



**Stella Maris College**



**STELLA MARIS COLLEGE**

**1973**

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The fall of the Bastille, the Statue of Liberty, the boom of guns marking the fifteenth of August 1947, men with torches shouting “Joy Bangla!” — these are the visions conjured up by the word ‘Liberation’. We tend to forget that liberation is more than a host of historical symbols and that it starts with ourselves.

As students we demand greater freedom from our academic superiors but fail to utilize the areas in which we are allowed to work on our own, developing our sense of responsibility to spur us on to provide the initiative for liberating that great majority of our fellow citizens who are enslaved by poverty. Do we ever stop to think seriously of this enslavement? Do we realise how it places millions of our countrymen at the mercy of circumstances, or worse, of unscrupulous, greedy and selfish fellow-men — money-lenders, landlords, employers? The degradation inflicted on men who live like animals in dirt and squalor, often unable to find work, badly paid for the work they do perform, unaware of their rights and dignity as men, constantly exploited by others, should

arouse in us not merely pity and indignation, but determination to do all we can to improve their situation.

It is in college that we receive the opportunity to develop our talents and powers, powers that must eventually be used to serve others unselfishly. If we choose to do this, whether in the private or the public sphere, we will be participating in the real struggle for the liberation of India, of which the guns of 1947 fired only the opening shots.

Karin Kapadia	I M.A. Literature
Annie Mathew Alappat	I M.A. Literature
Vinita Rajagopal	I M.A. Literature
Sheila Anthony	I M.A. Literature
Shanthakumari, R.	I M.A. Literature
Mridula Shah	I M.A. Fine Arts
Gita Eapen	I M.A. Fine Arts
Rachel Kurian	III B. Sc. Mathematics

## New Hands at the Helm

The world-wide Institute of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary has a new Mother General and new Provincials, elected at the General Chapter in October 1972.



Sister Alma Dufault, F.M.M.

1972 was a year of great sorrow and great rejoicing for Franciscan Sisters of Mary and their co-workers all over the world. Its first month was overshadowed by the death of our beloved Mother General, Mother Ste. Agnes who, up to the end of her beautiful, dedicated life, was preparing the very important General Chapter of the Institute, scheduled to be held in October 1972. It was this Chapter that elected Sr. Alma Dufault to take up the "burden of love" which Mother Ste. Agnes had laid down nine months earlier.

Sr. Alma, the first American Mother General of the Institute, was born on August 25th in New Hampshire, U.S.A. The youngest of twelve children, she has seven brothers and three sisters living. Immediately after receiving her B.A. from Emmanuel College, Boston, in 1946, she entered the Institute, and after her novitiate studied at Fordham University, New York, for the Master's degree in Social Work, which she received in 1951. She then served as a social assistant in New York from 1951 to 1956. Following a period of missionary work in the Holy Land, she became Mistress of Novices in America for three years before her election as Assistant General in 1960. During her twelve years as Assistant General she travelled extensively, and gained a wide knowledge of the Institute — a fitting preparation for the enormous task of guid-

ing 10136 Sisters in 576 houses scattered over every continent. With Mother Ste. Agnes she travelled throughout India in 1964, and is still well remembered here. She has also visited Pakistan, Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, much of North America and several European countries.

All who know Sr. Alma speak of her simplicity, her goodness, her great interest in each one of her Sisters, and in each of the multitudinous works of the Institute. These qualities appear in her first words to the community of Grottaferrata (just outside Rome, where the Chapter was held) immediately after the election: "With the help of grace, I will do my best to give myself to each and all of you".

We of Stella Maris are happy to greet our new Mother General, and while recalling with pride that she has already visited our College and evinced a keen interest in its working, we express the eager hope that she will soon visit us again, in her new capacity.

To help her in her great work, Sr. Alma has six Assistants General and forty-two Provincials. The former Province of St. Joseph (Tamil Nadu) has now been divided into two, and to the great joy of all Stella Marians, the new Provincial of the Eastern Province is Sr. Angela Hurley, until last November Superior of Stella Maris Convent. It is true that this joy is mingled with the sorrow of losing Sr. Angela's constant presence in our campus; her headquarters are now at St. Thomas Convent, Mylapore (whose former Superior, Sr. Emilda Arouje, is now Provincial of the Western Province), while much of her time will be spent visiting the other houses of her Province.



Sister Angela Hurley, F.M.M.

Sr. Angela entered the Institute in her native Ireland in 1947, and has spent most of her missionary life at Nazareth Convent, Ootacamund, where she was named Superior in 1966. Transferred as Superior to Stella Maris in 1968, she quickly won the love of all by her warmth, enthusiasm and dynamism. No person in distress ever turned to Sr. Angela in vain; her ready sympathy and active help, her infectious gaiety and indefatigable zeal endeared her to everyone who came in contact with her. She was, and will remain, especially dear to every student and staff member of the College which she helped so much in her four and a half years with us.



Sister Irene Mathias, F.M.M.

The election of Sr. Angela as Provincial left Stella Maris without a Superior for six months. But at the end of May the long-awaited announcement was made — Sr. Irene Mathias would henceforth be our Superior as well as Principal. As Sr. Irene has been the well-loved Principal of Stella Maris since June 1968, she needs no introduction to students present or past, who will all be happy to see the sphere of her good influence thus extended beyond the College.

With such Superiors at the helm, we know that the future of the Institute and of Stella Maris is in safe keeping, for it is guided by women who place their hands with confidence in the hands of Mary, the Star of the Sea, who leads unerringly all who trust in her across the troubled sea of life to the Eternal Shore.

SR. SHEILA O'NEILL, F.M.M.,  
Vice-Principal.



**College Events**

**With a flurry of wings  
we sweep into new endeavours**

## And Miles To Go

A Student Council member takes an appraising look at the onward march of the Union.

Looking back on the past year you remember only the high-lights, the happy times — a Student Union member would remember the 'fun events' — the Valedictory Student Union Day, the Youth Fest, the various free movies, the opening of Keerti, the Teacher's Day celebrations, Sports Day and things like that. The Student Union has accomplished a good deal this year; it is more of a reality to its members than it has ever been.



The Executive Committee

But all this wasn't accomplished easily. One tends to overlook the low times which the Student Council remembers only too well: the times when the outlook seemed so hopeless and gloomy, the student body they were working for so unresponsive and apathetic that they sometimes wondered for whom, actually, they were working — and why...

Take the annual General Body Meeting (on Friday, 15th December 1972) as an instance. Assunta Hall was only half-full. The only encouraging thing was that the Student Union members who did come were enthusiastic and interested, questioning and commenting constructively upon the reports presented by the Committees.

As Rita Dorairaj, the President, explained, the Student Council had been divided into various committees, based upon particular student needs. These committees worked separately, under the guidance of the Executive Committee, stepping up action and productivity.

In the evaluation held by the Council, you agreed in general that the division into committees was a very good idea; you also asked for more student participation; the various committees were thrown open to the student body in general but, strangely, response was poor; and you wanted more General Body Meetings!

Incidentally, some of you said that you didn't know enough of the committees and their activities. In case that complaint still holds good, here's a brief resumé: The Student Welfare Committee thought up the "Earn while you Learn" scheme, under which your boutique, Keerti, was started at Shanthi Bhavan. Another project, the Exchange Corner, was dropped, as the boutique would absorb all saleable articles. A typewriting group was set up which took in orders at reasonable charges. The committee also arranged for free midday meals, under the sponsorship of the Lions and Rotary clubs.



The Cultural Committee arranged various programmes, free. Remember John Wiggins, King of Jazz; Rajmohan Gandhi on the need for 'change in society'; Madame Irene Loire's reminiscences of the French Underground; 'The Love Cage' and other movies? — all arranged by the Cultural Committee. It was this committee that initiated the Youth Fest. "We're thinking of an intercollegiate Youth Fest programme," they said, and so we enjoyed four days of pageantry, debate, drama and music. Behind the scenes, the Cultural Committee and the Literature, Dramatic and Music Clubs worked hard to make things run smoothly.

The aim of the Assembly Committee, in their own words, was 'to make Assemblies more pleasant, to add more variety to them'. This they did by organising singing of spirituals at Assembly, prayers led by students; they celebrated UNO day by posters, the UNO anthem and the Prayer for Peace.



The Tuition Committee set up tuition classes in English, French, Hindi and Tamil. In the first stages, the pupils often didn't turn up, though the tutors were ready, willing



Tuition Committee

and waiting. (This non-cooperation of the student body was a common complaint of the committees).

The Book Bank worked hard obtaining and cataloguing text-books which they loaned or gifted to students, basing their selection upon need, thus helping many students in a very important way.



The Student Amenities Committee selected two student problems to work on—the Bus Problem and the Canteen Problem. Regarding the former, they sought and obtained an interview with Mr. Shetty, Managing Director of the Pallava Transport, to whom they presented their problems—irregularity, infrequency and overcrowdedness of buses; and their requests—more women's specials, arrangement of bus schedules to suit college timings—and came away with a promise that their problems and requests would be seen to. They were not so successful in the Canteen, however. To maintain order and smooth efficiency the Queue system was tried. This worked for some time (as long as there were 'policemen' to regulate the lunch hour traffic), then the orderly lines deteriorated into masses of hurrying, hungry students intent upon their lunches.

The Publicity Committee was behind all those colourful posters you saw on the notice boards. They publicised the activities of the Union through the media of notices and announcements at the Assembly and in the Canteen. It was suggested that new techniques of publicity would be more effective.



The various clubs held, beside their usual activities, competitions for the Student Union Awards (set up this year to encourage student talent, interest and participation) which were open to all.

This brief summary of the activities of the Union cannot, however, convey to you much of what actually was the Union of '72-'73. More than mere business, there was a spirit of comradeship and friendliness, co-operation (everybody pitched in and worked for the Youth Festival), interest, selfless help which often went unnoticed by the great majority (remember the merit cards given out to so many people who worked

quietly and generously for the Union); it was fun and laughter and jokes, sacrifice, anxious moments and frustration; it was an educating experience.

What was missing in the beginning was active student participation; but as the weeks went by, more and more of you became interested, and were gradually drawn into its activities. In proportion, the Union worked better: as Sr. Principal said on Student Union Day, there was a spirit of unity, cooperation and collaboration.

Congratulations!

MARIE RENNICK,  
II B.A. Literature.

President Rita  
speaks on  
Student Union Day



# In The Shoes of Our Lecturers

An account of the first celebration of  
Teachers' Day in Stella Maris.

The celebration of Teachers' Day was another brilliant brainwave of the Student Council. Rita Dorairaj, President of the Union, said it had been one of the Executive's earliest inspirations. As the day was discussed, it grew to include felicitating the staff at assembly and ending with a tea-party for each department. Eye-catching stickers and posters were put up all over the college to stimulate interest in the event.

Looking back on it, Rita said, "We wanted a deeper appreciation of our lecturers, of the fact that they are not just standing there." And so, to make the girls realize just what else than "standing there" teaching entailed, the council decided that the students should step into their teachers' shoes and take class right through that day.

Teachers' Day started with a special Assembly where the lecturers headed the class-lines. Rita made a short speech expressing the deep gratitude of the student body to the staff and offering the day as a humble thanksgiving to them. Prabha Sethi, Vice-President, said a prayer on behalf of the Student Union, invoking all blessings on our teachers, and then a big bouquet of roses was presented by Rita to Sr. Irene who accepted it on behalf of the staff.

Everybody went to her lectures looking forward to seeing how her classmates would acquit themselves taking class. Nalini Raghavan (II B.A. Sociology) took class under the trees in the N.C.C. field. "In my nervousness I forgot half of what I'd prepared, so that our lecturer had to constantly rescue me," she said. "Then half the class requested permission to chase a dog that wished to preside over our class... I now realize how tough a teacher's job is — I am definitely not destined for it." Rama (I B.A. Sociology) speaking of the students' reaction said, "Some hours they helped the 'lecturer', others they were indifferent and bored. We'd always thought we had the worst of it, but our young teachers' experiences made us change our opinion in a hurry. And, in the following week we were much more attentive and tolerant!" Malabika Bhattacharjee, (II M.A. Literature) took class at an awkward time: "Carlyle and the pre-lunch period are not compatible even for scholarly post-graduates, so I threw him back at them and he was enthusiastically torn to pieces in the discussion. But though taking class was a rewarding experience I was glad to find myself behind my old desk once again." C.S. Rajalakshmi (I B.A.) commented on the lecturers — the real ones — "They behaved like us: talking at the back, answering questions — they were great!" while Prema (III B.A.) felt "our student teachers were effective and interesting."

But what did the staff feel? Mrs. Chandra Parthasarathy, for one, went around telling everyone what a gem of a class a Tamil hour had been, due to the student-lecturer's excellent preparation. Miss Lavanya Rajah of the English staff liked best "the girls' volunteering to teach without being asked to do so." She added, "I wonder how it would work if done for a week?" Mrs. Dasan agreed with her that it had been genuine thoughtfulness that had spurred the students to carry the teacher's load for one day — "They know it's no joke. An intelligent but rather difficult girl took one class — and as I sat at the back I could see her efforts being frustrated by the indifference of the class. She learned something that hour and afterwards told me she now understands how difficult it is to teach an inattentive class." Miss Rukmini of the Economics Department felt that classes went well in some hours, "but not in others, when the girls were indifferent", while Mrs. Pramila had the impression that the students had not taken their lecturers of the day seriously at all. But Mrs. Vijaya Parthasarathy of the Zoology staff differed. "The Botany classes taken by the P. U.'s went very well. But the first and second years didn't dare to take class; they said they didn't know enough. In a P.U. class when the girl lecturing got stuck on a problem, she solved it very smoothly by questioning me as lecturer to student and getting the answer from me!" Said Miss Jessica: "They took our classes so that we could enjoy ourselves that day — and we really did."

According to tradition the staff had been treated to lunch by the College Management, but that day, inaugurating a new tradition, they were the guests of honour at their department teas. The parties were universally declared to be delightful but were also memorable in that they were the only occasion during the year, on which the departments met. "We would like more departmental meetings so that interest in their subject may be stimulated," commented Rita.

We shall let Shoba Ethiraj (III B.A.) sum up the day for us. "It helped us students understand our teachers much better — and both sides co-operated wonderfully to make the day a grand success."

A Staff Reporter.



# Of Cabbages And Kings

A Literary Week when great expectations bore fruit.

## Literary Pageant :

On the opening day of the Literary Week Assunta Hall was overflowing with an excited audience all ready for the Literary Pageant. This proved to be the best attended event of the week. In her opening speech the Literature Club president, Lata, promised a pageant with a difference. What was presented was certainly striking and new. Colour, costumes, a few words, a walk down the aisle and the murmur of the audience mounted to a shout. The answer — not a scene or a character but the title of a piece of literature.

Titles from Dickens to Zola, Alcott to Pinter were depicted. While most of the titles were obvious, some were thoroughly obscure. With titles like Zola's "Drink" and Mason's "The Wind Cannot Read", the audience took quite some time. The dramatisation of the title "The Agony and the Ecstasy" as an ad for Aspirin, the carol-singing for "A Christmas Carol", and the I M.A.'s entry, Forster's "Where angels fear to tread", were extremely entertaining. Whether it could be recognised or not, every entry was interesting, because it was so colourful and imaginative. III B.A. Sociology walked off with the First Prize for "Of Human Bondage". Their title was really brilliantly worked out from make-up to costumes and props. "Great Expectations" by P. U. 1 was the Second Prize winner. "The Time Machine" represented by Shaila Therese of III B.A. Fine Arts, was an exceptional entry. Her make-up, costume and movements were most original. "Murder in the Cathedral", "The Hunchback of Notre Dame", and "Doctor in Love" were some of the other titles very well presented.



If at times there was some confusion, the audience tolerantly ignored it in the excitement of recognising and appreciating each new entry.

ANNIE MATHEW ALAPPAT,  
I M.A. Literature.

### **Literary Seminar :**

A Literary Seminar was held on the second day of Literature Week. The Seminar was interesting, informative and informal. We had four papers presented : Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms" by Marie Rennick, II B.A., Hardy's "Jude the Obscure" by Shreelatha Nambiar, III B.A., Huxley's "Eyeless in Gaza" by Sheila Anthony, I M.A., and Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence" read by K. Subashini in the absence of the author, Elizabeth Koshy, I B.A. Each paper was followed by a brief discussion. We were fortunate in having two very enthusiastic moderators in Mrs. Shetty, Regional Officer of USEFI, and Mr. Hughes, Regional Representative of the British Council. The Seminar was also attended by a "Time" correspondent, Mr. David Connery, who happened to step into Stella Maris just then to get to know the college. A lively response from the audience, coupled with the unflagging enthusiasm evinced by the moderators, helped to make the afternoon thoroughly enjoyable as well as instructive.

LATA CHERU,  
II M. A. Literature.

\* \* \*

### **Quiz Competition :**

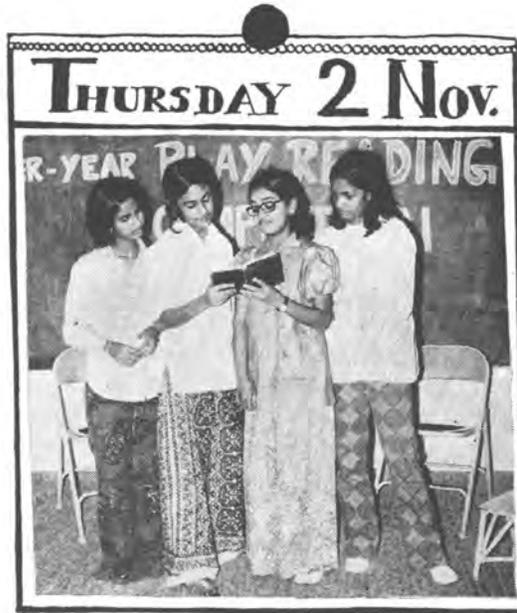
The third day of Literature Week, Wednesday 1st November, saw an Inter-Collegiate Quiz Competition which All India Radio recorded for their Youth Programme. Miss Haripriya, the Quiz Mistress, bravely threw the brain-twisters to the participants and then to the large audience—and gradually the excitement overtook all. It was a very interesting affair and Sachi of Stella Maris walked away with the cup, while Rita Dorairaj (also of our college!) stood second, after a close tussle with Saraswathi of Ethiraj College who was given a special prize.

LEKHA MENON,  
III B.A. Literature.

\* \* \*

### **Play Reading Competition :**

The Inter-year Play Reading Competition was the final event of Literature Week. It was an interesting and enjoyable evening on account of the good choice of plays and effective reading, coupled with the imaginative arrangement of the readers. In this connection special mention may be made of the third year play-reading.



There were five plays : "Pyramus and Thisbe" from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" performed by the third-years, "Portrait of a Gentleman in Slippers" by the Pre-University students, "The Twelve-pound Look" by the post-graduates, "The Ghosts" by the second year students, and "The Rivals" by the first years. The Third Year performance was declared the best by the judges : Miss Visalam of the Madras Players, Miss Butler of the English Department and Sister Pauline of the Social Work Department. The Pre-University play reading received a special mention from the judges. The Student Union Award was later given to the Third Years at the Valedictory Function. This evening of play-reading happily rounded off Literature Week 1972.

SUDHA LAKSHMAN,  
III B.A. Literature.

## Three More Weeks

A cultural symphony of Chopin, Kalidas and Moliere.

### MUSIC WEEK :

Music Week was announced by the intriguing materialisation of a three-dimensional guitar on the notice-board. The guitar announced that the week would commence with a competition in both classical and light Indian singing. The event revealed great talent in most of the participants. The next day a western music competition followed, where the piano and guitar accompaniments were particularly remarkable.

On the third day there was an interesting demonstration of various musical instruments, followed by the enterprising programme called "Music through the Centuries". An evening of music and dance enlivened the fourth day with colourful folk dances performed by the best dancers in college. There was an astonishing variety of songs, even in exotic Persian and Arabic.

The climax of the week was of course the traditional finale, St. Cecilia's concert. Its programme included both western and Indian Music. The highlight of this year's concert was the imaginative dramatization of the life of Chopin, presented by the Music Club with excellent piano interludes. The Choir then presented some of its best songs while guest artiste Miss Radha Raghavachari sang too. The interesting "Villupattu" on the poet Bharathi deserves mention.

Musical souvenirs were distributed to the audience on this last evening, but though they were greatly appreciated, they were hardly necessary to remind the listeners of a very pleasant week.



SHEILA ANTHONY,  
I M.A. Literature.

## SANSKRIT WEEK :

The day chimed in with the words “अविष्णं कुरु मे देव, सर्वकार्येषु सर्वदा” foremost in everyone’s thoughts. February 7th marked the beginning of the Sanskrit days of pageant, drama and Kalakshepam.

The Pageant was a colourful display of various scenes from Sanskrit Literature. Mrs. Unni, Head of the Sanskrit Department, Queen Mary’s College, and Dr. Rajah, Head of the Sanskrit Department, University of Madras, were the judges of the evening’s competition. The encounter of Rama (Nagalakshmi) with Sabari (Sheela Rani) was declared to be the best while Ravana’s abduction of Sita (enacted by Usha Ramanathan, Jayalakshmi and Padmavathy) stole the show. The individual prize was awarded to Pritha Ratnam who portrayed Siva in his act of reducing Manmatha to ashes.

The first Sanskrit Play in Stella Maris was enacted on 8th February. It was a condensed version of Kalidasa’s “अभिज्ञान शाकुन्तलम्” (“Abhignyana Sakuntalam”). The mood being created by the sound and light effects, the actresses, arrayed in their oriental costumes truly transported us to the age of Dushyanta and Sakuntala, the age when the omniscient seers wielded their superhuman powers.



The most novel part of our programme was on February 9th. It was a Katha-Kalakshepam—an interesting narration of a story to the accompaniment of music.

Saraswathi of III Year Arts performed it, assisted by Nagalakshmi of II Year Literature. The topic for the Kalakshepam was “The birth of the Ramayana”. It was conducted in the traditional style and the amateur artistes gave us an idea of what a Kalakshepam is, through their short, relevant discourse. The “Mangalam” marked the end of the Kalakshepam and served as fitting conclusion for our Sanskrit Week also.

S. DAYA,  
III B. Sc. Mathematics.

## FRENCH WEEK :

The Alliance Francaise celebrated its Silver Jubilee from the 13th to the 16th February. On the 13th February French plays were presented by various city colleges at the Museum Theatre. The play put up by our college was Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme".

On the 15th a tea party was given by the French Club to its members on the N.C.C. grounds. The chief guests for the evening were the Director of the Alliance Francaise and his wife. Sr. Bernadette welcomed the guests with a brief speech. We were then delighted by two French folk dances performed by our students who had been instructed by Sr. Madeleine from the Deaf and Dumb School. There were also French songs by Sr. Evelyn and Sr. Maddalena. The most enjoyable part of the evening was when we had to solve some French crossword puzzles and riddles. There was keen competition and tremendous excitement among the groups and great pride on the part of the winners. Last but not least we had a marvellous tea.

The Silver Jubilee Celebrations were brought to a close with a French movie "Le Salaire de la Peur" in Assunta Hall on the 16th.

We thank Sr. Bernadette and Sr. Evelyn for helping the French Club to organise such an entertaining and enjoyable week.

JAYANTHI SRINIVASAN,  
I B.Sc. Zoology.



"Visitez Paris"



## “All The World’s A Stage”

“ ... and all Stella Marians merely players”,  
it would seem from our interest in drama.

Ever since those three nights in the Museum Theatre in 1969, when Stella Maris took the public by storm with its production of “A Man for all Seasons”, the college has become “stage-struck”, to put it quite simply. Today, with four superb plays to her credit, Stella Maris has become established dramatically with the public. But the college play is not an isolated event of the year — it is but the crowning effort of a college that carries on an endless romance with the theatre in a series of plays ranging from the one-act play to the full length of “two hours travelling on the stage”, from English plays to French plays and even a Sanskrit play!

### **The First Venture (Inter-P.U. Dramatic Competition)**

Posters announced it, and girls discussed it, but as the discussion grew the enthusiasm seems to have waned, for instead of the four plays expected by an eager and enthusiastic audience, there were just two. It was a case of “Sunday Costs Five Pesos” versus “My Proud Beauty”. The “Mexicans” eventually ousted the “Proud Beauty”, but only just ..

### **Stronger and Stronger (Inter-year Dramatic Competition)**

0—8 was bursting at the seams on that evening the long awaited competition was on — the cramped audience relieved the tedium of waiting for the judges by breathing down each others necks — partly out of necessity.

The First Years presented “The Little White Dove”. Neither the title nor the play itself was very inspiring, and one could not help noticing little details like bad exits and entrances, stifled giggles and dying voices on stage. In spite of these defects Meera Doss as the heroine proved herself a potentially good tragic actress and she managed to carry away the Second-best Actress award.

The next play was the Third Years production of Strindberg’s “The Stronger”. The play in itself had tremendous dramatic qualities. The fluctuation of emotion

in the single speaker and her wholly silent listener were superbly communicated by Lata Ethiraj and Shobita Punja. When one adds good direction and symbolic sets to the excellent choice of play and fine acting, it is not surprising that many jumped to the conclusion that the competition was already over.

But they had not reckoned with the Post-graduates' production of "Riders to the Sea" which eventually won the award for the best play. The roaring of the angry sea, the symbolic white boards, the dying embers of the fire set the tragic atmosphere in which the four protagonists moved "native and indued Unto that element". Ragini Abraham as Maurya, the central character, swept the audience and judges into sharing the intensity of her tragedy so that it was no wonder that she walked off with the Best Actress award. Aswathy Thomas as the elder daughter, Cathleen, won the Best Supporting Actress award.



Ragini receives the Best Actress Award

Eventually the delightful Pre-University production of "The Beatnik and the Bard" lifted the hearts of the audience with its rich fund of humour. With its complications of mistaken identity, conversation at cross purposes, happy-go-lucky improvisations when the dialogue or props were forgotten, the play was screamingly funny, all the more so because it came after three serious plays. Even the incongruous bright pink polka-dotted shirt of Mr. Jerome Throckmorton Quigley and Mr. Slurp's tendency to fall back on the line, "Quigley, I'm overwhelmed" every time she forgot a line, added to the fun.

All in all a wonderful evening of entertainment and good hunting grounds in the search for true dramatic talent to be tapped later for the college play.

#### **"A case of diminishing marginal utility" (Inter-collegiate P.U. Dramatic Competition)**

Following the tradition set by the P. U. Literary Club of Stella Maris last year the members organised another (Intercollegiate P. U.) dramatic competition. Since our 0-8 lacked the heroic dimensions demanded of such an epic event, the competition took place in the auditorium of Ethiraj College.

Stella Maris put up "The Beatnik and the Bard". But enthusiasm had waned considerably and the play had lost its fresh spontaneity. "It was", as Sandhya Rao remarked "a case of diminishing marginal utility—the more you have of a thing, the less you want of it". She went on further to declare — "The



**"The Beatnik"**

around the central character who unwittingly opens the box and lets fly the evils that haunt this world — misery, pain, sorrow.

No doubt Ethiraj walked off with the trophy for the Best Play, but the prize for the Best Actress went to "The Beatnik"—Padmini Ramamurthy of Stella Maris, who was to steal the show again in the College Play.

**"Tis all a chequer board of plays and plays"  
(Inter-collegiate Dramatic Competition)**

Undaunted by the defeat at our first venture abroad, Stella Maris launched the Inter-collegiate Dramatic Competition as part of the programme of the Youth Festival. The evening found more than half of Stella Maris and a smattering of students from other colleges on the lawns of the assembly ground, waiting expectantly for the curtains to open on the first play of the evening. I. I. T. began very well with "A Game of Chess". "His Excellency" was...excellent (there's no other word for it), and was chosen as the Best Actor of the evening. And though the peasant Boris did not measure up to him, the play set a very high standard, its effect enhanced by the symbolic backdrop on which could be seen the black and white squares of a chess board.

W.C.C., presenting Priestley's "Mother's Day", maintained the high standard set by I. I. T. at the beginning. Deepa Dhanraj as the mother was impressive in spite of the mikes failing at crucial moments. It is a pity however that there were so many male characters unconvincingly impersonated by women.

worst thing was the stage (due apologies to Ethiraj College). Each time an exit or an entrance had to be made we had to walk and walk and walk... " Good old 0-8 ! We grumble but we love you). But neither of the two above-mentioned factors were the real reasons why we failed. The play simply lacked the calibre of a prize-winning play. Ethiraj's production of "The Affected Young Ladies" was extremely good — the acting proficient and the costumes perfect.

W.C.C. aimed very high with " Pandora's Box ". The characters, all dressed in Grecian costumes, formed a sort of chorus

“O, what a falling off was there my friends...” when A. C. Tech. came on next with “The Interview — written and directed by A. C. Tech.” as the voice at the mike declared. Each character freely invented the dialogue on the spur of the moment, to the complete ruination of the play as a whole — “Too many cooks...” the proverb is somewhat musty, but true!

“Riders to the Sea” staged by Stella Maris took the prize again, though the play was not half as effective as it had been in 0-8. The open-air theatre was too “open” and the mikes were stubborn and uncooperative. Nevertheless the basic appeal of the play was not wholly lost, in spite of the sea roaring louder than the voices, drowning them almost completely, and an audience grown restless with time.



“ Riders to the Sea ”

Aswathy Thomas as Cathleen carried off the trophy for the Best Supporting Actress, again.

“The time is out of joint” moaned the cast of Guindy Engineering College for the audience after no less than four plays was hardly inclined to appreciate a lot of horseplay especially with the skies growing darker and the grass damper.

M.C.C. did little to alleviate the growing discontent with “The Bench” but with “Honey”, a very ingenious dramatisation of the popular song, they won tremendous applause which owed little to the fact that it was the last entry bringing the competition to a close.

## “Satyamidam”? (The Sanskrit play)

“Can this be true?” was the first reaction of Stella Marians confronted with a poster proclaiming a Sanskrit Week to be crowned with a Sanskrit play — no less than Kalidasa’s “Shakuntala”. The play was very skilfully adapted for a college audience by two ambitious members of the Sanskrit Club, Daya (the President) and Saraswathi Viswanathan. Wonderful sets, gorgeous costumes, superb acting especially by Saraswathi as Shakuntala and Vatsala Chowdri as Dhushyantha, the background sitar music (provided by Manulatha Ruia) sensitively reflecting the changing moods of the play—all did justice to this movingly poetic play, and it is not surprising that Saraswathi should choose to give us her impressions in poetry —



“Shakuntale—  
Mantra’s chant  
Bees buzz ...  
Teasing voices ;  
Sound of hunt,  
Glitter of crown ;  
Fragrant touch—  
Cupid’s bower.  
The tender night,  
Young buds,

Tingling strings,  
Doe-eyed glances—  
The first touch,  
Shattering curse—  
Hearts asunder,  
“He Dhik! He Dhik!”\*  
Throne, purple—gold,  
Wine, dance, laughter,  
Veiled memories,  
Vain smile, tearful eye,

Lost forever ?  
Wail of nature,  
Aimless wanderings.  
Trip of little feet  
Charmed armlets  
Broken spell  
“ Satyamidam ?” \*\*  
Mingling glances—  
The beginning ...

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(\* “Alas! Alas!”)

(\*\* “Can this be?”)

## Scene Francaise (The French Play)

On the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the Alliance Francaise, the French Club made its public debut, presenting scenes from Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" at the Museum Theatre. It met with stupendous success due to the able directing of Zarin Cooper (II B.A. Literature).



Marie Rennick played the "nouveau riche" M. Jourdain, a striking sight in his flaming red wig, powdered face and imbecile expression. He was properly contemptuous of the commoner Cleonte (acted by Sheela Rani) who asks for the hand of Lucile Jourdain (Prema). Cleonte's cunning disguise as a Turkish noble to impress the gullible "Gentilhomme" was spectacularly presented with his dazzling entry followed by a retinue of turbaned Turks. He was smoothly assisted by his valet Coveille (Veena) who rattled off her lines with a fine French flavour. Jourdain's better half, Madame, alias Mala, was also eloquent as the shrewish wife.

The high-light of the play was the Turkish dance performed by Cleonte's friends to humour the foolish Jourdain, (the Stella Maris Ballet Turque) with vigorous contortions and fearful yells. Backstage there was great activity because of the army of stage hands—guest helper Sr. Magdalen, organizers Sr. Bernadette and Sr. Evelyn, and all the second year demoiselles.

Vive l' Association Francaise—and Vive le Theatre in Stella Maris! Producing a play is an education in itself—all the co-operation vitally essential in getting together actors, sets, props, and costumes, the shared excitement of hunting for a good play; smiles and tears backstage; the spirit of healthy competition; the liberation from inhibitions—all these add an entirely new dimension to the existing advantages of college education.

Compiled from reports by

SANDHYA RAO—(P.U. 7)

A. SWARNALATHA—III B.A. (Literature)

GAYATHRI NARAYANAN—III B.A. (Literature)

SARASWATHI VISWANATHAN—III B.A. (Drawing & Painting)

ZARIN COOPER—II B.A. (Literature).



A Play  
in  
3 Acts

**PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS :**

RITA :	Alias RITA DORAIRAJ	—	Director
BEATRICE :	Alias SHOBITA PUNJA	—	The Mother
TILLIE :	Alias PADMA GOTUR	—	The Daughter
RUTH :	Alias BETTY SCEN	—	The Other Daughter
NANNY :	Alias CHRISTINE BURNS	—	The Lodger
JANICE :	Alias PADMINI RAMAMURTHY		A School girl
PETER :	A handsome white Rabbit		
FELIX DOMESTICUS :	A feline skeletal specimen		

VOICES, GIRLS, CREW, Etc.

**A C T I**

**CHOOSING A PLAY**

January, 9th, Stella Maris College—the canteen. A group of aspiring young actresses.

1st VOICE : I do hope they'll give me a woman's role. I could manage Lady Teazle or Maria, but I don't think I sound natural as a man.

2nd VOICE : (*clear soprano*). But at least you've got a deep voice. With a little training.....

3rd VOICE : (*interrupting*). Never mind, sweeties, your voices make no difference when your choice lies between the roles of a caterpillar, a grasshopper, an ant or a chrysalis.

1st and

2nd VOICES : (*together*). Don't be fuunny. Just because you can't act, it doesn't mean.....

3rd VOICE : Okay, okay, may be I can't act, but I CAN read and I happen to have read "The Insect Play".

(*Stunned silence*).

1st VOICE : You mean.....

3rd VOICE : Yes, I mean we're not doing "School for Scandal".

\* \* \* \*

January 10th — Stella Maris — near the water-cooler in the Main Block. A group of thirsty, puzzled girls vociferously proclaiming their indignation.

1st GIRL : As if we haven't heard enough about men landing on the moon ! We can all read the newspapers can't we ?

2nd GIRL : It's bad enough having to study about gamma rays in class.

3rd GIRL : (*plaintively*). If we must have flowers can't we have roses at least ? Marigolds are so common.

4th GIRL : (*humbly*). But what is the name of the play ?

2nd GIRL : "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-made Marigolds".

1st GIRL : No, no, there's something about the moon too.

2nd GIRL : (*pontifically*). Oh yeah—"The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-made Moon-mad Marigolds" !

4th GIRL : You're sure ?

2nd GIRL : (*with conviction*). You bet. Think I'd forget a corny name like that ?

\* \* \* \*

## A C T II

### PREPARING FOR THE PLAY

A week later—Stella Maris—the stage. Strange things are happening. A bilious green wheelchair, violently misbehaving,

is playing havoc with the furniture. Beatrice is seated at the table smoking like a chimney pot, drinking profusely from a bottle conspicuously labeled "Johnny Walker". Stranger still, two figures are crouching in the shadows of the wings, with a plate of raw vegetables and sambhar-rice.

1st FIGURE: (*querulously*). Peter, Peter, where are you ?

2nd FIGURE: (*coaxing*). Come on Peter, don't hide from us. We won't hurt you.....

1st FIGURE: (*concerned*). Come on Peter, be a darling. Eat up your vegetables. You can't afford to be sick and you know it.

2nd FIGURE: (*going down on all fours threateningly*). If you don't come out now, I'll come and get you !

*PETER is intimidated at last. He comes out, clad in a beautiful white fur-coat, his nose twitching with a true gourmet's delight at the delicious aroma of Mr. Dorairaj's very special speciality—sambhar-rice.*

\* \* \* \*

12 o'clock mid-night. A Nava Nirmana hostel room. A dishevelled form jumps up from the bed. Can it be RITA DORAIRAJ, the calm, cool director of the play? No, no, it cannot be. Yet the hoarse mutter sounds curiously like her.

RITA: We must have lights.....we simply MUST have lights.....

*No sounds answers her, except the sound of heavy breathing from BEATRICE'S room "Zero, Zero, Zero, Zero,...Zero...rorr..."*

\* \* \* \*



Veterinary College. A startled member of the staff.

GENTLEMAN: A cat! The skeleton of a cat? But why? Madras University does not include the anatomy of a cat on its syllabus. (*helpfully.*) If you want the skeleton of a dog, a rabbit or a cow...?

\* \* \* \*

TILLIE: Eeek! Don't bring him near me. I'll die of fright.

*PETER looks at TILLIE, hurt and affronted. But TILLIE is adamant.*

RUTH: Come on Tillie, he won't bite you. He's your rabbit. You're supposed to love him.

TILLIE: (*blind to the appeal in his melting pink eyes.*) I can't.

JANICE: (*helpfully.*) If you want to trade him for Felix?

BEATRICE: (*hopefully.*) You've got three days left.....may be.....

RITA: (*with a brilliant flash of inspiration she comes up with the solution.*) Never mind. Peter in a cage would be more symbolic. (*Then more practically.*) And we can't have him jumping into the audience anyway.....

\* \* \* \*

*(Indignant voice of a girl weary after a day of hunting for marigolds at the Horticultural garden).*

GIRL: What do you mean you don't approve of African Marigolds? Apartheid!

\* \* \* \*

Mount Road. A member of the publicity committee stepping back to survey a poster she has just stuck on a "Stick-no-bill" sign.

MEMBER: Well, that's that! nobody can miss it!

*Nobody did. Not even the policeman just behind her—unfortunately.*

\* \* \* \*

January 30th. Dusk. Museum Theatre. There is the constant noise of hammering as the sets go shakily up — general cacophony as the tapes are set in motion for the first time. To add to the confusion TILLIE and RUTH are practising the nightmare scene on the stairs.

RUTH is screaming.

TILLIE : (*frantically*). Mother, she's going to have it again.

RITA : (*authoritatively*). Cut, cut,...can't you come down the stairs more naturally?

RUTH : (*plaintively*). Yes...but NOT when the stairs are coming down with me.

*The marigolds are wilting, PETER fretting, and the cast and crew growing hungrier...tenser. Only FELIX remains calm and imperturbable.*

\* \* \* \*

February 1st. Evening. The green room of Museum Theatre. Woebegone faces everywhere. Only the impertinent marigolds lift their cheery heads, watered by "the orient sea of melting pearl" shed by all and sundry. A confused babble of voices freely interspersed with sobs.

VOICE : I should not have started speaking, I should have waited.  
*Collapses into tears.*

ANOTHER VOICE: (*more tearfully*). No, no, it was my fault; I put on the lights too fast...

YET ANOTHER :

VOICE : But we could have switched off the music.

4th VOICE : Oh, I should have cleared out faster...

5th VOICE : I know I didn't sound the horn on time.

GENERAL

CHORUS : (*rising to a crescendo*). We've ruined the play, all of us.

\* \* \* \*

### A C T III

#### AFTERMATH

3rd February. Evening. Museum Theatre. Cast and crew luxuriating amidst a host of bouquets, compliments and photographers. More tears — of another kind!

ONE OF CREW : Do you think you can grow young again, Nanny?

NANNY : (*hoarsely*). I'll try. (*then with grim determination*.) But, I will never touch "hotsy water and honey" again, in all my life.  
NEVER.

PHOTOGRAPHER Smile please...

ONE OF CREW : (*eyeing the teapot on the table*). Can I have some of your coffee Beatrice? I've got a headache coming on.

BEATRICE : (*bitterly*). Sure thing. If you like Coca-Cola! (*throwing up her hands in a histrionic gesture of despair*). Coca-Cola for coffee, Coca-Cola with water for beer, Coca-Cola with more water for whisky! I give up.

JANICE : (*in a tremulous voice to the unmoved skeleton*). Goodbye Felix. It's been nice knowing you...

A VOICE : (*with conviction and feeling*). I think marigolds are my favourite flowers.

### CURTAIN

\* \* \* \*



## EPILOGUE

(Compiled from newspaper reports and the opinion of various people.)

FRANCIS MATHEWS: Welcomed with marigolds, we left with enough thinking material for a year.  
(Cultural Convener of M. C. C.)

DEEPA DHANARAJ: Shobita, except for a slight tendency to slip into monotonous speech patterns at the beginning, was perfect.

BHAGIRATHI, N.: Outstanding!  
(Madras Players)

DEEPA DHANARAJ: Ruth should have worked harder at the half-witted image.

MONISH DASGUPTA: But I liked Elizabeth Scen best for her characterization of an empty-headed teenager.  
(I. I. T. Madras)

DEEPA DHANARAJ: Tillie was inadequate.....

SONNY DUGAL: She played it with the right amount of trepidation.  
(Loyola)

MONISH DASGUPTA: Nanny was a masterpiece.

ALAIN DESCRIERES: Silent and impressive, enhanced by her remarkable make up.  
(Alliance Francaise)

DEEPA DHANARAJ: Janice was excellent, she was on for barely two minutes, but in those two minutes.....

BHAGIRATHI, N.: Superb play.

FRANCIS MATHEWS: Sets appropriate, props fantastic, lighting perfectly synchronised.

MONISH DASGUPTA: Probably the best I've seen in Madras.....thanks to Rita's sensitive direction.

ALAIN DESCRIERES: She directed with authority and conviction.

DEEPA DHANARAJ: And has to be congratulated.

\* \* \* \* \*  
RITA DORAI RAJ: It has been a very special experience. I hope that an annual student production will become a tradition in Stella Maris —to me it seems the most enjoyable way to learn.

ANNIE MATHEW ALAPPAT,  
I M.A. Literature.



## The Art Department

Glimpses of a fruitful year

The new open-air "classroom"



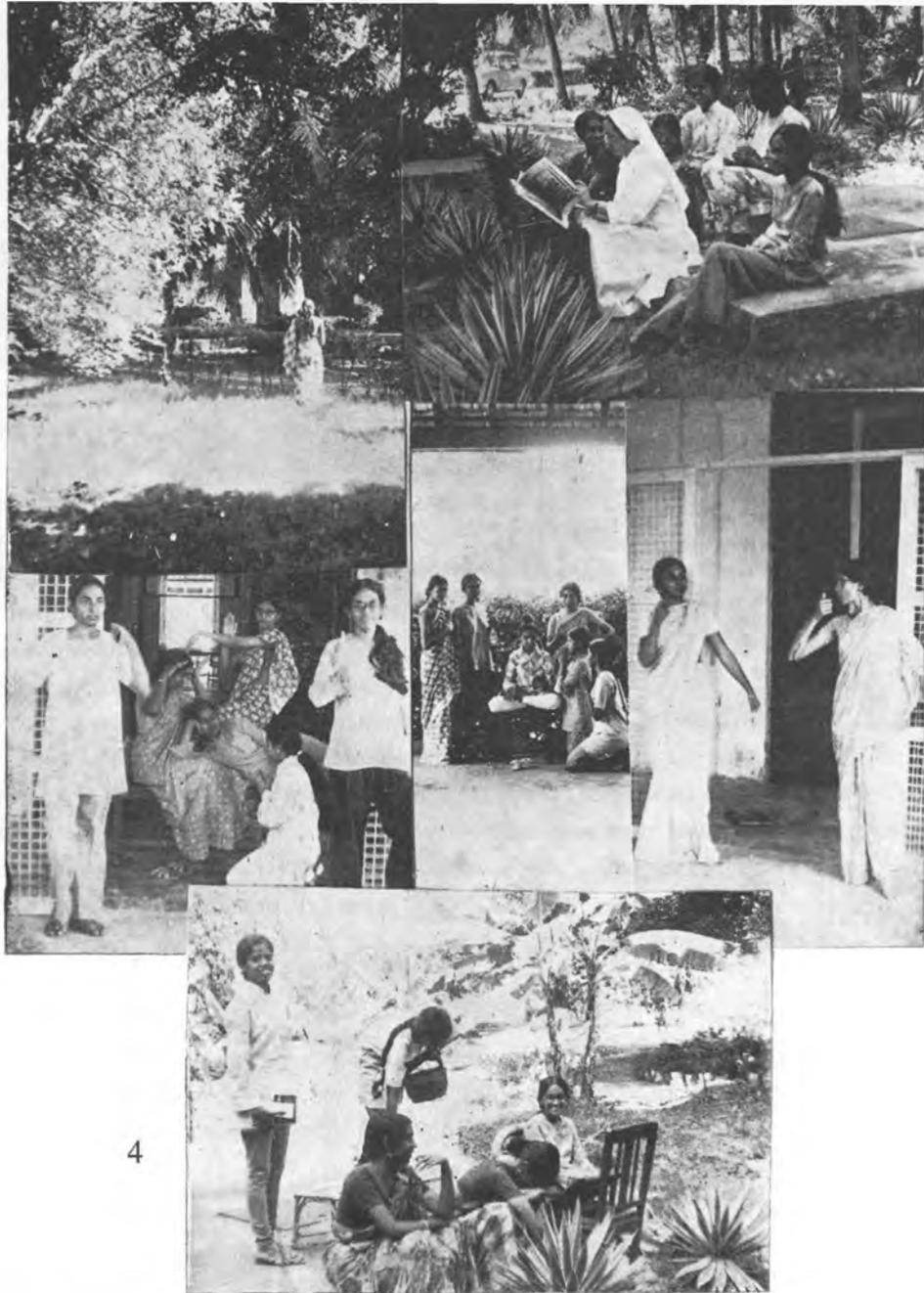
Rosie Mathew Alappat - III year - *Portrait* - oil on paper - 12" x 9"



Ramani Mammen - III year - *Landscape* -  
oil on canvas 84" x 15"



Sudha - III year - sketch -  
Indian ink - 8" x 5"



2

1

3

4

1. Pursuit of beauty (prize winning photograph):      2. In nature.
3. In the Fine Arts: since archaeological excavations are hard to come by, we thought a live one would do just as well — left to right: a) Vishnu on Sesha ; b) Buddha with devotees ; c) Dwarapalikas.
4. Fulfilment ?

Photos : Mrudula, I M.A. Fine Arts — 1st Prize inter-class photo competition.



Anju - 11 year - Batik - 20" x 31"

Batik, Leatherwork, Bookbinding, Drawing and Painting — these are the magnets attracting young lasses from far and near to join the Fine Arts course in Stella Maris. This year was indeed very interesting with demonstrations of Ceramics, Ikebana, and most fascinating of all, an 'on-the-spot' Batik painting by a Malayan artist, Dr. Radhakrishnan of the Stanley Medical College, Madras. A glimpse of the latter's work will enlighten amateurs about the Malayan technique of doing Batik. With ready-made powder dyes the artist achieved many delicate colour combinations. Having drawn the figure of an archer with brisk and firm strokes, he outlined it with wax using a curious shoe-shaped instrument known as the 'tjanting'. He next painted the colours having diluted the powder dyes

with their respective dissolvers. When the painted areas dried, he poured wax in a thick layer over the entire piece and let it dry 24 hours. The next day he poured a dark hue over the waxed cloth, which seeped into the cracks formed by the dried wax. Finally when the wax was removed a very beautiful picture emerged with the fantastic cracks so typical of Batik.

For art theory, we invited Professors from other Colleges who inspired us with their lectures illustrated by slides on art subjects. Among others Professor Fillozot from Pondicherry spoke on 'Art in Greater India'. Our guest lecturers spoke not only on art, but even on Philosophy. Professor P. K. Sundaram's lectures were so interesting that students from other departments were invited to attend them.

Art Department girls were the pioneers in the creation of 'Keerti', the new Students' Boutique. Through it they encouraged artistic effort throughout the College. Finally, just before the exams in March, we had a comprehensive exhibition of our best works during the year; some of them are reproduced on these pages.

Leather work : Sumitra — hat; Vimala K. — shoulder bag;  
Lalitha — pencil-case, purse, belt;  
Ashrafi — purse, wall piece. (1 year).



## The Fourth Dimension

When Salome danced for Herod and the  
'Pieta' came to life.

"Come one, come all ye citizens of Stella Maris..." went the announcement. The drums were heard but the words were not, for the 24th came and the hall was half full. The show was to go beyond the three dimensions of length, breadth and depth into the fourth dimension of movement. It was to be "the glory of Rubens reborn, the colour of Titian and Veronese revived, the symphonic movement of Tintoretto again achieved, perhaps even a second coming of the stormy Michelangelo".



The red curtain drew aside and soft music played as Salome danced for king Herod. A flaming torch lit up the banquet hall and a guard held it aloft. Salome's dance bewitched all, even the guard stood transfixed. But the breeze was under no such spell, for it fanned the torch perilously close to the red backdrop.

Glasses tinkle, listen to the gurgling wine and bubbling laughter. But why does Rembrandt pant so much? Why those drops of sweat? Could it be the wine and laughter that warm the air? — Oh, no! wine could not draw sweat, but rushing off-stage and darting back with a forgotten wine-glass could.

The pure crystalline whiteness of the "Pieta" tinged by the palest of blues, accompanied by organ music that seems to re-echo through some high-steeped gothic cathedral produces a quiver in the commentator's voice — "the mother of God does not weep like any earthly mother."

Haunting melody, faint and distant, issues from the fathomless past of Egypt. The dignity of death, the legendary glories of the Pharaohs Tutankhamun, Rameses, Khufu and Khafre are about her, dressed in royal purple, with the uraeus coiled about her hair and the symbolic lotus in her hand, Cleopatra stands before us.

From the grave to the transient moment of utter bliss. Pendant between life and death, is "The Ecstasy of St. Theresa." The smiling angel pierces her with the

dart of Divine Love as the vigorous onrush of the Holy Spirit overwhelms the limp body of the saint, bathed in an ethereal golden glow.

The scene shifts to the East in a flash. Tranquillity reigns. The light streams in through the pipal tree, and the man seated underneath is the Buddha who is oblivious to this world. The chequered shade of the pipal leaves dances about his still form, the soul having reached the "Tushita Heaven". Burning camphor veils his form, spreading the fragrance of a spiritual paradise.

Then to celestial heights where all the devas and devis, with apsaras and ghandharvas have gathered to watch the great competition between Shiva and Parvathi. The soft grace of Parvathi's "lasya" is overshadowed by the vigorous "Tandava"—the dance of "Cosmic Energy". Parvathi then bows her head blushing in submission to her lord and husband. The sculptures that adorn the gorgeous chariot of the sun god Suriya at Konarak come alive in all their grace and beauty, bringing back to our minds the undying rhythm of the silpi's hammer on his chisel echoing the undying chant of "Shanthi, Shanthi, Shanthi..."

This very same grace is reflected in Ravi Varma's "Lady with the lamp". Only the tinkle of her anklets breaks the still silence of the night and only her little lamp dispels its darkness.

"Come forth Lazarus"...The voice booms, and the shrouded figure stirs to eerie, hair-raising music, and sits up in obedience to the call of the Master whose shadow looms in great majesty with his hand stretched forth in a gesture of command.

A conflict of red and blue—a battle of emotion is Abraham's face till, determined, he rises and gathers energy for the last thrust at Isaac his son. Would anyone have noticed that Abraham was beardless and that his dagger was a pair of spectacles snatched off the nose of Isaac who had come on stage with them?

The mystic quiver on the lips of "La Gioconda" reflected a mingled emotion of sorrow and joy with momentary pleasure. But soon this smile widened into a grin evoked by a greeting from the audience. Da Vinci was too subtle for our Mona Lisa.

The desperate chase, the agony, her struggle to escape could be seen in the face of the nymph Daphne as she cried out to Zeus for help. She is transformed into a laurel tree, as the arms of lustful Apollo encircle her.

"Sunburnt mirth" is Brueghel's "Wedding Dance"—music that set feet tapping, impatient to join the dance of abandon. Plump Mr. Peasant danced and danced...

Trumpets announce the beginning of the race. A clatter of hooves, clanging chariots mingle with the cheering crowd of the Greek hippodrome, growing faint as it reaches the other end of the arena. The "Charioteer of Delphi" then emerges the victor with his head held proudly high and a metallic stare that fixed itself on our mind's eye, as we listened to the cheering of our more immediate audience. Then the clamour of the audience, both ancient and new, mingled there, dissolving all bitterness and disappointments into a feeling of fulfilment and contentment—into our victory.

ROSIE MATHEW ALAPPAT,  
III B.A. Drawing & Painting.



"The pure crystalline whiteness of the Pieta..."

# Keerti

How the Union Boutique burgeoned into being.

It started as one of (President) Rita's ideas and was adopted as an 'Earn While You Learn' scheme of the Welfare Committee's. We first heard of the proposal through our class rep, Prem, and most of us in the Art Department were immediately fascinated. Those interested, from all over college, got together and elected office bearers; Shaila as President, Bala as Treasurer and Rosie as Moderator. We first thought of calling the shop "Keertika" then decided on "Keerti". The authorities at Shanthi Bhavan gave us great encouragement. They gave us a room there and we decorated it with the help of some friends of the I. I. T. Lions' Club, who made our clothes-stands and donated some money.



The Foundresses of "Keerti" at the inauguration

Sixty girls from all classes were members of the Boutique, paying a membership fee of one rupee. By September Keerti was ready and we held our inaugural.

About a quarter of the items were made by our girls, the rest by the people at Shanthi Bhavan, but our average daily turnover on our items alone was a hundred

rupees. Though we had originally thought that the sale of an article should benefit nobody but the maker, we decided to give Shanthi Bhavan ten percent of the proceeds of all sales, since they carried on sales for us during our class hours, and helped us so much in every way.

We had a constitution governing the running of Keerti, written by Premalatha and me. It makes it easy for Keerti to be run smoothly from year to year. But we have learnt that you simply cannot run such a scheme without real dedication. There was so much work to do, especially book-work—account-keeping. But somehow our Bala, spending hours on it, managed it very well.

We had hoped to have a Committee in charge of collecting articles and the general upkeep of Keerti. But I'm afraid no Committee ever materialised and all the work tended to fall on just a very few.

It's very sad, in the beginning everyone is very enthusiastic—and then their interest falls. The number of articles decreased so that we had to ask for more. We had regular weekly meetings in the first two terms but not in the third term—perhaps there was too much other activity going on.

There was great variety in the articles we offered for sale—kurtas, maxis, bags, pants, handmade candles, dry-flower arrangements, hats, tie-and-dye. And more little things like crocheted hair nets. We were surprised by the quantity of items we got and the very good market they found. Quality, however, was average, on the whole. The evaluation of the price of articles is left to the "Committee" by our constitution, and in fact we had no trouble on that point, everyone relied on us.

At our meetings, among other things, we discussed possibilities for the future. We wanted glass-cases, to make our showroom more permanent but as we didn't have the money we decided to cool down for this year. Another idea was an Exchange Corner where girls could exchange old records and old books. We thought P.U.s could be put in charge of this. It is a scheme that can come under Keerti.

In our Constitution we had provided for the election this year of office-bearers for the next academic year. Since enthusiasm had fallen and since the Council would first have to discuss it, the elections were not held. However, this can easily be done next year and our second years are perfectly familiar with the running of Keerti.

On the whole, Keerti has been a definite success.

SHAILA THERESE,  
III B.A. Drawing & Painting.



A daring attempt to challenge Dior.

One of the most spectacular events held in our college this year was the Fashion Fantasy, organised and presented by the Dramatics Club. The clothes displayed were of many varieties ranging from the traditional to the "mod" and "hep" which are the rage today. The outfits modelled were clothes to suit all occasions and moods.

Many artistic posters heralded the Fashion Parade presented solely for the college. When the day arrived the hall was overflowing with an eagerly expectant crowd. The room was divided by a long cruciform ramp, at the centre of which was a projector. The wall formed a screen and for each outfit there were coloured slides which made an ethereal background for the models.

Soon all lights were dimmed and one could hear the faint sound of background music which gradually grew louder. There was a hush as the audience settled themselves comfortably to watch the first girl open the show, gracefully displaying her Muslim outfit to the slow, rhythmic beat of the music.

As each model paraded on the ramp one could feel the appreciation of the audience. Each girl did her part gracefully. To add a touch of novelty to the show, one or two of the models also displayed lovely pieces of jewellery, which highlighted the beauty of the self-coloured sarees and other outfits.

Among the outfits modelled were midis, ghararas, maxis, jazzy velvet tops with long tassels, mini skirts and a large variety of pant-suits.

Some of the models walked in pairs, while others walked alone each looking extremely pretty with a radiant smile on her face. Applause greeted each model and reached a thunderous crescendo at the end of this delightful fashion fantasy.

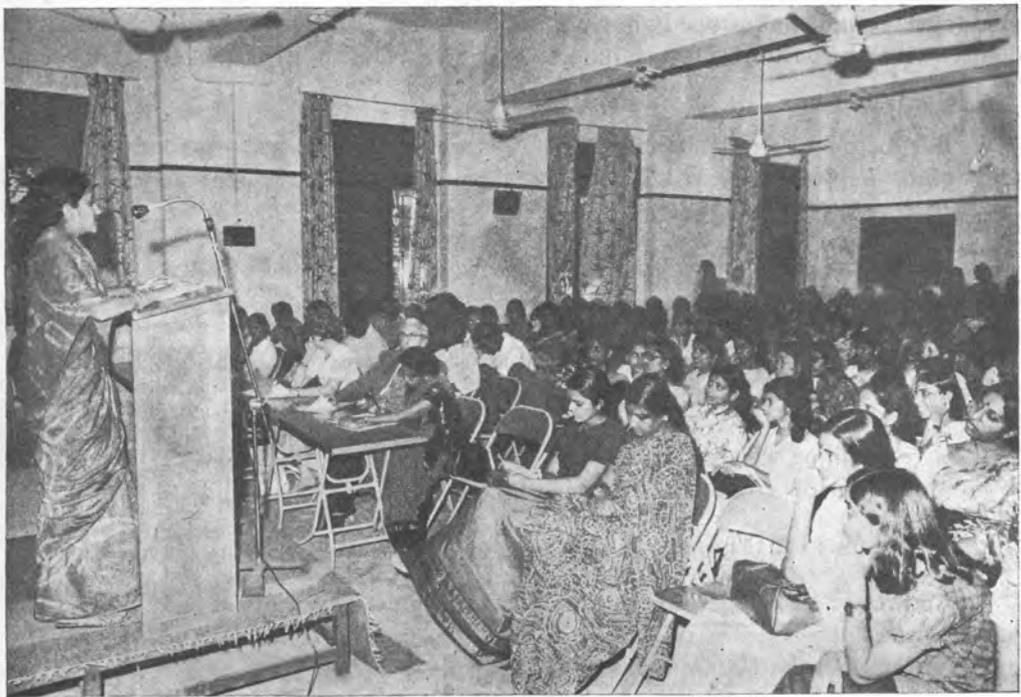
RENU SINGH,  
I B. A. History.

# The Youth Fest

The greatest show of the year goes on.

## The Inside Story :

At precisely 8.30 p.m. on the eleventh of December, Rita Raghavan, Latha Ethiraj and I posted the last invitations to city colleges for the Youth Fest. Optimistically sure that responses would pour in during the holidays, we received a rude shock when term began and nothing had happened. Frantic phone calls were made even as Ramani's lovely red and white posters sprung up all over the college with the Y. F. symbol—Shobita's inspiration. Latha and I bit our nails and prayed fervently that we would get a shamiana from our girls. We hoped in vain. After valiant efforts at rigging up the sound system ourselves—and ending up underneath it!—Prabha and I had to admit defeat and surrender it to the electricians.



"The audience was inclined to view  
the topic of the debate frivolously"

And suddenly, in the midst of our mad rush, the first day of the Youth Fest dawned. The clubs had done a very good job of organising each day—helped by the entire college.

It is the most agonising moments of the Fest that, perhaps naturally enough, are most vivid in my mind. On the very first day, a debate judge did not turn up on time. An embarrassed phone-call elicited the news that she had been invited for the pageant! She was kind enough to rush over, however. We had invited all the colleges to see the stage on Sunday and try our sound equipment and they all—for once—turned up. But the sound did not because the electricity chose to fail just then. Prabha said tearfully: “The electricity’s on everywhere else in college,” but that was small consolation for the boys who had come with all their electrical equipment. Being rather sensitive to the somewhat blunt remarks of our guests, we hid ourselves at a distance of two hundred yards from the stage, until the sound came back—three hours later. Then there was the moment when our versatile curtain-pullers, Bablu and Prabha, pulled the curtains over a performing Mark Anthony. The Roman was most indignant, but as Prabha said apologetically: “The audience, at any rate, was grateful!” And sound failed again, for fifteen minutes on the Dramatics day.

A truly agonising moment was when Latha checked her budget book to find that credit to the Y. F. was one rupee and eighty-five paise, while dues to be paid came to the round sum of one hundred and fifty rupees! She found that the situation could be saved by cutting out the judges’ teas, the sound system, the shamiana—and the Fest.

But the most terrible moment of all was when during a performance one of the judges quite simply disappeared. Here is the conversation you might have overheard just then:

Sister Sheila (smiling and trying to conceal her impatience): Rachel, isn’t the show going on?

Me (smiling in an effort not to pull my hair and scream): Sister, I’m sorry to inform you that——has disappeared.

Sister (smiling widely for the benefit of the audience near us): My dear, what do you mean? How could he?

Me (smiling for the same reason): I don’t know why, Sister.

And then a girl comes up to say that somebody saw him leave. Both Sister Sheila and I smile with effort as we agree that ‘the show must go on’. (The judge did finally turn up, but that’s another story!)

It was on the last day of the Y.F., sitting in the wings with Bablu and Prabha and watching the spotlight stage in front of us, that our tall and stately college buildings caught my eye. They reminded me of all our wonderful girls who had helped to make the Fest possible. Suddenly it struck me that I would never again see the buildings like this, silhouetted in the moonlight and forming the backdrop to a noisy audience. As I turned to Prabha and Bablu they both turned towards me and said almost

simultaneously, "Isn't it beautiful?" Something was tightening my throat, because I could only nod in agreement.

RACHEL KURIAN,  
III B. Sc. Mathematics.



The best individual speaker is congratulated.

### **The atom explodes.....again and again.....**

The four day Youth Festival began with a sober debate in Assunta Hall. The topic: "Man is his own greatest enemy." Twelve colleges participated. The audience was large, unkind to the speaker at first, and inclined to view the topic frivolously. The debate was not of a very high standard and seemed calculated to encourage this flippancy. It is significant that most of the speakers dealt with the material destruction of man — scientists and the atom bomb, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and with pollution, showing a complete lack of originality or thought. Emphasis was laid on the external forces of destruction, while the inner destructive forces were almost completely ignored. Mr. John George of Loyola carried off the first individual prize while the team prize went to the Cultural Academy. The debate was more amusing than edifying as it gave us a glimpse of narrow thinking and made no attempt to plumb the depths of mankind. It showed us an Einstein creating destructive forces in a test-tube but failed to show us a Hamlet destroying himself.

VIJAYALAKSHMI,  
III B.A. Literature.

### **Versions and Perversions :**

The second day of the Youth Festival ushered in an evening of drama—ranging from the highly emotional and poetic “Riders to the Sea” to the bathetic perversion of “Hamlet”, from the genuinely humorous “Mother’s Day” to the ridiculous “Interview”. Needless to say, Stella Maris won again with “Riders to the Sea” and Ashwathy Thomas was judged the Best Supporting Actress, but I.I.T. came very close and “His Excellency” carried off the Best Actor award with great aplomb. It was an evening of good entertainment though it was a pity many of the colleges assumed that a one-act play includes improvised skits and incongruous (though delightful) ballet interludes.

A STAFF REPORTER.



Select invitees from other Colleges.

### **The Worlds Of Dickens & Shakespeare :**

A partially blackened Othello stood on the lush lawns of the Stella Maris assembly ground muttering (presumably): “Chaos is come again”, as he watched angels consorting with witches, Shylock laughing with the Gentiles and renewing his kinship with Fagin, Romeo deserting Juliet for Cleopatra, and a gallant Winkle straightening Juliet’s wedding veil under the benign gaze of a stout Pickwick. Here was chaos enough to recreate the worlds of Dickens and Shakespeare on the day of the literary pageant.

Soon the curtains drew aside to reveal that inescapable scene where Oliver asks for “more”. The row of emaciated boys excited much speculation among our hostelites as to the dietary customs of Cultural Academy hostel. When the curtains drew aside next, the dining table was magically transformed into the tomb of the Capulet family where a lovely Juliet lay in state. The audience watched in agony

as the two “star-crossed lovers” played out the last phase of their tragedy ... only to be revived by the sound of imaginary hooves as Pickwick and his friends set out for Manor Farm on their quadruped chairs and desks.

The “weird sisters” of Shakespeare (and Queen Mary’s) took the audience by storm (no pun intended) as they moved down the ramp, into its very midst. Shylock followed, with the all-too-traditional weighing-scales and knife. Next, all “Great Expectations” were fulfilled as the curtains opened on Miss Havisham gazing unseeingly into the mirror before her, caught in the web of her own memories — an eerie figure in her faded wedding gown and veil, beckoning to a terrified Pip, whom the audience perversely insisted on mistaking for Estella.

No practical engineer can hope to keep himself free of dirt, grime and grease—a maxim amply illustrated by Othello from Engineering College, while Mark Antony from the same college demonstrated a remarkable perseverance when he mimed the entire funeral oration over Caesar’s body, while our “honourable” Cultural Committee tried to keep a not so honourable mob from mutinying.

“Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts,” pleaded Shakespeare once, and working on the principle that Stella Maris have a greater imagination than most twentieth century audiences, Paris mantled in a dashing Bombay Dyeing sheet, crossed sticks with Romeo attired in Caesar’s shroud, over a Juliet who looked suspiciously like ... a boy! But need one cite the authorities to remind readers that boy actors played women in Shakespeare’s days?

Stella Maris evoked the heath scene of “Macbeth” again with the three “dark and midnight hags”. These “weird sisters” gave way to a more lovely pair of sisters, and the crowd cheered as Katherine the shrew paid off old scores against Bianca with an enthusiasm that seemed too real to be feigned. Then followed a little ballet interlude where Dickens’, “Infant Phenomenon”—Miss Ninetta Crummies—twirled on the stage, followed by the wild Indian savage whooping exuberantly.

Then from the precincts of Loyola came an enamoured Romeo in search of Juliet, followed by a magnificent Lear amidst the storm that cleared magically upon the entrance of a figure whom “age cannot wither or custom stale ...” Sheathed in the golden glory of Egypt came a Cleopatra from Loyola. Amidst exclamations of admiration mingled with gasps of horror and disbelief (s)he whipped out a live Indian counterpart of “the old worm of Nilus” and succumbed to its bite with a grace our heroines of the screen would do well to emulate.

Then crossing the Mediterranean with Madras Christian College, the audience enjoyed an interlude with Olivia and the clown followed by a more sober Shylock than the first. Still in romantic Italy we watched a breathtaking Juliet on the balcony, chewing gum to relieve her anxiety or the tedium (or perhaps she was just exercising her facial muscles), while a youthful Romeo leapt up from amongst the audience. A perfect dramatic entrance, but for the pair of hairy masculine legs very much in

evidence where they should not have been, yet, “a hose, what’s in a hose?” Surely all the world can forgive an over-eager and forgetful lover? A delightful demonstration given by Fagin and the Artful Dodger on “how to pick a pocket or two” brought the pageant to a close.



A figure whom “age cannot wither or custom stale”.

A short entertainment by Stella Marians gave the judges time to decide on the winners, which, as we have often been told is “a very, very difficult task indeed”. Amidst thunderous applause Pickwick and his party carried off the first prize. Cleopatra divested of her (his) golden lamé gown, but not of her (his) grace came up for the second prize, while Katherine and Bianca, having made up their differences and affected a touching reconciliation, came up smiling for the third prize, bringing to a close a delightful evening of the Youth Festival amidst such touching and original farewells among Stella Marians as :

“Parting is such sweet sorrow,  
But never mind, we’ll have to meet tomorrow.”

ANNIE MATHEW ALAPPAT  
I M.A. Literature.

### **The Sound of Sounds**

Strains of music — pop, folk, classical — danced in the air on the evening of the 24th January — a memorable end to our first Youth Fest.

The assembly grounds were packed by an eager and enthusiastic student crowd.



The curtain rose on “The Beatechs” — the clash of cymbals — it had begun. A few instrumentals later, the drummer played “I started a joke” followed by an attempt at singing Dylan’s “Blowin’ in the wind”.

Chandra’s “Joe Hill” and “April come she will” were not as impressive as they would have been with a little accompaniment (despite her rich voice). Raji, Mallika and Usha were charming.

Except for “Imagine”, Guindy Engineering went unnoticed. M. C. C. lived up to their name with Colin D’Souza’s “Heart of Gold” followed by other lively numbers which acted like black coffee on the drowsiness caused by the setting sun.

Mary Rose of Ethiraj College made a hit with “Love Story” and her classical piece. “Mammy blue”, being the current favourite, made its mark. While the mikes were being adjusted for the next group our volunteers walked the grounds encouraging the audience to buy the snacks that were available.

The mikes were alive again with W.C.C. who surprised us with their choir. I. I. T.’s Ashok Santanam undoubtedly stole the show with “Duncan” and “Rain”. “The Feeling of Mine” rendered by Kumar Sham was a valiant attempt at composition.

The curtain fell for the last time on Loyola, whose entries provided an anticlimax, bringing down the tempo which had reached its peak with Ashok Santanam.

SACHI VUJAYARAGHAVAN  
and  
JAYASHREE APPA RAO,  
II B.A. Sociology.

## Get Your Copy — Only 35 Paise!

The Editor of the 'Udaya' tells us the Udaya's untold story.

At assembly and in the corridors, an Udaya staff-member eternally hears: "When is the Udaya coming?" And she gives the weary answer, "Oh it's coming, it's coming, all right!" In other words, it's still on the way.

Collecting material for it needs many hours of planning with furrowed brow and pencil behind ear—and then it means pursuing "these demmed, elusive Pimpernels" alias article-writers. At 12.45 on Wednesday afternoons, the faithful gather in Room 1-1. The sub-editors discuss their various sections and the rest of the staff receive their assignments. We rack our brains for head-lines, sub-titles, personalities for our Column, and over all the other worries that give us sleepless nights. As time gallops by, the search for contributors grows frantic and finally our game of Hounds and Hare with our article-writers brings in material enough for an issue.

Then come the trips to the printers, regular pilgrimages whose hardship is alleviated by the joy of seeing the Udaya being created before our very eyes, column by column. Or rather, before our weary eyes, for with the start of the unending proof-reading, we become quite cock-eyed. We read, reread and correct spelling mistakes until we don't know whether 'cake' is spelt 'caek' or not! Indeed, the strain of warily watching for any criminal capitals and the constant pouncing on wrong grammar drives our Argus-eyed proof-readers quite distract.

I particularly remember the complexities of collecting comments on "Man in the Moon Marigolds"; of trying to arrange four smiling Rita Shettys in one block; of desperately pleading for entries for our short-story competition; and I remember a discussion on the "printability" of an article with our staff advisor, Mrs. Dasan.

Mrs. Dasan was our constant support, giving us all the encouragement we needed in hard times. The Council helped us generously with finances. Through its allowance and our sales we just managed to pay our printer's bills and stay clear of Debtor's Court.

Finally, the day comes when we can trumpet "The Udaya has come!" On that day, we of the Udaya staff assemble in the Reception Room. Very thrilled and proud, we gaze lovingly at those eight hundred shining copies in their neat piles. At 11.45 a.m. we distribute copies among ourselves and gear ourselves for 12.15. The bell shrills and soon hands are shooting out for Udayas, money jingles in and the girl at the counter is in a whirl, handing back more change than she should. We sit there, the rest of us, feeling on top of the world.

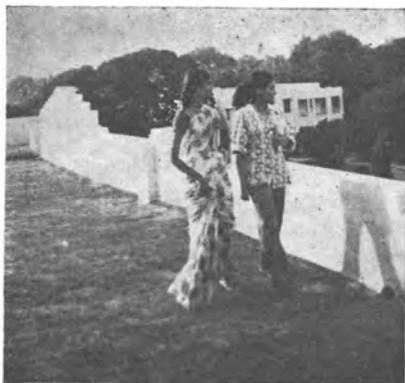




## Hostel Album



Inter-Floor Hostel Competition



The Hostelites' Promenade — the terrace



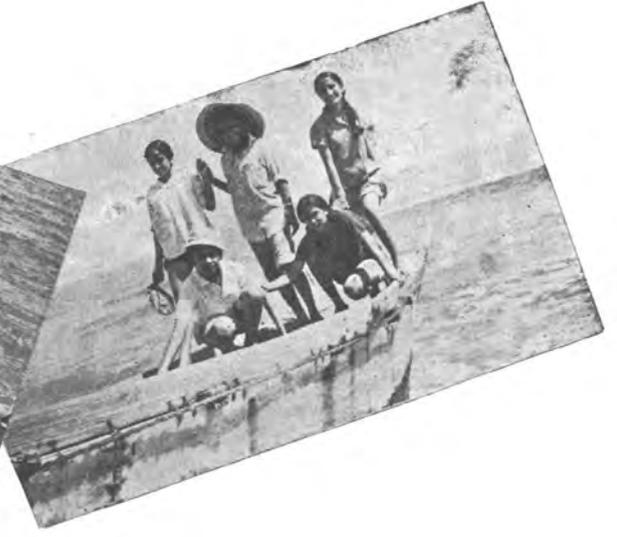
We get down to work

The Freshies' Social on 8 July was in the form of an Air India flight

MERRY MERRY MERRY MERRY  
 Merry Christmas

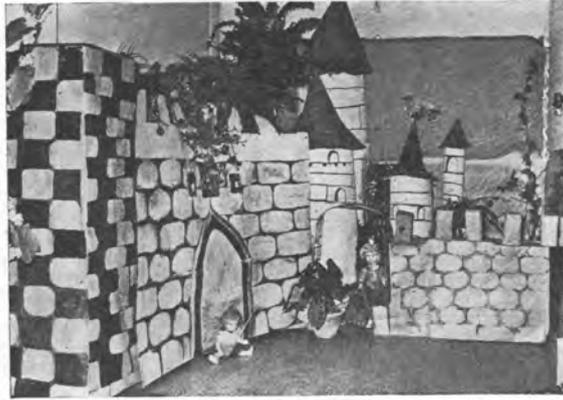


The Christmas Social on 16 December —  
 Santa Claus did a good job



**A wonderful Hostel Picnic  
on 21 January, at Mahabalipuram  
and (below) Silver Sands,  
Kovalam**





**Hostel Day: the enchanted world of Grimm's Fairy Tales**



**Hansel, Gretel and Cinderella in St. Joseph's**



**The Old Lady's Shoe in the Dining Room**



**Shakespeare and the Dark Lady of the sonnets**



**Prince Charming awakens the Sleeping Beauty**



**Humpty-Dumpty before the Great Fall**



**The Princess and the Frog, re-interpreted**



**The Witches Dance in  
ghostly green light**



**Cinderella Indian Style:  
Chamma and her Raja are married**



**Finale : Sr. Irene felicitates  
Hostel President Doreen**

## Hostel Life in Nava Nirmana

One of the privileged few tells us all about it.

Stella Marians who returned to college after the summer of '72 were pleasantly surprised by the fine building which had sprung up near the chapel. 'Nava Nirmana' is an Institute which teaches a new way of building community. It offers two courses, one in Community Development and the other in Child Care, each of two years' duration. Stella Maris has always been interested in social service work and community welfare, and the college has always been actively involved in various schemes for this purpose. But it is only with the inauguration of 'Nava Nirmana' that women have been offered regular training for effective Community Development work in various settings such as villages, slums and educational institutions. The Child Care course teaches the principles of need-oriented child care programmes in addition to those currently used in India.



The entrance to our beautiful new Institute.

We, second year post-graduates of Stella Maris, were only too thrilled when we were asked to shift into the Nava Nirmana hostel as there were a few rooms vacant for this year only. About a dozen of us moved in first and were later joined by some staff-members and a few ambitious junior P.G.s. The first two weeks brought in an endless stream of visitors from the other two hostels who looked around the 'posh' rooms and lounges with envy. We gloated over our glory—built-in wardrobes, collapsible desks, mirrors, washbasins—but we certainly missed the noise and the confusion of good old St. Joseph's hostel. The lack of a radiogram was amply compensated by the T. T. table which immediately made ardent table-tennis enthusiasts of most of us.

But the greatest excitement in Nava Nirmana is provided by the continuous stream of guests — students, visiting professors, or just plain visitors who keep coming. First there was the Grail team which came from Delhi to conduct a short course here. Then came Father Benjamin. We could not miss noticing him because right through his stay our building resounded to the strains of a Spanish guitar and songs in Italian, Portuguese and Spanish. He was kind enough to hold an informal musical evening in 0-8 for the enjoyment of the rest of the campus and had soon become something of a celebrity in Nava Nirmana.

We post-graduates feel privileged because we are the only Stella Marians who have resided in the new hostel, for with the expansion of the courses offered in Nava Nirmana, it will not be able to house any more college students in future. Living here was very different from living in St. Joseph's or Our Lady's and yet it was a hostel like any other, since girls will be girls wherever they are. But then we did have the sobering influence of our staff-members and the student-Sisters to tone us down a little, which is a good thing in view of our coming exams. We thoroughly enjoyed our year in Nava Nirmana, and leave it hoping that it will prosper in its efforts to train Indian women in building up a better tomorrow for our country.

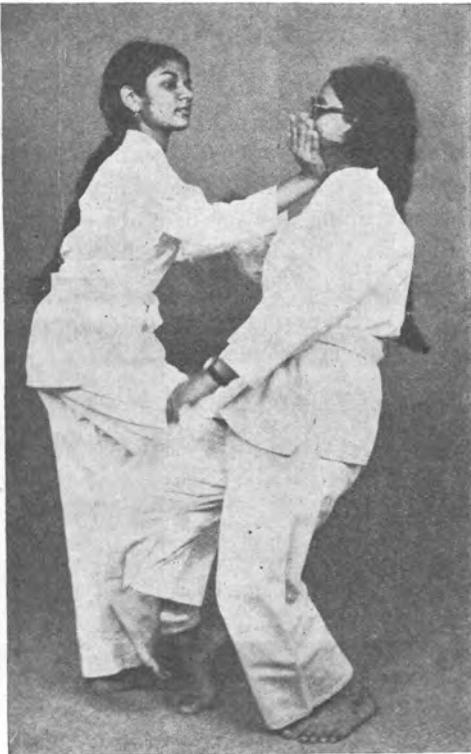
JOSI KURIEN,  
II M.A. Literature.

# The Yellow Belt

An initiation into Japan's noble art of self-defence.

This year, in an attempt to encourage non-Council members to take an active interest in college activities, the Council encouraged the creation of non-Council projects. Our Karate class was one such project, being introduced on the initiative of a non-Council member.

Karate is the Japanese term for unarmed or empty-fisted combat. It is said that this art originated in South India. Indians, not realising its great potential, allowed it to be carried into Japan, China and other Asiatic countries by our Buddhist monks. It was eventually claimed as a part of Japanese culture. At present many Indian exponents of this art are trying to resurrect our interest in it.



How to strike at vulnerable points



How to floor any assailant

Every single movement of the arms, legs, hips, wrists and even the fingers has a certain significance. Therefore Karate teaches one how to limber up the body by a series of invigorating exercises.

However, a class does not consist of mere isometrics. They play a secondary role, the primary one being meditation. Each session begins on a sober note with everybody in the fixed posture for meditation, because Karate is not merely the art of developing physical dexterity, it is also a disciplining of the mind.

There are gradations in the form of belts of varying colours to indicate the proficiency of the students of Karate. One has to pass a rigorous test before being awarded the belt of the next colour. Of these, the white belt denotes the lowest, and the black, the highest grade.

The advantages of Karate for women are obvious. Generally, in the case of a physical assault, most of us would lose our presence of mind and panic. Women therefore learn Karate not for combat purposes, but for self-defence. One learns how to react using the Karate movements so that one's opponent is completely overthrown, even if physically much stronger.

Thus our Karate classes have taught us how to use our bodies most effectively in self-defence, how to strike at vulnerable points and how to floor any assailant. We have gained greater confidence in ourselves and look forward to graduating from our white belts to yellow belts in the tests we will undergo at the end of this first year of training. The only complaint I have to make is that ever since they knew that I am attending these classes, my friends have been keeping a wary distance — and they vanish in a flash when I ask them to let me practise my Karate on them!

RAMILA RAMAN,  
P.U. 7

## How we played the Game

Our sportswomen rejoice over new laurels won, and plan even greater efforts for the future.

At the end of another academic year, Stella Maris has every right to be jubilant. The year has witnessed immense progress in every field, through the active participation of students under the guidance of the management and staff. The Sports Department too has distinguished itself by winning a number of coveted trophies in the city.

From the very outset Stella Maris participated in the various tournaments with determination to win. We were unlucky in the first term, in that our Netball and Volleyball teams which qualified for the Semi-finals were not able to move into the finals. With more practice and renewed will to win, we should do well next year.



“ Hello cup!  
Glad to see  
you back!”

One of the most striking events of the year, in the department of sports, was the confident way in which our athletes participated in the Dr. A.L. Mudaliar Sports Meet held in September, and won the cup back for the college for the third time in the six years since its inception. University athlete R. Radha (I B. Sc. Chemistry) won the first place in the 200 metre race, and the third place in the 100 metre race. Jayashree Rao (P.U. 5) came second in the 100 metre hurdles and third in the high

jump. D. Christine (P.U. 7) came third in the 200 metre race. In the discus throw, the second and third places were secured by Meera Thomas (II B.A. Sociology) and Carol John (P.U. 5) respectively. The event that clinched the championship for us was the exciting 4 x 100 metres relay. It was superbly started by Jayashree Rao, well kept by R. Radha and Philomena and was given an equally superb close by D. Christine. Stella Maris won the cup with a tally of twenty-eight points.

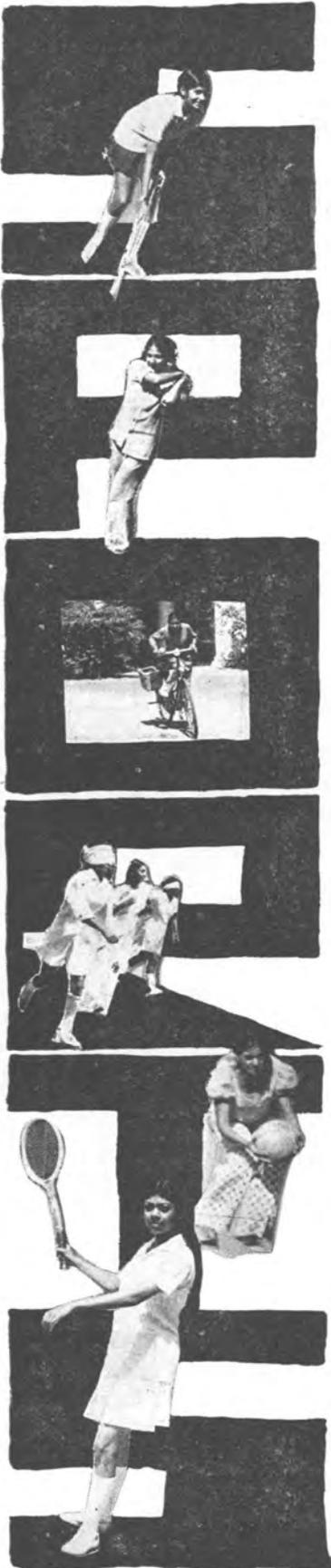
Vidya Raju (III B.A. Literature) was captain of the University Tennis team which won the All India Finals held at Madras in December. In the Inter-collegiate tournaments, Vidya Raju and Vanita Vedachalam (II B.A. Economics) once again proved themselves to be an unbeatable pair, by putting off a strong challenge from Ethiraj College and winning the Finals.

Our University blues, Anuradha Rao (III B.A. Fine Arts) and Gita Nambisan (II B.A. Economics), did a fine job by retaining the shield for shuttle badminton. The game was introduced into the Inter-collegiate tournament last year, and through these two promising players Stella Maris has won it both times.

Not to be forgotten is our ace player P. Vatsala (P. U. 4), the current State Table-Tennis Champion, who was a member of the University and State teams. It was unfortunate that a sprained wrist kept her out of the last matches in the inter-collegiate fixtures.

R. Bhavani (P. U. 4) was our sole representative in the triumphant Madras University Volleyball team that won the South Zone finals held at Madurai and qualified for the All-India Finals at Ludhiana.

The Basketball tournament witnessed keen competition among the city colleges. Stella Maris, who had been the winners for three consecutive years, narrowly lost the trophy to Women's Christian College in the Finals last year. Defeat did not deter us, and the team was all set to win the title back this time. Under the able captaincy of Annamma Abraham (III B.A. Sociology) the team worked together in perfect harmony, and were well rewarded for their hard practice, with a thumping 40—19 victory over



Women's Christian College in the finals. Five members of the college team represented the University at the Inter-Varsity Basketball tournament conducted at Baroda in November. Shobha Menon (II M.A. Literature) captained the University team, which also included Annamma Abraham, Lily Joseph (II B.A. Sociology) Gita Nambisan (II B.A. Economics) and Sudha Kini (I B.A. Literature).

Stella Maris were runners-up for the group championship in major games, thanks largely to the encouragement given by the college authorities who saw to it that the various teams were coached by experts. Yet another feature that was warmly welcomed by all sports enthusiasts was the generous gesture of the Students Union in inaugurating awards to the three outstanding sportswomen of the year. This time R. Radha (I.B.Sc. Chemistry) won the award for the best athlete, P. Vatsala (P.U. 4) for the best performance in a particular game (Table-Tennis) and Shobha Menon (II M.A. Literature) for the best all round performance.

Sports Day this year was different from the usual sports-and-tea affair because it was turned into a Sports Carnival, with a merry-go-round and cotton candy and games like Housie. Once again the wonderful efforts we have seen this year were evident in the care that had gone into decorating the field with streamers and arranging the food stalls. The Carnival started at 9 o'clock, with the sports being simultaneously inaugurated. Rachel and Vanda sang for an hour at lunch time and the games went on until about 3 o'clock by when it was clear that the first years had swept the field. The cheer they got as they received the Sports Shield was only rivalled by that which the staff got for winning the Tug-of-War against the students. After that came tea to round off a most enjoyable day.

While we rejoice at our success, we remember with gratitude the immeasurable help and guidance our Physical Training Directress, Mrs. Mangaladurai, has given us throughout the year. With eagerness, understanding and patience she has infused in us a true spirit of sportsmanship. We thank her for her untiring efforts and sincerely hope that more laurels will be won next year.



SHOBHA MENON,  
II M. A. Literature.

“ Sports Day this year was  
different...”

# Voyages of Discovery

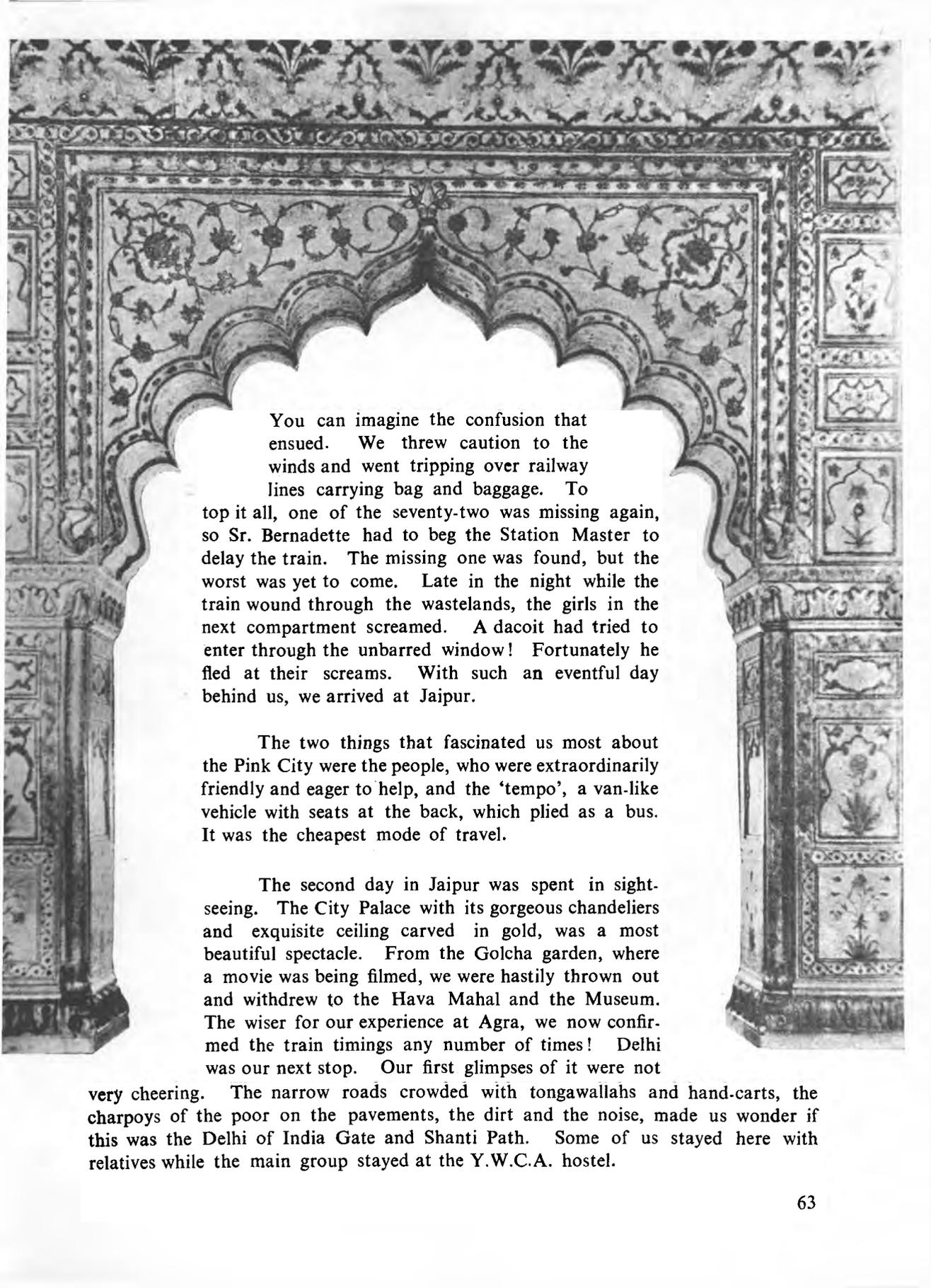
We visit chandeliered palaces, ciliated flatworms, Bombay's slums and the Jewel Isle.

## A Capital Time :

We were seventy-two of the III Year students going on a tour of North India, accompanied by Sr. Bernadette and Miss Butler. Already on Madras Central Station we had a mild experience of what our trip was going to be like, with the agency men pushing in huge vessels, pots and pans, the cooks loading in sacks of rice and potatoes, and the girls trying to squeeze in their luggage, all through the same little door of the III Class coach of the Janata Express. We had two bogies between the seventy-two of us, linked by a passage which was soon transformed into a kitchen, thus severing our only means of internal communication. So among piles of suitcases, thick bed-rolls (necessary for cold Nainital) and the smell of chopped onions we settled ourselves to enjoy our journey.

After forty-eight hours of accumulating dust and grime on the Janata Express we arrived at Agra, looking like chimney-sweeps. The transportation of our luggage from the platform to the top of our buses was a herculean feat but in the course of the journey we became masters of this art. There was a wonderful feeling of togetherness when everyone was concerned only with the problem of transferring all the luggage safely. It was late evening then, so after a heated reminder to the travel agency men of their promise to show us the Taj Mahal by moonlight, we set off under an orange moon and spent an ecstatic hour there.

The next day we saw Fatehpur Sikri, Sikandra and the Taj again but not Agra Fort as we had to catch the train to Jaipur. It was now that things started going wrong. To begin with we counted heads and found that three were missing. A search up and down the surrounding roads proved fruitless and so we had to ask the Tourist Home manager to send the girls on to the station when they returned. At the station we were informed that we had missed our train which was at 5-00 p.m., not 7-00 p.m. as we had mistakenly thought. While the agency men tried to get seats for us on the 7 o' clock train we tried to phone the Tourist Home. Never did we have so much trouble trying to make one measly phone call. The station officers refused to let us make a call, there being strict orders that their phones could be used only for official business. But coming to the station entrance we found the missing three, white-faced and desperate because they had been informed that there was no reservation for Stella Maris College on the 7 o' clock train (naturally!). On our return we had another shock, for there on platform 4 were the girls enjoying their tea, while the train was due to arrive immediately at platform 2!



You can imagine the confusion that ensued. We threw caution to the winds and went tripping over railway lines carrying bag and baggage. To top it all, one of the seventy-two was missing again, so Sr. Bernadette had to beg the Station Master to delay the train. The missing one was found, but the worst was yet to come. Late in the night while the train wound through the wastelands, the girls in the next compartment screamed. A dacoit had tried to enter through the unbarred window! Fortunately he fled at their screams. With such an eventful day behind us, we arrived at Jaipur.

The two things that fascinated us most about the Pink City were the people, who were extraordinarily friendly and eager to help, and the 'tempo', a van-like vehicle with seats at the back, which plied as a bus. It was the cheapest mode of travel.

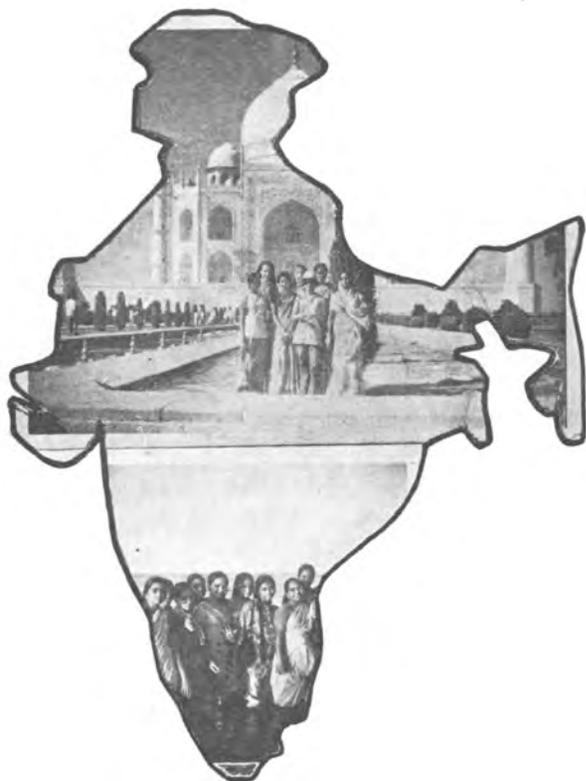
The second day in Jaipur was spent in sight-seeing. The City Palace with its gorgeous chandeliers and exquisite ceiling carved in gold, was a most beautiful spectacle. From the Golcha garden, where a movie was being filmed, we were hastily thrown out and withdrew to the Hava Mahal and the Museum. The wiser for our experience at Agra, we now confirmed the train timings any number of times! Delhi was our next stop. Our first glimpses of it were not

very cheering. The narrow roads crowded with tongawallahs and hand-carts, the charpoys of the poor on the pavements, the dirt and the noise, made us wonder if this was the Delhi of India Gate and Shanti Path. Some of us stayed here with relatives while the main group stayed at the Y.W.C.A. hostel.

The monotony of the journey to Nainital was compensated by the view uphill. We set off at sunset and as we ascended, saw below us a vast sea of blue slowly streaked crimson by the setting sun. Above and around us there was nothing but the white of the thick mist and below was the sea of clouds.

We were lucky with the weather during our stay. Nainital was all we had hoped, with our accommodation in the picturesque cottages of "Sleepy Hollow", with boating, sailing, skating, riding, the beauty of the mountains and, of course, good food. Here again we were delighted by the friendliness of the people, the boatmen who were only too willing to teach us rowing, the coolies with whom in happy comradeship we pushed the luggage carts down the steep roads on the morning of our departure. While climbing a low peak called Tiffin Top we had entered a girls' hostel asking for water, only to be served with apples, pears and guavas and

kindly invited to stay for tea. The climb to the highest peak, Naina Peak, was too short for everyone and with the climb down the Kumaon hills the end of our holiday approached. In a short while we would be back at Central Station and back to room A1-3 in Stella Maris.



V. AKOLA  
and  
PRABHA SETHI,  
III B.Sc. Chemistry.

\* \* \*

#### **Our Department and other animals :**

To spend six whole days in the inviting and restful lap of mother nature is no mean experience. Though the Zoology Study Tour is undertaken year after year to more or less the same places of interest, each tour is markedly different from the rest because the experiences shared are distinctly different. This year we had the opportunity of visiting Pamban, Mandapam, Rameswaram and Tuticorin.

Being suspended above the gloriously glittering sea for five minutes while crossing Pamban bridge was a thrilling experience. Seeing the wide endless stretch

of green sea made us feel close to the Creator and realize His greatness. In Pamban we stayed at the Marine Biological Service Home, in a spacious, thatched hut, completely bereft of modern comforts. But it was a welcome change.

With Pamban as our base we went to different places for field work. The first evening we set out on a shore-collecting expedition and in the failing yellow sunset groups of us waded through knee-deep water collecting the wonderful specimens of God's creation which till then had existed for us only in our text books.

The day after our arrival at Pamban, we cruised to the Krusedai Islands which are called the paradise of the biologist. The isles justified their title for in their waters live unique and rare creatures. Our search was amply rewarded by the numerous animals we saw embedded in the mud, crawling under the rocks and swimming about in the water. Multitudes of sea cucumbers lay apparently dead but very much alive, for when we grasped them, they promptly expressed their displeasure by squirting water at us. We were able to collect different varieties of flatworms, molluscans, brightly coloured crabs, and the rare *Balanoglossus* — a distant relation of the vertebrates.

The following day we went to Mandapam and made a short visit to the boat-building yard — an Indo-Norwegian project. We witnessed ice being manufactured on a large scale for preserving fish and were quite surprised to know that the smooth cubes of ice did not thaw till they reached Madras. The Museum at Mandapam was highly informative and we were delighted to see the legendary 'mermaid' which was nothing but a herbivorous mammal.

The following day we went to Rameswaram where we cruised far out to sea and saw exquisitely coloured coral beds.

Our heartwarming and happy stay at Pamban came to an end when we boarded the bus for Tuticorin. The next morning was spent in the collection of flatworms, Planarians and sea urchins. We also visited the Zoology Museum at V.O.C. College.

Our short holiday had come to its close. As we boarded the train for Madras the six days of togetherness came rushing back, filling us with nostalgia. These few days will certainly be recorded as some of the happiest days in our book of memories !

HEMA IYER,  
III B.Sc. Zoology.

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## Innocents abroad :

'For your next holiday visit the Resplendent Isle', said the Ceylon Tourist Board Brochure, and visit it we did — despite setbacks. This study-cum-cultural-tour was a memorable one.

Arriving in Colombo after a tedious train journey in India and overcoming the seasickness we had while crossing by ferry, we were fascinated by Colombo at first sight. We visited the Dehiwala Zoo, set in a beautiful landscape and possessing some of the best collections of animals in South East Asia.



After a day in Colombo, we began our sight-seeing with the clear blue sea on one side of us and swaying coconut palms on the other ; what more could we ask ? Nothing could have been more fun than our trip in tiny fishing boats to the coral reefs, out in the sea at Hikkaduwa. We were forbidden to break the coral ; but it grew in such a variety of colours that we could not resist taking some. However we paid the price later — it exuded such a foul smell that we could not sit in the bus without holding our noses.

Probably the only place which did not gain our affection was Katargama, held sacred by many religions — for we stayed there barely one night, after travelling 172 weary miles to visit it! But we could have stayed forever at Nuraeliya which reminded us very much of Ooty, with its misty hills, tea gardens, and its air of homeliness.

We then proceeded to the bustling city of Kandy where the sacred temple of the Buddha's Tooth is situated. A fine University is also situated here, though we had no chance of visiting it. The beautiful Peradeniya Gardens with their famous roses and stately trees had us in raptures. We also visited the shopping centres, for the souvenirs we had to buy for relatives and friends.

We were only too glad to return to Colombo after the enjoyable but tiring trip. Before we left Colombo it seemed as though we knew every inch of it. The numerous invitations to lunch, tea and dinner overwhelmed us. But we were not bereft of excitement — a scream one night from a sleepy girl who thought she saw "something" set all eighteen of us screaming, attracting the attention of the passing Police Patrol — it was really something to talk about. A session at Parliament was an interesting thing to be present at, though we could not understand a word, as the proceedings were in Sinhalese.

On our way back to Talaimannar we stopped at the ruins of Anuradhapura, the sacred city built over two thousand years ago. There was an air of tranquillity about the place. It was hard to believe that these ruins had once been the centre of a flourishing civilisation.

Going through Customs on the last day was now a familiar routine. We boarded the 'Irwin' once again, and though when we looked back at the fast disappearing coast we had to say "Ayu - bo - wan" maybe for the last time, we would always have happy memories of our stay on the Resplendent Isle.



Naiads by a stream

JUDELINE BRASS,  
II B.A. Literature.

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#### **Social Work Study-Excursion :**

Do you remember the time when you were five years old and had your first scary, wonderful ride on a merry-go-round, all by yourself? That was how we felt on our trip to Bombay.

Bombay was all crowds and bustle, a city of soaring sky scrapers and filthy hovels. We indulged ourselves in prodigal shopping sprees, but were not fooled by the sky-high "tourist" prices that were quoted at us, taking the opportunity to try out our Hindi—gleaned from film-songs—on the shop-keepers.

We had some exotic breakfasts on ice cream and chocolate cake and had the forbidden thrill of creeping down the corridors of Villa Theresa for lime juice at 2 a.m.

We startled the bus-conductor, when our eminently respectable teacher asked for "Eleven tickets, please" to a notorious red-light area, and had to explain, somewhat haughtily, that we were visiting the convent nearby. We walked into another awkward situation, when with studied nonchalance we sauntered into the Taj International to ask for a drink of—cold water.

But these adventures were peripheral to what absorbed us most, that is, our visits to twelve Social Work agencies. Of them we found certain places especially interesting. We were most impressed by the "Samaritans" agency with its twenty-four hour phone service for people wanting to commit suicide. The two social workers who were always at the phone would talk to the person and try to persuade

him to come to the agency to discuss his problems. This service had existed most successfully for two years. The Samaritans' Family Welfare Centre in a slum also impressed us with its comprehensive programme for dealing with family problems ranging from unemployment and marital difficulties to delinquency. The Rehabilitation Centre run by the "Friends of the Mentally Ill" was an encouraging place where the afflicted persons were taught how to make purses, cane baskets and other handicrafts for sale.

Social Work agencies in Bombay are much better developed than ours because the importance of social work was recognised there much earlier than with us. Thus we found that the J. J. Hospital, for instance, had a large Social Work Department. Each hospital department—such as the Cancer or the Artificial Limb Department—had its own social worker to aid the patient in the social problems caused by his affliction. The net work of social-workers was headed by a chief co-ordinator who directed their work. We learnt that the three social workers attached to the Blood Bank were so successful in their campaign for regular voluntary blood donations that the hospital did not have to rely entirely on those people who sell their blood, blood that is often infected due to their poor living conditions.

Our visit to the Tata Institute of Social Work was perhaps the most enjoyable of all. Here we were rather put off at first by the very "mod" clothes and attitude of the students, but as we got to know them better we found them very likeable young people. Each of us was paired off with one of them to spend the day at the student's field placement. In this way we visited more agencies like the Leprosy Centre and Sion Hospital. We found that the student's work was very like ours in our placements in Madras.

The trip was altogether a wonderful experience with many memories to recall to make us smile.

REKHA SHETTY,  
II M.A. Social Work.

## In Memoriam



Anita Ahuja was quiet and unassuming, used to responsibility from an early age, as she had to care for her ailing mother after her father's death. She was an intelligent student, who passed her Pre-University examination with high marks, then chose Social Sciences as her B.A. subject. She easily grasped all that was taught, and never hesitated to offer help to other students. She enjoyed life, and was always bubbling over with health and vitality.

Anita seemed perfectly healthy when she left for the December holidays of her II B.A. year. But a mysterious illness, which the doctors could not diagnose, prevented her from returning to college after the Christmas vacation. When she did come back, in February 1972, it was for a few days only. The next time I saw her, she was in hospital, and early in March her disease was diagnosed as cancer of the blood. The whole class visited Anita who, in spite of her physical agony, still smiled and invited us to sit down, always putting others before herself. The last few days were almost unbearable for her and for us. There was nothing we could do except pray for her and admire her courage. The end came on the afternoon of March 8th, and was quiet and peaceful, despite her earlier suffering.

A memorial service was offered for Anita in the College Chapel soon after death, and another on the occasion of her first anniversary. We remember her with affection and admiration and, consoled by the belief that she is now with God, we pray for her bereaved family.

R. I. P.

ROSHAN JAMAL,  
III B. A. Social Sciences.







STELLA MARIS  
STUDENTS UNION  
ANNOUNCES.....  
AN INTERCOLLEGIATE  
Youth Fest  
19th JAN - 24th JAN '58



STELLA MARIS SILVER JUBILEE  
INTERCOLLEGIATE SYMPOSIUM  
STUDENT ATTITUDES TO  
MODERN EDUCATION SINCE INDEPENDENCE  
AUGUSTUS

## இ ள ம



1. உள்ளத்தில் கள்ளம் இல்லை; வஞ்சனை உதட்டில் இல்லை; பள்ளத்தின் கருமைபோல நெஞ்சிலே இருளும் இல்லை; வெள்ளத்தின் கொடியவேகம் வெஞ்சினம் ஒன்றும் இல்லை; தெள்ளிதின் பிள்ளைப் பிராயம் சஞ்சலம் அற்றதள்ளு?
2. பிறப்பிலே ஏற்றத்தாழ்வு பிரிவினை மனத்தில் இல்லை; சிறப்பிலே செல்வம் மற்றும் சிறியன தெரிவதில்லை; நிறத்திலே வேறுபாடு நினைவிலே நிற்பதில்லை; பெறத்தகு பெருமை யாவும் பெற்றது இளமையள்ளு?
3. புன்னகை புறத்தேகாட்டி வஞ்சனை மனத்திற் கொள்ளும் தன்னலச் செய்கை இல்லை; தாளெனும் செருக்கும் இல்லை; அன்னியர் அயலார் என்னும் அறிவிலாக் கொள்கை இல்லை; என்னதான் அறிவுபெற்றும் இளமைக்கு ஈடொன்றில்லை.
4. பொய்பழி பாவம் அஞ்சிப்போவது கோயிலேனும் செய்வதில் செம்மை இல்லை; தூய்மையும் தெஞ்சில் இல்லை; மெய்வழிச் செல்லவேரூர் ஆலயம் வேண்டி நிற்பிள் தெய்வமே கோயில் கொள்ளும் இளமையிற் பிறிதொன்றில்லை.
5. பொருளுடன் போகம் எல்லாம் பனியென மறைந்தபோதில் திரளென நம்மைச் சுற்றித் திரிந்தநல் லன்பர் கூட்டம் அருளிலாத் தன்மையோடே அகன்றிடும் கொடிய செய்கை இருளிலா இளமை வாழ்வில் எள்ளுமே இருந்ததில்லை.

ஷமீம் அக்தர்  
புருமகவகுப்பு (3)

## ஆன் மரவின் குரல்

○

எத்தனை பிறவிகளோ? ஏனிந்தத் துயரங்களோ?  
கத்தும் கடலையோ கன்னியென் நினைவலையோ?  
வீணாய் அலைகின்ற வெற்றுடம்பு விடுத்த  
ஆணாய் பெண்ணாய் அனைத்துயிரும் நிறைந்த  
கோனே குடிலாய் நினைந்து கொற்றவனைத்  
தானே தேடித் தடுமாறித் தளர்ந்தேனே!  
ஆண்டவனை அன்னவன் மலரடியை வேண்டியே  
பாண்டவர்போற் பலகாலும் பரிகரித்து அலைகின்றேனே!  
ஐயிரண்டு திங்களில் ஈன்றெடுத்த அன்னையின்  
பையலெனு மணைப்பில் பரவசத்தைக் கண்டிலனே!  
அறிவூட்டும் உறவினிலும் அன்பான நட்பினிலும்  
திரிந்திட்ட நிலைகண்டே திசைகெட்டுத் தவிக்கின்றேன்!  
தண்டலை மயில்களாடும் தாமரைப் பொய்கையிலும்  
வண்டுகள் பண்ணிசைக்கும் வளமார் சோலையிலும்  
உன்னை யுன்னியே உதயத்தை நோக்குகிறேன்!  
என்னைக் காண்பாயோ! என்குரலைக் கேட்பாயோ!  
உடலென்ற கூட்டின் உயிர்க்கதவம் திறப்பாயோ!  
சீர்கெட்ட என்னையே சிக்கெனப் பிடிப்பாயோ!

பழ. கனகாம்பாள்  
இளங்கலை வகுப்பு, மூன்றாம் ஆண்டு

விடுதலை! விடுதலை!

வறுமை நீங்க விடுதலையே!



பாரதனில்  
பாரதத்தில்  
பறையருக்கும்  
நிறைவுடனே

சீருடனே  
பாடிட்டாள்  
தீயருக்கும்  
வாழ்வதற்குப்

பரவிடுநல்  
விடுதலையாம்  
புலையருக்கும்  
பாப்புனைந்து

பாரதியும்  
வேட்கையுடன்.  
ஒன்றெனவே  
சென்றிட்டாள்!

நிறைமொழியாள்  
இறையருளால்  
கண்ணில்லாள்  
எண்ணில்லாச்

மாந்தரவர்  
பெற்றிட்டோம்  
கண்பெற்று  
சிறப்பெய்த

மறைமொழியும்  
விடுதலையை  
லெனவிங்கே  
தாளாண்மை

தப்பிடுமோ  
விரைவினிலே!  
நம்நிலையும்  
உதவிற்றே!

விடுதலையைப்  
விடுதலையால்  
விடிவென்ப  
விதிவசமாய்

பெற்றிட்டோம்  
பயனடைய  
தேயில்லா  
விழுந்திட்டோம்!

வேற்றோரின்  
விரும்புமுனர்  
வறுமையெனும்  
விடிவெள்ளி!

வில்லங்கறுத்து!  
என்றென்றும்  
குகையிடத்தே  
காண்போமா?

காலையொன்று  
காரிரவு  
காதளவு  
காகில்லார்

வந்திட்டால்  
வந்திட்டால்  
கவலையினில்  
கழிதுயரைக்

கஞ்சிபெற  
துஞ்சியேனும்  
காலளவு  
காவியத்தில்

வழியில்லை  
இருப்பமெனக்  
களிப்படையும்  
கசட்டிடலாம்!

ஒருபக்கம்  
மறுபக்கம்  
நமதுடைமை  
சமஉடைமை

உணவில்லை!  
பார்த்திட்டால்  
நல்குரவே!  
கொண்டிங்கே

ஒருபக்கம்  
மக்கட்கோ  
வேறென்றும்  
சமதர்மம்

உடையில்லை!  
குறையில்லை!  
இலையதில் தான்  
கண்டோம்கொல்!

வானமெனும்  
வான்மதியாம்  
வானளவு  
வான்பெரிதாய்

வாவியிலே  
ஓடமதன்  
நம்பெருமை  
வளர்கிறதே!

மீன்களிடையே  
மறுப்போலும்  
உயர்வதற்கே  
வானதையும்

வட்டமிடும்  
நம்வறுமை  
வந்தடையாய்  
வீஞ்சிடுமே?

விஞ்சுதற்கு  
துஞ்சுதலைத்  
அஞ்சுதலை  
மஞ்சளவு

விடமாட்டோம்  
துறந்திட்டுத்  
அளித்திடும்வ்  
மாண்புறுவோம்

வீறுடனே  
துயரதனைத்  
வழிநையே  
விடுதலையின்

உழைத்திடுவோம்!  
துடைத்திடுவோம்!  
அவித்திடுவோம்!  
விம்மலிலே!

அ. ச ர சுவதி

இரண்டாமாண்டு  
இள அறிவியல் (கணிதம்)

## ஆன்ம விடுதலை

'விடுதலை' என்றவுடன் நாம் எண்ணுவது மற்றவர்க்கு அடிமையாக இருக்கும் தனையிலிருந்து விடுபட்டுச் சுதந்திரம் பெறுதல் என்பதேயாம். உண்மையில் அஃது ஒன்றுதானா நாம் பெறக்கூடிய விடுதலை? நாம் பெற வேண்டிய 'விடுதலை'கள் எவ்வளவோ உண்டு. 'கல்லாமை'யினின்றும் விடுதலை, 'ஏழைமை'யினின்றும் விடுதலை, 'அறியாமை'யினின்றும் விடுதலை என்று அடுக்கிக்கொண்டே போகலாம். அறியாமையிலும்தான் எத்தனையோ வகை அறியாமைகள் உள்ளனவே! பெறக்கூடிய விடுதலைகளுள் மிக உயர்ந்ததும் சிறந்ததும் உலகப் பற்றுகளிலிருந்து நாம் பெறக் கூடிய விடுதலை என்பது தெளிவு. இதனைக் கேட்டமாதிரத்தில் இஃது நமக்கு அரிதேயாகும், பெருந்தவ முனிவர்களால் மட்டுமே இப்பெரும்பயன் பெறக் கூடியது என நாம் எண்ணுதல் தகாது. ஒன்றினை 'நம்மால் இயலாது' எனக் கைவிடுதற்கு முன் அதன் தன்மை, நம்மையும் மீறி எழுகின்ற அதன் வலிமை, திறன் இவற்றையெல்லாம் சீர்தூக்கிப் பார்த்தல் நன்று.

உலகப் பற்றிலிருந்து விடுதலை என்றால் என்ன? 'நெருநல்' உளனொருவன் இன்றில்லையென்றும் பெருமை' உடைய இவ்வுலகத்துடன் நம்மைப் பிள்ளிப் பிணைக்குத் தனையிலிருந்து விடுபட்டு, 'ஆதியும் அந்தமும் இல்லாத அரும் பெருஞ்சோதி'யான இறைவனை அடைதல் என்று எளிதாகப் பொருள் கூறிவிடலாம். ஆனால் கூறுவது போல அனைத்தையும் துறந்து இறைவனை அடைதல் என்பது எளிதல்லவே!

இவ்வுலகையும் அதில் நாம் பெறக்கூடிய எண்ணிறந்த இன்பங்களையும் துறக்க வேண்டுமா?' என நம்மில் பலர் வினவலாம். உண்மையில் 'இன்பம்' என்பது இவ்வுலக இன்பத்தையா குறிக்கும்? அல்ல! நம் உடல் என்பது நம் ஆத்மாவிற்குக் கூடு போன்றது. இந்த ஆத்மா. தோற்றம், முடிவு, அழிவு இவைகளைக் கடந்தது என்பதை நாம் நன்கு அறிவோம். இத்தகைய ஆத்மா, இறைவனுடன் சென்று கலக்கும்போது பெறப்படுவதே அமைதியான உண்மையான இன்பம். அவ்வின்பத்தை அடைவதே நாம் பிறவி எடுப்பதன் பயன். இப்போது மேற்கூறப்பட்ட விடுதலை எவ்வளவு முக்கியத்துவம் பெறுகின்றது!

ஆனால் நாம் இவற்றை உணர்வதில்லை. நமது ஆத்மாவைப் பற்றியோ, அது எடுத்துள்ள இப்பிறவியைப் பற்றியோ இப்பிறவியின் பயனைப் பற்றியோ எண்ணிப்பார்ப்பதே இல்லை. இவ்வுலகம் நிலைத்த இன்பம் தரும்படம் என மயங்கி, நம் உடலுக்கு மட்டும் நன்மைதரும் செயல்களில் ஈடுபட்டு, அதனால் உலகச் சுழலில் நன்கு அகப்பட்டுக் கரையேற முடியாமல் தவிக்கின்றோம். இந்தத் தவிப்பிலிருந்து நமக்கு விடுதலை வேண்டாமா? நமக்கு இன்பம் பயக்கும் செயல்களில் நாம் ஈடுபடும்போது நம்மை எண்ணிறந்த துன்பங்கள் வந்தடைகின்றன. அவற்றைத் தாங்கவும் வலிமையற்று நிலைகுலைகிறோம். நிலையற்ற இன்பங்களை எப்படி நிலையானவை என எண்ணி மயங்குகின்றோமோ, அது போல் உண்மையில் ஒரு நன்மையை விளைவிக்க இறைவன் நமக்கு அளிக்கும் துன்பங்களை உண்மையிலேயே அவை இடர் விளைவிப்பவை என எண்ணி மயங்குகிறோம். இந்த 'அறியாமை' யாகிய மயக்கத்தினின்றும் நாம் விடுதலை பெறத்தேவையில்லையா? இவ்வுலக வாழ்வே நிலைபெற்றது என எண்ணும் நாம் யாரேனும் இறந்து விட்டால் கண்ணீர் பெருக்கிக் கதறுகின்றோம். சாவினுக்கு அஞ்சாதார் யார்? இந்த அச்சம் அறியாமை

யால் விளைவதெயன்றோ! ஒரு குழந்தை பிறக்கும்போது நாம் மகிழ்கின்றோம். அது பிள்ளைப் பிராயத்திலிருந்து சிறிது சிறிதாக வளர்கின்றது. அதனைக் கண்டும் உவகை கொள்கிறோம். பின் முதுமையடைகின்றது. இந்த வளர்ச்சியின் இறுதிக் கட்டத்தில் அந்த ஆத்மா ஓர் உடலை விட்டு விட்டு மறு உடலில் புகும் நிலையையே எய்தி விடுகின்றது. இதற்கு ஏன் வருந்துதல் வேண்டும்? இவ்விதம் வருந்தி நாமடையும் துயரங்களுக்கெல்லாம் காரணம் இவ்வுடலில், நிலையற்ற இவ்வுலகில் நமக்குள்ள பற்றேயாம். 'ஆசையே துயரங்களுக்குக் காரணம்' என்று புத்தர்பிரான் கூறுகின்றார். இந்தப் பற்றிலிருந்து நாம் விடுதலை பெறல் அவசியம் என்று வலியுறுத்துவதற்காக ஈண்டு இவ்வளவு உரைக்கலாயிற்று.

இவ்விதமாக நாம் உலகப் பற்றுக்கொண்டு பயனற்றுப் போகாமலிருக்க வழி, நம் முன்னோர் காட்டிய நெறியான, 'இறைவனைச் சரணடைதல்' என்பதேயாம்.

“பிறவிப் பெருங்கடல் நீந்துவர் நீந்தார்  
இறைவ னடிசேரா தார்”

என்கின்றார் பொய்யா மொழிப்புலவர். நாம் குழந்தைப் பருவத்தினராக இருக்கும்போது இறைவனிடம் பலபொருட்களை வேண்டி வழிபடுகிறோம். இப்போதும் ஏதேனும் வேண்டியே வழிபடுகின்றோம். நாளடைவில் இறைவனை அதற்காகவே, அவன் தன்மைக்காகவே விரும்பும் நிலையும் ஏற்படக்கூடும். இதனையே 'உத்தம நேசம்' என்று விவியும் கூறுகின்றது. இவ்வுலகில் பிறந்த ஒருவரிடம், அன்பு வைக்கின்றோம். அது தவறல்ல; ஆனால் அவர் இறக்கும்போது மரணம் அனைவருக்கும் உரியது என்று நாம் அறிந்த போதும் நமக்குத் துயரமே உண்டாகின்றது. இவ்வுலகில் உள்ள உயிர் மீது அன்பு வைத்தாலும் அது துயரத்திலேயே முடிகின்றது. நாம் அவ்வுயிரைப் பிரிந்து மறைகின்றோம். ஆனால் அழிவற்ற பரம்பொருளான இறைவனிடமே நாம் அன்பு கொண்டு விட்டால்...! அப்போது நமக்கு ஏற்படும் இன்பம் சொற்களில் வடிக்க வல்லதோ!

இவ்விதம் இறைவனிடம் அன்பு கொள்வதால் இவ்வுலக உயிர்களிடத்து அன்பு கொள்ளக்கூடாது என்பதன்று. உண்மையில் இறைவனிடம் ஆராத அன்பு பூண்டு அவனருள் பெற்றால் இவ்வுலகம் முழுவதிலும் அவனையே காண்போம். நம்மில் அவனையும், அவனில் நம்மையும் காணலாம். அப்போது உண்டாகும் பேரின்பத்தையே 'வீடுபெறு' 'முக்தி' என்று பல பெயர்களிட்டு வழங்குவர். இவ்விதம் உலக உயிர்களிலெல்லாம் இறைவனைக் காணும்போது, இறைவனே உலகமாய் நிற்கும்போது, உலக உயிர்களிடம் அன்பு கொள்ளாமல் எவ்வாறு இருக்கமுடியும்? இவ்வுலக வாழ்வில் நாம் உழலும்போது இறைவன் நினைவு இடையறாது நமக்குத் துணை நிற்க வேண்டும். இவ்விதம் பகைவர்களிடமும் இறைவனைக் கண்டதால் தான் இயேசுபிரான் யூதர்கள் செய்த கொடுமைகளைத்தையும் பொறுத்துக்கொண்டு மாறாக அவர்களிடம் அன்பைப் பொழிந்தார். காந்தியடிகளும் தன்னலமின்றி அனைவரும் சுதந்திரம் பெற உழைத்தார். தானுமே இறைவனாகவும் அனைவருமே இறைவனாகவும் இருக்கும்போது தன்னலம் எவ்விதம் தலை காட்டும்?

இவண் கூறிய விட்டுலக இன்பம் எளிதில் கிட்டாது. அஃது இத்தன்மை யாதெனக் கூற இயலாது. ஆதலின் வருத்தங்களையும் இடர்ப்பாடுகளையும் இவ்வுலக

வாழ்வில் கூட விரும்பாதவர்கள் மகிழ்ச்சி நல்கும் இவ்வுலக இன்பங்களை விட்டு எல்லை யற்ற துன்பங்களடைந்து இறைவனருள் பெற வேண்டுமா? அஃது எவ்விதம் இன்பம் பயப்பதாகும்? என வினவலாம். இறையருள் பெற்று இறவாப் புகழடைந்த பெரியோர்கள் நிலை என்னவென்று காண்போம்!

“ பார்க்கும் மரங்களெல்லாம் நந்தலாலா—நினை தன் பச்சை நிறந் தோன்றுதடா நந்தலாலா ”

என்று இறைவனை எங்கும் கண்டு பரவசமடைகிறார் பாரதி.

“ தீக்குள் விரலை வைத்தால் நந்தலாலா—நினைத் தீண்டுமின்பம் தோன்றுதடா நந்தலாலா ”

நமக்குத் துன்பமாகத் தோன்றுவதும் அவருக்கு இன்பமாகத் தோன்றுகிறது.

“ இச்சுவை தவிர யான் போய் இந்திர லோகம் ஆளும் அச்சுவை பெறிலும் வேண்டேன் அரங்கமா நகருளாளே ”

என்று தொண்டரப்பொடி ஆழ்வார் கூறுகின்றார். ‘இறை இன்பம்’ என்பதற்கு முள் வேறு எந்த இன்பமும் அவருக்கு ஒரு பொருட்டாகத் தோன்றவில்லை. இறை அருள் பெற்றுத் தலந்தோறும் பாடி அற்புதங்கள் பல நிகழ்த்திய சைவ சமயக் குரவர்கள், ஆழ்வார்கள் முதலியோர் அடைந்த இன்பம் இன்னதென எடுத்துரைக்க இயலுமோ? இவ்விதம் இறைவனை அடைந்தவர் இன்புறல் திண்ணம் என்பதற்குப் பொய்யாச் சான்றுகள் உள்ளபோது அவனை அடைய எதையும் துறப்பது இயற்கையன்றோ! இறை வனும் தன்னை விரும்பும் அடியார்கள் இடர்தீர்க்க அவர்கள் மனம் மகிழும்படிப் பொழியும் கருளை மழைதான் எப்படிப்பட்டது! அடியாரை நாடி வந்து அடியார்க்கு அடியானாக இருக்கின்றான். பிட்டிற்கு மண்கமந்து பிரம்படி பட்டான், இடையர் குலம் மகிழ விளையாடி. அநீதியை எதிர்த்து மகிழ்ச்சியைப் பரப்பினான், மக்களுக்கு வந்துற்ற அறியாமை இருளை அகற்றி அதற்காகச் சிலுவை சுமந்து துயருற்றான், அரச குலத்தில் சித்தார்த்தனாகப் பிறந்து, மக்கள் துயர் தாங்காது, அரச வாழ்வைத் துறந்து ஞான நல்வழி காட்டினான்.

இத்தகைய கருளைக் கடலான இறைவனை வழிபட்டு இறுதியில் அவனையே அடையச் சரியான பாதைகளை அவரவர் மதங்களும் மத நூல்களுமே காட்டி விடுகின்றன. பாதைகள் வேறு என்றாலும் இலக்கு ஒன்றே! ஆயினும் ‘கடவுளே இல்லை’ என்று வீண்பகுத்தறிவு வாதம் புரியும் இன்றைய அணுயுகம் மத நூல்களில் கூறியுள்ளவற்றை ஏற்க மறுப்பதில் வியப்பேதுமில்லை! இத்தகைய பகுத்தறிவு வாதிகளுக்கு அறிஞர் ஆபிரகாம் லிங்கன் கூறுகின்றார்.

“ வேத புத்தகத்தில் உள்ளவற்றில் அறிவிற்குப் பொருத்தமானவற்றை அறிவோடு ஏற்றுக் கொள்ளுங்கள்; மீதமானவைகளை நம்பிக்கையோடு ஏற்றுக் கொள்ளுங்கள் நீங்கள் இறக்கும்போது நிம்மதியாகவும் மகிழ்ச்சியாகவும் இறப்பீர்கள் ”

“ ஆண்டவன் அருள்புரிவான் என்று நம்பிக்கை கொள்ளுங்கள். என்னையும் ஆதரிப்பானு என்று அவ நம்பிக்கை கொள்ள வேண்டாம் ” என்றும் மகாத்மா காந்தியின்

மணிவாக்கினை மனத்தில் கொண்டு இறைவனை அடைதல் எனும் நிலையான இன்பம் பெற இடைவிடாது நாம் முயலுவோமானால் நாம் இறைவனை அடையலாம். அறியாமையினின்றும் விடுதலை! இவ்வுலகத் துன்பங்களினின்றும் விடுதலை! நம் ஆத்மா அடைவது பிறவிகள் எடுப்பதிலிருந்து விடுதலை! பெறக் கூடிய விடுதலைகளில் இதுவே மிகச் சிறந்தது என்பதில் ஐயமில்லை!

கீதையில் இறைவன் கூறும் பின்வரும் மொழிகள் என்றும் நம் உள்ளங்களில் ஓங்கி ஒலிக்கட்டும்.

“நான் எல்லா உயிர்களிடத்தும் பேதமின்றி இருக்கின்றேன். எனக்குப் பகை வனுமில்லை. நண்பனுமில்லை. என்னைப் பேரன்புடன் வழிபடுபவர்களிடம் நான் இருக்கின்றேன். என்னிடத்தில் அவர்கள் இருக்கின்றார்கள்.”

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# विमुक्तिः

संसारस्य महत्सु मुक्तदेशेषु प्रमुखः भारतः इति कथ्यते । विना युद्धं अस्मत्पूर्वजैः विमुक्तिः प्राप्ता । अस्य देशस्य शासनं प्रत्येकाय मनुष्याय प्रधानमूलाधिकरणानि ददाति । तदनुसारेण यः कोऽपि भारतवासी कस्यांचिदपि भाषायां वक्तुं, कुत्रापि वसितुं, किमपि मतं या धर्मं अनुसर्तुं, भूमिघनं वित्तं वा थथान्यायं स्वीकर्तुं च शक्नोति । एवं मुक्तानां भारतवासिनां स्वातन्त्र्यं शासनेन रक्षितं ।

किन्तु विमर्शनीयमेतत् यत् वयं भारतीयाः यथार्थतः विमुक्ताः इति । पराक्रमणात् मुक्ताः अपि दारिद्र्यात्, अज्ञानात्, दौर्जन्यात्, दूषणात् च न विमुक्ताः वयं । यावत् वयं अज्ञानस्य, अत्याचारस्य, निर्धनतायाः च बन्धने वर्तामहे, तावत् वास्तविकं स्वातन्त्र्यं न प्राप्तमस्माभिः एतदवस्थां दूरीकर्तुं किं कर्तव्यं ?

भरणात् भारतः इति उच्यते । यद् यद् रिक्तं भवति, तस्य तस्य पूरणं च अस्माकं कार्यं भवति । बुभुक्षितानां मानवानां उदर भरणं, आवाल्यात् सर्वेषां विद्यादानं, जनानां मिथ्याधर्मस्य, अन्धविश्वासस्य दूरीकरणं, सामाजिक विकासस्य समस्यानां उपसंहारश्च करणीयाः प्रथमतः ।

ये मानवाः उत्कृष्टविद्यया औन्नत्यं प्राप्ताः अथवा । सौभाग्येन सुःस्थिताः ते सर्वे न केवलं आत्मवृद्धयै, किन्तु दुर्दशायां वर्तमानानां, दौर्भाग्य पीडितानां, अज्ञानान्धकारवशानां मानवानां हिताय, स्वास्थ्याय च यत्नं कुर्वन्तु । सदाचारैः, विशालहृदयैः, निपुणैः, योग्यैश्च पुरुषैः देशस्य सर्वाः समस्याः समाधातुं, मानवसमाजस्य हितमाचरितुं, कष्टान् निवारयितुं, पीडाः पीडयितुं, सन्देहान् दूरीकर्तुं प्रतिज्ञा कर्तव्या । अपि च स्व स्व जीवितेन कालुष्यरहितेन च उदाहरण पुरुषाः तिष्ठन्तु ते । भारतीयाः वयं सर्वे तदा एव विमुक्ताः, स्वातन्त्र्यं अपि तदैव साफल्यं भवति ।

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# “आजादी!”

कैसे कहते हैं आजाद हैं हम ?  
आजादी होगी फिरंगियों से,  
गुलामी के बेड़ों से,  
पुलिस के हन्टर और जूतों के डर से,  
जेलके बन्दी गृह से, .....  
.....इन सब से अगर मिली धुट्टी,  
तो बन गये हम दूसरी चीजों के गुलाम ।

भूख से पीड़ित लोग हैं,  
तन को वस्त्र नहीं मिलता,  
चार हरामखोर नेता अगर चहक दें,  
तो आजाद हैं आप ?

गरीबी हटाओ का नारा है,  
कोई कुछ करता हुआ दिखाई देता ?  
कैसे भान गये आप कि  
होगी हमारी उन्नति ?

उदारहृदया धरती देती  
शरण फिरंगियों को  
लेना पड़ता हमे इसके हेतु  
भीख अन्य फिरंगी से ।  
यह कैसा देश है  
जो खुश करता फिरंगियों को  
जब जनता है नाखुश !  
और सामाजिक विषमतायें भाँगती  
जबरदस्त अपना अधिकार ।

यह कैसी आजादी है ?  
आजादी तभी होगी,  
जब लोगों का पेट भरे  
इतने भिखारी यों न मरे  
ठण्ड में पड़े पड़े ।

लोगों की बुद्धि न चले  
संकीर्ण मार्ग पर  
प्रधान हो जातीय, प्रान्तीय मेद  
न माँगे जब नेता अलग प्रान्तों  
का राज्य  
हों हमं सब भारतीय,  
और कह सकें एक साथ  
जय भारती !

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# नारी और स्वतंत्रता-संग्राम

सत्रहवीं शताब्दी के आरम्भ में अंग्रेज व्यापारी के रूप में भारत आये और अपनी राजनैतिक दूरदर्शिता से भारत पर कब्जा जमा लिया। अंधकार में डूबे हुए भारतीय एक दो शताब्दियों तक गुलाबी की जंजीरो में जकड़े रहे। किन्तु अंग्रेजी शिक्षा के प्रचार के साथ-साथ उनमें ज्ञानोदय हुआ। स्वतंत्रता की चिंगारियाँ भारत में भड़क उठीं। हमारे नेताओं के प्रयत्न से भारत अन्त में 15 अगस्त 1947 को आजाद हो ही गया। इस स्वतंत्रता संग्राम में नारियों ने जमकर हिस्सा लिया।

भारत ने समय—समय पर अनेक नारी रत्नों को जन्म दिया है। भारत सीता सावित्री तथा लक्ष्मीबाई का देश है। भारतीय नारी ने अपने त्याग, तपस्या, बलिदान व आत्म त्याग द्वारा जो गौरवमय परंपरा स्थापित की है वह निश्चय ही महान है। एक अंग्रेजी लेखक का कथन है कि “ जो हाथ पालना सुलाता है, वही संसार पर शासन करता है। ”

नारी के हृदय में जो गंभीर ममता, सजल वीर भाव उत्पन्न होता है वह पुरुष के उग्र शौर्य से अधिक उदारत और दिव्य रहता है। पुरुष अपने व्यक्तिगत या समूहगत रागद्वेष के लिए भी वीरधर्म अपना सकता है और अहंकार की तृप्ति के लिए भी। पर नारी अपनी सृष्टि की रक्षा के लिए ही रूद्र बनती है। अतः उसकी वीरता के सम कक्ष रखने योग्य प्रेरणाएँ संसार के कोष में बहुत कम हैं। मातृशक्ति के दिव्य रक्षक, और उद्धारक रूप होने के कारण ही भीमाकृति चंडी वत्सला अंबा भी हैं जो हिंसात्मक पाशविक शक्तियों को चरणों के नीचे दबाकर अपनी सृष्टि के मंगल की साधना करती हैं।

मध्य युग में भारतीय नारी ने अपनी स्वतंत्रता खो दी थी। वा परदे के पीछे चहारदिवारी में बंद पंछी की तरह थी। किन्तु जब स्वतंत्रता संग्राम छिड़ गया तो नारी पीछे रहनेवाली न थी। जब भारत की स्वतंत्रता का प्रश्न जनता का प्रथम प्रश्न था जब सत्याग्रह आंदोलन में भारत विदेशी शासकों के प्रति अपना रोष प्रकट कर रहा था, तब लोगो ने देखा कि नारी अबला नहीं है, नारी नवयुग का संदेश लाती है, वह भारत की मृतवीरता में नवजीवन डालनेवाली वीर बाला है। घर घर से स्त्रियाँ निकल कर देश के चरणों में अपना जीवन अर्पित कर रही थीं।

भारत के स्वतंत्रता-संग्राम को शुरु करनेवाली ही एक नारी थी, जिनके शौर्य और साहस के सामने अंग्रेजों की बोलती बंद हो गई थी। झाँसी की रानी लक्ष्मीबाई थी तो खी, फिर भी राजनीति के ढाँव में प्रवीण थी। अबला थी, मगर तलवार हाथ में लेकर कराल काली बन जाती थी। सुंदर थी, मगर दुश्मनों के खून की प्यासी थी, सुकुमार थी, लेकिन अपनी हूँकार से मर्दा का कलेजा पानी कर देती थी। कम उम्र की थी, मगर उसके विचारों में परिपक्वता थी। रानी अपने कर्तवीर कलेवर में सिंह की आत्मा रखती थी। वह भारत की नारी जाति का गौरव थी।

सन् 1857 की आजादी की लड़ाई सफल नहीं हुई, इसलिए लोगो ने उसका नाम विद्रोह या गदर रख दिया, मगर इससे यह नहीं कहा जा सकता कि उसमे सर कटनेवालों की जिदगी या उनकी शहादत बेकार गयी। हाँ, यह जरूर कह सकते है कि कालपी और ग्वालियर के मैदान में अगर लक्ष्मीबाई का हुवम चला होता उसके इशारे पर अगर राव साहब, तात्या दोपे वगैरह लडे होते तो उसके बाद 100 साल की गुलाबी इस बदकिस्मतमुल्क को भोगनी न पडती।

रानी लक्ष्मीबाई के बाद स्त्रियों की वीर भावना की प्रेरणा देनेवाली स्त्रियों में माता कस्तूरबा का नाम बडे आदर से लिया जाएगा। सन् 1942 में 9 अगस्त को महात्मा गाँधी ने गिरफ्तार होते समय माता से कहा, “मैं ने जो काम अधूरा छोडा है, उसे तुम पूरा करना।” माताजी ने खुशी—खुशी यह भार अपने कंधों पर उठा लिया। वह गाँधीजी की सच्ची सह धर्मिणी थी, फिर ऐसा क्यों न करती। बापू के समान सत्याग्रही के पीछे—पीछे चलना बर्डी कसौटी की बात थी, बडे त्याग का काम था। बापू जैसे तपस्वी के साथ चलने में भूकम्प जैसे धक्कों का भी सामना करना पडता था। किन्तु “बा” पीछे नहीं हटी। उन्हो ने भारतीय नारी को स्वतंत्रता संग्राम में कूद पडने की प्रेरणा दी।

अगर भारत में कोई ऐसा सिपाही था जिसके मन में अपना कुछ भी नहीं सिर्फ देश का ही ख्याल था, जिसकी शक्ति में कभी कमी न आई, जिसने ऐसी हिम्मत दिखाई जो मुश्किल से कभी दिखाई देती है तो वह सिपाही कभला थी। उन्हों ने विलायती सामानो की दूकानों पर धरना देकर उन्हें बंद कराने का जिम्मा लिया था और उसमे सफल भी हुई थी। अपनी शारिरीक दुबलता के बावजूद उन्होने संग्राम में भाग लिया और लोगो के मन में स्थान बना लिया।

श्रीमती सुमद्रा कुमारी चौहान का स्वतंत्रता की लड़ाई में अपना अलग ही स्थान था । जब आठवी कक्षा की विद्यार्थिनी थी, तभी उनका विवाह हो गया । स्वतंत्रता के युद्ध के लिए सन्नद्ध सेनानी पति के विचारों से वे परिचित थी । उनसे यह छिपा न था कि नववधू के रूप में उनको जो प्राप्य है, उसे न देने का न पति को अवकाश है, लेने का उन्हें । वस्तुतः जिस विवाह में मंगल कंकण ही रण कंकण बन गया । उसकी गृहस्थी भी कारागार में ही बसाई जा सकती थी और उन्होंने बसाई भी वहीं । देश के लिए हँसते हँसते कष्ट सहना ही उनकी महानता है ।

श्रीमती सरोजनि नायडू, विजयलक्ष्मी पंडित, आदि नारियों ने देश की स्वतंत्रता के संग्राम में भाग लिया । श्रीमती स्वरूपदेवी के बारे में नेहरूजी ने लिखा है कि एक बार वे एक जल्लस में शामिल हुई थी । पुलिस की लाठीचो से घबराकर सारा जल्लस तितर बितर हों गया किन्तु माता स्वरूपदेवी वहीं पर डटी रही तब पुलिस ने उनपर बहुत लाठियाँ चलाई जिससे वह वेहोश होकर गिर पड़ी । फिर बाद में कोई जाननेवाले उन्हें घर ले गए । बाद में सिर पर पट्टी बंधाए जब वे पुत्र से मिलने जेल में गईं तो गौख-लालिमा से उनका मुख चमक रहा था जो उनके पुत्र के लिए प्रेरणादायक था ।

नेहरूजी ने अपनी जीवनी में लिखा है “ भारत को स्वतंत्रता दिलाने में सबसे बड़ा हाथ स्त्रियों का है । वह लाखों की तादाद में हर घर से निकलकर इस संग्राम में कूद पड़ती थी । कई एक के घरवाले इसके विरुद्ध थे, किन्तु उन्होंने कोई पस्वाह न की । सुकुमार यौवनाओं ने अनेक कष्ट सहे, पुलिस के क्रोध की शिकार हुईं, जेल गईं किन्तु अपने पथ से विचलित नहुईं ।

उन वीर स्त्रियों की साधना की मर्मव्यथा को वही नारी जान सकती है, जिसने अपनी देहली पर खड़े होकर भीतर के मंगल चौक पर रखे कलश तुलसी चौरे पर जलते हुए दीपक और हर कोने में स्नेह भरी बाहें फैलाये हुए अपने घर पर एक दृष्टि डाली हो और फिरबाहर के अंधकार, आंधी और तूफान को तौला हो और तब फिर घर की सुरक्षित सीमा पार कर उसके सुंदर मधुर आह्वान की ओर से पीठ फेर कर अंधेरे रास्ते पर कांटों से उलझती चल चल पड़ी हों ।

स्वतंत्रता संग्राम में स्त्रियों ने न केवल खुद कूदकर वीरता दिखाई बल्कि पुरुषवर्ग को प्रेरणा भी दी। कवि का कहना है कि समर भूमि में देवियो। तुम्हें संग जब पायेगे, निश्चय रण में हम तभी, शीघ्र सफल हों जायेंगे देखि कालिका के और सरिस बलिका के शरीर वे, वार करेंगे, बैरी के उर पार करेंगे, दुर्गा कर सम नारी कर तलवार गहेंगे।

SHOBHA CHAWLA,  
III B.A. (Social Sciences)



## L'herbe Dans La Mer

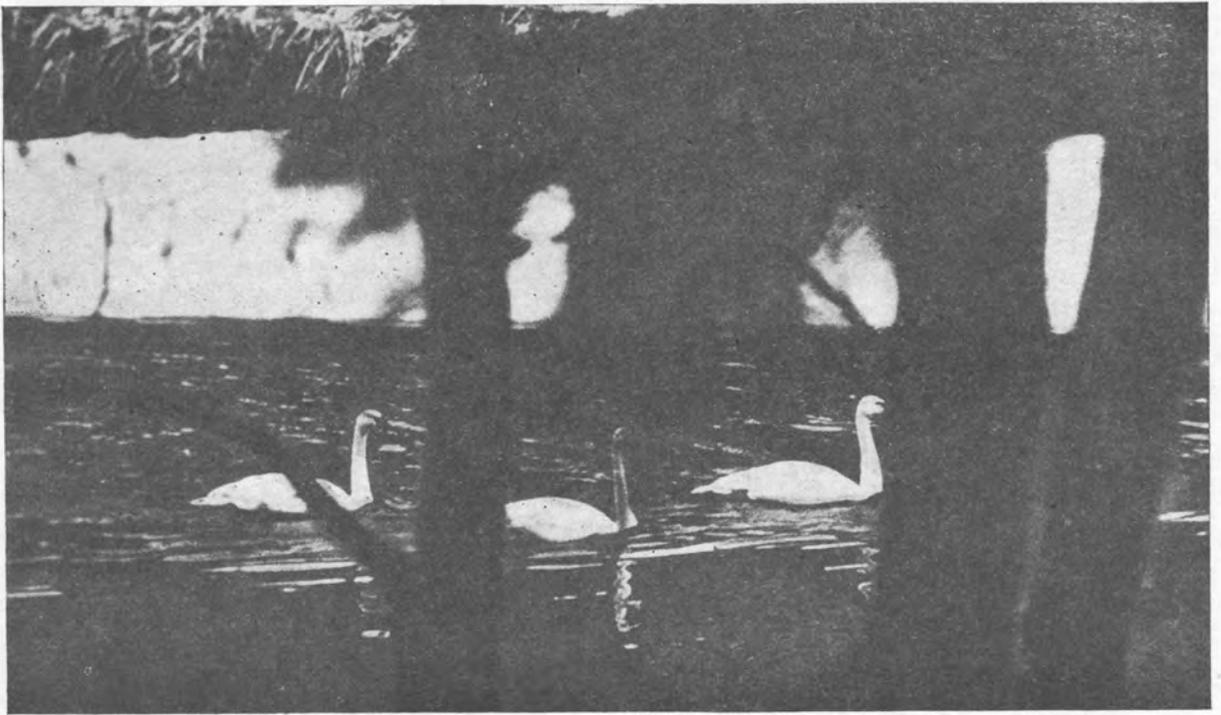
La lune monte plus haut; tout est clair dans cette lumière douce. La plage est déserte. Je vais au bord de la mer. Elle est toute noire avec une couronne d'argent. L'onde touche mes pieds — l'onde rapide qui court l'étendue jaune seulement pour un moment. Un petit canot automobile s'approche de moi. Il y a une belle fille sur le pont. Elle m'appelle. Je marche vers elle — crunch, crunch, crunch. Le sable mouillé sous mes pieds. Elle saute et elle vient au devant de moi. Ses yeux brillent — Que voulez-vous ? — Je ne sais plus parler. Je la regarde. Elle sourit, elle me donne la main. Je ne la touche pas. Soudain, quelque chose me frappe. Je vois des étoiles devant mes yeux. — Avez-vous un mouchoir, ma belle fille? Il y a du sang sur mes joues. Que de rivières! Une rivière sanglante! Je culbute — je vois noir. Où est la belle fille? Où est-elle? Elle me répond — Ici. Venez avec moi, je vous en prie.

Elle porte une robe verte comme les herbes — les herbes qui ondulent avec le vent. Je me souviens de ce champ aussi. Champ? Il n'y a pas de champ dans la mer, n'est-ce pas? Je ne sais jamais. Un homme mince et grand sort du canot. Il marche vers moi. Il est pointu comme un couteau n'est-ce pas? Mais non, il a un couteau dans la main. Pourquoi un couteau? Pour me tuer, je suppose. En avant, mes amis! Voici mon cou! Je suis tout à fait à votre disposition. La mer est sur moi maintenant. J'ai soif. Je vais boire toute la mer. Je descends — je descends — attendez un peu — je veux vivre. Ma tête est brulante. J'éprouve un je ne sais quoi de tristesse. Je suis mourant, n'est-ce pas? Dites-moi le contraire, s'il vous plaît!

La soeur de la clinique me donne quelque chose à boire. “Vous êtes fiévreux, monsieur. Ne vous inquiétez pas! Votre tête vous fait mal à cause de votre accident. Bientôt vous vous sentirez mieux.”

MEERA CHIDAMBARAM,  
II M.A. Literature.

Essays



On the quiet waters  
of contemplation

## Poetry Seminar



A meeting of the Poetry Seminar

As a student at the University of Leeds, almost ten years ago, I attended the seminars of Peter Redgrove, the Gregory Fellow in Poetry. Every Friday, during term, the work of young and unknown poets was discussed seriously at the seminars. After being invited to read at Stella Maris in August last year, I was impressed by the enthusiasm for poetry among the students. And so the Poetry Seminar was inaugurated in October at the Students' Centre. The Seminar has met every other Saturday since then with undiminished élan.

What the poems offered here have in common is an essential femininity of approach—in Lekha's tender evocation of her grandmother in Kerala, in Prajna's journey backwards in time to the lost Eden of childhood, in Vera's description of the first steps a child takes, in Lata's reaching out to her mother in times of stress, in Meera's and Josi's passionate avowal of life. While Vanitha touches upon the lighter moments of filling up bottles and Bina, of getting hold of a newspaper the first thing in the morning, Elizabeth reflects on a picture of Christ. For Chitty, human beings are denied the freedom that birds seem to enjoy. The poems offer more. Discover them for yourself.

R. PARTHASARATHY

The newly-formed Literature Club had this year something exclusive to offer to those of its members afflicted with that expressive madness called the 'Touch of the Muses'—a Poetry Seminar.

We were fortunate in having it conducted by one of our foremost poets, Mr. R. Parthasarathy.

At our fortnightly meetings, the work of one of us—we were ten in all—was read and discussed. At the first meeting, Mr. Parthasarathy firmly and eloquently banished rhyme and metre, and other impediments from poetry. To establish his point, he read the Chilean poet, Nicanor Parra's advice to young poets :

Write as you will  
In whatever style you like  
Too much blood has run under the bridge  
To go on believing  
That only one road is right.

In poetry everything is permitted.

With only this condition, of course:  
You have to improve on the blank page.

It was the mood and experience that were all-important, and these should, he added, communicate themselves to the reader. He then read one of his own poems, 'Complaint', and showed us how a poem ought to be approached if it is to disclose its secret to the uninitiated. The poem was looked at from different angles: logical, grammatical, structural, prosodic and semantic. At every encounter, communication increased, till the poem became, so to speak, a part of oneself. A poem, he repeatedly emphasized, was an object made up of words, and for the words to communicate themselves, one had to approach the poem with reverence and infinite patience.

We were always made to look at the poem closely (the poem was cyclo-styled for this purpose). At first we were cautious and unsure, but soon, guided and led by Mr. Parthasarathy, we found our tongues to express opinions about the poem. The student, whose poems were discussed, was finally given an opportunity to express her agreement or disagreement with the analyses. We found the approach fresh and exciting.

We hope to bring out a collection of our poems later in the year, and also to have a reading over AIR.

LEKHA MENON

# Lekha Menon

## TO GRANDMOTHER

The years fall from you  
as surely as your own  
heart-beat.

Your hair smells as soft  
as rainclouds in November  
and glimmers on your  
knees.

Love holds you in  
his short, plump arms  
and guides you  
through the suffocation  
of family and friends.

A simplicity that smells  
of the *kayal* in Kerala,  
warbles of childhood.

When I kiss your cheeks  
I wish to live  
like Ajanta and Ellora.

# Vera Quadros

## THE TODDLER

Bundle of joy was not all he seemed  
as I watched him at play.  
Although he looked lost in his world of toys  
his little hands and tiny feet were trying hard  
to compromise

something, I only later realized.

Just then,

the decision seemed taken.

Grasping his teddy bear, he rose  
on unsteady feet.

And with a triumphant smile,  
advanced a tiny step or two,  
before he fell flat to the floor,  
Lying there he smiled  
and wondered at his achievement.

# Prajna Paramita

## BACKWARD IN TIME

On an evening in August  
I sit in a bus  
crowded with shouting, singing voices  
moving towards the hills.  
Through my window  
I look out at the distant blue  
towards hills of a bluer blue,  
and as if jerked out of a dream  
I sight the old clock-tower,  
its familiar silhouette  
against the enveloping mist.  
The clean, fresh smell of pine  
in the forest  
is all around,  
and out of nowhere  
in the dizzy depths  
on the rocks below  
the gurgle and splash  
of waters  
hurrying away like Time.  
Through Time's telescope  
I see those carefree years  
of sunshine and laughter  
and soon-forgotten tears;  
their memory flashes back  
undimmed, undiffused. clear.  
I hear childish voices  
and trebled laughter  
echo through my mind.  
And here sitting amidst  
other voices  
other smiles  
I feel alien—apart—alone  
as I reel backwards in Time  
to recapture lost radiance  
and innocence.

## Lata Cheru

### POEM FOR MOTHER

Churned in the maelstrom  
of fears, hopes, dreams  
I am cast ashore  
limp, weak, overwhelmed.  
But she is there—  
like the last glimmering strand  
on which a spider climbs wearily back  
when its web has been thoughtlessly destroyed.  
She is there, she'll always be there, I know  
and I can climb back again.  
I am tired.  
My strength seems to seep out through my fingertips.  
If I could sleep between her breasts—  
a little bird's nest  
that quivers with warm love,  
and sleep, cheeks still gleaming with tears,  
and forget till the morrow...  
Would that morrow never came.

## Vanitha Narayanan

### BOTTLING IT UP

There's something most awfully irritating  
about filling bottles  
with jam, sugar, spices,  
and especially,  
with water for the fridge.  
Of the latter, it has  
perhaps  
been justly said,  
'A two-minute job!'  
But for me, never.  
As the female of the species  
and of the younger kind,  
it is my inescapable fate  
to fill bottles.  
But yet, again,  
in all femininity  
I must refrain from voicing my disapproval  
and indulge, alone,  
in an occasional rumble,  
ill-met.  
Which is why  
I'm bottling it up.

# Bina Vashdev

## THE NEWSPAPER

While the world lay dead  
he was awake and so was I,  
but we both lay still with our eyelids shut  
trying as usual to deceive each other.  
But then, it happened.  
The cycle-bell rent the skies.  
The world seemed deaf but we heard it.  
We flung our blankets aside  
and flew downstairs  
to get to the paper first.  
He seemed to win but I overtook him  
and got to the paper first.  
I couldn't believe it  
but it was true :  
the paper was in my hands.  
Just as I began to rejoice  
I had to scream  
for I could see the paper in his hands.  
I decided to get hold of it  
and the paper seemed mine.  
Mine, every alternate second  
until a thousand little white pieces  
printed with meaningless black letters  
lay on the floor.  
He looked at me, I looked at him  
and we both understood  
that we would have to part  
with a four-anna coin.

# Chitty Lakshmi

## THE PEACOCK

The fan of feathers, a lustrous purple-blue,  
that caught my eyes' fancy, was spread,  
and with that the peculiar tilt of his head  
he put forward a graceful step.

Conscious of his beauty, he looked  
with eyes full of glowing love, at his lover.  
Paused a moment, and then, in full swing  
began to dance.

The colourful sway of his feathers,  
the typical bird-like elegance of each step,  
the slight movements of his body  
made him appear a master of the art,  
who from Dance herself hides a secret—  
grace and loveliness.

Into the dance-world he drifted away,  
carefully weaving his web of charms,  
patiently waiting to ensnare his heart's desire.  
And then he came back to reality.

His face beaming with pride  
over his victory.

Strangely, this feeling of pride I shared,  
when like a bee towards a flower,  
she strutted towards him, fascinated.

# Elizabeth Koshy

## THE PICTURE

It is only a picture,  
a trifling picture.

But what greatness it denotes  
to the religious mind.

He came, He saw, He conquered.

Can more apt phrases be given  
to the only Christ there is and will be?

But what is it to me?

Nothing but a picture.

Does He dwell in this humbleness  
or, only in an ethereal heaven?

No, He dwells everywhere.

# Meera Chidambaram

90—100—110

I love to feel the wind tearing my hair,  
the car throbbing beneath my foot:  
90—100—110  
like a take-off as the ground recedes from me.  
Someone is crying (I cannot stand tears).  
The car screeches as a corner is turned,  
picks up speed again, till the roadside  
flies like a pile of coloured cards  
each with no meaning for me.  
And I want to close my eyes...  
(It's dangerous, you fool, don't try those tricks.)  
There is someone at the end of the road  
waiting in a dim haze, waiting for me,  
and because I knew I must not do it,  
I closed my eyes.

# Josi Kurien

## THE CITY

Evening recedes like a child  
running into his mother's arms.  
Night begins to resound in the distance.  
A lone boat sails on the waves,  
like the last ray of hope left behind.  
I smile at the darkness  
as I watch the city come alive.  
A neon-sign tells me, 'Colgate is the best'  
(a woman's face smiling hysterically  
at the night to prove the point. Sheila Jones?).  
I am free to disbelieve  
the city and the sign,  
but they have flooded my veins.  
The city is in my blood,  
its music in my brain.  
The purple soul of the blazing metropolis  
will consume me in its passion.



## The Canticle of Brother Sun

A song of God's creation by the  
13th century poet-saint, Francis  
of Assisi.

Most High, all-powerful, all good, Lord !  
All praise is yours, all glory, all honour,  
And all blessing.

To you alone, Most High, do they belong.  
No mortal lips are worthy  
To pronounce your name.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through all that you have made,  
And first my lord Brother Sun,  
Who brings the day ; and light you give to us through him.

How beautiful is he, how radiant in all his splendour !  
Of you, Most High, he bears the likeness.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Moon and Stars ;  
In the heavens you have made them, bright  
And precious and fair.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Brothers Wind and Air,  
And fair and stormy, all weather's moods,  
By which you cherish all that you have made.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Water,  
So useful, lowly, precious and pure.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Brother Fire,  
Through whom you brighten up the night.  
How beautiful is he, how gay ! Full of power and strength.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Earth, our mother,  
Who feeds us in her sovereignty and produces  
Various fruits with coloured flowers and herbs.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through those who grant pardon  
For love of you ; through those who endure  
Sickness and trial.

Happy those who endure in peace,  
By you, Most High, they will be crowned.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Death,  
From whose embrace no mortal can escape.

Woe to those who die in mortal sin !  
Happy those She finds doing your will !  
The second death can do no harm to them.

Praise and bless my Lord, and give him thanks,  
And serve him with great humility.

# The Pierian Spring

Reflections on our new library to  
commemorate our Silver Jubilee.

Since the communication of knowledge is a primary aim of education, a library is an essential part of an educational institution. It forms the nucleus of the academic life of the community and is resorted to both for pleasure and for serious study.

In his excellent essay "The Premise of Meaning", the poet Archibald Macleish gives us a thoughtful and thought-provoking evaluation of the library. He sees it as one of the greatest of human achievements "because it combines and justifies so many others.

"What is more important in a library than anything else — than everything else — is the fact that it exists. For the existence of a library is an assertion that there is indeed a 'mystery of things'. Or more precisely, it asserts that the reason why the 'things' compose a mystery is that they seem to mean, that they fall, when gathered together, into a kind of relationship, a kind of wholeness, as though all these bits and pieces of experience belonged together and might, if understood together, spell out the meaning which the mystery implies."



Stella Maris' bookworms  
"tasting" and "chewing"

It is manifest that few individuals today could possess all the books they need and that it is therefore through the library that the rarer or more expensive books such as encyclopaedias are made available to the public.

In a library we lose all track of time. We are wafted into a new world where we may browse for hours, remembering Bacon's advice that "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." According to one's bent, one is enthralled by a book of quaint folklore or perhaps by a stirring translation of an epic or even by a modern prognostication on man's future. Books about books have an especial interest in that they introduce us to new points of view on a familiar subject.

Our college will soon have a beautiful new building to house her expanding General Library. It will have more facilities like reading cubicles, and much more space. Our younger college students can look forward to spending many profitable

hours in this pleasant new building. We who now leave college will however also share in the pride of this precious possession because we have contributed our mite to its creation. After all, what we build, is, in Macleish's words, the only great monument of civilization that endures. "The city decays. The University is no longer always certain what it is. But the library remains: a silent and enduring affirmation that the great Reports will speak, and not alone but somehow all together — that, whatever else is chance and accident, the human mind, that mystery, still seems to mean."

NALINI PATRACHARY,  
II M.A. Literature.



October: The foundations are laid



St. Joseph watches over the rising walls

# Save Our Trees!

A plea for the protection of India's ecology.

There is no getting away from the fact that India is a magnificent land of green glory. From the hoary past, she has been admirably aware of the fruits that her forests fetch for the country's cultural and commercial, economic and aesthetic prosperity. Indian culture had its birth and development in forests. Her literature and scripture are replete with abundant instances of the reverence our forefathers paid to trees. Vyasa, Valmiki and Kalidasa proclaimed the glory of forest life. And so did Rabindranath Tagore and Sarojini Naidu in modern India.

Backed by such glorious tradition, marked with an inherent and natural love for forests, India, once so green and grand, is fast becoming drab and desolate under the pitiless plough. Not only that. The rapid spread of the Rajasthan desert's hot and desiccating winds, and devastating floods in Assam, Bengal and Orissa definitely suggest that our natural defences provided by vegetation are fast crumbling away.

Although it cannot be denied that with the achievement of independence, India has adopted a new forest policy which directs attention towards the reconditioning of hills and dales, immobilisation of the Rajasthan desert, prevention of encroachment of sea sands on the coastal area and the control of soil erosion in general, yet it has to be admitted that more plant life is being destroyed than preserved.

The alarming increase in population has provided the country with the serious problem of securing shelter for these people. Hence the fight for place and employment has become a chronic malady in almost all parts of the country. So people have found an easy way out of this crisis. They eradicate whole forests to make land for their living, not realizing the immeasurable harm they are ignorantly doing to themselves.

It is true that the country has advanced greatly and the people are civilised, yet the importance of plant life is unknown to many. The people have not yet realized that everything in nature is interconnected. Humans and animals depend upon plants for their livelihood, and the plants in turn depend upon them for growth, for animal wastes and tissues form excellent fertilizers for the soil. Besides, men and animals also assist pollination to a certain extent. Thus the eradication of one species upsets the balance of nature.

The increasing drought in the country also has its origin in deforestation. Plants by the process of transpiration give out an enormous quantity of water, which evaporates and later falls back as rain. Hence India, which was once the granary of the East, no longer holds that privileged position.



Deforestation has also resulted in the destruction of the country's wildlife. Tigers and lions which form a major portion of our glorious wild life and whose haunts are in the hearts of forests, are fast dying away with the death of trees and plants.

For us in India trees and plants have a special message. In a country like ours whose economic structure has its roots in agriculture, the people should consider it their duty to preserve plant life. But in recent days even avenue trees which form a natural canopy against the hot, penetrating rays of the sun, and which have for ages provided shelter for myriads of travellers, are being cut down for no reason at all. The Green Cross Society is doing its best for the plants, but its members are only a minority against the bureaucracy of the country.

All these factors coupled with the methods of natural destruction have left the plants in a pitiable condition. It is almost as if the plants are crying for their liberation and free growth.

Let us hope that India, at least now will realize the evil of forest eradication, and that she will never again engage in reckless hacking and hewing of the Green Kingdom. Let us pray that she will say with the poet G. M. Hopkins :

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

S. SUDARSHANA,  
II B.Sc. Chemistry.

# Recollections of Rajaji

Stella Maris pays homage to a great leader.

An evening entitled "A Tribute to Rajaji" was organised by the History Association to pay homage to the late C. R. Rajagopalachari, the last of the Titans of the struggle for India's freedom. Mr. Hanumathan, the Head of the History Department of Presidency College, presided over the occasion. Papers were presented by Mariam John, I M.A., G. Vasanthi, II B.A., K. P. Sasikala, II B.A., V. Sandya, II B.A., Pushpalatha, I B.A., and K. Sundari, P. U. 7. The papers dealt with several facets of this extraordinarily gifted leader. Rajaji's part in the freedom movement, his role as a teacher and his influence as a writer were dealt with among other things.

V. Sandhya spoke on the subject "Rajaji as a statesman". She recalled his foresight in urging the acceptance of a diarchal system of government under the Government of India Acts of 1919 and 1935. Rajaji became Chief Minister of Madras State in 1939 and soon after introduced the Harijan Temple Entry Act, thus ending an ancient taboo. His Agriculturists Debt Relief Act scaled down the accumulated debts of the farmer while his introduction of the Zamindari Abolition Act gave the tiller of the soil the ownership of the land he worked. From the fifteenth of August, 1947, to the twenty-sixth of January, 1950, Rajaji held the unique position of Governor-General of India. Then he became the Governor of West Bengal during the terrible days following partition, when refugees poured across the border. Sandhya ended by emphasizing the wise guidance Rajaji had continued to give in his later years, guidance that was taken seriously by all political leaders because they knew that a brilliant statesman spoke.

Mariam John discussed the topic "Rajaji the Democrat". She quoted his statement that "a deaf Government and a dumb people do not make democracy." He was never afraid to stand up for the rights of the people against the government and was not intimidated if his ideas were different from the public's. His greatest contribution to politics, said Mariam, was his resistance to a one-party system. His creation of a powerful Opposition party and his lifelong efforts to strengthen the Opposition were directed to preventing the growth of an all-powerful ruling party. This crusade against totalitarianism included his defence of fundamental rights, which he rightly sought to keep free of parliamentary control. Rajaji himself stated that "not only had the Father of the Nation been interested in minimum government, but the constitution makers laid down the frontiers very clearly when they wrote the chapter on Fundamental Rights." He had implicit faith in the individual, for as he put it: "The individual and his sense of responsibility constitute the secret well-spring of society."



## Gandhian Pilgrimage

A Stella Marian's inspiring journey in the footsteps of the Mahatma.

Against the richness of the sky a dark silhouette moved along the pebbled beach. This was 1940 and the figure was a frail little man who played a unique role in the history of India — Mahatma Gandhi — the father of our nation. Like the shadow across the horizon, he too came seemingly out of nowhere to walk along the shores of India, his dark body reflected against the redness of a political sky, and in the darkness and the quiet that followed he was gone. Yet this India still goes on, the India which he awakened from its slumber :



“ One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;  
Three with a new song's measure  
Can trample a kingdom down.”

Gandhiji has left our nation a rich heritage — the principles of non-violence and love. These were the only weapons he used in freeing Indians from the British yoke. These high principles and ideals are admired by all. Posterity has bestowed sainthood on him ; he is revered by the millions all over India ; but is that all? Have his teachings any influence on the youth of India — the future leaders of our nation?

To spread Gandhian teachings among the student population the ‘Gandhi Samaj’ at Madras organises a Gandhian Pilgrimage every year. Forty-two students from all over Tamil Nadu are selected on the basis of a written test on Mahatma Gandhi. I was one of the lucky ones to be selected in 1972. The pilgrimage consists of a two week tour of all the places connected with Gandhiji's life and work — Poona, Bombay, Ahmedabad, Porbander, Rajkot and Sevagram. The path to Gandhiji's shrine has been trodden by a distinguished line of pilgrims, in whose wake our small group followed.

The organiser, Mr. V. R. Radhakrishnan of the Gandhi Samaj, a true disciple of Gandhiji, outlined to us the purpose and course of the pilgrimage. To follow the Mahatma's teachings, he said, we must learn to love one another as brothers and sisters, and strive to work for humanity. This was the ideal placed before our group belonging to different castes, religions and backgrounds.



At the start of our journey on September the 24th, passages were read from the Bhagavat Gita, the Bible and the Koran. Prayers formed part of the daily programme both morning and evening, whether on the train, in the bus or in lodgings. This prayer-life which the Mahatma had insisted on as essential, helped us to draw close to each other.

At Poona, we visited the Gandhi Samadhi and the Aga Khan Palace where Gandhiji often was a guest. In the tiny cell where Gandhiji had been imprisoned at Yeravada, we were reminded of the sufferings this one frail little man had undergone with such courage and faith to free millions of his fellow-men.

In Bombay we spent a most informative and educative afternoon at the Mani Bhavan Gandhi Memorial Museum which is one of the few important places hallowed by the Mahatma's close association. It was here that he took his first lessons in carding and also learnt spinning. Satyagraha against the Rowlatt Act was launched from here in March 1919, and from here came in 1930 the clarion call to the country to observe January 26th as Independence Day and to take a solemn pledge to win independence through self-sacrifice and suffering. In 1932 he was arrested in his tent on the terrace at Mani Bhavan. The museum houses a hall and library containing books on Gandhiji; his room and working place; and a picture gallery which gives glimpses of Gandhiji at Mani Bhavan and of important events in his life. Documentary films on Gandhiji were also shown here and gramophone records of his speeches played. Time stood still when we had the rare privilege of hearing the serene voice of our beloved Mahatma — it was the speech delivered in London in September 1931 during his visit there for the First Round Table Conference.

Then on to Ahmedabad where we stayed at the famed Sabarmati Ashram, the first one founded by him in India. It was from here that some of the greatest political documents of our time were despatched. Here we had the honour of meeting and exchanging a few words with Gandhiji's nephew — Krishna Das Gandhi. Gandhiji's earliest struggle in India was to fight for the rights of the poor. At Ahmedabad the poor workers, encouraged by Gandhiji, went on strike against the rich mill-owners. We were able to visit these mills, where even today hand-spinning and weaving is carried on. Eager Gandhian pilgrims, we satisfied our hearts' desire at the Navajivan Press, which published only books of Gandhiji. Our stay at Ahmedabad concluded with a "light and sound" show on Gandhiji; this vivid performance took us back to India of the thirties, when he was fully immersed in the freedom struggle.

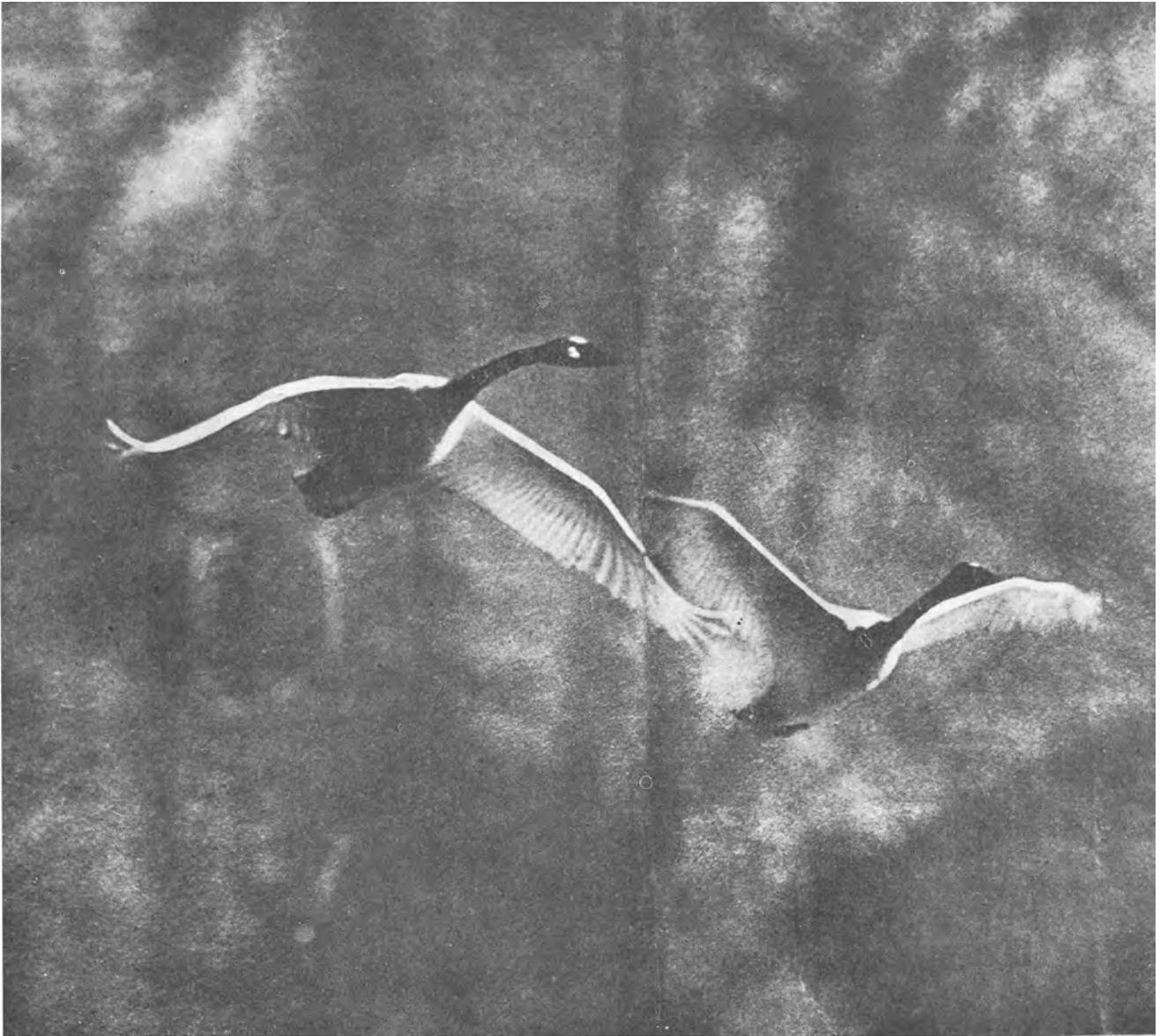
Our hearts were thrilled at Porbander, a coastal town in Gujarat — the birth place of our leader — which we reached on the 2nd of October. It was a sacred moment to visit his house and see the exact spot where he was born and pay our homage. We were fortunate to participate in the ceremony conducted at his house with the people of his state, and also to have met his cousin Jaishukulal Gandhi and his niece Vinodini Gandhi.

On we went to Rajkot and saw the high school where the young Gandhi studied. Though he was but a mediocre student we were amazed at his fantastic achievement through his selfless devotion and fiery zeal to serve his country and humanity. At 'Sevagram Ashram', we were welcomed by his daughter-in-law and met Dr. Sushila Nayar, one of his early and whole-hearted devotees. She gave us an inspiring talk and requested us as Gandhian disciples to take positive action in spreading his principles among the student population. The next morning, in his very hut — which consists of one small room with a bed and his spinning-wheel — we students took a solemn pledge to spread his ideals.

This experience of community living left its impression and widened our minds; we learnt to respect the views of others, to tolerate other religions and most of all to help and love one another and live in peace and harmony as one big family. Gandhian teaching at the core is really very simple — for did he not teach us that love, and love alone, can bring happiness to a storm-tossed world?

We had come to the end of our tour, richer by our personal glimpse of Gandhiji, a man who was an enigma and a puzzle to the entire world. No doubt we were but a small band of Gandhian pilgrims, but in his own words we felt we were "a small body of determined spirits, fired by an unquenchable faith in their mission that can alter the course of history." We determined to do our mite to spread Gandhism in order to bring our country closer to the ideal that he had worked and hoped for.

EMILY PERIANAYAKAM,  
II M.A. Literature.



**Social Work**

**Together we create the future**

# Reaching Out to the Other

A University course that "breaks your heart open to others"

## Introduction :

Every Monday and Friday, the first year Social Work girls disappear from college. They spend these two days at seven different institutions called "field placements" where they do practical Social Work. In the social worker's jargon these places are "agencies". First the entire class of seventeen girls visited these seven agencies and were then allowed to choose their placements. We leave our reader to draw her own conclusions from what these girls tell us, but would guess that she, like us, will be surprised at the fine work these girls have been doing and the help they have been rendering — and will be proud of them.



## The Social Service Centre "Shanthi Bhavan" :

*Georgina Kandasamy speaks:* Our field work is in three parts. We do case work and group work this year and community organization next year.

In case work we deal with an individual who has problems, keeping in mind his environment. Eventually we might have to take up his entire family. In theory, he comes to us for help but our poor people rather come for wheat. Their fundamental

problem is poverty and that cannot be solved by counselling. We cannot say "Self-help!" to a starving family. If the family is too big we try to reduce its burden by putting some children in an institution, but personally I think that is very bad as a child needs his family. It often cannot be helped however — the family begs for it.

In group work we deal with groups of persons of a similar age and situation. Its purpose is the development of the personality of every group member, such as

developing his leadership ability and initiative. I have group work with our young girls in the Centre. We play games or sit and chat. Just by talking they learn to listen to other points of view. If conflict is necessary to bring out the person, we encourage conflict in the discussion.

I adore the subject. It gives one lots of insight. There was a nine-year old boy, Rajan, who would throw sand in our creche children's food and beat them. One day while I was teaching the slow learners of the seminar nursery their numbers, he peeped in. Instead of chasing him off I gave him a slate and pencil, expecting that he'd leave them outside and run away to play. But five minutes later the slate was back, covered with numbers though some were left to right! I said "My that's great!" and he shone with happiness. After that he came regularly to learn to read. I discovered that he was a very clever boy: all he had needed was someone to care about him. He learnt his numbers not so much for their sake, as because I was interested. Now he is quite happy at an institutional school.

Our daily routine at the Centre involves changing the children into their creche uniforms, helping to give them breakfast and playing with them. In the afternoons we record the case-histories of our Shanthi Bhavan children or visit St. Theresa's school to enquire about their behaviour and progress so that our records are kept up-to-date.

#### **The T. B. Centre, Chetput :**

*Fatima Sounderrajan speaks :* This is purely an out-patient hospital. We had to be there at 7-30 a.m. to help at the O. P. counter. The hospital seemed understaffed for they were very eager to use us for clinical work. We therefore helped with injections and lab tests.

My two cases here were both defaulters who didn't turn up regularly for treatment. The first one, Masilamani, was an old man whom I found lying on a bench in the hospital. I spoke to him and he told me all about himself. He was from a village where, when he had divided his land among his children they had ungratefully thrown him out of the house. Only his elder daughter in Madras agreed to look after him but since her husband earns only ninety rupees a month — of which one-third goes to rent and their marriage debt — and since they have four children, he didn't want his father-in-law. I visited their one-room home and the son-in-law promised to keep Masilamani for only one month more while I tried to get him admitted to a hospital. At the end of the month I still had not found him a place and had to take him away in a taxi as he was too weak to walk. At first an important doctor at the T. B. hospital refused to give me the chit that would allow Masilamani to enter another hospital—he didn't seem to realize the man was dying. A kinder doctor however gave me a chit and fortunately Royapettah admitted him. I have visited him twice there — with the hospital food he was recovering.

My second case was a gipsy. Kuppan couldn't afford the bus-fare to Chetput, so every time he came I gave him thirty paise. Once he brought his six-year-old daughter Savitri with him. The way this little thing talked, so brightly and intelligently, made me ask him to let me admit her in an institution so that she could be educated. We visited the ten gipsy families at their encampment on Kodambakkam railway platform and when they migrated to Moore Market to put up their miserable shelters there, we visited them there too. Savitri told us she wanted to go to school but that her father beat her if she spoke of it. I continued pleading with Kuppan and even got a place reserved for her at Palipattu Home, but one day Kuppan's and two other families disappeared and that's the last we saw of them.

#### **Palipattu — Seva Samajam Boys' and Girls' Home :**

*Fatima continues* : Since we couldn't have group work at Chetput as there were no in-patients there, we went to this Guild of Service Home in the afternoons. There are about two hundred and fifty children here up to thirteen years of age. After thirteen they are sent on to other homes. A hundred and twenty of the children are State wards while a hundred and thirty are sponsored by foreigners.

They are still having class between 2-00 p.m. and 4-30 p.m. so in this period we get the permission of the teacher to take a few children out of class to help them write letters to their foreign sponsors. We also made Christmas cards with them to send to their "adopted parents". After 4-30 p.m. we have our group work with them — games and songs.

We thought the children profited by our relationship. They asked all about us and our families. Group work should be done with small numbers, but since everybody pleaded, "Akka, Akka don't leave me out!" we could not make lists of twelve children for each of us but made all the hundred sit down with us. When we left they would come all the way to the gate to wave us out of sight — the boys are really so good at Palipattu. They seem happy there.

#### **St. George's Home for Destitute Children :**

*Inderbir Kaur speaks* : It was because Neerja and I didn't know Tamil so well that we chose this home for Anglo-Indian children who are destitute, from broken homes, or very poor. There are about three hundred and fifty children here, with separate hostels for the girls and boys whose ages range between six and twenty-two.

For group work I worked with nine year old boys and girls. We played games, showed them documentary films and took them on excursions to Moore Market and the Zoo.

Of my four cases, two were especially interesting. Sixteen-year-old Clayton was always so modishly suited and booted that it was a shock, on my home-visit, to see how poor and dingy his home was. Clayton's sophisticated veneer cracked after this and he was able to talk more freely to me. He was in fifth class and quite uninterested in his studies. So I got him a place in the vocational training section at Saligram. He should be happier there when he joins in June.

Thirteen-year-old Russel was a very friendly boy who would tell you pathetic stories about himself — all fables. This inveterate lying stemmed from a traumatic experience he had just a year back when he saw his mother kill herself by pouring kerosene over herself because his father had left them. We tried to cure him of his bluffs, but he only became aggressive. So our supervisor asked us to refer him to the Child Guidance Clinic in Egmore which treats psychological disorders. Russell will be treated there soon.

It has been very interesting work, though it was a shock to know that such young children could have so many serious problems.

### **The Juvenile Court, Guidance Bureau and Reception Home for Boys :**

*Sr. Lourd Mary speaks :* The court with its ancillary Guidance Bureau is in Egmore, the Reception Home in Kelly's. Juvenile delinquents and children found wandering on the roads are brought here. The three judges are generally soft-hearted society ladies acting as magistrates. The information regarding the cases is given by the Probation Officer who visits the Home to speak to the children. The home is only a temporary placement, children are sent on to an "approved school" which is for offenders or they are sent home if they are only runaways.

There are generally up to a hundred and seventy boys in the Home. They are very severely disciplined, so you can imagine how glad they are to be allowed to play. We play Kabbadi and caroms, teach drawing, singing and dancing — some of them dance very well. We showed them a documentary film and once had a child-evangelist speak to them. He really gripped them. They also have tailoring and weaving classes for those with the aptitude.

I had twelve boys between seven and twelve years of age for group work. We celebrated Divali with them. They loved the sweets and crackers — especially the deafening ones!

For case work I had one especially interesting case. Fourteen-year old Venkateswaralu was committed by his own father because of his thieving at home, at school and even at their relatives' house. His father wanted him sent as far away from home as possible. The court refused to decide immediately however, and he was put in the Home and referred to the three psychologists who comprise the Guidance Bureau. They found that his thieving had started soon after his mother's death two years back and that it was a substitute for the affection he lacked from his father. Venkat was a very friendly boy. I spoke to his father the several times he was called to the Guidance Bureau and tried to make him understand that what his son needed was a proper home life, not the Approved School. At last his father seemed to understand for he took Venkat back. The boy is now very happy helping his father in their shop and comes regularly to the Guidance Bureau. Sr. Thecla has asked me to continue with Venkat's case next year, to make sure that he goes back to school.



All my five other cases were ten and twelve-year olds from Andhra who had run away from their villages to see the great cinema actors in Madras! The Probation Officer here tries to contact the Probation Officer of their district to ask him to trace the boys' families and inform them of their whereabouts. But the boys cannot be sent

back as soon as the warrant comes, as it is too expensive. So they have to wait till there is a group to send. The boys are simply dying to go back. "Sister, when are we going home?" they ask me longingly. As I know Telugu, I write to their families. One father I wrote to, came immediately and took his son back to Vizag. Another family to whom I'd written in Eluru anxiously wrote to me to ask why their boy had not yet come back. I replied that he would be coming soon. Some of the eight- and nine-year-olds don't even know their own addresses, so we have to try to help them locate their villages by devious cross questioning.

Actually for group work we are supposed to take our children for picnics but these children are watched so strictly that we were not allowed to do so. The Reception Home itself is far from a pleasant place to visit, but the poor boys really have no one to go and see them, so I used to be very sorry when I missed going.

### **The Approved School for Girls :**

*Latha Menon speaks :* We worked at the Reception Home too and were asked to find out how girls transferred to the Approved School reacted to it. At the School they get something of the community life they lack at the Home. The two hundred girls are divided into four groups, each with its own cottage and "House Mother" or warden. The classes are from the fourth to the eighth standard and the girls range in age from eight to eighteen.

The majority are delinquents, several of whom have been convicted under the Immoral Traffic Act. We have to help to rehabilitate them. I had ten and twelve year olds in my group. We had games, group discussions and quizzes. Those who wish can learn needle work, weaving and other crafts. Most of them are not the least interested in their studies. After eighteen they are sent to the After-Care Home in Vellore until they get a job.

Of my six cases two were especially interesting. Chamundeswari, thirteen years old and in eighth standard had been there a year. She had been going to a convent school but because she was constantly quarrelling with her mother, she had run away from home. I got her address and went to her house, asking her mother to come to the school. The first time she came the girl refused to see her. Her mother was a prostitute with four children to support. We tried to persuade Chamundeswari not to condemn her outright. She was, after all, her mother. So the next time the mother came, she spoke a few words to her and now they seem to be reconciled, as she had quite a happy ten-day stay at home recently.

Twelve-year old Arumugham was employed and was his two sisters' sole support as their mother is dead and their father does not care about them. Yet he was arrested for "wandering" and committed by the court to the Reception Home. I explained the facts of his case to the Superintendent of the Home who released Arumugham. He is now working happily in a tea-shop.

**The Cancer Institute,  
Adyar :**

*Susan Oomen speaks :*  
I was dead scared of working in a hospital but had a soft corner for cancer. In the mornings we were asked to help with O. P. (Out-Patient) work — filling in the questionnaires and records of new admissions. So we had to fit both case work and group work into the afternoons.



The hospital is quite clean and big. Many of the patients are very poor. We try to help by getting their children admitted in institutions.

Cancer is a terrible disease — its smell is sickening. You would rather stand a mile off than come close to a patient and talk to him. Yet we cannot do anything else for them so the least we can do is listen to them and let them unburden their minds to us. In the afternoons we would get together patients of a ward with the same disease, such as cancer of the uterus. We would encourage them to speak of their reaction when they first knew they had cancer. When they tried to put this into words for the others they realized it was not as dreadful as they had thought. There was a lady with cancer of the breast whose breast was removed. She was terribly disturbed by this and inconsolable. Then she came to know from the

group that there was someone who was suffering even more than she — a little girl with throat cancer who had to be fed through an incision in her stomach. Sympathy for the girl helped her overcome her depression.

The work boosts your faith : we have prayed with them so many times. There was an old man with whom we prayed one Monday. On Friday he was dead. He had said, "It was when I saw those two girls coming into the ward that I realized there was a God". And there was an Assamese Post-Master with cancer of the throat who told us, "All I had been interested in was in getting rich. Then I got throat cancer... when you came to visit me I realized that kindness is the greatest of riches." These words touched us deeply.

In the beginning it was very difficult as I would get emotionally upset. It took me a whole term to settle down, but towards the end of it I grew to like it : the patients waited so eagerly for us to come. You really get the right idea of cancer, that it is something to be sympathised with and not run away from. We sometimes wrote letters for the patients. They were too weak to do much else than talk, as they had to undergo radio-active treatment every day. This burns the cancerous part so that it looks like a black rock. Thus you are disfigured — these are the things you have to help them get used to.

It is a heart-breaking place to work in and yet the best place, because it breaks your heart open to others : it makes you human.

I M.A. SOCIAL WORK STUDENTS,  
Interviewed by a Staff Reporter.

# Vippedu — A Report

A village develops with the help of Stella Marians.

“Those who receive the privilege of education have a duty to return this sacrifice that others have made. They are like the man who has been given all the food available in a starving village in order that he might have the strength to bring supplies back from a distant land. If he takes the food and does not bring help to his brothers, he is a traitor.”

Realising the truth of this quotation, a small group of about twenty students of Stella Maris began working earnestly for the people in Vippedu in the Kanchipuram District. But we have come some way from the time when we worked *for* the people, to working *with* the people.

This has been a consequence of our experience with the government officials, the Panchayat President, the village people and also as a result of group work. We believe that unless the people feel the need for a particular project, it should not be started even if our group sees the possibilities and the need. The people, we realised, must also take a share in the responsibilities so that they can participate in what would otherwise be charity. This active participation of the people themselves is the turning point that will lead to that better world where they in their turn will not exploit any poorer class. Feeling its way, our group has come to work on some specific projects along with the people, that will not only better their standard of living but will also make sure that the people themselves become self-reliant.

We have at present begun a project of kitchen-gardening for the women of the village. Education in nutrition, hygiene and food habits will be given simultaneously.

We are also thinking of setting up a small shop in order to facilitate the buying of necessary goods like vegetables, for which the people now have to go six miles.

Years of traditional custom-ridden work had deadened the imagination of the two potters of the village, and therefore they could not manufacture for a new market, apart from utilitarian vessels for the village. We tried to help them to be imaginative and creative and also to enable them to cater to new markets. We also encouraged them to save, by educating them in the intricacies of banking.

The literacy programme serves all people. We show documentaries on the new methods of irrigation, on seeds and on health, while crafts are taught to the women and girls.

Tuition is given to those who go to school. The youth club organises, besides games, meetings for the boys on village problems, since it will be the youth of the village who will, hopefully, stay in the village to develop it. We hope the discussions of village problems and the possibilities of change will persuade them to work for their village.

With the silk saree weavers of the village we are exploring the possibility of starting a weavers' co-operative.

Our much talked-about drinking water well has yet to be completed; the group is trying to tap all possible resources.

This has just been a beginning, we realise that as we continue working with the people new situations, problems and challenges will arise. We do not have all the answers to them. But the more we use our education in the service of the people, the clearer will be our path.

AGNES JOSEPH,  
II B.A. Sociology.

# Causative Factors of Juvenile Delinquency

A pioneer attempt at research by the  
III B.A. Social Sciences students.

## Research Methodology :

The study was conducted in the Government Reception Home for boys and girls, Kilpauk, Madras-10. Permission for it was obtained from Tmt. (Dr.) Jayalakshmi Rao, Director of Approved Schools & Vigilance, so that students of III B.A. Social Sciences could go to the institution, in batches of not more than 10, on Tuesdays and Fridays between 1 p.m. and 6 p.m., on Saturdays between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m., and on other days between 4 p.m. and 6 p.m.

The topic 'Causative factors in juvenile delinquency' was chosen as appropriate for our experimental study, as the students had theoretical knowledge of it, and would therefore find it easier to question the children. The investigators of III B.A. Social Sciences were each given a schedule of approximately 40 questions.

Though initially the whole class had wished to study 300 cases, for various reasons many students had to drop out. Hence only 175 cases could be taken up. The students analysed and codified the data while a smaller section of the group compiled the following report from the research of the class.

MRS. MARY JOHN,  
Social Work Department.

## The Report :

Juvenile delinquency is a social problem which in recent years has reached alarming proportions. A child is considered a delinquent "when his anti-social tendencies appear to be so grave that he becomes or ought to become the subject of official action." As a young person has not reached the age when he can clearly differentiate between right and wrong, he is the less responsible for what he does. Therefore a delinquent act by a youthful offender is viewed with some leniency.

People usually think of delinquent behaviour as a result of maladjustment. This is only partially true for there are many delinquents who are not maladjusted, just as there are only some delinquents among the maladjusted. Delinquency may occur when a child is besieged by the frustrations and deprivations of his life; in such a case, delinquency is a form of self-expression, liberating his repressed desires and feelings, especially when his socially acceptable behaviour has been thwarted.

Delinquency is not an isolated problem and to understand it fully one must realise that it is the result of a multiplicity of associated factors rather than of a few apparent causes. It is more specifically the result of both social and personal disorganisation, but even these will not culminate in delinquency if kept under control.

A normal home life is essential for the children. The socio-economic background of the delinquents showed that significantly few parents were skilled workers. Most of the parents were semi-skilled or unskilled workers such as porters, coolies, field hands, butchers, cycle-rickshaw drivers, milkmen or petty shopkeepers.

Table No. 1 supports this finding.

Table No. 1 : Employment of parents or guardians			No.
Skilled	...	...	40
Unskilled	...	...	68
Not-known	...	...	32

The above table illustrates the fact that there is a smaller number of delinquents coming from the homes of professional and skilled workers. This may be because these parents have a better understanding of their children.

It was found that the parents' literacy standards also influenced the delinquency of their children.

Table No. 2 : Education reached by the parents				No.	
Primary	...	8	High School	...	4
Secondary	...	7	Nil	...	121

Poverty is often thought of as the root of most social evils and "even when poverty is not accepted as a direct preponderant cause of delinquency, the unwholesome effects of its impact on the behaviour of a child are certainly not to be ruled out"...

Table No. 3 : Income bracket		No.	Income bracket		No.
Rs.	10—50	23	Rs.	350—400	4
Rs.	50—100	10	Rs.	450—500	4
Rs.	150—200	64	Rs.	500—700	Nil
Rs.	250—300	7	Rs.	750—800	2

From the above table it can be emphatically asserted that most of the delinquents come from poor families. Very few delinquents come from well-to-do homes though this may be because they are not reported to the police or because other devices are resorted to to make them figure less prominently in court cases.

It is often taken for granted that a lack of mutual understanding between the parents, leading to fights and quarrels between them, causes delinquent behaviour in their children. But Table 4 suggests otherwise.

**Table No. 4: Mutual understanding between the parents**

			No.
Yes	...	...	81
No	...	...	37
Not-stated	...	...	22

Yet we found that in spite of understanding between the parents, the children had been deprived of affection and parental interest in them.

Hence through our survey we have acquired a clearer understanding of the factors responsible for juvenile delinquency.

### III B.A. SOCIAL SCIENCES.



# A Road to Achievement

Our volunteers receive the joy of giving at the Cuddalore Relief Camp.

## What lies ahead?

A sea of faces and a medley of colours were gathered at the Egmore Station on the morning of December 26th. Forty-seven girls were setting out for the flood relief camp at Cuddalore. Any regrets or misgivings were dispelled during the train journey, where all barriers between staff, seniors and juniors were swept away with laughter and song and we were united into a happy family. We reached Cuddalore by midday and were driven to our destination, the Sacred Heart Technical School, by a police van sent by an eminent social worker, Mrs. Krishnaraj.

## Kindred spirits :

The Sacred Heart Technical School at Cuddalore was a comfortable and spacious building with plenty to explore. That evening (having no other work as yet), we were requested to attend a seminar organised by Prof. Dakshinamurthy of Madurai, at the Town Hall, where the Madurai University boys were awaiting our arrival. It was here that we learned that ten girls from the Kandaswamy Arts College in Cuddalore were also joining us.

The seminar gave us the chance of meeting our co-workers and gave us our first information on the work we were to undertake.

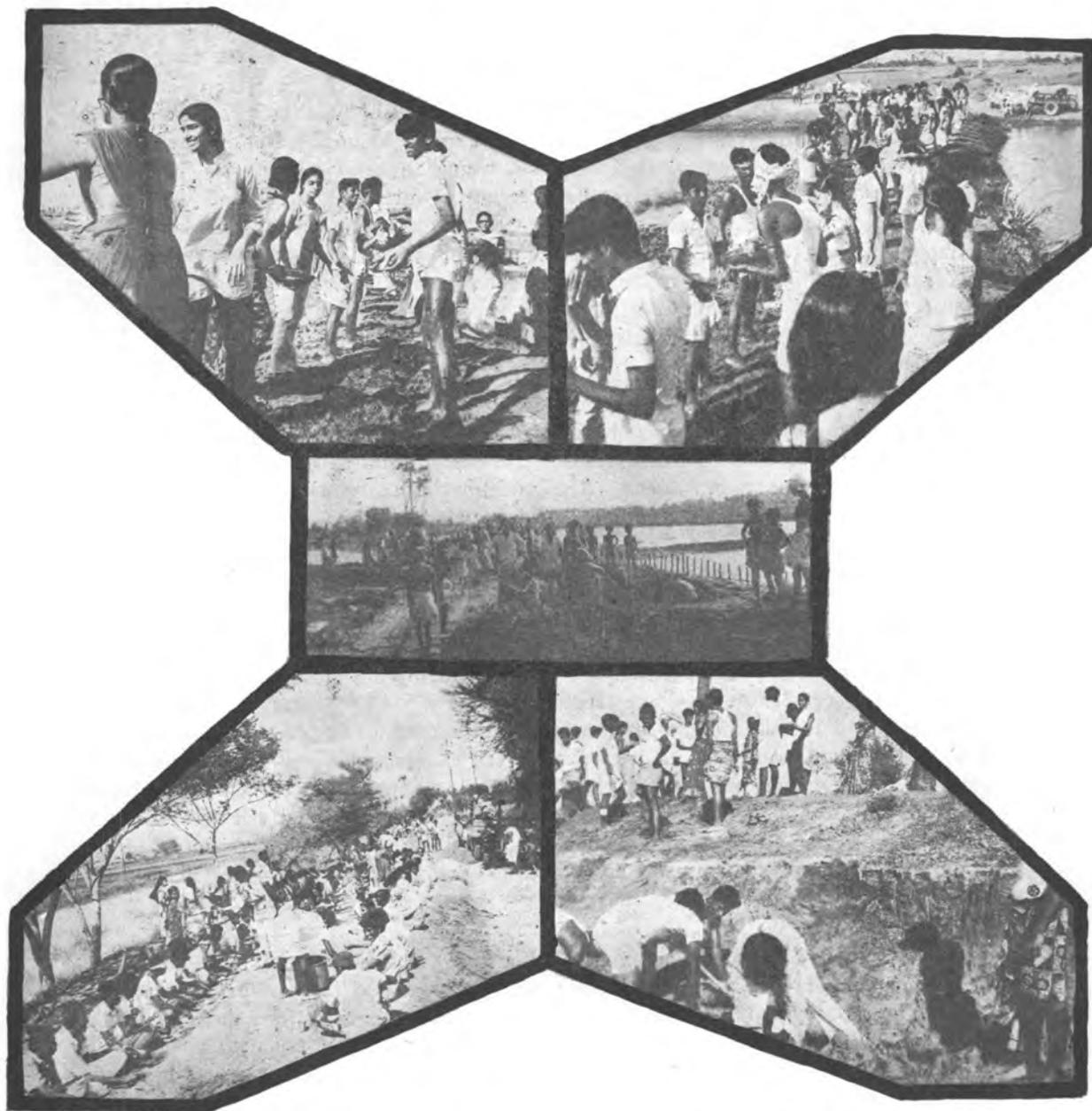
## We were awakened :

The seminar, far from boring us, turned out to be a most lively, thought-provoking and enlightening discussion. The arguments, on such topics as social evils, politics, economic problems, culture and technology, were vehement. At the end of the seminar we were most satisfied at having gained so much valuable information, as the animated faces of our girls showed.

## We worked :

The next morning we went to Velappakkam village, eight kilometres away from Cuddalore. Our job was to fill breaches in the village roads, for three miles. The Madurai students were already there, and as soon as we reached the place we were

divided into two groups and began to work on the breaches. Standing in two lines we were soon involved in the gruelling and hitherto unpractised tasks of passing along mud-filled and empty baskets. As the work proceeded the girls shed their shyness



The pattern of progress

and were soon mingling happily with the boys, who were very useful as they did the heavier, dirty task of digging up clay from the banks of the artificial lake caused by the flood. This work (with an interval for rest) continued till lunch. Lunch was a pleasant affair with us squatting on the mud floor and eating off leaves. Due to a scarcity of water, we had to content ourselves with washing our hands in the turbid lake. At this kind of camp one has to be adaptable because fussing gets one nowhere. After lunch, work restarted enlivened by songs and jokes. This was the last day of camp for the Madurai boys, so they were keen on completing the bridging of one gap, and through their enthusiastic efforts achieved their goal. With their strength and zest, and our own timely aid, they were able to bridge a long breach. Some of the girls managed to fill deep, wide pits by shovelling in sand which was brought by tractors. At five o'clock the triumphant group of girls and boys went straight to the valedictory function presided over by the Collector of Arcot. We were frankly in no mood to enjoy this, since we were very conscious of our aching limbs and grimy looks, and were thinking only of our baths. The grime once scrubbed away, dinner and a well-earned rest followed, the latter punctuated by moans and groans of nightmares about mud-filled baskets!

#### **The work continued :**

The next morning after our breakfast, we set off to the work spot in a private bus. This time we had to work without the Madurai boys, but ten Cuddalore Arts College students came to our rescue. The same pattern of work was followed, until the arrival of cool 'Fantas', kindly supplied by Mrs. Krishnaraj to refresh us. We bridged three-quarters of the second breach, and worked till 5 o'clock. That night after our baths we had a fruitful discussion on and evaluation of our work.

#### **We overcome hostility :**

In the next two days we tried to complete bridging the gap with sand and on the morning of December 30th, we energetically did the job of covering the remnants of the breach. In the afternoon we began levelling the road leading to the village, and by 4 o'clock we had completed all our work. The evening culminated in a high tea provided by the village in appreciation of our work. Our hosts were the very people who, in the beginning, had scorned our efforts. However our perseverance had opened their eyes and some of them had later shared our work. We returned to camp content at having mitigated to some extent the difficulties of the village folk.

#### **The dignity of labour :**

The last day was pretty gloomy for all of us, as we loathed the idea of leaving the place and could not comprehend how time had passed so fast. We were given a touching send-off by the Cuddalore boys and Kandaswamy College girls. Though most dejected at the thought that our communal living had come to an end, we gained consolation from the fact that the camp had taught us much. It had given us a sense of togetherness, comradeship, unselfishness and generosity, and more than anything else, it had given us respect for the dignity of manual labour.

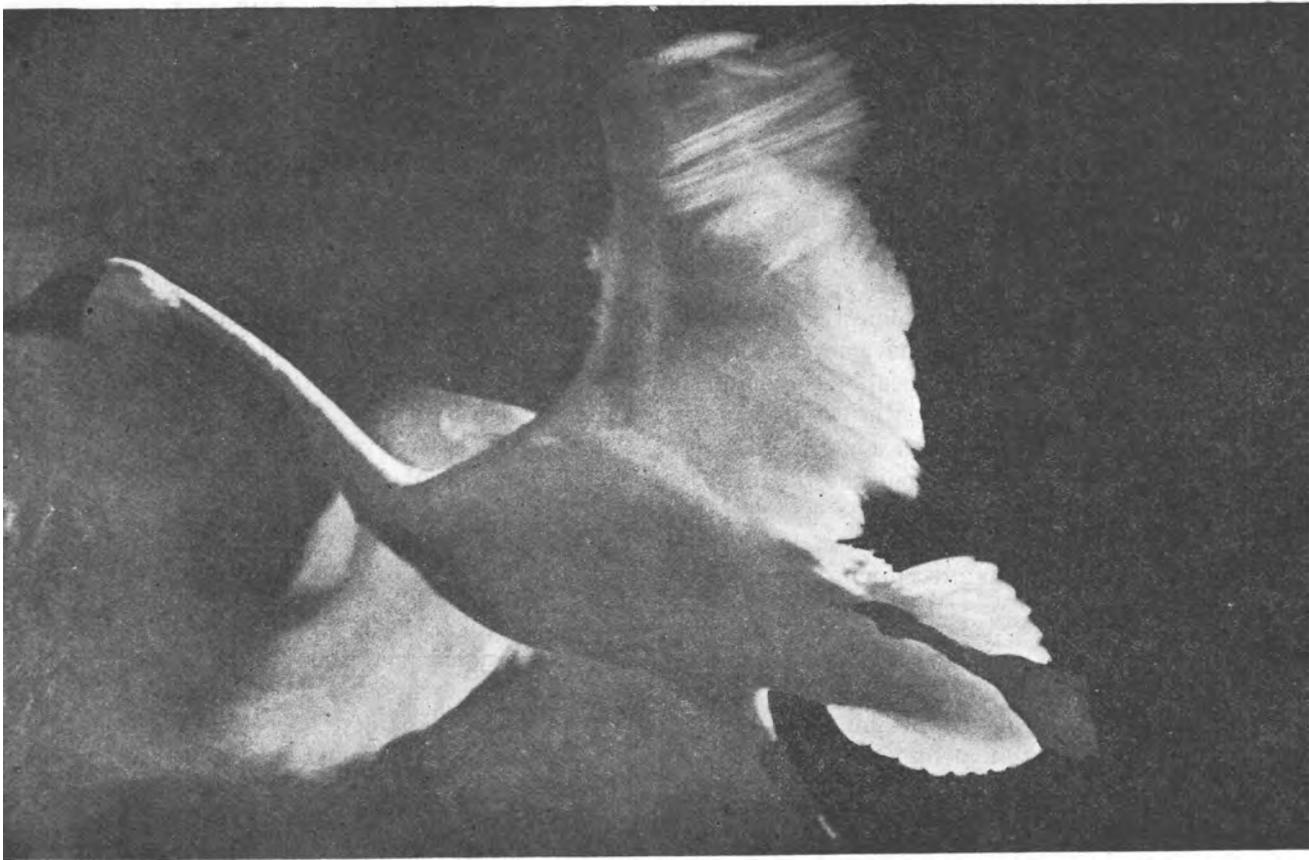
**We are grateful :**

All of us are grateful to the various people at Cuddalore who made this memorable experience possible for us. Nor could we have made the trip without the initiative of the college authorities. All forty-seven of us thank our authorities for giving us this golden chance of discovering our potentialities. We sincerely hope that this will be an incentive to others to come forward in times of need and offer their help. Are we not responsible for the India we wish to see ?

N. CHANDRA,  
III B.A. Economics.



Alumnae



Challenging the winds

## Student — Lecturer — Student-Teacher

VERMONT,  
4th November, 1972.

Dear Sister,

The programme here is unusual, to say the least. We'd hardly been here a week, with no money at all, when they told us to go find our student teaching positions. I hitched my way to New York and went to the United Nations International School. I asked to see the Director, who turned out to be British. He was so relieved to hear I spoke British English, not American English, that he accepted me on the spot. It is a much sought-after post, so I am really lucky. This is from January to April.

Meanwhile we are studying Intensive French (or any other language of our choice), Methodology and Linguistics. We have a different module of study every four weeks or so; till now we have been doing Methodology, next it will be Applied Linguistics. We were almost entirely on our own and present our work for supervision and to be checked. I have never worked so much on my own before. I'm teaching already here at the local high school, six hours a week. My students are French Canadian immigrants who don't know a word of English, average age 62. It's a completely new experience after the jet set of Stella Maris. I have such an admiration for them — living without knowing the language. We learn a lot from each other and my teaching days are the happiest in the week. I have two jobs more — the University of Hawaii gave us Library training, and so here I got a job as Librarian on Fridays. I'm a receptionist on Saturdays.

The professors are technically good, but not one of them is inspiring. And I miss the steady flow of inspiration that I took for granted in the Staff Room. I got my big thrill last week. We drove to Cambridge (Massachusetts) to hear Noam Chomsky speak for an hour and a half on prepositions. I still tingle with the excitement of it. His mind is simply amazing. I'd like to do research under him — but that's only a dream.

I'm busy enjoying America now. It's an earthy, intense, beautiful country. Vermont, where I am, takes your breath away. It's all rolling hills and soft valleys and giant maple trees with red leaves. The School for International Training is built on Rudyard Kipling's old house. And then there are Boston and New York, where one can go any time one wants to. New York has a repulsion fascination effect on me. It's so complex you can't really dislike it. Boston is a University city — long-haired students talking earnestly at the laundromat.

There aren't any other Indians on the campus. And I'm glad of that. In Boston the Indians tend to live in exclusive little ghettos. I live among Americans, and I have found friends among them now.

NEW YORK,  
10th January, 1973.

I am student-teaching now at the U. N. International School in New York. It's a beautiful school, unstructured, no formal discipline (you create your own), bright, motivated students, but highly critical, and so well-read it's appalling. No prescribed texts, but themes, genres, notions (or forms) make up the syllabus and have to be covered in any way you choose. So, for instance, tragedy is a genre, jealousy is a theme, and I can choose *Othello* for these two. This will also be drama, a form. I could do Keats' *Isabella* under the same theme and genre, but then the form would be poetry. I can do as much or as little as I want — each teacher finds her own level.

The English Department is the finest, most eccentric, hard-working and best loved in the school (isn't this true of English departments everywhere?). The Head of the Department is an intense, brilliant, utterly humble Englishman, who guides and applauds with such subtlety and understanding. The staff is international, but mostly British. However, there are sufficient fierce Americans to keep the British on their toes. "The Rest of the World" watches with considerable amusement.

NEW YORK,  
4th April, 1973.

My first term here has been a hard one. Academically, I found myself well ahead of my class in a number of things, and high in others. But the settling into a drug-and-sex campus scene was very difficult. I had first of all to prove that I not only was straight, but wanted to be a friend. I did find many good friends, and learned not to be stubbornly critical. I can understand these kids, but I can't sympathise. I think I at least helped a number of them to see another attitude. My best friend is Gary — an ex-addict.

My second term had other problems — New York City. It is the most frightening city in the world to live in. It is impossible to go out after dark, and even daylight muggings are frequent. I have found a safe, clean place to live, and have a lovely room-mate now. I love the U.N.I. School and its kids. The School does not support you with any code of discipline, it is up to every teacher to set his own. It took me a few weeks to do this, because my method was so different from the American way. But they and I are truly happy now. In this school the teachers are inspiring and dedicated. I talk for long hours with the wisest of them, to learn about life and men. The more I learn, the less I feel pleased with myself.

U Thant came to my class and spent the whole day with my kids. He is such a humble man. He said I was one of the most sincere Indians he had met. I was very proud and pleased. All of this is what I learned at Stella Maris, I was there ten years, and it has been my only experience.

NEW YORK,  
May 19th, 1973.

Discipline comes first in one's list of priorities here. Yesterday, a kid came to me and said, "Two of the guys in the locker room have got knives." I ran down and slammed the door of the locker room shut, and said, "O.K., where are the knives?" Everyone claimed innocence, so I opened every locker till I found two Vietnam war-knives (which fly open at the touch of a button) and a packet of marijuana. The boys (I know and love them both) are twelve years old. They were arming themselves for New York City life, and yielding to exposure to television and movie stars. I handed them over to the Principal, a very fine Englishwoman. She talked with them both, and so did I, and they will be all right. This school has a very high moral code which the teachers strive to maintain against tough odds. My special triumphs have been Xavier — a French boy who would not speak. I just smiled and worked and scolded and petted till he made friends with people in the class. Phyllis — a Zulu girl who bites and scratches because she does not speak English. She still does so, but I think she is changing. She gave me a kiss yesterday. Fahim — who is a gentle little Francis of Assisi — I love him dearly.

I think of Stella Maris and all the people who influenced me, and all the gentleness and honesty and firmness you taught me, and I try to pass it on. The kids are learning already — they know they cannot be unkind openly, they are happy and learning generosity and hard work in the class room.

This week we are taking the kids to camp. The U. N. owns a camp upstate New York. It's in the country, and these city kids go crazy with the flowers and the frogs. Spring is here. The flowers have such delicate colours — lilac and forsythia and fields of daffodils and apple blossom and cherry blossom.

NEW YORK,  
May 25th, 1973.

I have discovered more finally than ever that I am a teacher. The role fits me — one identity that I can don like a garment in any civilisation. It does not matter that I am not American — I impressed honesty beyond everything, courtesy, a sense of humour — this took four months, alongside teaching the Athens-Spartan confrontation (history), a translation of the sixteenth book of Homer's *Iliad* (English), Why Men Fight (anthropology). These three merge. The lecture is out. The open classroom is in. They do research, present projects, work like adults. They are deceptively verbal — but they are children. They like me immensely, and I love them, scold them, brow-beat them furiously.

I tell them of Stella Maris. They talk of it knowingly: "Did you do this or that at Stella?" They don't think the all-girl college is a good idea. They cannot imagine it, in fact. I tell them we get along fine without the opposite sex, and they look at me in disbelief.

I like the English Department and the History Department (which work together) — almost completely British, and dedicated beyond the call of duty, and delightfully eccentric. They know you all too. Stella Maris is certainly well known at the U. N. School. Hurrah for Stella. The Director says when I return he would like another teacher from there. I think of you all mostly in inspirational terms. The English Department cannot be outdone even by U.N.I. School.

And my Stella Maris students — I learn from them here even more than I did at home. Faces fade in, remind me, and fade out. I think of many of them so intensely they must surely know. I think of them lightly too — want to share so many things with them.

The U. N. School is fun — confused and overworked, but the kindest people in the world are there.

EXCEPT FOR YOU ALL.

I MISS YOU.

MARY.

MISS MARY BHASKARAN,  
M.A. Literature 1969,  
English Lecturer 1969-1972.



## Theatre Studies in British Columbia

The department of Theatre at the University of British Columbia (U.B.C. or short) offers the M. A. and M.F.A. (Master of Fine Arts) degree in its graduate programme. The M.A. Degree is offered in (1) Theatre History - Dramatic Literature and Theory; (2) Playwriting (in conjunction with the department of Creative Writing). The M.F.A. degree is offered in (1) Directing (2) Design. Every student entering any one of these programmes is exposed to some degree at least to the other courses, so that he or she is not wholly ignorant of any one aspect of theatre. Each programme requires 21 units of course work and roughly 2 years to complete. For entering students who do not have a full undergraduate major (this is like the B.A. course in Indian Universities) in theatre, the time required may be longer. The programmes normally include 3 to 6 units for the academic thesis, the production thesis or the play thesis. Student's programmes of courses are worked out individually with graduate advisers.

The programme in Direction is perhaps the most strenuous but also the most interesting, since it is concerned with student-production of plays. A student working for a Master's degree in Directing must take the Theatre 520 course in the first year. This is a course in advanced play direction and staging. Along with this, he usually takes a seminar course, an undergraduate course in set design and one other course, like Acting. During the year, the student is required to produce four one-act plays. One of these has to be original and a play by a graduate student of the Creative Writing Department is usually chosen for this. A hundred-dollar budget covers the expenses of this production.

In the second year of his studies, the student takes Theatre 521 which is a course in directing and a detailed study of the major styles in the history of production. He learns the different techniques employed by directors like Stanislavsky, the Meiningers, Grotowsky and Brecht. He also takes the Directed Studies in Theatre and Drama (Theatre 547) for which he is required to produce one play of his choice. After producing it, he has to write a 20-page paper on it, explaining his approach to the plot, theme, etc., and the practical aspects and problems of the production. He is allotted a 450-dollar budget for this production and this covers set, costumes and props.

Besides the plays produced in the department, the graduating student is responsible for one "outside-production". He directs a play for the local community theatre, for which he can use the department as a reference, or, if he does not succeed in getting employed by an outside theatre, he gets some kind of a concession from the department of Theatre at U.B.C. and works on its "summer stock" - a number of plays produced on an experimental basis by students and faculty every summer.

Then comes the thesis production. The student produces two or three special plays during the year, in the hope that one of them would be accepted as his thesis work. It is a play he chooses himself and it runs usually for four nights. About

eight weeks are spent on rehearsals. A sum of about five hundred dollars is given to cover the expenses of production. Set, costumes and props are designed by graduate students studying stage design and they get credits in their course for the work they put in. Student-actors are chosen by the director but they do not get credits or payment for this. They take part in the thesis productions and in other student productions for the experience. Though the student producer is free to employ professional actors, he tends to avoid them as their presence involves additional expenditure.

Each senior student director is assigned two assistant directors from the undergraduate class, Theatre 400. They take care of publicity and the printing or painting of attractive posters announcing the play. All the backstage work, like handling lights, is done by undergraduate students learning scene design.

The faculty of the department of Theatre produce three plays during the year and these are staged at the department's auditorium, the Frederick Wood Theatre. Tickets are sold to the public and students of U.B.C. can get the season tickets at a concessional rate. The plays produced this year were Pirandello's "Six characters in search of an Author", Moliere's "Tartuffe" and "The Macbeth Experiment" based on Shakespeare's tragedy and produced as Environmental theatre. The student productions are usually staged at the Dorothy Somerset studio which also belongs to the department. Tickets are sold to the public for the thesis productions. The Finance-Officer of the Department usually sends out announcements of thesis productions to the local newspapers and the press reviews the performances.

If his work is accepted as the thesis production, the graduating student submits a paper on his practical work and supplements it with a complete 'Prompt-book' which is subsequently filed in the University Library. Some of the interesting student productions this year were "The Killing of Sister George", "Alice in Wonderland" and "Waiting for Godot".

The life of a student director is not easy. It requires a lot of patience and stamina but at the end of the taxing two years, when his thesis work is accepted and there are glowing tributes from the press, I am sure it is a very rewarding experience.

MRS. VAJAYANTHI RAGHNATHAN,  
(Vancouver, Canada),  
M.A. Literature 1967,  
Lecturer in English 1967-1971.

#### **Acknowledgment**

My sincere thanks are due to Svetlana Smith, a fellow graduate student at the University of B.C., for providing much of the information necessary for this article.

## The Common Pursuit

Mathew Arnold once said that "a superior school forms a man at the same time that it gives him special knowledge." Stella Maris shares this belief and has always tried to awaken the minds and hearts of its students to a sensitive awareness of the world around them. This awareness must lead to action, to the selfless pursuit of a fuller life for our world. The letters and visits we receive from our old students assure us of the sincerity of their attempts to create this life wherever they are.

The quest of true understanding is one dimension of this common pursuit. Many of our graduates are furthering their knowledge through higher studies or have joined the teaching profession to guide others to understanding.

Quite close to us is Visalakshi Viswanathan, temporary English lecturer as well as post-graduate student, M.A. Literature 1971 :

Bangalore, April 3rd 1973

I have joined a course in journalism. Classes are held for an hour and a half every evening Monday through Friday.

I am also taking lessons in oil painting. The classes, run by a 78-year-old Good Shepherd nun, are very interesting, and whether my paintings turn out well or not, I come home with smudges of paint all over, feeling very Bohemian and satisfied.

July 16th 1973

I'm bursting with good news---I got a first class in my exams (only one in Bangalore, eight all over India; this is the first time there has been a first class in the Bangalore centre). I have also secured a medal for best student of the year and three awards for the best papers in Editing, Reporting and Writing. Pardon the rather loud trumpet-blowing, Sister, but I'm so happy that I'm floating around on a cloud!

Congratulations, Visalam! We are delighted to share your joy in your success.

Further afield is Catherine Nathan, B.A. Literature 1965, writing from her home in Malaysia :

Petaling Jaya, November 11th 1972

I managed to get into the Malayan University to do the Diploma. The course started in May this year, and will finish in December. It is quite difficult, as we have a lot to do within this short time. We have about seven assignments, ten weeks of teaching practice, and fifteen weeks of lectures. Quite a few Indian girls are doing the

course, four of us from Stella Maris. Two of them got married last week — Saroj Menon to the Assistant Registrar of the University of Malaya, and Radha Suppiah to the Assistant Registrar of the University of Penang. What a coincidence! The system of education is very different from that of India, and the standard much higher.

Closer in space, but further away in time from her college days, Rita Ratnam, nee Devasagayam, B.A. Western Music 1959, is teaching as well as caring for her home and family :

May 21st 1973

I am busy as usual with my music classes. I am also teaching French to a few students and three officers who may go to France. Fortunately I have kept in touch with my French, particularly grammar. But when it comes to French conversation — well, that is quite a different thing!

Kanchana Chidambaram is still in Australia, but no longer at Flinders University, from where her earlier letters are dated :

November 7th 1972

Third term's ended — it's exams now — and by next week the campus will be cleared of all the weedy undergrads. I've started writing my thesis; it will hinge on Vaughan and Traherne with a lot of sociological material on child-rearing practices in 17th century England.



December 24th 1972

This may be my last letter to you from Flinders, but Valli will be here soon I expect, to continue from where I have left off. I've had a telegram from the University of Queensland offering me a tutorship in English, commencing on the 1st of February 1973.

University of Queensland, March 18th 1973

Queensland University is one of the largest in Australia. The English Department is ENORMOUS — occupies two floors of an eight-storey Arts Building. There are about 45 members of staff in English.

I've organised all my tutorials for the first three days in the week so that I have two days clear for private research. I've also placed great emphasis on progressive assessment in place of exams. So my students write four well-researched essays for me during the term and sit for just one hour-long exam at the end of the term. I am

living in a little flat by myself reasonably close to St. Lucia. It's a fully furnished flat with a wild overgrown tropical garden which appeals to me. I've also bought a Morris 1100 which has added to the sense of total independence.

Following in Kanchana's footsteps, Valli Subramaniam, M.A. Literature 1971, has also obtained a Ph. D. scholarship at Flinders University. A regular correspondent, she kept us in touch with her work as lecturer in English at Coimbatore, before leaving for Australia.

Flinders, June 8th 1973

I'm very happy here, and settling down to Shaw. I haven't got any tutorials this term, but probably will have some next term.

I saw a production by the Royal Shakespeare Company of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" — an interesting experience. A lot of elaborate cage-like geometrical sets formed the background and the actors performed skilful acrobatics on the stage! On the whole, the visual imagery never gave us a chance to concentrate on the poetry. But the direction showed some very imaginative interpretation of Shakespeare's words.

And Valli's sister (Lakshmi, II B.A. Literature 1971) also wrote about her new baby:

Coonoor, February 6th 1973

My daughter is well, and naturally I feel that she is a model baby — she's extremely small-made, and looks very, very wise! I understand the Immortality Ode a little better now!

Rachel Mathews, B.Sc. Maths 1971, writes from Singapore:

July 25th 1973

I have just finished my Part II B.Sc. exams. They were ghastly, but it's a relief that it is over till next June when I'll have another one coming on. I am now on a two-week self-imposed holiday after which I'll be attending a computer-programming course for twelve weeks. And then back to the London B.Sc. course.

Also from Singapore, comes news of Margaret Cherian, B.A. Literature 1971:

June 6th 1972

I am continuing my music; I've passed an exam I did three months ago, and I have one coming up in August. I may also try my A.T.C.L. (Teacher's) exam in December. I also hope to do my diploma exams of the Associated Board of Music (Royal Schools of London).

February 3rd 1973

I got engaged on December 16th last year. My fiancé is from Kuala Lumpur, although he did his entire college education in Perth, Australia. We hope to be married in May this year. If my visa and other documents are in order, I'll be going with him in June. His sister, Susie Verghese did B.Sc. Zoology in Stella Maris 1962-1966. I am doing a computer-programmer Systems analyst course which keeps me busy. I got my driving licence last September, too.

Margaret sent us her wedding invitation for May 19th 1973. We pray that God may bless her and her husband with a very happy married life.

A brief but welcome note from N Balasaraswathi, M.A. Economics 1966, gave us some good news :

Madras, February 2nd 1973

I am glad to inform you that I have won the National Award for Teachers for the year 1971-1972.

Congratulations, Balasaraswathi !

A 1972 Chemistry graduate, Rebecca Joseph, writes nostalgically from her Lucknow College where she is preparing for an M.Sc. in Bio-chemistry :

Lucknow, December 12th 1972

Christmas especially brings nostalgic memories of the happy times I had in both College and Hostel. I shall miss the Chapel Services, the carol singing and the other activities of this season. I am happy with my course, and really grateful for this opportunity to continue my studies.

Christine Gomez (nee Lobo), M.A. Literature 1970, is an enthusiastic teacher.

Trichy, July 9th 1972

I really enjoyed our English Teaching Institute in Madurai. Most of the teaching staff and the participants were friendly, so I had a pleasant stay there. The staff were efficient and learned. For me, the best part of the Institute was the corporate life led there, exchanging ideas and having fun with the other participants.

November 8th 1972

I feel quite confident about teaching P.G.s now. I'm really enjoying my Shakespeare for the I M.A.s, perhaps more than the students themselves.

Cheryl Peters, B.A. Social Sciences 1971, gives us news of her former classmates as well as of herself :

Bombay, August 1972

I joined Sophia Polytechnic at the beginning of last month and am doing a one-year diploma course in Social Communications. This polytechnic offers many other job-oriented courses. We have some programme or other each day — yesterday it was Mr. Rajmohan Gandhi who spoke to us. Today we are having a cultural programme — “The Costumes of India” — and I am going as the girl from Orissa.

December 12th 1972

This term we don't have classes, but we have to do six weeks training. I am working at Esso, in the Public Affairs Department, from 9-30 a.m. to 5-50 p.m. I find it so different from the college routine. We are kept pretty busy in the office with some project, or other, it is interesting and great fun.

Premila Kurian, B.A. Art 1972, also wrote from Bombay :

August 3rd 1972

I went to Delhi for an interview and they suggested I do my post-graduate course at the National Institute of Design, Ahmedabad, which is career-oriented, and supposed to be excellent for Graphic Arts. The students are even given a stipend while being trained and are then sent abroad for further training. You realize how attractive this course would seem to me.

From Baroda, comes news of Pushya Paul, B.A. Economics 1972 :

September, 28th 1972

I joined M.A. Political Science last year. We have eight papers, with an exam in four at the end of the first year. This year our portions were much more vast and difficult. On the whole I am enjoying the course, though it is hard, precisely because we do not study ancient but current affairs.

Rani, B.A. History 1971, tells us :

Bombay, September 7th 1972

I am doing the Homemaker's course at Nirmala Niketan, and I like it. There are a lot of practicals which take a great deal of time.

The atmosphere in Bombay is completely different from Madras and it takes some time to get used to it. Life is very fast and the people seem to be perpetually in motion.

In Delhi, Vrinda, M.A. Economics 1971, is teaching herself while preparing for further exams :

April 22nd 1973

I received your letter some time back, while I was working at **Asia '72**. Life was hectic then! Now I'm learning typing by a Teach-yourself system. I'm thinking of sitting for the Central Services exam this year, and am busy with **Economic Thought** which forms part of the General Economics paper. It's nice to be back with the Mercantilists, etc. after a break of a year.

In Alberta, Canada, Gaynor Macedo, B.Sc. Maths 1967, enjoys teaching and keeps herself up-to-date with all the latest ideas in the profession :

Vermilion, March 6th 1972

Last week 1200 teachers from the north-eastern section of Alberta met in Edmonton for the annual convention. The theme was Individualised Instruction and Education for a new world. The general session speakers were excellent.

March 12th 1973

This winter I've been taking a course in Canadian history. I enjoyed the first part. Now that we're getting involved in constitutional history, I don't find it so interesting. Our Vermilion Live Theatre Group has just finished its annual production **Nuts and Bolts**. It's a farce in three acts, and it certainly went over well.

Did I tell you that last November another teacher and I rented a tiny little house, with two microscopic bedrooms, a miniature living-room and a comparatively large kitchen? The nicest thing about having a house to yourself is the freedom it gives you.

Vaijyanthi Raghunathan, M.A. Literature 1966 and former English Lecturer, writes from Canada about her studies and travels :

June 6th 1972

My husband and I have just come back from a long trip to the East. Raghu had a conference at Quebec and we utilised the opportunity to see Quebec and Montreal and extended our trip to Ottawa and the Niagara Falls — awe-inspiring and magnificent. Quebec and Montreal are very quaint and picturesque.

December 12th 1972

I have joined the master's programme in Theatre. This year I have to attend two lectures and two seminars every week. These involve a study of drama and the theatre not only in England but also in France, Germany and America. Reading assignments are given every week, and discussions held on every play read. There is also a laboratory session once a week in which students get to know a little about the production side — they help in scene or costume design, carpentry and so on.

April 29th 1973

My exams are over and I have just handed in my last term paper. My final papers were on Kaiser's **Morn to Midnight** (expressionistic elements in the last scene) and a study of Shakespeare's tragic fool and tragic clown, with special reference to Lear's fool and Macbeth's porter. My two graduate papers are on the epic theatre of Bertolt Brecht and how it works in **Mother Courage**, and Eugene Ionesco: Is he anti-theatre? I have taken a year's leave of absence now from my studies, and hope to finish the course the year after next.

(The reason for the leave is the baby daughter who arrived in June, and who will keep her mother busy for the next year.)

The freedom of the heart to love begins in the family circle, and is thence extended to the world around. The majority of our old students are home-makers, who write mainly about their homes and families, though their letters often include news of travel also.

Mrs. Meena Vijay Raghunath, M.A. Literature 1966, tells us about her son:

Kodaikanal, April 27th 1972

You will be eager to hear all about my little son. He was a tiny chap at birth, weighing only 5 lbs 10 ounces. He was born on January 1st — a New Year Baby! He is now a sturdy and tall little fellow, not chubby but quite healthy, especially after coming here to Kodi. He is quite fair and is a mixture of all of us at present.

From Calcutta, we have news from Mrs. Meera Balachandran, M.A. Literature 1970.

May 5th 1972

The last time we met was at my wedding on January 28th 1971. Since coming here in April last year, my husband suggested that I take up a job. I was not confident then of managing both house-keeping and a job, but now after a year's experience of home management, I feel inclined to work somewhere.

Swarup (Meera's class-mate) who got married last November, is settled in Dhanbad, Bihar. I accompanied my husband on one of his tours to Dhanbad and stayed with Swarup a few days in January. We had a wonderful time recollecting our college days and our discussions of Hopkins, Yeats, Eliot, etc.

A former College President, Usha Oomen, B.A. History 1969, informed us of her engagement in England:

London, February 24th 1972

Now for the big news. I'm going to get married! He's English, an architect — you know him, he used to be in Madras, in fact he came to College often. I met him soon after I came here. Well, Sister, surprised?

Edinburgh, June 22nd 1973

Our flat is tiny — two rooms — with a dot of a garden, but we were lucky to get it; the housing problem here is at its worst, prices are rocketing and places are scarce, it's a tough life for young couples! We are rebuilding, cleaning, painting, etc., — it's great fun, and having an architect for a husband certainly does help. Edinburgh is beautiful but cold. There are very good theatres here, and visiting orchestras, plus the Festival which transforms the city.

We have a rather battered Mini, so we manage to get out of town a good deal: we're hoping to go to Iona next month.

Gita Sitaram, M.A. Literature 1972, was teaching when she wrote the following letter, but has now married and settled down in Poona :

Madras, August 8th 1972

I've got the most delightful news for you — the University sent me a rank certificate yesterday, stating that I am second in the University for M.A. Literature.

What it is to belong to Stella Maris one realises only after leaving it. My sisters keep bringing me news of the preparation for the Jubilee — you must be very busy now.

Also in Poona, Aruna Sampath, B.Sc. Chemistry 1972, tells us :

July 8th 1972

Here I am a full-fledged housewife. I have become acclimatised to the surroundings and the general run of things. It seems very strange in the initial stages to be shouldering responsibilities after having led a thoroughly carefree and easy life.

Regina (Idiculla) Abraham, B.Sc. Zoology 1967, wrote before her sister Mercy (M.A. Literature 1971) arrived in the U.S. with her husband.

Massachusetts, May 11th 1972

Yes, I have two little girls, so you can imagine how busy I am. Spring is here and I must take Reena out everyday, or she brings the house down. Reena is five months now, and as active as her sister. They are such dolls! I'm excited about Mercy's arrival here. It will be lovely to have her here, even though she'll be living quite far away.

Jennifer Braganza paid us a visit — she is working at Norwalk. Dymphna Pothen is at Texas, taking a course in Biology — we write to each other. Leela Mathai is in Washington, and has a baby boy. Libby Thomas will be coming from Africa, and probably staying in New York — I am looking forward to meeting her.

And Mercy wrote later :

Michigan, November 16th 1972

I'm in Detroit now, it's a nice place. Yesterday I saw snow for the first time. I never thought it would be so beautiful — I had always thought of it as being something

hard, but it's so soft and fluffy that I couldn't stay in, so I ran out to feel it, and now I've got a bad cold! We have a very nice apartment, and cooking is fun — I was so nervous whenever I used to think of it.

We'll be going to Boston for Thanksgiving. I am longing to see Regi and her babies — it's been such a long time! We speak to each other often on the phone.

Mrs. Georgina (George) Mathan, M.A. Literature 1970 and former English Lecturer, keeps us in touch with her family affairs. The last letter brought especially good news :

Trivandrum, June 21st 1973

This is to give you the good news that by God's loving grace, I had a baby boy on May 24th. I had a difficult time, but God saw me through everything safely. Thank you so much for your prayers — please continue to pray for us. We have decided to call the baby Sushil. When I look down at him, I can scarcely believe he is mine.



Far away in Canada, Mrs. Nirmala Sridhar, M.A. Literature 1967, and English Lecturer for three years, is now a happy mother :

Quebec, September 17th 1972

Srikala (born in Canada in 1971) is just as cheerful and charming as ever. She follows me about the whole apartment. She considers everything edible, especially shoes and sandals. She seems to have an ear for music; if she hears lilting music, she keeps time by clapping; if she is standing, she begins to dance. She is very friendly towards everyone, smiling, nodding at people, even making noises — she really asks for attention and compliments. We two are fine, and spend all our spare time dancing attention on Srikala.

February 15th 1973

At Christmas the shops and streets were full of decorations, but I was less impressed with it all this year than last year. Everything, from a safety pin to a car, is a potential gift item, and hence is sold at an exorbitant rate. From December 1st the shops work 15 to 20 hours a day; the count-down starts as early as November or even October. You may not have a white Christmas there, but I think you have the real Christmas spirit!

Srikala is as active as ever, getting into some mischief all the time. Every opportunity she gets she puts snow into her mouth. The scratch marks on this letter are hers; in spite of my protests, she obviously wanted to write you a letter!

Our latest 'staff wedding' was that of Philomena Fernandez, B.Sc. Chemistry 1971, demonstrator 1972-73. Married in June, Philomena, now Mrs. D'Silva, writes from Bombay :

July 18th 1973

Yes, I have settled into my new home. The place is lovely, with Juhu Beach close by. Santa Cruz airport is in the vicinity, and so the planes are my constant companions, flying just over my roof.

Now that I have entered a new life, I am sure the training I had at Stella Maris will go a long way towards making life happy not only for me but also for everybody around me. I am so happy to have been associated with the College for six years, first as a student and later as a member of the staff. Those happy days will always be cherished by me.

The last group of students whose letters we would like to share are those who are broadening their experience and understanding through travel and a variety of jobs.

Shobhana Krishnan, M.A. Literature 1969, and English Lecturer for three years and a half, first announced her engagement :

Cannanore, November 27th 1972

I should be getting married next February. Venugopal is an accountant in a shipping firm in Saudi Arabia. He will be flying down about February 2nd, and will leave by February 26th.

Then, after the wedding :

Bahrain, April 25th 1973

We arrived in Bahrain by Air India on March 13th. It is a tiny independent island off the coast of Saudi Arabia. It's a modern, bustling town full of Indians. The airport buildings in the Middle East are very impressive.



The Arab women are modern in their dress, but still have to wear purdah when they go out. Saudi Arabia is very strict regarding clothes. In Dammam there are few Indians, but in Al Khobar, 20 miles away there are plenty! Khobar is rather Americanised because of the Arab-American Oil Company. We go there every week to collect magazines and books. I have begun to learn Arabic, so I am quite busy.

Girija Suresh, B.A. Art 1971, is married and working in Australia :

Melbourne, 1972

It's exactly a month and a half since I left India. Melbourne is a beautiful city and the people here are extremely nice. I was very lucky to get a job with International Harvesters, working as a Key Punch Operator; soon I shall be posted in the Operation Department. This means I'll be operating the huge computer machines. I shall probably return to India after two years, and I hope to return with a thorough knowledge in the computer field.

How is college? I miss College life very much. The Stella Maris atmosphere can never be achieved anywhere else. My college years were just wonderful, and the four years that I spent there are those I cherish most.

Dhanesh Moodley, B.Sc. Zoology 1971, writes from Africa :

Pietermaritzburg, May 20th 1973

I do miss Stella Maris — four years there cannot easily be forgotten — there was so much aliveness there, positiveness.

I am making plans to go to Britain soon — I may go to Switzerland as well, where I have some friends. Travelling does immense good for one. I love going places, meeting interesting people, observing customs and cultures and getting to know our earth better.

Not many Stella Marians have taken to hair-dressing as a career, but that is what Irene Lobo, B.A. Literature 1972, is training for in England :

Birmingham, December 7th 1972

Lots of people think I'm queer to decide on hair-dressing after getting a B.A. We close on December 19th, and the same day I start my Christmas job as junior apprentice in a hairdressing saloon. I work till 23rd, and leave the same night for Scotland.

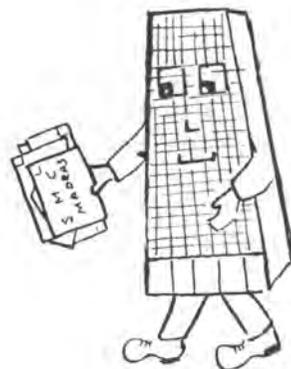
Mrs. Revathi Narayanan, Maths Lecturer here after her M.Sc. Maths 1970, has been exploring the United States, as well as teaching and studying there :

Connecticut, May 15th 1972

I'm presently teaching at St. Joseph's College, this fall I'll be teaching two courses, and at the same time attending Computer programming classes at Trinity College.

August, 23rd 1972

I have been moving about and visiting quite a lot of places. I have been to New York, Boston, New Hampshire, Albany and a few more places. We may be going to Washington's White House shortly.



Also in the States is Rosalind Paul, M.Sc. Maths 1968 :

Chicago, February 23rd 1973

Now that one and a half years have passed, I am well adjusted to the life here. I am not working, as we have a daughter, Assunta, and I have to take care of her. She is one year old and has started walking. I have been to nearby places, but not yet to New York.

Shyamala Lakshman, M.A. Literature 1967, writes from Delhi :

June 28th 1972

Let me give you some lovely news — I am getting married! My fiancé is a journalist, also working on the Hindustan Times. The wedding will be in late August in Madras.

I have finished the technical part of my training, having spent a month and a half in the Press and departments connected with it. Now I am with the Evening News — they have their own style of headlines and page make-up, far more dramatic than the morning paper. I am enjoying my time with them, and hope that ultimately I'll be put here. I intend to continue after marriage.

At the moment I am doing a five-day crash course on broadcasting at All India Radio. I work for the Youth Station here off and on, and they selected me to do this course.

Juliana Chacko, B.A. Economics, is working in Bombay, after taking her M.A. from Bombay University :

Bombay, August 11th 1972

I am now working on a World Bank Project. I'm on the special team studying I.C.I.C.I. operations in India in the field of investments. World Bank personnel will be joining us later. The work is interesting and responsible — the data we collect is not checked again. I am the only girl on the project!

May 8th 1973

The project was very interesting, and I learned many new things. I was lucky to have worked on the core of a three-volume report, and am now supposed to be one of the handful of social cost-benefit analysts in the world! The project is now over, and as we worked very hard, we have been given a paid holiday, the whole of May, after just nine months. Then I'll be joining I.C.I.C.I. on its regular side as a junior officer in the economics department.

Mrs. Shyamala Raman, M.A. Economics 1967 and former Lecturer in Economics, is in the U.S.A She writes :

Connecticut, December 11th 1972

It was wonderful being home this summer and meeting all of you. I cherish all the pleasant moments I spent at Stella Maris. I have been busy since I returned. I took a course in East European Politics, to find out about those countries. I am continuing with my music lessons. I am also working part-time at the University, doing some research assistance with relation to finances for higher education. So I have a full schedule.

I met Revathy, M.Sc. Maths, at a movie at Hartford. She is teaching maths at St. Joseph's College.

And so our alumnae scattered all over India and the world influence it for the better in their different ways. May God bless their efforts, in the home and in public life, to enrich all the lives they touch.

Now it is time to sit quiet,

face to face with Thee,

and to sing dedication of life

in this silent and overflowing  
leisure.

—Tagore—

God has created your spirits

with wings to fly

in the spacious firmament

of love and freedom.

—Khalil Gibran—

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He is happy

who sees *himself* in all others

and all others

in himself.

—The Upanishads—

And so I prayed,

and understanding was given me ;

I entreated,

and the spirit of Wisdom cam  
to me.

—The Book of Wisdom—

## University Examination Results, 1973

Name of the Examination	Number appeared	Passed in			Total	Percentage of passes
		I Cl.	II Cl.	III Cl.		
M.A. Economics	25	...	24	...	24	96%
M.A. English	24	1	22	...	23	95.8%
Part II M.A. Social Work	11	...	...	Passed	10	91%
Part I M.A. Social Work	11	...	...	Passed	11	100%
Part I M.A. History of Fine Arts	6	...	...	Passed	5	83.3%
M.Sc. (Maths.) Whole Exam.	21	14	5	...	19	90.4%
Part I M.Sc. Mathematics	21	...	...	Passed	18	85.7%
III B.A. History	25	1	4	15	20	80%
III B.A. Social Sciences	38	...	11	23	34	89.4%
III B.A. Economics	82	1	21	56	78	95%
III B.A. Drawing & Painting and History of Fine Arts	29	12	16	1	29	100%
III B.A. English	38	...	18	20	38	100%
III B.Sc. Mathematics	39	34	2	2	38	97.4%
III B.Sc. Chemistry	30	29	1	...	30	100%
III B.Sc. Zoology	41	23	15	3	41	100%
II B.A. History	32	...	...	Passed	21	65.6%
II B.A. Economics	69	...	...	Passed	61	78.4%
II B.A. History of F. Arts	22	...	...	Passed	18	81.8%
II B.A. Sociology	39	...	...	Passed	30	76.9%
II B.A. English	31	...	...	Passed	29	96.7%
II B.Sc. Mathematics	40	...	...	Passed	40	100%
II B.Sc. Chemistry	30	...	...	Passed	28	93.3%
II B.Sc. Zoology	35	...	...	Passed	26	74.2%
I B.A. All Branches	221	...	...	Passed	180	81.4%
I B.Sc. Mathematics	41	...	...	Passed	41	100%
I B.Sc. Chemistry	31	...	...	Passed	31	100%
I B.Sc. Zoology	41	...	...	Passed	38	92.6%
Pre-University	626	403	148	39	590	94.2%

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**Statement about ownership and other particulars about newspaper Stella Maris College Magazine  
to be published in the first issue every year after last day of February  
FORM IV—(See Rule 8)**

- |   |     |                                     |
|---|-----|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Place of Publication   | ... | 14, Cathedral Road, Madras-600086   |
| 2. Periodicity of its publication   | ... | Annual                              |
| 3. Printer's Name   | ... | R. Surianarayanan                   |
| (whether Citizen of India)  | ... | Citizen of India                    |
| (If foreigner, State the country<br>of origin)  | ... | —                                   |
| Address   | ... | 11, Anderson Street, Madras-600001  |
| 4. Publisher's Name   | ... | Sister Irene Mathias, F.M.M., M.Sc. |
| (whether Citizen of India)  | ... | Citizen of India                    |
| (If foreigner, State the<br>country of origin)  | ... | —                                   |
| Address   | ... | 14, Cathedral Road, Madras-600086   |
| 5. Editor's Name  | ... | Sister Sheila O'Neill, F.M.M.       |
| (whether Citizen of India)  | ... | No.                                 |
| (If foreigner, State the<br>country of origin)  | ... | U.K.                                |
| Address   | ... | 14, Cathedral Road, Madras-600086   |
| 6. Names and addresses of individuals<br>who own the newspaper and part-<br>ners or shareholders holding more<br>than one per cent of the total capital | ... | Stella Maris College, Madras-600086 |

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

Date : 29—9—73

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



