

# MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE ANNUAL

1986-87









# CARMELIAN

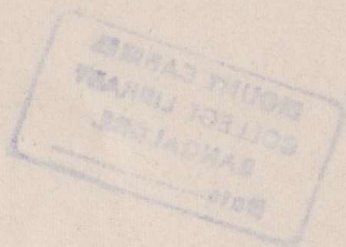


Mount Carmel College Annual

1986—87



CARMEIAN



Mount Carmel College Annual

1988-89



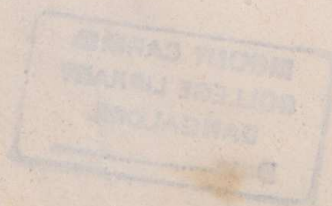
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To Mary, Mother of God  
we entrust  
the youth confided to our care.



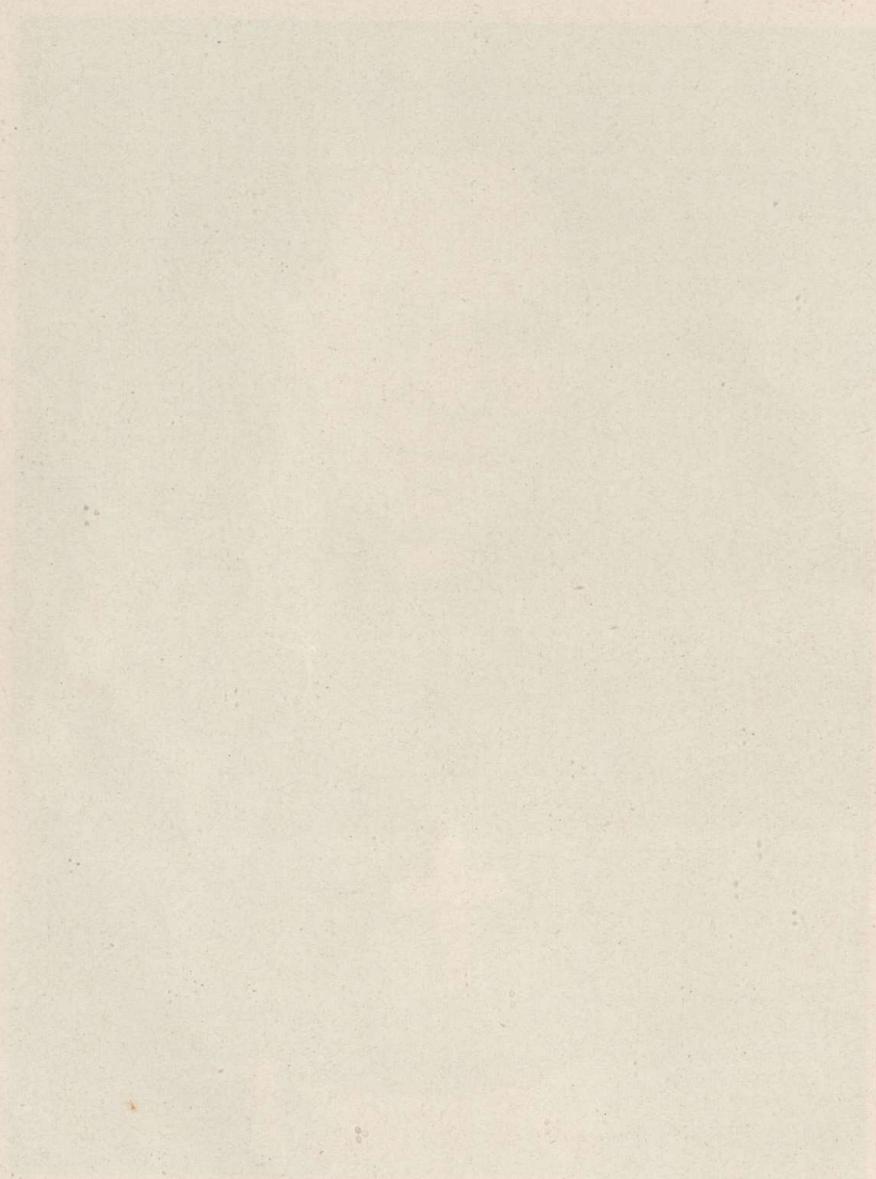






**Most Rev. Dr. Alphonsus Mathias**  
**Archbishop of Bangalore**







## Editorial

*Time passes, another characteristic activity filled year has whizzed by. The heated tempo continued through the year, a year of sharing and giving. A giving of self in the true spirit — in both staff and students alike. A year of challenges thrown out and accepted with aplomb and commitment.*

*At Mount Carmel, characteristically we have won great acclaim in various fields. Every achievement is a fresh affirmation that Mount Carmel is growing from strength to strength. As I 'Crystal gaze' I see a rich harvest of personalities who await to step out of the portals of Mount Carmel to carve a niche for themselves in this highly competitive and increasingly complex world. Mount Carmel has provided the forum for this.*

*A verse in the Panchatantra says — "Low men do not start any venture for fear of meeting obstacles, the middle ones start, but leave off; where there are obstacles; the high minded persist in the right course though again and again beset with difficulties". It was with faith and conviction that we ventured to launch new projects this year: The Mounts Pioneer Company, The Phoenix Nature Club, Two Campus Newspapers— Stylus and Chrysalis, The Staff Interact, Vistas — a Cultural Festival cum fete 'Anganwadi' and the 'Front Runners'— the all girl band, all of which testify to this high minded persistence.*

On the magazine front, the 'Ed-Shed' was the place where we tried desperately to perform heroic writing feats. Damsels, who were diffident about their pen craft — got cracking. The student Editorial team ran from pillar to post to collect articles, poems, essays, snaps, snippets, captions, drawings — all which intermingle in these pages to give you the Mount Carmel Annual — 1937.

My thanks are due to the contributors, artists, photographers, typists, the Library Staff, and a special word of praise to the Student Magazine Committee who, I sincerely mean it have worked very hard.

For me, working on the magazine has been a thoroughly exciting, exhausting, enjoyable and exhilarating experience!



Gail Kueper



# STUDENT EDITORIAL

(The Inside Story)

Working on the magazine this year was a stimulating experience. perks ...all along the way,—chickees and canteen coffee AND them tamarinds swaying above the Ed. Shed....

Ah....the Ed. Shed — a little box tucked into a forgotten corner, boasting an Ed. cupboard that never ever got unlocked (the keys having been lost in B.C. 107) and a roof like a sieve during the monsoons. Tamarinds above and ink-stains below and generally....dust omnipresent.

Only a little more

I have to write

Then I'll give over

And bid the the world good-night

— Robert Herrick

The "little more" we have to write about are our "Avoidance Tactics" ! We doubt A. K. realises how often we've been ducking behind garbage bins when we spy her armed with a bundle of mag. papers. Our standard reactions to summons were :

"Tell A. K. I'm absconding !"

"Tell her I died !"

"Tell her ...tell her I have the flu. Oh no, that was used by Sujaya....hey, tell her I have Keratomalacia."

And so the days passed. THEN came the proof reading which had us actually attending our classes ... the **only** way we could dodge that painful task. The very sight of proof reading material saw the start of the 50 metre dash (in the opposite direction), which brings to mind Lord Brooke's words.

'Enraged I write I know not what'

STUDENT EDITORIAL  
(The Inside Story)

We say : .... we proof read, we know not how ! The sole exception was Leslie Smith who seemed to enjoy the task thoroughly.

In the middle of all this magazine diplomacy was Bharath, our printer. Now, Bharath is not even his real name, its Venkatesh ... but that's yet another one story. All too often, the poor man was left stranded in the library, his faith in the concept of printing deadlines fast diminishing, thanks largely to us, we shamefacedly admit.

Though to a large extent, it was more play than work, we did put in a page here, and a page there, and were honestly baffled to find that we had actually compiled a full-fledged magazine. This end-of-the-year miracle was of course the result of Miss Anita Kuryan's perseverance. And we must say we enjoyed the whole show !.

We hope the innovations introduced in this magazine get a good reception. Do enjoy the magazine !

***Student Editors.***

Radha Venugopalan  
Bina Soundarajan  
Sujaya Nair  
Anuradha Das

***Art***

***Maya Ramaswamy***



## **Centenary - the Carmelite Sisters of St. Teresa**

The Community Public celebration, by Mount Carmel Convent and College, Bangalore of the centenary of their Congregation — the Carmelite Sisters of Saint Teresa, was held on March 2nd. The evening began with the celebration of the Eucharist by His Grace Most Rev. Dr. Alphonse Mathias, Archbishop of Bangalore with many Priests, Diocesan and Religious. In his homily on the Foundress Mother Teresa of St. Rose of Lima, born at Madras on January 29th 1858. His Grace stressed her deep prayer-life, resulting in her Apostolates of Education and Social work, so beneficial to our Country.

After tea there was an inspiring Cultural Programme in the College Auditorium, at the outset of which the Principal, Sister Jesuine Marie welcomed their many guests. Mother M. Digna, Superior General, outlined briefly, with thankfulness to God, the origin, spirit and growth of this Carmelite Congregation, during the space of a hundred years and its contribution, educational and social to the Country. Its Institutions including Mount Carmel College, were well known, she said. Mount Carmel College bifurcated from St. Teresa's College, Ernakulam in 1942 and working in Trichur, had been invited to Bangalore in 1948 by His Grace Most Rev. Thomas Pothacamury, the Archbishop.

The play "Helen Keller" by Mrs. Louella Lobo Prabhu, was superbly enacted by the College students, directed by Mrs. Ranita Hirjit, of the English Department.

Sister M. Antoinette, first Principal of the College, next spoke on the life and work of Mother Mary, the Second Superior General and Foundress of Mount Carmel College, despite what seemed immense difficulties. She expressed the deep gratitude of the Congregation to the Chief Minister Sri K. C. Reddy

and his Cabinet and to the Vice-Chancellors of the Mysore University, to which the College was then affiliated. Mother Mary may be considered as the pioneer of women's education in the Mysore State, in which there are 23 Institutions of the C.S.S.T. now. She described Mother Mary as a woman of rare gifts and talents including her sense of the Church, deep prayerfulness, administrative ability, strong principles, compassionate to all human needs, especially to the needs of the poor. She had a vast circle of friends from all walks of life. She seemed to have a resemblance to St. Teresa of Avila of the Order of Carmel and Mother Teresa of St. Rose of Lima, the Foundress. Like all noble hearts, she was grateful for the least favour received. Sister asked the blessings of God, through the prayers of the fore-runners of their Congregation, on all their benefactors over the years. She asked for the prayers too, of the assembly, for their leaders at the Centre and in the States, that the Country might return to its ancient values of tolerance and peace and so unite with good leaders all over the world, especially His Holiness Pope John Paul II, reminding us always, of the oneness of the human family, made for God's glory and our eternal happiness.

Sister Stella Maris, Superior of the Institution, addressed herself to His Grace the Archbishop, Clergy, Sisters, benefactors and friends present. She thanked all who had helped so much in the growth of the institution — the Government, University, Department of Public Instruction, Civic authorities, Doctors, Lawyers, Engineers and all others.

The joyous singing of the Papal Anthem concluded the function.



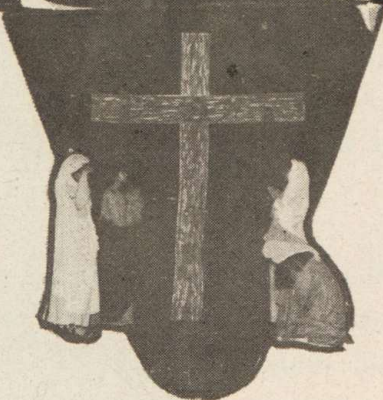
**In the Auditorium : Tableau : Mary, Mother of the Church**



**Praising the Lord**



**in Music and Song**



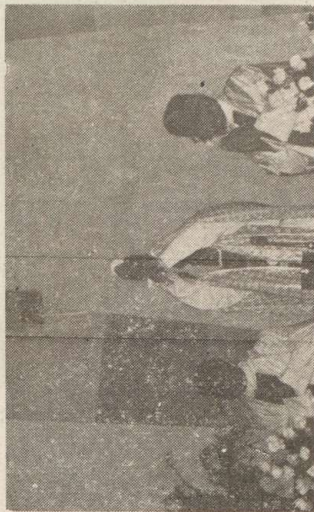
***Our Chief Guest : Dr. Alfred Mascarenhas,***  
**Dean, St. John's Medical College.**



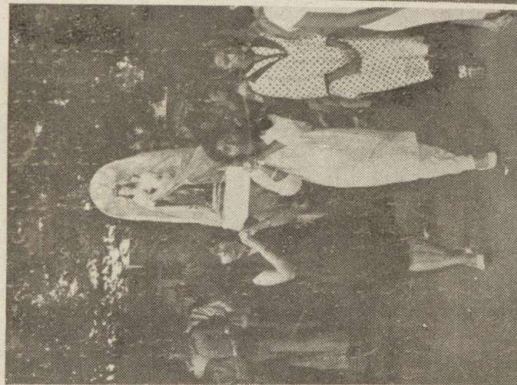
## FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL

The Liturgical Programme.

Chief Celebrant : Rev. Fr. Ignatius Pinto.



The concelebrated Mass is  
being offered  
" This is My Body. "



View of the Procession in  
honour of the Blessed Virgin  
Mary of Carmel.



Distribution of Scapulars



## "Unite all Nations in your Love"

(16 July — Mount Carmel Convent — Palace Road, Bangalore)

As twilight fell and the shadows lengthened, voices young and old were raised in song as the annual procession in honour of our Lady of Mount Carmel wound its way into the serene and austere chapel.

Rev. Fr. Ignatius Pinto — Administrator of the Arch diocese of Bangalore was the main celebrant at the Eucharistic sacrifice and concelebrating with him were Rev. Fr. Joseph D'Silva, Parish Priest, St. Mary's Basilica, and Rev. Fr. Jerome Rego, Chaplain of Mount Carmel and Director of St. Aloysius College.

Many were the enrolments in the Brown Scapular that day and powerful the sermon that spoke of the place of Mary the mother of God. There was hushed silence as the Sisters of Mt. Carmel reaffirmed their devotion to our Lady.

After mass, the congregation filed out, clutching the scapulars to their hearts, symbolic of their faith and devotion. An informal tea-break was followed by the cultural programme woven around the theme of Unity and Brotherhood.

A warm welcome extended by Sr. Jesuine Marie Principal, Mt. Carmel College, was followed by a joyful rendition of "Unite all Nations in your Love" sung by a group of smiling children and youth holding hands thus proclaiming the theme for the evening in no uncertain terms. Short or tall, dark or fair, thin or plump, in sarees, dresses or salwars, Indian or foreign, one thing united them — hands reaching out in Love and trust, conscious of the loving fatherhood, of God and the protective mantle of Mary.

The poem 'Brother' opened on to the haunting scene at the foot of the cross when Jesus gave his mother to John and through him to the whole world, making us all brothers and sisters in the Love of one mother.

This was followed by the stirring poem "Unity" which was naturally enough, the theme on which the chief guest Dr. Alfred Mascarenhas, Dean, St. John's Medical College, gave us his reflections. He spoke of unity and brotherhood in his quiet, persuasive and inimitable style, reminding the sisters, the staff, the students and well-wishers of the Mount Carmel College of their commitment to the cause of universal brotherhood.

The programme drew to a close with a tableau of the Mother of Mount Carmel not with a suppliant kneeling at her foot but held lovingly in her arms, leaning with confidence on the breast of the Heavenly mother smiling fondly at her. A vision of love and tenderness, to be treasured and remembered in moments of darkness and despair.

Rev. Sr. Stella Maris, Superior, gratefully acknowledging the help and goodwill extended to the congregations, by the reverend fathers, the sisters of other congregations, the friends of Mount Carmel and above all the members of the Blue Army and the Legionaries of Mary.

With a sense of fulfilment and joy, the audience dispersed as the echoes of Papal Anthem died down.

**Mrs. Annie Chandy Mathew**  
**English Department**



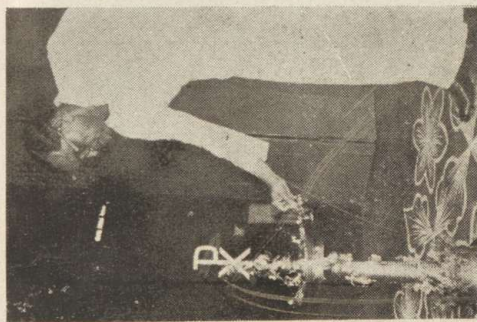


**Our Principal : Sr. Jesuine Marie**







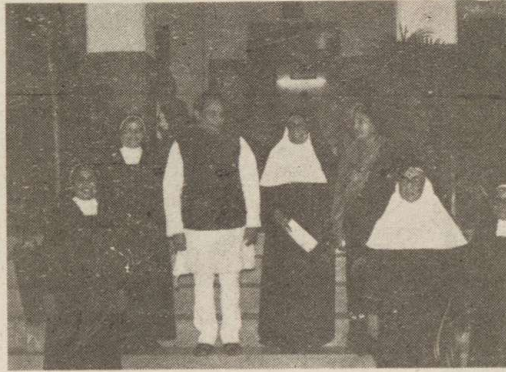


C.S. S.T. CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS  
REGIONAL EXHIBITION  
AT MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE  
HELD ON 14, 15 and 16 JANUARY 1987





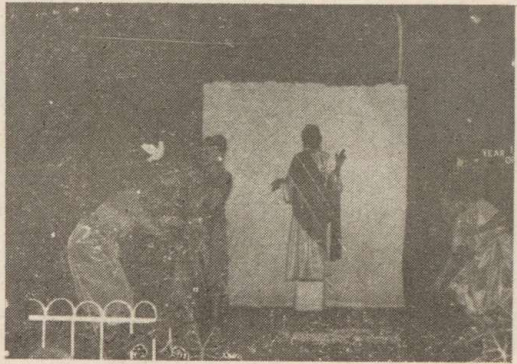
# PARENTS DAY



THE CHIEF GUEST ARRIVES AND IS GREETED



WITH FLOWERS



DANCE



AND DRAMA



# Mount Carmel College, Bangalore

## PARENTS' DAY, 1986

Under the Distinguished Patronage of

**Sri RAMAKRISHNA HEGDE**

Chief Minister, Government of Karnataka

## REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1985-86

Sir, Rev. Fathers, Sisters and all our distinguished guests, it is my pleasure to place before you a brief Report of the working of the College during the academic year 1985-86.

No effort of ours has been effective in keeping down the annual increase in strength which soared to 2686 though it decreased to 2471 at the end of the year due chiefly to the large number of students who secured admission for professional courses and left the College.

### EXAMINATION RESULTS

Examination		Number appeared	Number passed	Percentage of passes	First Class	Second Class
II PRE-UNIVERSITY						
Arts	....	111	104	94	61	32
Science	....	264	248	94	203	34
Commerce	....	174	165	95	97	45
DEGREE						
I B.A.	....	158	116	73.41	51	34
I B.Sc.	....	153	105	68.62	74	26
I B.Com.	....	173	135	73.03	42	70
II B.A.	...	139	93	67	32	31
II B.Sc.	....	147	112	76	76	35
II B.Com.	....	150	131	87.3	66	50
III B.A.	....	123	112	91.1	56	43
III B.Sc.	....	118	97	83	71	28
III B.Com.	....	63	51	80.95	28	16

### DISTINCTIONS

fI Pre-University Arts	{	Sumitha Sadanand	....	I Rank
		Suparna Shanthgiri	....	II Rank
	-}	Manu Srinivas	....	III Rank
		Priya Manjuran	....	IV Rank
	l	Sabrina Sainy	....	V Rank
II Pre-University Commerce		Aarti Hasija	....	III Rank

Final B.A.	....	Rashmi Chowdhary	....	III Rank
		Suvina George	....	VI Rank
		Shamitha, S.	....	V Rank
Final B.Sc,	....	Divya Kumari Prasad	....	III Rank

### Duputation of Faculty members to Conferences and Seminars

We are convinced that the academic standards of a college depend to a large extent on the quality of the teaching staff. It is for this reason that we have encouraged their participation in courses, seminars and conferences.

Some programmes attended by them are detailed below :

Name of Staff Members	Course / Seminar / Conference Attended	Duration	Venue
Sisters Jesuine Marie, Genevieve, Josephette, and Jesuina	Christian Discipleship	6 days	Indian Institute of Management, Bangalore.
Mrs. Susheela Punitha	1. Workshop ESP / ELT Presented a paper on critical Elucidation		Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore
	2. Colloquim on Humanistic approaches to Teaching		Mount Carmel College
Miss Anita Kuryan	1. Workshop in ESP / ELT		Indian Institute of Science
	2. Colloquium on Humanistic Approaches to Teaching		Mount Carmel College
Miss Lorna Raymond, Mrs. Rebekah Benjamin, Miss Claudina Bertie, Miss Manjula Cheriath		1 day	
Miss Anita Kuryan, Mrs. Jacintha Fernandez, Mrs. Sujaya Mahesh, Mrs. Veda Mohan, Mrs. Anita Amarnath, Miss Rosetta Nazareth, Mrs. Shakunthala Samuelson and Miss C. M. Vimala.	Respect for life	each	Hotel Rama



Sister M. Josephette	1. Home Science Update	15 days	Sri Avinasilingam College of Home Science, Coimbatore
	3. ICMR workshop on Dietary Studies of Karnataka	2 days	St. John's Medical College, Bangalore
Miss Rugmani Nayar	1. Watershed Management	1 week	Bangalore
	2. Psychological Factors related to Rural Development Co-operatives "Sanakhya"	3 days	Hyderabad
	3. Presented a Paper on Education	1 day	Max Muller Bhavan Bangalore
Mrs. Usha V Rao	ICMR Workshop on Dietary studies of Karnataka	2 days	St. John's Medical College, Bangalore
Sr. M. Albina	National Conference on Culture	8 days	Christian Ecumenical Centre, Whitefield
Mrs. Elizabeth S Thomas	Orientation Course for officials of voluntary org. in Child Development	2 weeks	NIPCCD Bangalore
Miss C. M. Vimala	National Conference on Culture	8 days	Christian Ecumenical Centre Whitefield

### **Student Government and a few student activities**

The College has an active campus student government, the main purpose of which is to foster in the students a striving for perfection and create an awareness of individual responsibility. It has functioned exceptionally well under the guidance of Sr. M. Genevieve, Student Welfare Officer.

In addition to taking up the challenge of the many Inter-collegiate competitions, the student government was responsible for organising a drive for funds, a portion of which was used for an artificial leg for an ex-BTS driver.



The bus services received a boost with new buses added on to public transport routes.

Participation attendance was meted out far more methodically, with the introduction of attendance slips and a register for attendance at inter-collegiate activities.

Creative energies burst out into a kaleidoscope of colours into the college canteen with the artistic innovations of Maya Ramaswamy. The project was financed by the journalism workshop. A canteen survey covering all college canteens brought out that ours is undisputably the best.

For those burning with energy a variety of courses was conducted. The most popular one was that conducted by Eiko Computers. Others included the Travel Agency course, the Theatre Lab, Public Speaking, Journalism and Marketing Management and advertising. The more serious-minded had a number of career guidance talks to choose from. Besides those mentioned, regular Computer courses are being conducted at our Computer Centre.

Our degree students of Political Science witnessed parliamentary procedures in the assembly session and attended the model parliamentary course organised by the Y.M.C.A.

A team of students of Mathematics took up regular and systematic observations of Halley's Comet using a 5" telescope constructed by the 1982 - '83 batch of final B.Sc. students. The College is grateful to the U.G.C. for its timely gift of a 3" scanner which was an invaluable help to their studies of the celestial visitor.

### **INTER-COLLEGIATE COMPETITIONS — ACHIEVEMENTS**

Our students have been encouraged to avail of every opportunity to develop their talents and bring out latent ones through active participation in various contests both at College and on the inter-Collegiate level.

The following is the list of their successes :

#### **ROTARY CLUB OF BANGALORE DEBATE :**

Mary Thomas I, Shonali Gupte III  
The team won the Yedlam Shetty  
Memorial rolling shield.

#### **WORLD UNION INTERNATIONAL DEBATE**

Mary Thomas I  
The team — Mary and Nisha Colaco  
won the R. V. Rajagopal rolling  
shield.



## UTSAV '85 — BMS COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

### Ikebana Contest

Sarita Makhija I, Rupa Prabhu II  
Gita Surekha — Special mention

### Pantomime

Shyama Kuruvila, Geetha Kamath,  
Shalini, Lorraine Joseph, Lakshmi  
Raghavachar and Purnima Kini I

### On-the-Spot Photography

Suparna II

### Hobby Photography

Nagina B. S. II

### Folk Dance

Kajal Chande, Lakshmi Rao, Nandini  
Hasha, Preethi Rao, Savitha Rao,  
Meena Bhargava, Vidya Subra-  
maniam, Anju Tulsan I

### Music

Indian Music Vocal Solo-Leela  
Janaki II

Western Music Vocal Solo-Naina  
Lobo II  
instrumental group II

### Sketching

Maya Ramaswamy III

### Collage

Manjula Chinnappa and Aarti Chander  
— Special mention

### Mono-Acting

Geetha Kamath III

### What's the good word

Dorothy D'Souza and Alpana Pande III

### Utsav Queen — Poonam Singh

First runner-up — Shagufta Manna

## ROTARY CLUB OF BANGALORE SOUTH DEBATE

Shalini Mathias I

Shonali Gupte III

The team won the rolling shield

## ROTARY CLUB OF BANGALORE — JEST A MINUTE

Meenakshi S I

## AKHILA KARNATAKA SANSKRUTA PARISAD — SANSKRIT ESSAY WRITING COMPETITION

Sharada Sitapathy (Sanskrit) I

Savitha M (English) I

## MADHUR BELA

### Hindi Skit

Ameeta, Vandana and Richa I

Vandana Sharma was adjudged Best Actress

The team won the rolling shield.

## FOLK DANCE

II H. Sc. Group III prize

### Dbeate

Ameeta III

### Dumb Charades

Vandana, Manpreet and Ameeta I

### Antakshari

Vasuki and Kanakamani II

### Collage

Anjali Banerjee and Chitra Narayan III

The overall rolling shield was bagged by our girls.

## JYOTI NIVAS COLLEGE

### Essay Competition in English

Sujaya Nair II

The team Nirupama and Sujaya won the rolling shield.



## **INTER-COLLEGIATE YOUTH FESTIVAL**

### **Elocution**

Shalini Mathias II

### **Music**

Indian classical vocal solo —

Malathy Swamy I

Western Vocal Solo

Caroll Machado II

Western Vocal group —

Caroll Machado, Sonal Machado,

Nayana Lobo, Veronica Gonsalves

Eliza Albuquerque, Charlotte

Fernandes and Laila Lobo I

### **Cartooning**

Maya Ramaswamy I

### **Painting**

Maya Ramaswamy II

### **Debate**

Mary Thomas II

### **Indian Classical Dance**

Shrimathi S III

### **Indian Folk Dance**

Vatsala Kamath, Mini P., Sandhya Rao

Madhu, Shrimathi and Soyna I

### **Creative Dance**

Saritha Hegde I

### **Drama**

Geetha Kamath, Shalini Mathias.

Shonali Gupte, Daisy Anne Elijah II

## **SOUTH ZONE INTER-VARSITY YOUTH FESTIVAL HELD AT ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY**

### **Music**

Our music team comprising Sonal, Caroll, Nayana and Veronica along

with St. Joseph's and Christ College teams won I places in Vocal solo and Instrumental group.

Classical Vocal Solo — Malathi Swamy

### **Cartooning**

Maya Ramaswamy I

### **Creative Dance**

Sarita Hegde II

### **Group Dance**

Madhu, Srimathi and Soyna III

Bangalore University emerged

Champions.

**ALL INDIA NAMYFEST** held at Delhi

### **Music**

Our music team Sonal, Caroll, Nayana and Veronica along with St. Joseph' and Christ College team emerged Champions.

### **Creative Dance**

Sarita Hegde III

## **BANGALORE ROUND TABLE INTER COLLEGIATE DEBATE**

Sonali Gupte I

Shalini Mathias

The team won the rolling shield

## **HINDU SEVA SAMSTHANA MAHA PURUSHA VESHA SPARDA**

### **Sanskrit Competition**

Savitha I

Veda II

## **BASEL MISSION FESTIVAL OF MUSIC**

The College choir comprising Charlotte Preethi, Nayana, Caroll, Sonal, Sharon, Elizabeth, Nisha Prabhu, Honey Paramel, Jacqueline Kellyanp Rosita carried off the Trophy.



**PRE-UNIV FEST****Elocution**

Nisha Mathew I

The team won the rolling shield

**Debate**

Nisha Colaco II

**Jam**

Sanjana I

Soyna III

**Creative Writing**

Shyama Kuruvilla I

Saji John III

**Western Music**

Vocal Solo — Jacqueline I

Vocal group — Elizabeth Fernandes

Rosita D'Souza, Jacqueline Kelly,

Myra, Gowri Herajan and Nisha

Prabhu I

Instrumental Solo — Myra II

Instrumental Group — Gowri Narayan,

Myra and Nisha Prabhu II

The team won the overall trophy.

**Indian Music**

Vocal group : Preetha Nair, Prarthana

Nagaraj and Shubha I

Instrumental Solo — Lakshmi K. H.

Vocal Solo — Preetha Nair and Shameem

**Creative Writing**

Shyama Kuruvilla I

Saji John III

**AEROFEST****Western Music**

Vocal group — Lisa Fernandes, Jacqueline Kelly, Rosita D'Souza, Nisha

Myraline Thesan, Gowri Narain I

**Vocal Solo**

Jacqueline Kelly accompanied by Gowri

Nisha, Lisa and Myralini I

**Instrumental group**

Lisa, Myralini, Nisha and Gawri I

**LEO CLUB****Western Music**

Vocal group — Myralini, Lisa, Jacqueline, Rosita, Gowri, Nisha II

Vocal solo — Jacqueline accompanied by Gowri, Lisa, Myralini and Nisha II

**Instrumental group**

Lisa, Myralini, Gowri and Nisha II

**Instrumental Solo**

Myralini II

**KALA BHARATHI INSTITUTE OF LITERATURE, ARTS & CULTURE**

**Kannada Literature**—Vasuadhara M.K.

A grade, Poornima P — A grade

**English Literature** — Shalini Mathias

A grade, Prateethi Punja — A grade

**Sanskrit** — Leela Janaki — A grade,

Shanthi C. — A grade

**Hindi** — Vandana Sharma — A grade,

Richa Vinod — A grade

**Economics** — Meenaxi S — A grade

Shanthi Gupta — B grade

**Sociology** — Sathyavathi G — A grade

**History** — Nisha Colaco — B grade

**Psychology** — Mary Thomas — A grade,

Rashmi J. M. — A grade



### **Indian Classical Vocal Music**

Jayanthi Srinivasan II

Leela Janaki III

### **Gandhian Thought**

Radha Nayak — A grade

The College won the handsome rolling shield

### **V. V. S. COLLEGE DEBATE IN HINDI**

Vandana Sharma I

Richa Vinod III

The team won the rolling shield.

### **ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE GROUP**

DISCUSSION IN ZOOLOGY

Krithika Nayana, Nalini, B. S.,

Rajshree Punjabi, Dorothy D'Souza and  
Nandini Ramachandran I

### **KLE SOCIETY'S COLLEGE SINGING COMPETITION**

Group song by Padmini, Anjana,  
Savitha Somalatha, Sudhavathy,  
Vaishali, Chitra, Vijayalayshmi,  
Gloria and Gayathri I

### **DR. AMBEDKAR FIRST GRADE COLLEGE Debate**

Sarika M. III

Meenaxi S I

The team won the Shri. D. Bhaskaran  
memorial shield

### **JYOTHI NIVAS COLLEGE DEBATE**

Meenaxi S, I

Shonali Gupta III

The team won the rolling shield

### **CHRIST COLLEGE SPRING FESTIVAL**

#### **Western Music**

Caroll Machado — Best Vocalist

Charlotte, Caroll, Sonal, Veronica,

Kathy and Prateethi — Best Vocal  
group

The group won the Best Music Group  
shield

#### **Clay Modelling**

Maya Ramaswamy II

Rita Basu III

#### **Collage**

Rita Basu II

### **ROTARY CLUB OF BANGALORE SOUTH**

#### **General Knowledge Competition**

Dorothy D'Souza I

Vidya Subramaniam III

The team won the rolling trophy.

### **THE NATIONAL COLLEGE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION ESSAY CONTEST**

The team Meera. and Chaitai Sarkar  
won the rolling shield.

### **MOOD INDIGO '86 IIT BOMBAY ALL INDIA INTERCOLLEGIATE CONTESTS**

#### **Charcoal Sketching**

Geetha Kamath I

#### **Western Music**

Live Wire (group — electric)

Best Vocalist — Caroll Machado

Overtures (group — accoustic)

Best Vocalist — Caroll Machado



**Finger Prints**

Maya Ramaswamy II

**Clay Modelling and Poster Making**

Maya Ramaswamy Special mention

**Counterpoint (Debate)**

Shonali Gupte II

Shalini Mathias III

**Short Story**

Prateethi Punja II

**Indian Music — Vocal solo**

Malathy Swamy II

**Spectrum (Photography)**

Shonali gupte

**MES COLLEGE — VOX POPULI****Painting**

Rita Basu II

**Collage— Chitra S and Anjali Banerjee I****What's the good word —**

Alphonsa S and Meenaxi S III

**Indian Classical Vocal :**

Leela Janaki III

**Creative Writing**

Sujaya Nair III

**Advertising**Sindhur Nagaraj, Prarthana Nagaraj and  
Meenaxi S II**MIRAGE—ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE  
P. U. FEST****Just a minute — Soyna M III****Quiz**Radha Nayak }  
Kamakshi Rao } III  
Mythreyi R }**Debate** Nisha Golaco IIIThe team Nisha Colaco and Shyama S  
were overall first.**Dumb Charades :** Kamakshi Rao }  
Sandhya Nair } I  
Radha Nayak }

Vidya A. Aparna G and Deepa Reddy II

**Elocution**

Nisha Mathew I

Creative Writing — Shyama I

**Mad ads**Nisha Mathew, Myralini Thesan, Gowri  
Narayan, Shyama K. Sandhya K and  
Anjana Gupta I**HINDI COMPETITIONS HELD AT  
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE OF  
COMMERCE****Debate**

Amlta Rammohan I

Vandana Sharma II

The team bagged the rolling shield

**Poetry Competition**

Vandana Sharma I

Richa Vinod III

The team won the shield



**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE OF ARTS  
AND SCIENCE — HINDI CONTESTS**

**Ghazal Competition**

Preetha Nair I

Gayathri Rao III

**Poetry Competition**

Amita Rammohan III

**STATE LEVEL SHOOTING CHAM-  
PIONSHIP CONDUCTED BY  
KERALA TSATE**

**Prathiba Rani U. N.**

25 metres — open sight std. Rifle  
III place

Open sight std. Rifle 50 metres III place

NCC R. D. Banner snap shooting com-  
petition — 22/25,

**Beena Rani U. N.**

**Open Sight Std. Rifle —**

50 metres prone III place

Open sight std. Rifle — 25

Metro — Prone — Kneeling and stand-  
ing positions II place

**Standard rifle 25 metres II**

Open sight std. rifle — 50

Metres — 3 operations II

She also set a new state record in open  
sight standard rifle

NCC BLC Competition held at Delhi

II place

**Sports and Games.**

In the field of ATHLETICS the Mount Carmel Team walked away with Bangalore University Honours for the 20th year in succession. Shiela Kohloff with her victory in Long jump, 400 mts. and 200 mts. emerged the Champion of the Meet. The other athletes who secured victories were K. Devaki (discus), Roselyn (sprints) and Rekha Mallick (high jump).

Our achievements in BASKET BALL can rightly be considered the high light of the year. We won 2 All India Titles — the Feasto Cup at Calicut and the I.I.T. cup at Madras. Our team also cornered the coveted state title in addition to the inter-collegiate championship and 2 more state-level tournaments. While Jayavanthi Shivananjappa of International fame secured the Best Player award at Calicut, Sharon Mckenzie was declared the Best Player at Madras. The honour of leading both the Junior and Senior teams at the Nationals went to Nivedita Kelavadi. 3 of our players who represented the State at the nationals — Jayavanthi, Nivedita and Rekha Mallick, have been included in the national coaching camp from where the Indian team for the Asian Championship will be selected. Mala Balasubramaniam played for the State juniors at the Nationals.



In the first ever BASEBALL nationals, Devaki had the distinction of leading the State. The other College players included in the State Squad were Elaine Fernandes, Nandini Kalappa, Susan Lewis and Lorraine Joseph. The team were runners-up for the championship.

Our Shuttle Queen Nishita led the college to glory at the Inter-collegiate BADMINTON Tournament for the third year in succession. Along with Sahana, K. N., she also cornered the title at the BMS college Tournament.

Making their first appearance at the State League Championship in CRICKET, our girls secured the third place. Kavitha N and Shameem Banu represented the State at the junior nationals.

Usha John and Jayalakshmi M represented the State at the HANDBALL nationals. Usha John was selected for the Indian Camp.

Our swimmers won the University Inter-collegiate SWIMMING championship at which Chetana Bhat emerged champion.

In SOFTBALL we were led to a thrilling victory by K. Devaki at the prestigious All India Tournament held at Lucknow. Our team defeated Punjab (7.5). Devaki was the recipient of the Most Valuable Player award while Reena Verghese was adjudged the 'Best Batter'. We continue to hold the Inter-collegiate crown for the twelfth year in succession. We also cornered the Narayana Rao Memorial State Level Title.

Geetha Maria Pinto and Rashmi Melenta bagged the Karnataka State and Inter-collegiate titles in TENNIKOIT. Both of them had the honour of representing the State at the nationals. Geetha Pinto has been seeded India's No. 3.

An unfortunate road accident just before the THROW BALL finals put Rekha the Captain of the team out of action. The team had to be content with the position of runners-up at the Inter-collegiate tournament. We did however, have the satisfaction of winning the BNM college Inter-collegiate title.

Roopa V and Anita S represented Bangalore University in VOLLEYBALL at the South Zone Tournament.

### **National Cadet Corps — NCC**

The NCC activities started off on an adventurous note with 5 cadets participating in an All India Trekking Camp at Ooty in May, 1985.

12 Cadets participated in the All India Basic Leadership Camp at Tumkur. Our contingent was adjudged the best at the All India level where



SUO Nancy Lobo won the second place in signals. Sgt. Shantha Maria won the second place in First Aid and Home Nursing and Cpl. K. C. Bharathi the second place in Cross Country.

A state-level NCC seminar organised by the NCC Directorate was attended by 6 of our Cadets.

7 Cadets were selected for specialised Naval Training and 7 for Air Wing Training.

30 Cadets took part in the Guard of Honour presented to President Zail Singh when he visited the Bangalore University Campus.

Our Lady Officer and 50 Cadets attended the Annual Training Camp held at BEL School Bangalore. SUO Nancy Lobo secured first place in Firing. She was also the Cadet adjutant of the Camp. Our contingent stood first in the drill competition and second in Cross Country.

At the All India Basic Leadership Camp at Delhi, 4 of our Cadets represented the contingent where Col. Prathiba bagged the fourth place in Snap Shooting in the Banner Competitions. Sgt. Beena Rani bagged the second position in Firing and Sgt. Latha was adjudged the second Best Cadet.

2 Cadets attended the Goa Naval Camp at which Cadet Chanchal Deep won the second position for Ship Modelling.

3 Cadets were trained in First Aid and Home Nursing at the camp held at the Command Hospital, Bangalore.

2 Cadets participated in the Pre-Republic Day Camp and 3 the All India Air-Wing Camp at Jaipur. Cdt. Aruna Gopinath was adjudged the Best All India Glider Pilot and Cpl. Seema Habbu the Best Aeromodeller.

Our service-minded cadets helped in fund-raising in aid of Cheshire Home and donated blood at a Blood Donation Camp.

A few select Cadets underwent Basic Horse Riding Training at Bangalore Amateur Riders' Institute. Cadet Revathy underwent advanced training at the same Institute.

Our Cadets with the others of the I Karn girls Bn. participated in the NCC day parade at Brigade Parade grounds. Our outstanding Cadets Cpl. Sandhya Sridar and SUO Nancy Lobo received a cash award from the Chief Minister of Karnataka.



Cdt. Aruna Gopinath was a member of the Karnataka contingent which received the Prime Minister's Banner at the Republic Day Camp at Delhi.

The activities for the year came to an end with 25 cadets appearing for Part 'B' and Part 'C' certificate exam.

### **National Service Scheme. (NSS)**

The neighbourhood slum at Vasanthnagar was adopted for work by a group of our NSSers while another group took up work at Baptist Hospital and at the Institution for the physically handicapped. The Hospital group worked with the community development projects there, and also conducted a survey. Talks on 'Anti-parthenium weed' and 'Drugs' were arranged.

A 10-day camp at Vasanthanagar was the highlight of the activities. Though there were only 13 participants, the group worked with great enthusiasm. A leprosy check-up, eye check-up and an immunisation and nutrition programme were carried out with the help of various organizations. The screening of films was greatly appreciated by the slum dwellers. The film on Leprosy prompted a few people who had leprosy to approach the authorities concerned, for treatment.

A skit written and enacted by our NSS volunteers won the 3rd prize at the competition held by the Anti-Leprosy Association of Bangalore.

A course in First-Aid was conducted by St. John's Ambulance. About 40 students took the course and the certificate examination. 10 students took the N.S.S. diploma exam conducted by Bangalore University.

### **Spiritual and Moral Formation**

The College sets apart an hour a week for the communication of Gospel values through Faith Formation classes for Catholic students and Value Education for non-catholics.

There is a well-coordinated and effective campus ministry with a CSA (Catholic Students' Association) unit, the CLC (Christian Living Community) and the CCR (Catholic Charismatic Renewal) playing an important role. Through our spiritual teaching, up-to-date quality education and service to the poor and underprivileged, we are trying to contribute our best to Church and Country.

### **Excursions and Tours.**

Realising their importance in Education, two excursions to the North were conducted, one of them including the beautiful neighbouring country Nepal, beyond the Himalayas. The final year Botany students combined pleasure with study at that mountain resort Kodaikanal — a veritable botanist's



paradise. A few students of history undertook a tour to places of historical and cultural interest including Belur, Halebid and Sravanabelagola. Goa, as a tourist attraction was surely not forgotten and a group of students enjoyed an outing there.

### Hostel.

Hostel life trains the students to live together in peace and harmony in a world so divided and apart. There have been the usual 'Welcome' social to the juniors and the 'Farewell' to the outgoing seniors. A 'Talents Nite' gave the freshers a chance to exhibit their talents.

Hostel activities include social service. The junior hostelites continued to help in remedial classes on the campus for poor children of the neighbourhood. Our hostelite Devakumari intensified her service to a blind boy depending on her for his studies. On the whole, hostel life has been a rich and rewarding experience.

### Development and Expenditure

#### A. FINANCIAL AID

Scholarships and fee Concessions		No. of students benefitted	Amount spent  Rs. P.
1. Central Government Scholarships	....	54	52 209 60
2. State Government Scholarships	....	220	1,14,377 00
3. Scholarships given by the College	....	43	15,300 00
4. Other Scholarships	....	17	10,043 11
5. Free Studentship	....	46	5,571 00
6. Help towards books, free meals, mess fees, special fees, examina- tion fees, educational excursions etc., given from the College Poor Students' Fund	....	74	12,873 00



## B. BOOKS, EQUIPMENT Furniture and Building Construction

Number of books added to the Library .... 454

Expenditure on books .... Rs. 17,275-10

Expenditure on Laboratory equipment .... Rs. 33,544-97

Expenditure on Furniture .... Rs. 1,57,779-00

Expenditure of class room Construction .... Rs. 13,00,000-00

## Conclusion.

Mount Carmel College, in keeping with its Christian Mission, has sought over the years to communicate Christian values and ideals in and through its secular teaching. In order to know where we stand in this regard the College arranged, in January 1986, for an evaluation of the Institution by the Centre for Educational Management and Research, XLRI, Jamshedpur. We are grateful to the Evaluation team for their encouragement and are serious about implementing over a period of time the suggestions made by them so that its existence as a Catholic College will be fully justified. I would like to express our hope and prayer that this College will continue to play an effective and useful role in the all-round formation of the young women of our Country and State.

On behalf of the Management, Staff and Students, we thank you Sir for your kind and attentive presence here tonight and for sparing so much of your valuable time of us: and you Madam, for giving away the prizes. Finally we thank one and all — Parents, Guardians, Friends and Benefactors — for your appreciative presence this evening.

Yours in service,  
**SISTER JESUINE MARIE**



**PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE YEAR 1985-86****HOSTEL PRIZE****RELIGION**

I P.U.C.	....	Noeleen Fernandez
II P.U.C.	....	Sunila
I DEG.	....	Litty E. J.
II DEG.	....	Lovy D'Silva (CBZ)
III DEG.	....	Deepa George (B.Com.)

**MORAL SCIENCE**

I P.U.C.	....	Nisha Mathew (PCMB)
II P.U.C.	....	Sapna Ahuja (PECA)
I DEG.	....	Meenakshi S (B. Com.)
II DEG.	....	Rina Nameirakpam (HEE)
III DEG.	....	Shamitha S (PyEE)

**PART I—LANGUAGES****ENGLISH**

I P.U.C.	....	Mangala Gangulli (PCMB)
II P.U.C.	....	Bindu Ramachandran (MECA)
I DEG.	....	Ameetha Rammohan (CBZ)
II DEG.	....	Priya Rao (B.Com.)

**SANSKRIT**

I P.U.C.	....	Kiran Swarup Narayan (PECA)
II P.U.C.	....	Udaya Maheshwari S (MECA)
I DEG.	....	Shanthi C (Py.E.S.)
II DEG.	....	Renu Iyengar (PyE.S)

**KANNADA**

I P.U.C.	....	Sunitha Verghese (PCMB)
II P.U.C.	....	Vaishali K. S. (HEPYE)
I DEG.	....	Shobana S. C. (H.SC.)
II DEG.	....	Shanthy Govindaraj (B.Com.)

**TAMIL**

II P.U.C.	....	Beenu Swarna N (PCMB)
I DEG.	....	Anita M (B.Com.)
II DEG.	....	Jayanthy Srinivasan (B.Com.)



**HINDI**

I P.U.C.	....	Gourangi Gogai (PCMB)
II P.U.C.	....	Shashwati Rao (PECA)
I DEG.	....	Sangeeta Manvani (B.Com )
II DEG.	---	Vandana Sharma (PCM)

**FRENCH**

I P.U.C.	....	Jyotsna Srinivas (PCMB)
II P.U.C.	....	Stacey Ann Fernz (PCMB)
I DEG.	....	Bama Narasimhan (HEP)
II DEG.	....	Saraswathi Gopalakrishna (H.Sc.)

**PART II—OPTIONAL SUBJECTS****ARTS**

I P.U.C.	....	Aditi Banerjee (HEPYS)
II P.U.C.	....	Priya Manjuran (HEPYS)
I DEG.	....	Mimi Parthasarathy M. A. (PyES)
II DEG.	....	Manjula Vijaya Kumar (PyES)
III DEG.	....	Shamitha S (PyEE)

**SCIENCE**

I P.U.C.	....	Bindu Ayappa (PCMB)
II P.U.C.	....	Sanjana Motreja (PCMB)
I DEG.	....	Upasana Malhotra (CBZ)
II DEG.	---	Lovy D'Silva (CBZ)
III DEG.	....	Divya Prasad (BCM)

**COMMERCE**

I P.U.C.	....	Kiran Swarup Narayan (PECA)
II P.U.C.	....	Sashwathi Rao (PECA)
I DEG.	....	Shalini Sadarangini (B.Com.)
II DEG.	....	Rama S (B.Com.)
III DEG.	---	Shahina E (B.Com.)

**HOME SCIENCE**

I P.U.C.	....	Sangeeta Menda (CBZH)
II P.U.C.	....	Manjul K (CBZH)
I DEG.	....	Shobana R Kini (H.Sc.)
II DEG.	....	Rita Khanna (H.Sc.)



Principal's prize for Best Student	....	Shalini Mathias III B.Sc. (CBZ)
Principal's prize for Best Prefect	....	Saji John II P.U.C. (PCMB)
Principal's prize for Best Sportswoman	....	Devaki K. III B.A. (PES)
Dr. B. D. Laroia prize for Public Speaking.....		Shonali Gupte I B.Com.

## Rank Holders

### I P.U.C. Annual Examination

Arts	:	Susmita Subramanyan	I Rank
Science	:	Jyotsna Srinivas	I Rank
Commerce	:	Kiran Swarup Narayan	I Rank

### U.C. Board Examination

Arts	:	Sunita Sadanand	I Rank
		Suparna Shanthgiri	II Rank
		Mani Srinivasan Karnna	III Rank
		Priya Manjuran	IV Rank
		Sabrina Sainy	V Rank
Commerce	:	Aarti Hasija	III Rank

We regret that the Bangalore University has not yet published the Arts and Science Rank List

### Fresh Scholarships and Prize Endowments

Miss C. K. Shantha Prize for the Best PUC Student of Mathematics  
Rs. 500

Rotaract Club of Mount Carmel College 3 Scholarships of  
Rs. 2,000 each

Sophia Tulip 2 Scholarships of  
Rs. 5,000 each

Malika Subba Rao Memorial Scholarship Rs. 5,000/-



# WINDSONG

Desolation and destruction  
Shattered dreams —  
of an age long gone

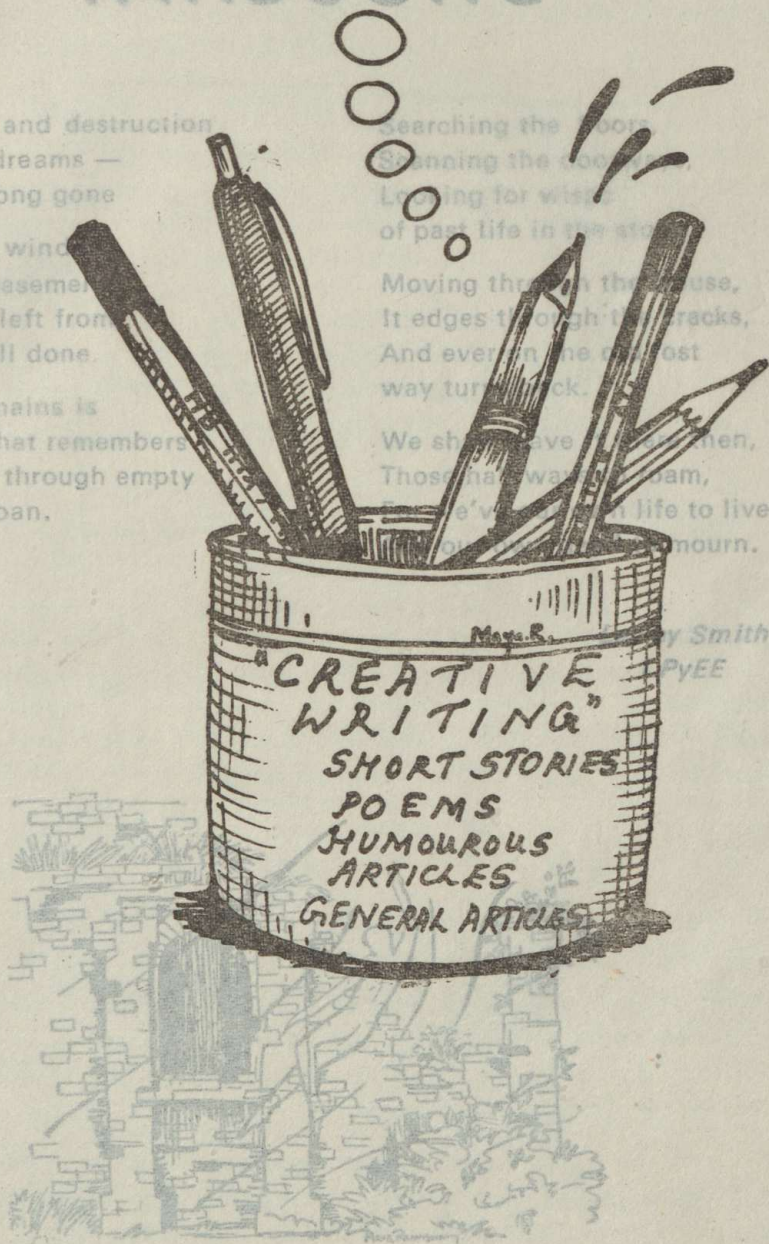
Arched old windows  
Crumbled casements  
Fragments left from  
the years all done.

All that remains is  
The wind that remembers  
And moves through empty  
halls, to moan.

Searching the floors  
Sunning the door  
Looking for wisps  
of past life in the stone

Moving through the house,  
It edges through the cracks,  
And even in the most  
way turns back.

We shall have no more then,  
Those narrow ways of olden  
time, we've no life to live  
but to mourn.





Principal's prize for Best Student

Sister Mathias III B.Sc. (CBZ)

Principal's prize for Best Prefect

Sri John II P.U.C. (PCMB)

Principal's prize for Best Sportswoman

Sangeetha K. III B.A. (PES)

Dr. B. D. Jadhav prize for Public Speaking

Prashant Gupta I B.Com.

## Rank Holders

P.U.C. Annual Examination

Arts : Subash Subramanian I Rank

Science : Jyoti Shivprasad I Rank

Commerce : Krunal Suresh Chavan I Rank

U.C. Board Examination

Arts : Anita Sadan I Rank

Arjuna Sharma II Rank

Manoj Kumar III Rank

IV Rank

V Rank

Commerce : Sabrina Saini III Rank

We regret that the Bangalore University has not yet published the Arts and Science Rank list

Fresh Scholarships and Prizes for students

Miss C. J. Prashant, Assistant Professor of Mathematics  
Rs. 500

Rotaract Club of Mount Carmel College 3 Scholarships of  
Rs. 2,000 each

Sophia Tulip 2 Scholarships of  
Rs. 5,000 each

Malika Subba Rao Memorial Scholarship Rs. 5,000/-



# WINDSONG

Desolation and destruction  
Shattered dreams —  
of an age long gone

Arched old windows  
Crumbled casements  
Fragments left from  
the years all done.

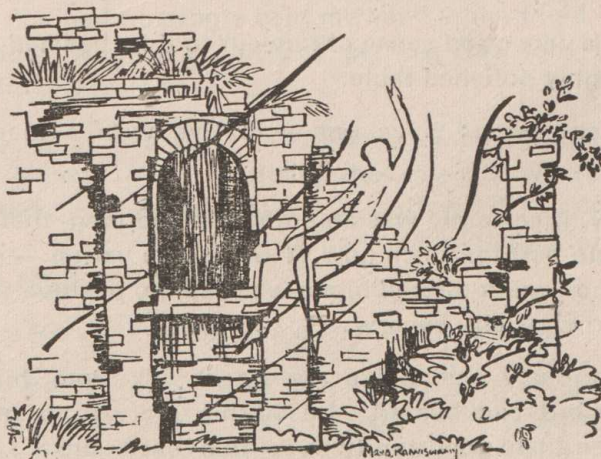
All that remains is  
The wind that remembers  
And moves through empty  
halls, to moan.

Searching the floors,  
Scanning the doorways,  
Looking for wisps  
of past life in the stone.

Moving through the house,  
It edges through the cracks,  
And ever on the old lost  
way turns back.

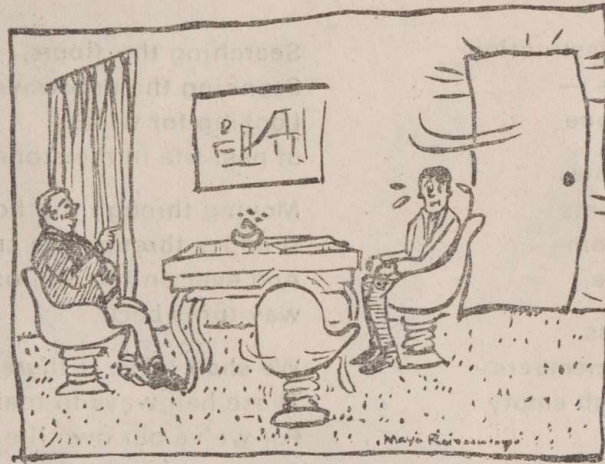
We shall leave it there then,  
Those hall ways to roam,  
For we've our own life to live  
And our own dead to mourn.

*Lesley Smith*  
*I PyEE*





**"That was funny wasn't it?"**



'Crumbst' I thought. 'Here we go again.' My jaws were aching — and rightly too, since I had done nothing but grin foolishly at my boss since 8:30 this morning. It was nearing lunch time now. I would soon know whether my unfailing enthusiasm in providing a ready smile — no, grin — at all of my 'would be boss' weak jokes was to be rewarded.

'My wife has a very good sense of humour too' he beamed, placing his podgy hand on the highly polished table.

'Of course, she would have one — to live with a man like you,' I thought to myself.

'Well, Harvey, it certainly was an enjoyable morning that I had with you — I guess we could part for lunch now. I believe in eating — its my major passion in life!' I once again offered him a weak smile, positive that my face muscles had lost their elasticity by now.

He was laboriously easing his oversized bulk from his undersized swivel chair when the intercom buzzed. I used this interval to glance around the room. I was given little opportunity to do this ever since I had entered



this impressive, plush office in the morning, for I had needed all my concentration and senses about me, to offer my rapturous attention to his monologue. The room was bordered with massive shelves of books all round. The furniture was of highly polished mahogany, the legs of the chairs and tables were intricately carved upon. There was a plush red carpet which occupied a major portion of the waxed floor, which set off the red leather of the chairs to advantage. The whole office had a successful expensive look.

'Do I fit in here?' I thought to myself . . .

'Er... ..Harvey, the Deputy Director of our Manila Branch has sent word that he will be here in about five minutes. He says that he would be delighted to interview you too. It will be a good time for you to get to know the standard we expect from our employees — ah — here he is now — welcome Mr. Bently. Do come in!

Introductions having been made, we settled ourselves at the table, Mr. Bently dwarfing the room with his massive build and height. He was, at the moment, laughing heartily at one of my prospective boss' jokes.

Ye Gods — not another one! I grimaced inwardly. However, I was a brave man, and, getting together my already over-taxed reserves, I steeled myself for yet another grinning session.

Mr. Bently had a soft, clear — almost girlish voice and what's more, he loved the sound of it too. As he plunged into a lengthy monologue on the problems of inflation, my mind took off on a delicious tangent.....

Back to that summer's day, when Mary had walked beside me in the golden fields of newly ripened corn, the smell of the wind and sun in her hair — and how she had trustingly held my hand when I had proposed to her, backing my proposal with the promise of getting this job, to provide for her the home life she always wanted.....

Hey, what was this? Mr. Bently's face was taking on a 'coming-to-the-end-of-a-joke' look. Realising that this was where I was to come in and make my mark, I obligingly let fly a guffaw of laughter, holding my sides desperately. The crash course at the London School of Theatre for amateurs was paying off, I thought . . .

'Mr. Harvey!' — his voice sounded like a pistol shot.

Mr. Bently rose, red in the face. 'This is the first time in all my successful business career that my talk on the serious aspects of General Business has been so outrageously laughed at — and, by ....a mere scrawny,



inexperienced youth at that' he exploded. 'I have never been more insulted in my life. Good day to you both.' And with a resounding 'slam of the door, he was out of the office.

I stood transfixed. The rosy prospects of the job lay shattered about my feet.

Then came the most beautiful sound I ever heard in my life (save Mary's voice) — the sound of the boss' laughter.

'That was funny wasn't it? he spluttered.

'Oh Harvey, you were wonderful. This is the first time the pompous old chap has had the rug pulled from under his pompous old feet. Welcome to the job my son — how about dinner with my wife and I, tonight as a celebration?'

I nodded dazedly — numb to all other sensations except the rhythmic throbbing of my jaw muscles, and an unmistakable rising emotion of brotherhood for my boss.

*Divya Punitha*

*I P.C.M.B-I*

*I Prize. On the Spot Short Story Competition.*

Dear Agony Aunt,

Inspired by Spunk, I got my hair colour changed to blue! The hairdresser said it was temporary.

It wasn't.

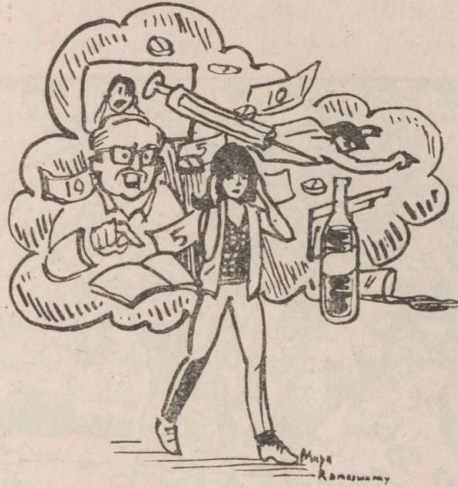
My kid brother allows his horrid friends to see the blue-haired monster. At Home for Re. 1/- for 5 minutes.

Help.

Yours  
Truly Blue



## *Are we really to blame?*



We read in the papers, we hear on the air  
Of killing and stealing, and crime everywhere  
They sigh and they say, as they notice the trend —  
“This young generation, where will it end?”

Too much money to spend, too much idle time;  
Too many movies of passion and crime;  
Too much of evil in what they hear said,  
Too many books not fit to be read;  
Too many kids encouraged to roam;  
Too many parents who don't stay at home.

We don't make the movies, we don't write the books,  
That paint the gay pictures of gangsters and crooks,  
We don't make the liquor, we don't run the bars,  
We don't make the laws and we don't make the cars.  
We don't make the drugs that befuddle the brain,  
It's all done by grown ups — greedy for gain .....  
Are we really to blame?

*Christine Johnson*  
*I P.U.C. (P.C.M B.)*



## U. F. O's



Unidentified flying objects. Sometimes many of them together, sometimes just one or two. But unidentified all the same. And flying. Can you have 'objects' which have life — which are as alive as you and me? May be you can have, and if yes, then these are just that, unidentified flying 'objects'.

I saw my first UFO a few months back. It was a day in early summer, and I was awake, even before sunrise — long before it. I smelled the awakening forest, and I realised just how musty the cabin had been. All the windows were wide open and yet, it was as if the night air was too thick and voluminous to flow easily into the room. Some of it had trickled in and I had felt wonderful. This is life, I thought, to sleep almost under the stars....breathe the fresh forest scents etc. But I realised just how much fresh is fresh, when I stepped out of the cabin and was enveloped by billows of sweet-smelling, awakening air. I stretched and stretched till I felt like a sail buffeted by sea winds, and after taking in my first great gulp of new life-giving air, I trotted into a springy little walk — just to savour the day—and dreamed that all was well with my world.



That was when I spotted my first UFO ! It flew out from the branches of a giant silk cotton tree to my right and right across to a bush on the road side. An abrupt end to the beautiful smooth movement, that was me walking. I stared. The flight, that slight twittering sound that was now coming from the bush, that undulating streak of flying colour. Which bird was it ? If it had not been so small I would have thought it was a warbler. But no, it was so colourful. So there was my UFO. I skipped after it and crept near the bush. Twitter, twitter. Flit, flit. And that was all. I could not see the bird at all. just see the movement of a leaf here, a leaf there, But no bird. I circled the bush slowly so as not to startle the creature. But it had had enough of me. It flew out the way it had entered the bush. I shot back or rather — I tried to zip back around the bush, but I was not lucky enough. I tripped on a root and fell hard on my knees — face almost. I scrambled to my shaky feet, but the bird was gone. Gone was my enthusiasm for my springy little walk. Gone was the appeal of the beautiful day. I did not notice how the trees dipped their tender finger into the shafts of molten sunshine, I did not notice it when the sun poured some of that liquid into my face.

I sat down on the road side and gazed around. No UFO. What I mean is — UFO still a UFO, only not to be seen anymore. I fished out my dogeared little notebook and noted down the approximate size, shape and colour of the bird. It did not make much sense. I got up wearily and walked on. Scared now of meeting more UFO's. Marshall would laugh at me. He never did laugh outright, but he would laugh behind his thick, white moustache, and his eyes would twinkle. Oh yes, he'd pretend to stroke his moustache and think about my vague description of the bird, but his eyes would laugh. I could almost imagine the crinkles around them now. I walked on so that I could identify a lot many birds, so that this unidentified one would seem insignificant. But, Marshall knew my standard, I had tried to be as good as him at this. But not yet. And he'd laughed when he saw how hard I tried.

The air lightened, and seemed to get fresher — and I trudged on, warily looking for, and hoping not to see unidentified flying objects.

*Maya Ramaswamy*

*III H.E.E.*

*I Prize. On the Spot Essay Competition*





## Alone in the floods

Alone upon the bricks and rubble,  
Alone amidst the raging storm,  
While froth does leap and houses crumble ;  
Over the remains of my mother's form.

My baby brother did drown in the waters,  
Swallowed by death's hungry fangs ;  
My father followed.....then his daughters,  
While I am the target of misery's pangs,

With extended arms do people hug me,  
"Miserable orphan! Poor little child!"  
With food, clothes and love they crown me,  
But, my heart is lost in those waters wild.

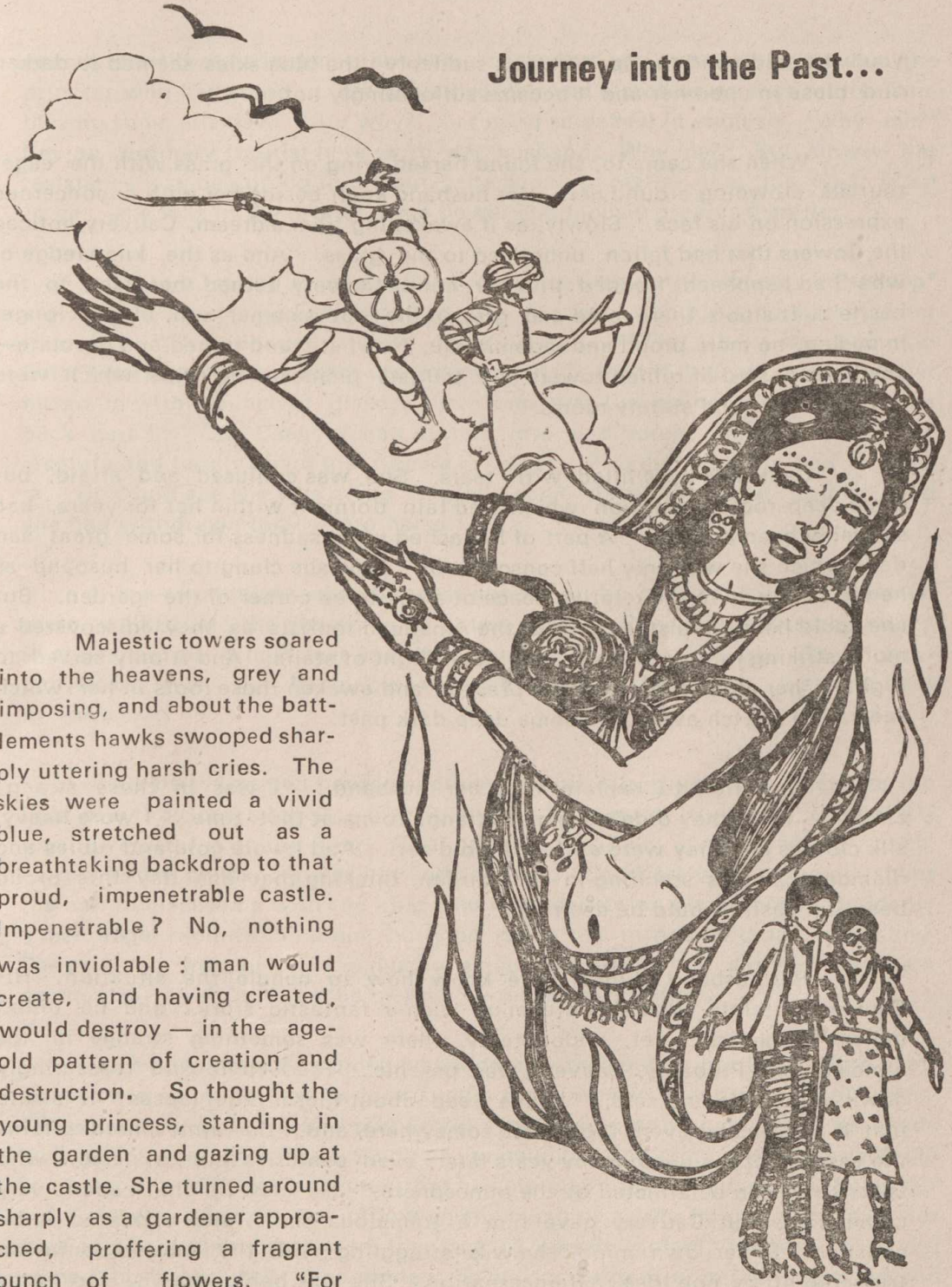
*Bhuvana Sankaranaraynan*  
III H.E.E.





## Journey into the Past...

Majestic towers soared into the heavens, grey and imposing, and about the battlements hawks swooped sharply uttering harsh cries. The skies were painted a vivid blue, stretched out as a breathtaking backdrop to that proud, impenetrable castle. Impenetrable? No, nothing was inviolable: man would create, and having created, would destroy — in the age-old pattern of creation and destruction. So thought the young princess, standing in the garden and gazing up at the castle. She turned around sharply as a gardener approached, proffering a fragrant bunch of flowers. "For





you” he said, and the spell broke ; suddenly ; the blue skies seemed to darken and close in upon her and it became suffocatingly hot....

When she came to, she found herself lying on the grass with the eager tourists crowding around her. Her husband knelt beside her with a concerned expression on his face. Slowly, as if awakening from a dream, Cauvery noticed the flowers that had fallen unnoticed to the grass. And as the knowledge of what had happened flooded into her mind, Cauvery turned her face to the castle : it stood there cold and grey in the hot summer sun, but no longer imposing, no more proud and indomitable. Now, it stood ruined and desolate—the birds nested in ruined towers and tourists picnicked in ruins which were once gracious and stately rooms.

Cauvery’s eyes filled with tears. She was confused and afraid, but some deep-rooted emotion which had lain dormant within her for years, had suddenly been aroused. A part of her ached with sadness for some great sad deed which she was only half conscious of. Now she clung to her husband as he led her away to the relative peace of a sheltered corner of the garden. But she could hear the distant calls of the American tourists as they discovered a more striking ruin or perhaps, a hidden flight of stairs. And it only served to heighten her alienation from the present and awaken those roots in her which seemed to stretch away into some deep dark past.

She tried to explain it to her husband : “I was in these strange clothes.... only, they didn’t seem so strange to me at that time.... I wore heavy, silk clothes and they were stiff with gold zari. And I wore gold and rubies and diamonds.... I was standing in the garden, thinking that one day this proud beautiful castle would be destroyed....”

Her husband didn’t quite know how to handle the situation. His Cauvery certainly wouldn’t dream up such a fantastic story.... and he didn’t believe in ghosts... yet, undoubtedly, there was something strange in the atmosphere. Probably, Cauvery was psychic.... Pradeep looked reassuringly down at his wife and said, “I have read about these time lapses. It is said that if a particular event took place somewhere, and if the atmosphere retains the essence of the deed, many years later, even centuries later, a person who is sensitive can be affected by the atmosphere.” He knew he didn’t sound very convincing, but Cauvery gave him a tremulous smile, and appeared to be satisfied. In her own mind, she was struggling with the fear and confusion triggered off by one idea : Reincarnation. She was being drawn into some



ghastly deed that had taken place here, centuries ago, because *she* was the princess who had stood in that walled garden and stared up at that castle, one blazing summer's day. "But why?", her mind screamed in anguish. "Why me?" I'm an ordinary tourist here with my husband. Why me?" But slowly her resistance was beginning to die out, she began to realise that this was fated to be.... she was in the grip of some power enormously greater than her.

With a feeling of conviction she turned to her husband. "Pradeep" she said, "I am coming back here tonight. Alone." Her husband stared at her shocked. "What do you mean?" he protested. "What about our bus and hotel bookings? What about the damned trip? And if you are trying to get mixed up with a bunch of ghosts, there's no way I'm going to let you come back here!" But Cauvery had turned into a different person. She was resolute and hardly heard his threats or pleas. Finally, Pradeep had to give in. He could see she was going through some deep emotional trauma, and she had withdrawn totally into herself.

It was midnight when Cauvery got out of the car and leaving Pradeep there, walked into the ghostly ruins of the castle. She was possessed with a strange emotion — half fear and half excitement. But she had the strange conviction that her behaviour was absolutely right, and was perhaps pre-ordained.

Overhead an owl hooted suddenly. And the great hall burst into the light of a thousand torches ; great paintings hung upon the walls and costly rugs lay scattered on the floor. The princess reclined upon a veiled couch, fanned by her maids. It was hot and stifling.... Courtiers were gathered about the hall in discussion with the king who was seated on his throne. Suddenly a messenger ran into the room, hurrying up to the throne without ceremony. The princess, from behind the muslin screen, could see the gathering tension on the courtiers' faces as the messenger repeated his story.

The gay gathering broke up suddenly, the menfolk hurried to find their armour and called to their serfs to saddle their horses and prepare their arms. The women looked grim and purposeful as they hurried to help their husbands prepare for war. Raja Tilak Singh of the neighbouring state was a formidable foe indeed, and it was rumoured that he planned to carry away the beautiful young princess Sanchayita. The women, being of sturdy Rajput stock, did not wail and beat their breasts in the face of certain defeat, instead they did something brave and honourable. They lit a large fire in the courtyard and



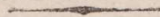
gathered around it and prayed. The young princess, terrified, clung to her mother.

Meanwhile the battle went on and on.... The castle that had seemed so impenetrable was assailed with flaming torches and massive boulders. The screams of dying men filled the air and finally the great doors of the castle were battered down. The victorious Raja Tilak Singh and his men stormed the castle, but the Rajput women were gallantly committing the act of 'Jauhar' to save their honour. As the fire flamed higher and higher before her eyes, the princess moved towards it of her own volition. And then the searing flames were licking at her face and hands and hair....

Cauvery screamed in agony, feeling the flames devour her, holding her fast in the grip of death. And suddenly, Pradeep was holding her as she lay on the ruined castle floor. She came back to consciousness fully but this time there was no conflict between the past and the present. The present stretched pure and beautiful before her. No memories lingered in the atmosphere — no fleeting sense of doom or sadness disturbed the present. There was a sense of fulfilment, and a sense of looking joyfully to the future. The story which had been left incomplete was now complete.

Anuradha Dass  
III H.E.E.

*On the Spot Short Story Competition-Special Mention*



It is not true that we have only one life to live, if we can read, we can live as many more lives and as many kinds as we wish.

— S. I. Hayakawa.



## Heaven

There is a world for the strong and brave,  
Where life exists beyond the grave,  
Where men and women are seen to dance  
In a portly, sedate, yet dizzying trance.

Where love and hate are not left to chance,  
And all but rhythm is looked at askance.  
Where feelings are but nameless plains  
Smothered in dusk and in summer rains.

Where no one has needs, and no one complains  
Of being locked in their endless, clanking chains,  
Of love for Him, who sired them all,  
And has left them to languish in this great hall.

While there he sits, so great and tall,  
Up, on his throne—O Father of them all,  
There are often times when I tremble to see —  
We're loved by one as powerful as He.

Leslie Smith  
I Py.E.E.

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## A Journey through Epcot Centre

On a holiday in the U.S., I spent a few glorious weeks in Florida, the 'sunshine state' of America. It was fun and frolic all the way — swimming, touring, and, of course, eating — ice-cream sundaes, Mexican dinners, hamburgers.....The Disney Channel on T. V. had my eyes glued to the screen. But the most exciting part of my stay was my journey to EPCOT Centre.

A five-hour super-fast drive brought me and my cousins from Ft. Myers to Orlando. The suspense mounted up as my much-awaited visit to EPCOT drew near. Having heard so much about it, the thought of actually seeing it was a dream come true. The next day dawned bright and sunny. In the sweltering heat of the Florida sun, we made our way to EPCOT Centre — a product of America's superior technology.

On entering, my eyes were drawn towards a gigantic silver sphere — "Spaceship Earth" — a geosphere which takes you through the dramatic history of human communication, from cavemen drawings right upto modern computerised technology. It was like perceiving planet Earth from a different world!

Speechless with wonder, I was led to the "Universe of Energy" — an exploration of the forces that fuel all life in the universe. Holding my breath, I traversed thick forests, battling with dinosaurs, and encountering earthquakes and volcanoes. Emerging unscathed into the open air, I walked rather apprehensively to the next counter marked "HORIZONS". Micro and macro-photography helped to create a picture of the lifestyle of the 21st century — truly, an incredible journey through time. Rosy-eyed visions of the future were opened to me.

The 'World of Motor' was our next halt. A rib-tickling ride through the evolution of transport followed, with the illusion of a supersonic jet was created on the screen in front. I desperately clutched my seat. The 'Journey through Imagination' was on a lighter vein. It showed how drama, literature and art are all offspring of that little spark in man's mind — the spark of Imagination. Computerised music and the 'Rainbow' Tunnel gave me all I dreamt for and more.



'Lunch Time' said my stomach, and appetising Italian pizzas and ice-cream cakes satisfied an enormous appetite. We then made the acquaintance of a friendly robot who shook hands and said, appreciatively, in a deep voice viewing my long braids — "What lovely hair you have!" I blushed red. My uncle hurried us on to another part of EPCOT.

The 'World Showcase' threw glimpses into various countries of the world. The Mexican shopping plaza was littered with baskets, clothing, sombreros and ceramics, woolens, kilts and dolls of the United Kingdom had us enchanted. Eskimo crafts and Canadian mocassins carried us into a magic world. Ceramics from Germany, wine and jewellery from Italy, and 'kimonos' from Japan made pleasant viewing.

After a dinner of spaghetti to the lull of soft Italian music, we made our way to the grand finale of the evening—the laser beam fireworks. Rainbow coloured beams danced about the sky while fireworks exploded in flowery beauty. I was awestruck with the beauty of the scene.

Exhausted though I was, I wished the day had not come to an end. EPCOT Centre is the land of magic that gives every visitor memories to cherish. Enchanted with my day, as I sleepily trudged back to the car park, my head swimming with wonder, my uncle asked me if I knew what EPCOT meant. As I a little ashamed, shook my head, he pointed out to a sign that said. 'Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow'. Well, if this is what tomorrow is going to be like, I simply can't wait for it!

*Manu S. K.  
I Py.E.E.*

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The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want, and if they can't find them, make them.

George Bernard Shaw



# MORNINGS



The muezzin wails out his morning prayers  
At the break of sunshiney dawn ;  
He jolts me awake from sleep's blankety layers  
To face another bustling morn.

Thanks to the K. E. B. there is a power cut,  
So I complete my assignment in candle light.  
My eyes mulishly fight to stay firmly shut  
As I scribble out notes on the Yadavas' might.

An indignant Mother wakes me a half-hour later  
From the depths of the Abhilashitharthachintamani ;  
And after a talk that would be admired even by old Plato,  
She bestows upon me, a cup of scalding tea.



Then there is a mad rush to wash and change —  
The water is cold and the iron is the same.  
I shrug into crumpled clothes, my books I arrange,  
Then swallow some toast, and for the bus stop, aim.

As usual, the bus rolls up a whole hour late ;  
I join the hustle to clamber inside.  
This is the one time I'm glad I'm overweight,  
As I push in and kick all the shins in sight.

After what seems an eternity of digs and bumps,  
I jump out battered and shaken and bruised.  
And feeling as weary as a giraffe with mumps,  
I trudge up the drive looking dazed and bemused.

I reach my class to find the lesson in swing  
And collapse after delivering my routine excuse.  
Then I pity the disillusioned poets who praise the morning  
And wonder where I could have missed all that sunshine and dew.

— *Esther Thomas*  
*II H.E.Py.S.*

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## The Crutches



His crutches echoed hollow in the quiet of the night as the little beggar boy plodded wearily back to his home the pavement. Glimpses from his past flashed before his tired little mind. How much had he undergone in his brief life of eight, or was it nine, years? He was past caring.

He remembered another cold night like this; he had been lying huddled outside a door. Fatigue and cold had driven him under the sun shade of a house. "Get up, you'd better come inside," said a voice nearby and he squinted up at a bright morning and a kindly old face. Clucking away, she led

him into her office. Several other children of varying ages and sizes ran around. He was in an orphanage!

Feeling fresh, with an orphanage uniform on him and a hot meal of rice gruel within him, he thanked his lucky stars for delivering him from wicked Kallu Dada's belting and begging in front of the railway station.

Joy followed joy and soon came the day when a childless couple adopted him. In his new home, amidst love and care, he blossomed, and almost recovered from his traumatic past.

On a Saturday, in keeping with his new life routine, he set out for his weekly ice-cream treat, while his 'mother' shopped. At the super market, licking at his cone, he idly gazed around. Instinctively, he sought for his father's hand — but did not find it! His eyes, widened with fear, frantically darted in search of the reassuring form of his father. And then, as if in a night-mare, he saw the form of Kallu Dada's crony emerging from the crowd and walking purposefully towards him. A cruel yank at his hand and he was dragged away, wondering where his good angel was.



Despite colossal efforts the foster parents were unable to locate their son. Dejected, they gradually slumped back into their routine two-some life.

"Enjoyed your 'outing', didn't you? You'll enjoy this much more," mocked Kallu Dada at the spread eagled petrified lad, held fast by a few toughies, and then.....a-a-a-a-agh! And blissful unconsciousness engulfed him.

He awoke to a throbbing pain in his legs but there weren't any legs there ! He looked down at two bloodied stumps, with mosquitoes hovering around. This was Kallu's punishment.

He was soon back at his post before the railway station — business was good, sans legs.

He hobbled away on his crutches. His non-existent feet throbbed with pain.

— Vandana Nadig.  
I PyEE

## A ROSE'S TALE

Now I'm pretty and much admired,  
Full of spring and never tired,  
My pink petals are smooth and elegant,  
I'm splendid, grand and triumphant.

But one day I shall fade away,  
Then gone will be my colours gay,  
I shall droop and fall to the ground,  
Then by the broom I will be found.

— Bhuvana Sankaranarayanan  
III H.E.E.



## Library



Its old, long and gloomy, very dark  
Cavernous, and ancient, chilly and stark,  
Book shelves are jumbled up all in a mess,  
Shelley resides with 'On how to play chess'

But open a dusty page, all worn  
Reveal the mystery of a summer morn  
Finish a chapter, shut your eyes  
Soar transported through summer skies.

Inhale the musty, bookish scent  
That printers' resin to the page has lent  
Live, cocooned in the world of a book  
In a secluded, old dusty nook.

For dates and deadlines — I've no regard —  
And its all for a measly-library card

*Lesley Smith*  
*I PyEE*

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A library quiet.  
My pile of books I  
drop  
And unintentionally upset  
a gaggle of temporarily  
Anglified  
referencers.

— Bina C. Sundarajan  
III B.Com



## Those that have Torches.....

(Thoughts on Education)

### VOICES LISPING, "A, B, C," — THE BEGINNING OF EDUCATION :

True education does not commence in the classroom with the study of the alphabet. It begins with the first breath of life and ends with the last. A mother's caressing touch, a father's reprimanding look, a squabble with a brother or sister, and companionship of a friend, the freshness of the breeze on the cheek, the feel of grass underfoot, the sight of an opening bud so fragile and helpless, the flight of a bird—so swift and free; every experience is education.

"FIRST I WILL LEARN, THEN I WILL LIVE....."

How can one separate life and learning? To live is to learn and to learn is to live. One cannot divorce life from learning. They are inseparably intertwined — strands that cannot be separated. Gandhi points to this truth when he asks the rhetorical question "what better book can there be than the book of humanity?"

"TWELVE YEARS OF SCHOOL, A FEW MORE OF COLLEGE. WE'VE ARRIVED."

Education is not a station we arrive at, but a manner of travelling. The things taught in school and college, declared Emerson, are not an education but the means of education. One does not measure true education by the number of years spent in schools and college. True education is a way of looking at life — the open receptivity of the mind, the vision to read the book of life.

" $E=mc^2$ "; " $F=mg$ ",  $RQ=\frac{CO_2}{O_2}$

Education is not a mere accumulation of facts and figures but the ability to see them in their proper perspective and use them effectively. "Nothing in education", said Adams, "is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulated in the form of inert facts". We tend to think of the human mind as a warehouse to be stuffed to bursting point. Of what use is



such a warehouse when you cannot find what you want when you need it and don't know how to use it when you do find it? No wonder Mason declared that true education converts the mind into a living fountain, NOT a reservoir, for, "that which is filled by merely pumping in will be emptied by pumping out".

SCRATCHED ON A SCHOOL DESK — "TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO DIED WAITING FOR THE BELL....."

True education is exciting, not tedious. A system that kills the joy of a young mind is a fatal one. With Lubbock we wonder if the world would not be a better place "if our teachers would dwell on the duty of happiness as well as the happiness of duty". No wonder Shaw declared with passion that nothing is as "horrible" as a school. It is worse than a prison he added because in prison they torture your body, not your brains. Let us free our students from lackadaisical lectures, sonorous speeches, monotonous monologues in the classroom.

"TRUST ME, MY NOTES WILL HELP YOU TACKLE ANY QUESTION ON THE EXAMINATION PAPER....."

True education does not teach dependence on the teacher, rather independence of the teacher. The umbilical cord that is cut at birth does not sever the relationship between mother and child but marks a new relationship. Let a student listen to others but think for himself, let the teacher realise that the cord must be cut for a student to achieve full potential. Else we will have students without a thought to call their own. Oscar Wilde was indeed earnest when he declared with conviction, "Most people are other people, their thoughts are someone else's opinion, their lives a mimicry, their passions a quotation".

OVERHEARD IN A CLASSROOM, "THERE IS NO OTHER SIDE TO THE QUESTION ; LETS NOT WASTE TIME".....

True education exposes a student to ideas but does not impose them. A young mind has a right to ask its own questions, make its own mistakes. That's part of education too – a vital part ! A student should have the freedom to decide for himself. A good system merely ensures that the known facts have been presented and that the known students are not probing in the darkness of ignorance. In our anxiety to make life easier we teach them to conform, not to ask the wrong questions, to give the expected answers. We lay ourselves open to Thoreau's attack — "What does education often do? It makes a straight cut ditch out of a free and meandering brook". Let us not convert the free, beautiful and clear stream of the living mind into something trapped, ugly and troubled.



"QUESTION THE SCRIPTURES? SEX IS NOT A SUBJECT TO BE DISCUSSED IN THE CLASSROOM. ITS DIRTY....."

True education helps to open doors, not close them. In the realms of enquiry, let all the doors closed by superstition, ignorance and dogmatism be fully open. Never let young minds catch tantalising glimpses of what lies beyond and then slam the doors in their faces. Foster a healthy, open curiosity not an unhealthy secretive one. Above all, let us remember that doubt is an integral part of true faith. Remember Tennyson's passionate assertion : "THERE LIVES MORE FAITH IN HONEST DOUBT THAN IN HALF THE CREEDS ..... " "We MUST BE HUMBLE AND PATIENT.....WHO ARE WE TO ASK QUESTIONS AND BE IMPATIENT ?"

TRUE education teaches humility and pride, patience and impatience. The first step to knowledge according to Cecil is to know that we are ignorant — we are nothing — mere specks in this vast unknown universe. Yet we should also realise that we are unique, that this finite frame houses the infinite spark. Patience and perseverance have been taught often enough but what about impatience, that Promethean trait, that divine discontent ? It simmers within human beings making them rebel, ask questions, aspire, yearn for what is not.

" The desire of the moth for the star  
of the night for the morrow,  
the devotion to something after,  
from the sphere of our sorrow". (Shelley)

" Put out the light.....then put out the light" (Othello)

True education brings the light of knowledge and hope to those who sit in darkness and despair. Anything that adds to the murky darkness instead of dispelling it, is no education at all.

Plato declared, "Those having torches will pass them on to others". A word of advice, however, from Tagore to the teachers — "A teacher can never truly teach, unless he is learning himself. A lamp can never light another unless it continues to burn its own flame".

"I DO NOT WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK. WHAT MATTERS IS WHAT THE POET THINKS AND I KNOW THAT WELL ENOUGH".

Education is a two way process. No good teacher merely teaches. She learns with her students and from her students. Out of the mouth of



babes.....she gains new insights. Even friction can ignite a spark, make the fire of learning blaze brighter.

"SAIL AROUND THE WORLD? You must be crazy. Land on the moon? Impossible...."

Yesterday's dreams are today's realities. Education should therefore, be realistic and idealistic, teaching one to combine caution with daring, pragmatism with vision. Let us, like Blake, foster the vision.....

"To see a world in a grain of sand,  
And Heaven in a wild flower,  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand  
Eternity in an hour".

But as Beecher pointed out, many men build as cathedrals were built — the part nearest the ground finished, but the part that soars towards heaven, the turrets and the spires for ever incomplete". In education, let all cathedrals be built firmly on the groundwork of facts, but let the spires soar. Let the ships of learning venture forth into unknown, uncharted seas, let them brave the storms of ignorance and intolerance. Let them seek a mission accomplished.

"EGO, ECOCENTRIC, EGOISM, EGOIST, EGOMANIA....."

Education touches one into oneself and out of oneself. No better advice has been given to the student than the ancient axiom, "know thyself". One must know one's potential, one's strengths, one's weaknesses. But in this magnificent obsession with the microcosm, the individual must expand to take in the macrocosm of the universe. Education teaches us to shake off the shackles of self and to relate, tolerate, understand, accept and love others.

"HETEROGENEITY, PLURALISM, APARTHEID." True education teaches us that every one of us is unique and different, yet all are the same. Differences of caste, creed and colour evaporate in the realisation that we are all human beings. The greatest of all mathematics stresses this highest common factor, this human denominator, the recognition of which subtracts nothing from one's status and adds to our stature. In the true spirit of love and tolerance we will realise that in the multiplicity and diversity of nations, there is no place for a division.



True education is a many splendoured thing.....a whole and varied spectrum of experience that fuses into the white radiance of the ultimate truth and wisdom. True education begins and ends with GOD. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path (Psalms)".

With such an education we will be no mere "bricks in the wall" but stones in a cathedral whose spires aspire towards heaven, inspiring all viewers; living, perennial fountains showering joy and life in this barren waste land; ships discovering new routes, new continents, torches that flame in the encroaching darkness..... "a blazon and a light unto eternity".

**Mrs. Annie Chandy Mathew**  
**English Department**

"A book is the only place in which you can examine a fragile thought without breaking it or explore an explosive idea without fear it will go off in your face.....It is one of the few havens remaining where a man's mind can get both provocation and privacy."

— Edward P. Morgan



# HEAVEN AND HELL

Heaven and Hell are not just worlds beyond  
 Apart from earth, 'cept for a spiritual bond.  
 Here in this planet every teenager undergoes  
 Heavenly bliss and Hellish woes.  
 Black and White are thus a part  
 Of every young collegian's chart.

It's Heaven to wake up in the morning  
 The sunbeams pink a dawning  
 Open the paper, flick the page,  
 Read of a holiday for the young and the sage  
 Some minor bundh, an obscure soul dead,  
 And to-day is free, all done and said !

It's Heaven if you live close by  
 To dress up and saunter with wakeful eye,  
 Past trees and people all ready to don  
 The apparatus of a working morn.

If you live, howe'er very far away  
 Then every morning curses have their say  
 'Tis Hell and damnation to have to wait  
 For a red automation that's always late.

It's Hell to have a class at nine  
 When all you want is sleep divine  
 It's Heaven howe'er when that means  
 That 1.00 p.m. draws the curtain on the college scene.

It's Heaven sitting on the drive  
 Watching Femina cut-outs arrive,  
 Parade along with mincing step  
 Looking good and feeling hep  
 It's Hell, however, when you become conscious  
 Of your own outfit-dowdy and well-nigh obnoxious !

It's Heaven in a talented world to be,  
 Hear Carol sing, watch Vatsala dance merrily  
 It's Hell howe'er, having to stand  
 Like sardines roasting in baking sand,  
 In a jam-packed audi  
 Filled beyond limits shoddy.

It's Heaven when Miss Kalpan Balse,  
 In a mood of generosity, shall we say,  
 A chocolate cake decides to bake,  
 Which, tomorrow, to the college she'll take.  
 It's Hell howe'er when tomorrow comes  
 The cake is for the other class! for us, no crumbs.

It's Heaven, of a first class to be assured,  
 It's Hell when the work of copying reams of endless notes is to be  
 endured.  
 It's Heaven during college hours to see  
 A nice masala Hindi movie.  
 It's Hell, howe'er, when Mrs. Ronita glares  
 At your attendance; one of her flares!

Mrs. Punitha : It's heaven feeling grown up as women about to marry  
 But before the cup o'erflows, here's a thought to tarry  
 Before one mingles one's tradition with talent  
 First one has to answer a paper on Eliot's literary lament.

It's Heaven to think you're mature and secure  
 It's Hell to see time fly.  
 It's Heaven to walk into the future  
 It's Hell to think of the days gone by.

— Bhuvana Sankaranarayanan  
 III B.A. (H.E.E.)





## Historically Speaking

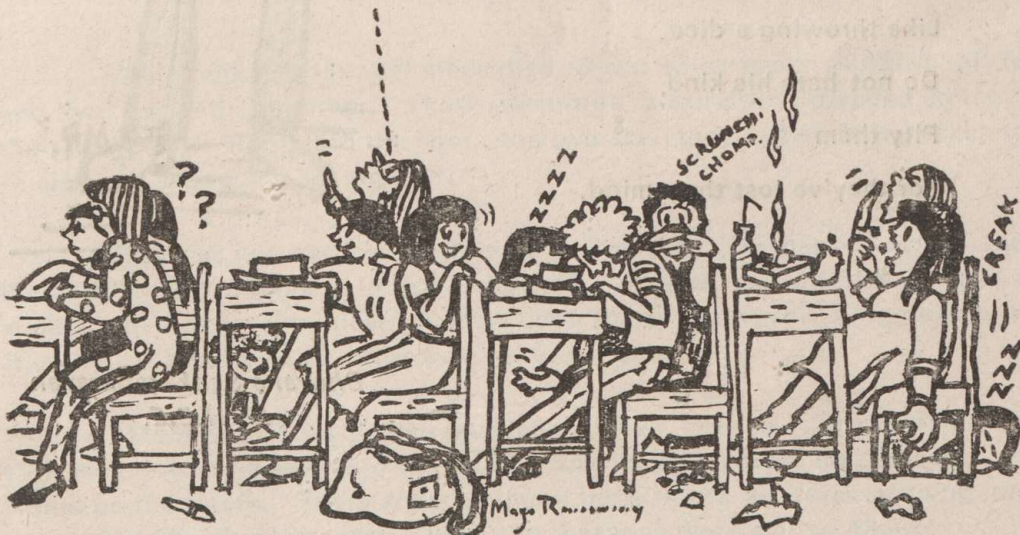
The bell heralded the History hour one sleepy Monday after-noon. At once there was a hasty scuffling towards the rear end of the class-room. This is where the sturdy ones gloat over the anorexic head-turners. Finding yourself a seat in one of the back benches during the History hour is as tough as striving to get a seat in a medical college in Bangalore. If you make it, you're lucky; if you don't you give a sigh of resignation, settle down in the most comfortable position your distance from the lecturer offers and numb your senses to endure an hour of yawns and yet more yawns. And to those of us who linger long before the mirror to try to figure out where we've seen ourselves before, an afternoon hour of History can be especially bewildering. I'm not saying that History is only a stretch of shut-eyes and stifled groans; it has its better moments too, though few and far between.

This particular sleepy afternoon had the Chalukyas of Badami in store for us. As usual there followed a host of theories regarding their origin. A certain poet whose day dreaming capacity would put our current fiction writers in the shade, passed on to posterity that the first Chalukyan popped out of Brahma's cupped hands or 'Chuluka'. In History, it is best to believe everything you hear — it saves you from the confusion that goes with thinking. By now most of the girls had glazed eyes and apart from the sound of muffled yawns, you could only hear hands mechanically scratching out notes while minds drifted way beyond the blue. We went on to the outstanding rulers of the Chalukyan reign. From some old bloke called Pulakesin I, we droned on to Mangalesha who was so mean he'd steal a fly from a blind spider. He betrayed his brother's trust and tried to place his son on the throne instead of his nephew who was the rightful heir. This nephew was none other than Pulakesin II, who was in short a human 'gimme pig' — he killed his uncle and then set about grabbing the kingdoms of anyone who crossed his path. One kept wishing he'd get in the way of a squint-eyed knife-thrower during one of his perpetual marches. On we proceeded to study the Chalukyans' contribution to art and architecture. Glancing behind, one could spot a couple of girls trying to beat Rip Van Winkle's record, while the unfortunate ones in front



willed their ears to absorb at least fragments of the lecture. We marvelled at the collection of strange sounding names than, at the magnificent architectural creations. A few giggles rang out as yet another name was spelt out (and which one would surely have mistaken for a highly insulting word if one didn't know better). Surrendering to an outburst of frustrated "Break, Ma'am please!" we stopped for our attendance. Tongues denied our weary states of mind by wagging loud and fast, and as a result we were all marked absent. Oh well — people are known to sacrifice more precious things in order to retain their sanity, so it didn't matter much to us at this dreary stage. Back to the notes, my neighbour on my right began to mutter sotto voce about horrifying things she would have done to Herodotus, had she met him. Somewhere between the Kali temple and Huchimalligudi temple, I nodded off into sweet oblivion, only to be given a sharp dig in the stomach and a hiss that "She was looking at you". Mercifully, we were soon saved by the bell. There was shuffling all around to mark a great awakening, as the girls slipped on their scattered footwear. Bleary-eyed, we stumbled out into the sunshine, unanimously cheering the end of another hour of History.

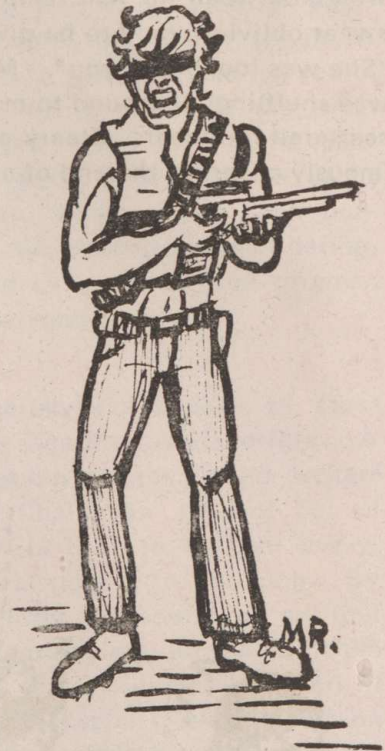
— Esther Thomas  
II HEPyS





# TERRORIST

Life's brief; he makes it shorter still.  
Blood's dear; the flood he sheds could drown a hill.  
A dream beyond life, a narrow dream  
Does to appear glory supreme.  
To earth's glory he's blind  
The beauties of creation, the potential of  
the mind.  
To life's laughter he's immune,  
He does not whistle even a tune.  
His soul is by this dream possessed,  
Reason cannot his fairy world undress.  
A pull of a trigger  
As the path to paradise,  
To pull a trigger  
Like throwing a dice.  
Do not hate his kind  
Pity them  
For they've lost their mind.



*Bhuvana Sankaranarayan  
III H.E.E.*



## The Beginning of the End



The plodding but eager steps died down to a mere shuffling of feet, and then stopped altogether. They had turned around that dreaded corner for their first view. Rooted to the spot, the two skeletons — two living skeletons — clung to each other for support.

This was just another nightmare — it couldn't be happening to them. It couldn't. But night was a long way off. It was mid-afternoon, and the midday sun was beating down fiercely upon them. It wasn't a nightmare. Yet, it couldn't be real.....that gaping ruin.....?

"Mein Gott I" he uttered hoarsely. Then silence. She merely stared with dark, unseeing eyes into the void. The void that was the present. That would be the future. There were no more tears — the sun was shining on — there would be no more tears. Even the heavens were against them.



Maybe the skies would weep for them. The scorching sun beat down mercilessly. Maybe the skies would weep for all mankind, because man had no more tears to shed.

Those days were over — gone for ever. 'Now' was what mattered. Yet why did 'yesterday' enter their thoughts? The most pressing thought was 'What today? what now?! The past did not matter, It had better not — no time for nostalgia and tears. The future — more likely as not, there was no future. Everything centred around 'Now'. That was all. And yet, was it?!!

They didn't know. Not even though they were 'living' skeletons; no dead ones. That sort of thinking couldn't be done on a crust of dry bread or raw carrot. Nor would such thinking be indulged in at the labour camps where one became immune to the stench of death. That your rigid corpse was not piled onto the carts by your living brothers.....or corpses.

Then you went away forever from this sordid world, Was that better? you did not know. You had no courage to find out. And so, you kept at it ....the business of living.

All you needed was sheer will-power. The dead lacked will-power — that was why they were dead. Not just because they were starved, not even because they were over-worked and tortured — that was a part of everyone's life. They died because they had no will to survive.

No. 63 and No. 246 had had the will. And so they refused to die. It was why they insisted on calling each other Franz and Helga, and not.....mere numbers. When you were a number, you were just one more who died, one more whose number was struck off the list. Then you were valuable only if — and only until — you had, perhaps, a gold tooth that you had kept hidden all the years!

Helga and Franz stared uncomprehendingly at their 'home'. They had called it the 'Einode' — the one and only place. A place for them in this crazy world. Only then, it didn't seem such a ridiculous world.

Memories fade. But living symbols.....They don't fade so easily. The sight of their burnt out shell of a home left a feeling of numbness on the two. Then memory came flooding in — poignant memories of what had been and never would be again.....



A young bride clapping her hands in ecstasy on beholding her new home — "Its beautiful — so big and roomy and airy — there's a sort of old-world charm about it". A paradise on earth. Walks in the garden. Riding and hunting. Carefree days. "What a charming couple" — the cynosure of all eyes.

And later — the initiation into parenthood. Beate, and later, Heinsich the most adorable children. Beate — the spitting image of her pretty mother Heinsich — more sedate, so young and so protective, a happy family. And so seven years of Heaven!

Then the war.

All at once, things changed. Franz was led away by the Gestapo Beate asking 'When will he come back mamma?' Helga had no answer. Later, she too followed Franz, to another camp.

Their beautiful home — full of soldiers, some of them being mere boys!

The children — what had happened to them? Helga had screamed wanting to take them with her, but the officers assured her they would be taken care of! "Good God, what have they done with my babies?" — questions after questions. "Our beautiful home — what have they done to it?" — six years of questions — and no answer.

Until now.

All through those years, Helga believed what the officers had said. Believed with an earnestness that was almost pathetic. She had to believe, she wanted — oh, so badly — to believe. Her home would be intact. Her children would be there when she got back. If she got back! "No, I must not think of that." The children must be grown up by now. I wonder.....

She had been sent from one camp to another. From Poland to Austria to Germany. She was always No. 246 — one of the few who kept going. On and on.

And then, in camp eleven, situated on the top of a hill, she met No. 63. Skeleton 63. One of the few who had fought to live — to avenge himself. Years later even that wish died.

Two faded remnants — emaciated remnants — of an age that was gone, fell on each other's necks and wept their long separation away. That was the last time they cried.



Determination was born. They tried to keep going — to recollect a past that seemed of another world.

Whispered conversations across the barbed wire fences. Lying down, pretending to be corpses (of which there were plenty) when the guards came by. Visions of what they would do — WHEN THEY GOT HOME!! Occasionally, smells of 'Kalbschnitzel' would drift upwards from the village below the camp. Smoke curling up from the rooftops — the drone of aeroplanes — houses burning as the bombs struck their targets — air-raid sirens — on and on. Endlessly....

And they had lived through it all. When the smiling Allies freed them from the throes of death! Most of the now free men and women had no place to go. No homes.

But Helga and Franz had a sort of dogged determination to go on — to find their home, their children. Silly? Yes. But important to them. They knew that their home had been converted into an army base — so surely, it was still standing. When their near-shattered hopes had withstood the ravages of those horrifying years, surely their house had stood up.

But.....

So, the years fell by. "All blasted, all wasted." That blackened, gaping ruin without even a nesting bird to enliven the scene — was that their home? Their 'Einode'.

Strangely, even the absence of their children could hurt no more. The ruins spoke for themselves — spoke of an era where men destroyed men. Everything was over.

They had been given a new lease of life. But that life was over before it had begun. The beginning of the end?!!

They stood for a long, long time. Not a word was shared, not a glance exchanged. The skies began to rumble — the wrath of the Gods poured down on a parched earth.

Silently, the two skeletons began to cry.

*Radha Venugopalan*  
II B.A. (HEE)

**II Prize On-the-Spot Short Story Competition.**



# "A flea, a fly and a flue ....."

## Results of the On-the-Spot Limerick Contest.

### B. T. S. Route 3 to 1/8

Mobile 'Slim-Gyms' in action,  
Try one and end up in traction :  
Bangalore Torture System — quite apt :  
Intestines lassoing kidneys — leaves you zapped :  
V. hew ; I'm now an unmauled 1/8 fraction :

— Pavithra Punitha  
(III B.Com-A.)  
Radha Venugopalan  
(II H.E.E.)

### Enlightenment Fused :

Bank on a blank sheet for inspiration :  
Blank mind, too, with beads of perspiration,  
Zone of the Muses — the Workshop . . .  
Dripping taps, naked bulbs, cobwebs to top.  
Dammit: the Muses are on vacation.

— Pavithra Punitha  
(III B.Com.)  
Radha Venugopalan  
(II H.E.E.)

At every Carmelite food sale  
You find the inevitable bhel :  
10 grams worth  
Doesn't increase your girth  
But the idea's decidedly stale.

— Anuradha Dass  
(III H.E.E.)

There was this girl called Rosa  
Who eyed an oily dosa  
But fear of pimples  
Marring her dimples  
Brought on anorexia nervosa !

— Anuradha Dass  
(III H.E.E.)



**On opening the door to a date**

Tall, Dark and Handsome was due —  
 She was stuck in the middle of a shampoo.  
 She looked a sight,  
 He tried being polite,  
 But ran off in a terrible snafu.

— Bina Soundarajan  
 (III B.Com.)

**In the Exam Hall**

Possessing an IQ of eighty-eight  
 She thought Question 4 was the last one yet :  
 And produced a pout  
 When a question on gout  
 Turned out to be penulti-not ultimate.

— Bina Soundarajan  
 (III B.Com.)

When we at College decided to make money,  
 We formed the Mounts Pioneer Company,  
 There were many meetings,  
 But we hadn't any inklings  
 That the whole set-up was Nun-ny :

— Vandana Dayal  
 — Seema Avasthi  
 (III B.Com.)

There is this hep college — Mount Carmels  
 Vogue-wise, none else parallels.  
 Outfits native and exotic —  
 They've got the pick  
 Of la fashion at Carmels.

— Bina Soundarajan  
 (III B.Com.)



## A SUMMER'S STORM

All of a sudden the rains came.  
 Catching me unawares on a mild summers day.  
 Flashing, Thundering, down it came,  
 A summer's storm, couldn't it wait ?  
 Deep down I knew the rains would abate,  
 Waiting for that night I kept awake,  
 It had to happen, even if late.  
 It died.....The Storm blew over  
 Now calm and still, the cool winds blow.  
 Now washed and fresh, moist and new,  
 Like the trees, my life I renew.

— Toshiko Singh  
 II PyES

## ANGER

The torrent flows  
 The hour is close  
 The dam will erupt  
 With a sound abrupt

Blood does race  
 Heart gains pace  
 Stomach churns  
 And food burns

All do flee  
 Form frightening me  
 Anger dissolves  
 And into self pity resolves

— Bhuvana Sankaranarayanan  
 III H.E.E.



## Laser — the light with a future

The name 'Laser' is an acronym of "light amplification by stimulated emission of radiation". A laser is a device that produces an intense, concentrated and highly parallel beam of coherent light. So parallel is the beam from a visible light laser 10 cm. in diameter that at the moon's surface 3,84,000 km. away the beam is no more than 5 km. wide.

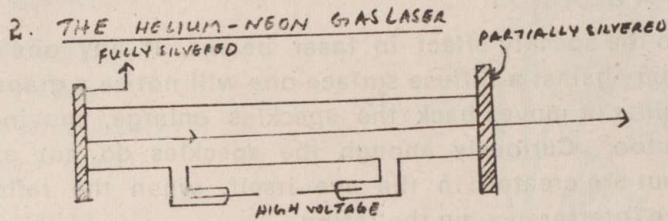
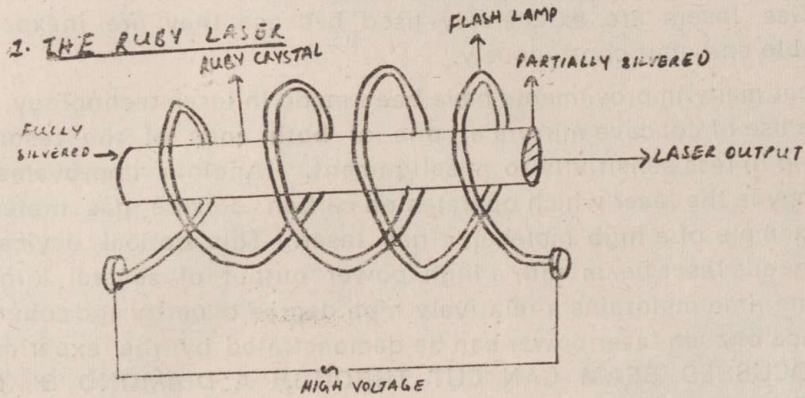
Historically, the laser is the outgrowth of the maser, a similar device using radiomicro waves, instead of visible light waves. The first successful laser was built by T. H. Maiman.

Some of the basic principles involved in the operation of most lasers are (1) metastable states (2) optical pumping (3) population inversion (4) stimulated emission (5) fluorescent radiation (6) coherence. A brief account of the above principles can be given.

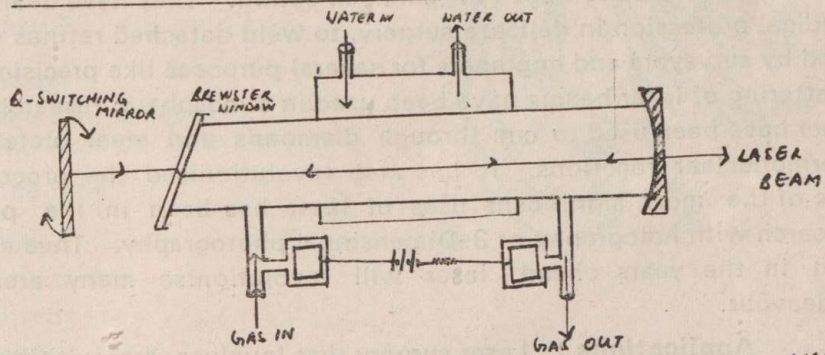
Consider a gas enclosed in a vessel containing free atoms having a number of energy levels, at least one of which is metastable. The metastable state can be explained as follows. By shining white light into this gas, many atoms can be raised from the ground state to excited states. As the electrons drop back, many of them become trapped in the excited state. Such a state is called the metastable state. If the pumping light is intense enough we may obtain a population inversion, i.e., more electrons in the metastable state than in the ground state. When an electron in one of these states, spontaneously jumps to the ground state, as it eventually will, it emits a photon of energy. This is called fluorescent radiation. As the photon passes by another nearby atom in the same metastable state, it can immediately stimulate that atom to radiate a photon of the exact same frequency and return it to its ground state. Amazingly enough, this stimulated photon has exactly the same frequency, polarisation, phase and speed as the primary photon. Both of these photons may now be considered as primary waves and upon passing close to other atoms in their metastable states can stimulate them to emission in the same direction with the same phase. Thus, a chain reaction develops resulting in a high intensity coherent radiation.

The first successful laser was the ruby laser which need a single crystal of synthetic pink ruby as its resonating cavity. The ruby is primarily a transparent crystal of corundum ( $Al_2O_3$ ) 10 cm. long, doped with 0.05% of trivalent chromium ions in the form of  $Cr_2O_3$ . The ends are polished flat and parallel. One end is highly reflective (96%) and the other end is close to half silvered (50%). When white light from an intense source enters the crystal, strong absorption by the chromium ions occurs which excites metastable states in several atoms, eventually causing fluorescent radiation. The ruby is



THE DIFFERENT LASERS

3. THE CARBON-DI-OXIDE GAS LASER



A COMPARISON OF LASER LIGHT WITH ORDINARY LIGHT

LASER LIGHT	ORDINARY LIGHT
NON-DIVERGING	DIVERGING
MONO-CHROMATIC	MANY WAVELENGTHS
COHERENT	INCOHERENT

a solid state laser. Gas lasers are also in use. The first successful gas laser i.e., Helium-Neon gas laser was put into operation by J. AVAN BENNET and HARRIOT. Gas lasers are extensively used because they are inexpensive, unusually stable and emit continuously.

A great many improvements have been made in laser technology. One of them is the use of concave mirrors at one or both ends of the resonating cavity resulting in less sensitivity to misalignment. Another improvement in laser technology is the laser which operates on carbon dioxide gas molecules, which is an example of a high molecular gas laser. This optical device produces a continuous laser beam with a high power output of several kilowatts and at the same time maintains a relatively high degree of purity and coherence. The significance of such laser power can be demonstrated by the experimental fact that A FOCUSSED BEAM CAN CUT THROUGH A DIAMOND & THICK STEEL PLATES IN A SECOND !

Coming to the speckly effect in laser beams, if any one deserves a diverged laser beam against a diffuse surface one will notice a granular appearance. If one squints or moves back the speckles enlarge, moving sideways the speckles move too. Curiously enough the speckles do not exist in the reflected pattern but are created in the eye itself, when the reflected light causes constructive interference on the retina.

Since the advent of laser many uses for it have arisen. Modulated laser beams have been used in communication. They have been used in the medical profession in delicate surgery, to weld detached retinas etc. They are used by surveyors and engineers for several purposes like precision boring etc. Scattering of laser beams have been used in atmospheric research. High power laser have been used to cut through diamonds and steel plates and initiate thermonuclear reactions. It has also revolutionised the process of printing. One of the most significant uses of laser has been in the production and research with holography or 3-Dimensional photography. Thus experts believe that in the years ahead, laser will revolutionise many areas of human endeavour.

**Applications :** Laser surgery that involves "resculpting the cornea", now being developed, could cure short-sightedness in seconds and do away with spectacles or contact lenses. The technique is called "photorefractive keratectomy" and involves "Skimming" tiny particles of around  $\frac{1}{1000}$  millimeter thickness off the cornea instead of cutting it. The "revolutionary" operation is expected to be in use within two years.

*Savitha M.*

*II P.C.M.B.*

**This article is based on the prize winning science lecture contest.**



# I Am I

I am I

Why do you complain  
That I do not answer  
When you call my name ?

Another without  
Someone else within  
Is life all like this  
So riddled with sin ?

A milky white image,  
A facade I portray  
Fools ! all who observe it  
Look deeper, I pray !

Society demands that  
I show up this way.  
Why can't we, confound it !  
Dress as we may ?

Masques went out  
With Shakespeare's rhymes  
Their's were for fun  
Ours are all the time.

Seriousness hid  
With a laughing smile  
Anger and hatred  
Buried with guile.

We'll drown in the mire  
Of hypocrisy soon  
Am I, I ?  
Never — till my doom !



— Lesley Smith  
I PyEE

I Prize On the Spot Poetry Competition.

## UNCLE RAY



"Hello darling Bhuvana!" he roared as he alighted from the taxi, his mellow voice reverberating in the air. I stared at him, gaping in my astonishment. His appearance defied even the wildest reaches of my imagination. His deeply furrowed face, white hair and rosy cheeks made him present the picture of a typical 'John Bull' Englishman, the cream of British Society. So this odd spectre of a man is my Uncle Ray Nee Iyer.

Uncle Ray Nee Iyer. The name has an unearthly ring. So let me explain how my uncle came to possess such a weird nomenclature. About seven decades ago, my Uncle Ray reached the altar of marital bliss with my Auntie Glen, a small, petite Welsh maiden with a shy smile and captivating eyes. At that time, his name was Ramakrishna Doraiswamy Iyer. Perhaps his Welsh bride could not wend her way through the manifold intricacies of the oriental tongue, so after marriage 'Iyer Mama' became simply Uncle Ray.

His marriage did not alter my Uncle Ray in name alone but also in his behaviour, manners and even in the very make-up of his character. He was so thoroughly assimilated into British Society, that he became English even in his looks.

I tried to picture my 'Uncle Ray' as he was to contrast it with the man he is now. Random pickings of conversations of old aunts floated through my mind. I found myself transported into the beginning of the twentieth century, in an old bungalow with scarlet bougainvillea blossoms adorning the portico. A young man with a rich fan, clad in a 'dhoti' and a shirt was sitting on the steps as two old women, chewing 'paan', entered the room. They were



discussing the suitability of a match between one's son and the other's daughter. The young man sat upright and listened. It was his marriage they were considering. He visualised his proposed bride, a girl whom he knew since his youth. She was extraordinarily attractive, with dancing black eyes. However, long ago, he had penetrated that superficial facade and he was painfully aware of the dormant volcano which lay beneath it. In other words, she was a virago! He found himself shuddering with fear at the prospect of his being betrothed to her.

Instead, having heard from adventurers about Burma, my Uncle Ray sought asylum in its green gold jungles. After a few years he set sail to England.

Time rolled by. The immature youth became a successful medical practitioner and eventually a stockbroker. He also married Aunt Glen and had three children — Janet Janaki Iyer, Margaret Lakshmi Iyer and Robert Dorai Iyer — a wonderful hotch-potch of names resulting from the intermixing of two different cultures.

After seven decades, my 'Uncle Ray' felt the call of home surge within his blood. He returned home, to be electrified by the startling changes in its cities. He recalled with nostalgia the lovely bungalows and open parks which had been replaced by huge skyscrapers. He also recalled his old fondness for 'masala dosai' — a remembrance which incurred heavy penalties for his stomach. Unfortunately, his memory did not extend to much else for he even ventured to kiss our old, matronly Indian grandmothers, much to their chagrin — a custom alien to them. He also seemed to have forgotten the sights and smells of Indian cities for he was appalled by the dirt and squalor of his native country. After a brief stay of about two weeks, he returned to England, borne aloft in an aeroplane.

I have heard of chemists transforming radium to radon. I know about the golden myths woven by ancient bards about fairies transforming men into puny beetles by the slightest wave of their magic wands. However, never in my eighteen year old sojourn on this planet have I heard of an R. D. Iyer being so strikingly transmuted into an Uncle Ray. Hats off to the puckish Glen! Their marriage is a lasting testimony to the fact that marital bliss can accrue even if the cultures are different.

*Bhuvana Sankaranarayanan*  
*III HEE.*

# NIGHTMARE

I am drowning — slowly but surely,  
The abyss grows darker,  
The ravine narrower,  
The pit deeper,  
And all the while I see the light.

A hand reaches out to me  
touches — and then snakes back into the dark.  
A voice, soft and calm  
soothes — and then recedes into the distance.  
A light flares up  
brightens — and then dies out with the cold.

It is closer now,  
I sense the smothering darkness  
and I cry out,  
A long, lonely wail  
A shriek that shatters the silence  
An echo slamming into dark walls.

A new sound reaches my ears,  
A lonely sound  
A sound of hopeless, helpless, despair.  
I don't want to be a part of it.  
I blindly claw at the emptiness around me,  
I raise my eyes for one last sign of hope.  
And I fall into the darkest abyss



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— Nawaz Varkey  
I H.E.PyS.



## **ECO (LOGI) NOMICS or The Debate between Economics and Ecology**

The word 'environment' triggers off a host of associations. It could refer to political climate or mental, economic, social or ecological aspects. In the context of ecology we come up against the debate between ecology and economic development.

In man's struggle for survival he seems to have forgotten his most important adversary, or rather, companion : nature. For one who has succeeded in preserving his race on earth, man displays a curious lack of awareness of the consequences of his ruthless exploitation of nature. Undeniably, man is part of nature, however far he may stray from nature. And it is foolish of man to assume that he will survive once he has destroyed his environment.

Nature in her ageless wisdom maintains the 'ecological balance' ; a balance between the life forms on this planet. If this balance is even minutely disturbed by man's attempts at industrialisation, the changes which occur in ecology are appalling in nature and magnitude. Yet these disturbances are set-off regularly, due to 'development' and 'modernisation'. Most underdeveloped countries aiming at development have fallen into the trap of draining their country's national resources. The name of the game is resource exploitation, rather than resource utilisation. The post-war economic boom that has trebled the world's industrial production is due largely to the rapacious use of the world's natural resources. The fact remains, however, that the combined effects of world industrial development and agricultural revolution on the environment has resulted in a series of well publicised ecological imbalances that serve as reminders of our potential for total destruction of the environment.

In the mad rush for economic prosperity our commitment to nature has been overshadowed. River valley projects and ensuing creation of new river basins have triggered off ecological imbalances. Chemical and fertilizer plants pollute the water and poison the air. Public awareness has yet to be channelised into a movement for environmental safety and protection.



In the 1972 publication of the first Club of Rome report on 'Predicament of Mankind' it was stated that mankind was faced with a number of critical units as a result of his economic and technological successes. The report also revealed that attempts to solve one problem would only exacerbate another. For example, rapid population growth means a reduction in the chances of satisfying per capita human needs. The only solution is industrialisation but this will precipitate the depletion of resources that are non-renewable.

Pollution of the earth is another critical variable, and there are two aspects to it : inversible waste and various forms of poisoning caused by harmful substances, i.e., physiological damages caused by pesticides, detergents, etc. It is reckoned that a world population of 7 billion at a high per capita income level will pollute the earth ten times more than at present, though it is not known at what point the critical limit of ecological balance will be crossed. A final critical limit of psychic pollution includes increasing exposure to excessive noise and other irritants, the psychical efforts of overpopulation, and other stress factors.

Professor A. K. Sen in a T. V. interview, said that he advocates a balance between Ecology and Economics. He insists on an integrated approach, and does not foresee any good coming from an ecological blast to counter the developmental blast. The most integrated method would be for economists and planners to work with the ecologists before carrying out any projects. There would thus be growth and development of an economy through utilisation of its natural resources, along with the preservation of the environment.

— *Manjula Vijay Kumar Malimath*  
III PyES



# WAITING

Today I feel, like a fairy queen,  
 With friends and roses and good wishes galore,  
 But all of a sudden the joy is no more,  
 Thinking of you, my eyes turn to the door.  
 Everytime the door bell rings . . . I run  
 The smile is another's, the voice not yours.  
 All alone I sit this moon-drenched night,  
 Watching a white rose, swaying in the breeze,  
 Slowly drift the petals one by one,  
 The lone stem remains . . .

The lamps go out  
 The night lights fill the sky . . .  
 I think of you and begin to cry . . .

Today was special  
 You knew that too.  
 It would have been beautiful,  
 Had you come too . . .



— Toshika Singh

II PyES

## A Clerk's Tale

"Ram ! Ram !" The sound of the mantra resounded in the room thick with the aromatic fumes of black incense. There was a pregnant spiritual excitement evident on the faces of the swaying devotees. The object of the mass chanting session was to attain communion with the Universal spirit. The success attained by each was direct reflection on his ego level.

Clerk Gopal looked around him. There was a doctor in the corner who kept fiddling with his wrist-watch. His was evidently a restless spirit shackled by the reins of earthly time. There was a child of five with a blissful lost look on his face, a teen-ager with a bored supercilious expression, wealthy ladies, old men and women, all individuals gathered as if by some concentric force in the Ashram that day, that moment, to participate in a quasi-nirvana experience.

The clerk wondered what alleys the others had traversed, what path in life they had tread before coming to the Ashram to taste the joy of primeval being. He wondered about their individual lives and frustrations and he wondered whether they were indeed close to attaining the fulfilment they sought. He was not too sure about himself either.

Gopal's main frustration in life was that he was but a clerk. His was a square brilliant mind fitted into a round, mechanical slot. Circumstance.... his father's insolvency....as the eldest son in the family he had to earn the bread and butter for the family. He had to drop out of college, give up his dream of entering the services. He became one of the anonymous majority who carry black umbrellas in the rainy season and tiffin boxes in all seasons, as if these too were tools of trade. His home was not the luxurious residence of a collector's bungalow but a small dingy apartment, built on top of a third rate coffee shop. He did not give orders. His lot was to record their execution in a musty old book of accounts.

A friend had told him about the spiritual gain he had experienced in the ashram ... the simple and pure way of life adopted in this tree filled oasis of peace. When the burden of remitting endless debts and listening to the perpetual vinegar-tongued lashings of his wife had reached a point beyond the



tolerance limit of human beings, he had decided to make the break. A clean break.

The idea flashed upon him like a streak of lightning in a thunderous black sky. He had been watching a television programme on middle age blues. The speaker was describing the ancient Hindu course of life—Grihasti followed by Varnashram and so on. The clerk who till now had conformed decided in a flash second, to abandon his dry meaningless life for greener spiritual pastures. For, as the speaker said, "Every man has the right to choose the way of life he likes best".

He was abandoning his wife, he knew that it was a cruel thing to do but he had grown tired of her sarcasm and shrewish behaviour. He was tired of playing the role of a meek, mild sheep. Any handloom-sari he bought her was of the wrong shade, material or design. If he bought a bagful of vegetables, there would be a dozen comments on the stupidity of clerks who even though they draw low salaries were not aware of the price situation.

The simple, pure life of the Ashram, away from arrogant bosses and an arrogant wife had finally instilled a sense of peace in him. He found his frustrations slowly evaporating and except for the occasional pang of guilt, he was thrilled with the decision he had made. As he wandered along on the lawn of the Ashram feeding puffed rice to wandering peacocks, a tremendous bliss descended on him.

It was during the chanting session that the revelation took place. He woke up from his trance to find a familiar face staring at him. It was a neighbour.

The clerk realized the game was up. What he thought was going to be his way of life for the rest of his life would be regarded as but an eccentric deed. He would have to go back to his old existence in the dry dusty clerical world. It was better to go on his own accord, and submit to the emergencies of reality rather than face a barrage of pleaders, friends and relatives all appealing to his conscience, to his heart.

To his surprise, he found the neighbour did not proceed to greet him, instead left him with a cold stare. He now expected the great flood to take

place-a flood of people anxious to chain him back to dull miserable nagging reality. He was surprised that it did not take place. He wondered why.

It was a stray newspaper item several days old, which revealed the truth. It was being used as a base to roll chappaties on. There he read, in shocking print . . . "House-wife attempts suicide, Sulochana Gopal, a 36-year old house wife today attempted suicide by pouring kerosene on her body. The police reports say that her husband has been reported missing for a month".

In a state of shock he finally understood the meaning of the cold silence. The neighbour had thought him heartless ; a brute. He immediately took a bus back home.

He saw a pale half burned slip of woman lying on the bed. She smiled at him when she saw him. "I thought you were dead, I could not live without you."

For a moment he was stunned. He gazed at her, her face half burned. As she smiled at him he felt a strange emotion welling up inside him. The rainbow colours of existence were finally revealed to him. As he saw the poor woman who had courted death for his sake, a tide of human warmth enveloped him. His former dull and mechanical life was now filled with meaning, more meaning than could be found in the detached atmosphere of an Ashram. The clerk had finally found fulfilment.

*Bhuvana Sankarnarayan*  
*III H.E.E.*



## *What Remains.....*



There is nothing left for me now  
— the doors are closed.

Where once there burned a fierce flame,  
— only embers remain.

Where once there grew a flourishing tree,  
— remains a broken stump.

Where once there blossomed red roses and pink,  
— only a withered thorn.

Where once there flowed a gurgling stream,  
— only a broken trickle....

Where once there was a heart so full,  
— only a shattered stone.

— *Nawaz Varkey*

*I H.E.Py.S.*

# DARK CLOUDS



I was immersed in gloom . . . .

I sat rocking in anger  
reeling with its intensity . . . .

I gave vent to my feelings . . . .

A shattered vase . . . . a deluge of tears . . . .

And then

Peace — I am at peace.

Calm. An ephemeral joy and . . . .

A glimmer of hope for the morrow . . . . a suspicion of silver

Aeons of life have wafted by

Saplings I planted have withered and died

And here I sit

Haggard and Hunched

Bleak morns . . . . Lonely nights . . . .

Lit by the faintest glimmer of joy

. . . . a hint of silver . . . .

— Nisha Mathew  
II P.C.M.B-II.

Written on the Spot.



## Career Best

### An interview with Mrs. Sampath.

From a lecturer in English to Head of the Department and now a Doctorate Holder and a Professor. This is perhaps a gist of Mrs. Indira-Sampath's teaching career in Mount Carmel. "What do you want to interview me for?" she asked in all her modesty.

More than a year of intensive research work in the little explored field of Victorian Drama has brought her acclaim in the academic circles. Today, she is better known as Dr. Mrs. Sampath. Riding pillion on this honour came a Professorship awarded to her by the college. A jovial and friendly person with a good sense of humour, she has twenty years of teaching service behind her. An interview was only an excuse for an opportunity to speak to this pleasant and interesting personality of the campus, about her success story.

**Sujaya :** What was your impetus for research ? What made you want to do research ?

**Mrs. Sampath :** Chee — What a question to ask ! My husband was transferred to Delhi. I had a lot of time on my hands, and so—

**Radha :** What are the problems you faced during the course of your research ?

**Mrs. Sampath :** The main and outstanding problem was lack of material.

**Sujaya :** What are your new findings ? How is it an advancement on work done in this field previously ?

**Mrs. Sampath :** This is not a field in which much work has been done. Only three other Americans have worked on it. Though it is British Drama, not a single Englishman has done anything about it. If these Victorian Dramatists had not existed as path-breakers we could not have had dramatists



like Maugham, Noel Coward and other 20th Century writers. Today its a very, unkind oblivion they face.

**Radha :** Does your research have any relevance to teaching and in what way ?

**Mrs. Sampath :** Any kind of research needs discipline. One of the papers in the pre-Ph.D. level examination is on research methodology. After a certain age, and when one is a teacher, going back to learning needs discipline. My research has no direct bearing on what I am now teaching, not at the undergraduate level or within the present syllabi. Most people even M. A.'s, in literature haven't heard of Pinero or Jones of the 19th Century.

**Radha :** Any plans for post-doctoral work ?

**Mrs. Sampath :** Well, the examiners were very pleased with my work since it was on an entirely unexplored field. They've volunteered to recommend me to some Universities in the U.S.A. or U.K. to pursue studies. I'd prefer the U.S.

**Sujaya :** Is it true that it's difficult to do research work in India especially when there is no research climate ?

**Mrs. Sampath :** I do know that it is difficult to do research work on British authors, especially of the 18th and 19th centuries. U.S.A. seems to, be best equipped even better than England. I went to the Minnesota and Louisiana State Universities — people there were extremely helpful : more than at the British Museum, They were very curious to know why I'd chosen British writers and not Indo-Anglian authors. Frankly I'm still not at home with Indian English, It grates on the ear, like Babu English.

**Sujaya :** What is the attitude of the other staff members to your Ph.D. ? Do they see it as interesting, exciting, or a waste of time for teachers ?

**Mrs. Sampath :** Well, there is no glamour in an undergraduate college, where the Ph.D. is actually of no relevance. It is for one's own satisfaction. But we can expect a few more Ph.D's soon — Mrs. Punitha for instance.

**Radha :** In what ways do you think institutions could encourage teachers to do research; or is it a personal problem ?

**Mrs. Sampath :** There is the F.I.P. (Faculty Improvement Programme), but it applies only to teachers below forty-five years of age. Universities should help by setting aside a sum of money to arrange for classes to be



taken while the teachers concerned are given time off to do research. Cutting down on the hours of teaching would help, giving time for research work. Very often your family, your teaching work and other things have to be considered along with research work — it's an uphill task that way. Teachers like Miss Lorna Raymond and Mrs. Asha Valecha are doing their M. Phil studies under the U.G.C. programme. Mrs. Sundari Balasubramaniam from J. N. C. was given full time off to do research work while I had permission from the management to attend to my research after classes. I think the management could help a bit by keeping aside money to aid those who cannot avail themselves of the F.I.P. I would like to add that Sr. Jesuine Marie was very helpful in my case.

**Sujaya :** Can you suggest ways and means of breaking the isolation researchers face ?

**Mrs. Sampath :** It is better that we have this isolation. Only a guide is necessary, especially in a virgin field like mine. Others cannot help much. One needs complete concentration. Help is needed only when relevant material and disinterested criticism are concerned.

**Radha :** What are your suggestions and advice to other teachers who want to take up research ?

**Mrs. Sampath :** Do it before you are forty-five to avail yourself of available facilities. It's best to go to the place concerned while doing a Ph.D. For instance now I feel I could've done a much better job on my thesis if I had waited until my return from the U. S. — very good material was available there.

**Sujaya :** You have recently been made a Professor of English. How does it feel to be suddenly both a Dr. and a Prof. all at once ?

**Mrs. Sampath :** I feel numb !

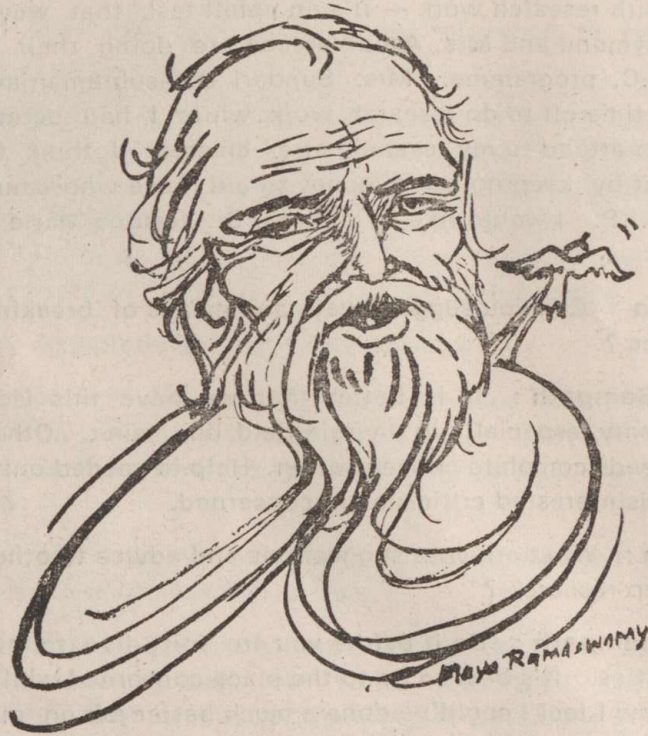
**Sujaya :** Any final remarks, or comments ?

**Mrs. Sampath :** I wish Josephine (fellow Lecturer) would come and collect from me the idli-sambar I've brought for her.

That's Dr. Prof. Mrs. Sampath for you — most deliciously uncomplicated despite the trail of impressive degrees preceding her name.

Interviewed by  
*Sujaya Nair III HEE*  
 and  
*Radha Venugopalan II HEE*

## Release



Old and withered, wrinkled and grey,  
 Alone he thought of those good old days,  
 Of smiles and tears, of love and hate.

Time had stolen his movements and grace,  
 But tucked away behind that wrinkled face,  
 Were beautiful memories never to be erased.

Something stirred . . . He lifted his head,  
 A little bird, from its nest it flew  
 Into the distance . . . a speck in the blue,

He smiled. It wouldn't be long  
 Before he, like the bird would move along . . . .

— Toshiko Singh  
 II PyES



## MAGIC CARPETS

I stood before it, tempted by the inviting beauty and coolness. The colours interwoven, with silken threads of brilliance and subtlety struck my mind's eye. Gingerly, I ventured to touch it with my toe. The springy softness sent a thrill through me flooding me with memories of that forgotten childhood when, adventure was trying out the new sofas in mother's absence. Slowly I placed my other foot on it. The coolness seemed to seep into my feet and run with a tingle all the way up to my cheeks making me laugh with joy.

Throwing the caution of the newly ironed and laundered clothes, to the winds, I sat cross legged on it. Slowly my hands stretched forth and soon I was on my back rolling on it and revelling in the feel of its luxury.

The world's best carpet was mine. It was a masterpiece, created with nature's artistic hand — bursting with flowers of every hue and rich with life's most wonderful mysteries — a patch of lawn.

As I lay absorbed in the coolness, a brilliant green caught my eye and I saw the smallest little creature engaged in an endeavour unworthy of it. The little fellow was trying his best to roll the body of an ant through a hole smaller than the ant's head. The sun glistened on its back for a fraction of a second and then it was gone. The heavy scent of roses began beckoning me. The bees ever absorbed in a task so meaningless to man's mind but so essential to life, hummed about their work, and I paid a silent tribute to them for the lessons they taught.

The song of the cricket aroused my curiosity and I set about finding him. I spotted him singing his victory song, happy with his catch of an enormous moth.

A sudden rustle, and a timid nose poked out of a hole. I sat absolutely still, a head followed it. Finding nothing alarming around, the field mouse decided to investigate and hopped out to begin his day with his cleaning up act. I could have laughed at the cute way in which he rubbed his tiny paws, scratched his whiskers and every now and then those tiny ears went up, alert for danger. Suddenly the impulse to touch the dear velvety coat overcame all other and my hand stretched out. In a flash he was gone.

The sun beating down on me reminded me of the day ahead and reluctantly I arose. With a last look, I turned my back to the temptation of my magic carpet which had in an hour's time transported me to a world apart — a world of life painted on a miniature tapestry. I had truly become an Alice in Wonderland.

*Deborah Fonseca*

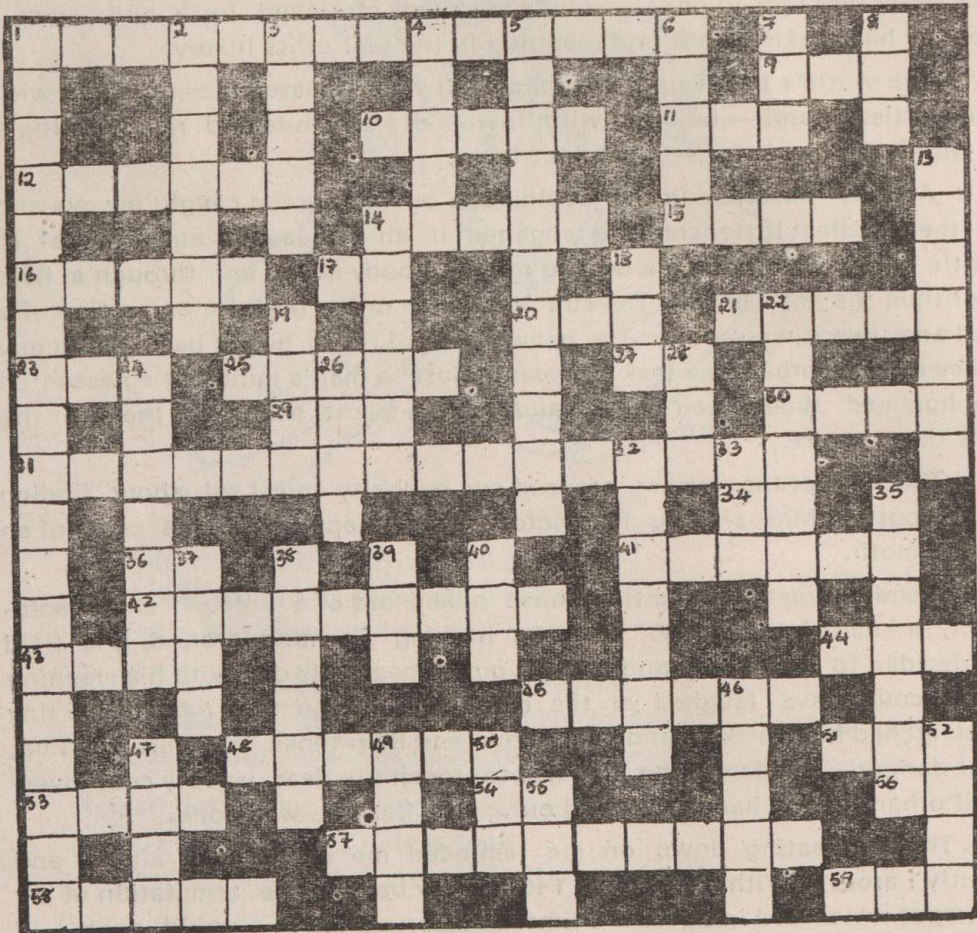
*II P.C.M.B-I*

**II Prize On the Spot Essay Competition**



# CROSSWORD AD ICT S!

Here's a campus - related  
crossword just for you !



For Answers See Page 84.



## Crossword Clues

### Clues Across :

1. Fiesta Carmelite raised the chips for this. (8,6)
9. Habitually Student Welfare Officer. (2,1)
10. Sounds right when put down on paper. (5)
11. Transforms what you think into print. (3)
12. Our Ascending College. (6)
14. She doesn't live in Wonderland anymore ; she's in the library. (5)
15. Burn up the midnight oil for this annually (4)
16. The fast food business in college. (5)
17. In short, an alternative, (2)
20. It says 'Use me'. (3)
21. Gold skrit, Pinklair. (5)
23. 100 metre dash. (3)
25. They're made to be broken ? (5)
27. —Your best, and leave the rest. (2)
29. The professor. (3)
30. Uncap the writing instrument. (4)
31. Mermaid who made waves by winning 7 golds. (8,8)
34. Fashionable. (2)
36. Measure of print. (2)
41. First lady of the college. (6)
42. Look it up in the Library. (9)
43. Straight beams of light. (4)
44. Past Tense of eat. (3)
45. Barriers on Sports Track. (6)
48. Carmelite cultural horizons widened with this fest. (6)
51. The writing instrument. (3)
53. O ! Keat's beautiful poems : (4)
54. Masculine pronoun. (2)
56. Standard response to plea for free hour. (2)
57. What keeps the girls in class : (10)
58. Wishful thinking — to want hols for 365 days. (5)
59. The giggly class : (3)

## Clues Down.

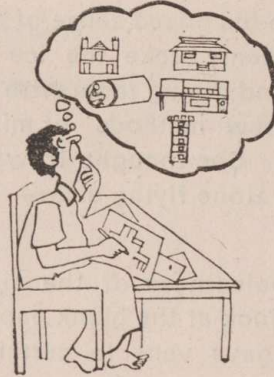
1. The reactions are acidic here : (9,10)
2. Trendsetters ? You can share their company ! (7)
3. Drink to this bread ? (5)
4. Much ado about a singer. (5)
5. Observes it but sounds bored. (6,5)
6. Select among the Carmelites. (5)
7. Who ? Why ? When ? How ? (3)
8. Never ask a lady hers ! (3)
13. The fine art of not being present. (7)
14. Generally the Sec. (6)
18. Commonly, plus. (3)
19. Like Ravi Shastri's car, overflows with Western music. (4)
22. The bird-watcher's Nature Club ? (7)
24. Where budding Carmelites bloom. (7)
26. Sounds like loan, but forlorn (4)
28. We're M.C.C. we're number—(3)
32. Not at all like her story ! (7)
33. To him — with love. (3)
35. Polly's peanut plaza. (7)
37. The grubby hostel dining hall. (4)
38. Be joyous with this drink ? (6)
39. The fashionable class ? (3)
40. Perform. (3)
46. Crunch Munch ...between 1 and 2 p.m.
47. This class isn't as holy as it sounds : (4)
49. Tiny — at the Nursery. (4)
50. He, — or, it. (3)
52. Sounds like a nun, but nobody there. (4)
55. The last word. (3)

Anuradha Dass (III HEE)

Bina Soundarajan (III B Com.)



## SQUARE ONE



"Let a hundred ideas bloom" my father seemed to say and sat back, pencil poised on blank paper. We had decided to build our very "OWN HOUSE". You may notice the all important "WE". Father believed in it being a family project.

"Let's start with the outside", said father, being a stickler for the maxim 'first things first'. "A basket chair", said I. "A suspended sofa", said Mum and brother. Sis was original. "A rough and ready plank swing for the friendly neighbourhood children", she chimed. "I will not have a mad-house with crazy swings all over the place", said father in a gently modulated roar.

A little speech by my mother followed. She had a lot to say about houses with single bathrooms and about disgusting rush-hour queues. She insisted on as many bathrooms as possible, attached and not attached. "I shall go a step further and revolutionize house-planning", father said, "and draw up a series of a variety of bathrooms with attached bedrooms, sitting rooms, etc." We failed to see the humour and left father grinning alone.

Next on the list came the kitchen. "That's my department", said mother looking down her nose at us ignorant fools and stated certain dimensions which sent father into hysterics. "Any plans to host the next soccer international in your kitchen?", he asked, to which my mother had something to say

about certain people who always made poor jokes which gave others a sore headache. The atmosphere being rather conducive to any constructive discussion we dropped the kitchen issue, but not before sis suggested placing the fridge somewhere near her room.

The rooms, their number and sizes did not seem to bring out the best of our architectural abilities. A cold hostility permeated the room. Father was rather put off at the allusion to his prized sense of humour. Mother felt a nasty headache coming on. Sis suddenly broke the ice by introducing an entirely new topic. "How about a round dining table with a revolving centre?", she chirped, her brain devising new methods of minimising bodily movement. Mother opposed vehemently. She thought it was bad enough having wild homosapiens at her table leave alone flying dishes. We'd probably lie in a dizzy heap at the end of a meal !

Father realised the hopelessness of the situation. He got up with a heave and sigh, with a pained look at the blank paper before him. He tripped over my outstretched legs and gave vent to certain murderous thoughts. He walked gingerly towards the bathroom. No sooner had the door closed, then my sister positioned herself outside, beating a tom-tom on the door. Things soon fell into place. I went back to lethargic day-dreaming. My mother took up a position from where she recorded all of us thoroughly.

I smiled to myself. This was the end of the beginning ! We were back to square one !

*Sujaya Nair*  
*III HEE*



## On Killing A Bee

(With apologies to Gieve Patel)

It takes much time to kill a bee  
Not a simple swish of a fly swatter  
Will do it. It has grown  
On the nectar of numerous plants  
Feeding, thriving  
On days of sunlight—air and water  
Making it superior to  
Homo sapiens.

So hit and swipe  
But this alone won't do it  
Not so much pain will do it  
It will buzz in and out  
Of trees, bushes and flowers  
While you follow it  
With gritted teeth.  
But once again it escapes  
Just when you think  
You've got it!

No,  
It has to be tired out  
After hours of hide and seek  
Breathless grunts and knocking knees,  
It sees you.... flapped, sapped,  
And exhausted entirely.  
Years of good living  
Have sapped  
Your stamina....

....then it rests  
Looking at you, languid and  
Satisfied at a job well done.  
You lift that fly swatter again  
And this time—  
**GOT IT.**  
(It was a lucky swipe)  
So, at last,  
It is done.



*Maya Ramaswamy 27.*



Deepika Reddy  
I PCMB I

*An effusion inspired by Patel's "On Killing a Tree"  
—written the morning after.*



2 CARMELS SQUEALS, Funday, March, 15 — ve 1987.

# CARMELITE CLASSIFIEDS

## GENERAL

GOING CHEAP ONE (I) Ice cream cone vanilla/chocolate dropped once, washed and replaced in original cone Contact Smartalek Inc. 1-2 p.m.

N. 0261 (5)

STOP YOUR WRITING tables wobbling. Grab the new, specially cut thermocol cubes to place under the shorter leg of table. Contact BRAINWAVE II PUC 1-2 p.m. near Audi

BRAINWAVE INC. 26.

REQUIRED Notes on Hamlet pref. from front bench, from Act I Sc. (ii) to Act IV Sc. (vii).

BACKBENCHER. N. (19)

## OBJETS TROUVES

FOUND stack of new magazines Seventeen, Filmfare Savvy etc., last bench Room 10 claim after two weeks from. English Dept. 2 p.m.

VORACIOUS READER (3)

FOUND Seven (7) tomes on Longfellow and Keats. Claimant may prove ownership by submitting an Appreciation of either. Contact English Dept 1-2 p.m.

C. 2012 (22)

FOUND Lakme Nail Enamel mmmmmouthwatering strawberry shade 242 Found in Library Does Nail enamel dry faster in the draughty corners of the library? Mrs. Saroja wants to know. Claimants may display nails at checkout counter before 12th 9-4 pm

N. 0002 (31)

FOUND ON Drive one mini MW PHILIPS 100 radio. Old, dead batteries thoughtfully replaced by finder claim after Indo-Pak tests.

Contact Ameena LBW.

FOUND RED and green address book. WHO is Vikram Drool.

718931 page 17 tho thweet Contact in person

N. 0234 (II)

FOUND NEAR Home Science block very thick very old recipe book. You know, mint chutney works just as well instead of 2 tbsp garlic sauce in recipe 701 page 842. Lily. C. Bleu

C. 0076 (16)

SHEET MUSIC Cyndi Lauper's Hits 1984-1986 found in canteen. Bring guitar, double keyboard and drums to prove ownership.

GJWHF-19

## LOST

LOST sheaf of papers containing term exam question paper on Trigonometry. Return to Math Dept.

> 8 π 91 >

## ANNOUNCEMENT

II MECA will do test on Algebra tomorrow instead of Trigonometry as originally planned. Math Dept

A x 91

## SOUVENIR

Hurry While stocks last ; Once in your lifetime opportunity ; The perfect way to remember your alma mater. One leaf from every campus tree beautifully mounted on KG card. Offer open till end of Autumn. Rs. 16/- per piece.

N. 012

## MISSING

Maa-yaa Ramaswamy. Wanted urgently.... in Ed. Shed sooner or later preferably sooner Maya report with or without turban.

MAL-E  
RT-Mg 87

## SERVICE OFFERED

Orator of experience available in Fatima Hall 1-2. Mon Thur. Will help formulate convincing reasons for-(1) not attending tests et al. Tuition offered in Smooth delivery of excuse. Previous experience—Won orations at Mardi Blah 86. Bathuni Yatra 87.

Bina C. Soundarajan  
III B Com. 'A'



## Celebrity Teaser

Mount Carmel — the name means many things to many people. We decided to define precisely the image which the college conjures up in the minds of men and women from various walks of life.

Sadanand Vishwanath gave a mature and intelligent response. He perceived the college from the point of view of total growth of personality. "It is a very good institution which helps the mind grow, not stagnate. It helps a girl mature into a woman."

Unlike the wicket keeper, Kevin Oliver was stumped, "Gee, what? It conveys nothing to me". That was a rather distancing one.

The editor of Deccan Herald. Mr. Yeshwanth Kumar, spoke about the popularity and excellent standards maintained by the college. "It is a very good institution", he emphasized, "which many people would like to join."

Vijay Kirloskar, President of Kirloskar Electric Company, said, "It is the college to which my sisters, cousins and nieces have gone. They have all made happy wives. It helps build character and inculcate discipline." A premier business magnate, from personal observation, thus pays his tribute to the healthy and morally inspiring atmosphere that prevails in the college.

Jeevaraj Alva, former minister, described both the status and appeal of the college succinctly. "To us it is a prestigious and colourful institution."

Mrs. Harlankar, wife of the Director - General, Home-Guards, spoke about the quality of the girls graduating from the college. "The girls are very quick on the uptake, smart and have varied interests. My visits to the college have always been very satisfying. It is nice to see girls doing so many different things. This is an adequate description of the intelligence, and enterprise of Carmelites.

Shankar Nag, dabbling as he does in the cinematic medium, delineated the visual aspect of the college." Beautiful Girls! It is a pleasure to pass by. Nice sight!" A compliment certainly carmel.

Another person who was impressed by the cosmetic angle of the college was none other than Bangalore's pre-eminent hair-dresser, "Madame Leong" "Whenever I see beautiful, well-dressed or pretty college-going girls, I associate them with Mount Carmel!"

On to another field. "The college though a modern and progressive educational institution is orthodox in its histrionic display" according to a professional. "It's a very conservative college. I am speaking from the point of view of public field and theatre." says Ashok Mandanna.

Another exciting image was conveyed by Prakash Gangaram, "As a bookseller, I tend to judge people by their reading habits. Carmelites display a lively and intellectual taste."

A brave attempt at clarifying a nebulous concept.  $\Rightarrow$  Mount Carmelites.

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## CROSSWORD ANSWERS

### ACROSS

1. Computer Centre. 9. Sr. G. 10. Write. 11. Ink. 12. Mounts.  
14. Alice. 15. Exam. 16. Sales. 17. Or 20. Bin, 21. Spunk.  
23. Run. 25. Rules. 27. Do. 29. Don. 30. Open. 31. Lorrain.  
Verghese. 34. In. 36. Em. 40. Sarika. 42. Reference. 43. Rays.  
44. Ate. 45. Hurdle. 48. Vistas. 51. Pen. 53. Odes. 54. He.  
56. No. 57. Attendance. 59. Yearn. 59. HEE.

### DOWN

1. Chemistry Laboratory. 2. Pioneer. 8. Toast. 4. Carol. 5. Notice  
Board. 6. Elite. 7. Ask. 8. Age. 13. Bunking. 14. Arlene.  
18. And. 19. Audi. 22. Phoenix. 24. Nursery. 26. Lone. 28. One.  
32. History. 33. Sir. 35. Canteen. 37. Mess. 38. Bejois. 39. HEP.  
40. Act. 46. Lunch 47. MECA. 49. Tots. 50. She. 52. None. 55. End.



# TOMORROW

The call of the cicadas blend softly with the murmuring night air ;  
 Against the curtain of the darkening sky sway the serene palms  
 The fall of dusk spreads an enchantment so rare  
 As it seals another day with soothing calm.

I gaze at the stars with a prayer in my heart -  
 Will to-morrow bring me another gift of life ?  
 Will joy be mine or will sorrows start ?  
 Will the world by mutilated be hate and strife ?

Will humanity survive amidst treachery and war  
 Or will it perish with a shuddering sigh ?  
 Will my goals and ambitions skywards soar  
 Or will they like the falling leaves, die ?

My eyes close with a heartfelt plea  
 As I approach a day so new.  
 I whisper to Him who watches over me,  
 "Dear God, I leave to-morrow to you".

*Esther Thomas*  
*II HEPyS.*

First printed in Yuvadeepam

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STATEMENT ABOUT OWNERSHIP AND  
OTHER PARTICULARS ABOUT NEWSPAPERS

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE ANNUAL

FORM

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I, **Sister Jesuine Marie**, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Date : 28-2-87

*Sister Jesuine Marie*  
Signature of the Publisher

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The Editorial Committee does not necessarily share the views  
expressed by contributors in the Magazine.



## The Fresh

To the students who enter the portals of Mount Carmel every year, college opens up a whole new world. Plucked away from school groups and family surroundings, it is time to start

The early period of intense exercise in reorganization and maturation. The first year in college is a rather trying experience for students

From school to college life is a transition. Mount Carmel, like many other colleges, has an orientation program. This is an annual feature which introduces the new students to the college life.

Our orientation program is held in my mind. Because a certain dignity was formally conferred upon the audience, and was given to me by the principal. She explained the rules and regulations of the college and the responsibilities—to uphold the prestige of the college and to be a good student. This was followed by a production session in which the students and faculty

# CAMPUS CAULDRON

feeling at last we were given a quick glimpse of the college life. We returned to the dorms. Here we spent the night in the dorms, and sweats were handed out, bringing to an end this memorable occasion. We walked out, new in our acquired status and dignity, with a 'sweet taste' of the first day within us.

Information :  
Sheenam Wasan  
and  
Suman T.  
I PCMB - II

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ners or employees of the publisher. If more  
than one person owns or controls the publication,  
the names of all owners or controllers must be given.

I, Sister Jesuine Marie, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true  
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Date : 28-2-87

*Sister Jesuine Marie*  
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## The Way of all Fresh



To the students who enter the portals of Mount Carmels every year, college opens up a whole new world. Plucked away from school groups and familiar surroundings, it is time to start all over again. The early period of college life is an intense exercise in adjustment, reorganisation and maturity; and the first day in college is a rather harrowing experience for students

'fresh from school' who are totally out of their depth. Mount Carmels, like many other colleges has a happy, if only partial solution, to this problem of 'feeling lost' on the first day. The 'Orientation Programme' is an annual feature which introduces the 1st PUC students to the college and its ways.

Our Orientation programme remains vividly in my mind, because a certain dignity was formally conferred upon us. All of us assembled in the auditorium, and were given a warm welcome by the Principal. She explained the rules and regulations of the college to us, and an awesome responsibility—to uphold the prestige of the college was placed in our hands. This was followed by an introduction session in which teachers introduced themselves and we followed suit.

Acquaintance with the physical surrounding being an essential part of 'feeling at home', we were given a guided tour of the campus, after which we returned to the audi. Here we dispersed after a vote of thanks, and sweets were handed out, bringing to an end this memorable occasion. We walked out, new in our acquired status and dignity, with a 'sweet taste' of the first day within us.

Information :  
*Sheenam Wasan*  
and  
*Suman T.*  
I PCMB - II



## S-elections

Overnight, the grey walls of Mount Carmels blossomed into colours which would have put any self-respecting rainbow in the shade. Vibrant posters and banners camouflaged every inch of wall space and bore ample testimony to the creativity of Carmelites. Declared one poster: "When the going gets tough, the tough get going." Said another: "Aarti is like a porcupine — she has a lot of good points!" And one bilingual poster said reassuringly: "When Reshma has the paisa, worry kaisa?"

Elections have always been exciting in Mount Carmels — the colour, noise and enthusiasm combining to make for an exhilarating experience. This year, as always, extravagant promises were made, and candidates turned on all their charm to woo the electorate. Badges and pamphlets littered the grounds like confetti and campaigning rose to its peak during the lunch break when colourful processions wound up and down the drive, shouting slogans to the accompaniment of cymbals and drums.

The audi was crammed with eager supporters waving banners and flags, and the aspiring Union members tried vainly to make themselves heard over the din. The most interesting speech, perhaps, was by Charlotte Fernandez who promised to tackle canteen prices. As she put it: "Variety is the spice of life, not variety at the price of life. So we must have variety at standardised prices." Other election issues included bus problems, the poor focus on Indian music and plans for an inter-collegiate festival.

Running for President were Sarika Mehra and Supriya Rao, with Sarika eventually staking her claim to the post by a margin of 250 votes. Arlene James defeated her opponent Sharon Coelho to take over as General Secretary — establishing a record three years of being elected to the Union. Nayana Lobo and Charlotte Fernandes beat Arti Toshniwal to the winning post as Cultural Secretary and Assistant Cul-Sec respectively. And Lorraine Joseph's popularity overcame the opposition of Sandhya R. and Reshma Chabbria who also vied for the position of Treasurer. With Deborah Fonseca and Nisha Colaco joining the Union as PUC reps, the Carmelite Student Government came into being — with the firm objectives of establishing itself in College and earning kudos in its own right.

Anuradha Dass  
III HEE





- 1) Divya Prasad, 2) Shamitha S. 3) Priya Manjuran,  
 4) Aarti Hasija, 5) Suneeta Sadanand, 6) Sabrina Samy.  
 7) Suvina George, 8) Manu Srinivasan Karuna.



ELECTION FEVER.



VOTE FOR .....



WE WANT....





THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH ..... GIVING WAY  
TO THE NEW.



OUR GUESTS OF HONOUR  
AIR COMMODORE and MRS.  
V.K. MANI



LIGHTING  
THE  
LAMP...



THE COLLEGE ON THEIR SHOULDERS



WE SOLEMNLY  
SWEAR...



SARIKA MEHRA  
PRESIDENT



ARLENE JAMES  
SECRETARY



NAINA LOBO  
CULTURAL SECRETARY



LORRAINE JOSEPH  
TREASURER



CHARLOTTE FERNANDES  
ASSISTANT CULTURAL  
SECRETARY



DEBORAH FONSECA and  
P.U. - REPS



NISHA COLACO



## Satins and Sashes

The "Swearing-In" ceremony of the newly elected student government of the college took place within the hallowed precincts of the auditorium on August 14th, 1986. The Investiture marked the formal beginning of college activities. The Chief Guests for the occasion were Air Commodore V. K. Mani and Mrs. Mani.

The ceremony was conducted with due solemnity — Each Office bearer lighting the lamp, taking the oath and then being presented with a sash and a single rose by the Chief Guest. Arlene James read out the Secretary's report outlining future activities for the year 1986/87. The Chief Guests speech which was sprinkled with humour was enthusiastically received by the students and staff. Songs and dances were part of the entertainment programme which followed.

Unions of various colleges formed part of the guest list. (The M. C. C. Union was flooded with bouquets). The function ended with the National Anthem, which was followed by tea in Fatima Hall for the guests and teachers.

## Speaking out

The topic for the PUC Debate this year sounded like a sneak preview. "A university degree is not a qualification for life" was not only a variation on standard topics, but also came up with insights into the varying attitudes towards a college degree. The debaters may have been PUC students, but they certainly held decided opinions on the matter!

Interestingly enough, two-thirds of the participants supported the proposition. By sheer force of argument, they tore apart the concept of a 'degree' education, leaving the affected people wondering whether their





juniors weren't mouthing words of wisdom. Teachers seemed amused at these chits of girls rendering their presence in college invalid! The opposition to the proposition, however, was forceful enough to revive hope among the concerned parties.

Kamakshi Rao with her clear logic and systematic demolition of the topic, walked away with the 1st prize. Shaista Sulaiman and Deepika Reddy, both quiet speakers, faced their interjections with cool composure and were placed second and third respectively.

The debate was marked by intense audience participation and lively discussions. The event ended with the degree students taking up where their juniors had left off, in various corners of the audi.

Information  
Shonali Gupte  
II B.Com

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## Degree Debate

The topic for the Degree Debate sparked off a heated discussion, with Carmelites literally tearing apart the statement: 'Civilized man is the most inhuman'. A few of the viewpoints aired by the debaters revealed the kind of brilliant insights Carmelites can come up with when they have their thinking caps on:

When civilized man prosecutes his own on the basis of pigmentation or because he belongs to a different sect, is he being humane?

Why is it that civilized man is trying to prove his worth only by using a nuclear weapon? and is he being human by bringing about his own doom?

Are Rajiv Gandhi, Reagan and Gorbachev humane, or civilized?

These questions make us wonder whether we are just civilized or are we going to contribute to give the word 'civilized' a deeper meaning! Meenaxi S, Shonali Gupte and Pavitra Punitha were ranked in that order for the lucidity and directness with which they dealt with these questions. Its time the audience took over.

Information  
Anjali B.  
II B.Com



## Talking Thru' your Hat

22nd August : 1-15 p.m. found Sarika roping in a few reluctant participants for the Hat Debate.

"Hat Debate : What's that ?"

"An extempore debate."

"Yipes ! You must be kidding !. My legs turn to jelly during an ordinary debate. Extempore.... forget it !"

Well, that was the initial response — with merely a handful of participants. But then, as the competition got under way and the girls realised things weren't as bad as they sounded, more adventurous souls cropped up and Sarika could be seen breathing more easily.

Shonali got off to an impressive start declaiming 'Hail Hitler' with all the zest of a 'Jugent Hitler' soldier. She went on to tell us how 'Clothes do (not) make the civilized man' using the Nazi uniform as an analogy. Chaiti got rather carried away with 'Education prepares us for tommorow, I'm not even prepared for today !' and Meenakshi gave a decided twist to the topic 'Environmental Hazards' by quoting the species 'Homo Sapiens' as being the environmental hazards. While Sujaya waxed sentimental on 'College is what you make of it'. Lizzie informed us that 'Moral Science inculcates no morals'. Shaistha seemed fascinated by the topic 'Food, glorious food' and waxed eloquent on it — she must've made a beeline to the canteen after her ordeal !

There were intermittent appeals — and rather desperate ones, too — for more humour. But obviously, the crowd on stage took life too seriously.... all except Sumitra, who while elaborating on 'Co-education, healthy education', said that 'variety is the spice of life'. one gets the idea her maxim is :

"Breathes there the man with soul so tough  
Who says two sexes aren't enough ?"

Renu had a few of us writhing uncomfortably in our seats when she spoke of the necessity of mental as well as physical attendance in class. "Don't let the mind wander", she admonished. Small wonder she sounded like a lecturer !

Shonali bagged the first place, while Renu came in second. Sumitra was third, and Meenaxi, that 'Environmental Hazard' placed fourth. All in all, an enjoyable afternoon which wound up with Sarika being bulldozed into speaking : 'We're at that age — young at heart, but dirty in mind.' A minor pep talk that ! And then we retired back to class — for physical attendance ! !

*Radha Venugopalan*  
II HEE



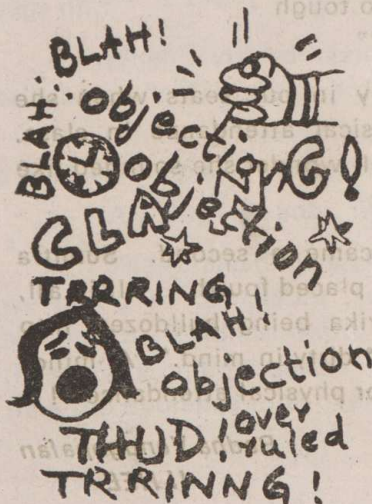
## E(lectr)ocution

Any PUC competition is a heartwarming sight after the lukewarm response of the degree classes. The PUites invariably turn up en masse, much to the joy of the organisers. The elocution competition held on the 4th of August was a morale booster for the Union. 30 enthusiastic youngsters presented as many pieces, ranging from Shakespeare to Churchill, and not to be outdone, the audience expressed its appreciation in very vocal terms.

Winston Churchill's speech to Parliament : a rousing performance rendered brilliantly by Geetha Makhija, fetched her the gold. Nisha Colaco evoked a Dickensian atmosphere as she depicted Nancy's murder in 'Oliver Twist'. The judges were impressed enough to award her the silver. Nisha Matthews, plea in favour of a black man as presented by Atticus in 'To kill a mockingbird' was effectively rendered, winning her the bronze. Certainly, our golden-voiced orators have a bright future....

Information :  
Shonali Gupte  
II B.Com

## Supercalifragilisticx pialidocious...



For all you non-stop rubber-gills, here's a competition just after your own hearts....or mouths! Fire away verbal dyspepsia and you stand a good chance to win the JAM competition. The final round of this year's 'Just a Minute' was held in the 'jam' packed auditorium. The chronic bunkers made a beeline for the audi and were followed by the rest...if only to ogle at moderator Shushant Gupte. "An excellent jammer" as Shonali put it, he did a professional job of moderating, with full marks for humour.



Meenaxi got off to a flying start on "The Flea Who Fleed". Nor was her enthusiasm dampened with Sanjanas (objectionable) objection that Meenaxi was "wearing too many wet clothes" — "Cramps when its damp". As for Divya, everything seemed to have been crowded into "yesterday" — she's obviously a Lennon fan! The 'disoriented round' proved those on the podium to be a "collection of nuts". The contestants spun a long yarn about "What the Butler Heard" and ruined the reputation of "Cadbury, the Cad".

"Whose wife is it anyway" said Meenaxi, and with a few more choice bits her mother certainly would NOT have approved of, talked her way into 1st place. Divya was placed 2nd and Sanjana 3rd. Deepika Reddy and Deepa also proved they have a way with words. The enjoyable afternoon came to an end with Shushant Gupte speaking on 'Lenin's grave — just another Communist plot'. And closer home, 'The Iyer you go, the Iyengar you get.' With that, the jammers decided to call it a day....at a loss for words, perhaps!

Radha Venugopalan  
II HEE

## For Better or for Verse

The saying 'Genius is 99% perspiration and 1% inspiration' perfectly summed up the attitude of the participants of the Creative Writing Competition, who chewed on their pens, scratched their heads and gazed around the Workshop for inspiration. Students had turned up in large numbers, thanks to the efforts of Arts Sec Deepa Thomas who had rounded up just about everybody with literary pretensions!

The organisers had obviously let their imaginations run riot on the topics — and had come up with no less than 11 subjects, ranging from 'When





I walked into the rabbit hole' to 'What have I done to be a student ? Why me ?'. There was also touch of the supernatural provided by subjects like 'UFOs', 'ESP' and 'Magic Carpets'. Sci-fi fans must have had a field day !

The impressive number of entries proved better in terms of quantity rather than quality, but the competition certainly unearthed a lot of talent.

In the Essay competition Maya Ramaswamy (III HEE), not content with monopolising the art scene, left her mark on the literary field with her essay on 'UFOs' winning the First place. The Second place went to Deborah Fonseca II P.C.M.B. with her fantasy on 'Magic Carpets.'

In the short story contest, Divya Punitha (I.P.C.M.B. - I) told 'tales' to win the first prize with her story. That was funny wasn't it ? Radha Venugopalan (II HEE) moved in time and space to evoke Hitler's Germany, in the aftermath of the war. The story "The beginning of the end" garnished with German phrases, won the second place.

And heading the rhymesters was Leslie Smith (I PyEE), followed by Vandana Nadig (I PyEE), both vigorously asserting themselves with 'I am I', it being the title of their prize-winning poems.

Anuradha Dass  
III HEE

Elementary My  
Dear Watson



## Mixed Doubles

The restlessness of a packed auditorium revealed itself in impatient yells of 'Get the show on the go' — as familiar yellow curtains rose on 3rd year CBZ students presenting two well-known scenes from 'My Fair Lady'. Their second entry had a not-so-dashing Rhett Butler accompanied by a coquettish Scarlett O'hara. The audience was predictably thrilled at the majestic entry of a handsome Dushyanta, while a demure Shakuntala awaited her Prince Charming beside a very realistic pool. The efforts of 3rd year HEP in transforming the stage into a lush forest were duly acknowledged by the audience.

II B.Com. derived inspiration from a popular serial : effective costumes coupled with the Baital's stock query merited a round of applause. A lively Anarkali then came on, complete with MCC style impromptu steps and tried to cheer up a despondent Salim.



III HEE did themselves proud with five (5) superior entries — two of which ensured that they emerge winners. The Highwayman and his Bess appealed to the romantic-minded among the audience and the Lady of Shallot's watery grave was beautifully depicted, even to the extent of bringing on a boat that moved across the stage. Maya came on stage, complete with turban, to play Yakoob to her Razia, and effected a quick change of costume to emerge as a spider in III HEE's revised version of 'Little Miss Muffet'. Radha's comic expression and her even more comical green and black polka dotted shorts had the audience rolling in the aisles at the conclusion of the dialogue between Sherlock Holmes and Watson.

The afternoon's numerous entries were punctuated by 'important' announcements: the gist being that the Union had managed to wheedle an extra 10 minutes for us. And some time during the contest, one of the mikes drew attention to itself by abruptly taking off — aided by the slowly rising curtain. Minor pandemonium broke out as the girls grabbed a heaven-sent opportunity to exercise their vocal chords.

The Hostelites entry was characteristically good. Julie Andrews (Eliza) cheeky query to the Captain: "And what signal do I use for you, sir?" elicited a hearty audience response. III PyES' rendering of Oliver Twist was followed by a now-trite 'Shakuntala and Dushyanta, and Shakespeare met his match in a certain Carmelite who turned a tragedy into a hilarious comedy, with Deborah and Deepa of II PCMB making a lively Romeo and Juliet.

It was a pity that Othello (II HEPyS) insisted on calling his consort "Desdemonda" (!), but Beverly of I CBZH made a queenly Elizabeth stepping on Sir Raleigh's cloak spread across a non-existent puddle. I PECA's productions of Hansel and Gretel and Romeo and Juliet practically screamed 'fresh out of school', while their Eliza-Higgins entry had Manjulika flitting about on stage with an umbrella that adamantly refused to open. Phoolan Devi and Baswant Singh made a welcome change from the other conventional pairs, and the statue in the Chauhan-Shakuntala story ran off-stage to the tune of helpfully offered comments and suggestive hints.

II Home Science concluded the afternoon's competition with a marathon effort of nine pairs. The settings: Madame Tussauds. The effort: totally innovative.

And the winning 'made for each other' combinations, Lancelot and the Lady of Shallott (III HEE) tied with Shakuntala and Dushyanta (III HEP) for



first place. Watson and Holmes (a II and III HEE combination) made it to 2nd spot, and the Hostelites 'Sound of Music' entry placed third. Special mentions went to II Home Science and II PCMB.

Information :  
*Adele Braganza*  
*II HEPyS*  
*and*  
*Chaiti Sarkar*  
*III HEE*

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## Dumb Belles

The Dumb Charades competition was a 2-round package : the first round consisting of phrases, and the second of movie and book titles. Shonali Gupte did a professional job of emceeing the contest, and while she occasionally came up with comments like 'Only the person miming is supposed to be dumb, not those who are guessing ...!', she also doled out a lot of useful advice. And the sudden flashes weren't those of inspiration ; it was just Shonali's camera flash (for the campus Photography event) going off at intervals !

Shonali had certainly come up with mind-boggling phrases : "All the Presidents freak out on ...." and 'The lord of the flies is....called for a high level. of mental (and physical) acrobatics. However, some of the teams displayed a definite edge over the others in terms of experience, co-ordination and mental agility. One group had such a total breakdown of communication that the only thing that came across effectively was the mimers' look of desperation !

Mary, Kala and Indu (II B.Com) took co-ordination to the level of E.S.P. and proved they weren't 'dumb' by winning with a score of 72 points. Sandhya Vidya and Shirin (II PUC) finished 2nd with 91 points, and II PUites Aparna, Deepa and Devyani achieved 223 points and were placed third.

*Anuradha Dass*  
*III-BA HEE*



## Editorial

First Bananas, then Caterpillar - and now SYTLUS! Are we rushing in where angels fear to tread? Perhaps, but then we're game for a good attempt! Stylus has been conceived of to take the load off an over-burdened grapevine - and in this 2,800 - strong college, surely there should be a more effective means of communication besides the bulletin boards!

Stylus doesn't claim to break the communication barrier! nor does it aim at presenting a microscopic view of Mt. Carmels. We'd like to think of ourselves as breaking ground for future mags (Twenty-first century - here we come!) and as providing a sounding board for your ideas and plans. So we're throwing open a page to you so write in and tell us where what went wrong and how you'd like things to be worked out. (Only, don't try to attack the system!)

Stylus is an 'open' mag - its open to change, suggestions, criticism (oops... tread softly...) and articles (poems, stories, jokes, class reports...) So go ahead and write in - this is your mag, after all. Your letters and articles are to be handed in to your friendly neighbourhood mag-rep.

Chick of the month

MACH ADO ABOUT CAROLL

What's in a name? Plenty, when the name is Caroll Machado, which is practically synonymous with music in Carmels. In fact an interview with Caroll as 'Chick of the month' turned into a discussion on music!

Caroll is hooked on to contemporary jazz - Al Jarreau and Michael Franks being her favourites. "Jazz is creative," she explains: it hasn't got a form and it isn't an imitation of anything else; it's uniquely yours. "It's just you all the way!" she says enthusiastically.

Caroll acknowledges that Carmels has helped tremendously in her music career. And in return Carmelites would like to say to her: "Caroll, thank you for the music..."

### THE SYTLUS TEAM

Editors: Anuradha Dase) III HEE  
Sujaya Nair )  
Art Editor: Maya Ramaswamy III HEE

Ms. Ranita who takes Eliot's 'Murder in the Cathedral' for III HEE, threatening the class rep; "You can tell your class that if they don't show up today, there'll be Murder in Room 32!"



# SYTLUS

## SUGAR N' SPICE

Move over, Persis Khambatta! Hitting the 'Headlines' has been artist Maya Ramaswamy whose exotic turbans have drawn some equally colourful comments: "Sheik Abdullah!", "Is she an Iranian??" "What's THAT???" And from a despairing Mrs. Ranita: "Maya, please tell us why you're wearing that?"

Girls did a double-take when they spotted a certain person sporting exotic brooches slung on chains. So who said only students wear off-beat fashion jewellery? !!! And all you student models (that includes Lakshmi Ramanujam of III HEE who made it to the 'top' with her Sun silk ad) change that to 'model students' please! Rachna Patel (of Aditi fame) isn't here talent-scouting for her agency - she's the new face in the English Department. UNION INTERVIEW

With the valedictory Day function on 27th February '87 the Mount Carmel Union rings down the curtain on an eventful year in Office. Stylus editors Anuradha and Sujaya talked to Sarika and Charlotte about the Union and its achievements.

Stylus:

Now that your term of office is drawing to a close, we'd like you to tell us, in retrospective, about the Union and its work.

Sarika:

Well, we've achieved all that we started out to do. Initially we brought about the change in bus-stops, brought back the water - cooler and we also introduced some new competitions: Western dance, Insituations and Location Painting.

If we haven't made innovations in various fields, it's because we concentrated on one main target - and that was the inter-collegiate cul-fest. "Vistas was basically a Union effort - we worked really hard on it."

Charlotte:

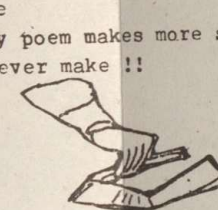
We encouraged the Language associations, especially the Hindi and Kannada associations. The response to all the competitions was terrific - competitions like Indian dance which normally notched up poor participation had a record number of entries this time! A teacher called Kanak was found

Who loved her own voice and sound,  
And you're thrown out of joint  
When she takes up a point  
Above and beyond and around!

- Deeva Achar III PyEE

MISTERY MYSTERY!  
Miss Kalpan Balse's advice to a student who handed in an unimpressively answered test paper:

If you pay more attention to the history of the Asian continent, You'll find, my friend, giving less cause for merriment!  
If you can tell Chinese friends from Japanese foes You will certainly detract from my woes!  
If you learn to tell Chinese villain from hero, Maybe next time you'll get more than just zero!  
Now I must beg pardon from the poets of yore for the licence I take  
But my poem makes more sense than your "Revolution of 1911" will ever make!!



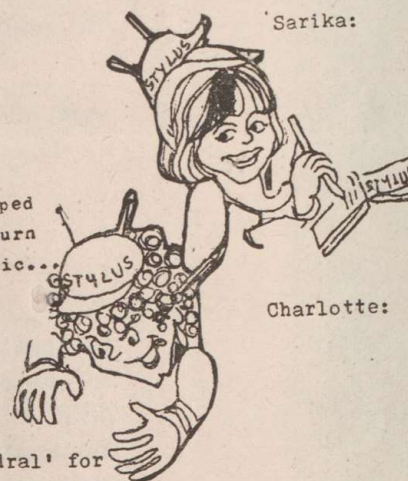
## COLLEGE DAYS

At the end of the first month, we had learnt the rule 'Attend one class and bunk the next' We'd seen it written almost everywhere, on desks and in every old text. So we thought now we're in college, we must adhere to every rule. BOY! this place was absolutely fantastic when compared to school.

- ANUPAMA PRAKASH II B.Com



Gloria!



## CAPTION CONTES

STYLUS SAYS...

BZZZZZZZ...









## Mount - O - Mime

III PyES invaded the stage en masse : as a large family gathered together for a group photograph. It was the old story about the photographer forgetting to remove the lenscap, but the antics of the family members added considerably to the fun. Charlotte and Carroll, as the lovely-dovey couple, tried to sneak off in the direction of the dark-room. Sonia produced an outsize bottle of scent and proceeded to spray herself lavishly, and the baby was sick all over its parents' knees. A chaotic but enjoyable piece - for which III PyES was placed second.

It was the hostelites, though, who really stole the show. Their hilarious entry, complete with sound effects, had the audience rolling in the aisles. Lorraine Joseph was the impatient passenger who looked on, horrified, as the ramshackle cab fell to pieces about her. The tyres deflated at regular intervals and the cab-driver Leena Thomas made desperate attempts to inflate them, until as a grand finale, ALL four tyres collapsed. So did the cabbie !. The hostelites certainly deserved their first prize !

The two other entries were unexciting : II PUC MECA kept the audience guessing for a long time about just what was happening on stage. II HSc brought in sword-fights (with broom-sticks !) and a desi version of boxing in their piece on suitors vying for a princess' hand. More lively though was the pantomime off-stage : a girl made frantic gestures for the curtain to descend !

One hopes that future shows would attract more talent and spark of more enthusiasm.

*Anuradha Dass*  
*III HEE*

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## Mad Adders

The audi was crammed to capacity with Carmelites having turned up in full force. One wished the same could be said of the participants, who showed a regrettable tendency to merge with the audience ! Sarika's agonised pleas for more enthusiasm (read as 'participation') fell on deaf ears, and in the final line-up were just four intrepid teams, who divided the prizes neatly between themselves. That certainly made things easy for the judges Mrs. Ranita Hirji, Mrs. Rebecca Benjamin and Mrs. Rachna Patel.



II H.Sc. students came up with a brilliant piece of entertainment which had the audience hysterically rolling in the aisles. Their ad for 'Glysterine Mouthwash' was built up from bits and pieces of T. V. ads ingeniously strung together. The ad came packed in 3 neat acts and left the audience, a la 'Olive' Twist, begging for more. The other entries certainly faded into the wallpaper when compared with this one.

III PyES 'ad' ded to the madness with their 'package' of hot air and 'bagged the 2nd prize for their advertisement of 'Cat bags'. (Tailormade for Carmelite Cats, one would think.) Charlotte Fernandes cat-apaulted into the limelight by zooming onstage with a bike, every inch the macho 'Roadside Romeo' ! And if the PyES sales talk is anything to go by, Cleopatra and Hitler were privileged Cat bag owners. One suspects that the advertisers got rather 'carried away' by their product !

I B.Sc managed a third place, both in order of appearance and in the prize dept. They removed the lid on two potential uses of their product 'Baygon Deodorant' : either a la Charles Sobhraj to knock out the police force single-handed or for domestic use when the family dosen't quite see the necessity for baths.

I PyEE wound up the afternoon with 'Dandy Shoes', the product being used first in a 'sole' ful Swayamvara ceremony and closer home, on the MCC drive (enter more Roadside Romeos !) with all the eligible males sporting Dandy shoes. It was a brave effort, but the team unfortunately got the boo(t). Better luck next time !

Anuradha Dass  
III HEE

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## Sit - Coms

The Union sprang a surprise on the College with 'Insituations' — the latest in a long list of competitions. Most students put out tentative feelers by turning up as part of the audience, but very few were adventurous enough to give it a try. The contest was simple — teams were given situations which they had to enact, the theme being 'Campus'

Only five teams emerged in the final round-up, but this was probably due to lack of experience in 'Insituations'. II HSC however, did a professional job of their spoof on the audi and had the audience rolling in the aisles !



Mrs. Ranita parodied as Miss Tauntita and a superb imitation of Sarika right down to her bouncy walk, carried off the show. II HSC certainly won full marks for humour, and the judges obviously thought so, because they awarded them the 1st prize. III PyES also chose the auditorium to present their spoof on the Western Music competition. Their hilarious imitation of Shyam and the West Wind and Carol parodying herself made the audience split their sides with laughter. They certainly deserved their second place.

IPyEE came up with the toilet as the setting for their performance ! The audience was placed in the position of eaves-droppers as they tuned in to confidences exchanged in front of the mirror. A minor fashion parade also reflected itself in the mirror ! The group managed the third prize.

III HEP and the PUites presented classroom scenes, but the sheer lack of humour prevented them from arousing audience interest. The II HS and III PyES performances, however, made up for any other disappointment that may have been felt during the performance.

Anuradha Dass  
III HEE

## Camouflage

High-flying Carmelites took off on flights of fancy as the Fancy Dress Competition got under way on the 3rd of September. It may have been a juvenile way of spending the afternoon, but Carmelites threw themselves wholeheartedly into the contest, the main objective being to have a good time ! The response by both participants and audience was overwhelming enough to make for a very enjoyable afternoon.





Musical items seemed to be ascendant, judging by the ovation received by Michael Jackson and Tina Turner. Comic book characters came alive and entries as varied as the Lady of the Lamp and Asterix and Obelix appeared on stage. The Hostelites came up with a record 9 entries, and III HEE followed with 6 entries, including a scene from 'Annie' in which the entire class invaded the stage. Much to the delight of the audience, a frisky pomeranian also came on ! The last entry of the afternoon was the Invisible Man — the curtain went up on an empty stage !

The judges Mrs. Rebekha Benjamin, Miss Kalpana Balse and Miss Anita Kuryan, awarded the first prize to the realistic scarecrow courtesy the hostelites, and III HEE's Michael Jackson (Anuradha Shetty) beat it with the second prize. A special mention was awarded to the Invisible Man.

The competition just went to prove that Carmelites love dressing up.

— Anuradha Dass  
III HEE

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## Card - i - ology

On the cards, on the 19th of August was the annual event — the Birthday Card Competition. The workshop, venue of the competition seemed to all appearances the scene of a wild birthday party. Looking like a hurricane had swept through the room, the huge comfortable tables were strewn with colourful scraps of paper, dried flowers and other odds and ends. Sheets of cardboard, feathers, satin ribbon, cotton and glass pieces were transformed magically into a breathtaking array of cards — the special effects being wrought courtesy paints, crayons and Carmelite imagination.

Uma Surekha's handiwork won her the first place, while Lizzie and Mervin tied for second place and Anuradha Dass was placed third.

Information :  
Esther Thomas  
II HEPyS



## Stuck - Up



"Exciting contest!" the posters screamed. The publicity blitz preceding the contest announced topics that could only be considered New Wave on the jaded commercial scene.

**Topic I :** Design and depict a factory for 2857 A. D.

**Topic II :** Advertise this soap that's black in colour (yes, a black soap !)  
The selling points of this soap are certain extraordinary properties. (The contestant was left to conjure up these properties !)

**Topic III :** The world of Commerce. (The inevitable prosaic topic for unimaginative souls.)

The few (very few) participants certainly enjoyed themselves sketching colouring (and maintaining a steady flow of nonsensical, fun conversation at that !) Most of them turned in several entries — to compensate for the lack of participation, perhaps.

The guest judge, Mrs. Rina Reddy, a businesswoman, gave full marks to Gita Surekha's (II B.Com) ad 'Making Waves'. Nina Alapat (II B.Com) made it to second place with 'Sunset Soap' and Jill Sequeira (III B.Com) came in third with her enigmatic 'Jet'. A special mention went to Helen Hartlet.

*Bina Sundarajan  
III B.Com*

Competition - PHOTOGRAPHY

Participants - SIX

Photographer of M.C.C - ASHA RAMANUJAM - II.H.E.E.

S.O.S. COME ON FOLKS GET YOUR Senses together and start clicking....



## Young at Art

A large number of participants were 'drawn' into this year's art competitions, and the Workshop was filled with all the colours of the rainbow, as brush-wielding students splashed paint all over their paper, the floor and themselves !!

The artists who emerged with flying 'colours' were Priya Rao, Radhika K. S. and Mallika Nagarajun who won the 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes respectively. Sheela Ullal and S.V.Swar-nalatha received special mentions.



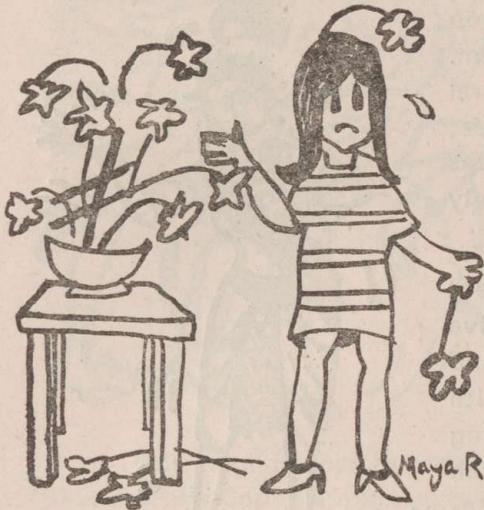
The Sketching Competition can be summed up, albeit sketchily, with the results : the winners of the 'Surrealistic' event were Sajji Paul, Sandhya R. and Priya Ganapathy, with Chitra Nayar receiving a special mention. The 'Realistic' event was won by Maya Ramaswamy's futuristic 'Carmelite '96' Sonia Bajaj's score ad'ded up to 2nd place with 'Advertisement' and Sheela Ullal's depiction of 'Two Boats' won the 3rd place.

Certainly, for those who are young at (he) art, the Mounts Campus is a great place to be around !

Anuradha Dass  
III HEE



## Saying it with Flowers



Held on the 5th of August '86, the Flower Arrangement Competition elicited an overwhelming response of over sixty entries. The Fatima Hall blossomed into vibrant shades of pinks and green as budding florists fashioned twigs, leaves and flowers into beautiful arrangements. Part of Lal Bagh seemed to have been transplanted here: gladioli, roses and delicate purple and white blooms lay piled about the floor and the participants were almost hidden under the heaps of greenery.

'Flowery' captions included 'Spectre de la Rose', 'Serenade', 'Ode to the rising dragon' and 'Stillness' while the essence of 'Bondage' was captured by a single red rose bound on all sides with black twigs.

The judges had the unenviable task of choosing the best of a stunning display of creations. They finally selected Sunitha Andrews (I HSc), Sonia Bajaj (II HEP) and Gita Surekha (II B.Com) as the 1st, 2nd and 3rd prize-winners respectively, and also awarded special mentions to several deserving participants.

Information :

*Gita Surekha (II B.Com)*  
*Anuradha Dass (III HEE)*



## Nritya

An overcrowded audi, a pleasant din created by excited voices, lashings of kajal and lipstick and the jingle of 'payals': the stage was set for the Indian group dance competition on the 28th of August. Mrs. Rathnam, Mrs. Hegde and Dr. Prabha judged the cultural extravaganza on display which for a brief while, diverted audience interest from twists and jives and provided a glimpse of something entirely ethnic.

III PyES raised the general excitement several notches with an energetic and expressive bhangra, danced to a superb mix of Hindi and English music. III B.COM went 'national' with a combination of four regional dances of Spring and II HEPyS came up with a tribal dance which was a dazzling riot of colour and gaiety. establishing them in third place.



A peacock dance, Janapadha Nritya, Garbas, Snake dances, a sprinkling of tribal dances....it was no surprise that teachers and students opted for the audi rather than the Great Outdoors that August afternoon.

information :  
Sreekala (I HEP)  
and  
Sujaya Nair III B.A. (HEE)



## Flash Dance



Dancing — definitely the most effective way of 'breaking' through the communication barrier : both audience and performers seemed to think alike on this score, and 'seventeen groups of participants were cheered enthusiastically from start to finish of this electrifying show.

A late start — 3.05 p.m — was compensated for by the only original presentation courtesy III HEE. Their 'Footloose' number had an impressive display of break-dancing by Chetana Bhatt, and an encore, thanks to 'popular demand' was presented at the end of the competition.

Although dances to popular songs like 'Beat it', 'Part time lover' and 'Beverly Hills Cop' were presented with a high level of liveliness, they missed out on originality. Costume-wise, stretch-pants and jeans proved the most popular.

A Portugese dance by II B.COM's interpretation of 'Material Girl' (with Sonal Machado playing Madonna to the hilt) tied for first place. Both the dances were innovative, well-performed and sported unique costumes. 'Don't get stopped on Beverly Hills' achieved what most other groups could not : good coordination, and it tied with the Hostelites entry at second slot. II HEPyS managed a third place. III HEE and II PUC received 'specially mention'.

A 'free for all' was an invitation thrown open to the audience by the III HEEites, to invade the stage en masse. It also gave the less inhibited a chance to (legitimately !) go wild. And it was certainly a unique way of wrapping up a competition.

Information :  
Anupama Prakash  
: II B.COM



## Play it again Sham !

Definitely the most 'up-beat' Carmelite activity is the Western Music competition which attracts a crowd so large, it has the audi bursting at the seams. Sarika's official permission 'If you must boo, do it between songs' set the tone of the afternoon, and the audience swung into a mood of enthusiasm and gaiety. The judges Anita Christie, Victor Martin, Vivek Alberquerque and Sham Sundar (who has become a fixture at our Western music competitions) rose efficiently to the occasion, in spite of the difficult task confronting them.



The Instrumental music certainly had a lot of 'class' about it — what with selections from Debussy, Tchaikovsky and Chopin, and it speaks volumes about the enthusiasm of the PUC contestants that they outnumbered the Degree students. Mrinalini played the beautiful 'Ballads pour Adeline' to win first place in the PUC category and the runner-up was Manjulika, Elizabeth Coelho placed first in the Degree category. Both the Instrumental groups tied for first place — Nisha and group, and Keshava and group.

The Vocal music is always a big hit with the audience which expressed its appreciation in very vocal terms. A lot of catchy songs interspersed with three Barbara Streisand numbers set everyone's feet tapping. The PUC winners were Anjali, Rosita and Deborah, who got the 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes respectively. Carol carolled her way to the top of the charts with 'Saving all my love for you' and was followed by Marie and Sonal, in the Degree section. The Vocal groups were limited to just four, but they provided excellent fare. At one point we thought the audience was going on to the stage, but it turned out to be a 20-strong team from II MECA singing 'Somewhere in this world' — the strong point being enthusiasm rather than staying in tune. The judges awarded them the 2nd prize, the first prize going to the slick 'Midnight Blue' courtesy Charlotte and co.



It was now the judges' turn to take the floor and Victor Martin entertained the audience with the famous theme from the movie 'Fame' on the piano. And as a grand finale, Sham Sundar and the West Wind took over for an hour of pulsating music which had the audience dancing in the aisles. The last 'strings' were pulled well into the evening which ended on a pleasurable note with the audience humming :

"We don't need no education,

Hey teachers I leave those kids alone."

Information :

*Anjali Bannerjee II B.COM-A*

*Anuradha Dass III HEE*

## X — Quiz — it



The preliminary round of the Group Quiz Competition was child's play — mainly because it had been set by a child (Mrs. Annie Matthew's daughter aged ten). The six teams who qualified from an initial line-up of 23 teams certainly went overboard on finding suitable names for themselves. The result: "The", "Cranky Craniums", "Karma" "XXX", "Quizzing Trio" and "Jugheads".

This prelim round seemed to have caught the competitors napping, because the Karnataka Quiz Association members who conducted the quiz were greeted with blank stares to most of the questions. Even the normally voluble audience was stumped by the brain-teasers and an awed silence prevailed for a greater portion of the quiz.



The scoring rates were predictably low ; the Jugheads (Anuradha Dass, Bhuvana S. and Sujaya Nair) made a valiant effort to stay on top with 13 points, giving the 'quiz' of death to Karma (Radha Nayak, Maithreyi and Kamakshi Rao) who followed with 9 points. 'The' (Bina Soundarajan, Jill Sequeira and Sunita) achieved a 3rd place with  $6\frac{1}{2}$  points.

The 'Quiz Queen' contest for participants going solo was on a refreshingly lower intellectual level. The six contestants seeded out from a large crowd were Radha Nayak, Maithreyi, Sujaya Nair, Sunila and Anuradha Dass. An Ex-Carmelite and former Quiz Queen Shanti Subramaniam (conducted) the show.

Questions not requiring much mental dexterity ensured a steady flow of enthusiasm and well-balanced contest — Dame Fortune also featured largely in this competition. The highlight of the quiz was a surprise round in which competitors had to identify the flavour, used in a cake — by sampling large slices of it. The audience vociferously expressed its desire to join in the proceedings, and few of the more adventurous took Mrs. Matthew's invitation quite seriously. Those in the audience who came up with the occasional correct answer found their reward 'sweet'.

An exciting finish saw Radha Nayak being crowned 'Quiz Queen '86', while Anuradha Dass (III HEE) was runner up. Sunila (III H.Sc) ended up in 3rd place

Information :

*Bharathi S. I.B.A. (P.E.S.)*  
*Anuradha Dass (III HEE)*

**E = MCC<sup>2</sup>**

The 24th of September '86 saw the commencement of a series of lectures, with the students taking the floor — making for a refreshing change. The response to the Mathematics Lecture competition was so overwhelming that it had to be spread over three days. The varied topics ranged from "Ancient Mathematicians" to "Influence of Maths on Science" through "Polyhedra" and "Derivatives" to "Mathematical Models", the last of which enlightened us on the application of Maths to other fields, including Medicine and Pharmacology.



Pratima of II PCMB-2 bagged first place with "The lighter part of Maths" and Udaya from II B.Com made it to second place with "Riddles in Mathematics" revealing that "Mathematics is not only a science, constantly being applied to the problems and needs of humanity, but it is an art, often pursued for its beauty, harmony and creativity". Bhavani from III PCM also tied for second place with her thought - provoking lecture : "Why there are 2 types of products of vectors."

To sum up, these three days certainly added up to make for a very absorbing and eventful experience, both for the judges Miss Gomathi Thai and Miss Hemalatha, as well as for the audience.

Information :  
Prabha Sadasivan  
III PCM

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## \$kit

Economics came out of the classroom and into the audi — courtesy the Economics department who sprang a surprise on the rest of the college with the Economics Skit Competition. A buzz of apprehension reverberated around the campus when the contest was announced, and intensified when it was stated that participation was compulsory.... But being such a rare event, the uproar in the wake of the announcement appeared justifiable.

The humanities department began to hum with activity as brainstorming sessions were held and girls came up with ideas on the theme 'The role of Carmelites in the socio-economic development of the community'. Farmers, politicians, coy brides and social workers a la Rajani became a familiar sight on the campus as the day wore on. And in the audi, Economics lecturers looked harassed, the judges even more so. Voices backstage rose to a crescendo as zero hour approached.... at last the curtains went up and the show got underway.

Corruption and dowry deaths seemed the most common theme. A few groups dealt with population explosion, unemployment and red-tapism. I MECA's presentation centred around poverty and illiteracy : the exploitation of villagers by money-lenders and landlords. The solution worked out by the PUites was to educate the villagers and also to teach them to get loans from banks. The effective portrayal of the village situation won the first prize.



The second place went to II PyES whose theme was 'Carmelites in service' Their rather novel presentation included the use of placards instead of costumes, which proved to be equally effective. Their solution was that teaching the poor should begin at home — by educating servants about the importance of saving, family planning, etc.

The third place went to II HEP who dealt effectively with the problems of the community. Dowry, un-employment, prostitution et al. III HEE enacted their remedies for the various problems from a glamorous angle. They used advertisements to show how the rich could help the poor — an idea which seemed rather appropriate for Carmelites.

All in all, the competition proved to be an eye-opener with regard to the different ways in which college students could help solve some outstanding problems affecting the economy. It was enjoyable to see the audience filing out with a look of enlightenment on most faces. For those who continued to look vacant — well — it was just another competition.

Information :

*Dakshayani V. Unni*

*III PyES*

## Teacher Preacher

Teachers' Day—5th Sept '86 joyous greetings rent the air — "Happy Teachers' Day, ma'am !" "Please, miss, no classes today. Just for once....." — the pleading note..... "Thank You girls. Open your books to Page 257, Now, where were we ?" — the determined lecturer (small wonder she's been one for years !) "Oh no, be a sport, ma'am....." All part of the fun.

And then there were the badges, some sober, not to say "goody-goody" — 'We love our teachers' or 'Three cheers for teachers' others more innovative — 'Dear Teacher, you and me are getting close to Zombieland, or "Dear Madam, a pine bench





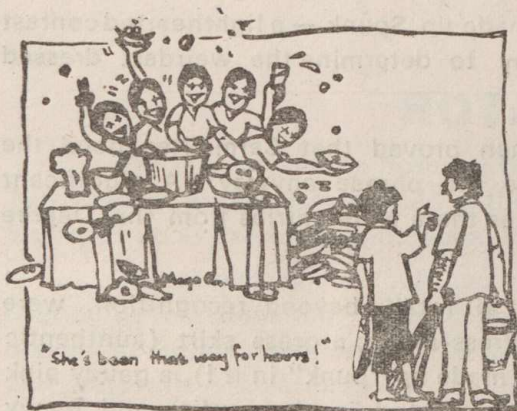
with you at one and me at the other is good enough university for me!" — flattering, to say the least. And yet, how true !

After a whole day of class (unrelenting lot, teachers, whatever, their merits !), a classwise programme was organised in the auditorium to "entertain" the lecturers. We began by saying it with flowers ; then followed small tokens of appreciation given by the Union members. A variety entertainment followed—Skits, songs, imitations of the 'Archies', and mad-mad Ads. All the teachers sat through the Programme patiently — Some of them even missed the college bus (we were flattered) !

Though the day was rather tedious, the excitement and spirit of Teachers' Day concluded on a happy note, with the Teacher-Student bond strengthening.

Information :  
Anjali Banerjee  
II B.Com (A)

## EAT IT !



It's really rather funny  
How bhelpuri and biryani  
Turn up without fail  
At every food sale  
And wallow up your money.

The Mount Carmel canteen seems to be taking a well-deserved break, what with food sales mushrooming all over the campus. And you know some-things cooking when a class drops all pretence at studying texts and develops a sudden interest in cook-books ! However, it takes large doses of muscle power to get a food sale underway. Brainstorming sessions are held to decide the menu, and batches are assigned for publicity, cooking and serving. The only tearful ones are those who have been dished out the unenviable task of chopping up onions !



The food doesn't vary much from one sale to another. 'Chat' is at the top of food charts, with biryani and cutlets acquiring the status of staple foods. Our cooks seem unimpressed by the adage 'Variety is the spice of life' !

At any rate, the main objective of the food sales, that is — 'raking in the shekels' — has been gloriously fulfilled. The students operated in a sellers market and the surplus of demand over supply occurred frequently. The girls, like Oliver Twist, were denied getting more. However, to give the sales full credit it must be admitted that they proved to be an innovative way of making money, with the plus point of giving mums' a break from filling tiffin boxes !

Anuradha Dass  
III HEE

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## Pioneer Puts up Spunk

Lunch hour with a difference — and WHAT a difference ! A hot Thursday afternoon ; weird outfits, great prizes and a very vocal audience !

These were the ingredients that made up Spunk — a lighthearted contest organised by the Mounts Pioneer Company to determine the weirdest dressed characters on Campus !

An avalanche of entries more than proved that Carmelites need the slightest excuse to dress up or re-define the phrase anyway. A significant point : There were as many PUC entries as there were entries from the Degree section.

Twenty-three participants, almost all totally beyond recognition, were loudly applauded on stage. A Madonna dress-a-like, a grass skirt (aunthentic Papua New Guinea stuff, according to the made up "punk" in it !), a gaudy pink foil top (one of the few original ideas incorporated in the outfit) and heavy metal type, were some of the.....apparitions seen.

Despite being warned to be original and humourous, outfit wise, almost all the contestant seemed to have played safe by literally interpreting 'punk' to the nth degree,

Comments from the audience :

"It was terrific ! Super idea"

"Eliza was the only one with a punkish hairstyle".



"I'm ashamed of MCC girls ! How could they be so dumb when it came to answering the emcee's question !"

"Great Show — and the judges were worth ragging, too !"

Judith Bidappa was the emcee. The judges were Seema Malhotra (ex MCC), Prasad Bidappa and Kevin Oliver (the audience unabashedly considered THEM as part of the "Show").

It turned out that 9th Oct. happened to be our Principal's birthday ! Result : however dubious it sounded, Spunk was "dedicated" to Sr. Jesuine Marie.....winds of change at MCC.

Eliza Albuquerque III HSc was crowned Punk Queen. Plastic shoes, good make-up and confident clear answering won her a discount coupon from the International News Boutique, a carton full of cosmetics and a feather duster ! (well, where ELSE would a pink feather duster be considered a prize !!)

Nilofer III B.Com was crowned Punk Princess and received cosmetics, an International News discount coupon and ....a feather duster.

Jacky Kelly II HEPyS — black haystack hairstyle and a gold paper skirt was runner up, as was Honey Paramel II PECA in green satin — a slippery outfit !

A show that went down very well with Carmelites.

*Bina C. Soundarajan*  
III B.Com

## ROTARACT

Excitement and the Rotaract Club of MCC are practically synonymous. This year the enthusiasm started at the very beginning, with the election of Supriya Rao as President and Sapna Ahuja as Secretary.

The club members launched off on their spate of good deeds by conducting a blood donation camp where non-anaemic Carmelites came forward bravely to donate their blood. The next item on the agenda was the October 2nd project in association with the Rotaract Club of Bangalore South. The orphans of St. Mary's Orphanage were taken to Cubbon Park for their annual outing and provided with large and satisfying meals. The Club was also involved with the 'eye donation' project organised by the Lions Club and an immunisation project organised by the Rotaract Club of Bangalore Midtown.

And so, with the close of another academic year, the curtain fell down on Rotaract activities.

Information :  
*Dakshayani Unnj*  
III PyES



## Helping Hand

The two-year-old MCC Counselling Centre is the right address for all those 'agony aunt' letters. It is run by Dr. Mrs. Suzy Joseph, a clinical psychologist who has completed a course at the Christian Counselling Centre, Vellore.

Talking about her counselling service in both boys and girls colleges, Mrs. Joseph remarked that the main problems faced by collegians today are family problems, peer group problems, boy-girl relationships, loneliness and drugs. In ten years of experience, she has found that the family is the most important unit, and that any family disturbance reflects itself in the individual's personality.

The Counsellor ended on the cheering note that it is possible to solve problems largely through the self-will and determination of the individual himself.

Information ;  
Dakshayani Unni  
III PyES

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## A.I.C.U.F.

AICUF — the All India Christian Union Federation — is chiefly concerned with the overall development of Christian and non-Christian students on campus. This year, AICUF conducted an inter-collegiate debate on the necessity of nuclear arms. Lizzie Thomas (MCC), Anthony (SJASC) and Pavithra Punita (MCC) were placed 1st, 2nd and 3rd respectively.

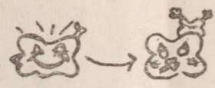
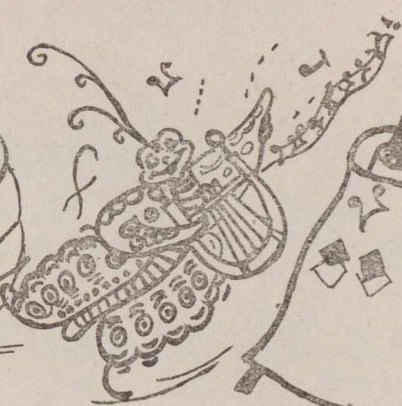
An interesting feature was the social awareness seminar held in Madras where the social awareness of the current education policy was discussed.

AICUF staged a lively Christmas programme in MCC on December 19th '86 and later distributed fruit and sweets to the needy patients in Bowring Hospital.

The AICUF chaplains at MCC are Sr. Juanita and Mrs. Vinedo. Nayana Lobo is the President, Katherine Sandon the Vice President, Arlene James the Secretary, and Rebecca D'Souza the Treasurer of the association.

Arlene James II B.COM  
AICUF unit.

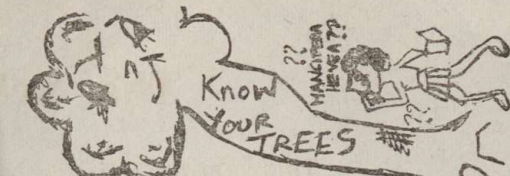




An amoeba named John and his brother were having fun together when at a joke they split their sides laughing, and soon each of them was a mother

# CHRYSALEIS

tuning in with a potpourri of the extracts from the Mag punctuated with the activities of the Science Assn



Know your TREES

$$E=mc^2$$

Final B.Sc. girls got cracking on those good ol' Botanical terms by naming trees on the campus.

There was a young lady of wight whose speed was much faster than light. She departed one day in a relative way and came back on the previous night.  
Reena George B.E.S

The Science Quiz boggled science enthusiasts with queries like: ... What is Pappin's digester commonly called? ... And pressure cooker.

WHO IS THE MASTER OF THE WORLD? ... According to some scientists, it is the Dolphin who might have been but for the fact there is no thumb and no fire in water. If evolution had proceeded just a bit differently, who knows? ...  
PRATIBHA KUMAR B.E.S

followed by The Interclass Lecture Contests which included topics Lasers, Hereditary diseases, Comets, deadly night shades etc.

Later in the year a demo on mushroom cultivation, Bonsai & consumption of wheat products was held with the Bangalore Jaycees.  
MUSHROOMS  
CREAK!!



## A Mathematician in Love

The Lady Loved Dancing he therefore applied, to the Polka Waltz an equation, But when to rotate on his axis he tried, his centre of gravity swayed to one side, and he fell by the earth's gravitation!! ...  
-Maheshwari B.E.S



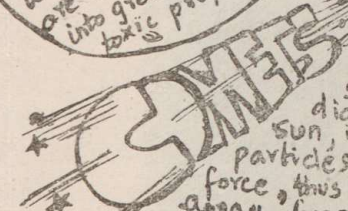
Hypnosis is not FOCUS POCUS. It is used in the medical field for painless deliveries, it is due to a post hypnotic suggestion, where during the hypnotic state, a suggestion like 'you cannot light the hypnotized candle' will be given. From tomorrow you will be carried out by a cigarette. This will be unconsciously even after the hypnotic session.  
-Renu Iyengar B.E.S

Lovya D'Silva and Anuradha Rangachari bagged the Bangalore University Science Quiz trophy, televised by Doordarshan.

RAMAN EFFECT commemorated on National Science Day Feb 28

... In the spectrum of scattered light a number of new lines were observed on both sides of the main line (incident light). The lines of frequencies greater and smaller than of incident light are called Raman lines. Lines of greater frequency are called anti-Stokes lines and those of smaller frequency or Stokes lines ...  
-Srimathi Srin.

Deadly Night Shades ... a second killer is Atropa Belladonna. In days gone by women used drops of belladonna to dilate pupils ... today they use these drops during examination. In potato, Solanum, all the parts of the plant except tubers are poisonous. Though they axillary buds are green, the green food value, which are seen below the eyes are also poisonous. These glow into green shoots with toxic properties.  
Priya Rajgopal B.E.S



... It's nucleus is a very porous structure of ice with meteoric matter embedded in them. The meteoric material is generally small particles of Fe, Ni, Ca, Mg, Si, Na, etc. Nucleus is a mile in diameter. As it approaches the sun, it warms up and vaporizes slowly, particles expelled by the sun exert a force, thus these particles are blown away from the head to become a tail.  
-Veda P. Srinema

## Who Knows for Certain? Who Shall here Declare it? Whence was it born? Whence Came Creation?

Astronomers studying the origin and fate of the universe describe the cosmos in equations, examine the universe from x-rays, count galaxies and determine motion and distances and a choice has to be made between 3 different views. ... a steady state cosmology blissful and quiet, an oscillating universe which expands and contracts painfully and forever and a BIG BANG expanding universe in which it is created in a violent effect. Let there be light. ...  
-Deepa Rao B.E.S

BANG!!



## The Science Association

This year the Science Association had a very active year including the release of the new science magazine 'Chrysalis'.

The activity began with the Interclass Quiz Contest which covered a wide range of topics from inventions, discoveries to the latest — know-how. Madhavi and Kim were the winners. Deepa Hariharan conducted the quiz. This was followed by the Inter Class Science Lecture Contest both at the PU and the DEGREE level. The winners were Prathima Pai, Savitha. M. & Veda of II PUC PCMB & Raj Prity and Renu Iyengar of II & III Degree respectively.

At the National Science forum held at National College our girls participated in the Lecture Contest in all subjects. We won the Rolling Cup and Shield at both PU and DEGREE levels. The girls also participated in the various competitions held at NMKRV College.

There was an interesting demonstration of Bonsai and Mushroom Cultivation followed by interesting preparations of wheat products conducted by the Bangalore South Jaycees. As a part of our Environmental Awareness Programme there was a talk by Mr. Srinath of WWF along with a film show. This led to the emergence of 'PHOENIX' our Nature Club. The trees in the campus were also assigned their respective botanical names

The III Yr. PCM girls visited the famous Raman Research Institute where they had a look at various apparatus used by Sir. C. V. Raman ; his numerous collections of stones, ores, books and photographs.

In connection with the National Science Day celebration held on 28th February, Sandhya Ramachandran won the II Prize at the Question Forum and our team of Anuradha Rangachari and Lovy D'Silva were placed II at the Inter Collegiate Quiz Competition.

Last but not the least our Magazine, Chrysalis was received very well by the students and staff. The main aim was to popularise the various branches of science among all students. The magazine consisted of various informative articles with humorous poetry, and interesting fillers. The team consisted of Rekha, Purnima, Mallika & Miss Vimala as the Editor.

With this another year has gone by leaving us with a feeling of satisfaction of having accomplished something. Yet the need to experiment, to achieve something more is always there among us true scientists.

*Mallika Nagarajan  
Rekha and Purnima*



## ANGANWADI

Mount Carmels took education out of the classrooms and into the 'open yard' with the establishment of the Anganwadi or free school for slum children. Established with the collaboration of the Social Welfare Department of the Government of Karnataka, the Anganwadi was started mainly as a practical experience for the Home Science students who have Extension Education as one of their subjects in the final year. It also aims at bringing about a greater awareness among the college students and staff.

The school serves children between 3 and 6 years of age who attend a regular school programme during the morning, and they, along with pregnant women and babies from the Vasanthanagar slum are provided with a nourishing midday meal. In the afternoon, the Anganwadi teacher visits the mothers at home to educate them as to hygiene, nutrition and proper care of children. Through this problem it is hoped to educate the slum people, improve their standard of living and reach out to those in need of help.

October 1st 1986 was an important day — the inauguration ceremony was attended by the Deputy Director of Social Welfare Shri Shivashankar, the Child Development Project Officer — Shashikala, Renuka the supervisor, the Anganwadi worker Gayathriamma and sisters from the convent. The final year Home Science students attended en masse, and the initially wary slum dwellers were persuaded into attending the function. Shri Shivshankar spoke to the gathering of slum dwellers in simple language, outlining the aims of the Anganwadi programme and convincing them that it was entirely for their benefit.

The daily education programme at the Anganwadi is conducted by the Home Science students and the Anganwadi teacher. The classroom activities consist of storytelling, science experience, nature experience and reading and writing. 'Nature experience' includes learning about birds, fruits and vegetation. Painting and art exercises are also part of the curriculum. The entire programme is conducted in Kannada. An encouraging aspect of the Anganwadi experience is that the children are more receptive, attentive and appreciative to what is taught than the children in the nursery school. It is as if they understand and value the opportunities that they receive through this programme.

It is hoped that many more college students involve themselves in the Anganwadi programme since it is an opportunity to be a social worker on the campus itself. Such a programme enables us to contribute directly to the upliftment of the poor and underprivileged — with very visible results. After all, charity begins at home !

Information :

*Sunila Rau III HsC*



## Parents Day

Parents Day under the distinguished patronage of Shri Rama Krishna Hegde, Chief Minister of Karnataka, was held on Oct. 7th with all its customary ceremony and splendour. It was an evening when the grounds of M.C.C. were graced with distinguished guest, proud parents and accomplished students. The whole campus was lighted and the driveway decorated with buntings and festoons which added to the air of festivity and gaiety.

The evening began on a joyous note as the choir charmed the audience with the rendition of the college songs and secondly a variety entertainment of dance, music, a Kannada political satire, an English play, and a tableau enthralled the audience.

The Kannada skit directed by Sreedhar Murthy and 'Overtones' directed by Mrs. Ranita Hirji were highly applauded and enthusiastically received by the audience.

The principal's presentation of the annual report reiterated that at M.C.C. it was 'laurels all the way'. The Chief Guest's speech was followed by the prize distribution. The Prize distribution reaffirmed that this year's haul was no less than all the years that have seen Mount Carmel grow to its magnificence to-day.

The evening ended with a presentation of a pageant on "The International Year of Peace" and the singing of the University, Papal and National Anthems.

## Our gals in uniform - N.C.C. Report 86-87

This year too the N.C.C. cadets of Mount Carmel College who belong to Unit I Karnataka Girls Battalion were just as active as they are every year. Under the leadership of Miss Josephine Rosario — N.C.C. officer, our battalion won many laurels.

Cadets Jayanthi Venkataram, Anita Jacob and Nirmala Cano participated in the Republic Day Parade in Delhi in January 87. Here, Nirmala Cano represented Karnataka and sparkled with an assortment of gold and silver medals, won for aeromodelling. 37 Cadets attended the Annual Training Camp held at Bangalore. Traditionally, we have been winning the 'First place for the Drill. We were placed second in the Cross-country and Cultural programme. Hatshet participated in rock climbing and many others in trekking.

In short, a memorable year for our N.C.C. Cadets.



## Santa Calls

Hats off to the AICUF unit of M.C.C. for organising the highly successful Christmas programme this year. The programme in college held at term end began with the solemnity of a mass. The message was one of "SHALOME" — which means Peace of the Lord be with you in Hebrew. Unlike the other activities usually held on the campus and more often than not accompanied by hooting and booing this particular function had a different atmosphere. The communicative X'mas spirit of sharing, peace and joy reigned supreme. Students were greeted with sweets and with huge slices of delicious fruit cake. The joy of the festive season was conveyed by the choir which rendered many tuneful traditional carols blended with the spontaneous gaiety of modern carols. The Christmas message of Peace, Harmony and Goodwill among men was meaningfully portrayed in a short skit, an adaptation of Leo Tolstoy's of Story Christmas. A Bharathanatyam recital by lone Miranda depicted through fluid movements — 'The Creation of the Universe and Man.

Mrs. Sushila Punitha's soul stirring X'mas message — 'the meaning, significance and importance of Birthdays and the Spiritual side of Christ's Birthday made us reflect deeply.

A bouncy Santa Claus (Sharon Coelho) did a lively jig in the aisles and hurled toffees to a spirited audience.

The function ended with the staff and students joining in the "carolling". "We wish you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" — jingled in the festive air.....

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## HOSTEL

### Write up + report on activities

On campus all the time and enthusiastic with it. That describes the M.C.C. hostelier....This year, with popular and cute Elaine Fernandes as Hostel Prefect and Amita Sankaran (she of the delicious smile) as Hostel Cul. Sec. our hosteliers certainly had a good year. Well, a couple of first prizes, a second AND special mention to boot is good going. These prizes were bagged by the hosteliers group in : the Pantomime, the Fancy Dress, the Western Dance and Literary Pageants respectively. The biggest advantage the hosteliers have over the day students in such competitions is the fact that they practise after college hours together.



Changes and fresh ideas this year included the participation of the hostelites as "The Hostel Group" in college competitions. In M.C.C. hostel a cricket match was organised. 'Cricket ka jawaab naheen'. The juniors won the match against the seniors. That's something ! Is'nt it ?

The junior girls have been terrific ! This was proved by the performance of "freshers" on "Talents Nite". The highlights being a spoof on Cinderella in the form of Street Jazz headed by Julia Benny and beautiful Bharata Natyam recital by Candice D'Cruz.

The final years (a genial lot. Ask anyone....!) hosted the Freshers' Social. Saturday, 9th August 5-30 p.m. saw these final years perched precariously on stools and what not, decorating the dining hall silver and blue (and well done too).

As always, the freshers suffered more than a tinge of nervous excitement as the appointed hour (5-30 p.m.) drew near. They needn't have worried. The personality contest, judged by Jennifer Fernandes Manoj Berry and Sadhana Rao of an advertising agency went off splendidly. The parade was worth watching. Quizzed by the judges and attended by just about every hostelier, the winners this year were deservedly Bineeta Rawley crowned "Freshie Queen" (It's anybody's guess how the judges managed to crown her as she's 5'10" tall....). The first and second runners up were Jessy Thomas and Julia Benny.

A sumptuous superb dinner followed. (Amita and Elaine ! Now we know why you were seen tugging enormous vessels down the drive one August day ! Energetic dancing saw the close of THAT enjoyable, special evening.

The other Biggie was of course, "Hostel Day". This year's theme was "Gypsy" — a good idea as "Bohemianism" was colourfully displayed.

Two beautifully done cut outs of gypsy dancers dominated one wall of the lounge for the better part of the year ... Music and a special dinner hosted by II PUC's and general entertainment was in order on Hostel Day. Several games, conducted by the Prefects, were enjoyed by everyone ; they included Four Corners, Treasure Hunt and Queen of Sheeba.

A library, after dinner music, a TT table, a badminton court are some of the goodies available for the hosteliers. Added to this are various competitions (sketching' painting, needlework); one wonders if there's ever a dull moment in the hostel ! Truly, a home away from home ...and packed with fun and surprises galore !

*Elaine Fernandes  
Amita Shankaran  
Bina Soundarajan*



# The Mounts PIONEER Co. Ltd.

City Beat, Deccan Herald  
Sept. 01, 1986

## CAMPUS

The City Tab Sept. 28 - Oct 4, 1986



MCC Company: Directors at work.

## Pioneering Venture

Mount Carmel College scored another first when its Commerce Department recently launched a real joint stock company with shares, BOD, et al. A report.

The Mount Carmel College seems to be constantly engaged in concepts in introducing new concepts in the Bangalore campus scene. It was the first college to have a computer at the undergraduate level. It was the first to groom an all-girl cricket team. And now, the commerce department of MCC has floated a joint stock company! It is not just a experimental venture; it has all the attributes of a fullfledged joint stock company.

The Mount Pioneer Co. Ltd., as it is called, has an authorised capital of Rs. 12,000/- and a paid up capital of Rs. 6,000. The company aspires to recycle the capital by holding fun fairs, handicrafts sale, noodles festival, 'white elephant' sales and other 'campus activities'. The share holders will get their dividends when the Balance sheet is published on the Notice Board at the end of the year. Each share is sold at Re. one and each bidder would get 20 shares maximum on first-come-first serve basis. At the end of the year, the remaining capital will automatically pass on to the new members of the company and a part of it donated to the college dispensary.

The Mount Pioneer company is a 'real' joint stock company with ten directors chosen from all the three years. Then, there is a panel of five heads - of the departments whom they have selected from the faculty. An internal auditor and advisor have also been appointed.

Will there be an open market? "No, it is strictly for the Mount

Carmelites" said one of the directors. All shares are equity shares and every year, the market will be open for the bidders in the beginning of the academic term.

When asked whether it would take away their study time, the President of the company, Pavitra Anita said, "No, it's actually our business, and we are only trying to get some practical experience; since ours is a women's college, we don't get opportunities to get trained in the stock exchange set-up. This is what we exactly want to give to our students."

The sales director, displaying a massive heap of applications, said, "within 3 days of the company's induction, we are able to sell 8000 shares, which obviously depicts the tremendous encouragement that we are getting." Bina Soundarajan, PRO of the company, explaining the emergence of the title, said that the word Mount is derived from the name of the college and the term Pioneer symbolises the uniqueness of the company. The company, a branchchild of Josephine Rosario, is dedicated to the centenary celebrations of the Carmelite sisters of St. Teresa.

If the spirit behind Mount Pioneer Co. Ltd., is any indication, then one can expect the Lab Journals of the Journalism departments to be on the stands and the 'Lab workshop' of engineering colleges to start supplying motor parts to the automobile industry.

RR

## CAMPUS TALK

# CAMPUS INCORPORATED

BANGALORE: The famous Mount Carmel College, Bangalore, which is known all over for its stunning beauties, will from now on be known also for bulls and bears! In what can only be described as an inspiring pioneering venture, the B.Com. students of MCC have set up a full-scale company complete with capital, shares, dividends, board of directors departments, etc.

Appropriately christened 'The Mount Pioneer Company Limited', it has five departments - finance, production, marketing, advertising and personnel - headed by members of the college's faculty, and panel of ten students-directors, who will monitor the professional management of the company's affairs. The office staff also includes an internal auditor and an advisor too!

This is no experimental 'mock' company as one might imagine. The Carmelites mean business and they've gone into it the whole hog, what with an authorised capital of Rs. 12,000 and an issued capital of Rs. 6,000. One-Ruppee shares were floated, and within three days of the company's inception, as many as 8000 shares were reported sold. The company plans to recycle the capital thus obtained by holding numerous fund-raising projects, such as lottery draws and 'white elephant' sales.

At the end of the year, when the new set of office-bearers are elected, the Balance Sheet for the fiscal year will be put up on the college notice board and

the young shareholders given their due dividend. According to a spokesperson of the company, all are equity shares and each year the market will be open for bidders (each Carmelite is allowed a maximum of 20 shares) at the beginning of the academic session. "It will be run just like a 'real' joint stock company, so that our girls will get practical experience in a pukka stock exchange set-up," she added.

Until now the company has had two projects on its stall on the college campus. The first was a 'guess the weight of the cake' competition during the lunch break. "We have made quite a healthy profit," says Bina.

The future projects of the company include holding a punk contest, more games and fun fairs. "We have to make our profits by February as we wind up our company then. The examinations set in soon after and we get our study holidays," Bina points out.

The company proposes to hold its first shareholders' meeting shortly and is all set to reach new horizons in the short six month period of its existence.

## Campus company

MOUNT Carmel College is living up to its reputation as a trend-setter in the academic field. After being the first college to install a computer, the commerce section has now started a company! Yes, a company replete with official posts and that official lubricant, money. It is indeed a novel sight to see the students sitting under the shade of the porch, selling share applications.

This company will be no 'mock' company in its functioning, which will be exactly like a joint stock company. The project has been the brain-child of Miss Josephine Rosario. It is, apparently, an integral part of the MBA course.

There are ten directors, all enthusiastic volunteers who will see to the professional running of the company. On the basis of qualification and experience, they have selected five heads of departments for finance, production, marketing, advertising and personnel. The students of first and second year degree have also been accommodated in this venture, although the management is in the hands of the final year students.

The company has an authorised capital of Rs. 12000 and an issued capital of Rs. 6000. Food festivals, handicraft sale, lotteries, "white elephant" sales, are all in the offing. At the end of the year, dividend is proposed to be disbursed to shareholders and a mite will go to the college dispensary.

—NAZREEN BHURA

# Mounts Pioneer Co. Ltd.,

The newspaper cuttings say it all : The Mounts Pioneer Co. Ltd. was established in August 1986 and will run through to August 1987, thus operating for a financial year.

The Company held its shareholders meeting on 24th February 1987. It declared a very high dividend of 70% for the final year students leaving in May 87. Such a high percentage was due to the fact that every single venture of the company was successful.

## Activities included :

1. A stall at the Annual College Sports selling refreshments.
2. A fun punk contest - Spunk.
3. A Guess-the-weight-of-the-cake contest. This proved to be a trend-setter.
4. A stall at Vistas selling hot tea, coffee and jamoons.
5. A light hearted quiz on campus - called Camquiz.

All these activities were appreciated by the students. The MPC gave Rs. 500/- to the college as a gesture of social responsibility.

In a nutshell, the concept of a 'mock company' was very interesting. The students concerned feel that it gave them a good practical knowledge of the theory they have been learning.

Bina Soundarajan  
III B.COM

Sept 30 1986  
The Times of India



Mon is Pictorial Co. 194.

it is strictly for the Mount

As a member and advisor have they been selected from the faculty heads of the department within a year? Then there is a panel of five directors chosen from all the three Co. Ltd. as an independent financial If the spirit and Mount Pioneer

[illegible]

Commerce Department recently launched a real joint stock company with shares, BOD, et al. A report

## Pioneering Venture

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The Mounts PIONEER

CAMPUS TALK

CAMPUS  
INCORPORATED

City Real Estate, Inc.  
Sept. 10, 1986



## INTERACT

The INTERACT has been growing as a professional Powerhouse in which our teaching community has activated a bring-and-share dynamism. Some of our teachers theorised from their experience as innovatory educators through an exchange of content.

We met first on the twenty sixth of July. Ramesh of Commerce presented a paper on the principles and functions of Management. He detailed techniques that could be appropriated to class-room management. This engendered heated discussion on the practical implications of the principles he had stated. Anita and Susheela of English shared their insights gained from a colloquium on the Humanistic approaches to English Language teaching at which they had presented papers. Anita explained that the value of this pedagogy, which upholds the centrality of the learner rests on teacher-learner rapport based on mutual respect. Susheela provided a questionnaire whereby we assessed our human Involvement with our students. Sr. Jesuine Marie suggested that we should get a graphic representation of the data collected. Padma of Psychology shared her views on the viability of the humanistic approach as she had done a course on it. Sr. Genevieve of Botany presented highlights from her research for her doctoral thesis on Food Production. She detailed the dramatic influence that GA<sub>3</sub> has on endosperms. Her theory was that split application of nitrate and ammonium sulphate yields better results. The discussion centred round the practicality of her proposition. Sister G assured us that it had been applied very effectively in Rice cultivation.

We met again on the sixth of December. Sreedharan of Physics exhibited low-cost kits which liberated the learner from the fear of damaging expensive equipment in the Physics Lab. These kits had been used to assess the learner's ability for creative use of scientific equipment. One group had been given the kit with an instruction manual while another was uninitiated. The latter scored over the former! Similar kits had also been used to assess the creative genius of children, both normal and handicapped. In an experiment the deaf-mute placed first the normal second and the blind, third. Sreedharan's presentation had been so fascinating that quite a few of us bought these kits as gifts for our children! Jayanthi of Zoology explained the theory behind hereditary conditions. Her explanatory charts, displayed through an overhead projector, were an invaluable asset in understanding the intricacies of genetic transmission.



We plan to meet again in March, at the close of this academic year, When Sr. Josephette of Home Science will conduct a workshop on teaching-aids and Annie of English will present a text-book in miniature, prepared by her I PU students on the lines of their own English text.

Here's to a deeper fellowship through exciting academic interaction !

*Susheela Punitha*  
Co-ordinator

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## The Phoenix Nature Club



The students of M.C.C. were first introduced to the idea of a nature club by Mr. M. K. Srinath, Field Officer W.W.F. The club is named after the legendary bird Phoenix, which arises out of its own ashes and never dies. Oct. 1—7 being the World Wildlife Week Phoenix was inaugurated on the 1st of Oct. The function was presided by Mr. M. K. Appaiah, Chief Conservator of Forests Karnataka. He gave an interesting talk on Karnataka forests and stressed the need for conservation of natural resources. The afternoon wrapped up with two films, "Tigers of Kanha" and "Sea Turtles".

The first outdoor activity of the club was a birdwatching trip to the Indian Institute of Science. On 24th Oct. another birdwatching trip was organized to Bannerghatta. The group was able to identify several birds and butterflies.



Phoenix went to Bandipur towards the end of Oct. A moist deciduous forest bordering the Mudumalai Game Sanctuary,. It is one of the 15 tiger reserves launched under Project Tiger. The camp leader was Mr. Srinath. We were given detailed notes of the flora and fauna of the neighbouring forests so as to help us on our trails. We were fortunate to see wildpigs, elephants, gaur, peafowl, a civet cat. a malabar squirrel and several spotted deer. Apart from the nature trails, quizzes, talks, films and audiovisuals, and even a star gazing class formed our three day action packed curriculum.

The club held a poster making competetion to which the response was excellent. The winners were Upasana, Daisyantha and Sujaya.

On 6th Dec. the members went to Bannerghatta to understand the various projects we could undertake in contributing towards conservation. Miss Rugmani Nayar has announced a prize of Rs. 500/- for the best project submitted.

During the winter vacation two members went to — with the Environmental Group of St. Josephs College to the Rann of Kutch and the Gir Forests. At the Rann they were priveleged to see wild asses. The Rann is one of the two places in the world where wild asses are found. Later they arrived at the Gir forest. Unfortunately they did not see any Lions ; however they saw several birds, peafowl, langur, and spotted deer.

Phoenix Nature Club holds its meeting on Thursdays and Saturdays, The meetings are conducted by Mr. Srinath. The representatives of the Science, Commerce and Arts department were Lakshmikala Prakash, Ann Athyal and Maya Ramaswamy respectively. The chief advisor to the club is Miss Rugmani Nayar.

Quoting, Thomas Blount, "Every flower of the field, every fibre of a plant, every particle of an insect. carries with it the impression of its Maker, and can read us lectures of ethics or divintiy."

*Ann Athyal III B.Com*  
*Phoenix Nature Club*



## Valedictory Day

A magnificent array of trophies formed the backdrop to the stage — it was the Valedictory Day function, when list upon list of Carmelite achievements would be reeled off. Small wonder that even the chief guest Professor Philip (Director of IIM Bangalore) was impressed.

The Principals's speech was followed by Arlene James' report ; she brought the curtain down on the Union activities with a description of the Carmelite achievements in the fields of academics, sports, cultural activities and social work in the year '86 - '87. As Professor Philip remarked in his speech : Mount Carmel has a climate that encourages excellence.'

The prizes were given away by Mrs. Philip, and the Chief Guest and his wife made a heart-warming gesture by instituting a 'best student award in memory of their daughter who died tragically last year.

'The Hidden Treasure' — a moving play based on the life of Helen Keller was then staged and the memorable occasion ended with the singing of the National Anthem by the college choir.

*Anuradha Dass*  
III HEE

### In Memoriam



**Kalpana J. Kumar** II PUC, P.C.M.B. was snatched away from us on 14th March 1987. Kalpana was deeply sensitive and unassuming, yet beneath her modest exterior had great aspirations. We hope that she has found fulfilment and harmony in the Elysian fields. May her soul rest in peace.



SCENES  
FROM  
VISTAS

JUST - A - MINUTE



PULLING  
MUSICAL  
STRINGS

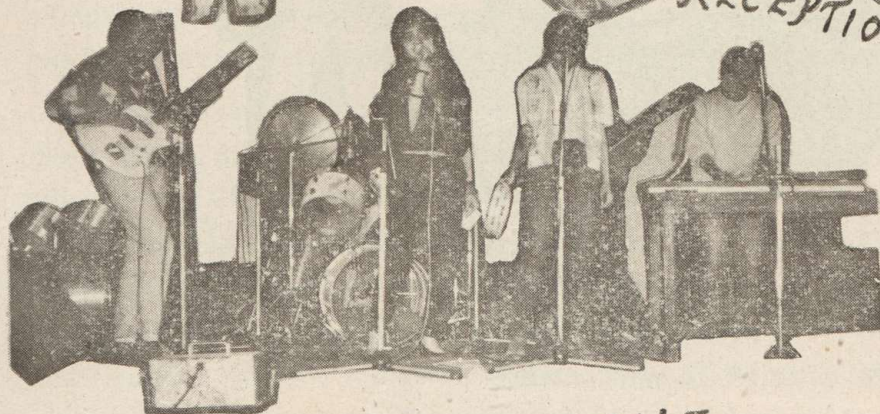


MORE  
STRINGS  
AND

MORE  
MUSIC



RECEPTION COUNTER  
---- VISTAS



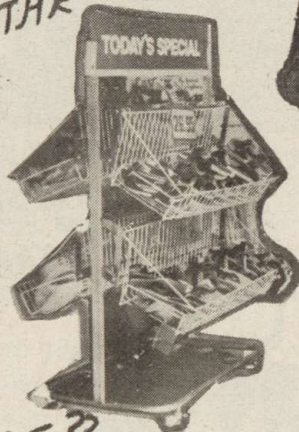
--- T.N.C. STYLE ---



FOR A CHANGE



ON THE DRIVE!



IN STEP?



CINDERELLA'S SHOE??



THE APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE



WHAT'S THIS?



to the ta  
er, richer  
end



THE RICHER, TASTIER  
OFCOURSE

ELIZA: WESTERN MUSIC COMPERE



## VISTAS

The first disbelieving murmurs built up to a crescendo of delighted yells.....and the grapevine buzzed with the big news : for the first time ever, Mount Carmel was to hold a cultural festival ! The Union decided to do things in style....not hold just another cultural fest., but to make it an innovative mix of a festival and a fair ... VISTAS '86.

Visions of the fiesta-to-be, enlivened the environs of the college long before D-day. Signs of festivity appeared everywhere. The basket-ball court was transformed into an open-air auditorium and on the night of Thursday, 11th December, nocturnal activity effected a cosmetic transformation of the face of the campus. Judicious application of "make-up" turned the campus into a colourful, glamorous arena : the stage was set for the "mela".

The next day saw the stalls being garnished with crepe paper and colourful balloons. Badges were much in demand, as they conferred respectability on "nosey-parkers" !

Meanwhile, the publicity blitz (courtesy the posters, and more importantly the far-reaching Carmelite grapevine) had alerted the town about the "to-do" at Carmels. The gates were open to anyone prepared to pay Rs. 5 a day—and the novelty of a cultural-festival cum fair evoked a tremendous response. "Vistas" tickets sold at the Round Table by Mrs. Ranita Hirji, Anu, Chetana and Lakshmi" were lapped up by enthusiastic takers. Bangaloreans obviously know a good thing when they see it. The enthusiasm was, perhaps, overdone on the night of the Western music competition when the audience spilled out on to the road !

The Carmelite grounds came alive with shamianas. There were hit-and-miss games like "Knocking the Pyramids", "Hoopla", "Hitting Uncle Joe" and "Choosing the Odd Jack Out". The food department was taken care of by West End, Taj Residency, Woodys.....all invited on a commission basis. A special feature was the "Vistas Hut" managed by some BMS and MSRIT students. The Mounts Pioneer Company raked in the shekels with the, coffee stall. And one enthusiast (Rajesh Tyagi of Ramaiah Medical) notched up over 65 attempts at the Pyramids stall !



Bina Soundarajan gave a vivid description of the scene—as seen from the Psycho Lab. The Psycho Lab is a terrific place to be in during any MCC festival! The balcony and windows (ungrilled and great for psychotic suicides) provide a superb, discreet and wide-angled view of the “How”—“Why”—“Which” ....that makes for campus gossip, as in—“**Who’s** the macho out there with the sidey glasses?”

“**Why** did she come with HIM yaah? ! She’s worlds better than him!”

“**How** does she think she’s going to parade on stage in those heels?” (snide snipe)

“**Which** is Anup Vittal? Point him out to me - ....Ohhh! That one!”

During Vistas the lab was taken over by Phoenix selling WWF goodies. So.....there were bunches of hawk-eyed wild things getting a birds-eye view of the “see and be seen” show below.

The cultural festival carried on simultaneously—the intelligent part of the audience being drawn to the venues. On Friday (12th December) evening, MADvertising and D’baits were the fare of the day. The three (M)ad judges were looking for original and well presented items, the third criterion being the technical treatment of the product. The end of the show however, saw them disappointed at the performances and they were satisfied with only four colleges: RVCE, MES, SJASC, and SJCC, in that order. RVCE’s “zipper ad” bagged them the 1st prize and immense applause. The MES sales-talk on RATA shoes earned them the 2nd place and SJASC and SJCC came up with stock jokes on P. T. Usha and MGR but were nevertheless entertaining.

In the Debates competition, Shonali and Meenaxi cruised into the finals with a clean semi-final victory over a confused Christ College. The profound philosophers from IISC scored over the Josephites. Thus the finals saw a date between classy talkers (that’s our girls) and talkers with matter (those Sci-fi guys.) In the end matter prevailed. The topic was “Our National Consciousness is only skin deep”. The Carmelites were clear-cut, logical, while the IISC speakers got lost in the depths of their profundity. But as reporter Vandana



Nadig put it, " The judges realised there was a method in their madness....." As Mrs. Annie Mathew succinctly summed up : " The finals were incomprehensible to say the least. However, we can conclude that our National Consciousness is not just skin-deep, but it is larynx deep ! "

The next day demanded omnipresence of the audience with three simultaneous contests : Indian dance in the audi, JAM in the Fatima Hall and Insituations on the open-air stage. Manu and Madhu reported from the audi that the Harvest dances were extremely popular, and colourfully costumed belles from MCC and JNC danced to traditional music, winning the 1st and 2nd prizes. Seshadripuram College students had a catchy folk song as their background music, and NMKRV performed the " Kolattam ". However, the star of the day was RVCE's Vallaban who staged a sensation with his dance on roller skates !

JAM witnessed a high-speed squabble over syntax, repetition, stutters non-starters....It was a hilarious session, what with the topics being perverted, converted, forgotten altogether....The buzzer went on the blink; reported Radha and Sujaya, leading to a little bit of a verbal violence on stage. Satish Ramakrishnan (SJCE, Mysore) topped the points in this jet-set smart-talk contest. Moderator M. D. Riti had her work cut out, pinning down rules. Punning was the order of the day: " High-Tea at Haiti ", and " Jeans and Heredity ". Radha had a typically smart comment for the last topic: "Thoughtful one that, considering that most jeans on the campus have that handed-down-the generations look !

Toshiko, Anita Ninan and Rina came up with some insights into the Insites on the 13th. The judges Sunil Sadanand and Mr. Phillipose marked the competitions on choice of topic, humour, and originality. SJASC came 1st with: " A day in the life of a coolie " made entertaining with "Kapil's cricket." RVCE came up with an original (and topical) " Who's afraid of Namboodiri?" which took a SAARCastic look at SAARC and also had Santa Claus beseiged by Carmelite SYT's waving Vistas tickets. Islamiah College received a special mention for their spoof on the Kalayatra personality contest.



Sujit Singh of B. I. T. serenaded a certain Carmelite off-stage, and continued the good work on-stage. The organizers however didn't approve of this when he refused to stay within the time-limit! But as Vandana and Madhu put it, "BIT's Sujit and Sudhir played to the crowd with their two-man half-hour effort of pure pleasure." The subdued, yet harmonious performance by MES was memorable. Their singer Shushanth won the "Best Vocalist" award with his soulful rendering of Pankaj Udhas ghazals.

**Art:** Sunday morning saw, as Anuradha Dass put it: "splashes of colour; people painting the town (read as "campus") red & guys with "designs" on Carmelite eves, and the the gals "artfully" avoiding them." Maya Ramaswamy of the exotic dress and artistic temperament won the Cartooning prize hands down. The painting competition saw Mamta emerge with flying colours and George Matthews (RVCE) placed 2nd.

**Western Music:** The big event of Vistas was such a massive crowd-puller that the cops had to take over at the end! JNC sang "He Whistled At Me"....and the male portion of the audience reacted precisely that way. The RVCE rock was certainly at rock bottom! Joe Coelho of SJASC really catered to the crowd, and was adjudged the best crooner. Christ College's splendid instrumentation highlighted by their drummer Roberto Narain saw them through to 1st place. The last strings were pulled by the "Front Runners" who came on with punk outfits for a demonstration show. (Make-up and dress design courtesy Maya R.)

And with the last chords the Vistas embers burnt out—the frantic activity and colour of the three days now a thing of the past, to be put away with other memories.....

Compiled by

Bhuvana Sankaranarayanan  
and

Anuradha Dass III H.E.E.



# KALEIDOSCOPE

RADIO ACTIVE!

SPUNK

HINDI PLAY

Y. TURNER

MICHAEL JACKSON

KANNADA PLAY

FOLK DANCE

FAIRY PRINCESS

CAPT. VON TRAPP'S BLOOD

ELZA PUNK QUEEN

QUAWALI

FANCY DRESS

SR. PRINCIPAL ALL SMILES.

THAT'S "SPUNKY" IS 'NT IT?







# SCULPTURE

SIGHT-SEEING



SNOWFLAKES





## Fest - Embers

"Fun, Friends and Festember" proclaimed one T-Shirt. Said another: "I'm special — so is REC". Charlotte Fernandes begged to disagree; "REC is a WRECK" she declared firmly. The rest of the Carmelite team took the RECKonings with a pinch of salt because Festember was fun, it was special, it was a wreck — it was all that and much more.

Thirteen Carmelites chaperoned (!) by Ms. Rugmani Nair spent three days in Trichy, as participants in the annual culfest hosted by the Regional Engineering College, Tiruchirapalli. Arriving on the campus on 25th September 86, the first thing that struck us was the heat! The scenery wasn't anything to write home about, either, the flora and fauna consisted of stunted trees and 2.5% of the stray cattle in India! Isolated buildings rose stonily out of the ground; aptly enough, named after (precious) stones. We camped out in the Women's hostel, dubbed as the 'Fortress' by RECians; it came complete with high walls and a 'moat', but a less medieval touch was added by the solar heating system. And we soon discovered that the terrace offered the best view of sunrises and sunsets, as well as being an ideal place for star-gazing late into the night. (Though we certainly missed out on our beauty sleep!)

The highlight of the trip was the food dished up by the cheerful waiters in 'A' Mess; but though the helpings were generous, we worked off excess calories on the long REC roads. And as Shonali Gupte put it; "In REC they don't make you sing for your supper; they make you WALK for your trekker!"

The Festember organisers expected omnipresence of us — with as many as three competitions being held simultaneously. Punctuality, however, was not the strong point of the organisers, and some events casually stretched over to the next day. At the music events, which began in the evening, the last strings were pulled at dawn! The large barn housed the crowd-pulling events like Manoranjan, Indian music and Western music; a plush auditorium was the venue for Debates and What's the good Word, and still other events were held in the large classrooms. For the artists there were thatched huts collectively known as 'Kalakshetra' — their resemblance to beach huts was strengthened after a spell of rain flooded the low-lying areas.....

Shonali scored the first points for the Carmels team with a 3rd place in Declamation. The REC mag. 'Festimes' awarded full marks to her "confidence and faultless diction". Meenaxi and Shonali's marathon efforts in three



sessions of debates saw them through to winning the 2nd place. Nayana Lobo went solo to bring back another silver — in Western Acoustics. And hitting the headlines was Maya Ramaswamy who hit the jackpot (REC's innovation of doubling the score if a team placed first in a previously decided event) with her beautiful sketch of a child. 'A' mess echoed to the jubilant strains of the Carmelite signature tune. 'Wherever we go...' as the other teams looked on, amused. Predictably it was the Western music team that stole the show: Carol dazzled the crowd, while Cathy, Myralini, Charlotte and Shonali threw themselves whole heartedly into the music. The red Carmelite sweat shirts stood out stunningly against the coloured lights and strobes. In a Competition that saw an impressive line up of competitors and lasted all night, the Carmelites emerged second!

For a triumphant team, the last moments of Festember were nostalgic ones....as the fest-embers flickered out, we wrote in our rag-mag "REC-INNINGS 'Festember 86 was many things to many people. For Carmelites it was missing out on beauty sleep to watch the sunrise; it was cribbing and being cribbed out, it was staying up star-gazing; it was hitting the jackpot.....'"

Anuradha Dass  
III HEE

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## Package to Paradise

Towards the end of every year, M.C.C. announces it's package tours KATHMANDU, SINGAPORE, DELHI, GOA....

Well 27th October 1986 saw 130 exam, weary souls start their two day journey to Agra. There is much to be said about sipping hot "chai" at 3 am in Agra's railway station, watching a very mughal setting of a silver moon bathing domes and minarets — but our yearnings just then were on matters purely edible....

Akbar's tomb, Agra fort and of course THAT marble tomb..... providing pleasant nostalgia of camels and rose scented baths.

Ghost town was next, vultures circling the skies.... shivers up the spine.... that's Fatehpur Sikri for you.

Jaipur was a busy daze of Peacocks, Palaces and PEOPLE. Needless to say the very feminine instinct of "Let's go Shopping", prevailed here. It also prevailed in Agra, Kulu and Delhi — more of that later.



The next day had us viewing Savai Jai Singh's scientific instruments at Jantar Mantar. We learnt that they enabled one to determine new borns horoscopes !

Air cooled fountains sprinkled Amber Palace, the Seesh Mahal and a night show at "Asia's best Theatre" — Ram Mandir — had us very impressed (well, no theatre in Bangalore boasts of wall to wall carpeting in the cloakroom)

A busy day sight seeing in the nation's capital followed. Much to our disappointment there was practically no time to scan the shops.

What followed next was the most pleasant part of our trip. Journeying to Kulu we watched a sparkling river Beas and snow capped peaks, mountains and more mountains followed.... Manali had every scrap of warm clothing—fashionable or otherwise—in use. The hot springs there were a welcome sight....

It was to get (brr) colder still.... A cold welcome in Simla combined forces with hearing bird calls....little wonder that most of us were awake and kicking (for warmth) at 2-30 a.m.

More shopping followed at the Mall. A steep trek upto the Hanuman temple swarming with monkeys....Hey Sandhya (puff) D'you recognize yourself ? (puff) — Pointing to a monkey !

Next we made our way to the Paradise on Earth — Kashmir. Our hotel was bang in the middle of Dal Lake ! Boating by moon light there was so romantic Miss Kusum burst into song (Khoya Khoya Chand Kula Aasman)

Five gorgeous blissful days in Kashmir followed. Dangerous and exciting horse riding into Gulmarg at last — the snow. Snow fever caught on... some girls even ate the stuff.

We had a party. Complete with fancy dress mad ads and music competitions rounded off with the "Kashmir Ki Kali".

Srinagar was followed by a return to Delhi. Glad news — since the train to B'lore was delayed there was lots of shopping time unexpectedly available.

Naturally for all the beauty we saw, nothing beat good old B'lore. Prejudiced view but absence did make our hearts grow fonder.

*Sandhya Ramachandran*  
I PME



## Yahoo Kodai — Here we come

The 26th of October '86 stands out vividly in my memory. Our class III C.B.Z. (48 of us) with two of our Botany lecturers Mrs. Geetha Karanth and Miss. Vijaya were all set for our field trip to Kodaikanal. Our itinerary included Madurai and Salem enroute. The purpose of our trip was to collect wild species of plants. All of us, lovers of flora and fauna were oozing with enthusiasm.

Kodai, was a 'special treat' in every sense of the term. The scenic beauty, the freshness of the mountain air and the song in our hearts made my mind wander to the feelings evoked by the great Pantheist William Wordsworth :

"One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man  
Of moral evil and of good  
Than all the sages can."  
— come forth into the light of things  
let nature be your teacher...."

Early morning walks, with the spring in my feet and the dew in my hair made me savour and relish all the sights and sounds that Kodai could offer.....

Silver Cascade, Pillar Rocks, Bear Shola Falls, Coaker's Walk, Byrant's Park, fill up my repertoire of memories..... the blissful murmers, the laughters.... all resound in my ears and visions of the place fleet past me. The museum with an unimaginably enormous collection of exhibits ... the orchids in full bloom.... the shopping, eating, exploring and boating.... all wrapped up in one magic word - "Kodai."

Our 'work' no our 'joy' was collecting specimens (rare shapes, sizes and colours you bet.) Our 'home work' no our 'yearning' was to press and preserve them in heavy books. At the end of the day we felt a sense of deep fulfilment.....

The last night spent at Kodai had a festive air about it. Singing clapping, dancing..... sans inhibition..... Miss Vijaya and Mrs Geetha Karanth were real sports and joined us in our frivolity and what more willingly entertained us with songs. The thunderous applause still echoes in my ears.....

My deep felt gratitude to Miss Vijaya and Mrs Geetha Karnath for their organisational capabilities, sincere efforts, genuine understanding and co-operation is a sentiment I share with all my friends.

Memories of Kodai..... still linger.....

— Daisyanna Elizah  
III CBZ



SPORTS DAY

# SPORTS

## REVIEW



THE NURSERY EVENT



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**REVIEW**

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Our 'work' too was collecting specimens (rare shapes, sizes and colours you get.) Our 'home work' too our lecturers pressed and preserve them in herbaria. At the end of the trip we felt a sense of deep fulfilment.....

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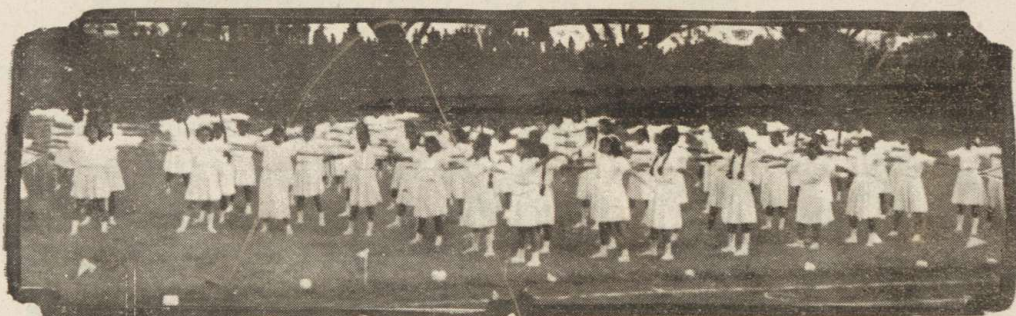
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Memories of Kodai..... still linger.....

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III CBZ



# SPORTS DAY



THE DRILL DISPLAY - I.P.U.C.



OUR SPRINTERS



THE NURSERY EVENT





HOUSE CAPTAINS  
WITH THE FLAG



TROPHIES AND  
TRIUMPHS



ELAINE FERNANDEZ  
HANDS OVER  
THE FLAG---



SR PRINCIPAL WITH THE CHIEF GUEST MAJOR MANOCHA



## SPORTS REVIEW

Mount Carmelites make news—collecting their 'spoils' at inter-collegiate festivals, organising a festival of their own, setting fashion trends and making waves in every possible arena. This year too i. e., (1986—87) has been a year of unique distinctions for Mount Carmel in the field of Games and Sport.

### SPORTS DAY

The Annual Athletic Meet of M. C. C. was held on the 12th of September 1986 at the M. C. C. Stadium under the presidentship of Officer Commanding 1st Division Girls' Battalion N. C. C. Major S. C. Manocha. Major and Mrs. Manocha graced the occasion as the Guests of Honour.

The afternoon was highlighted by a gala opening ceremony, sending pigeons and balloons soaring into the sky and interspersed with colourful dances (The Peacock dance and the Gujarati Garba) and of course the athletics made the Sports Day a very memorable one. Girls clad in spotless white marched, drilled, ran, jumped and hurdled their way to victory or defeat on this sunny Friday afternoon. The athletes were led by Geetha Maria Pinto (our athletes' captain)

College Sports is undoubtedly an avenue to spot fresh talent. Junior Champion Aparna Rattan was discovered and proved to be the fastest college athlete. Roslyn James clinched the senior honour and Rebecca Lobo won the best athlete award. The team championship for the best House was bagged by "Marians" for the third consecutive year.

Novelty races like sack race, slow cycling, the nursery race and the staff event provided a welcome respite from the tense atmosphere that usually pervades an athletic meet. Everything went off as planned and scheduled.



### **We did it again :**

At the Bangalore University Athletic Meet, Mount Carmel College emerged tops, winning the team championship for the 22nd year out of 23 years of participation. Indeed, a great achievement ! The out standing M.C.C. athletes were Rebecca Lobo, Aparna Rattan, Geetha Maria Pinto, Jaiwanthy N. and Shirley Prasad. All these girls were selected to participate in the All India Metropolitan Meet to be held at Madras. Rebecca Lobo was adjudged the Champion of the Meet. Aparna Rattan was the fastest athlete of the Meet and Geetha Maria Pinto won the 800 metres run.

### **BADMINTON**

The M. C. C. team won the Bangalore University Inter-Collegiate tournament. No mean achievement.

### **BASKET BALL**

It certainly has been a year of triumphs and trophies for the Basketball team. Once again, the college team held supremacy and emerged as " The Best Team " in winning the Bangalore University Inter-Collegiate Trophy, State Round Table Tournament, B. M. S. College Tournament, Kalayatra Tournament conducted by Jyoti Nivas College and the All India Inter-Collegiate Tournament conducted by the I. I. T. Madras. At the All India Inter-Collegiate Tournament conducted by Y. M. C. A. Cochin we emerged runners-up beating (St. Teresas Ernakulam in the Semi-finals. Jayavanthi Shivanajappa our "basket-ball ace " had another opportunity this year to represent the nation at A B C Championship at Kualalampur and at Delhi in five national tournaments, Rekha Mallick had the unique distinction of captaining the State Senior team. The M. C. C. Senior team was represented by Rekha Mallick, Jayavanthi S. Nivedita Kelvadi, Maya B. and Sharon Mac kenzie. The State Junior team was captained by Nivedita. The team was represented by Mala B., Samyukta Anjan, Shivani Gupta, Poovi Ramaswamy and Nivedita.

Mala B., Geeta Ramoo, Indira Prasad and Rekha N. P. represented Bangalore University.



All these sparkling successes are due to the enthusiasm of the girls and encouragement given to sport at M. C. C.

### **TENNIKOIT**

In Tennikoit too, the College team won the State Championship and the Inter-Collegiate Championship. Our star players were Geetha Maria Pinto and Rashmi Melanta. Both have represented the State in the Junior and Senior Nationals held at Delhi and Allahabad.

### **THROWBALL**

Our Throwball team once again proved their mettle by winning the First Indira Gandhi Memorial Inter-Collegiate Tournament. The team also won the B. N. M. College Inter-Collegiate Tournament.

### **VOLLEYBALL**

The ball cleared the net in this event too and our team regained the Inter-Collegiate honour. Roopa V. and Ameetha S. represented Bangalore University.

### **CRICKET**

Cricket has finally bowled our maidens over. The college team won the V.I. Plast Inter-Collegiate Trophy for the second time in succession. Jayavanfhi Shivananjappa was adjudged the 'best all rounder' and Sharon Mackenzie the 'Best bowler'.

Another feather in our cap !

### **HOCKEY**

Bangalore University Inter-Collegiate Hockey Championship has finally become a reality. M. C. C. emerged winners—another laurel. Aruna Chittaranjan was selected as University Captain, Other Carmelites representing the University team were Rekha Upadhya., Maheshwari Rao and Neena Varma. Anjana Gupta and Nikhila Srinivasan were selected to represent the state in the Senior Nationals.



## CYCLING

CHERYL MARY WEBBER, represented India at the Seoul Asiad, She is the Karnataka State Champion for girls under eighteen.

## SWIMMING

The Water Nymphs of M.C.C. Lorraine Verghese (the Wonder Girl) Shanaz Shakur, Sheena Malhotra, Chetana Bhat and Neeta Kalappa proved that 1986 was the Year of the Dolphins! Golds, Silvers, Bronzes, titles and trophies have been their haul in State, National and International pools.

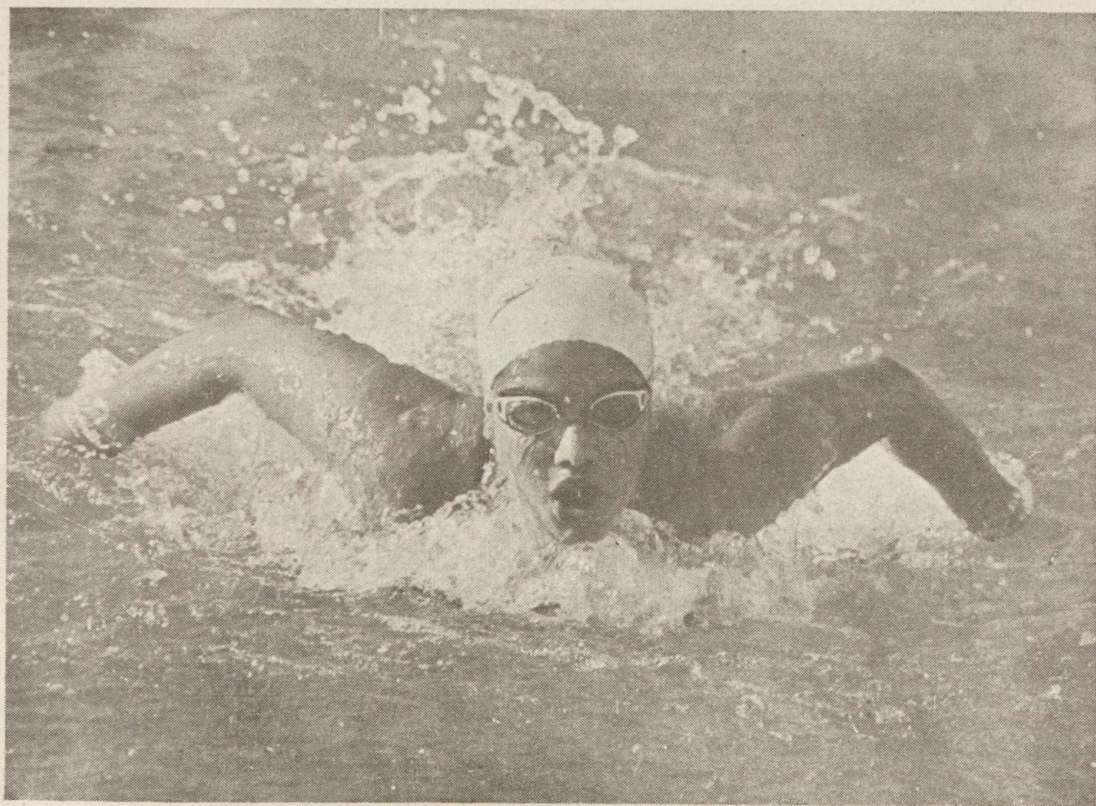
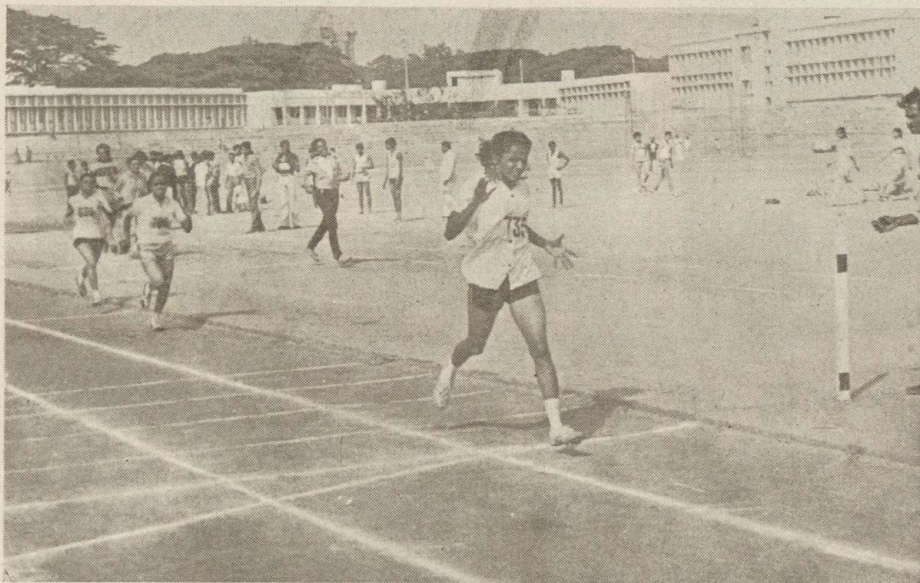
So much for our achievements! Carmelites are undoubtedly, the undisputed reigning sports champions.

How often have we paused to ponder over the guiding, inspiring and encouraging force that urges us to scale new heights. Our grateful and humble thanks to Mrs. Poovamma and Mr. Vaidyanathan (a committed husband-wife team) who have been the motivating force behind all our vicories.

To keep the plag flying, to meet new challenges and to conquer Greater heights will be our "ever-alive" motto.



FRONT RUNNER - GITA MARIA PINTO



LORRAINE -VARGHESE - MAKING WAVES.



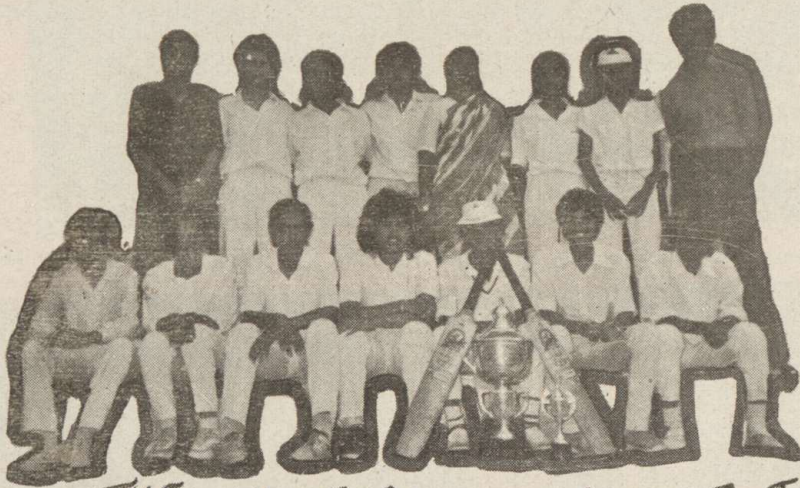
SHANAZ SHAKUR



SHEENA MALHOTRA



JAYAVANTI .S.



THE VICTORIOUS CRICKET TEAM



"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS"....OUR VOLLEYBALL TEAM



# la comedie de Shakespeare, Une tragedie !!

Oh ! Quel beau jour ! Je suis allé à Chowdiaha Memorial voir une pièce de Shakespeare. C'était une pièce célèbre, " La Comédie d'Erreurs ".

La pièce commence à 6 heures du soir. J'ai quitté ma maison à 5 heures au théâtre. Je suis entré. Je me suis assis. Mon siège était juste devant la scène.

## LANGUAGES

Après 5 minutes, une dame y est arrivée. Oh ! Je ne peux pas décrire sa beauté. Ses yeux bleus, ses cheveux noirs, sa ligne, c'était la meilleure. Mais elle portait un grand chapeau. Elle s'est assise devant moi.

La pièce a commencé. Mais je ne pouvais rien voir ! Le grand chapeau de cette dame a été la cause. Les gens riaient mais je ne voyais rien sauf le grand chapeau.

J'étais ennuyé. Avec politesse, je lui ai dit, " Madame, pouvez-vous enlever votre chapeau ? " Elle m'a regardé fixement. Après dix minutes, je lui ai dit encore, mais elle ne m'a pas écouté. Je me suis mis en colère. Avec une très haute voix je lui ai dit " Madame, pouvez-vous enlever votre chapeau ? " Elle m'a dit " Vous m'enlevez votre chapeau ? " Je l'ai enlevé moi-même !

Mon Dieu !! Qu'est-ce que j'ai fait. Avec son chapeau, elle a enlevé mes cheveux ! Les cheveux noirs, c'était une perruque !! La dame a commencé à crier. Les gens criaient et ils m'attroupaient.

Mes amis, c'est ainsi que la comédie de Shakespeare est devenue une tragédie pour moi !

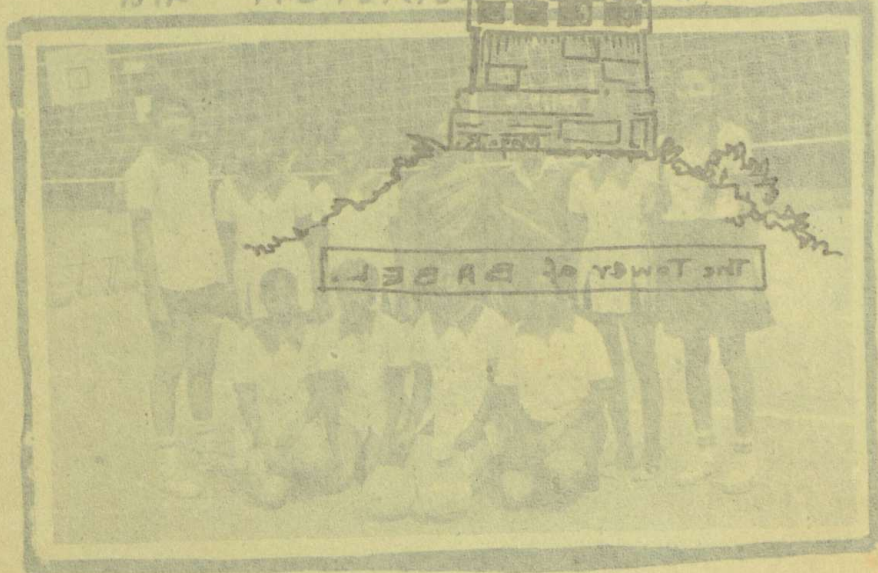
Vadana M. V.  
I PCME



SHANAZ SHAKUR

SHEENA MALHOTRA

JAYAVANTI S.



"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS"....OUR VOLLEYBALL TEAM



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La pièce commence à 6 heures du soir. J'ai quitté ma maison à 4 heures pour être de bonne heure au théâtre. Ainsi à 5.45 je suis arrivé à Ceowdiaha. Je suis entré. je me suis assis. Mon siège était juste devant la scène.

Après 5 minutes, une belle dame y est arrivée, oh ! Je ne peux pas décrire sa beauté !! Les joues rouges, les yeux bleus et des cheveux noirs, sa ligne, c'était la meilleure !! Mais elle portait un grand chapeau. Elle s'est assise devant moi.

La pièce a commencé, mais je ne pouvais rien voir ! Le grand chapeau de cette dame a été la cause, Les gens riaient mais je ne voyais rien sauf le grand chapeau.

J'étais ennuyé. Avec politesse, je lui ai dit, " Madame, pouvez-vous enlever votre chapeau ? " Elle m'a regardé fixement et s'est retournée. Après dix minutes, je lui ai dit encore, mais elle n'a pas écuoté. Je me suis mis en colère. Avec une très haute voix je lui ai dit " Madame pour la dernière fois, je vous dis enlevez votre chapeau ! " Et je l'ai enlevé moi même !

Oh ! Mon Dieu !! Qu'est-ce que j'ai fait. Avec son chapeau, je viens d'enlever aussi ses cheveux ! Les cheveux noirs, c'était une perruque !! La dame a commencé à crier. Les gens criaient et ils m'attroupaient.

Mes amis, c'est ainsi que la comédie de Shakespeare est devenue une tragédie pour moi !

Vadana M. V.

I PCME



# Une petite rayonne de lumière

Une petite rayonne de lumière,

Elle enflamme

Une vaste mer d'obscurité

Dans la vide, au-delà.

Les étangs luisants roulent,

Les nuages pleins de fumées

filent les dessins incessants,

sculptent les sentiers éternels.

Une mélodie hantée tourne

doucement dans l'air,

S'enlace avec les rayons,

et augmente à un 'crescendo'.

Je m'avançai, courageuse,

mais une voix miniscule,

vulnerable, effrayée

pénètre la chanson.

J'hésite et je m'arrête

je retourne au coin, courbant,

la tête baissée, dans ma coque sombre.

la misère m'enveloppe.

Mais une espérance fuyante

s'élève doucement,

delicate et fragile

Une espérance que.....

Quelque jour, quelque part.

dans l'enfoncement de mon esprit

Quelque chose va prendre ma main

et m'en tirer, enfin !

Mallika Nagaraj

III CBZ



# ತುಂಬಿದ ಕೊಡ ತುಳುಕುವುದಿಲ್ಲ

ಗಾಡೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ವೇದಗಳ ಅರ್ಥ ಅಡಗಿದೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ಹಿರಿಯರ ಪಕ್ಷವಾದ ಅನುಭವ ಗಾಡೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಗಟ್ಟಿದೆ. ಜೊತೆಗೆ ಅವು ಪ್ರಾಸಬದ್ಧವಾಗಿರುವುದರಿಂದ ಬೇಗನೆ ನೆನೆಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಉಳಿಯುತ್ತವೆ. “ಮೂರ್ತಿ ಚಿಕ್ಕದಾದರೂ ಕೀರ್ತಿ ದೊಡ್ಡದು” ಎಂಬಂತೆ ಚಿಕ್ಕದಾದ ಮಾತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹಿರಿದಾದ ಅರ್ಥವನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ನೂರು ಮಾತುಗಳು ಹೇಳಬೇಕಾಗಿರುವುದನ್ನು ಗಾಡೆ ಒಂದು ಮಾತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ತಿಳಿಸುತ್ತದೆ.

ಈಗ “ತುಂಬಿದ ಕೊಡ ತುಳುಕುವುದಿಲ್ಲ” ಎಂಬ ಗಾಡೆಗೆ ಬರೋಣ. ತುಂಬಿದ ಕೊಡ ಪೂರ್ಣತ್ವದ ಸಂಕೇತವಾಗಿದೆ. ಮನುಷ್ಯನು ವಿದ್ಯಾಬುದ್ಧಿಗಳಿಂದ ಕಾಯಕ ನಿಷ್ಠೆಗಳಿಂದ ಪೂರ್ಣತ್ವವನ್ನು ಗಳಿಸುವನು. “ವಿದ್ಯೆಗೆ ವಿನಯವು ಭೂಷಣ”ವಾಗಿದೆ. ಅಂಥವರು “ಗುರು ದೇವೋಭವ” ಎಂಬ ಮಾತನ್ನು ಅಕ್ಷರಶಃ ಪಾಲಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. “ಅಲ್ಪ ವಿದ್ಯಾ ಮಹಾಗರ್ವಿ” ಎಂಬ ಮಾತೇ ಇದೆ. ಜ್ಞಾನಕ್ಕೆ ಸಮಾನವಾದುದು ಜಗತ್ತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಇನ್ನೊಂದಿಲ್ಲ. ಸರ್ವಜ್ಞನು ಹಾಡಿರುವಂತೆ—

“ಜ್ಞಾನದಿಂ ಮೇಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಶ್ವಾನದಿಂ ಕೀಳಿಲ್ಲ,  
ಭಾನುವಿಂದಧಿಕ ಬೆಳಕಿಲ್ಲ ಜಗದೊಳಗೆ

ಜ್ಞಾನವೇ ಮಿಗಿಲು ಸರ್ವಜ್ಞ !”

“ಲೋಕವೇ ನನ್ನ ಮನೆ, ಲೋಕದ ಜನರೆಲ್ಲಾ ನನ್ನವರು” ಎಂಬ ವಿಶಾಲ ಭಾವನೆ ಮಹಾತ್ಮರ ನಡೆನುಡಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿರುತ್ತವೆ. ಅವರು ನಿಸ್ವರ್ಕ್ಕ ತುಂಬಿದ ಕೊಡದಂತರುತ್ತಾರೆ. ವಿಶಾಲ ಭಾವನೆಯ ಜೊತೆಗೆ, ವಿದ್ಯೆ, ಕ್ಷಮೆ, ಶ್ವಪ್ರೇಮ, ಆಹಿಂಸೆ, ಸತ್ಯ, ನಿಸ್ವಾರ್ಥತೆ — ಇಂಥ ವಿಸದ್ಗುಣಗಳು ಇವರಲ್ಲಿ ಮನೆ ಮಾಡಿರುತ್ತವೆ. ಅವರ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ “ಸತ್ಯದ ನುಡಿಯೇ ತೀರ್ಥ.”

ಮಹಾತ್ಮರು ಗರ್ವದಷ್ಟೇ ಕೀರ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ದೂರವಿರಿಸವರು. ಅವರು ಕೀರ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಹುಡುಕಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ ; ಕೀರ್ತಿಯೇ ಅವರನ್ನು ಹುಡುಕಿಕೊಂಡು ಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ವಿಶ್ವಕವಿ ರವೀಂದ್ರನಾಥ ಠಾಕೂರರು ಒಂದೆಡೆ

ಹೀಗೆ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದಾರೆ — “ಕೀರ್ತಿ ಇನ್ನು ಕುಮಾರಿಯಾಗಿಯೇ ಇದ್ದಾಳೆ. ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹೂಮಾಲೆಯಿದ್ದರೂ ಅನುರೂಪವರ ಇನ್ನೂ ದೊರೆತಿಲ್ಲ. ವಿದ್ವಾಂಸರು ಅವಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದರೆ ದೂರ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಮೂರ್ಖರನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದರೆ ಅವಳೇ ದೂರ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಾಳೆ” ಭಕ್ತಿಯ ಅತ್ಯುನ್ನತಿಯ ಶಿಖರಕ್ಕೇರಿದ ಬಸವಣ್ಣನವರು ತಮ್ಮನ್ನು ತೀರ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಭಕ್ತನೆಂದೇ ಬಗೆದರು. “ಭಕ್ತಿ ಭಂಡಾರಿ” ಎನಿಸಿಕೊಂಡರು ತನ್ನ ವಚನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಅನುಭವದ ದಿವ್ಯಾಮೃತವನ್ನು ತುಂಬಿದ ಸರ್ವಜ್ಞ ತನ್ನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ತಾನು ಹೇಳಿ ಕೊಂಡಿರುವೆನೆ ? ಅವನ ಮಾತುಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಹೇಳಬೇಕೆಂದರೆ—

“ಸರ್ವಜ್ಞನೆಂಬುವನು ಗರ್ವದಿಂದಾವನೆ ?

ಸರ್ವರೊಳೊಂದೊಂದು ನುಡಿಯರಿತು ವಿದ್ಯೆಯ  
ಪರ್ವತವೇ ಆದ ಸರ್ವಜ್ಞ.”

ನಮ್ಮ ಹಿಂದಿನ ಚರಿತ್ರೆಯನ್ನು ಅವಲೋಕಿಸಿದಾಗ ಇಂತಹ ಅನೇಕ ತುಂಬಿದ ಕೊಡಗಳಿದ್ದು ನಮಗೆ ಗೋಚರವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಇಂದಿನ ಪರಿಸರದಲ್ಲಿ ಅರ್ಥ ತುಂಬಿದ ಕೊಡಗಳೇ ಹೆಚ್ಚು. “ಬೆಳೆದರೆ ಬಾಳು ಬೆಳೆಯದಿದ್ದರೆ ಕೀಳು” ಎಂದು ಹಿರಿಯರು ಹೇಳಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ತಾಳ್ಮೆ, ಶೀಲ, ಸದ್ಗುಣ ಇವು ಎಲ್ಲ ಕಾಲಗಳಿಗೂ ಅತ್ಯಂತವಾದ ಅಂಶಗಳು. ಶೀಲ-ಶ್ರಮಗಳಿಂದ ಅಸಾಧ್ಯವಾದುದನ್ನು ಸಾಧ್ಯ ಮಾಡಬಹುದು. “ಮುತ್ತು-ಹವಳ-ವಜ್ರಗಳನ್ನು ನಾವು ಹೆಕ್ಕಿ ಕೊಳ್ಳಬಹುದು. ಆದರೆ ಸದ್ಗುಣಗಳನ್ನು ಹೆಕ್ಕಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದು ಅಸಾಧ್ಯ. ಅದನ್ನು ನಾವು ಜೀವನದ ಅನುಭವಗಳಿಂದ ಪಕ್ಷವಾಗಿ ಗಳಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕಷ್ಟೆ.

ಪರಿಪೂರ್ಣ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ಅನುಭವಿಸಿರುವ ದಾಸರ ಮಾತುಗಳನ್ನು ನಾವಿಲ್ಲಿ ನೆನೆಸಬೇಕು. “ಈಸಬೇಕು ಇದ್ದು ಜಯಿಸಬೇಕು” ಎಂದು ಪುರಂದರದಾಸರು ಹಾಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಪರರು ಹಂಗಿಸಿ ಮಾತನಾಡಿದಾಗಲೂ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಅತ್ಯಪ್ಪಿಯಿಲ್ಲ. “ನಿಂದಿಸುವರಿದಬೇಕು” ಎಂದೇ ನಿನದೆಯನ್ನು ಸ್ವೀಕರಿಸುವರು. ಆದರೆ ಇಂದಿನ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿಯೇ ಬೇರೆ. ಅಲ್ಪರಿಂದ ಮಹತ್ತರವಾದುದನ್ನು ನಾವು ನಿರೀಕ್ಷಿಸ



ಬಾರದು. ಕಾಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕೋಗಿಲೆಯ ಗುಣವನ್ನು, ಕಬ್ಬಿಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಪರುಷಮಣಿಯ ಗುಣವನ್ನು ನಾವು ನಿರೀಕ್ಷಿಸುವುದು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ. “ಅಲ್ಪರಿಂದ ಅಭಿಮಾನ ಭಂಗ,” “ಸಜ್ಜನರ ಸಂಗ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆನು ಸವಿದಂತೆ.” ಅದು ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಚೇತನವನ್ನು, ಜಡ್ಡುಗಟ್ಟಿದ ಭಾವನೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೊಸ ಸಂಸ್ಕಾರವನ್ನು ನೀಡಬಲ್ಲದು. ಇಂಥವರ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿದಷ್ಟು ಸಮಾಜಕ್ಕೆ ದೇಶಕ್ಕೆ ಏಳಿಗೆ. ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಸಮಾಜ ಮತ್ತು ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರ ಒಂದಕ್ಕೊಂದು ಪೂರಕವಾಗಿರುವವು ಒಂದರೊಡನೆ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಬೆರೆತು ಕೊಂಡಿರುವಂಥವು ಈ ತುಂಬಿದ ಕೊಡಗಳು ಮನುಕುಲದ ಪಾಲಿನ ದೀಪ ಸ್ತಂಭಗಳು !! ನಮ್ಮ ಬಾಳಿನ ಆಶಾಕಿರಣಗಳು, ಅಂದು ! ಇಂದು !! ಮುಂದೆಂದಿಗೂ !!!

ಓಂ || ಪೂರ್ಣಮದಃ ಪೂರ್ಣಮಿದಮ್

ಪೂರ್ಣತ್ವಂ ಮುದಚ್ಛತೇ

ಪೂರ್ಣಸ್ಯ ಪೂರ್ಣಮಾದಾಯ

ಪೂರ್ಣಮೇವಾವ ಶಿಷ್ಯತೇ !!

ಉಪನಿಷತ್ ವಾಕ್ಯ : ಅದೂ, ಇದೂ, ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯೂ, ಅವಶಿಷ್ಟವೂ, ಪೂರ್ಣ ಪರಬ್ರಹ್ಮವೇ — ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಪೂರ್ಣ ಪರಬ್ರಹ್ಮ ನನ್ನು ಅರಿಯಬೇಕಾದರೆ ನಾವೂ ಪೂರ್ಣತ್ವ ಪಡೆಯ ಬೇಕು, ಅಥವಾ ತುಂಬಿದ ಕೊಡ ಆಗಬೇಕು.

—ಪೂರ್ಣವಾ ಪಿ.

ಪ್ರಥಮ ಬಿಎಸ್ಸಿ, (ಪಿಎಂಇ)

## ಮಿನಿ ಕವನಗಳು

ಅಳಲು

ನೀ ಬರೆದ ಬಾಳ ಕವಿತೆ  
ನಾ ಓದಲೆಂದು ಕುಳಿತೆ  
ಮನಸ್ಸು ಕರಗಿ,  
ಕಣ್ಣು ಹನಿಗೂಡಿ  
ಅಕ್ಷರಗಳು ಕಲೆತು ಚಿತ್ರವಿಚಿತ್ರವಾಗಿ  
ನಿನ್ನ ಬಾಳನ್ನು ಚಿತ್ರಿಸಿದ್ದವು.

ನೀರಸ ಜೀವನ

ಜಗವೊಂದು ನೀರಸ ತಾಣ  
ಅಭಿನಯವೇ ಪ್ರಧಾನ  
ಸತ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಇಲ್ಲ ಸನ್ಮಾನ  
ಕಪಟಗಳಿಗೆ ಮೋಜನ ತಾಣ  
ಎಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡಿದರೂ ಸುಳ್ಳು  
ಸತ್ಯದಾ ದಾರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಳ್ಳು  
ಹೃದಯ ಕಠೋರತೆಯ ಕಲ್ಲು  
ಅಶ್ವಾಸನೆಯ ಮಾತುಗಳೆಲ್ಲಾ ಪೊಳ್ಳು.

—ಆರ್. ಚಂದ್ರಿಕಾ.

I Bsc (CBZ)

## ಭಾರತ ದೇಶದ ಯುವಜನಾಂಗ

ಅಂದು-ಇಂದು

ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ದೇಶವೂ ಪ್ರಗತಿಶೀಲತೆ ಹೊಂದಬೇಕಾದರೆ ಯುವ ಸಮೂಹ ಅತಿ ಮುಖ್ಯ ಪಾತ್ರವಹಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಯುವ ಜನಾಂಗದ ಪಾತ್ರ ಒಂದು ರಂಗಕ್ಕೆ ಸೀಮಿತವಾಗಿರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದು ರಾಜಕೀಯ, ಸಮಾಜಿಕ ಶೈಕ್ಷಣಿಕ ರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಆಗಿರಬಹುದು. ಆಂಗ್ಲರ ಒಡೆತನದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರ ಪೂರ್ವ ಭಾರತದ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣದ ಸ್ವರೂಪ ಒಂದು

ಬಗೆಯ ವಿಶಾಲ ಮನೋಭಾವದ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ಪ್ರಜ್ಞೆಯನ್ನು ಭಾರತೀಯರಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಳೆಸಿತು. ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣದೊರೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಕಾಲವನ್ನು ಹಿಂದೆ ಹಾಕಿ ಆಂಗ್ಲ ಮಾಧ್ಯಮ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣವನ್ನು ಬ್ರಿಟಿಷರು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸಿ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊಸ ಪರಂಪರೆಗೆ ನಾಂದಿ ಹಾಡಿದರು. ಎಲ್ಲಾ ವರ್ಗಗಳಿಗೂ, ಮೇಲು ಕೀಳೆನ್ನದೆ, ಶಿಕ್ಷಣ ಮಾಧ್ಯಮವನ್ನು



ವಿಸ್ತರಿಸಲಾಯಿತು. ಅಂದಿನ ಯುವ ಸಮೂಹ ದೇಶದ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ಹೃದಯ ವೈಶಾಲ್ಯವನ್ನು ಮೇಳೈಸಿ ಕೊಂಡು ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ದುಡಿಯಿತು. ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ದೇಶಭಕ್ತಿ ಹಿಮಾಲಯ ಪರ್ವತದ ಎತ್ತರಕ್ಕೆ ಏರಿತ್ತು. ಇಂದಿನ ಯುವ ಪೀಳಿಗೆ ಅನೇಕ ನ್ಯೂನತೆಗಳಿಂದ ನರಳುತ್ತಿದೆ. ನಾವು ಶಿಕ್ಷಣದ ನೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಎಡವಿದ್ದೇವೆಯೇ ? ಇಂದು ನಮ್ಮ ದೇಶದ ಯುವ ಪೀಳಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ದೇಶಭಕ್ತಿಯ ಕೊರತೆಯೇ ? ರಾಜಕಾರಣ ಯುವ ಸಮೂಹವನ್ನು ಹೊರಳು ದಾರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಸುತ್ತಿದೆಯೇ ? ಈ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆ ಗಂಭೀರ ಆಲೋಚನೆಗೆ ಎಡೆಮಾಡಿ ಕೊಡುತ್ತದೆ.

ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯಪೂರ್ವ ಯುವ ಜನಾಂಗಕ್ಕೆ ಮೊದಲು ದೊರಕಿದ್ದು ಆದರ್ಶ ಪ್ರಾಯ ನಾಯಕತ್ವ. ಅನೇಕ ನೇತಾರರು ಯುವಜನತೆಯ ಜೀವನಾಡಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದರು. ಅವರಲ್ಲಿ ಬಾಲಗಂಗಾಧರ ತಿಲಕ್, ಮಹಾತ್ಮಗಾಂಧೀಜಿ, ಸುಭಾಷ್ ಚಂದ್ರಬೋಸ್, ನೆಹರು, ಇನ್ನೂ ಅನೇಕರು ಪ್ರಮುಖ ನಾಯಕರು. ಅವರ ಯಾವುದೇ ಕೆರೆಗೆ ಯುವ ಜನತೆ ಒಗ್ಗೊಡುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಭಾರತ ಮಾತೆಯ ಆಂಗ್ಲ ಗುಲಾಮಗಿರಿಯ ಸರಪಳಿಯನ್ನು ಕಳಚಲು ಲಕ್ಷಾಂತರ ಯುವಕ ಯುವತಿಯರು ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯ ಚಳುವಳಿಯ ಕಣಕ್ಕೆ ಧುಮಿಕಿದರು. ಆ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಅನೇಕರು ತಮ್ಮ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸವನ್ನು, ನೌಕರಿಗಳನ್ನು ಸಹ ಮರೆತರು. ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯ ಚಳುವಳಿಯ ಪುಣ್ಯಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಕಂಕಣ ಬದ್ಧರಾಗಿ ದುಡಿದರು. ಗಾಂಧೀಜಿಯ ಸ್ವದೇಶ ಅಭಿಮಾನಕ್ಕೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಬತ್ತದ ಉತ್ಸಾಹ, ಆದರ್ಶ ಹೊಂಗನಸುಗಳನ್ನು ಧಾರೆ ಎರೆದರು. ಈ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಕನಸು ನನಸುಗಳ ಉಯ್ಯಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮುನ್ನಡೆದು ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರದ ಮೂರು ದಶಕಗಳನ್ನು ನಾವು ಕಳೆದಿದ್ದೇವೆ. ಆದರೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಪೂರ್ವಜರು ರಕ್ತವನ್ನು ಸುರಿಸಿ, ಬೆವರು ಹರಿಸಿ ಗಳಿಸಿಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದ ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯದ ಬೆಲೆಯನ್ನು ನಾವು ಅರಿತಿ ದ್ದೇವೆಯೇ ? ಇಂದು ಯುವಜನಾಂಗ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿರುವ ದಿಕ್ಕಿಗೆ ಯಾವುದೇ ಮಾರ್ಗಸೂಚಿ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಇಂದಿನ ಯುವ ಸಮೂಹದ ಕಣ್ಣಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಜೈತನ್ಯದ ಮಹಾಪೂರ ಬತ್ತಿದೆ. ನಾವು ಎಲ್ಲಿ ದಾರಿ ತಪ್ಪಿದ್ದೇವೆ ? ನಿಜಕ್ಕೂ ನಾವು ದಾರಿ ತಪ್ಪಿರುವುದು ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸದ ಮಾಧ್ಯಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಶೈಕ್ಷಣಿಕ ರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಬೇಕಿದ್ದ ಆದರ್ಶ, ಶಿಸ್ತು,

ಸಂಯಮ ವಿದ್ಯೆಯ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಒಲವು ಯಾವುದೂ ಇಲ್ಲ ವಾಗಿದೆ. ವಿದ್ಯೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ವ್ಯಾಪಾರ ಮನೋಭಾವ ಮತ್ತು ಹ್ವದ್ರ ರಾಜಕಾರಣ ಪ್ರವೇಶ ಮಾಡಿ ವಿದ್ಯೆಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಬೇಕಾದ ಗೌರವ ಮಣ್ಣು ಸಾಲಾಗಿದೆ. ಬೆರಳೆಣಿಕೆಯಷ್ಟು ಆದರ್ಶ ಪಾಲಿಸುವ ಯುವಕ ಯುವತಿಯರು ನ್ಯಾಯಬಾಹಿರವಾದ ಚದುರಂಗದಾಟದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೊಚ್ಚಿ ಹೋಗಿದ್ದಾರೆ, ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿ ದ್ದಾರೆ. ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆ ಗೌಣವಾಗಿ, ಹಣ ಮತ್ತು ರಾಜಕಾರಣ ಮೇಲುಗೈ ಸಾಧಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಹೊರಳು ದಾರೆ ಹಿಡಿದ ಮೇಲೆ ಆದರ್ಶ ನಮ್ಮ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ಮಿಥ್ಯವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ.

ಯಾವುದೇ ವಿದ್ಯಾಸಂಸ್ಥೆಗೆ ಹಣ ಪ್ರಾಮುಖ್ಯವಾದರೆ, ಅಂಥಕಾರ ಪ್ರವೇಶವಾಗಿ, ಬೆಳಕಿಗೆ ತಹತಹಿಸಬೇಕಾದ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿ ಉದ್ಭವಿಸಿ ಅನಂತರ ದೇಶದ ಪ್ರಗತಿಗೆ ಮುಳು ವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಹಣ ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಪದವಿಗಳಿಸಿದವರು, ನೌಕರಿ ದೊರೆತ ಮೇಲೆ ಮುಗ್ಧ ಜನರನ್ನು ಸುಲಿಯಲು ತೊಡುಗು ತ್ತಾರೆ. ಈ ಪಾಪದ ಬಟ್ಟಲಿಗೆ ಕ್ವದ್ರರಾಜಕಾರಣ ತನ್ನ ಕಾಣಿಕೆ ನೀಡಿ ದೇಶದ ಮುನ್ನಡೆಗೆ ಮಾರಕ ವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ.

ವಿದ್ಯೆ ಯಾವುದೇ ವ್ಯಾಪಾರದಿಂದ ಖರೀದಿಸುವ ವಸ್ತು ವಲ್ಲ. ಅದನ್ನು ಶ್ರಮಪಟ್ಟು ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಯಿಂದ ಒಲಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳ ಬೇಕೇ ಹೊರತು ಮಿಥ್ಯ ಮಾರ್ಗದಿಂದ ಬಲವಂತವಾಗಿ ಒಲಿಸಿಕೊಂಡರೆ ಅನಂತರ ದೇಶಕ್ಕೆ ದೊರಕುವುದು ಅಸತ್ಯ ಪೂರ್ಣ ಕಾರ್ಯಹೀನತೆಯುಳ್ಳ ಪ್ರಜೆಗಳು ಮಾತ್ರ. ಇವರು ದೇಶದ ಶತ್ರುಗಳಂತೆ ಅಪಾಯಕಾರಿ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ನಮ್ಮ ದೇಶ ಮೊದಲು ಯಾವುದೇ ಶೈಕ್ಷಣಿಕ ರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ವ್ಯಾಪಾರ ಮನೋಭಾವವನ್ನು ತೊಡೆದು ಹಾಕಬೇಕು.

ಹಣ್ಣೆಲೆ ಉದುರಿ ಚಿಗುರಲೆ ಬರುವಂತೆ, ಒಂದು ಪೀಳಿಗೆ ಯಿಂದ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಪೀಳಿಗೆ ದೇಶದ ಚುಕ್ಕಾಣಿಯನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿಯಲೇಬೇಕು. ಇಂದಿನ ಯುವಜನರು ಮುಂದೆ ದೇಶದ ಸತ್ತಪೂರ್ಣ ಪ್ರಜೆಗಳಾಗಬೇಕಾದರೆ ನಿಜಕ್ಕೂ ಪೂರ್ವ ಸಿದ್ಧತೆ ನಡೆಸಬೇಕು. ಆದರ್ಶವನ್ನು ಮೈಗೂಡಿಸಿ ಕೊಂಡು ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಕವಿ ಕುವೆಂಪು ಕರೆಕೊಟ್ಟಿರುವಂತೆ ವಿಶ್ವ ಮಾನವರಾಗಬೇಕು. ಆದರೆ ಇಂದು ರಾಜಕೀಯ ನಾಯಕರು ಯುವಜನಾಂಗವನ್ನು ತಪ್ಪು ಹಾದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಕೆಲವೊಮ್ಮೆ ಯುವಜನರು ಪ್ರಾಂತ್ಯ ಮನೋಭಾವ, ಭಾಷಾ ಅಂಧತೆಗೆ ಬಲಿಯಾಗಿ ಕುರುಡ ರಾಗಿ ವರ್ತಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ವಿಶ್ವವನ್ನು ಪ್ರೀತಿಸುವುದನ್ನು



ಮರೆತು ಸ್ವತಃ ನಮ್ಮ ದೇಶ ಬಾಂಧವರನ್ನೇ ಹಿಂಸಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಇದರಿಂದಾಗಿ ನಾವು ಮನುಷ್ಯತ್ವವನ್ನೇ ಮರೆಯುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಹಿಂಸೆ ವಿಜೃಂಭಣೆಯಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿ ತಾಂಡವ ನೃತ್ಯವಾಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಅಡ್ಡ ಗೋಡೆಗಳನ್ನು ಯುವ ಸಮೂಹ ತೊಡೆದುಹಾಕಬೇಕು.

ನಿರಾಶ ಮನೋಭಾವಕ್ಕೆ ಯುವಜನಾಂಗ ಎಂದೂ ಬಲಿಯಾಗಬಾರದು. ಅದು ಕೆಲವೊಮ್ಮೆ ಭವಿಷ್ಯವನ್ನು ಅಂಧಕಾರಕ್ಕೆ ತಳ್ಳುತ್ತದೆ. ಇದರಿಂದಾಗಿ ಅನೇಕ ಮಂದಿ ಯುವಕ ಯುವತಿಯರು ಆತ್ಮಹತ್ಯೆಯನ್ನು ಕೈಗೊಂಡು ತಮ್ಮ ಭವಿಷ್ಯವನ್ನೇ ನಾಶಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಈ ಪಿಡುಗನ್ನು ಕೊಣೆಗಾಣಿಸಬೇಕು. ನಿರಾಶೆ ಬಾಳಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರವೇಶವಾದರು, ಆಶಾಭಾವನೆಯ ಬೆಳಕನ್ನು ನಿರೀಕ್ಷಿಸಬೇಕು. ಹಲವಾರು ಸೋಲು ಅನುಭವಿಸಿದ ನಂತರ ಗೆಲುವಿನ ವಿಜೃಂಭಣೆಯನ್ನು ಬಾಳಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಅನುಭವಿಸಬಹುದು.

ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಆತ್ಮಹತ್ಯೆಯ ಮೂಲಕ ತತ್ಕ್ಷಣವೇ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ಕೊನೆಗಾಣಿಸಿಕೊಂಡರೆ, ಮಾದಕ ಸೇವನೆ, ಇಂದಿನ ಯುವಪೀಳಿಗೆಯನ್ನು ಅಯಸ್ಕಾಂತದಂತೆ ಆಕರ್ಷಿಸಿ ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ ಸಾವಿನ ಮಡಿಲಿಗೆ ಸಿಲುಕಿಸುತ್ತದೆ.

ಮಾದಕ ಸೇವನೆಯಿಂದ ಜೀವಕ್ಕೆ ಹಾನಿಕಾರವೆಂದು ಅನೇಕ ಪ್ರಯೋಗಗಳಿಂದ ತಿಳಿದಿದ್ದರೂ, ಇಂದಿನ ಯುವ ಪೀಳಿಗೆ ಅದನ್ನು ಸೇವಿಸತೊಡಗಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಮಾದಕ ಸೇವನೆ ಒಂದು ಕಲ್ಪನೆಯ ಭ್ರಮಾಲೋಕವನ್ನು ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಅದರ ಸೇವನೆ ಮಾಡಲು ವಿಚಿತ್ರ ಸಂತೋಷವನ್ನು ಕೊಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಅದರ ದಾಸರಾಗಿ ಆಮೇಲೆ ಆ ಕೂಪದಿಂದ ಹೊರಬರಲಾಗದೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ಬಲಿಕೊಡುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಈ ಕಾರ್ಯವನ್ನು ಗೊನೆಗಾಣಿಸಬೇಕಾದರೆ ಕಾನೂನಿನ ಸರಪಳಿ ಬಿಗಿಯಾಗಬೇಕು. ಇದರ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ಯುವ ಸಮೂಹವನ್ನು ಸರಿಯಾದ ಮಾರ್ಗದರ್ಶನದ ಮೂಲಕ ಎಚ್ಚರಿಸಬೇಕು.

ಈ ಎಲ್ಲ ಅಡ್ಡಿ ಆತಂಕಗಳನ್ನು ದಾಟಿ ಯುವಪೀಳಿಗೆ ಮುನ್ನಡೆಯಬೇಕು. ಸುಸ್ಥಿತಿಯ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ಪ್ರಜ್ಞೆಯನ್ನು ಮೈಗೂಡಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ಈ ಅಣು ಯುಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಹಿಂಸೆಗೆ ಸ್ಥಾನ ಕಲ್ಪಿಸಬಾರದು. ಅದರ್ಶ ಪಾಲನೆ, ಮಾನವತೆಯ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ವಿಶ್ವಪ್ರಜ್ಞೆ. ಇವುಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ ಕನಸಿನ ನವಭಾರತವಲ್ಲದೆ, ನವ ವಿಶ್ವಪ್ರೇಮಕ್ಕೆ ನಾಂದಿಯಾಗಬಲ್ಲದು.

ಪಿ. ನಂದಿನಿ

ಅಂತಿಮ ಪದವಿ ಕಲಾವಿಭಾಗ

## ಒಂಟಿ

ಮೌನ ! ಭೀಕರ ಮೌನ !  
ವರ್ತಮಾನ, ಭವಿಷ್ಯವೆಲ್ಲವೂ ಶೂನ್ಯ !!  
ಭೂತದ ನೆನಪೊಂದೇ ಸವಿಜ್ಞಾನವಂತೆ !  
ಹೃದಯದ ನಾಲಗೆಗೆ ಅದೊಂದೇ ನವೀನವಂತೆ !!

ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಬಂದರು,  
ಒಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಹೋದರು,  
ಕರುಣೆಯಿಲ್ಲದ ಕಠೋರರು ಅವರು !  
ಅದರೂ ತಪ್ಪು 'ಅವರದೇ' ಎನಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವೇ ?

ಇದು ದೇವರ ಆಟವೋ ? ವಿಧಿಯ ಕಾಟವೋ ?  
ಜೀವನವೇ ಪಯಣ ; ಹೋಗುವವರು ಹೋಗಲಿ.  
ಬೇಕು

ಉಳಿಯುವವರು ಯಾರೂ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ  
ಬರಡಾದ ಒಂಟಿ ಬಾಳನ್ನು ಸಾಗಿಸಲೇ ಬೇಕು.

ಇವರು ಗೆಲೆಯರೋ, ಗೆಲೆಯರಂತೆ ಬಂದ ಶತ್ರುಗಳೋ ?  
ಯಾರನ್ನು ನಂಬುವುದು ? ಯಾರನ್ನು ನಂಬಿಸುವುದು ?  
ಆಯ್ಕೋ ದೇವರೇ ! ಇದೆಂತಹ ಜೀವನ !  
ನಿನ್ನ ನಾಮ ಸ್ಮರಣೆಯೊಂದೇ ಈ ಬಾಳಿಗೆ ಪಾವನ !

ರಾಧಿಕಾ ವಿ.

III ಬಿ. ಕಾಂ.



# ಕನ್ನಡ ಪಠ್ಯಕ್ರಮ

‘ಕನ್ನಡ ಪಠ್ಯಕ್ರಮ’ವನ್ನು ಕುರಿತು ಚಿಂತಿಸಬೇಕಾದ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿ ಈಗ ಬಂದಿರುವುದು ಶೋಚನೀಯ ! ಇಂದಿನ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣ ಕ್ರಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಕನ್ನಡ ಕಲಿಸುವಿಕೆಯ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಅನೇಕ ಕುಂದು ಕೊರತೆಗಳು ತೋರಿ ಬರುತ್ತಿವೆ. ಕನ್ನಡವನ್ನು ಆರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳು ತಾವು ಕಲಿಯುತ್ತಿರುವುದು ಕನ್ನಡವೇ ಎಂದು ಸಂಶಯಿಸುವ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿ ತೋರಿಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣಗಳನ್ನು ಪಟ್ಟಿ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾ ಹೋಗಬಹುದು. ಶಾಲಾ ಕಾಲೇಜುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನಾವು ಕಲಿಯುತ್ತಿರುವುದಾದರೂ ಏನನ್ನು ಎಂದು ಸಂದೇಹಿಸುವಂತಾಗಿದೆ. ಉದಾಹರಣೆಗೆ ‘ಧೂಮಪಾನದ ದುಷ್ಪರಿಣಾಮಗಳು’, ‘ಅಮೆರಿಕಾ ಗಾಂಧಿ’ಯಂತಹ ವಿಷಯದ ಬಗ್ಗೆಯೇ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳು ಕಲಿಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಆದರೆ ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಸಂಬಂಧಿಸಿದಂತೆ ನಾವು ಕಲಿಯುವುದಾದರೂ ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟವೇ.

ಕನ್ನಡ ಭಾಷೆ ಬೆಳೆದು ಬಂದ ಹಾದಿಯ ಪೂರ್ಣ ಪರಿಚಯವೇ ಕನ್ನಡ ಕಲಿಯುವ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಬರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಬಹುಪಾಲು ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳಿಗೆ “ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ಇತಿಹಾಸ” ಒಗಟೇ ಆಗಿದೆ. ಕನ್ನಡ ಲಿಪಿ ಬೆಳೆದು ಬಂದ ದಾರಿಯೂ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ. ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ಲಿಪಿ ಹೇಗಿತ್ತೆಂದು ಊಹಿಸಲೂ ಅವರಿಂದಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ‘ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ಬೆಳವಣಿಗೆ’ಯನ್ನೇ ಪಠ್ಯ ವಿಷಯವಾಗಿ ಶಿಫಾರಸು ಮಾಡಿದಲ್ಲಿ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಕನ್ನಡ ಕಲಿಕೆಯು ಸಂತೋಷದಾಯಕವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ.

ಇನ್ನು ಶಿಫಾರಸು ಮಾಡಿದ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಪ್ರಕಾರವೊಂದನ್ನು ಪಠ್ಯ ವಿಷಯಕ್ಕೆ ಆಳವಡಿಸಿದಾಗ ಆ ಪ್ರಕಾರದ ವಸ್ತು ಮುಖ್ಯವಾಗುತ್ತದೆಯೇ ಹೊರತು ಆ ಪ್ರಕಾರದ ರಚನಾಕ್ರಮ, ಅದರ ವೈಶಿಷ್ಟ್ಯಗಳಿಗೆ ಸ್ಥಾನವಿರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಹಾಗೇನಾದರೂ ಇದ್ದಲ್ಲಿ ಅದು ನೆಪಮಾತ್ರ ಅಷ್ಟೆ.

ಉದಾಹರಣೆಗೆ ‘ಗೀತನಾಟಕ’ವೊಂದನ್ನು ಪಠ್ಯವಿಷಯವಾಗಿ ಆರಿಸಿದಾಗ ಗೀತನಾಟಕದ ರಚನೆ, ಅದರ ವೈಶಿಷ್ಟ್ಯದ ಪ್ರಾಮುಖ್ಯತೆಯನ್ನು ಕಡೆಗಣಿಸಿ ಆ ಗೀತನಾಟಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಬರುವ ವಸ್ತುವೇ ಮುಖ್ಯವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಹಾಗೇನಾದರೂ ಪರಿಚಯಿಸಿದ್ದಲ್ಲಿ, ಅದು ಒಂದು ಟಿಪ್ಪಣಿ ಬರೆಯಲಾಗುವಷ್ಟು ಮಾತ್ರ, ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳು ಉತ್ತರಿಸುವುದು ನಾಟಕದ ವಿಷಯಕ್ಕೆ ಮಾತ್ರ. ನಾಟಕದ ರಚನೆ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಅಪರಿಚಿತವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ.

ವ್ಯಾಕರಣವನ್ನೇ ಇಂದು ಪಠ್ಯಕ್ರಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಡೆಗಣಿಸಲಾಗಿದೆ. ಶಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಲಿತ ವ್ಯಾಕರಣ ವಿಷಯಕ್ಕಿಂತಲೂ ಕಡಿಮೆ ಮಟ್ಟದ ವ್ಯಾಕರಣವನ್ನು ಪದವಿ ಪೂರ್ವ ತರಗತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಲಿಸಿದರೆ, ಪದವಿ ತರಗತಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ವ್ಯಾಕರಣದ ಸೊಲ್ಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲವಾಗಿದೆ. ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಧಿ, ಸಮಾಸಗಳ ಪರಿಚಯ, ಚಂಪೂ, ಷಟ್ಪದಿ, ಸಾಂಗತ್ಯ, ತ್ರಿಪದಿ, ಅಲಂಕಾರ ಭಂದಸ್ಸು — ಇವುಗಳ ಪೂರ್ಣ ವಿವರ ಕಾಣದಾಗಿದೆ. ವ್ಯಾಕರಣ ವಿಷಯವನ್ನು ಕಡ್ಡಾಯವಾಗಿಸಲೇ ಬೇಕು. ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಅದು ಭಾಷೆಯ ಆಧಾರ.

ಜ್ಞಾನಪೀಠ ಪ್ರಶಸ್ತಿ ಪಡೆದ ಕನ್ನಡ ಕವಿಗಳ ಲೇಖಕರ ‘ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಕೃತಿ’ಗಳ ಒಂದು ಸಣ್ಣ ಭಾಗವನ್ನಾದರೂ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಪರಿಚಯಿಸಲೇ ಬೇಕು. ಆದರೆ ಇಂದು ಅಷ್ಟನ್ನೂ, ಪಠ್ಯಕ್ರಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಸೇರಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ವಿಚಾರ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವನ್ನು ಪಠ್ಯ ವಿಷಯವನ್ನಾಗಿಸಿದರೆ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳು ಅದನ್ನು ಅಭ್ಯಸಿಸಿ ಕೇವಲ ಕರ್ತವಿನ ಮನೋಭಾವನ್ನೇ ಬಾಯಿ ಪಾಠ ಮಾಡಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಉತ್ತರ ಪತ್ರಿಕೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಬರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಹೀಗಾಗಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಸ್ವಂತ ಕ್ರಿಯಾ ಶೀಲ ವಿಚಾರಗಳು ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಹೊರಬರಲು ಆಸ್ಪದವಿಲ್ಲದಂತಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಇದರಿಂದಾಗಿ ಆರೋಗ್ಯಕರ ವಿಮರ್ಶಾ ಶಕ್ತಿಯೂ ಅವರಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಳೆದು ಬರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ.

ಕನ್ನಡವನ್ನು ಇಂದು ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳು ಪರೀಕ್ಷಾ



ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ ಕಲಿಯ ಬೇಕಾಗಿದೆ. ಅಂಕಗಳಿಗೆ ತಕ್ಕಂತೆ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳು ಪುಟಗಟ್ಟಲೆ ಬರೆಯಬೇಕಾಗಿದೆ.

ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಪಠ್ಯ ವಿಷಯವನ್ನು ಆಯ್ಕೆ ಮಾಡುವಾಗ ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ಏಕರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇಲ್ಲದಂತೆ ಜಾಗೃತವಹಿಸ ಬೇಕು. ಉದಾಹರಣೆಗೆ ಕೇವಲ ವಿಚಾರ

ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವೊಂದನ್ನೇ ಕಲಿಸುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಬದಲು ಒಂದು ಹರಟೆ, ಒಂದು ಸಣ್ಣ ಕತೆ, ಒಂದು ಪ್ರಬಂಧ ಹೀಗೆ ಬೇರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಪ್ರಕಾರಗಳನ್ನು ಒಳಗೊಂಡ ಪಠ್ಯಕ್ರಮಗಳನ್ನು ಪಠ್ಯ ಗ್ರಂಥಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಆಳವಡಿಸಿದಾಗ ಅವು ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳ ಮತ್ತು ಬೋಧಕರ ಮೆಚ್ಚುಗೆಯನ್ನು ಗಳಿಸುತ್ತವೆ.

ಜಯಂತಿ ಪಿ. ಎಸ್.

ಎರಡನೇ ಬಿ.ಎ. (ಹೆಚ್.ಇ.ಪಿ.)

## ಡಿ.ವಿ.ಜಿ. ಅವರ “ಮಂಕುತಿಮ್ಮನ ಕಗ್ಗ”

ನವೋದಯ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೃಷಿ ಮಾಡಿದ ಬಹು ಮಂದಿ ಕೃಷಿಕರಲ್ಲಿ ಶ್ರೀ ಡಿ.ವಿ. ಗುಂಡಪ್ಪನವರ ಹೆಸರು ದೊಡ್ಡದು. ತಮ್ಮ ‘ನಿವೇದನ’, ‘ವಸಂತ ಕುಸುಮಾಂಜಲಿ’, ‘ಅಂತಃಪುರಗೀತೆ’ ಇತ್ಯಾದಿ ಕಾವ್ಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹಳಗನ್ನಡ, ಹಳೆಯ ರೀತಿಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಒಲವಿದ್ದರೂ, ಅವರ ಗೀತೆಗಳು ಲಾಲಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ, ಇಂಪಿನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ಓದುಗರ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಆಕರ್ಷಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ಅವರ ‘ಜ್ಞಾಪಕ ಚಿತ್ರ ಶಾಲೆ’ ಯಂತಹ ಸ್ವಾನುಭವವನ್ನು ಸಹಜವಾಗಿ ವರ್ಣಿಸುವ ಐದಾರು ಸಂಪುಟಗಳು ಅವರ ಅತ್ಯ ಚರಿತ್ರೆಯೇ ಆಗಿವೆ. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರು ದೊಡ್ಡ ದೊಡ್ಡ ದಿನಾನುರಗಳ, ಅಧಿಕಾರಿಗಳ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಚಿತ್ರಣಗಳನ್ನು, ಹಿಂದಿನ ಕಾಲದ ರಾಜಮಹಾರಾಜರುಗಳ ವೈಭವವನ್ನೂ, ಶ್ರೀ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯನ ಬವಣೆಗಳನ್ನು ಹೃದಯ ಸ್ಪರ್ಶಿಯಾಗುವಂತೆ ವಿವರಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಅವರ ದಿನಾನ್ ‘ರಂಗಾಚಾರ್ಲು’ ‘ಗೋಪಾಲಕೃಷ್ಣ ಗೋಖಲೆ’ಯಂತಹ ಜೀವನ ಚರಿತ್ರೆಗಳು ಹೊಸ ನಿರೂಪಣೆಯಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿವೆ. ಅವರ ‘ವೃತ್ತ ಪತ್ರಿಕೆ’ಗಳಂತಹ ಕೃತಿಗಳು ಪತ್ರಿಕೋದ್ಯಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರಿಗಿದ್ದ ಅಪಾರ ಅನುಭವವನ್ನು ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಕಟ್ಟುವಂತೆ ತೋರಿಸಿ ಕೊಡುತ್ತವೆ. ಇವೆಲ್ಲಕ್ಕೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯಾಗಿ ಇವರು ತಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ನಡೆಸಿದ ರೀತಿ, ಗೋಖಲೆ ಸಾರ್ವಜನಿಕ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣ ಸಂಸ್ಥೆಯಂಥ ಸಂಸ್ಥೆಯನ್ನು ಕಟ್ಟಿ ನಿರ್ವಹಿಸಿದ ಪರಿ, ಎಲ್ಲ ಜನರಿಂದಲೂ

ಗೌರವಕ್ಕೆ ಪಾತ್ರವಾಗಿರುವುದು ಹೆಮ್ಮೆಯ ಸಂಗತಿ ಇಂಥ ಮಹಾಲೇಖಕ, ಸಾಹಿತಿಯ ಜನ್ಮ ಶತಾಬ್ದಿಯನ್ನು ಈ ವರ್ಷ ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದಾದ್ಯಂತ ಆಚರಿಸುವ ಸುಯೋಗ ಕನ್ನಡಿಗರ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ಬಂದಿದೆ.

ಡಿ.ವಿ.ಜಿ.ಯವರ ಕಾವ್ಯಕೃತಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಬಹು ಜನಪ್ರಿಯವಾಗಿರುವಂತಹದು ಇವರ ‘ಮಂಕುತಿಮ್ಮನ ಕಗ್ಗ’ ಈಗಾಗಲೇ ಸುಮಾರು ಹತ್ತಕ್ಕಿಂತಲೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಮುದ್ರಣ ಕಂಡಿರುವ ಈ ಕೃತಿಗೆ ಈಗಲೂ ಓದುಗರಿಂದ ಅಪಾರ ಬೇಡಿಕೆಯಿದೆ. 945 ಚೌಪದಿಗಳ ಈ ಕಗ್ಗ ತನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ಹೊಸತು ಹಳೆಯ ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯಗಳೆರಡನ್ನೂ ಅಡಕ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡಿದೆ. ಇಲ್ಲಿಯ ಅನೇಕ ಕವನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾವಗೀತೆಯ ಕಾವಿಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೂ ನೀತಿಬೋಧೆಯನ್ನು ಕಾಣಬಹುದು. ಆದರೆ ಕೆಲಮಂದಿ ಆಧುನಿಕ ವಿಮರ್ಶಕರ ವಿವರಿಸುವಂತೆ ಇದೇನೂ ನೀರಸವಾದ ನೀತಿ ಕಾವ್ಯವಲ್ಲ. ನೀತಿಯ ನೆಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಜೀವನದ ಸಿಹಿಕಹಿಗಳನ್ನು ಕವಿ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ನಾಟುವಂತೆ ಅನೇಕ ಸಾಮಗ್ರಿಗಳಿಂದ ನಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದೆ ತೆರೆದು ತೋರಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಪ್ರೊಫೆಸರ್ ಎ. ಆರ್. ಕೃಷ್ಣಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಿಗಳು ತಮ್ಮ ‘ಭಾಷಣಗಳು ಲೇಖನಗಳು’ ಕೃತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇದರ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಹೀಗೆ ಬರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ: “ಆಧುನಿಕ ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಇಂಥ ಒಂದು ಮಹಾವಾಕ್ಯಗಳ ರತ್ನಾವಳಿ ‘ಮಂಕುತಿಮ್ಮನ ಕಗ್ಗ’. ಅದು ನಿಜವಾಗಿಯೂ



ಕಗ್ಗವೂ ಅಲ್ಲ, ಹಗ್ಗವೂ ಅಲ್ಲ, ಸಗ್ಗ ; ವೇದಾಂತ ಸಾರ ಸಂಗ್ರಹ” ಈ ಮಾತುಗಳು ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಅನ್ವರ್ಥವಾಗಿ ಒಪ್ಪುತ್ತದೆ.

ಮಂಕುತಿಮ್ಮನ ಕಗ್ಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಬರುವ ವೈವಿಧ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ಗಮನಿಸಿದಾಗ ಡಿ.ವಿ.ಜಿ.ಯವರಿಗಿದ್ದ ಲೋಕಾನುಭವದ ಅಳಿ ಉದ್ದಗಳು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಬೆರಗು ಗೊಳಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ವಿಧಿ, ಸಂಸಾರ, ಪ್ರೀತಿ, ಮಾಯೆ, ಮೋಕ್ಷ ಹೀಗೆ ನಾನಾ ವಿಷಯಗಳನ್ನು ಕುರಿತ ವಾಖ್ಯೆಯನ್ನಿಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಬಹುದಾಗಿದೆ. ಜೀವನದ ಸ್ವರೂಪವನ್ನು ಕುರಿತು ಅವರು ನೀಡುವ ವ್ಯಾಖ್ಯಾನವನ್ನು ಗಮನಿಸಿದಾಗ ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಮಿಗಿಲಾದ ಯಾವುದೋ ಒಂದು ಶಕ್ತಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಬಾಳನ್ನು ನಡೆಸುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತದೆ ಎಂಬ ಅಂತ ತಿಳಿದ ಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ಕೆಳಗಿನ ಪದ್ಯವನ್ನು ಗಮನಿಸಿ :

ಬದುಕು ಜಟಿಕಾ ಬಂಡಿ, ವಿಧಿಯದರ ಸಾಹೇಬ  
ಕುದುರೆ ನೀನ್, ಅವನು ಪೇಳ್ವಂತೆ ಪಯಣಿಗರು  
ಮದುವೆಗೋ ಮಸಣಿಕೋ ಹೋಗಿಂವ ಕಡಿಹೋಗು  
ಪದಕುಸಿಯೆ ನೆಲವಿಹುದು -ಮಂಕುತಿಮ್ಮ. (600)

ಯಾವ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯೇ ಆಗಲಿ ಸ್ವಪ್ರಯತ್ನದಿಂದ ಕಾರ್ಯ ಸಾಧಿಸಬೇಕು, ನಿಜ. ಆದರೆ ಎಷ್ಟೋ ವೇಳೆ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನ ಪಟ್ಟ ಮೇಲೂ ಫಲಗಳು ನಮ್ಮಂತಾಗ ಬೇಕಾದರೆ ವಿಧಿಯ ಸಹಕಾರವೂ ಬೇಕಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಇದೇ ಬದುಕಿನ ಅರ್ಥ.

ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಕಟ, ದುಃಖಗಳ ಮೊನೆಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಇರುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದರೆ ನಾವು ಸದಾ ದುಃಖದಲ್ಲೇ ಮುಳುಗಿ ದರೆ ನಾವೊಬ್ಬರೇ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಸುತ್ತಲ ಸಮಾಜ. ಕೂಡ ದುಃಖದ ಹೊದಿಕೆಯನ್ನೇ ಹೊದೆಯುತ್ತದೆ ಇಂಥ ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳಲ್ಲೂ ನಾವು ನೆಗೆಯ ಮುಖವಾಡ ವನ್ನು ಧರಿಸಬೇಕಾಗುತ್ತದೆ.

ನಗುವು ಸಹಜದ ಧರ್ಮ ; ನಗಿಸುವುದು ಪರಧರ್ಮ  
ನಗುವ ಕೇಳುತ ನಗುವುದತಿಶಯದ ಧರ್ಮ  
ನಗುವ ನಗಿಸುವ ನಗಿಸಿ ನಗುತ ಬಾಳುವ ವರವ  
ಮಿಗೆ ನೀನು ಬೇಡಿಕೊಳೊ -ಮಂಕುತಿಮ್ಮ (917)

ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ನೆಗೆಯೇ ಸರ್ವೋತ್ಕೃಷ್ಟವಾದದಾರಿ ಎಂಬ

ದನ್ನು ಮೇಲಿನ ಪದ್ಯ ಬಹಳ ಸೊಗಸಾಗಿ ವರ್ಣಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ನಾವು ನಗುವುದು ಸಹಜವಾದದ್ದು. ಬೇರೊಬ್ಬರನ್ನು ನಗಿಸುವುದು ಅದೂ ಕೂಡ ಪರರಿಗಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಬೇಕಾದದ್ದೇ. ಆದರೆ ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬರ ನಗುವಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನಾವು ಭಾಗಿಗಳಾಗಿ ನಾವು ನಗುವುದಂತೂ ಅತಿಶಯವಾದದ್ದು. ಎಲ್ಲಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಶ್ರೇಷ್ಠವಾದದ್ದೆಂದರೆ ನಾವೂ ನಕ್ಕು ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬರನ್ನು ನಗಿಸಿ ಬಾಳುವಂತಹ ಬಾಳೆಯೇ ಶ್ರೇಷ್ಠವಾದದ್ದೆಂದು ಕವಿ ಸೂಚಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ.

ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಕರ್ತನ ಅಂಕೆಗೊಳಪಟ್ಟು, ಕಾರ್ಯ ನಿರ್ವಹಣೆಗೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದರೂ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಬ್ಬ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯೂ ಕೂಡ ತನ್ನಿಂದಲೇ ಜಗತ್ತು ಉದ್ಧಾರವಾಗುವುದು, ತಾನಿಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ಕಷ್ಟ ಎಂಬಂಥ ಭಾವನೆಯನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿರುವುದು ಸಹಜ. ಈ ಸೆಣಸಾಟದಲ್ಲಿ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯ ಸೋಲು ಗೆಲುವುಗಳು ಅವನ ಒಳ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಅಹಂಕಾರದ ತೆರೆಯನ್ನು ಸರಿಸಬೇಕು. ತನ್ನ ಉದ್ಧಾರವನ್ನು ತಾನು ಕಂಡುಕೊಂಡಾಗಲೇ ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಉದ್ಧಾರವನ್ನು ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಸಾಧಿಸಬಲ್ಲ. ಈ ಕೆಳಗಿನ ಪದ್ಯವನ್ನು ಗಮನಿಸಿ :

ಎದ್ದೆದ್ದು ಬೀಳುತಿಹೆ, ಗುಗ್ಗಾಡಿ ಸೋಲುತಿಹೆ  
ಗದ್ದಲವ ತುಂಬಿ ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧನಾಗುತಿಹೆ ಉದ್ಧರಿಸುವೆನು  
ಜಗವನೆನ್ನುತಿಹೆ ಸಖನೆ, ನಿನ್ನದ್ಧಾರವೆಷ್ಟಾಯ್ತೊ ?  
ಮಂಕುತಿಮ್ಮ (658)

ಮನುಷ್ಯ ತಾನು ಮಾಡುವ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ಕೂ ಪ್ರಚಾರ ಬಯಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಸಣ್ಣದನ್ನು ದೊಡ್ಡನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ತನ್ನನ್ನು ತಾನು ಹೊಗಳಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ತವ್ವೇನಿಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೂ ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಯಮವಿರಬೇಕು. ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯ ಅನೇಕ ವೈಚಿತ್ರ್ಯಗಳು ಯಾವ ಬಗೆಯ ಪ್ರಚಾರವನ್ನೂ ಬಯಸವು. ಸೂರ್ಯೋದಯ ಚಂದ್ರೋದಯಗಳಾಗಲಿ, ಸಮುದ್ರದ ಅಲೆಗಳ ಸಂಚಲನೆಯಾಗಲಿ, ತಮ್ಮ ತಮ್ಮ ಕೆಲಸಗಳನ್ನು ಸದ್ದು ಗದ್ದಲವಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಪೂರೈಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗುವಾಗ, ಮನುಷ್ಯ ತಾನು ಮಾಡುವ ಅಲ್ಪ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ಕೂ ಪ್ರಚಾರ ಬಯಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಈ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಕವಿ ನೀಡುವ ಹೇಳಿಕೆ ಬಹಳ ಸಮಯೋಚಿತವಾಗಿದೆ.



ಇಳೆಯಿಂದ ಮೊಳಕೆಯೊಗೆವಂದು ತಮಟೆಗಳಿಲ್ಲ  
ಫಲ ಮಾಗುವಂದು ತುತ್ತೂರಿ ದನಿಯಿಲ್ಲ  
ಬೆಳಕೇವ ಸೂರ್ಯ ಚಂದ್ರರದೊಂದು ಸದ್ದಿಲ್ಲ  
ಹೊಲಿನಿನ್ನ ತುಟಿಗಳನು- ಮಂಕುತಿಮ್ಮ.

ಬೀಜ ಮೊಳಕೆಯೊಡೆಯುವಾಗಲಿ, ಹಣ್ಣು ಮಾಗುವಾಗಲಿ, ಬೆಳಕನ್ನು ಕೊಡುವ ಸೂರ್ಯಚಂದ್ರರಾಗಲಿ ಸದ್ದು ಗದ್ದಲಗಳಿಲ್ಲದೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಕಾರ್ಯ ನಿರ್ವಹಿಸುವಾಗ ನೀನೂ ಕೂಡ ನಿನ್ನ ತುಟಿಗಳನ್ನು ಹೊಲಿದುಕೊಂಡು ಯಾವ ಪ್ರತಿಫಲಾವೇಕ್ಷೆಗೂ ಕೈಯೊಡ್ಡದೆ ನಿನ್ನ ಕಾರ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕೈಗೊಂಡು ಮುಗಿಸು ಎಂದು ಕವಿ ಉತ್ತಮ ನಿರ್ದರ್ಶನಗಳಿಂದ ಸಾಬೀತು ಪಡಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ.

ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೊಸತು ಹಳತು ಇವೆರಡರ ಸಂಗಮವೂ ಇದ್ದರೇ ಜಿನ್ನು. ಕೇವಲ ಹಳೆಯದೇ ಆಗಲಿ, ಅಥವಾ ಹೊಸದೇ ಆಗಲಿ, ತಮ್ಮ ತಮ್ಮ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಕೋನವೇ ಸರಿಯಾದದ್ದು ಎಂದು ವಾದಿಸಿದರೆ, ಅರ್ಥೈಸಿದರೆ ಸರಿ

ಯಾಗದು. ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಜೀವನವೇ ಹಳತು ಹೊಸತರ ಕೂಡಿಕೆಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಈ ಮಾತುಗಳನ್ನು ಪರಿಭಾವಿಸಿ :  
ಹೊಸ ಚಿಗುರು ಹಳೆ ಬೇರು ಕೂಡಿರಲು ಮರನೊಬ್ಬ.

ಹೊಸಯುಕ್ತಿ ಹಳೆ ತತ್ತ್ವದೊಡಗೊಂಡ ಧರ್ಮ  
ಋಷಿ ವಾಕ್ಯದೊಡನೆ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನ ಕಲೆ ಮೇಳವಿಸೆ  
ಜಸವು ಜನ ಜೀವನಕೆ -ಮಂಕುತಿಮ್ಮ (522)

ಒಟ್ಟಿನಲ್ಲಿ 'ಮಂಕುತಿಮ್ಮನ ಕಗ್ಗ' ಒಂದು ಬೋಧಪ್ರದವಾದ ಆಕರಗ್ರಂಥ. ವೇದಾಂತ ಅಥವಾ ನೀತಿಯ ತಳುವಾದ ಆವರಣವನ್ನು ಹೊದ್ದಂತೆ ಇದು ಕಂಡರೂ, ಬದುಕಿನ ಅರ್ಥವನ್ನು ಆಳವಾಗಿ ತೆರೆದು ತೋರಿಸಬಲ್ಲ ಸಮುದ್ರದಂತಿದೆ. ಮೊಗೆಮೊಗೆದಷ್ಟೂ ಚಿತ್ರ ವಿಚಿತ್ರವಾದ, ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಆಸ್ಯಾಯ ಮಾನವಾದ ಮುದವನ್ನು ಈ ಪುಟ್ಟ ಪದ್ಯಗಳು ನೀಡುತ್ತವೆ. ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಇದು ಒಂದು ವಿಶಿಷ್ಟವಾದ ಕೃತಿಯಾಗಿದೆ.

ದಾಕ್ಷಾಯಣಿ ಕೆ. ಎನ್.  
ಕನ್ನಡ ಅಧ್ಯಾಪಕಿ





## हिन्दी दिवस : मनोरन्जन

हिन्दी को राष्ट्र भाषा के रूप में प्रोत्साहित करने में जिन लोगों का योगदान रहा है, वे स्वयं हिन्दी-भाषी नहीं थे। महात्मा गाँधी गुजरात निवासी थे। डा० राधाकृष्ण दक्षिण भारत की देन थे तो दयानन्द सरस्वती गुजराती थे। तमिल भाषी होते हुए भी तमिलनाडु में हिन्दी का प्रचार करने में सी. राजगोपालाचारी का बहुत बड़ा योगदान रहा है। हिन्दी को बढ़ावा देने के पीछे सभी का यही प्रयत्न रहा कि साहित्यिक हिन्दी के स्थान पर सरल हिन्दुस्तानी भाषा को प्रोत्साहित किया जाए जिनमें भारत की हर भाषा के शब्द निहित हो और जो हर भाषासे जुड़ी हुई हो। इसी मान्यता के साथ राष्ट्रीय तौर पर हिन्दी को बढ़ावा देने के लिए 'हिन्दी दिवस' का जन्म हुआ।

हिन्दी दिवस का प्रारम्भ राष्ट्रकवि मैथिली शरण गुप्तजी को श्रद्धाँजली अर्पित करने के साथ हुआ। गुप्तजी का हिन्दी भाषा के द्वारा राष्ट्रीयता की भावना को जागृत करने में बहुत बड़ा सहयोग था। उनके द्वारा लिखी कविताएँ सरलता व सजगता के साथ ही अपने पौराणिक कथानक के कारण मानव के हृदय को छू जाती थीं। अतः हिन्दी दिवस का शुभारंभ गुप्तजी के जन्म के साथ हुआ। इस दिवस की प्रस्तावना उन्हीं के शब्दों में उभयुक्त होगी।

“आमन्त्रित करती है हिन्दी

आए भुवन भर सारा  
होकर एक प्रवाहित कर दे  
बहु रंगिणी रसधारा।”

हिन्दी कितनी बहु-रंगिणी है उसका अनुमान इसमें पाए जाने वाले भारत की विभिन्न भाषाओं के शब्दों से लगजाता है। भारत के किसी भी प्रान्त का भाषा-भाषी हिन्दी में अपनी भाषा की झलक पाता है। उत्तर भारत की पंजाबी, हरयाणवी, बिहारी से लेकर मध्य भारत की हिन्दी में जो समानता पाई जाती है वह तो सर्वविदित है ही। किन्तु दक्षिण भारत की भाषाओं में भी अनेक शब्द ऐसे हैं जो हिन्दी में पाए जाते हैं। उदाहरणस्वरूप कन्नड़ का लँगा हिन्दी में लहँगा ही है। दृष्टि, नीर, सूर्य, हस्त इत्यादि शब्द हिन्दी वालों के लिए पराए नहीं हैं। बँगला तो केवल भिन्न आचरण में संस्कृत की बाहुल्य हिन्द दूसरा रूप लगती है। मराठी की तो लिपि भी देवनागरी है।

भारतेन्दु हरिश्चन्द्र ने जहाँ हिन्दी कविताओं के आधुनिक रूप को जन्म दिया, वहीं गुप्तजी ने हिन्दी पद्य को निखारा, व राष्ट्रकवि के रूप में प्रतिष्ठित हुए। गुप्तजी से प्रेरित होकर राष्ट्रभर में हिन्दी दिवस का आयोजन जोर शोर से होने लगा। हमारे कॉलेज में भी हिन्दी दिवस का आयोजन हुआ। कई अड़चनों का सामना करते हुए आठ अक्टूबर की इस दिवस का शुभारंभ हुआ।



सिस्टर जेसुइन मॉरो हमारी मुख्य अतिथि थीं। कार्यक्रम का प्रारम्भ दर्शकों को 'हिन्दी दिवस' के बारे में जानकारी देने के साथ हुआ।

हिन्दी साहित्य से श्रोतओं को अवगत कराने के लिए कबीर, तुलसी व मीरा की रचनाओं को सुरीले स्वरों में गाया गया। भारत की विविधता को प्रदर्शित करने के लिए कृष्ण लीला से लेकर कवाली तक, भजन से लेकर गजल तक के कार्यक्रम प्रस्तुत किए गए। एक ओर भव्य शिव ताण्डव नृत्य का प्रदर्शन हुआ, तो साथ ही सामान्य जन मनोरंजक कठपुतली नृत्य भी दर्शकों को भा गया। 'बोल झमूरे' नामक एक-पात्राभिनय के साथ 'मन डोले मेरा तन डोले' गीत की भी टॉग मरोड़ी गई। तथाकथित राजनीतिज्ञ का पर्दाफाश 'मुहले की आबरू' नामक एकांकी में किया गया। इन सब के साथ विभिन्न

गीत व नृत्यों का भी प्रदर्शन हुआ, जिनमें से एक कार्यक्रम में हमारी देशी फिल्मों की दिसी-पिरी कहानियों पर भी व्यंग कसे गए।

संक्षेप में इतना हो कह सकते हैं कि हिन्दी दिवस 'मनोरंजन' कार्यक्रम से हिन्दी के प्रचार व प्रसार में हमें पूर्णतः सफसता प्राप्त हुई। अध्यापिकाओं के सहयोग से कई कलाकार उथर कर आए। ऐसा मौका सायद इन्हें पहले पहले कभी नहीं मिला था। जो भी हो 'हिन्दी-दिवस' की नींव तो हमारे कॉलेज में पड़ ही गई। इसके द्वारा और भी कई नए कलाकार उथर कर आएंगे। हमें आशा है कि भविष्य में कार्यक्रम का आयोजन और भी जोर से होगा व छात्रों की हिन्दी के प्रति जरूरत बढ़ेगी।

ऋचा विनोद

II एच.इ.पि.

## ‘हरिऔध’ की राधा और सूर की राधा

कृष्णभक्ति साहित्य में राधा का स्थान अत्यंत महत्वपूर्ण है। हिन्दी साहित्य में राधा से संबंधित दो प्रकार की रचनाएँ हैं। प्रथम तो इस प्रकार की रचनाएँ जिनमें राधा के धार्मिक एवं आध्यात्मिक महत्व को प्रतिपादित किया गया है और इस श्रेणी की रचनाएँ संख्या में अल्प ही हैं। दूसरी प्रकार की वे रचनाएँ हैं जिनमें राधा एक सामान्य प्रेमिका के रूप में चित्रित की गई

है। राधा के इस श्रृंगारी रूप का मूल तत्त्व ब्रह्मवैवर्त पुराण में मिलता है। इस पुराण में वर्णित राधा जयदेव, चण्डीदास, विद्यापति एवं सूर के माध्यम से रीतिकाल में अवतरित हुई है। राधा के भौतिक श्रृंगार, स्थूल नखशिल वर्णन एवं रस विलास को ही रीतिकाल के कवियों ने प्रयः चित्रित किया है।

ब्रजभाषा के काव्य में राधा और कृष्ण का एकाङ्गी चित्र-निरूपण किया गया है। लोकमंगल



की भावना से अभिभूत प्रिय का परित्याग करने वाली राधा की ओर तो इस युग के कवियों की दृष्टि भी नहीं जा सकी। राधा के इस विशद व्यक्तित्व की परिकल्पना एवं प्रतिष्ठापना सर्वप्रथम आधुनिक युग में 'हरिऔध' जी के द्वारा ही की गई 'हरिऔध' के 'प्रियप्रवासी' में राधा के दुर्बल नारी एवं भावुकमना प्रेमिका के चित्र तो दिए ही गए हैं परन्तु प्रधानता राधा की मनोगत दृढ़ता एवं आदर्श लोभसेवा को ही दी गई है।

सूर की राधा तीनों लोकों में अपूर्व अद्भुत न्यायी है। वह बालिका है, किशोरी है, भालिनी है और है ब्रजरानी। शोभा उस पर निसार है और शृंगार उसका गुलाम। इतना ही नहीं त्रैलोक्यनाथ श्रीकृष्ण, उसकी आँखों की कोर के मुँहताज है। फिर भी वह तद्गत-प्राणा है।

दोनों ही रचनाओं में राधा और कृष्ण का प्रेम संबंध क्रमिक रूप से विकसित होता हुआ दिखाई देता है। बचपन में दोनों ही एक-दूसरे के मित्र एवं सहचर-सहचरी हैं। छोटी उम्र से ही, राधा-कृष्ण के साथ गुड़ियों का खेल खेलती है। नंदबाबा के घर में घंटों आँखमिथौनी में बिताती है। वयोवृद्धि के साथ ही साथ यह बलकोचित प्रेम भी कालान्तरमें प्रणय बन गया। और एक दिन विरह भी शीघ्र ही आ जाती है। जब राधा और कृष्ण के इस पारस्परिक प्रणय के क्षेत्र में परिस्थितियाँ दीवार बनकर खड़ी हो जाती हैं। कंस का संदेश लेकर मधुपुरी से अक्रूर आते हैं

और श्रीकृष्ण को ब्रज का परित्याग करना पड़ता है। श्रीकृष्ण के विदाई के समय राधा के लिए मानो संपूर्ण जगत जैसे शून्य के रूप में परिणत हो जाता है। और राधा एक सामान्य भारतीय नारी के समान अपने भाग्य को कोसकर ही रह जाती है। फिर उद्धव कृष्ण का संदेश लाते हैं जिसे सुनकर राधा के मन में विश्वप्रेम अंकुरित एवं विकसित होता है। विरह की लंबी अवधि के बाद कुरुक्षेत्र में राधाकृष्ण का पुनर्मिलन होता है।

राधा के चरित्र-चित्रण में वात्सल्य और शृंगार के - बाल्य और तारुण्य - के समन्वय में 'हरिऔध' की तुलना कुछ अंशों में सूरदास से की जा सकती है। हजारी प्रसाद द्विवेदी जी के शब्दों में "विद्यापति की राधा पूर्ण यौवना है, जयदेव की पूर्ण बिलासवती प्रगल्भा, और चण्डीदास की राधा उन्मादमयी मोम की पुतली। किन्तु सूरदास की राधा भालिन भी है, ब्रजरानी भी।

बाल सुलभ आकर्षण की प्रगति और स्फुट शृंगारिक में उसकी क्रमिक परिणति की दृष्टि से 'हरिऔध' की राधा 'सूर' की राधा से सामान्यतः मिलती-जुलती है, परन्तु दोनों ने जिस विशिष्ट रूप में राधा के चरित्र का विकास दिखाया है, उसमें महान अंतर है। 'सूर' की राधा को 'मोह' और 'प्रणय' के सूक्ष्म विश्लेषण की अपेक्षा नहीं है; प्रेम के जिस संयत, आध्यात्मिक और उदात्त रूप की व्यंजना 'प्रणय' के द्वारा की गई है, वह 'हरिऔध' के आत्मादर्शवाद का परिणाम है 'सुन्दर' और 'शिव' के समतुलित सामंजस्य



का प्रतिफल है। पर सूरकी मानस - आँखों में 'सुन्दरम्' ही रमा था; 'शिवम्' पृष्ठभूमि में ढल गया है। इसलिए सूर में माधुर्य की मन्दाकिनी तो प्रवाहित हो रही है, किन्तु संयत श्रृंगार का यत्र-तत्र अभाव है और 'हरिऔध' में श्रृंगार अपने संयत और आदर्श रूप में तो विराजमान है, पर उनके होंठों पर माधुर्य की लाली नहीं है। इसके अतिरिक्त कृष्ण के मथुरा चले जाने पर गोपियों की लंबी वियोगगाथा के साथ 'प्रियप्रवास' का कथानक समाप्त हो जाता है, किन्तु सूर के कथानक में एक और अध्याय जुड़ा है। इस बार महाराज श्रीकृष्ण अपनी विवाहित राणी रुक्मिणी के साथ आते हैं। रुक्मिणी राधा को बहन मानकर उनका मान करती है।

एक और विशेषता जो ध्यान देने योग्य है वह यह है कि यद्यपि 'हरिऔध' के राधा - कृष्ण चित्रण में अपेक्षाकृत अधिक संयम और आदर्श-वादिता के साथ काम लिया गया है, तथापि

उसमें शान्तरस की उस अन्तर्धारा का अभाव है जो सूर के श्रृंगारिक पद्यों में भी निरंतर विद्यमान रहती है। सूर राधा - कृष्ण में दैवी भावना को संजोया है इसलिए हमारा मस्तक स्वतः नत हो जाता है, किन्तु 'हरिऔध' के राधा - कृष्ण हमारे बौद्धिक वातावरण में हलचल पैदा करके विरम जाते हैं।

'हरिऔध' के राधा के मन में परोपकार लोकसेवा एवं विश्वप्रेम की भावनाओं के अंकुर आशैशवात् विद्यमान थे। और सूर की राधा अतिमानवी होकर भी पूर्ण मानवी है। वह एक तत्व है, जो प्रीति - भक्ति - अनुरक्ति का पर्याय है। राधा आह्लादिनी शक्ति है और कृष्ण उसका आश्रय। विश्वसाहित्य में ऐसी प्रेमिका दुर्लभ है। प्रेम, त्याग तथा आत्मसम्भन का त्रिवेणी संगम है - राधिका।

सी. सुनीता मेनन

बी. ए. (तृतीय) एच. इ. पी.

## खामोशी से

खिंचती जा रही है यह राह,  
इसका अंत कहाँ—किसे पता,  
किसने देखा ?

क्षितिज के नीचे लुपने,  
चल पड़ा अरुण ;  
हो गई गोधूली, छाने लगा अंधेरा—  
खामोशी से !

बीरान राह, डरावना अंधकार—

न कोई मकान, न मानव ;

हवा कर रही है—

साँय, साँय, साँय.....

ठहरो, रुको, सुनो,

पुकार रहा हैं तुम्हें कोई ! अरे नहीं—

भ्रम था वह, किसे

जरूरत होगी मेरी ?



चुपचाप चलो —  
 खामोशी से ; तृप्त आत्माओं को  
 न परेशान करो ।  
 इस राह पर चलते - चलते, न जाने  
 बुन रही हूँ कैसी मिथ्या —  
 एकाकीपन से ऊबकर .....  
 अरे ! यह मिथ्या है —  
 ..... या वास्तविकता ?  
 मैं जागी हूँ या सोई ? !  
 इस राह पर दूर कहीं है — खामोश  
 उषा की धुन्धुलाहट !  
 लेकिन वह धुन्धुलाहट कहीं  
 आँधी तो नहीं ! नहीं ।  
 वह कोहरा है — अंधेरी राह को  
 प्रज्वलित करता हुआ —  
 निःशब्द प्रातःकाल ।  
 क्षितिज से उठकर धीरे-धीरे  
 आ रहा है आदित्य गर्व से ;  
 हो गया दूर डरावना अंधकार  
 — खामोशी से .....  
 आह ! कैसी स्वच्छता है हवा में !

कैसा मादक उजाला ! !  
 कितना था खोजा मैंने  
 यह उजाला ..... खामोशी से ।  
 अरे, यह क्या ? अंधकार ! !  
 कहाँ गया सूर्य ?  
 कहाँ है रोशनी ? वह स्वच्छ  
 प्रथम - प्रहर कहाँ है ?  
 ओह, कैसे भयानक आवाज —  
 हवा करने लगी फिर से —  
 साँय, साँय, साँय .....  
 अरे, वह सब मिथ्या थी ;  
 एक मीठा सपना ।  
 न रवि है, न उषा,  
 सिर्फ है — अंधेरा ; खामोशी,  
 और अंतहीन वीरान राह ।  
 बस चलती जा रही हूँ, मैं  
 अकेली, इस राह पर —  
 खामोशी से .....

सुनंदा राजाराम

एच. इ. इ. ( द्वितीय )

## विरामचिह्न

भाषा ही अपने विचारों को व्यक्त करने का सशक्त माध्यम है । आदिकाल से मनुष्य अपना मनोभावनाओं को भाषा के द्वारा व्यक्त करता आ रहा है । मनुष्य का मानसिक विकास होने

के साथ-साथ विभिन्न प्रकार की भाषाओं का प्रचलन हुआ । भारतमर्ष में भी बंगाली, पंजाबी, गुजराती, राजस्थानी, आदि अनेक भाषाएँ बोली जाती हैं पर बहुलता होने के कारण हिन्दी भाषा



का विशेष महत्व है ।

हिन्दी का प्रयोग करने पर उसमें पूर्ण-विराम अल्पविराम इत्यादि का उपयुक्त स्थान पर प्रयोग होना चाहिए अन्यथा बात का मतलब बदल जाता है । विभिन्न संस्थाओं कालेज-स्कूलों में आपस की बातचीत से लेकर स्वागत उद्बोधन, कार्यक्रम की जानकारी आदि द्वारा भाषण कला का विकास होता है । अक्सर यह देखने में आता है कि कई व्यक्ति बिना किसी अल्पविराम या पूर्णविराम के उपयोग के, धाराप्रवाह बोलते चले जाते हैं । इससे न तो मतलब समझ में आता है और न ही किसी बात का सही अर्थ निकलता है । इस बात को प्रस्तुत उदाहरण के द्वारा समझा जा सकता है ।

किसी सेठजी के मुख्तार ने सेठजी के घर वालों को पत्र लिखकर भेजा कि “ सेठजी आज मेर गए ” । परन्तु असल में उसे यह लिखना था कि “ सेठजी अजमेर गए ” । अल्पविराम का प्रयोग न करने पर देखिए दोनों पंक्तियों के अर्थ में आकाश - पाताल का अंतर हो गया ।

कोई व्यक्ति अच्छा वक्ता तभी बन सकता है जब वह अपनी बात को अल्पविराम, पूर्णविराम आदि के अनुसार चेहरे पर उचित भाव लाने में सक्षम हो । बोलने के साथ-साथ लिखते समय भी इस बात का ध्यान रखना चाहिए—सरिता अपने बेटे रामू को पत्र लिखना चाहती थी पर भाषा लेखन का उचित ज्ञान न होने के कारण उसने पत्र कुछ इस प्रकार लिखा—

प्रिय रामू,

मैंने सुना तू प्रथम आया है । मुझे बहुत प्रसन्नता हुई श्यामू के फेल होने से । मुझे बहुत चिन्ता रहती है तेरे पिताजी के आने के बाद, पंचायत बैठेगी बिना आदमियों के । इस बार फसल कम हुई है चूड़ों के लिए । जहर खरीदलाई तेरे लिए सुन्दरसा कुर्ता खरीद लाई हूँ अपने लिए । सभी पढ़ाई की पुस्तकें खरीद लेना मेरे लिए । दवाई भेज देना । आँखोंमें लगाने को पैसे भेज रही हूँ ,

तेरी माँ

सरिता

किन्तु उसे यह पत्र इस प्रकार लिखना चाहिए था ।

प्रिय रामू,

मैंने सुना तू प्रथम आया है, मुझे बहुत प्रसन्नता हुई । श्यामू के फेल होने से मुझे बहुत चिन्ता रहती है । तेरे पिताजी के आने के बाद पंचायत बैठेगी । बिना आदमियों के इस बार फसल कम हुई है । चूड़ों के लिए जहरा ले लाई हूँ । तेरे लिए एक सुन्दर सा कुर्ता ले आई हूँ । अपने लिए सभी पढ़ाई की पुस्तकें खरीद लेना । मेरे लिए दवाई भेज देना । आँखों में लगाने को । पैसे भेज रही हूँ ।

तेरी माँ,

सरिता

देखा आपने लेखन - कला में अकुशलता का परिणाम ! ।

—रीतू महेश्वरी बि. ए (द्वितीया, एच. इ. इ.)



## निरवंशी

बांझ वृक्ष  
क्यों न अकडे ?  
घरती ने  
आखिर  
क्या दिया उसे ?  
फिर वह आकाश की ऊँचाई  
क्यों न पकडे ?  
घरती के पहरानों से लदा  
फला - फूला  
पेड़ विनम्र है - हो  
मगर

निरवंशी पर किसका अधिकार  
किसकी ममता  
उसे जकडे ?  
कड़वा खोखलापन  
और  
निरर्थक जीवन लिए  
बांझ वृक्ष  
आखिर क्यों न अकडे ?

ऋचा विनोद

II एच. इ. पि.

## नारी और समाज

सृष्टि के प्रारंभ से ही नारी अनंत गुणों की आगार रही है। पृथ्वी की सी क्षमा, सूर्य जैसा तेज, चंद्रमा की सी शीतलता, समुद्र की सी गंभीरता और पर्वतों की सी मानसिक उच्चता हमें एक साथ नारी के हृदय में दृष्टिगोचर होती हैं वह दया, त्याग और बलिदान की मूर्ति है और समय पड़ने पर प्रचंड चण्डी भी।

जहाँ एक तरफ तो नारी को देवी के महत्वपूर्ण पूज्य पद पर प्रतिष्ठित करने का प्रयत्न किया गया है, दूसरी ओर उसे दासी और मात्र - भोग्या मानकर ही चला गया है। देवबाणी ने “यत्र नार्यस्तु पूज्यन्ते रमन्ते तत्र देवताः” कहकर नारी

को सिर पर बिठा लिया। सीता जैसी नारियों का आदर्श रहते हुए भी तुलसी दास ने कह दिया :

ढोल गँवार शूद्र पशु नारी।

ये सब ताड़न के अधिकारी ॥

एक समय था जब समाज में नारी का स्वतंत्र अस्तित्व और व्यक्तित्व विद्यमान था। उसे पुरुष के समान शिक्षा प्राप्त होती थी, उसे समान अधिकार प्राप्त थे। और उस समय सोने की चिड़िया कहलाता था हमारा देश। धीरे-धीरे उसे धर्म - कर्म करने वेदों को पढ़ना तो क्या सामान्य शिक्षा आदि ग्रहण करने के अधिकार भी छीन लिए गए। विचार, भावना और व्यवहार



आदि सभी स्तरो पर पुरुष ने नारी को असमर्थ बनाकर रख दिया। किसी भी आर्थिक क्षेत्र में तो उसका अधिकार कतई रहने ही नहीं दिया। उसकी इसी आर्थिक विवशता ने उसे इस सोमा तक हीन ग्रन्थियों का शिकार कर दिया कि पुरुष के बिना वह नितान्त असमर्थ और अपाहिज रह गई। उसका जीवन घर के चारदीवारी तक ही सीमित रह गया। नारी जीवन को लेकर अन्य अनेक प्रकार की कुरीतियों ने भी जन्म लिबा जैसे कि दहेज-प्रथा, सती-प्रथा और बाल-विवाह।

सच्चे अर्थों में नारी को मानवोचित अधिकारों को दिलाने का तथा उसकी पुरुष-समाज के परम्परागत बन्धनों से मुक्ति का वास्तविक प्रयास आधुनिक काल में आकर वह भी बीसवीं सदी में ही हो पाया है।

अब प्रश्न उठता है कि क्या भारत और विश्व स्तर पर नारी, वास्तव में स्वतंत्र एवं सामान्य अस्तित्व रखती है? यह सच है कि उसे पैतृक संपत्ति में भाग पाने का अधिकार है, स्वेच्छया विवाह करने, उसे तोड़ने, पुनर्विवाह और विधवा विवाह करने का अधिकार है। वह कहीं भी मुक्त-रूप से आ जा सकती है। कोई भी काम धन्धा कर सकती है। पर क्या, वह आज भी वैदिक-काल के समान सुरक्षित है? मध्य-युग में तो विदेशियों का डर था, आज वह अपनी से ही संरक्षित है एवं असुरक्षित है। केवल कानून बना देने से कोई काम नहीं हो सकता। आज

आवश्यकता यह है कि हर कोई यह समझे कि नारी समाज के दो पहलुओं में से एक है और जब तक उसका उद्धार नहीं होगा समाज का विकास नहीं होगा। किसी साहित्यकार ने सचही कहा है “जो हाथ पालने को झुलाता है वही हाथ संसार का शासन भी करता है” हमारे संस्कृत ग्रन्थों में सबसे पहले ‘मातृदेवो भव’ ही पाया जाता है।

यह जरूरी नहीं है कि नरियों को दफरों कार्यालयों में उच्च पदों पर ही बिठाया जाए, लेकिन अगर इन्हें समाज में वह अपेक्षित मान-सम्मान तथा स्थान मिल जाए जिसकी वह वास्तविक अधिकारिणी है तो बहुत कुछ हो सकता है क्योंकि सिर्फ नारी ही है जो घर-घर में सुख, शांति, स्वास्थ्य और स्वच्छता का सुंदर समन्वय करके इस धरती पर ही स्वर्ग उतर कर ला सकती है।

नारी-जागरण की भावना दिन प्रतिदिन बरू पकड़ रही है और एक दिन ऐसा भी आएगा जब संसार की नारियाँ पुरुषों की स्वार्थ-लिप्सा एवं युद्धप्रियता से तंग आकर शासन की बागडोर अपने हाथ में ले लेंगी और अपने प्राकृतिक लावण्य एवं सौंदर्य की पीयूष-वर्षा करती हुई इस पृथ्वी को ही स्वर्ग बना देंगी। फिर संसार में चिर-शांति होगी और अन्याय एवं अत्याचार का युग बोल चुका होगा। भारतीय नारी ऐसी ही विश्वव्यवस्था के लिए ही क्रियाशील है।

युग की पुकार नारी ने सुन ली है। इसलिए आज उसने अपनी संपूर्ण जड़ों का परित्याग कर



दिया है। उसकी विवशता पर गुप्तजी ने कहा था “अबला जीवन हाथ, तुम्हारी” यही कहानी; आँचल में है दूध और आँखों में पानी।”

आज वह जमाना बीत गया है। अब प्रसादजी के ये शब्द अविक उपयुक्त हैं।

“नारी! तुम केवल श्रद्धा हो विश्वास रजत नग - पल - तल में; पीयूष स्रोत बहा सी करो जीवन के सुन्दर सम-तल में।”

अमिता राममोहन

## दो क्षण हँस ले !

विनोद ने अपने दोस्त से पूछा—‘यार, तुमने इतनी धनवान औरत से शादी कैसे कर ली?’

दोस्त बोला — ‘बड़ी साधारण बात है, मैंने उसके चालीसवें जन्मदिन पर सोलह मोबत्तियाँ जलायीं और बात बन गई।’

\* \* \* \*

‘मुझे आपसे मिलकर बेहद खुशी हुई।’

‘मुझे भी आपसे मिलकर कोई खास दुख नहीं हुआ।’

\* \* \* \*

विमान यात्रा में एक युवक के साथ वाली सीट पर एक खूबसूरत युवती थी। युवक उससे बात करना चाहता था, लेकिन उसको समझ में नहीं आ

रहा था कि वह उससे आखिर क्या बात करे ?

बहुत सोचने के बाद आखिर कर उसने गला साफ करते हुए कहा ‘क्या आप भी इस विमान में यात्रा कर रही हैं?’

\* \* \* \*

‘अहा ! क्या दिन थे वे भी। कश्मीर की सुन्दर यादें मैं भुलाये नहीं भूल सकता।’

‘पर मेरे खयाल से तुम कभी काश्मीर गए ही नहीं,’ मित्रने याद दिलाया।

अरे भाई, मेरी श्रीमती जो गई थीं और यह मत पूछो कि उन दिनों मैं कितना सुखी था।’

चारु सिंघल I पी. यु. सी. (सी.बी.ज़ड.एच.)

## नशे का दानव

१९८५ का साल पूरे विश्व में “युवक वर्ष” के तौर पर मनाया गया। साल भर दुनिया के युवकों में मेल-जोल स्थापित करने के लिये विभिन्न देशों में एकता शिविर, युवक महोत्सव आदि का आयोजन किया गया। इन शिविरों में उन्होंने

महसूस किया कि अपनी भिन्नता को कायम रखकर भी अपनी सामंजस्य के सहारे विश्व शांति, एकात्मा स्थापित की जा सकती है। उन्होंने जाना कि शस्त्रों की होड़ के कारण विश्व अणुयुद्ध के कगार पर खड़ा है जिसका परिणाम होगा विश्व संहार।



विश्व इस होड़ से बचने का संकल्प लेकर वे अपने-अपने देशों में लौट आए और अपने संकल्प को पूरा करने में जुट गये ।

१९८५ साल संयुक्त राष्ट्र ने युवकों के नाम अर्पित किया, इसी से पता चलता है कि युवा शक्ति कितनी महत्वपूर्ण होती है, किसी भी राष्ट्र के निर्माण में इनका योगदान महत्वपूर्ण होता है । यही कारण है कि विश्व के मानीपी युवा वर्ग की ओर आशा से देख रहे हैं । पर क्या हमारे युवक इस काबिल हैं कि उनकी आशाओं को पूरा कर सकें ? विश्व को शस्त्रों के दानव से बचाने की बात तो दूर रही वे स्वयं ही एक भयानक दानव-नशे के दानव के चुंगुल में फँसते चले जा रहे हैं ।

यूँ तो नशीली वस्तुओं का सेवन प्राचीन समय से होता आरहा है । परन्तु युवा वर्ग इस सम्मोहन से सदा दूर रहा । बदलते अर्थतंत्र ने परिवारों का ढाँचा ही बदल दिया । माँ-बाप दोनों ही अर्थार्जन के लिये बाहर जाने लगे । बच्चों की तरफ उनका ध्यान कम होने लगा । काम के बोझ से दबे हुए माँ-बाप चाहते हुए भी अपने बच्चों के मित्रों या परिचितों पर ध्यान नहीं दे पाये । इन्हीं स्थितियों ने, गलत संगति ने भारतीय बच्चों व युवकों को नशीली दवाओं की तरफ धकेला ।

पहले-पहल इस नशे के राक्षस का विकराल रूप पश्चिमी देशों में ही देखा गया । कुछ समय पश्चात्, नशा करना एक फैशन समझा जाने लगा ।

स्वतंत्रता प्राप्ति के बाद अपनी पंचवार्षिक योजनाओं व प्राकृतिक संसाधनों के उचित उपयोग से भारत विकास की ओर बढ़ने लगा और विश्व के मुख्य विकासशील देशों में इसे गिना जाने लगा । परन्तु भारत का विकास, विश्व के अन्य राष्ट्रों को निगह में खटकने लगा । उसकी गुट निरपेक्ष नीति के कारण उसे युद्ध में डलवाया नहीं जा सकता था । अब उसके शक्ति-पुंज-उसकी युवा शक्ति को गलत रास्तों पर ले जाने का, उन्हें नशीली दवाओं के सेवन को आदत डलवाने या योजनाबद्ध प्रयास होने लगा । जहाँ १९७० तक, अपने ही देश में नशीली दवाओं के उत्पादन के बावजूद भी, इनका साधारण तक नहीं पड़ा था, उसी भारत को अब इन नशीली दवाओं के वहन का अन्तर्राष्ट्रीय मार्ग बनाया गया । अन्य देशों की तुलना में यहाँ ये दवाएँ सस्ती बिकने लगीं । स्कूल-कॉलेजों के बाहर ठेलों, खोमचों पर भी इनकी विक्री होने लगी । पुलिस ने कड़ी नीति अपनायी तो इन्होंने अपनी बिक्री के तरीके बदल दिये । अब नशीली दवाओं को टॉफियों, आइसक्रीमों आदि में मिलाकर बेचा जाने लगा । युवक जो पहले ही से इनके आदि हो चुके थे, ज्यादा मात्रा में इन चीजों का सेवन करने लगे और मासूम बच्चे कुछ न जानते हुए धीरे-धीरे इन दवाओं के दानव के चुंगुल में फँसने लगे । आज भारत में भी यह ज़हर कोने कोने में फैल चुका है । भारतीय सरकार भी सतर्क हो गयी है और इन दवाओं के रोगियों



के उपचार की भी व्यवस्था की गई है ।

प्रश्न यह उठता है कि हमारे युवा नशीली दवाओं का सेवन क्यों करते हैं ? यही प्रश्न उससे पूछे जाने पर जवाब मिलता है कि अपनी जिंदगी की अनगिनत तकलीफों को भूलने के लिए वे इनका उपयोग करते हैं । पर क्या परेशानियों को भूलने की बचाय उन्हें दूर करने का प्रयत्न ज्यादा लाभकारी नहीं है ? वास्तविकता तो यह है कि अधिकांश युवा वर्ग न जानते हुए इन दवाओं के चंगुल में फँस जाता है । उसे मालूम भी नहीं पड़ता कि कब यह नशीला जहर जिन्दगी की प्राथमिक आवश्यकताओं — हवा व पानी के साथ अपना नाम भी जोड़ लेता है । और फिर शुरु होती है पतन की कथा — माँ-बाप का विलाप घर में तनाव व समाज द्वारा उनका बहिष्कार ।

जब यह युवा वर्ग अप्रिय सच्चाइयों से दूर भागने के लिये व अपनी मुश्किलों का हल ढूँढने के लिए, नशीली दवाओं का आश्रय लेता है, वह इस बात से अनजान रहता है कि एक झूठ की नींव पर बने स्वर्ग में वह प्रवेश कर रहा है । जब तक यह कड़वा सत्य उसके सामने आता है, तब तक बहुत देर हो चुकी होती है और वह इन दवाओं का दास-मात्र बन कर रह जाता है । पूरे परिवार के दुःख का कारण यह युवा इस नशे के राक्षस के चक्रव्यूह में घुसता चला जाता है और एक ऐसी सीमा तक पहुँच जाता है जहाँ से लौटना मुमकिन नहीं ।

ज्यादातर प्रयोग की जाने वाली नशीली

वस्तुएँ हैं— मद्य, हीरोइन, अफीम, बारबिट्युरेट, एल० एड० डी० इत्यादि । इनका असर द्रव्य बात पर निर्भर करता है कि इनको इस्तेमाल करने वाला व्यक्ति कितने समय से इनका प्रयोग करता आ रहा है । इन दवाओं के आदी व्यक्ति को ज्यादा मात्रा में इनका सेवन करना पड़ता है और उनका असर भी जल्दी खत्म हो जाता है । तब यही व्यक्ति और दवा के लिए छटपटाता है और इसके न मिलने पर छटपटाते हुए प्राण दे देता है ।

परिवार और समाज से दुत्कारे जाने की बात को अगर हम महत्ता न भी दें, मगर इन दवाओं के दास युवक की शरीरिक व मानसिक हालत को देखते हुए, इन दवाओं का बहिष्कार करना ही उचित है । इन्हें इस्तेमाल करने से शरीर धीरे-धीरे अन्दर से खोखला होता चला जाता है, सोचने-समझने की शक्ति समाप्त हो जाती है, दिमाग खाली हो जाता है, और तो और आगे आने वाली पीढ़ियाँ भी इनके असर से बच नहीं पाती । माँ के इन दवाओं के सेवन से पैदा हुआ बच्चा शरीरिक अथवा मानसिक तौर पर विकलांग हो सकता है । इनका अर्थ तो यह कि हमारा वर्तमान शक्तिपुंज ही नहीं नष्ट होता, बल्कि भविष्य के कई शक्ति-पुंज समाप्त हो रहे हैं ।

हमारा राष्ट्र एक विकासशील राष्ट्र है । किसी भी राष्ट्र की मुख्य सम्पत्ति होती है उसका युवा वर्ग । एक विकासशील देश की हैसियत से, क्या भारत अपनी इस अमूल्य सम्पत्ति को नर्क के



कुँ मैं लुप्त होते देख सकता हूँ ? अगर ऐसी ही स्थिति रही तो एक दिन 'सोने की चिड़िया' कहलाया जाने वाला यह देश खण्डहर बनकर रह जाएगा। इसलिए हमें जल्द ही कुछ ऐसा करना है जिससे ये युवा सच्चाइयों से अवगत हों कठिनाइयों का साहस से सामना करें और अपनी अनमोल जिन्दगी को यूँ नर्क की आग में न

धकेलें। आइए, हम सब प्रतिज्ञा करें कि "इस नशे के राक्षस को हम भारत से खदेड़ कर रहेंगे"

जयहिन्द

वन्दना शर्मा  
तृतीय पी. सी. एम.

## हमारा कॉलेज

नाम सभी ने सुना है शायद "माऊंट कार्मल"  
सुनते ही नाम होती है दिल में "हलचल"  
मन सब का यहाँ है बड़ा ही "कोमल"  
दिल चाहता है पढ़ते रहे यहाँ "हर पल"  
सब है यहाँ सुन्दर कक्षाएँ  
क्यान्टीन और बहुत सारे "नल"  
और उन से बहता ठंडा "जल"  
पढ़ाई में सबसे आगे है "छात्र"  
इतना मशहूर कॉलेज  
शायद यही है "एकमात्र"  
अध्यापकों में छपता है इसका नाम "सदा"  
मुख्यमन्त्री आदि लोगों की प्रशंसा से "लदा"  
प्रार्थना से होता है दिन यहाँ "शुरु"  
प्रणाम करते हैं उन्हें जो हैं हमारे "गुरु"  
प्रिन्सिपल तो हैं बहुत ही "अच्छी"  
दिल की भी हैं बड़ी ही "सच्ची"  
अध्यापिकाएँ बड़ा अच्छा "पढ़ाती" हैं;

ज्ञान हमारी "बढ़ाती" हैं  
तरक्की की सीढ़ियाँ "चढ़ाती" हैं  
देखा है हमारा लैब ? अरे बापरे "बाप"  
बोतलों में बंद बिच्छु और "सॉप !"  
लड़कियाँ तो हैं इतनी "खुबसूरत"  
ऐसा है क्यों भई पूछिए "मत"  
जब भी होता है यहाँ "फूडसेल"  
खाने को मिलते हैं "जामुन और भेल"  
बड़ा ही सुन्दर है यह "कॉलेज"  
यहाँ की कुर्सियाँ यहाँ के "मेज़"  
यहाँका ऑडिटोरियम और यहाँका "स्टेज"  
इसीलिए, हर माँ बाप अपनी लड़कियों को यहाँ  
देते हैं "भेज"  
ऐसा ही इसका नाम बना "रहे"  
कम होगा इसके बारे में जो भी "कहें"  
एलिजबेथ ओबेड  
I बी. एस. सी. (सिबिसेड)







