nana and Nani fussing over my eating habits.

- No wonder you are so thin.

- See, you have hardly eaten anything.

- Why don't you try to eat that vegetable?

- Is this a fashion or something - to eat so little? It went on.

- I have no desire to end up a great,

fat lump. I finally replied and left the room.

The next morning was another bad beginning. Nani came into the room with an Indian outfit.

- Shreya, put on this salwar. Nana wants us to get you some Indian dresses.

- I don't want any Indian clothes. Please, Please. I'm so comfortable in my shorts. Leave me alone.

It has been a nightmare trying to cope with a culture which is alien to me. I feel bonded, hemmed in everywhere. It is hard to perceive how people here don't get exasperated by so many restrictions.

In the evening, Nani came to tell me that Mrs. Gupta's son, Vinay, had returned from the States, and she had invited him for dinner. I was really looking forward to meeting someone I could relate to, and Vinay was a very welcome break.

The next few days I spent most of my time at Vinay's. We spoke a lot about the different cultures and it was apparent that Vinay unlike me, was very comfortable in India.

One day when Vinay and I were cleaning his room, his servant came in; her face was awfully bruised. I was

surprised when Vinay calmly asked her if her husband had been fighting with her again, to which she answered, "Yes sir, but nowadays he doesn't drink every night, only once in a while!" I was angered at the thought of one person beating another and the other going back for more. I asked the servant, "Why don't you leave such a man? I'm sure you can survive alone!"

"Madam, I have got married to him and to whatever he is. Running away from him is not going to solve our problems.

We both have to try and adjust."

All this left me very confused and Vinay understood my confusion and said, "See Shreyā, this is where our culture surpasses western culture. People here consider marriage a sacred institution and don't just walk in and out of it. This provides them with a sense of security and belonging which is a major strength in their quest for happiness!"

Vinay's words have left me with a new set of perspectives to cope with. ■

## *Travel Diary*

*Jeff Fisher*

**September 23, 1991**

... a human forest. That is how I would describe Calcutta, Literally, millions piled upon millions with no-where to go except into the city. One cute little girl, she could not have been three yet, walked upto me and asked me for Rupees. Then she asked me for Francs, Dollars, Yen, Peso. A little girl like this, who has to be pretty sharp to pick up begging in foreign languages, has nothing to look forward to in life but poverty, crime and begging. Only afterwards, did I realize that she must have been trained to beg in foreign languages. Only then did I truly realize how depraved the human being can be - to get a child to beg and perform like that with no hope for life.

We stayed at the Ramakrishna Ashram while we were in Calcutta. The Swami there met us and explained a little of the differences between the philosophers of the East and the West. It seems that the Eastern philosophy is so much more realistic than what we learn in the West. Most Western philosophers are stuck on trying to prove if the chair you are sitting on really exists or not. For that matter, if you exist at all. In the East, it seems that both philosophy and religion deal with more of how to live life, than abstract and useless proofs.

Mother Theresa's orphanage also left an impression. Most of the people were struck by the large number of children and their apparent hopelessness. Everyone wanted to do something to help. One of the people there said something that really hit home. If you come and pick the children up and cluck and coo over them it doesn't help. If you want to really help these children then come and spend three months, or three years, or three decades and that will really help them. Because if you just come for three hours or three days, you are only helping yourself.

*(Contd.)*



## *The Fourth Dimension*

*It was Mother Teresa's home.  
I had not particularly wanted to come  
but neither had I wanted to express  
a thought so vile.  
I stepped inside with the rest and did my best  
to appear sympathetic and good and kind.  
I did feel pity but then I also wished  
these people so wretched and old didn't exist.  
I sang for them because everyone did,  
relieved to have something to do.  
There were no songs left to sing and I walked  
to a door.*

*Outside, in the corridor, was a woman  
eating messily; she was obviously mentally ill.  
She beckoned to me; I pretended not to see.  
A girl next to me pointed her out to me;  
I smiled, but sore inside  
I walked to the woman's side.*

*She held out her hand-  
Pity and fear gripped me.  
I had heard the mentally ill were violent sometimes,  
but she was so frail - I gave her two fingers.  
She pulled, I sank to the floor beside her  
my heart beating harder.  
Her palm met mine; how warm it felt.  
Her eyes were big and liquid.  
Something seemed to grip my throat; I offered her the  
other hand too.*



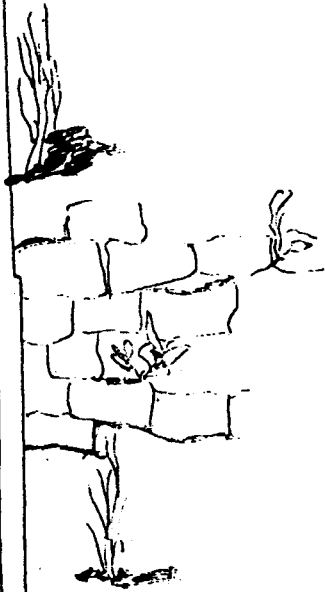
*Rashmi Chandy  
B.A. Literature*

## Debris

No more do I behold  
a rainbow  
in the spectrum of my imagination.  
Only faded hues rule  
the land of dreary thoughts-  
My page sulks  
in the boredom of weary words.



My mind-  
dwarfed as a bonsai  
mourns in the debris  
of its own creations.



M. Purnima  
B.Com.



## Upon a Thought

Vibrant kiosks slide  
past the windows  
multicoloured pavements mirror  
themselves in my vision  
- splashed with holiday colours  
left behind.

Avenues acknowledge my acquaintance  
to usher me back  
to the silent rustle  
of endless pages.

Even while I grope  
in the cosmos of books,  
I would melt into those hours  
of lazy tranquility.

M. Purnima  
B.Com.

## Being

the little mouse shivered  
it bowed before all  
it wished and hoped  
it had been a giant  
it apologised  
for its size and colour  
'oh pity me!', it squeaked,  
'like me, be nice to me!'  
The giant squashed it.  
Half destroyed it lay  
and dreamt  
it was a giant  
'I am a giant !'  
Said he, and  
there arose a giant.  
All before him bowed.

Rashmi Chandi  
B.A. Literature

## Prayer

Subliminal blaze -  
An ascent and a reprieve;  
The icon beckons.

## Soul

Black hostility  
Screaming red-hot coals of hate.  
A desperate silence.

## *The Dignity of Death*

*The hand of Ahab beckons you to come,  
But Ahab lies beneath the waves of paper  
And this man lies dead upon the surf.  
The waves pull him toward dignity.  
The human vultures tear him  
With the eyes of curiosity and the talons of gossip.  
The film covers his face and hides  
His tears of anguish  
From having the affront to die in public.  
The sea, the sea which is merciless in death  
Is at least protective of her own.  
Alone, the sea attempts to provide  
A proper burial shroud.*

*What are the people doing?  
Why don't they help him?  
Why am I afraid to give the man his dignity?*

*Surf pounds in on the flaccid body of  
Death, while life gawks, surrounds.  
He is picked up and thrown into the  
Sand. The Body crumples and elongates  
As the waves pull him home.  
There is no bone in him now.  
Removed by the weakness of Death,  
And the weakness of man.*

*Every man has the right  
To rage against the dying of the light.  
After the rage is gone,  
After the light is drowned,  
Only the body remains  
In the surf  
Without  
Dignity.*

*Jeff Fisher  
Semester Round the World Programme*

## *The Pioneer*

*"To mankind will I show," thought I,  
A unique face in History  
- Of successes and conquests,  
And I, a celebrity !"*

*Glorious would be my world  
And my word the law!  
With Scores of Spectators,  
Hushed attending  
At my soul's exalting.  
My self esteem,  
(Formerly at a low ebb)  
Would sprighten up Bestowing the cherished cup of glee!*

*Great joy would be mine,  
My quest in life completed,  
which a mind so contemplated.*

*People would see reason,  
Comprehensive of the master-hand behind  
Offering their oblations,  
Akin to their mind.  
And this Paramountcy, this dominion,  
Would be vested in power  
Which would entirely be mine !*

*A misty scene danced before my eyes  
A panorama so unlike -  
- Of laughter flowing from a Silver Jug,  
genuine laughter.*

*But wait! Resplendent in mockery it was  
That started me...  
...This Pioneer had not yet begun  
Her journey towards the sun  
... I was still in my starting place.*

*Deepa S.  
B.A. Literature*

## A Thought In Green

*'Green' as a noun will soon become extinct,  
if we do not do anything distinct,  
to save this world for future generations,  
instead of its complete annihilation.*

*What we see around us-  
the trees, the shrubs and the woods,  
will soon become a rarity,  
if we continue to act with impetuosity,  
and do not give a thought  
to where we are headed for.*

*We have this choice before us,  
of a beautiful, clean, green world,  
or we've a choice,  
of an ugly, smog-filled, dirty world.*

*The choice is ours,  
and the choice we shall make;  
the intention is ours,  
and the initiative we shall take,  
of making this world a better place,  
for you, for me, and for everyone.*

*Act we must, and act fast,  
to prevent this vision from becoming an illusion.  
Act we must, and act fast,  
to prevent things from slipping from our grasp.*

*So, let us resolve, to do our best,  
Not tomorrow,  
but today.*

*And tomorrow we can sit back and say,  
"Our conscience is clear, we did our best."*

*Vijayalakshmi  
B.Sc. Botany*



## இவர்களை நம்புவோம்....

மனிதனே! நீ நித்தமும்  
மனிதனையே! தேடு  
என்று சொன்ன பாரதி!

ஆண்டவனை நம்பும்போது  
ஆத்மா! பரமனையே  
துதிக்கிறது என்று சொன்ன  
கண்ணதாசன்

பொறுமையே உலகில்  
மிகப்பெரும் பிரார்த்தனை  
என்று சொன்ன புத்தன்

உன்நாடு உனக்கு என்ன  
செய்தது என்று சிந்திப்பதைவிட்டு  
நீ நாட்டுக்கு என்ன செய்தாய்!  
என்று சொன்ன ஜான்கென்னடி!

ஆசை நீக்கி! அகன்ற வாழ்வுபெற  
எழுமின்! உழைமின்! விழுமின்!  
என்று சொன்ன சுவாமி விவேகானந்தர்

அறிவுள்ளவன் ஆத்மாவைத்  
தேடுவான்! அறிவிலியோ  
அறியாமையைத் தேடுவான்  
என்று சொன்ன சாக்ரடீஸ்

நித்தமும் திராவிட நாடுதன்னை  
நினைத்துப் பொதுப்பணி செய்!  
என்று சொன்ன பாவேந்தன்

அமைதியிலேயே! மனிதனே!  
ஆண்டவனைத் தேடு!  
என்று சொன்ன! மகாத்மா!

இவர்களை ! இளைய பாரதமே!  
இனியாகிலும் நம்புவோம்!  
இதயமுள்ள  
இந்தியாவை  
இனிமேல் உருவாக்குவோம்!

கவிஞர். உலகநாயகிபழனி  
(தமிழ்த்துறை),  
ஸ்டெல்லா மாரிஸ் கல்லூரி.

## பொன் முட்டை இடும் வாத்து

பொன்னா  
என் தாய் சிறுகச் சிறுகச் சேர்த்துள்ளாள் பணமா?  
என் தந்தை வாயைக் கட்டி வயிற்றைக் கட்டிச்  
சேமித்துள்ளார்  
கல்வியா?  
பல்கலைக்கழகத் தங்கமடல் வாங்கியுள்ளேன்  
பாத்திரமா? தொலைக்காட்சியா?  
அரைக்க ஆட்ட இயந்திரங்களா?  
குளிர்சாதனப் பெட்டியா? வாகனமா?  
அனைத்தும் ஆயத்தம்  
ஆடம்பர கோலாகலத் திருமணமா?  
சம்மதம்! சம்மதம்!!  
இத்தனையும் போதாதென்று  
நான் மாதந்தோறும் முதல்தேதி  
பொன் முட்டை இடும் வாத்தாக  
நான் இருக்க வேண்டுமென்று எதிர்பார்க்கிறீர்  
வேலை என்ற கானல்நீரை  
நான் என்று எட்டிப்பிடிப்பது  
என்று என் கழுத்தில் மணமாலை ஏறுவது?

— ஆர். சோபா ஜேன்ட்  
(II Yr. Literature)

## இந்த சுட்ட பழங்களுக்காக

முதியோரின் நலன் கருதி சமுதாய விழிப்புணர்ச்சி  
ஓ! சாய்வு நாற்காலிகள்!  
குடும்ப கோபத்தால்  
ஆட்சி இழந்த சாய்ந்த நாற்காலிகள்!  
விதிகளின் சிறையில் விழுந்த  
விடுதிகளின் குழந்தைகள்!  
பொதிச் சுமையில் சுகம் கண்ட  
சம்சாரிகளால் உதறிய சருகுகள்!  
விழி இழந்து, மொழி இழந்து  
உணவிழந்து, நினைவிழந்து, முதிர்ந்த கனிகள்!

இந்த

சுட்டப் பழங்களுக்கான  
இளைப்பாறும் இடம்  
நமது மன விலாசமே!

— ஆதிசை.  
(II Yr. Botony)

## காவலாளியின் கண்ணோட்டம்

காவல் பணிதனைப் புரிகையிலே - எந்தன்  
கருத்தினில் கிளைப்பன எவையெவையோ  
காவலைத் தொழிலாய் புரிபவனின் - மனக்  
கண்ணோட்டக் கவிதை இவையிவையே

விசைதந்த பொம்மையாய் விரைவோர்கள் உண்டு  
வீசிடும் தென்றலாய் நகர்வோர்கள் உண்டு  
திசையெட்டும் கேட்கின்ற சிரிப்பொலிகள் உண்டு  
தினமொன்றில் பலமுறைகள் மணியொலியும் உண்டு

வாசனைப் பூச்சுகள் வகைகளில் எத்தனை?  
வண்ண உடைகளின் வகைதொகை எத்தனை?  
கருவிகள் எவையெகாண்டு ஆக்கிடுவாரோ?  
காலங்கள் எத்தனைப் போக்கிடுவாரோ?

பாத அணிகளில் பற்பலக் கோலங்கள் - அவை  
பாதை நெடுகிலும் மீட்டிடும் ராகங்கள்  
மாதர்கள் காலணி மாதமும் மாறுமோ? - இவர்  
மனைகளில் தேடினால் ஒருநூறு தேறுமோ?

தரித்திரம் ஒன்றே பெண்சிசு கொன்று  
தவறுகள் புரியும் தாயினம் நாணட்டும் - இங்கே  
சரித்திரம் படைப்பார் - சாதனை புரிவார்  
செயல்திறன் தன்னை வந்தவர் காணட்டும்.

— எல். டிரேசா ரோஸ்

## लघु कथा इंप्रेशन

बहन को देखने के लिए कुछ लोग आ रहे थे। घर को झाड़ा - बुझाया गया। सेंटर टेबल पर दो-तीन किताबें और अखबार रख दिए। छोटा भाई आया। टेबल पर सबसे ऊपर हिन्दी का अखबार देखकर चौंक पड़ा। फिर झटपट उसने अखबार उठाया और अलमारी में रख दिया। सामने बड़े भाई को देखकर ठिठका और समझाते हुए बोला, “भाई साहब बुरा इंप्रेशन पढ़ता है वे लोग क्या सोचेंगे, हिन्दी का अखबार पढ़ते हैं।”

एलिस देवासिया  
द्वितीय वर्ष (भौतिकी)

## तोहफा

एक दिन रामू को तीन पुस्तकें खरीदने के लिए पैसों की सख्त जरूरत थी मगर वह गरीब किसान का बेटा था। उसका लाचार बाप यही चाहता था कि काम करके रामू दो चार पैसे कमाये और घर चलाने में मदद करे। मगर रामू पढ़कर अपने पैरों पर खड़ा होना चाहता था। इन्हीं बातों में वह खोया था जब उसका दोस्त श्याम एक तोहफा लेकर आया तोहफे को देखकर रामू को याद आया कि उसका जन्म दिन था। उसने तोहफा खोलकर देख तो उसमें वही पुस्तकें थीं जिनकी उसे जरूरत थी। रामू की आखों में खुशी के आँसू भर आये। पिता ने कहा बेटा हर दोस्त भगवान का दिया हुआ कीमती तोहफा है जिसे कभी ठुकराया न जाये।

Padma Jayaraman  
पद्मा जयरामन  
IIIrd Maths (गणित)

## स्पर्श

धुंध का सफेद गीलापन  
आहिस्ता आहिस्ता  
गालों को चूमना हुआ  
निकल जाता है।

मन  
हरियाली की चादर ओढ़े  
इन पर्वतीय घाटियों में विलीन  
प्रकृति की अनुपम छटा में मग्न है।  
पहाड़ों की आँखें  
अनगिनत अश्रुधाराओं को समेटे  
धुंध के आँचल में ढकी हुई हैं  
पर पलकों से एक अदृश्य निर्झर  
मधुर यादों का स्पर्श लिये  
आहिस्ता आहिस्ता  
मन को तड़पाता  
बह निकलता है।

एम. पूणिमा  
M. Poornima  
B.Com. (II)

# बदल डालो

ऐ मित्र !

फेंक दो यह हथियार  
त्याग दो यह बम-बारूद  
छोड़ दो यह खून-खराबा ।

देता नहीं सुनाई तुमको  
विधवाओं का विलाप ?  
करुण क्रंदन अनाथ बच्चों का  
संतप्त माँ-बाप और  
भूखे बेघर वालों का ?

खून की नदियाँ और  
लाशों के ढेर पर  
मत करो किसी विवाद का फैसला...  
अपने काम, क्रोध, मद से मत तोड़ो  
भलेमानस का घोंसला ।

क्या चाहते हो तुम ?  
असम, पंजाब या फिर काशमीर  
जो है तुम्हारे आघतों से ज़ख्मी  
तुम क्या समझोगे उनकी पीर ?

मत करो विभाजित  
इस देश को  
है प्रार्थना बदल डालो  
परिवेश को.... ।

Sharada B

शारदा बी.

91/22/55

## कौन करेगा...?

फूट गया भाग्य देश का  
भ्रष्टाचार - अनाचार के भावों से  
विकृत हो गया रूप देश का  
साम्प्रदायिक फसादों से

आतंक और हिंसा ने  
सारे देश को है घेरा  
नफरत और बईमानी का  
लगा दिया दिल में डेरा ।

क्या ऐसे भारत का सपना  
देखा था उन शहीदों ने ?

सोचते होगे आप  
कौन - सी बड़ी बात कह दी  
ज्ञात तो है हम सबको  
भारत का यह हाल ।

हाँ, ठीक सोचते हैं आप  
ज्ञात हैं हम सबको भारत का यह हाल  
पर रहते हैं मौन  
अवश्य अंत होगा इसका, परन्तु  
न जाने शुरूआत करेगा कौन ....?

Srividya  
91/22/42

## अनजान भय

डरती नहीं मैं अंधेरे से  
पर डरती हूँ जिन्दगी की रोशनी से  
कहीं यह बुझ न जाए ।

डरती नहीं मैं दुख से  
पर डरती हूँ हैसमुख चेहरे से  
कहीं यह सुख मिट न जाए  
डरती नहीं मैं वीरों की तलवार से  
पर डरती हूँ कायरों से  
कहीं ये देश को गुलाम न बनाए ।

P. Sridevi  
91/BT/15

## मन

चंचल मन !  
न भटक इधर-उधर  
कहीं खो जाएगा तू ।

न भटक सुनहरे सपनों के उजाले में  
न भटक ख्यालों के अंधेरे में  
पागल कहलाएगा  
कहीं खो जाएगा तू ।

न भाग सचाई से  
न डर कठिनाई से  
कायर कहलाएगा  
कहीं खो जाएगा तू ।

लौट आ,  
न भागता जा  
सामना कर न पीठ दिखा  
अपनी नादानियों के चलते  
कहीं खो जाएगा तू... ।

Rati. N.  
रति. एन  
91/EL/64

## मुरझाया फूल

बलपूर्वक मीना को रेलगाड़ी पर चढ़ाकर दादी प्लेटफार्म पर आ खड़ी हुई। मीना दादी की और बार-बार कातर निगाहों से देखने लगी। उन आँखों में याचना थी। लग रहा था मानो गिड़गिड़ाते हुए कह रही हो 'मुझे अपने से अलग मत करो।' उन निगाहों की कातरता ने दादी के मर्म को छू लिया। पर वे अनुभवी थी। उन्होंने आँखों ही आँखों अपनी विवशता जताई। मीना को ऐसा प्रतीत हुआ मानो दादी कह रही हो 'बच्ची इसी में तुम्हारी भलाई है।'

अजनबी यात्रियों के बीच एक कोने में दुबक कर बैठ गई। गाड़ी रेंगने लगी। प्लेटफार्म पीछे छूटने लगा। मीना की डबड़बाई आँखों में प्लेटफार्म पर खड़े लोग, दादी सभी तैरने लगे।

अपने को संभाल पाने में असमर्थ वह घुटनों में सिर छिपाकर फफक पड़ी। रेल की रफतार के साथ-साथ यात्रियों की बातचीत ने भी रफतार पकड़ ली। मीना उसी तरह रोती रही। किसी का ध्यान उसकी और नहीं गया।

“माँ वह नई नौकरानी रो रही है।”

“कोई बात नहीं। रोने दो। पहली बार घर से निकली है। ऐसा तो होता ही है”। सुलक्षणा की आवाज सुन मीना ने सिर उठाया। देखा मालकिन बच्ची को पुचकार रही है।

मीना का मन छटपटाने लगा। उसे घुटन महसूस होने लगी। वह भी तो माँ की ममता के लिए कब से तड़प रही है। थोड़ी सी ममता दादी से पायी थी तो वह भी भाग्य के कठोर हाथों ने निर्ममता से छीन ली। सिर पर स्नेह भरा स्पर्श पाकर उसने अपनी डबड़बाई आँखें उठाई। सामने उसी छोटी लड़की को खड़े पाया। उसने अपने कोमल हाथों से उसके आँसुओं को पोंछा और कहा - रो मत। क्यूँ रोती है। मैं, बाबूजी, माँ इतने सारे लोग हैं न तुम्हारे साथ। हम तुम्हारे साथ खेलेंगे। आओ तुम्हें अच्छी अच्छी तस्वीरें दिखायें।

मीना उस बच्ची की काल्पनिक दुनिया में बच्ची बन खो गई। तस्वीरें देखते दिखाते जब वह बच्ची सो गई तो उस अबोध सुन्दर बच्ची की मासूम सूरत में उसे अपनी बहन मीना का चेहरा दीखने लगा। और वह यादों की दुनिया में डूबने उतरने लगी।

उसका जन्म एक अत्यन्त गरीब परिवार में हुआ था। पिता शराबी था, माँ को उसने मार-पीट के अलावा कहने लायक कुछ नहीं दिया। चार घरों में बर्तन माँजकर वह घर चलाती थी। मीना की पाँच साल की एक छोटी बहन थी मोना। बहन से उसे बहुत प्रेम था। अपनी इस उपेक्षित बहन को माँ बनकर उसने सहारा दिया।

उसकी माँ कभी घर पर रहती ही नहीं थी। पिता के कोप भाजन का शिकार अकसर मीना ही होती थी। माँ भी अपना गुस्सा उसी पर उतारती थी। दर्द और पीड़ा सहते - सहते वह कठोर

बन चुकी थी। इसी प्रकार दिन गुजरते गये। जिन्दगी मीना के लिए एक मरूभूमि से कम नहीं थी। इस मरूभूमि में वर्षा भी यदा - कदा बूढ़ी दादी या मीना ही बरसाती थीं। मीना को वह अपने हृदय का टुकड़ा मानती थी। दादी से उसे भी बहुत लगाव था।

एक दिन अचानक दुर्घटना में उसके पिता की मृत्यु हो गई। माँ को जैसे मुक्ति का मार्ग मिल गया। बच्चों को रोता - बिलखता छोड़ किसी गैर मर्द के साथ विवाह रचाकर माँ चली गई।

गरीब दादी के लिए दोनो लड़कियाँ बोझ बन गईं। दादी जहाँ काम करती थी, उन्होंने एक उपाय सुझाया। मीना को नौकरी के लिए मल्लिक परिवार के साथ बम्बई भेज देने को कहा। दादी खुशी से फूली नहीं समायी। परन्तु बच्ची से बिछड़ने का दुःख भी उन्हें व्यथित कर रहा था। उसके मन में संघर्ष उठ रहा था। लेकिन इस द्वन्द्वात्मक स्थिति में भी उन्होने सोचा कि मीना के लिए इससे अच्छा अवसर नहीं मिल सकता। आर्थिक समस्या तो दूर हो ही जाएगी, साथ ही मीना को सुरक्षित भविष्य भी मिल जाएगा।

मीना को पहले तो बहुत ठेस पहुँची। लेकिन यह सोचकर कि वह घर पैसे भेज पायेगी; तो मोना की परवरिश ठीक ढंग से होगी, वह मान गई। यादों के दायरे से बाहर निकली तो देखा कि रेल बम्बई स्टेशन पर पहुँच चुकी थी।

आज उसे बम्बई आये एक साल हो गया है। बम्बई में रहते हुए उसने जीवन की तमाम बातें सीख ली हैं। बम्बई की व्यस्त जिन्दगी के साथ उसने समझौता भी कर लिया है। इतना होने पर भी वह दादी और मोना को भुला नहीं पायी है। रह-रह कर उनकी याद उसे सताती रहती है। न जाने उनका क्या हाल होगा। कैसे होंगे वे लोग? उसे पढ़ना - लिखना भी तो नहीं आता था। कैसे पूछे उनका हाल? दादी भी तो अनपढ़ थी। कैसे लिखती अपना हालत दिन-रात दादी के पास लौट जाने की योजना बनाया करती। दिन बीतते गए। बरसातें शुरू हो गयीं। भारी वर्षा के कारण उनका शहर पानी में डूब गया। जब दूरदर्शन पर उसने अपनी बस्ती को देखा तो वह व्याकुल हो उठी अपनी प्यारी दादी और बहन को मिलन की आकांक्षा ने उसके मन के समय का बांध तोड़ दिया तो वह बम्बई सेन्ट्रल स्टेशन जा पहुँची। रेल के बारे में पूछताछ कर अपनी तीन सौ रुपयों की जमा पूंजी समेट गाँव लौट पडी।

गाँव पहुँची तो देखा कि उसकी झोपड़ी के सामने भीड़ लगी थी। वह भयभीत हो गई। डरे सहमे कदमों से जब अन्दर प्रवेश किया तो उसे दिखाई पड़ा दादी का जीर्ण-शीर्ण और मोना का पील पड़ा शरीर।

उसके धैर्य का बांध टूट गया और वह दहाड़ मार कर उनके शवों पर गिर पडी।

Nivedilta Kumar

III Commerce

91/COM/41





## Congratulations

When Srividya Rajagopalan of the IInd Year Economics Class took the Stanford-Binet I.Q. test early this year, she could not have known the excitement it would cause. The results showed an I.Q. of 194 — way above the genius line of 140. That placed her among the top 12 people in the world. Various rumours have flown around the campus regarding her ability to outspeed both a calculator and Shakuntala Devi, to multiply a forty-four digit number by eleven and so on. Here is the story in her own words.

“In February 1992, I had an interview with an I.I.T. Professor of Maths, Dr. V. Srinivasan, which completely changed my life. It was an informal meeting where he questioned me on a variety of topics in Mathematics. We had come across some peculiar numbers like the Fibonacci series, Kaprekar numbers etc. Finally, he asked me if I liked Maths Quizzes and tests, and in a little while, I came to know that he had selected me for the Stanford-Binet I.Q. Test. I was flabbergasted and dumbfounded, to say the least!

After getting the details of the test, I had a couple of interviews. At one of them, my verbal ability and the speed and length of my responses were checked. Here, I would like to cite an incident. As I was climbing the stairs with him, he suddenly asked me, “How many steps have you climbed up ?” I replied, “The number of steps I will climb down”. On being asked for an alternate answer, I said, “The number of steps you have climbed”. A beaming Dr. Srinivasan led me towards a group of distinguished persons, who constituted my panel interviewers. They fired a volley of questions at me leaving no time to reflect before replying.

Satisfied with my answers, the judges sent me to Perunkudi for my General I.Q. Test. My teacher accompanied me. At the examination centre, five other boys and girls wrote the test with me. I completed the paper, which consisted of 100 questions, in an hour and a half. I had about 8-10 tests later on. The papers (with the exception of 1 or 2 which included word power) dealt with Mathematics.

I had to wait a couple of months for my results, and even as they arrived, I could only think of the effort taken by my teachers, both in school and college. I was also immensely motivated by my parents.

One of the main causes for a high I.Q. is to be fully engaged with books apart from the leisure and working schedules. A person can develop his/her I.Q. on various subjects through experience, education, journals or books.”

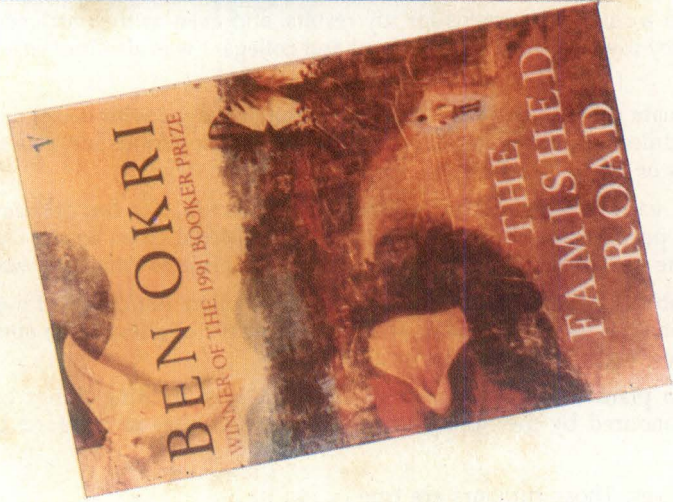
Srividya has various scholastic achievements to her credit. She has obtained many certificates in examinations in pure Maths. She has secured the Silver Medal given by the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. She has also participated in many science projects when she was in school.

Srividya's hobbies include reading books on Science Fiction, Astronomy, Physics and Electronics, besides painting. She has secured various prizes in Art at the city level. She spends a great deal of her time working on numerical problems of all kinds.

Srividya also plans to pursue higher studies in Maths. Exciting things are in store for her, including being honoured by the Rotary and a course of studies at Stanford University after her graduation.

And finally, yes. Those rumours are true . . . . .

*Srividya with Niranjana,  
III B.A. Eco.*



## Book Review

### *The Ghosts Who Walk — Ben Okri's poetic spirit*

Okri, the wunderkind of African writing in English has long been thought of as a poetic, angry young man. In "The Famished Road", poetry takes the driver's seat. It is not filled with the immediacy of political record as earlier works, say, "Incidents at the Shrine", are. The book is about an Abiku, a spirit that does not want to be born as a human and therefore repeatedly dies. Lazaro (the name has the relevant and uncomfortable connotation of Lazarus), has connections with the worlds of the living and the dead. Thus a parallel world is created - one that intersects with ours only at the nodes of famous brand names such as "Guinness" and common universal emotions.

The short chapters are photographic and episodic, rather like a picaresque novel. The book is full of home truths and technicolour ghosts as in the work of S.P. Somto. An African equivalent would be the wild and the wonderful "The Palm Wine Drinkard" by Amos Tutola. The novel's movement is from Lazaro's dislike and disinterest in his human family to his bonding with them. An index of this is the final episode, where Lazaro battles with the spirit world to rescue and recover his father.

The novel is engagingly full of the riddles of childhood and life itself. The questionable, cryptic last line has the powerful potential to change the complexion of the whole story. Do read "The Famished Road" - it has all the enjoyable extravagance of the oral tradition.

**The Famished Road** by Ben Okri. Published by Vintage, 1991.  
500 pp. £2-00

### *Forever Present Donald Hall and 'Time Past'*

Donald Hall was recently in Madras and this verse play could have explained the man. Like "Kicking The Leaves", "The Bone Ring" is semi-autobiographical. It is based on a prose memoir titled "String Too Short to Be Saved".

The verse is accessible and casual, yet concise. Andrew Hunt is the protagonist of this Bildungschrift. The demarcation of roles is challenging: Andrew Hunt doubles as his grandfather, Samuel Potter, while another actor plays Andrew Hunt as a young man.

There is no dramatic conflict, but a tapestry of childhood emotions and everyday occurrences that are nevertheless memorable. For example, the realisation that eight layers of wallpaper have been pasted over each other serves as a metaphor for the presence of the past.

With minimal material props, the focus is on the persons peopling the play, even those long dead but not yet gone.

**THE BONE RING** by *Donald Hall*. Published by Storyline Press. 54 pp. \$8-00

### **Strange Encounters — *Mark Shand's Indian Odyssey***

At first browse, the book seems to be one of outdated Hippie Humanism, complete with author on the cover, wearing a bandana. However, an enquiring mind and a sense of humour save the book from excess sentimentality. The old idea of the exotic East is exciting and flattering. India, to Shand, is a high brick wall that cannot be scaled, but can be persuaded to loosen the bricks.

Shand's first pages are a historical chronicling of the elephant species, just as Melville tracts the earliest records of whales in *Moby Dick*. The book is a record of the acquisition of Tara, the lovable, overweight heroine of the book - an elephant - and the journey from Orissa to the Sonepur Mela across the breadth of India. Shand's attitude can be slightly "burra Sahibish" at times-perhaps because the Indians he meets are either maharajas or ryots. But that really does not matter.

Verbally and pictorially (photographs: Aditya Patnagar), the book offers a contrast between a state of nature and industrialisation. The elephant on a steel bridge is going to remain a catch image. But most of all, it is a delightful romance (unlike R.L. Stevenson's *Travels with my Donkey*, which is pragmatic). Tara weeping at the inevitable parting is sincerely painful and poignant.

**TRAVELS ON MY ELEPHANT** by *Mark Shand*.  
Published by Penguin (India) 1991. 204 Pages. Rs.100/-  
All reviews by *W.B. Prathima*  
*M.A. Literature*

## *Travel Diary*

*Jeff Fisher*

**September 24, 1991**

... were home! We've finally made it half way around the world to the "home away from home" in Madras. We started school at Stella Maris today too. I am now one of five men going to a school of over two thousand women. Tough life ...

The women in South India are much friendlier than those in the north. Out on the street women will actually look at me. Compared to up north, this is a welcome break, considering half of the time I felt like I was a ghost because none of the women would even look at me, much less talk with me. At the college, the girls are even more liberal. They will even smile and say hello. Some even come up and start a conversation.

I can't believe the way they go to school here. Indian colleges stress memorization, which they figuratively call mugging. Their mugging here is about as pleasant as getting mugged in America. Hours upon hours of cramming facts into your brain, with little or no creative or conceptual thought behind it.

**October 6, 1991**

... just spent the weekend with one of the families that has a girl at Stella Maris. I think both the family and I learned a lot from it. I told them that America is not the land of free sex, and drugs, and a divorce every two years. And, Madonna is considered dirty in America too. The hardest time I had was in trying to explain the American system of dating. No one in America understands it; how does one explain it to some one who has learned about it through movies like "9 1/2 Weeks" or "Pretty Woman"? What amazed me was that an Indian girl will not even hold hands, much less kiss a man until they are married. The whole weekend, I felt like a clutz in a chilvaric suit of armor, because men do not touch women in India. In America, nothing is thought if a man gives a friend of his a hug, but here that would seriously damage the girl's reputation. And that means she would have difficulty in getting married, much less getting married to a decent man.

**October 28, 1991**

... already the semester is drawing to a close. I really don't want to go back. Reading the American papers here is real depressing. All they can talk about are petty, superficial things like Donald Trump's billion dollar business

deals or Mike Tyson's legal problems. How insignificant these things are when I can walk outside my room and see people sleeping in the streets, or men working themselves to death for next to nothing. And the women's rights movement in America - they are worried about having full paid maternity leave for 9 months. That seems trite with the subjugation and alienation the women face in India. As an American, I cannot understand how women in India could acquiesce to the blatant chauvinism and discrimination. But as Indians, I do not think they can understand America unless they experience it. I definitely cannot say that I understand India or even have a clue to where the key is that unlocks all of the secrets. But just walking down the streets I have gained insights into human nature that no book could have ever provided or no teacher could have ever lectured on. This experience has opened my eyes to the undeniable fact that the world is different everywhere you go, but the people are the same, and have the same hopes and dreams, failures and successes, pains and glories that make us all one race. ■

... I wait for the rising of a star  
whose spear of light shall transfix me —  
of a far-off world whose silence  
my very truth must answer.  
That shaft shall pierce me through  
till I cool its white-hot metal ...

*from The Pool and the Star*

*by Judith Wright*

# STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) MADRAS - 86

Examination Results - April 1992

## UNDERGRADUATE

Department	Appeared	Passed	% of Passes
<b>B.A.</b>			
History	54	51	94.44
Sociology	48	41	85.42
Economics	57	56	98.27
History of Fine Arts & Drawing and Painting	35	35	100.00
English	50	43	86.00
<b>B.Com.</b>			
Commerce	61	61	100.00
<b>B.Sc.</b>			
Mathematics	51	46	90.20
Physics	46	45	97.83
Chemistry	41	34	82.93
Botany	54	47	87.03
Zoology	54	49	90.74

## POST-GRADUATE

<b>M.A.</b>			
Economics	16	13	81.25
English	26	26	100.00
History of Fine Arts	5	5	100.00
Social Work	23	23	100.00
<b>M.Sc.</b>			
Mathematics	19	17	89.47

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Date :1.2.93

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