

ROYALE M.C.C.



40 YEARS OLD



# The Carmelian

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No 1 VOL (XL) MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE ANNUAL '87-'88 150 PAGES Rs 20/-

## 'ELECTIONS AT CARMELS'

After barely a week of frantic campaigning, a new government was ushered into power. It was a multiparty ensemble. Shonali Gupte was unsure of victory till the end, her opponent being the veteran Arlene James. Lorraine Joseph had a facile triumph over her nearest competitor, Sandhya Ramachandran for

the post of General Secretary. Suparna Bhoomick and Sureka Sarathy have been voted Ministers of Culture. Nisha Prabhu has been given the key and crucial post of Treasurer. Radha Venugopal-an was co-opted into the Union. Deepika Reddy and Geetha Makhija were voted PUC Representatives.

## SWEARING IN.....

The 'Swearing-In' ceremony of the newly elected student government of the college took place on the 23rd of August, 1987. The Investiture marked the formal beginning of college activities. The Guest of Honour for the occasion was Mr. Abid Ali, DIG - Bangalore Police, who was formally introduced by Sr. Genevieve - on behalf of Sr. Jesuine Marie and the entire college.

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. Suparna Bhoomick read out the Secretary's

report outlining future activities for the year 1987-88. The Chief Guest's speech which was sprinkled with humour was enthusiastically received by the students and staff. A classical dance and Western Music programme followed.

Unions of St. Joseph's Arts and Science and Commerce, Christ College and M.E.S. felicitated the union with bouquets.

Shonali Gupte, the College President, proposed the vote of thanks. The function ended with the college song, University and National Anthems which was followed by elevenses at Fatima Hall for the guests and faculty members.

## M.C.C. WEATHER

Blue skies on holidays. Grey skies during the week. Depression during class hours. Hot-wave towards canteen at lunch time. Relief showers at Break-time.

Perverse monsoon downpour strikes campus at 4.00 p.m. sharp. Exam fever brings on mental drought. No significant change in level of knowledge.

## MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE IN ALL ITS RESPLENDENT GLORY



## A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

If you wish to learn the language of Silicon Valley, Mount Carmel has a computer course for you. We've chipped off a part of the old block so you can explore the world of bits and bytes and megahertz. Feel superior. Be superior. Make friends with the best brain invented by mankind.

## CAMPUS COLOURS

It is an established fact that Carmelites ever since the days of yore have cultivated a distinct style of dressing. Rekha Ganeshan's dusky charm and Malini Chakraborty's dimpled smile are famous. Sheshadri's orthodox attitude and Kapadia's occidental ways are symbiotic. It is not unusual to see a misty chiffon shroud draped elegantly on a Persis Khambatta look alike, or a mean looking cat with enough bicycle chains around her neck to kill her ten times over. A sleek hydrogen-peroxidised head tossing contemptuously with stars and crescents and globes dropping in gay profusion from the ears, a pair of gangling legs flowing out of Bermudas. The dazed beholder would reach for sunglasses in spellbound

## 'CRUISING DOWN THE DRIVE'

One of the most famous institutions of Mount Carmel is the drive. It is the resort of hunted criminals who have not brought their books or done their maths homework. It is also meant for those who have a psychological antipathy for lecturers and that abominable creation of Lucifer - studies.

silence. One can spot maxis, midis, minis, micros, churidars, jeans and the like being worn to perfection on our campus. We are proud of our unique 'Carmelite School of Dressing'.

## COLLEGE TRIPS

Every year tours and excursions are organised by the college. The final year Botany students combine pleasure with study and opt for mountain-resorts, either Kodaikanal or Ooty. History students take off to historical places like Belur, Halebid, Ajanta and Ellora Caves etc..... while for the pleasure seekers - any place on the map is good enough. Carmelites have surely globe-trotted Europe, America, The Far East. Yes. Watch out Russia 'Carmelites are coming.'

## ZONE OF THE MUSES

The Mount Carmel library is more than a mass of books. Quite often, "Come and see me in the library", has an ominous note. Has the lecturer concerned noticed that hastily-stifled yawn? If you are a bit tired of the minds of the present, Homer and Dickens await you. Maybe you are disgusted with consistent low figures. Deep reference can be done.

## VENI, VIDI, VICI

Convocation time is Carmelite time. What with our firsts, seconds and tens raking a rich haul of medals. Be it Literature, Home Science, Physics, Maths or Psychology, Humanities or Commerce, Carmelite Power is on display everytime.

## CARMEL'S FAST FOOD JOINT

The canteen dishes out oily samosas the way seamen dredge up oily fish. There is meat and spice. Everything is nice

with Polly acting queen. Confusion and noise, lack of poise ... Oops someone's dived into the soup tureen!

## CALL YOURSELF...



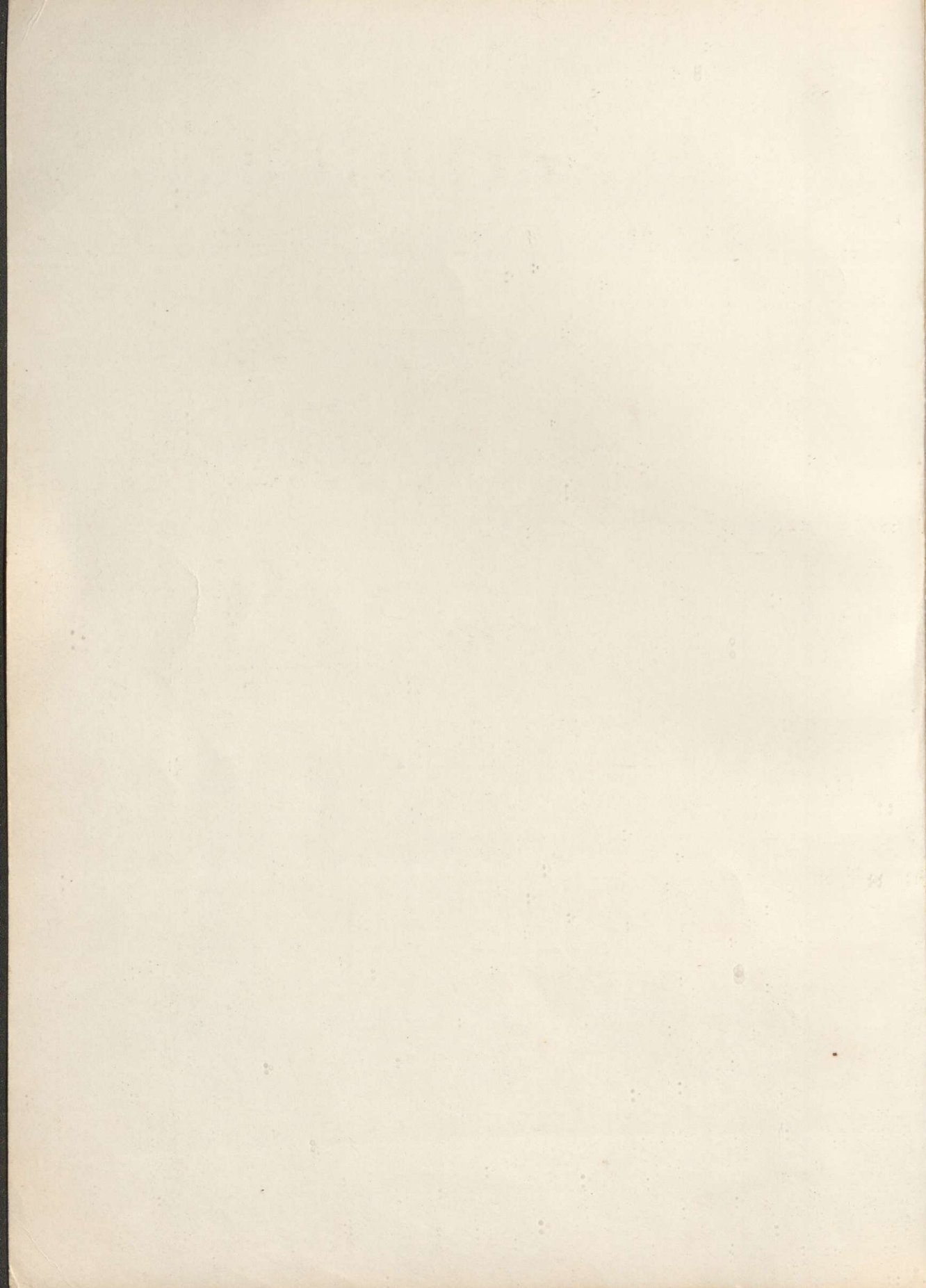
- Academically Oriented?
- Value Conscious?
- Sociable, Enterprising?
- Creative?
- A Winner?

IF SO, THEN APPLY FOR ADMISSION TO:  
MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE

## TOGETHER WE STAND









# CARMELIAN

(14 A)



Mount Carmel College Annual

1987-88



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76 x 18.

(15A)

18.  
72  
4  
76



(9A)

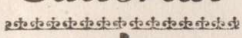
To Mary, Mother of God  
we entrust  
the youth confided to our care.





(13A)

# Editorial



*It's Spring once again and our mag, has hit the stands. From day one, my faithful band and I have been on the move — scouting for talent, trying to draw out student potential through articles, poems, essays, shortstories, cartoons, collages, photographs — scrutinising all these under a microscope, revising, recasting, and finally moulding it into a 'magazine-worthy shape'.*

*Yes, a lot of toil and sweat has gone into the making of this mag. Yet, despite our travails and mistakes we have somehow managed to steer our magazine to its day of judgement.*

18A

*Losing our old haunt — 'The Ed-shed' to a 'generator' is a loss we bemoaning. Nevertheless we learnt to be extremely careful. Every conceivable nook on campus became 'op ig-area' Together we worked out sundry, minute, nitty-gritty 'n g-matters' and had faith that it would undergo a metamorphosis with our magic and emerge all razzle — dazzle.*

*To capsulize the past year — it has been one of challenges, achievements and breaking new ground. Our activities continued like a 'subterranean stream'. An efficient and effective College Union, smooth functioning of the various associations, Comex — An Exhibition on Commerce, Representatives at the Republic Day Parade at Delhi, the countless laurels our girls have brought home .....*



*All this has been heady.....*

*Just then .....*

*A small voice whispers.....*

*\*Do not rest on your laurels.*

*A man's reach should exceed his grasp*

*Or what's a Heaven for?"*

*Collectively, we have been inspired and motivated by this thought .....*

*At Mount Carmel, we are proud to equip our students to run the race, face the challenges and surmount the hurdles with dignity and grace.*

*My special thanks are due to the contributors, library staff and the student magazine committee who worked so hard to launch this magazine.*

*As Editor, it's my privilege and honour to encourage creative writing talent and chronicle the year's events.*

*I do hope reading the magazine is an enjoyable experience which you savour and relish.*





## STUDENT EDITORIAL

### Hypothesis :—

Working on the magazine is loads of fun — Sure !

Lots of pain — You bet !

### To Prove :—

Contrary to popular belief, talent does exist in Carmels.

### Material Required :—

1. Lots of muscle power (preferably not between the ears.)
2. Influence with the Muses.
3. Days with 48 hours ..... or more.
4. Required I. Q.—Anything above 90 will be appreciated, thank you.
5. Mathematical ability to count : when unedited reports are (not) handed in.
6. Shoestring budget.

### Places Haunted :—

1. Canteen (only zone of ins.)
2. English Dept.
3. Union Room.
4. Darkest corners of the library where "whispering" is permitted.
5. Any sundry steps.

### Causes :—

Ed. Shed usurped by a generator. Machine over wo-manpower.  
Hence, any which space will do.

### Procedure :—

Take sheet of paper, grab pen, start scribbling furiously as if inspired.  
Then crumple and throw aforementioned paper into nearest bin.  
Now take fresh sheet of paper and compose report on competitions  
you never attended any way.

Refer to Roget's Thesaurus for standard cliches.



## **OBSERVATIONS :—**

1. Singular lack of reporters/inspiration.
2. Material ? Immaterial !

## **INFERENCES :—**

1. Editors have to formulate reports on their own.
2. Mag. runs risk of never making it to the printers.

## **CATALYSTS :—(The Credits)**

1. Poetic skills — Lesley Smith.
2. Artists — Chitra Narayan and Anjali Banerjee—really indispensable.
3. Proof-readers — Sandhya Venkatesh, Sandhya Nair and Shirin Ahmed.
4. Anitha Ramanna + electronic typewriter = one number 'Romba thanks.
5. Reporters all.
6. Ex-pert Guidance — Ms. Anita Kuryan — Thanxalot

## **RESULTS :—**

Bit by bit, mag, takes shape.

One by one, editors commit suicide.

## **Incentives for successors : -**

The job comes with halo, harp and a pair of wings.

Signed :

(Your Late) Student  
Editors.

**Radha Venugopalan**  
**Adele Braganza**



TOP HONORARY



Our Principal : Sr. Jesuine Marie

19A



# TOP HONOURS



The National Institution of Quality Assurance, Bangalore which has now merged with the National Institution of Quality and Reliability, honours professionals who have excelled in their respective fields.

This year, our former Vice Principal Sister Imelda was honoured on the 20th September at Hotel Woodlands for her contribution and long years of service in the field of education.

Congratulations Sr. Imelda, Mount Carmel is very proud of you !



17A

## **"Yes! The good Mother smiled..."**

(Commemoration of the Second Marian Year in the Church and the Feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, 16th July 1987, Mount Carmel Convent, Palace Road, Bangalore.)

Music and prayers filled the air as the seemingly interminable porocession in honour of Our Lady of Mount Carmel wound its way into the serene chapel for the Eucharistic Celebration.

His Lordship, Rt. Rev. Dr. Francis Michaelappa, Bishop of Mysore was the chief celebrant and concelebrating with him were many other priests both diocesan and religious. The hymns, reading and the homily, all highlighted the role of Mary, Mother of the Redeemer — ever loving, ever present, ever loving to help Her children beset by sorrow in this "vale of tears". The congregation that filled the chapel, spilling over into the grounds outside, listened with rapt attention to the fervent homily on the power of the Rosary and the Scapular — Mary's gifts to troubled mankind — a living testimony to Her love and care.

The awed hush as the members of the Carmelite Congregation renewed their vows was followed by the inevitable scramble to be enrolled in the Confraternity of the Brown Scapular. Men, women and children hastened to the altar to evince their faith in Mary and the power of the Brown Scapular.

After a simple informal tea, the Principal Sr. Jesuine Marie, welcomed the guests to a cultural feast that appealed to the visual and auditory imagination. The cultural programme focussed on Mary's constant and reassuring presence in the world.

A choral rendition proclaimed Mary "Mother of the Church" reinforced by a vision throughout of the Mother enfolding Her children. As the many voices of the chorus died down, a single stirring voice paid tribute to Mary in verse. The vibrant litany of praise continued to swell more confidently each time the curtain rose on visions of the Mother — at Lourdes, Fatima and Rome.

10A



A rhapsody in blue and white, a golden rose on each foot, She stood, framed in a rocky grotto, smiling serenely at Bernadette, a simple peasant girl while the chorus sang.....

“ No sad lament, no tears,  
Above that rose bush wild,  
She smiled away all fears,  
Yes! The good Mother smiled.”

Resplendent in the white and gold mantle of Fatima, She next appeared to Lucia, Jacinta and Francisco, encircled in light to the joyous echo of “Ave, Ave, Ave Maria.”

More dramatic was the next tableau where Bruno Cornachiola stormed on to the stage, enraged by the sight of his three children Carlo, Isola and Juan Franco kneeling before a vision of “the Beautiful Lady”. In the blinding flash of light and realisation that followed a blackout — both literal and metaphorical, the audience watched him sink to his knees to become one of the most committed and devout followers of Mary.

The theme was then passionately and convincingly expounded by Rev. Fr. Claude D’Souza S. J., Rector, St. Joseph’s College. He elaborated on the theme articulated so eloquently by the tableaux and so dear to the heart of His Holiness, Pope John Paul II. Mary is the Mother of Christ the Redeemer and our Mother. She is always at hand when shadows threaten and sorrows seem to engulf mankind. She is not just Our Lady of the Seven Dolours, but a figure of joyous, radiant commitment and conviction. She is always there, reaching out to Her children .... spreading over them Her mantle of protection and love....

....and there She was again, as the curtain rose on the fitting finale of the Scapular Vision of Our Lady of Mount Carmel to St. Simon Stock in 1251. Holding Her Divine Son close with one arm, She extended the Scapular with the other to the kneeling figure at Her feet. Her smile, encouraging and benign, “smiled away all fears,” and lingered in the hearts of the audience as the programme drew to a close with acknowledgements by Sr. Stella Maris, Superior, and the resounding Papal Anthem.

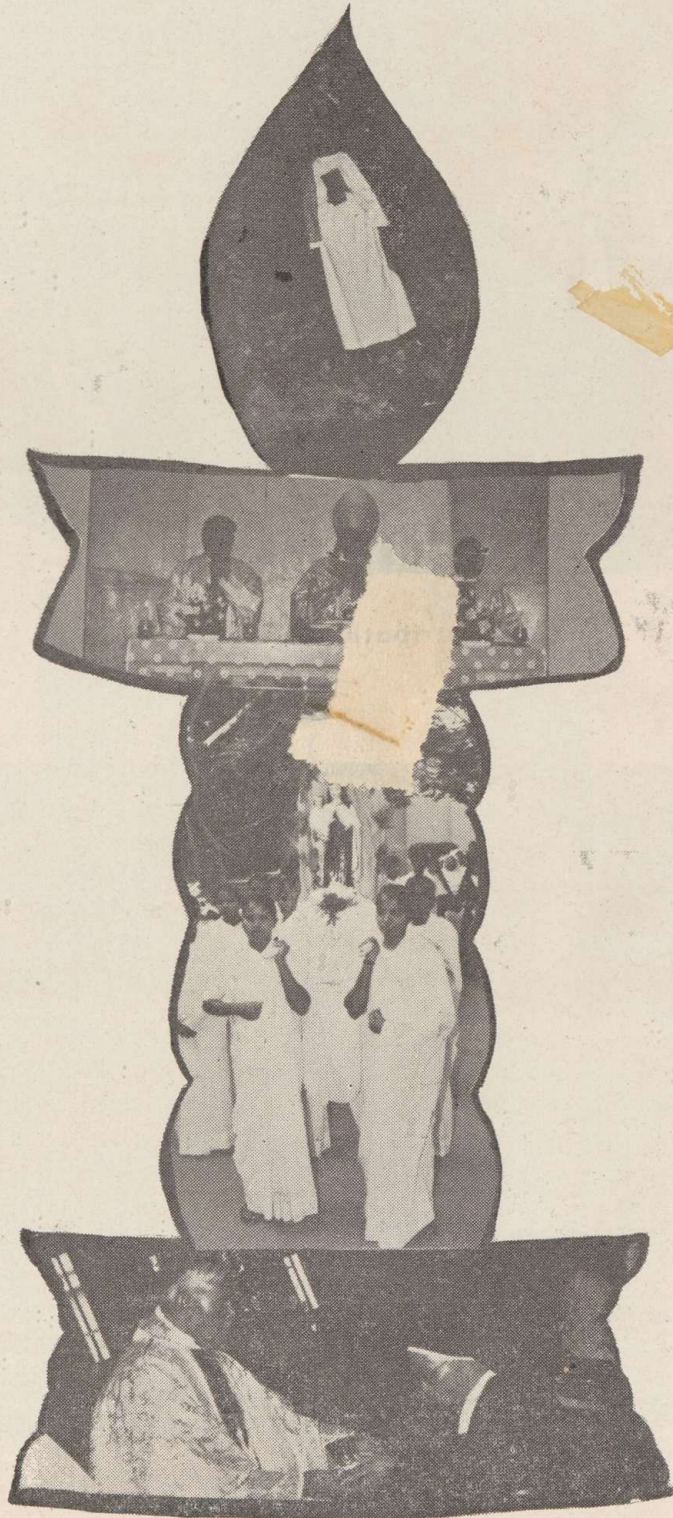
**Annie Chandy Mathew,**  
*English Department.*

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12A

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL

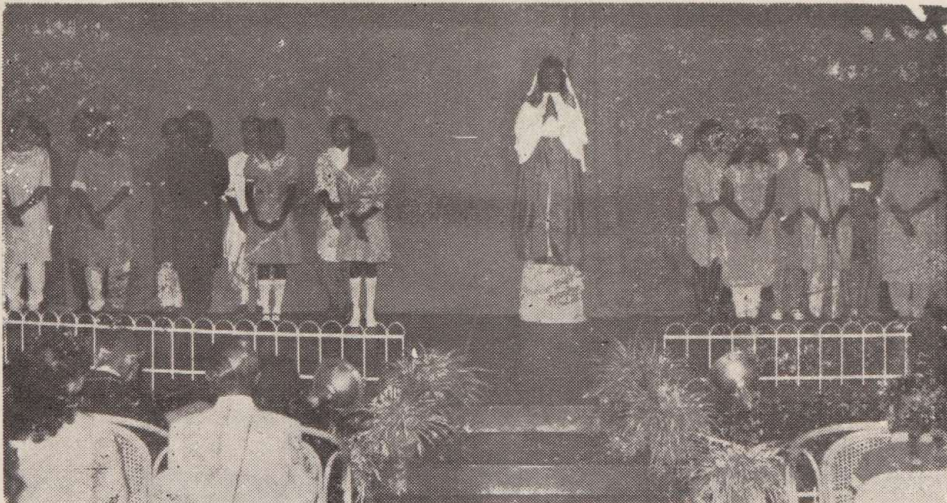


22A





**Distribution of Scapulars.**



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



PARENTS DAY

~~11A~~

11A



20A





## PARENTS DAY



SONG



DANCE



DRAMA



# Mount Carmel College, Bangalore

Parents' Day, 1987

SA(B)

Under the Distinguished Patronage of

**Dr. M. G. SHESHADRI**

Worshipful Mayor, Corporation of the City of Bangalore

## REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1986-1987

Sir, Rev. Fathers, Sisters, Ladies & Gentlemen, it is with much pleasure that I place before you the Report of the functioning of the College during the last academic year.

### STRENGTH

The strength of the College at the end of the year was 2668 as against 2747 at the commencement. We have not been successful in keeping it down. Certainly it is not our intention that the College should go on expanding in numbers for in this lurks the danger of fall in standards.

### EXAMINATION RESULTS

Our examination results though perhaps the best in Bangalore University, for reasons not quite known to us, have not been entirely satisfactory. The following list will give you an idea :

Examination	Number appeared	Number passed	Percentage of full passes	First Class	Second Class	Third Class
<b>PRE-UNIVERSITY</b>						
Arts	113	103	91	68	26	9
Science	294	275	93	228	45	2
Commerce	186	175	94	121	41	13
<b>DEGREE</b>						
I Year B.A.	170	104	61.2	29	54	20
I Year B.Sc.	178	136	76.4	88	44	4
I Year B.Com.	174	116	63.1	36	44	29
II Year B.A.	140	107	76.4	41	41	25
II Year B.Sc.	142	99	69.72	64	32	3
II Year B.Com.	157	94	60.00	30	50	14
Final Year B.A.	128	111	87.7	44	15	22
Final Year B.Sc.	146	119	81.5	82	36	1
Final Year B.Com.	144	77	53.4	49	31	6



## DISTINCTIONS

Class	Rank	Holders	Rank
<b>II Year PUC</b>			
Arts	....	Susmita Subramanyam	.... VI
"	....	Hannah Sampath Kumar	.... VII
Science	....	Jyotsna Sreenivas	.... VIII
Commerce	....	Sandhya Venkatesan	.... VIII
		Saraswathi	.... I (among SC / ST candidates)
<b>Final B.A.</b>			
		Manjula Vijay Kumar Malimath	I
		Deepa Talgery G	.... III
		Bukkapatnam Renu	.... V
		Vidya C.	.... VI
		Dakshyani Unni	.... VII
		Malathi S. Patil	.... VIII
<b>Final B.Sc.</b>			
		Lovy D'Silva	.... II
		Prabha Sadasivan	.... IV
		Vandana	.... VII
		Mallika Nagarajan	.... X
<b>Final B Com.</b>			
		P. S. Jannavi	.... V
		Sujatha A. Rao	.... VI
		S. Rama	.... X

At the Convocation held in May 1987, the following students of the 1985-86 batch received awards :

Anne Marie Ferris Prabhu of the Final Home Science class — 2 gold medals viz., Smt. Saroja Bai Keshava Gold medal for securing the highest marks in Home Science and Dr. B. Susheela Lingaiah Gold medal for securing the highest marks in the aggregate (Home Science).



Divya Kumari Prasad of the Final B.Sc. (PCM) class — 4 prizes — Tait Memorial Fund Prize for the best student in Compulsory English, the Dr. Sri. M. Visveswaraya Centenary Celebration Prize awarded to the best student passing the B.Sc. examination, the Central College Diamond Jubilee Commemoration prize awarded to the best B.Sc. student, the M.E.S. College Silver Jubilee prize awarded to the student obtaining the highest marks including languages.

Satyavathi G of the Final B.A. class — 2 gold medals and a prize — the Sri. M. Srinivasa Iyengar and Smt. Doreshallamma gold medal awarded to the Final B.A. student securing highest marks in Political Science and Economics, The 37th Indian Political Science Conference commemoration gold medal awarded to the B.A. student securing the highest marks in Political Science and the Sri. Rajamanthra Praveena Sri. S. P. Rajagopalachari Memorial prize awarded to the student securing the highest marks in Political Science in the B.A. Degree examination.

Lakshmi V. of the Final Home Science class — a prize — the Dr. B. Susheela Lingaiah prize for the student securing highest marks in Nutrition and Dietetics.

#### **FACULTY :**

It is our great desire that our teachers be aware of their tremendous responsibility in moulding the minds of the students and preparing them for the next century. We therefore encourage and facilitate the participation of our Teachers in courses and conferences to enable them to keep abreast of latest research and extension of knowledge in the relevant disciplines.

A 3-day seminar on Autonomy was organised at the College to introduce the entire teaching staff to the concept of Autonomy. Some of them have also been deputed to seminars and courses held in and outside Bangalore. The programmes attended by them are detailed below :

1. Seminar on Science and Scientific Temper attended by Principal Sr. Jesuine Marie at the Y.M.C.A. Community Hall — organised by the Directorate of Collegiate Education.

2. Karnataka-Andhra Joint Regional Consultation on Autonomy attended by Dr. (Sr.) M. Genevieve, Reader in Botany — organised by AIACHE.

3. Value Education for Schools and Colleges, attended by Sr. M. Josephette, Head of the Department of Home Science — organised by the CRI.

4. CBCI workshop on Inter-Religious dialogue attended by Sr. M. Josephette — organised by Ashirvad, Bangalore.



5. A 2 month diploma course on World Eastern Religions attended by Sr. M. Josephette and Sr. M. Albina, Head of the Department of Sociology — organised by Dharmaran College.

6. Seminar on National Policy on Education — 'Special Emphasis on Human Values' attended by Sr. M. Jesuina, Lecturer in French and Mrs. Annie Mathew, Lecturer in English — organised by the Directorate of Collegiate Education.

7. Seminar on "Stage de methodologic" attended by Sr. M. Jesuina — arranged by Alliance Francaise de Bangalore.

8. Seminar on "Stage de Perfectionnement Linguistique" attended by Sr. M. Jesuina — organised by Alliance Francaise de Bangalore.

9. USEFI seminar on Community Colleges, attended by Miss Rugmani Nayar, Head of the Department of Psychology.

10. Workshop on Sound and Structure conducted by Bangalore University in September '86 attended by Miss Anita Kuryan, Lecturer in English.

11. A Certificate course on "Innovations in Education" conducted by Rashtreeya Sikshana Samithi Trust, R. V. Teachers College, Bangalore attended by Miss Anita Kuryan, Lecturer in English.

12. A Course on 'Basic Electronics' conducted by Indian Physics Association, Bangalore Chapter, at Central College, attended by Miss V. Uma Lecturer in Electronics.

**INTERACT** — A Staff organisation was started with a view to create a sense of oneness among the members of the community and to unite as a family in any interaction.

### **SPORTS AND GAMES**

Our students continued as in former years to keep the college flag flying high, proving their merit through dedicated and disciplined participation in the various events.

The college sports at which Officer Commanding Major S. C. Manocha was Chief Guest, was an occasion to spot fresh talent. The Junior Championship was bagged by Aparna Rathan who won the title of Fastest Athlete of the University. Roselyn James clinched the Senior Championship and Rebecca Lobo received the Best Athlete Award.

**Athletics:** For the 22nd year, our College team won the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Championship. Our Star Athlete Rebecca Lobo won the Individual Championship and Aparna Rathan emerged as Fastest Athlete of the meet. Geetha Maria Pinto our Athletics Captain, won the 800 mts.



Geetha Maria Pinto, Rebecca Lobo, Aparna Rathan, Jayanthi N and Shirley Prasad by their outstanding performance in the City meet, were selected to participate at the All India Metropolitan Meet held at Madras. Aparna was selected to represent the State in the Junior Nationals held in Bangalore.

**Basket Ball :** In this game too, our team members reigned supreme winning the Inter-Collegiate trophy, State Round Table Championship, BMS, College Tournament, J.N.C's Kalayatra Championship, I.I.T. Madras — All India Tournament and the runners-up place in the All India Tournament conducted by the Y.W.C.A. Cochin, and I.I.Sc. Bangalore.

Jayavanthi N. S. represented the country at the Asian Basketball championship in Kuala Lumpur and the VI National Meet at Delhi. Rekha Mallick, Jayavanthi N. S. Nivedita Kelvadi, Mala B and Sharon Mackenzie were in the Senior State team while Samyukta Anjum, Shivani Gupta, Aarathi Maney and Poorni Ramaswamy represented the Junior State team. Gita Ramu Indira Prasad and M. P. Rekha were members of the University team.

**Badminton :** The College team comprising Sarita D'Costa, Preetha Appaiah, and Preethi P. D. won the Inter-Collegiate Tournament conducted by the Bangalore University.

**Cricket :** We had the distinction of winning the U Plast Inter-Collegiate trophy. Jayavathy N. S. and Sharon Mackenzie received special awards for their outstanding performance. Kavitha M. P. represented the State at the Senior Nationals at Hyderabad. Roopa and Bharati represented the State in the Junior Nationals at Kottayam.

**Cycling :** Cheryl Webber, our Ace Cyclist represented India in the recently concluded Asian Games at Seoul.

**Hockey :** The newly started Inter-Collegiate Hockey championship of the university was won by our team. Aruna Chittaranjan was selected Captain of the University team. Anjana Gupta and Nikhila Sreenivasan were selected to represent the Senior State team.

**Shooting Ball :** This newly started game similar to Volley Ball is fast catching up and had its Nationals at Jaipur. Bindu Ramachandran, Ranjani M and Swarnalatha S. V. were selected to represent the State.

**Soft Ball :** We retained the Inter-Collegiate Soft-Ball championship for the 13th year in succession. At the recently conducted D. P. Memorial Tournament, we had to be satisfied with the runners-up position. However



the team captained by Nandini Kalappa was adjudged the Most Disciplined Team. Lorraine Joseph was awarded the Best Batter prize while Susan Lewis walked away with the award for the Best Catcher.

**Swimming :** Our Mermaids Chetana Bhat and Neeta Kallappa excelled in the pool retaining the swimming championship of the University. Our swimmers Lorraine Verghese and Shanaz Shakur of international fame rewrote national records at Pune. Lorraine Verghese added 6 golds to her already rich haul of medals collected at the National Sports Festival at Chandigarh.

**Tennikoit :** The College team represented by Geetha Maria Pinto and Rashmi Melanta won the Inter-Collegiate and State Championships. Geetha and Rashmi represented the State at the Junior Nationals held at Delhi. Geetha represented the State Senior team at Ahmedabad.

**Throw Ball :** The College team won the Invitational Tournament conducted at Hassan, the College Tournament and the Indira Gandhi Memorial conducted by N.S.I.U.

**Volley Ball :** Our College team won the Inter-Collegiate Bangalore University Tournament, the Youth Congress Indira Gandhi Memorial Tournament and the I.I.Sc Tournament. Amita S and Roopa V represented Bangalore University.

Our players on and off field have displayed a tremendous spirit of sportsmanship keeping up the high standard of Mount Carmel Sports.

## **NATIONAL CADET CORPS**

Our Cadets did a very impressive job this year putting not only the Karnataka Girls Battalion on the map, but Mount Carmel College also.

They were selected to participate in the All India Advanced Leadership Camp which was held at Tiruchirapalli this year. At this camp they were given training in Signals, Home Nursing and First Aid and won prizes including the one for Cross Country running.

The All India Basic Leadership Camp was held at Trivandrum for which too our Cadets were selected.



Thirty seven cadets with their Lady Officer attended the Annual training camp at R. T. C. School, Bangalore. They did very well, winning the I prize for drill; the II prize for Culturals and the II prize for Cross Country running. Under Officer Farhana was basically in charge of the Mount Carmel Cadets.

Several of our cadets participated enthusiastically in the Hospital Attachment Camp held at the Air Force Hospital, Bangalore.

Anila Jacob, Anita Chaudhury and Jayanthi Venkataraman attended the Mini I and Mini II Camps which were conducted for specialised training for the final R. D. camp.

C. Q. M Hatshet was chosen from our contingent to go on a rock climbing spree at Gwalior.

Nirmala Cano, Jayanthi Venkataraman and Anita Chaudhury attended the RD Camp at Delhi. Nirmala Cano won a Silver Medal for our State for aeromodelling. Nirmala Cano had previously also attended a Vayusainik Camp (meant only for airwing cadets) and won the gold medal for aeromodelling.

Our cadets also participated in various activities undertaken by the Karnataka Girls Battalion especially on NCC Day and at the NCC Seminar which our Lady Officer and a few cadets attended.

Cadet Anitha Choudhary was sent to Canada for the All India Youth Exchange Programme. Cadet Revathi Arasu has been selected for para-trooping.

Twenty two cadets appeared for their B Certificate and C Certificate examination and with this, the year's activities came to an end.

Our College has been recommended for 'The Best Institution' Trophy, for NCC activities in Karnataka and Goa, by our Officer Commanding Major S. C. Manocha.

### **NSS AND SOCIAL SERVICE**

A hundred students were enrolled in the NSS. It was strongly felt that our students should be exposed to village life and its problems. After an initial survey of some villages, Chennahalli a village 21 kms from Bangalore was selected and a socio-economic survey of the same was conducted.

32 volunteers attended a 10-day camp at this village. A health programme including classes in Hygiene, an eye check-up, a leprosy check-up, malnutrition check-up and immunisation, was carried out. Films on relevant topics were screened. There was a demonstration of cooking the right way preserving the food value of the ingredients. Besides our students, the local youth was also involved in cultural activities.



Even after the camp our girls continued to visit and work at the village carrying on follow up programmes and succeeded in establishing rapport with the villagers.

The volunteers involved themselves in other activities such as the collection of old clothes, foot wear, medicine bottles for our charity dispensary and helped in raising funds to provide a disabled man with an artificial limb.

The performance of our girls in the NSS diploma exam was excellent all of them passing in the I Class.

The College through its Social Service League caters to the under privileged by preference.

The Home Science Department has used the various aspects of the curriculum to effectively help the underprivileged of our society. This is how CARMEL ANGANWADI in collaboration with the Department of Social Welfare, Government of Karnataka came into being on October 1st, 1986. The hundred beneficiaries include pre-schoolers, infants, pregnant and nursing mothers from the neighbouring Vasaathnagar slum. The project includes the following services : pre-school education, supplementary feeding programme, health check-up and immunisation and vocational training.

CARMEL CHARITY DISPENSARY run by the College functions 3 days in the week. The stock of medicine is sustained by the students, friends, pharmaceutical firms, physicians' samples and clubs. Its maintenance is largely through the production and sale of liquid detergent. About 60-70 patients are treated each week. Cases of serious illness where there is need of hospitalisation are referred to specialists in well known hospitals. Our dispensary also has experts who detect cases of malnutrition, which are taken care of by the dispensary.

The College tries to meet the educational needs of poor neighbouring school-going children, repeaters and school dropouts. Most of them are first generation learners. They are collected from their homes and the streets and brought to the campus for regular coaching classes.

Our economically backward students are helped according to their needs with freeships, examination fees, books, free mid-day meals and even clothes and footwear. The College by its own efforts has instituted 46 scholarships for deserving students.



Our employees are helped with interest-free loans to construct their simple 1-2 roomed houses. The poor, unemployed and aged who come to our doors are also helped, without distinction of caste or creed. The homes of the poor in Vasanthanagar are visited and helped.

The Social service League has created a new social awareness in the College.

### **Student Government and Student Activities :**

Our aim is to give our students a chance to match the best in the country in Knowledge, Creativity and Attitudes and Values conducive to their own and national development.

The Student Government recorded very good work this year both intra-mural, and extra mural, in every field of activity.

A Superb dance recital by Ionee Miranda of the II B.Com. won her a Special grant of Rs. 6,000/- from Chief Minister Ramakrishna Hegde, to do an advanced course under Fr. Barboza of Bombay. Karnataka Minister for Higher Education Dr. Jeevaraj Alva, who presided was much impressed by Ionee's rendering of the dance, "The creation of the World and the Gift of Life."

A Mathematics Club was formed for the purpose of stimulating and developing the interest of our students in Mathematics.

The Phoenix Nature Club was inaugurated for the benefit of the students interested in probing into the secrets of nature, and making a study of wild life.

'Hindi Day' was celebrated on the birth anniversary of Sri. Marthilisharan Gupta. Our Hindi students participated in 23 inter-collegiate contests, winning prizes in 20 of them. They also bagged 9 trophies.

A blood donation camp was held.

An inter-collegiate cultural festival 'Vistas '86' was held, the proceeds of which were used for the purchase of a Photocopier.

Mount's Pioneer Company Ltd. — a functioning company with Directors, Shareholders et al was started and operated by the Final B.Com. students.



Various interclass competitions in Music, Dance and Drama, Quiz, Art, Debates, Elocution, Essay were held with the purpose of spotting talent. The best students were selected for participation in Inter-Collegiate contests. They came home proudly displaying their shields and other awards they had won, both individually and in teams.

The following is a list of our students' achievements :

### **Utsav — BMS College of Engineering Festival**

Western Music .... Our College team won the overall trophy

Vocal solo .... Nayana Lobo — I Place, Vocal group —

Liza Fernandes, Nayana Lobo, Rosita D'Souza, Nisha Prabhu, Mira Thesan, Gowri Narain, Rebecca Lobo and Jacqueline Kelly — I

Instrumental Group .... Nisha Prabhu, Mira Thesan, Gowri Narain,

Liza Fernandes — I, Instrumental solo — Mira Thesan — II

Indian Folk Music — Vasuki V. Kanakamani, Anitha B. V.

Padmini S., Soujanya K. and Kavitha B — III

### **Vybhav — BIT Festival**

Indian solo (light) — Preetha Nair — I, Jilon hit — Preetha Nair II

Painting — Preetha Gowda — I

### **Forum of free Enterprise — Elocution Contest**

Meenaxi S. — I (Cash prize for Rs. 100/-)

### **St. Anne's Junior College — Lecture Competition**

Mount Carmel Team — Deepika Reddy and Pavithra P — II place

Deepika Reddy — II

### **Mount Carmel College — Debate**

Meenaxi S. — II



**Lions Club — Elocution**

Shonali Gupte — I, Meenaxi S. — IV. The team won the T. N. Belliappa Rolling Shield

**Rotary Club of Bangalore Cant. — Debate**

Shonali Gupte — I, Meenaxi S. — II. The team won the shield

**Live Wire — St. Joseph's College of Commerce — Music Festival**

Best Girls' team — Caroli Machado, Charlotte Fernandes, Sonal Machado, Kathy and Mira Thesan. Best Vocalist — Caroli Machado, Best M. C. — Caroli Machado, Special mention — Sonal Machado (lead)

**Vibrations — IISC inter-university competitions**

Elocution — Shonali Gupte — II, Essay Writing — Anuradha Das — I

**Youth Festival — Bangalore University**

Elocution — Shonali Gupte — I

Western Music — Best Vocalist — Caroli Machado, accompanied by Charlotte Fernandes and Veronica Gonsalves: Debate — Meenaxi S. III Folk Dance — College group (Suma, Sujatha, Niveditha, Ranjatha, Sonia, Shoba, Sapna, Padmini S.) — I, Group Dance — College group (Suma, Sujatha, Niveditha, Lekha, Padmini V., Padmini S. Sonia, Shoba) — I, Classical Dance — Niveditha — IV

**Vijaya Junior College — Inter-collegiate Debate**

Nisha Colaco and Sheista — Overall II, The team won the runners up trophy.

**Y.M.C.A. — Inter-collegiate Debate**

Deepika Reddy — I. The team Deepika Reddy and Lizzy Thomas won the rolling trophy.

**Festember — Regional College of Engineering — Inter-collegiate festival**

Caroli Machado — Best Vocalist. The team Caroli Machado, Sonal Machado, Charlotte Fernandes, Cathy and Mira Thesan were adjudged the II best music team.



Nayana Lobo — accousting — II. Debate — The team Meennaxi S. and Shonali Gupte — II, Declamation — III, Sketching—Maya Ramaswamy — I

### **Rotary Club of Bangalore — General Knowledge Contest**

Radha Nayak, Kamakshi Rao and Mythreyi R, won the I place and bagged the rolling trophy.

### **South Zone Cultural Festival (At Waltair)**

Elocution — Shonali Gupte — III

### **Krishnarajendra Silver Jubilee Institute — Debate**

Shonali Gupte — I. The team Shonali and Meenaxi S. won the rolling shield.

### **Vistas '86 — Mount Carmel College debate**

Shonali and Meenaxi S. — II

### **Times of India — Public speaking contest**

Elocution — Shonali — I

### **Spring Fest' '87 — Christ College**

Hat debate — Shonali — III

### **INDO — American Society debate**

Our team Meenaxi S. and Deepika Reddy were placed II

### **Bangalore Science Forum**

Our degree team won the I rolling shield

**Physics** — Sandhya R. — Grade A, **Chemistry** — Nirmala P. — Grade A  
**Mathematics** — Bhavani Reddy — Grade A, **Botany** — Radhamani — Grade B,  
**Zoology** — Anuradha Das — Grade A, **Psychology** — Renu Iyengar — Grade A.

Our FUC team won the II rolling shield

**Physics** — Pratima Pai — A Grade, **Chemistry** — Kala — B Grade  
**Mathematics** — Savitha Sri — A Grade, **Biology** — Priya Rajagopalan — B Grade  
**Psychology** — Veena K. — B Grade

### **Science Quiz Club**

Our team Enne Bee Kim and Madhavi Rangaswamy were placed I



### **A P S College Competitions**

Pencil sketching — Sucheta S. II

### **N C C Republic Day Camp (at Delhi)**

Aeromodelling — Nirmala Cano won a gold medal for static modelling and silver medal for control line aerobatics.

### **St. Anne's Junior College Political Science Festival**

Our College was adjudged overall best.

Quiz — Anupama and Chaitya S — I, Debate — Shaistya — I, Deepika Reddy — II, Just a minute — Depika Reddy — I, Extempore debate — Deepika Reddy — II. Deepika Reddy won the title 'Politykid'.

### **Kalayatra '86 — J N C**

Whats' the good word — Kala J, Indu Sharma and Mary Kavoor — I  
Indian Group Song — Vasuki V. Kavitha Kumar, Preetha Nair, Kanaka Mani, Anitha B. V. Lakshmi K. R. and Rajitha V. — II. Indian Light Solo — Preetha Nair — II, Ikebana — Geetha Surekha — I

### **N M K R V College Competitions**

History Quiz — Chaiti Sarkar, Sujaya Nair, Anuradha Das — I  
History Essay — Sujaya Nair — I, Shivashankari — II Literary Quiz — Sujaya Nair, Anuradha Das, Radha Venugopalan — II,

News Reading — Anuradha Das — I,

English Essay — Anuradha Das — III,

Economics Collage — Melissa Fernandes, Chitra Chellappa. Cherya Joseph — I Economics Essay — Binifa — I, Dakshayini Unni — II,

Our students won the Economics shield.

### **PSYCHOLOGY Quiz**

.... Dakshayini Unni, Azra, B.S. and  
Renu Iyengar II

Lecture .... Renu Iyengar — I, Dakshayini Unni — II

Essay .... Deepa Talgery — I

Collage .... Arti Toshniwal, Geetanjali Bedi and  
Chitra Chellappa — Special mention.

The Psychology shield was won by our students.



**Mirage '86**

Collage — Adele Braganza and Keshwar — I, Dumb Charades — Sandhya Nair, Vidya and Shirin — I, Quiz — Radha Nayak and Maitreyi R. — II, Short Story — Divya Punitha — II, Elocution — Nisha Colaco — II, Debate — Kamakshi Rao — III, Extempore debate — Kamakshi Rao — III, Mad ads — Prarthana, Gowri, Sushma, Hannah, Rakhee, Padmaja — III

**Canara Omega Quiz**

Prabha Sadasivan — II, Shushma — III

**NMKRV College Hindi competitions**

Essay Writing — Richa Vinod — II, Debate — Vandana Sharma — I, Anita Rammohan — II, Quiz — Richa Vinod, Vandana Sharma and Anita Rammohan — III

**Ghazal Competition — Nmkrv College**

Vidya Rao — I, Preeta Nayyar — III

**Kalabharati Hindi lecture contest**

Richa Vinod — A Grade, Vandana Sharma — A Grade

**V V S College Hindi debate**

Vandana Sharma — I, Richa Vinod — II. The team won the rolling shield.

**Madhurbela — IISc.**

Light music — Vidya Rao special mention, Quiz — Chaiti Sarkar and Anupama Rammohan — III, Skit — College group — I. They bagged the rolling shield. Folk dance — Rajpreeti and group — I. The group won the shield. Debate — Richa Vinod — II, Anita Rammohan III. The team won the rolling shield. Collage — Chitra and Cheryl — I. Sketching — Maya Ramaswamy — I. Antakshari — Vasuki and Ramakamani — I. Our College won the overall shield and 5 out of 8 shields for Madhurbela

**Ghazal Competition — Maharani's College**

Preeta Nayyar — I, Vidya Rao — III, Manisha Gupta — Special mention



### **Jyothi Nivas College — Hindi Poetry Competition**

Vandana Sharma — II. The team won the JNC Shield for 3 consecutive years.

### **Ghazal Competitions**

St. Joseph's College of Arts & Science — Preeta Nayyar — I,  
Vidya Rao — III

### **St. Joseph's College of Commerce — Debate & Essay**

Richa Vinod — I, Vandana Sharma — II. The team won the rolling shield.

### **Kavya Manthan**

Richa Vinod — I. Vandana Sharma II.

The team won the rolling shield for the 3rd year in succession. The performance of our Hindi students has been outstanding. Out of the 23 contests they participated in, they have prizes in 20. They have also won 9 shields, 3 of them being permanent.

Richa Vinod and Vandana Sharma have been adjudged the best speakers in Hindi in the university, by the St. Joseph's College of Commerce.

### **State Level Sanskrit Drama Competition — NMKRV College**

Our students were placed III

Essay — Richa Vinod — I

### **Spiritual and Moral Formation**

The College has a life-oriented syllabus for Faith Formation imparted to Christians and Value Education to non-Christians. The syllabus is regularly evaluated and updated with a team of staff members to plan the programme. An hour a week is set apart for Faith Formation and Value Education classes. The purpose of these classes is to enable the students to seek for the truth and live by it in every situation in which they find themselves.

An examination was conducted at the end of the year and prizes awarded.

### **Excursions and Tours**

There have been a few this year, of which our students have unique and unforgettable memories. One included places like Kashmir,



Kulu Valley, Manali, Simla, Agra, Delhi and Jaipur. Another was also to the North viz Calcutta and that Queen of Hill Stations Darjeeling, and the neighbouring country Nepal. The Botany students toured the country side at Kodaikanal and had their pick of the rarest plant specimens for their collection.

### Hostel

The College hostel accommodated 155 students of all Communities Castes and Creeds. Experience has shown them that hostel life is not all FUN but an educational experience as well. Activities like Sports, Debates, talents display and social work are part of hostel life.

A prize is awarded every year to the best hostel student. The recipient of this prize during the year under review is Elaine Fernandes.

### Development and Expenditure

#### A. Financial Aid

Scholarships, freeships and other help given to the students	No. of students benefitted	Amount Spent	
		Rs.	P.
Central Government Scholarships	17	18,125	00
State Government Scholarships	308	1,12,069	17
Scholarships given by the College	41	14,950	00
Other scholarships	7	4,346	93
Free studentships	22	2,476,	00
Help towards fees, free meals, mess fees special fees, examinations etc., given from the College Poor Students' Fund	61	13,765	00



**B. Books, Equipment, Furniture and Building Construction**

		Rs.	P.
Number of books added to the Library	..... 2,446		
Expenditure on books	.....	22,159	00
"    "    "    (UGC section)	.....	50,000	00
Expenditure on Laboratory Equipment	.....	6,649	00
"    "    "    (UGC section)	.....	1,00,000	00
"    "    Furniture	.....	11,083	00
"    "    building construction	.....	13,00,000	00
"    "    repairs	.....	51,409	00

**Concluding remarks :—**

This is a report of our humble efforts in the pursuit of excellence in every field. We look forward to years of increasing and more efficient service to the State and Country by improved standards of teaching, by restructuring the present courses under an autonomous set-up and introducing subjects of study and new courses in keeping with the needs of the day, including post-graduate courses. The outlay on this venture no doubt will be huge but we will face it with courage, in the interests of women's education.

This was the great objective of Mother Teresa of St Rose of Lima, the Foundress of Our Congregation — The Carmelite Sisters of St. Teresa. She was a pioneer of Women's education in India. The position of Women in our country is still deplorably low only about 25% really provided and cared for in all human dimensions.

Before I conclude I would like to share with you the joy that was ours when we received the Job Memorial Award from the All India Association for Christian higher education for its "excellent, innovative programmes" (Sr. Karuna Braganza, General Secretary, AIACHE)

Sir, I thank you for so kindly accepting our invitation to be with us at this function, deliver the Parents' Day Speech and distribute the prizes, I also avail myself of this opportunity to thank our Guardians, Parents and Friends for being with us tonight.

Yours in Service,  
**Sister Jesuine Marie**  
*Principal.*



**PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE YEAR 1986-87****HOSTEL PRIZE**

Elaine Fernandes III B.A.

**FAITH FORMATION (RELIGION)**

I P.U.C.	....	Rose Mary Ann Muriel
II P.U.C.	....	Deborah Maria Fonceca (PCMB Sec. 1)
I Degree	....	Ana Leonildes da Souza (Py.E.E.)
II Degree	....	Sharon Coelho (Com.)
III Degree	....	Ivonne Lobo (H.Sc.)

**VALUE EDUCATION (MORAL SCIENCE)**

I P.U.C.	....	Vijayalakshmi N
II P.U.C.	....	Deepali Asher (CBZH)
I Degree	....	Asma Thomas (Py.E.E.)
II Degree	....	Sonia Vadera (CBZ)
III Degree	....	Sarika Mehra (PyES)

**PART—I LANGUAGES****ENGLISH**

I P.U.C.	....	Divya Caroline Punitha (PCMB Sec. 1)
II P.U.C.	....	Anitha Krishnamurthy (PCMB Sec. 1)
I Degree	....	Suneeta Sadanand (Py.E.E.)
II Degree	....	Shalini Sadarangini

**SANSKRIT**

I P.U.C.	....	Suman Thimmiah (PCMB)
II P.U.C.	....	Veda P (PCMB)
I Degree	....	Udaya Maheswari
II Degree	....	Shalini Gopal (Py.E.E.)

**KANNADA**

I P.U.C.	....	Deeptha S Maiya (PCMB)
II P.U.C.	....	Mamatha K Acharya (PCMB)
I Degree	....	Suneetha Sadananda (Py.E.E.)
II Degree	....	Vanishree C (B.Com.)



**TAMIL**

I P.U.C.	....	Gulasingham V. K. (PCMB)
I Degree	....	Arokia Mary C. (PES)
II Degree	....	Sheela A. M. (HEP)

**HINDI**

I P.U.C.	....	Monica Jain (CBZH)
II P.U.C.	....	Hazra Maushami (PCMB)
I Degree	....	Vandana Nadig (Py.E.E.)
II Degree	....	Shalini Sadarangini (B.Com.)

**FRENCH**

I P.U.C.	....	Sapna Asrani (CBZH)
II P.U.C.	....	Jyotsna Srinivasan (PCMB)
I Degree	....	Ana Leonildes da Souza (Py.E.E.)
II Degree	....	Nirmala Varkey (PCM)

**PART II—OPTIONAL****ARTS**

I P.U.C.	...	Kiran Ramachandani
II P.U.C.	....	Shirin
I Degree	....	Priya Manjuran
II Degree	....	Christine Lorraine Rego
III Degree	....	Manjula Vijaykumar Malimath

**SCIENCE**

I P.U.C.	....	Sushma N Hegde
II P.U.C.	....	Bindu Ayyappa
I Degree	....	Beenu Swarna (PME)
II Degree	....	Upasana Meharothra
III Degree	....	Lovy D'Silva (CBZ)

Best Student in Mathematics at the P.U. Board Exam : Radha Nayak

Best Student in Mathematics at the University Exam : Kavitha G.

**COMMERCE**

I P.U.C.	....	Geetha K Makhija
II P.U.C.	....	Sandya Venkatesan
I Degree	....	Manjusa S
II Degree	....	Shalini Sadarangini
III Degree	....	Jannavi P. S.



**HOME SCIENCE**

I P.U.C.	....	Sapna Asrani
II P.U.C.	....	Priya Rajagopalan
I Degree	....	Ashrafi Jamshed Antia
II Degree	....	Shobana Kini
III Degree	....	Asha M
Principal's prize for Best Student	....	Vandana Sharma (III P.C.M.)
Principal's prize for Best Prefect	....	Deepika Reddy (PUC PCMB)
Principal's prize for Best Sports-woman	....	Jayavanthi Shivananjappa (III B.A.)
Dr. B. Laroia Prize for Public Speaking	....	Meenaxi S (II B.Com.)
Maria Philip Award for Best All Round Performance	— Shonali Gupte II B.Com.	

**Prizes for rank in I PUC Annual Examination**

Arts — Suma M — I Rank

Science — Sapna Asrani — I Rank

Commerce — Geetha K. Makhija — I Rank

**Fresh Scholarships and Prize Endowments (1986-87).**

1. Miss H. Seethalakshmi Memorial Scholarship (Instituted by her brother Mr. H. Subramaniam) to the student who secures highest marks in Tamil — Capital Value Rs. 2,500/-.
2. Laila Poonacha & Jayaraj Memorial Scholarship (Instituted by Mr. Poonacha, Father of Laila) Capital Value Rs. 3,000/-.
3. Yadalam S. Gopalakrishna Setty Scholarship — Capital Value Rs. 1,500/-.
4. Maria Philip Award of Rs. 500/- and a Certificate, for best All Round performance, instituted by Maria's Parents Prof. J. Philip and Mrs. Leelamma Philip.
5. Miss C. K. Shantha prize for the best student in Mathematics at the P.U.C. Board Examination.



## Familiar Faces

She had a room in her mind  
Small, dark and cold  
Lined with long shelves  
Filled with faces grown old

She opened up the door  
With the old and rusty key  
And they tumbled out  
From that cage of memory

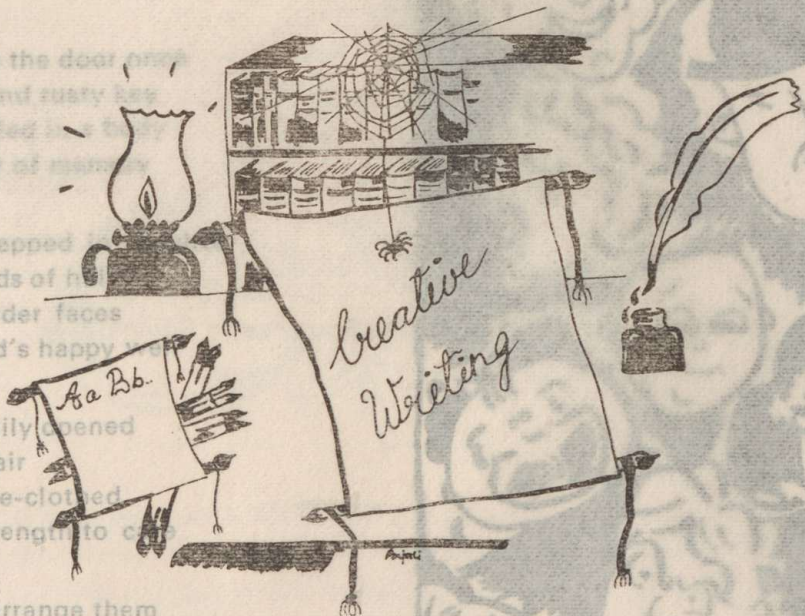
Some were wrapped  
Some in shrouds of  
Some were tender faces  
From childhood's happy

Some were easily opened  
Taken out for air  
But hurriedly re-clothed  
For want of strength to

Enough to re-arrange them  
Out in her mind's room  
So she quickly tied and bound them  
And flung them back to gloom.

For they spoke to her of sadness  
And reminded her of strife  
And they conjured up dark secrets  
From her past unhappy life

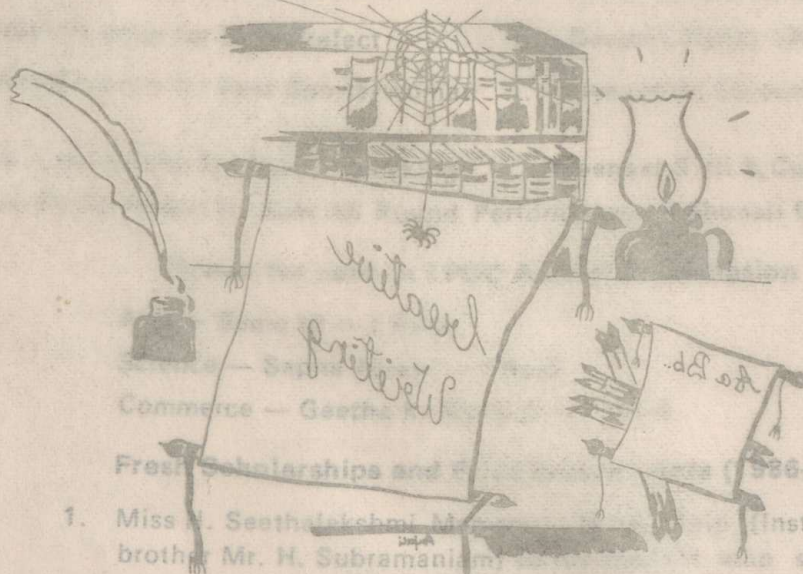
Some took time to open  
For the bonds were tight with pain  
But the hurt, it vanished quickly  
And she hung them out again





## HOME SCIENCE

.....	Sapna Aarani
.....	Priya Rajagopalan
.....	Ashraf Jeyaraj
.....	Shobana K.
.....	Asha M.



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Some were wrapped in laughter  
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Some were tender faces  
From childhood's happy well

Some were easily opened  
Taken out for air  
But hurriedly re-clothed  
For want of strength to care

Enough to re-arrange them  
Out in her mind's room  
So she quickly tied and bound them  
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Some took time to open  
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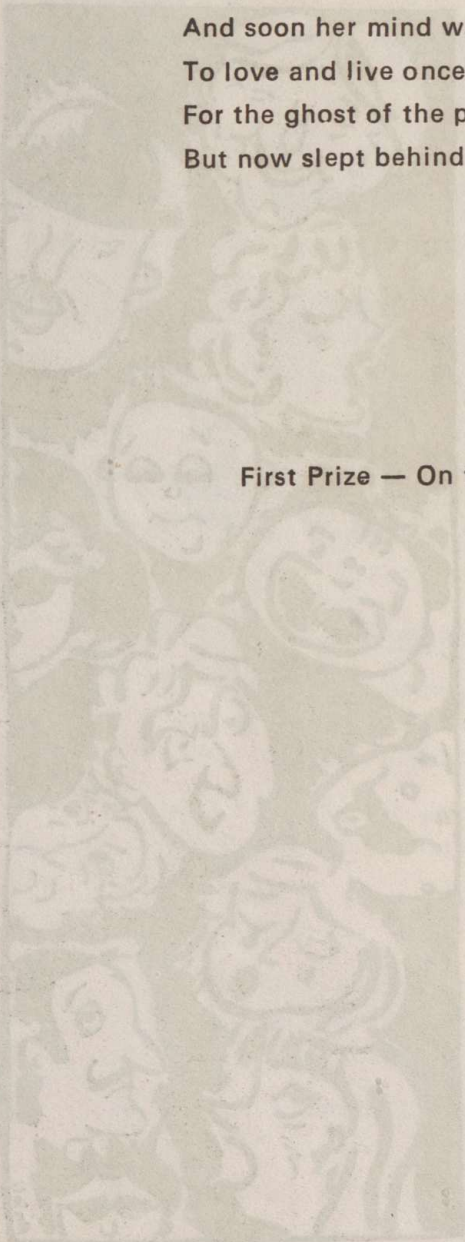
After much of this arranging  
And cleaning of the room  
She chased out all the spiders  
And dusted out the gloom

And soon her mind was open  
To love and live once more  
For the ghost of the past had woken  
But now slept behind the door

**LESLEY SMITH**

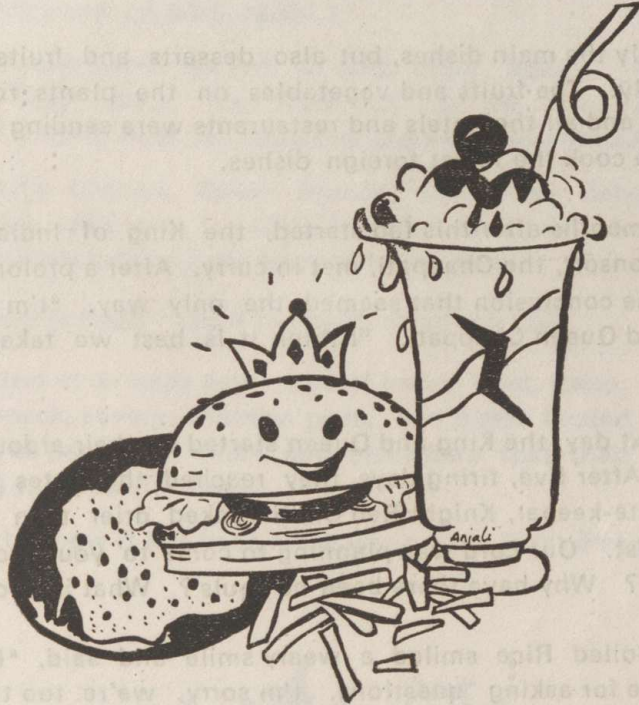
**II PyEE**

**First Prize — On the Spot Poetry Competition.**





"That is how it has been since."



"We'll have two hamburgers and a mushroom pizza. please" said the youngster in the infernal blue jeans and sweatshirt to the man-at-the-counter.

The vadas in the corner felt cold and stale! "What is the point in being made?" they thought. "We don't even get to die a natural death. The dustbin has become our graveyard." The bondas below the pastry shelf felt the same way. Only they were more soggy than the vadas.

The raw and uncooked 'channa' in the kitchen was gathering dust. As the perfect seeds saw the fancy buns being put into the fancy oven, they all winced inwardly and turned sour.

The oil in the "jelabi" graduated to a rancid state as more and more orders for "cakes" and "custards" and 'souffle's were received in the so-called "Indian and Western Fast food Joint."

All over India, Indian food was suffering. All the various varieties of delicious, sumptuous Indian dishes were in the same plight, they had become the second choice to western and Chinese food! 'Indians from every city and village stopped eating the food that their ancestors (and they themselves) had



been eating for eons. Each and every one of them ate only western food or Chinese chow, and all the Indian vegetables and half-made dishes lay untouched.

Not only the main dishes, but also desserts and fruits of India were neglected totally. The fruits and vegetables on the plants rotted under the hot Indian sun, and all the hotels and restaurants were sending their chefs out to learn how to cook the latest foreign dishes.

A few months after this fad started, the King of Indian food, Boiled Rice, and his Consort, the Chappati, met in curry. After a prolonged discussion, they came to the conclusion that seemed the only way. "I'm tired of being ignored," sighed Queen Chappati. "I think it is best we take the matter to Our Lord."

The next day, the King and Queen started on their arduous long journey to their Lord. After five, tiring days, they reached the gates of their Lord's Haven. The gate-keeper, Knight Red Chilli looked drier than ever. "So you have come at last. Our Lord was planning to come to you today. "Where is all the revenue? Why have there been no souls? What is wrong?"

King Boiled Rice smiled a weary smile and said, "Red Chilli, you always were one for asking questions. I'm sorry, we're too tired to explain. We must see Him soon."

Red Chilli grudgingly allowed them in, mumbling to himself. Once inside, the King and Queen were awed, as they always were whenever they went into the Kingdom of their Lord.

On their way to His throne Room, they were stopped by Chief Minister Onion. He had the same questions to ask them, and they gave him the same answer.

At the door of the Throne Room stood Sir Garlic. He was the exception to them all. He asked no questions. He just opened the door to the Throne Room.

On the throne sat the Lord of Indian Food, SALT. Flanking the aisle leading to him, sat the various deputies and ministers. They were;

Duchess Cardamom, Madam Cinnamon, Lady Turmeric, Sir Pepper, and Duke Asafoetida. The Durbar of Spices was underway.



"Ah, come, come," intoned the Lord. We were expecting you. I know what's on your mind, we have discussed the problem and have decided on the course of action. All my subjects in India and elsewhere will join us here in our Land, and will never go back again,"

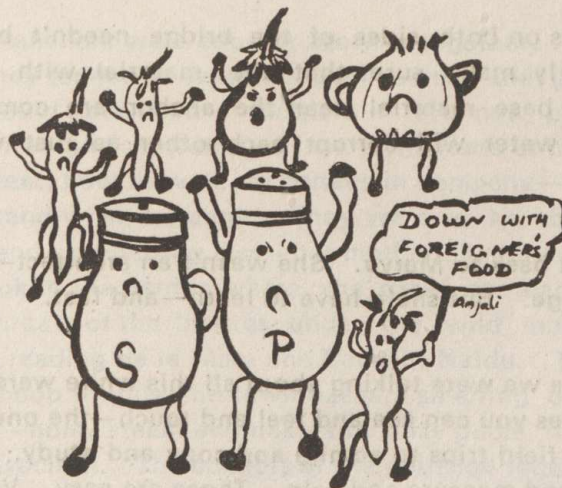
The King and Queen looked at each other, aghast. The Lord never minced words. They stung, "But how can You do that, Your Lordship?" "Your Highness!", came from the King and Queen simultaneously.

The Lord's Consort, Queen Mango, smiled her delightful, enticing smile. 'That's the only way, my children. We shall just have to wait for another era where we can gain our respect back again.'

"Thy word is final. Let it happen", ruled the Lord.

In a matter of minutes every kind of Indian food, spice, vegetable, fruit drink, dessert, snack, savory, chutney, paste, and pickle landed up in the land of their Lord. The people in India and elsewhere lost their goodness (the foods goodness) for their lifetimes.

And that is how it has been since we Indians went crazy about foreigner's foods !



**SEETA PAI**

I PUC PCMB Sec. 2

First Prize : On the Spot Short Story Competition.



## BUILDING BRIDGES

Marya was nineteen. Marya was in plenty of trouble. You see—Marya had to build a bridge. A nice, light, tough, strong bridge. Otherwise she'd fall into the Pacific and drown. Right away. Just like that.

There are many kinds of bridges. Suspension bridges, stone-built and Roman bridges—bridges for traffic, bridges for trains, bridges of rope and grass over rushing rapids of wire bridges over still blue depths—and many others.

Now you need an anchor to build a bridge. There are many different kinds of anchors—anchors in shifting sands of rivers, some along sheer mountain faces, some buried in the tangled undergrowth of jungle tree-life. All different, but all with one purpose—to hold the bridge firm.

The anchors on both sides of the bridge needn't be the same, you know—you need only make sure that the material with which you build the bridge and the base material near the anchor are compatible. Acid and plastic and oil and water will corrupt each other as rust will corrode fine, smooth grey iron.

Now to get back to Marya. She wasn't an architect—she didn't know how to build a bridge. But she'd have to learn—and fast.

The bridges we were talking about all this while were the real bridges. The solid ones—ones you can see and feel and touch—the ones that engineering students go on field trips to admire and copy and study. Those that they can draw to scale and measure and pain. Those are easy. Very easy.

Marya's bridge was a different one, though—it was one of those that almost everyone has to build, and you can't check out a prototype of it, because everybody's bridge is different—unseen, unfelt, a thin web of feeling, of roots that anchor one to another time, another place.



For you see, Marya was moving out. Moving to another, distant place—one she had never seen, only heard of. She was leaving the only home she'd ever had—for ever. Now, she had to build a bridge to connect the two. She couldn't leave her home entirely behind, for if she did, she was nothing—no person at all, no basis, no life. She couldn't abandon her future—for there lay all her dreams, fantasy, future and above all, hope.

To get down to basics, Marya needed material and plenty of anchoring—on both sides.

Material was easy—the toughest and most resilient stuff were memories. Bad ones especially—hurts with ugly scars that would never heal and always would remind her of other people, vanished laughter and once happy, now silent, empty homes. Happy memories of smiles and love and affection and helping hands along the way—all these rambled around in her head—and she found many threads, knotted, bound with dreams, snapped with hurt at times, but those which could be mended were salvaged from the debris, and she began weaving, braiding, plaiting, thickening the fragile web of silken memory until it formed a tough rope that she could sling across the gap with ease—heavy enough to last, but not too heavy to be borne.

Now, the anchors were another story altogether. The ones at home were so strong, they tended to drag her back across the gap—and once that happened—she would never find a foothold in the new place again—and so she'd have to return—and all would be lost. The roots at home were rules and customs—how to eat, how to walk, to behave in company—what kinds of jokes to crack and how and when to laugh. They were in her blood—inherent and as difficult to amend as anything else—her mother's laugh—her brother's bullying—the little nook in the garden where she grew her candidum and goose-foot. The pale throats of the beetles under the wild mulberry where she'd sit in the evening reading de la Mare and Sarojini Naidu. The familiar streets and gullies, childhood friends, the town bazaar, smelling of mint and onions and ripe mangoes—noisy steam engines—tiny dirty pools filled with fish and frogs and water-hyacinth. The comfort of the polished redstone floor and the bark of much loved mongrel in the campground and the click of the latch that could only be her gate. They all threatened to drag her right back to forget her dreams. All the school friends and secret societies, walks home in the rain—jumping into mud puddles—all the crazy, happy childhood that she would have to shed like a snake-skin. It hurt so much and she'd have to find something on the other side to balance them.



And then, she left—got there, settled in and started looking, searching. She found plenty. Little things like the absolute freedom of expression in any form—dress design, speech and way of life—the country that was so clean and so beautiful—wild—rugged, streamcut and old—the fresh scents of spring after the death of winter—the burnished golds and reds of autumn, and the green vibrant life of summer grass. She found that the studies filled almost all her time with interesting, busy work—she began to love the hectic round and the days that were all too short.

So the anchor began to form—to send tentative feelers into the earth of that far-off river bank, to grow and be nourished by it—and eventually to form a safe and happy balance with its twin in her other, old life. And thus was the bridge built. Tough, resilient and tender—and she could use it whenever homesickness overcame her—and travel along the webbed braid of memory to her old life—and yet the anchor in the new life was strong enough to pull back once she was done—again to the new life of dreams and new life and hope.

First Prize : On the Spot Essay Writing Competition.

Lesley Smith.

II PyEE



## The Road Less Travelled

A murky, misty path so long  
unwinds before me  
The silence of the dead bird's songs  
Echo from the trees.

A hesitant step on it's stones  
Chilling blasts freeze the bones  
What awaits me, I don't know  
Curiosity urges me to go.

Find what it has for you  
Treasure or torture—its new —  
Go on, get it. face it, you!  
Walk—don't stop till  
You're right through.

Dare to stray from the herd  
Though the vision be blurred  
Forward, pioneer, light the way!  
Past's desolate roads are  
Highways today.

**SANDHYA RAMACHANDRAN II PME**

Second Prize On The Spot Poetry Competition.



## That's how it's been since

The white walls seem to close in — engulf me. It's claustrophobic at times. This atmosphere isn't doing me much good. It's not the people—most of them are wonderful. It's the inactivity. Of Course, I have my books to keep me company. I've taken rather a fancy to literature these days—never did find the time for it earlier. It's what keeps me sane—books have never meant so much to me.



Guess I ought to consider myself lucky in a way. Things could have been worse. Or could they?

These days, I seem to lose count of time. Minutes crawl into hours, which lengthen into days, months, and years. For how long have I been this—this human vegetable? Two years? Seems like eternity.

The door opens and the white-coated brisk young nurse on duty appears. "Good morning, officer" (she insists on calling me that) — with a pleasant nod as she straightens my bedclothes, "Morning Sharon", I reply. "Nice, young thing. What's she doing, wasting her young life on grouches like me?"



Wonder if I'll ever walk again. Surely, that's not asking for too much. You'll notice I'm not a chap with great ambitions. In fact, I'm quite a different guy from the young fresher who enrolled at Flying School with a song on his lips and a world of confidence in his gait. Today, yes, today I am better.

I look out of the window as Sharon heats my bathwater. The view is marvellous—rolling hillsides, lush greenery. There were days when I longed to escape into such a 'paradise.' Today, I'd give my life to escape from this utter peace, this tranquility, this monotony that is wearing my nerves thin.

A hawk in flight. Brings back memories. Nostalgia for what has been. Regret for what will never be—The mind wanders—

I remember my very first formation flight. The gleaming "Hunters"—nine in all—lined up on the runway. Excitement gripping me. Knees turning to jelly. Guess the other pilots, too, felt the same.

Routine checks conducted. Last minute instructions from our officer-in-command. Then leg over the side of the aircraft and into the cockpit. Wear helmet. Fasten seat belts. Check controls. Everything in order.

The 'Thumbs-up' signal. Open throttle. The single shaft turbojet engine springs into life. Full throttle ahead. Can feel the ground slipping away beneath me now. Faster, even faster. Before I know it, I'm airborne.

I look out for a second from the corner of my eye. Everything under control. The other 'Hunters' in line.

A glance at my watch—it's time to dip the Hunter's nose. Everything is measured in milliseconds at this speed. Level out at 26,000 feet. Rise and climb. A spot of straight and level flying. Then a couple of loops. Recover, and it's back to mother earth for us. I glance back to see the ostrich plume-shaped trail of smoke behind us. A perfect formation flight. One's *got* to be perfect in this line if one wishes to continue living.

It's time to land. The runway rushes up to meet the aircraft. A precision touchdown. End of Flight One.

I step out of my aircraft, I've really grown attached to the Ol' Girl these past few months. Exhilaration sweeps every bone of my body. All those hours of strenuous training, all the rigours and hardships of this kind of life—everything is worth it.



For me the excitement never died. Each day brought its own share of experiences. Some days were perfect. Others I dreaded. A pilot's life brought with it its own share of adventure—of joys and sorrows. The ecstasy of taking off into the blue beyond. The tension at base when an aircraft was reported missing. The acute agony when one lost a comrade in an air disaster. One lived with all this. One hoped for the best—and left nothing to chance.

There was one thing we knew—that each flight could be the last. One tried to accept the fact. Most of us believed in a force beyond ourselves, in a Higher Power, as it were.

All that was in the past.

I still remember the day my world fell apart. 'It was a beautiful morning—we were ready by 6 a.m. The sun shed a faint glow over the eastern sky as we got the 'Hunters' ready for a sortie. Checks were completed. Everything seemed to be in order. Got the signal, we revved up our engines and—took off. Things seemed to be going smoothly. Another routine flight, I thought.

Suddenly, I detected, or rather, sensed trouble over my left shoulder, near the wing. I could see a suspicious—looking trail of smoke. I cut down my speed and tried to detect the source of the trouble. No luck. The flames were visible now, and they were being swept towards the fuselage. Any second now the plane would go up in flames. My only hope was to eject to safety. Leaving my burning aircraft, I ejected. Just in time, too. The Hunter exploded in a ball of fire, raining down bits of burnt and twisted metal, as I plummeted towards the earth. I felt like a ton of bricks.

Remembering my instructions at Flying School, I pulled the ripcord of my parachute. There was no billowing parachute opening up above me. I pulled again, this time rather desperately. No response. I knew I was in for it as the earth rushed up to meet me.

The impact was tremendous. And then my shocked senses refused to register, as I blanked out.

It seemed like a long, long time. I was hanging, suspended in space—in a different world. Voices floated towards me.

"What a stroke of luck. Those branches broke the fall" "He's alive!" "Yeah, but this guy's never gonna make it." Fortunately for me, I blanked out again.

Later, when I was declared "out of danger" they informed me—the spinal injury I suffered would leave me crippled for life.



"You'll never fly again. But then, it's not the end of the world, y'know. At least your mental faculties are intact, which is more important."

I would rather have died. Flying was my life. Didn't they know, realise, that those very "mental faculties" that would help me perceive my 'luck' would also rebel against this immobility, this absolute dependance upon others—perhaps for ever? If somebody up there had a purpose, it sure eluded me!

Visitors poured in, my comrades among others. Flowers. Pity.

"Dammit, I don't need pity. Just let me die." But euthanasia was against the law, Outpourings of affection left me cold. They hadn't been afflicted—it was easy for them. Uncharitable of me? Understandable, surely?

Waves of despair engulfed me. Frustration, helplessness, anger and self-pity ruled my life. There were times I wept like a child. For an active man at the outset of 'life', it was a hard cross to bear...

.....After two years, it still is, I still rebel at times, though, thanks to Sharon and the others here, I am more at peace now. One day, perhaps, I will be totally reconciled to my lot—discover a purpose to my life. Yes, the sun has set before its time—will I come out the stronger for it? I still alternate between hope and despair, between light and darkness, between life and death.

That's how it's been since.

As the battle within me continues, Sharon hands me a slim volume of verse. There's, a faint trace of tears in her eyes as she points out a line from the blind bard Milton's sonnet "On His Blindness"— "—They also serve who only stand and wait." I turn a penetrating gaze upon her. She looks at me, half-pleading, half-crying, nodding her little head vigorously, willing me—wanting me—to believe.

"Use my handkerchief," I say to her brusquely, afraid to let my vulnerability show. "You look a sight!"

And to myself, I add, "One day, perhaps ....."

**Radha Venugopalan**

III B.A. (HEE)

Second Prize : On the Spot Short Story Competition.





## “I Just had to buy it”

“If you just let me in I could show you how fantastic this home appliance is and will be for at least 7 years—it’s guaranteed!”



“Pardon? Could you go a little slower please?” I must admit that 2:00 p.m. on a sleepy Saturday afternoon is not exactly the time when my wits are sharp enough to absorb an onslaught of vocabulary. Especially when only a few minutes ago, I was running in the Los Angeles Olympics, making a sure gold—in dreamland. Desperate to return to such glorious dreams, I decided to let in the salesman. For I could not see him leaving me in peace without demonstrating that monstrous looking contraption to me.

“Er, madam—where do I plug this in?”

“Anywhere just anywhere,” I answered brightly.

“I guess you are aware that I will need a plug point?”

“Sorry—over here. Yes, that’s it,”

“Now, let’s begin. This lovely, white, sleek contraption that you see here, is nothing but a vacuum cleaner. But not an ordinary one let me assure you—it has this special pipe connected to this extended cord that enables it to move just anywhere in the room—Er...madam, you’re not listening,” Hastily



assuring him that I was all ears, and had just been hit upon the realisation that the purpose of my creation was to listen to him. I urged him to proceed.

"Listen to that noise—you don't hear it? That's just it. There *isn't* any noise. Fantastic. It swallows up all your dust in next to no time, and doesn't make a noise! Do you know what that means? No disturbance, no time wasted. Lovely;" He broke off here to indulge in a few private moments of ecstasy.

"And what's more—it costs next to nothing—just a measly 1,500/- what is that compared to your income? But let us not expound on vulgar money matters. Think of all those advantages. Time is money you know, and this takes up hardly any time, so you're saving money—therefore, if you buy this, you are saving money. Don't you see?"

I was stunned by his logic. I told him that I needed time to think it over. Well I could think it over a cup of tea could't I? And while I was at it, could I get him a cup of tea too? he suggested. Still under the effect of his absorbing sales-talk, I set about the task of concocting some brew for us. The hot effect of the tea brought me back to my senses. In a flash, I, could see an angry husband (to say angry would be an understatement) a hastily packed suitcase which would be taken by me as I fled to my mother's house.....

"NO!" I exploded, startling the poor man out of his wits. "I will not buy it."

He almost broke down in anguish. "Why not?" But he was not to be deterred.

"Well madam, if you don't want to buy this vacuum cleaner, why not take a look at these toothbrushes made by this same wonderful company. Different colours, different sizes, convenient angles—just made for you. What do you say?"

I realised that if I refused this, he would probably fish out some tooth picks or other such absurd objects made by the same wonderful company.....

"But why a *toothbrush*?? I already have one, you already have two....."

"Don't ask for explanations please." I wearily told my husband.

"I just *had* to buy it!"

**Divya Punitha**  
II PUC—PCMB

Second Prize ; On the Spot Essay Competition.



# CASTLES IN THE AIR

Castles in the air  
Are my outlets for despair  
When I've had enough of crowds  
I soar up into the clouds.  
I run the gauntlet of my imagination  
And indulge in idle speculation  
I am the dreamer of dreams  
That in reality are worthless schemes  
I am beyond things petty and mighty  
Unrestricted by norms of society  
On the canvas of my mind  
I paint pictures of every kind  
For material things I don't care  
I aspire for things far more rare  
When too many worries I can't bear  
I build my castles in the air

III Prize : On the Spot Poetry Competition.

**Malavika Jayaram**

I PUC PCMB-II

# Therapy

Take some time off from life to think things over  
Cross your horizons; look to the future  
Turn the rays of a sunlit sky into the shadows of  
your dreams

## Touch a rainbow

draw on it's beauty where  
colours trickle into each other  
to merge as one

## Put forth your bridges

## Bring down the walls

Run forth ; run free

## Run wild

Live for a day—live in laughter

Today is yours—not tomorrow or the day after.

## Nawaz Varkey

## II PUC HEP<sub>y</sub>S



## “.....My Secret”



She pulled her white sari more securely about her, simultaneously rocking herself to a lazy drowsiness. Her rythmically moving jaws as they worked on the 'paan' in her mouth unconsciously led her mind to an almost dazed stillness—so much so that it was an effort to lift her gnarled, knobby hand to soothen an itching spot on her bald, widowed head. Involuntarily flicking off a fly from the rice left to dry in front of her, she contemplated on the unusual silence of the afternoon. Except for the shriek of a hen plagued by sadistic youngsters, the far off beat of a woman washing her laundry, the indignant shout of a woman to a thieving crow — it was as if time had stood still. The old widow smiled peacefully to herself as she realised that she had successfully managed to conjure the picture of an old, sensible, dried up widow warming her bones in the soothing afternoon sun. However, to an intent observer, it would seem as though there was a note out of

harmony with the picture. For, beneath the covering hood of her sari, underneath her heavy eye-lids, glittered her eyes, that sparkled with an almost maniacal excitement. She let out a long sigh and closed her eyes, only to open them on another time, another situation.....

.....The skies were darkening rapidly. The clouds grumbled as if saturated with thunder which they could hold no more. The wind shrieked as it tore through the village—and then the rain started. It poured down as if giving vent to some pent up emotion. The coconut trees bent double as they failed in their attempt to resist the overpowering force of the wind. One could hear the thuds of the coconuts as they fell to the ground. The heavens shifted and groaned, adding to the tremendous effect of nature in it's essence. Through the sounds of the natural elements competing with each other could be heard a low, husky voice as it chanted the many names of God. The old widow paused in her prayer to refill the deficient oil lamp—the action distracting



her, causing her eyes to move around the mellow, cozy room. She smiled to herself as she remembered a similar stormy night many months ago when a frantic young husband had begged her to come over to take care of his wife who was in labour for their first child, since the midwife was away. She remembered many other circumstances whereby she had acted in accordance with the role entrusted upon her by the village—in advising the village chief in the matter of taxes, soothing an irate couple, urging them to make up their differences .... Somehow though, there seemed to be something missing in her life.

Losing her husband just when their first son was born, caused her to bring him up with an almost obsessive ownership. Teaching him all that she valued sacred, and taking great pains to instill in him a deep faith in God, she watched with increasing dismay and horror as he grew up wayward and with absolute indifference to her. Perhaps since she was alone in a world surrounded by inlaws, traditions and society, she clung desperately to him in hopes of bringing him back to her someday. However, when he was old enough to know his mind, the widow's only son had left the village in search of a future for himself—it was almost as if a part of her was torn away. It was after this that deadly, horrifying stories of her son filtered back to her from visitors of other villages. Rapist, thief, murderer, in and out of jails.....she listened to all this with grim horror and disgust. She let no emotion play in her face—causing people to say that she was so deep in her faith and morals, that nothing ever touched her. What they didn't realise was that her intense love for him was changing to an equally intense hate ...

“Thud ! Thud ! Thud !” The pounding on the door startled her from her reverie to a momentary numbness.

“Let me in, quick” As she unlocked the flimsy door to let the person in, she fell back aghast. His bloodshot eyes pierced through her, his menacing large frame made awesome by the great turban on his head.

“Mother—it's me—don't you recognise me ?—anyway I have no time for formalities. Quick, listen to me, I am in grave trouble. I am accused of murder and the police are hot on my trail. I didn't do it on purpose. I swear it. Dying for food one day, I stole into the Zamindar's house only for some food mind you, when his new daughter-in-law saw me. I was desperate and so I carried her away with me and since she was a hindrance, I had no other choice but to dispose of her. Now mother, don't lecture me—I have no time for that, nor do I care. I have come for only one purpose. Remember those stories you used to tell me about yourself as a child—and how you had a secret



hiding place which nobody knew about—the one in the gorge where you could hide for hours without anybody ever finding you? Take me there quick—it's a matter of life and death!"

The widow's mind was made. She had heard about the brutal murder of the new bride of the Zamindar's first son—but with a difference. The girl was found raped, and then murdered. Hungry for food—and he expected her to believe that! She paused only to throw a wrap about her shoulders and led him out to the snarling and angry storm.

The rain beat mercilessly down on them. Their feet sinking into the slush with every step. They stood at the edge of the gorge, unable to see a thing. The wind howled with a high pitched frequency. They could hardly hear each other for the thunder was so great.

"Where mother? I can't see a thing" he cursed trying to peer into the steep gorge.

"Down there—look" she cried, and with a firm strong hand planted on his back gave him a mighty push, her determination and hate drowning all other emotions. His howl of terror was drowned by a mighty whiplash of thunder and the rain poured down as if with renewed force...

...The sound of male voices brought the widow back to the present, deathly silent afternoon. Her wildly thumping heart calmed down and steadied itself to the rhythm of her slowly moving jaws. The events of the previous night she pushed back deep inside herself so that they should never surface again.

"That's my secret" she told herself and strained to hear what the voices were saying.

"How shall we tell her? She, being such a gentle, peace loving soul won't be able to stand the shock—may be fatal to her."

"He was discovered this morning when one of my goats strayed down to the dangerous gorge. What a contrast between mother and son!"

She smiled to herself and continued rocking herself sleepily as she waited for them.

**Divya Punitha**

**II PUC-PCMB**

Third Prize : On The Spot Short Story Competition.

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## Quest

I'm looking for the truth I lost,  
Ages ago, when I was born  
It has lost itself between  
the minutes of life and dream  
And drowned in shimmering tears I shed.  
for things I have not seen.

I look for it in forest pools  
And the moving shadows of night  
But I know I'll never find it now,  
Until another life.

**SPECIAL MENTION — Brinda Charry**  
I PUC (HEPyS)

On the Spot Poetry Competition

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Pools of darkness—turn to light  
Shadowed dreams, frightened nights  
Fathomless pools, too far to see  
Looking, peering down at me  
Worth the trouble to come so far ?  
Or just another passing star ?

**Nawaz Varkey**  
II HEPyS

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There from the depths of her cancerous body,  
Her eyes look up at me, sigh and flutter shut again  
That body was once my joyful daughter  
Where has that zealous child gone ?  
She's dying, all hope has fled  
But she hangs on with inner strength  
And she fights against death  
Knowing she could never give up her quest for life.

— Written on the spot  
**Aarthi Chander**  
III B.Sc. (CBZ)

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## Red Giants and White Dwarfs

Contrary to what their names may suggest, Red Giants and White Dwarfs are not acquainted with Gulliver or Snow White. They are, in fact, stages in the life of a star. There are many kinds of stars burning in the night sky. They differ, to the eye, in colour and luminosity. The colour of a star is dependent on its temperature, just as a very hot body is "white hot", turning cherry red and then dull red as it cools. In general, the higher the surface temperature of the star, the higher the frequency of radiation emitted. Stars appear bluish-white, white, yellow orange or red, according to the decreasing order of their surface temperature. The intrinsic luminosity of a star depends on its temperature and size.

In general, the luminosity of most 'normal' stars is related to the surface temperature. Red Giants and White Dwarfs are remarkable stars that do not conform to the rule. Our sun is about a million miles in diameter, with a surface temperature of  $5800^{\circ}\text{K}$ . A typical red giant may be a hundred times more luminous than the sun, although at times more luminous than the sun, although its surface temperature is only  $4000^{\circ}\text{K}$ , as its diameter is 100 million miles. In most cases, its mass is fairly close to that of the sun, making its average density extremely low. The white dwarf is really a dwarf with a diameter of 20,000 miles, which is no more than twice that of the earth, but with the mass of almost a whole star packed into it. A teaspoon of matter from the star would weigh several tons.

The source of a star's enormous light and heat is nuclear energy. When atomic nuclei are energised sufficiently to overcome the electric barrier between them, they collide; nuclear fusion follows, resulting in the formation of new, heavier nuclei. Hydrogen nuclei, that is, protons, fuse at 10 million degrees kelvin to form helium nuclei. Helium fusion occurs at 100 million degrees kelvin, while carbon and oxygen fuse at 600 million degrees kelvin.

A star is born in the great swirling mists of hydrogen that surge and eddy in the depths of space. As clouds of gas move at random through space sometimes by chance, atoms come together to form small condensed pocket, of gas. Stars are born in these accidents.



To form a star, the rocket of gas must contain at least  $10^{57}$  atoms (which means that it should weigh a little less than the sun) and may stretch across trillions of miles. This tight cluster of atoms held in the grip of its own gravity is called a protestar. The force of gravity, pulling all the atoms towards the centre causes the protestar to collapse on itself, shrinking in size. As it shrinks, its density and temperature increase. With the passage of time, it continues to shrink in size and gets hotter and hotter. After several million years, the protestar will have contracted to a diameter of 100 millions miles. This is like a large balloon sent up into the air to advertise ice-cream shrinking to the size of a grain of sand.

10 million years after the protestar is formed, when its temperature at the core is 10 million degrees kelvin, a new phase begins. At this temperature, for the first time, the protons in the centre of the protestar passes enough for nuclear fusion to set in, converting hydrogen to helium. The protestar has become a star.

The hydrogen-burning phase is the longest in the life of a star. The sun has been in this steady phase for 4.6 billion years and will remain so for another 5 billion years. Surprisingly, the larger stars live for shorter periods. This is because, in a massive star, the pressure and temperature being higher, fusion occurs at a faster rate, exhausting fuel sooner.

The helium produced as a result of fusion accumulates at the centre of the star. When a core of pure helium collects, the star shows signs of ageing. The temperature of the compressed helium core is very high and constantly increases. The surrounding layers absorb the heat and soar to great heights, causing the whole star to bloat to several times its diameter. The star has now entered the red giant phase. It is now a luminous distended object, there is a tiny, dense core at the centre containing about one fourth the mass of the whole star, while the rest of it stretches out to millions of miles. Reducing the star's size to that of a football, the core would be the size of a pin-head. When the layers of enveloping gas absorb heat from the core and expand, they cool down. The surface is therefore relatively cooler and—appears red.

When the temperature at the helium core is high enough, helium nuclei begin to fuse, forming carbon and oxygen nuclei. The helium-burning produces so much heat that when the surrounding layers absorb this heat, they expand so violently that they tend to get blown off the star. As time passes, the former envelope of the star forms concentric shells of gas, rapidly expanding outward. Much of the star's mass containing the products of fusion, is lost into space in



this manner, leaving behind a white hot core the size of a large planet. This small bright star is a White Dwarf. During the transition from a Red Giant to a White Dwarf, when the star is losing its outer envelopes, it is known as a planetary nebula. Slowly the colour of the dwarf changes to yellow and then red, before all its energy is spent and it turns into a cold dark lump of matter,

A star whose size is close to that of the sun ends its life thus; the death of a massive star is more spectacular. In massive stars, pressures and temperatures great enough for carbon and oxygen fusion may be attained leading to the synthesis of the higher elements. As a star ages, more elements accumulate in its centre, leading to a large variety of reactions, like the legendary phoenix, the star rises from its ashes of nuclear fire, before it dies out. The energy created in the centre can rip the star apart, in the cataclysmic event known as the supernova explosion. The mass and density of the core may be so great that neutron stars and black holes may be formed.

All the elements (except hydrogen) are thought to be produced in the nuclear cauldrons inside great stars. When these elements are sprayed into space, they mingle with fresh hydrogen and may go into forming other stars like the sun. The planets also contain debris of supernova explosions that occurred aeons ago. We owe the vitamins in a glass of tomato juice, the gold in our banks, the ink that Dickens and the others used.....our very existence, to stars that lived long ago. We are starstuff contemplating the stars.

**Sharda Sitapati**

II P.M.E.



# LIMERICKS

## (RESULTS OF THE ON-THE-SPOT LIMERICK CONTEST)

### The only Prize Winning Limerick

A magnetic young robot was made  
Of nuts and bolts and blade  
He was as keen as a razor,  
Equipped with a laser.  
Iron willed gals, him couldn't evade.

Anuradha S.  
Sandhya R.  
II PME

Ten thousand spirogyrae  
Did fuse with many amoebae  
With the advent of dawn  
The newly-formed spawn  
Danced the "Flagellated  
Pseudopodiae"

Malavika Jayaram  
I PUC (PCMB-II)

### Special Mention

A chalk piece wrote on the wall,  
Stories short, long and tall,  
He squeaked his way through,  
And shorter he grew  
Till he wasn't there at all.

Anuradha S.  
Sandhya R.  
II PME

There was a man from Limerick,  
Who could hardly light a wick.  
He started a fire  
Which went hay-wire  
And he collected his insurance  
quick.

Nawaz V., Sharon S.,  
Kavitha  
II PUC (HEPyS)

There was a man who got an award,  
For staying longest in a hospital  
ward,  
On sight of his bill,  
He took very ill,  
And now he's being borne heaven-  
ward.

Nawaz V., Sharon S.,  
Kavitha  
II PUC-HEPyS

In the year 200 was a fable,  
That the earth was as flat as a table.  
It was believed that the dead  
Had fallen off the edge,  
And to climb on again were'nt able

Nandini Jayaram  
I PUC-CBZH



There once was a lady named Laura,  
Who had a love for fauna and  
flora,  
The birds and the bees  
Made her very pleased  
And the treetops—they were her  
aura.

Nandini Jayaram  
I PUC-CBZH

There was this poet called Dick,  
Whose poems were perfectly sick,  
Totally lacking in rhyme,  
Perfectly idiotic all the time,  
And he termed the verse a limerick.

Mini Anthikad  
I PyEE

There was a lady called Miss Rose,  
Whose nose nearly touched her  
toes,  
Her nose swept the floor  
Got tangled with the door  
And the nose and toes came to  
blows !

Mini Anthikad  
I PyEE

There was a man with a beard,  
Who looked most positively wierd  
Almost like a bear,  
Who had lost most of his hair,  
And a nose most realistically dog-  
eared !

Mini Anthikad  
I PyEE

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Our main business is not to see dimly what lies at a distance, but  
to do what lies clearly at hand.

*Thomas Carlyle*

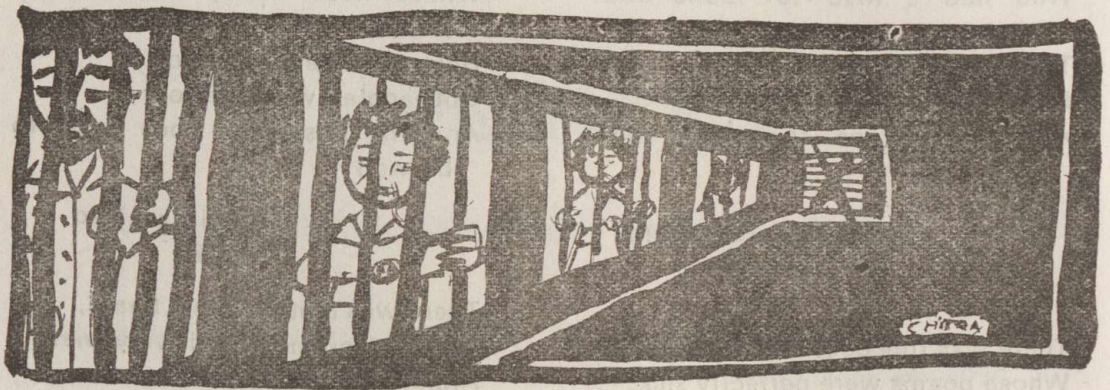
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At the point in life where your talent meets the need of the world,  
that is where God wants you to be

*Marcus Bach*



## Familiar Faces



They come in hordes and crowds,  
Thronging around our cell ;  
Inquisitive eyes, screaming aloud,  
are you sick ? aren't you well ?

They hold fear and pity  
——wary glances  
What if these loonies  
break out ?

What if these bars and railings  
Succumb to their crazed ravings ?

Why, we see them all the while  
Sombre faces, trying hard to smile,  
Clutching on to the sanity they pride  
Masking their faces, trying to hide.

Their scorn and pity for us, who live  
Up here, too alone to take or give  
The little things that make a life  
more pleasant and happy, without strife.

They look so absorbed and keen,  
Inside, they're low and mean  
For all they want  
are paper charts  
To show the world  
their 'social' hearts.

All these young faces are so familiar  
As another day passes, same and similar  
To the many years that we have spent  
In the dark, gloomy cells of imprisonment.

Anuradha, R.  
II PyEE

(Written on the spot)



## GOING HOME



A beautiful phrase ..... conjures up nostalgic memories ..... right ? I'm not so sure. Not if you're heading for the ol' home stead after a 9-4 workout in college ..... See that transformer ? That's more or less the marker for the Indiranagar route. And that endless queue meandering halfway down to Vaski's ? We are all going to try to set foot in the same bus. "Try" being the operative word. Now for the *modus operandi*. You can choose from two basic ways of joining the queue. If you are the meek and humble type—ready to inherit the earth tomorrow—you will probably trek down to your rightful place in the queue. But if you're one of Life's takers, you discreetly search for a familiar face—even vaguely familiar does nicely, and preferably somewhere high up in the line—and pouncing on the startled soul, you strike up an inane conversation just for the time it takes you to ease into place unnoticed. Then you settle yourself as comfortably as possible and wait patiently for a bus that *just* might not turn up. You stand around for so long that a dog mistakes you for a permanent fixture and uses your leg and a spider decides to set up home between your ear and shoulder.

The bus is spotted and the queue stirs. Slumber is shaken off and everyone watches its approach with the concentration of runners at their starting blocks. The bus' screeching to a halt is interpreted as a cue to break queue and stampede for the doors. You wonder dazedly at the whole point of the line formation in the first place.

You next find yourself suffocating in the middle of a bus that re-defines the phrase "sardine packed" But console yourself. You're probably helping to make the conductor's day, as he squeezes through a bus-length of tightly packed female forms. Our local Rambo's progress is accompanied by gritted murmurs of "Oh Godddd. .", "Trip him, trip him", "Shall we shove him out ? . ."

As this overloaded automation arthritically makes its way 'round B'lore—you begin to heartily agree with the inspired soul who said "A bus is a vehicle that goes faster when you're outside it than when you're inside it."

A half hour later you descend from the bus with a ricked back and biceps bulging from strap hanging, courtesy the "Bangalore Torture Service."

You stumble across your doorstep with a weary—"Mom, I'm home."

**Adele Braganza**  
lyr. PyEE



## WALK BESIDE ME



Whenever I need someone  
 I know that you'll be there,  
 To lend a hand, to understand  
 To sympathise and care.  
 To help me make decisions  
 To wipe away my tears,  
 To respect my firm convictions,  
 And allay my innermost fears.  
 When I need someone to believe in me  
 Through the bright and dark times too,  
 I know I have a friend I can  
 Believe in  
 I have you.  
 So don't run ahead, I won't follow.  
 Don't wait for me round the bend,  
 But instead, be my companion  
 And walk beside me, my friend !!

**Malavika Jayaram**  
 I PUC PCMB-II



## MY BEST FRIEND

It has stood by me through joys and sorrows  
Through my moods, frustrations, laughs and horrors  
It has been the sole companion I've ever had  
When I was filled with success and was glad

When I was down in the dumps  
Battling my way, through life's many bumps  
It was my pillow, who understood  
My changing world, my changing mood.

My pillow was the shoulder of a friend  
My pillow was the one to understand  
My many griefs and sorrows  
My hazy plans for the morrow.

Today it's still my pillow  
That stands by my side  
Through my life's myriad shadows  
—My best friend and guide.

**Sheenam Wasan**

**II PUC PCMB**

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# THE ROOM

The Room. They called it Room. It is hardly that, More like a hollow cube of iron. With me in it. Nothing else. Just me. Unless you count the cobwebs, the dust, the filth, and, of course, my thoughts.

They poke something in that does not even look like chicken-feed every ten hours. Or so they say. I've stopped eating it. What is the use?

What did I get out of killing him? I ended up in this Room. I have nothing left now. Even my life does not belong to me anymore. All I have are shadows—shadows of my chain of thoughts.

That day, which was so perfect. His face as he saw the gun in my hands. My face when I saw the blood. My screams. The screams of the police sirens. The blissfull unconsciousness. And now this Room.

I always had nightmares about my present habitat. I used to wake up in the middle of the night, screaming. And he would soothe and comfort me. He, whom I killed. With my own hand.

I suppose I expected to come to this Room. That is why I'm here now, here to stay forever.

There seem to be no clothes on me. Did they take them off? I don't remember. Why this loss of memory.

The walls of the room are so cold, Cold-like his face. My body is so warm. Warmer than his blood. Maybe I should dust the corners. Yes, I will, But I have no dustcloth. I will use my hands.

I'm beginning to like the spiders and silver fish. They are the only life form I'll see before I'm free—free from life. Free from this room.

Ah! Light! My eyes hurt. Someone is opening the door. Here comes the bowl. Not bowl, sorry, rial. Let me see if there is anything in it.



Bang! There goes the door. Yes. There is something in it. My eyes have grown accustomed to the darkness. I can see better in darkness, like the cat. The sly, curious cat. Only I'm not curious. But I'm sly. I sneaked up on him when he was unarmed and unaware like the cat pounces on the mouse.

A silver-fish is investigating my rial of "food". Let it eat. Who ever said Man is the highest form of life? Creatures like these thrive in this Room, while so many of us humans rot away in it.

This room is so convenient; for sitting I mean. You can sit for hours in a crouch position, on your haunches. It is so comfortable. Actually, you can't sit any other way. And you can't stand. Not unless you are three feet tall. What will a fat person do here? I guess she will become thin soon enough, so it doesn't matter.

The corners of this room are so perfect. The joint of the adjacent walls is so straight. And so smooth, Smooth. What I said he was. Was he really that? I'll never know. I'm in this Room now. Where is he?

I'm feeling rather sleepy, after such a long time. My eyes are cheating me. And so are my ears. Is the door opening again? It cannot be.

NO! Don't take me away! I like my room.

It is so comfortable. It is so cold. So smooth. So perfect. So hard. So small. So PERFECT. Like him. THAT'S why I killed him because he was like this room, and this room is killing me.

**Seeta Pai**  
1st PUC-PCMB  
Sec. 2

Written on the Spot

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# SONNET

I (CBZH)

Shall I compare thee to a winters day  
 Thou art more cold and heartless than ice  
 Rough winds constantly shake the trees so grey  
 And winter's too long for both men and mice  
 Sometimes too cold the sheet of ice bites  
 And perpetual does her dull complexion stay  
 And makes the season no days but nights  
 By chance, or natures course, it does not sway

But thy eternal winter shall not fade  
 Nor lose possession of that cold thou ows't  
 Which makes folk wonder, why they were made  
 These are the hues that winter showst

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see  
 So long lives this—this misery

An effusion inspired, after discussing Shakespeare's "Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day" This sonnet was composed in about fifteen minutes and worked out on the blackboard. The process was simply brilliant. The entire class was involved.

Anita Kuryan





## Travel by Train

(Based on J. B. Priestly's *On Travel By Train*)



Picture the scene....You woke up at an indecent hour, rushed to the station hours before time....fought your way into a carriage when your train finally did arrive—and you achieved the ultimate—found a clean, empty compartment. You settle yourself, pick up a magazine and—the door slides open slowly—....

Framed in the doorway is this aged amazon. You sit up straight, she eyes you and your empty cabin—in a voice a sergeant major would die for, bellows—"Here's One."

Then your haven begins to shrink in size (along with your sense of well-being) until it now accommodates....the aged amazon, her son, who looks like he's first cousin to King Kong, her diminutive daughter-in-law, three suitcases, three hampers and three hold-alls. The Hulk begins to hoist bag and baggage onto the top berth carefully pushing your suitcase to a precarious position—(jutting out just over your head). Unable to shake off the premonition that half a sneeze could probably dislodge the damn thing, you wrench it down and shove it under your seat.

You try desperately to ignore their presence by auto suggestion, imagination, transmeditation, anything—but no—Hulk taps you on the shoulder, grabs for and vigorously pumps your hand in a grip that could substitute for a tourniquet. You flex your hand slowly trying to ease knuckles back into alignment and return his greeting—and then turn to stare out of the window at a



crow on a fence—But, you haven't allowed the fact that persistence is the Hulk's surname, A deluge of inquiries on your marital status, life up to date, etc., follows. You answer in monosyllables but let's face it—it's a lost cause.

Meanwhile, mamma hulk makes herself at home—complete with 'paan dabba' and neatly folded legs (lotus position you bet). She generously offers you a paan—you refuse—the smell nauseates—she pops two into her mouth. Her twinkling eyes alight on the magazine on your lap and she leans over with the serious intention of sharing it. You offer the magazine, but she's content with the present arrangement, Thank you.

Then, she begins expressing her views on V. S. Naipaul. You stare in hypnotised horror at her brimming mouth, hoping will-power can prevent her from dribbling on you. You discreetly fish in your bag for a handful of tissues and try to keep them unobtrusively ready. Tension mounts. Your blood pressure keeps pace, your reflexes on red alert. When suddenly she decides she's had enough of the paan in her mouth.

Horrified as though watching a slow motion picture. you watch her lean across you and—spew straight through the bars—her aim honed by long practice. You sag in relief—

But, she's reaching for the box again.....

**Adele Braganza**

**I PyEE**



## Mrs. Punitha, To Her Exasperating Girls

[With apologies to Andrew Marvell and his Coy mistress]



Had we but world enough, and time,  
 This indifference, class, were no crime.  
 We would sit down, and think which way  
 To idle and hasten our long term away.  
 You in the canteen's corners could lurk  
 While I'd plan out ways to make you work.  
 Spend extra time with you, I would ;  
 Even ten whole years before the flood.  
 And you could merrily refuse  
 Till the conversion of the Jews.  
 Your vegetable knowledge should grow  
 Vaster than empires end more slow.  
 A hundred years should go to gaze  
 Beyond my shoulder, into space ;  
 Two hundred dedicated to sports and games,  
 Thirty thousand to your current flames ;  
 Innumerable years to your clothes and your looks  
 And to those forbidden best-selling torrid books.



An age at least to every art,  
 And the last age should rouse your slumbering heart.  
 For, girls, you deserve this joyous state ;  
 To curb your foot-loose days, I would hate.

But, hark ! at your backs don't you hear  
 Your examinations' winged chariot hurrying near ?  
 And yonder all before us lie  
 A couple of months which will soon fly by.  
 Your exuberance shall no more be found,  
 Your youthful disdain shall be crushed aground.  
 Red ink shall speak against you in your report card ;  
 You'll have to invent excuses for not working hard.  
 All your effervescence shall turn to dust,  
 And into ashes, all my hopes and trust,  
 At this rate, you're sure to suffer this appalling fate ;  
 I'd hate to say "I told you so" when it's much too late.

Now, therefore, while the year is young,  
 While ideas and thoughts roll off your tongues,  
 And while the hour has just begun,  
 Before you yearn to get up and run,  
 Now let us learn while we may.  
 And now, like amorous birds of prey,  
 Rather at once our time devour  
 Than fall asleep to the afternoon hours,  
 Let us gather our will-power and toil till the bell  
 Instead of wishing the poets to languish in hell.  
 I expect thirty ranks from this batch this year,  
 So buck up and complete the syllabus, my dears.  
 Thus, though we cannot make our sun  
 Stand still, yet we will make him run.

**Esther Thomas**  
 I PyEE



## *Superconductors*

Superconductors, which had been "lying low" for some time, have suddenly come alive from their cold confines, no, not near the Arctics, but near absolute zero ( $-273^{\circ}\text{C}$ ), to transform our lives forever.

Curiously enough, the spell-binding phenomenon of superconductivity had its roots in India. Way back in 1908, the Dutch physicist, Heike Kamerlingh Onnes, at the University of Leyden in Holland, for the first time, successfully, liquefied Helium gas at the incredibly low temperature of  $-269^{\circ}\text{C}$  or  $4.2\text{K}$ , which was barely  $4^{\circ}$  warmer than the absolute zero, i.e.,  $-273^{\circ}\text{C}$ , which is the lowest temperature attainable in the universe. The helium used for this historic experiment was supplied by the Indian Government, mined from the monazite rich sands of coastal Kerala !

What is superconductivity ? Why has it, after remaining reclusive and expensive for more than seven decades after its discovery, suddenly become attainable to scientists ? The answer to the first question seems easier. In simple terms, superconductivity is the virtual loss of electrical resistance in electrical conductors.

We know that all substances conduct electricity to varying extents and that even very good conductors such as silver do offer some resistance to the flow of current. Hence some "work" has to be done by the current in order to overcome this resistance. As a result, part of the electrical energy is wasted as heat energy. Thus one can imagine the problems of transporting electricity across thousands of kilometres of wires ; one wonders how much is lost in transmission due to heat ? This is where superconductors come into use.

Unlike other elements, helium doesn't solidify at very low temperatures. In fact, at states near to absolute zero, it can actually "climb", out of the sides of its container, i.e., it becomes a "super-fluid", and offers no resistance whatsoever to an electric current. Electricity can be passed for as long as one likes through it without meeting any resistance. This is the SUPER-CONDUCTING STATE. Onnes, as well as the entire scientific community were stunned.



The only problem which they encountered was that liquid helium was, and is still, horrendously expensive and is also very difficult to handle. Hence what was needed was a substance superconducting at room temperatures. It was here that the problem stagnated for the next 40 years, till in 1961, Scientists at Bell Laboratories in the United States, hit upon an element called niobium and the so-called Type II Superconductors came into existence. These are essentially different from the Type I Superconductors in the sense that they are capable of carrying higher currents in very high magnetic fields. The total loss of electrical resistance below a critical temperature, also called the transition temperature  $T_c$ , is one of the characteristics of a superconductor. And until 1973,  $T_c$  had been raised to a mere 23.3K, using a niobium-tin alloy. In the meantime, physicists John Bardeen, Leon Cooper, and Robert Schrieffer, proposed, in 1957, their famous BCS theory of superconductivity, which explained for the first time, the phenomenon at the microscopic level. But after this, try as they might, researchers could find no way to increase  $T_c$  beyond 23.3K.

And then came the breakthrough.

The pioneers in this breakthrough were Mueller and Bednorz, from the IBM, Zurich. In 1983, they stumbled onto the oldest of materials mankind has been familiar with: **CERAMICS**. Finally, in 1986, they detected the onset of superconductivity in a mixed oxide of lanthanum, barium and copper at 30K. But to substantiate their claims, they still had to prove the Meissner-Ochsenfeld effect.

Way back in 1933, Meissner and Ochsenfeld discovered that if a superconductor above its  $T_c$ , is placed in a magnetic field and cooled below its  $T_c$  then, just when it is in the superconducting state, it expels, as it were, the magnetic field present in its interior. But the problem arises because of temperature. To maintain those materials of superconducting temperatures, liquid helium has to be used, which, as one knows, is inordinately expensive. This was where ceramic superconductors came into use.



Following this lead, a team of scientists lead by Paul Chu of USA, synthesized an Oxide sample with yttrium instead of lanthanum, which was superconducting at 90K, well above the boiling point of nitrogen (77K). They observed the onset of superconductivity at temperatures as high as 92K ( $-181^{\circ}\text{C}$ ). This, in fact, set off the superconductivity race in full force ; the goal being to reach the highest  $T_c$  ever.

In India, various laboratories in a number of cities are doing work round the clock on superconductivity. In fact, the Government of India and our Prime Minister, Rajiv Gandhi, in particular got so interested in this, that in July this year, an apex body was formed, much on the lines of a similiar American one.

But one wonders, all the same, why superconductlivity is being billed as possibly the greatest discovery of the 20th century, so great that even the transistor or television will literally pale into insignificance. In my opinion, the answers to these questions will very soon see the light of day, what with scientists all over the world, going all out, to reach the "end of the Superconductivity race !"

**Anuradha Rangachari**

II PCM.



You can easily judge the character of a man by how he treats those who can do nothing for him.

— James Miles



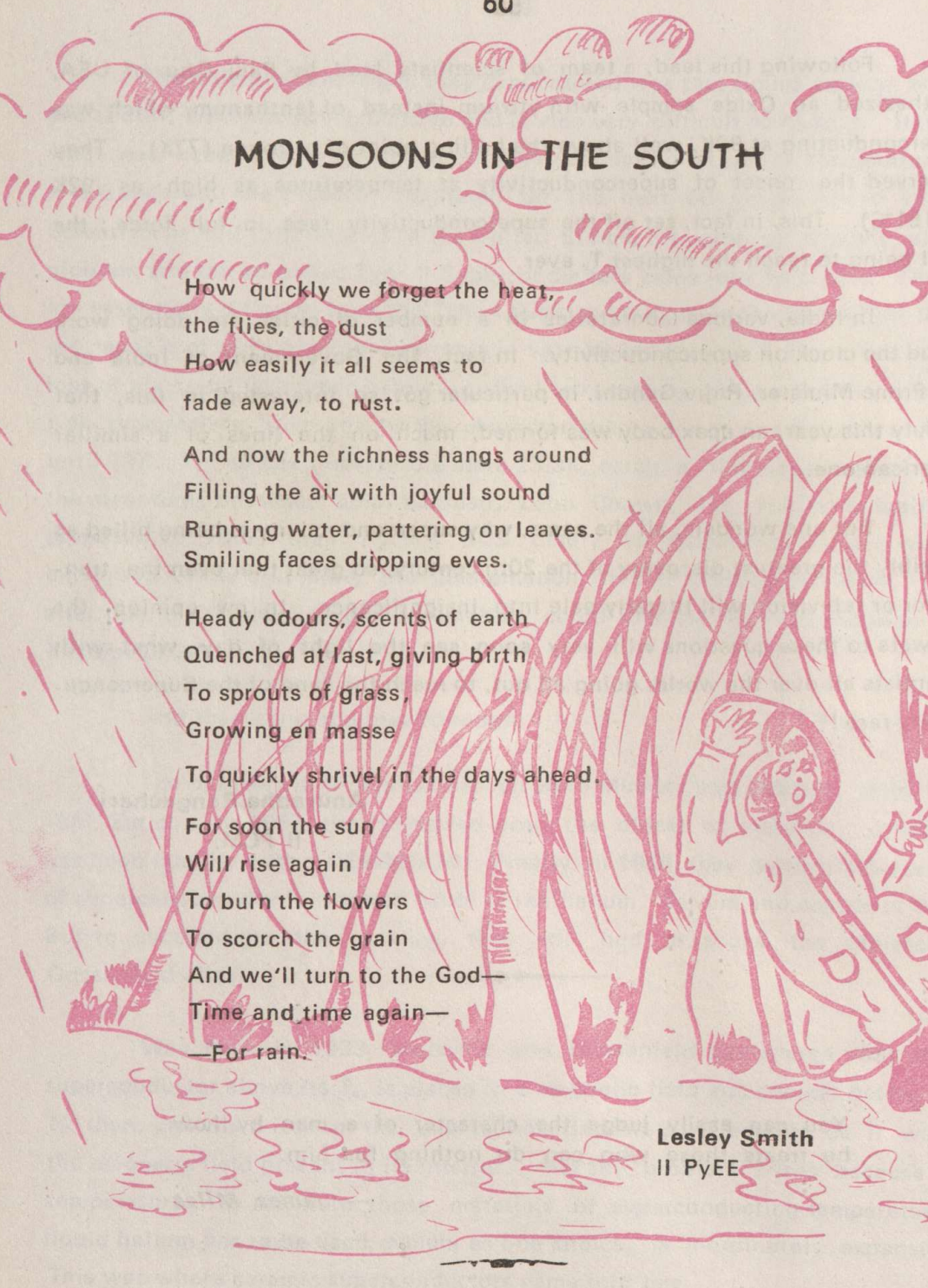
## MONSOONS IN THE SOUTH

How quickly we forget the heat,  
the flies, the dust  
How easily it all seems to  
fade away, to rust.

And now the richness hangs around  
Filling the air with joyful sound  
Running water, pattering on leaves.  
Smiling faces dripping eves.

Heady odours, scents of earth  
Quenched at last, giving birth  
To sprouts of grass,  
Growing en masse  
To quickly shrivel in the days ahead.

For soon the sun  
Will rise again  
To burn the flowers  
To scorch the grain  
And we'll turn to the God—  
Time and time again—  
—For rain.



Lesley Smith  
II PyEE



## Can we become Human Again ?



Hear, another funeral band  
Hark, another coffin on the way  
Today is the aftermath, folks  
Of the massacre yesterday.

We are the culprits, folks  
The murderers of the night,  
The mourners of the morrow  
Regretting our present plight.

We boast of our murders,  
We collect alms for stamps,  
Preach peace, practice war,  
Proudly we blow out all leading lamps.

Can we hope to ascend  
To the human level of wild beasts  
When our souls are already sold  
to the devil—for his feast.

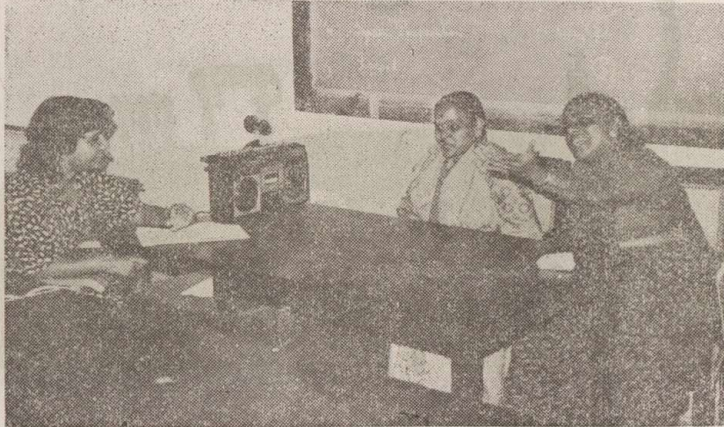
From the monsters we are,  
Can we hope to become human again ?  
Can we ? Shall we resurrect folks  
All the values we've senselessly slain.

**Vinitha Bhat**

**I PUC (PCME)**



## *TÊTE-A-DUET.*



### **An interview with Ms. Nagarathna and Ms. Jayanthi Bal**

After having served for 27 odd years at Mount Carmels, Ms. Nagarathna's and Ms. Jayanthi Bal's meritorious service was recognized when they were both awarded their Professorships.

Shirin Ahmed spent an enjoyable morning session interviewing these two diverse personalities.

We present here, excerpts from the interview.

#### **Shireen Ahmed**

S. A. — You've been teaching at M.C.C. for 27 odd years. Can you tell us something about your early education ?

#### **Ms. Nagarathna**

N :—Hmm.....I have studied only in ordinary government schools. My view of convent education was fragmentary. After coming to MCC, I find it very interesting.

#### **Ms Jayanthi Bal**

JB :—I studied at St. Joseph's Convent Ernakulam and after that, I graduated from Maharaja's College Ernakulam.

SA :—Has any, specific person influenced you during your education ?

N :—My parents and teachers have influenced me to a very great extent.



JB :—As far as I am concerned, my sister has been my ideal.

SA :—When did you get interested in your subject ?

N :—During my school days, I had a very good Biology teacher, Ms. Sundaramma. It is because of *her* that I developed an interest in Zoology.

JB :—I was not particularly interested in Zoology. My first choice was Chemistry, but unfortunately, inspite of my high marks, I was denied a seat so I had to go and *beg* the professors of Zoology to give me a seat and so I'm here.

SA :—(To J.B.) Do you have any regrets ?

JB :—No . . . but killing animals is something that I don't like but it's inevitable.

SA :—Can you comment on your attitude towards teaching ?

N :—Teaching was my childhood dream. Even as a small child at home, I used to pose as a teacher. I love this profession and any number of births I have, I will always love to be a teacher.

JB :—I was not particularly inclined towards teaching but due to my mother's death I *had* to take it up. However, I think I am a successful teacher.

SA :—When did you join M.C.C. ?

N :—In 1960.

JB :—In 1953.

SA :—Can you tell us something about the Zoology dept. then and now ?

N :—Earlier the department was quite small and we had an efficient H.O.D., Miss Lalitha. I think we owe a great deal to her. Now we are better equipped and have more facilities. I am happy to work here.

JB :—The labs have improved. The staff and student strengths have gone up. In fact, the student strength is going out of proportion to the lab, facilities that we have.

SA :—And what do you feel about the quality of the students then and now?

JB :—The students are more intelligent and more receptive than they were earlier. The present day students I find are better than those of yester years.

N :—I too feel the same. The present day students are brighter and more curious and they are better informed.

SA :—As a teacher do you remember your most exhilarating moment.

N :—Yes, when I first came to know that my students had given me a pet name 'Nagi', Generally when people love another person, like for example in



cricket, they call Pataudi as Pattu, Vishwanath as Vishu, Chandrashekar as Chandru and so on, so when they call me Nagi, it only shows the intensity of the love that they have towards me.

JB :—The most exhilarating moment was, when one of the science students of PUC got a rank for the 1st time in Mount Carmel.

SA :— What about your most embarrassing moment.

N :—Once during a picnic, one of the girls imitated me. Every move, every gesture. I felt happy but at the same time it was embarrassing.

JB :—I don't remember any embarrassing moment like that.

SA :—What are your hobbies and special interests ?

N :—I'm very fond of music. I think it gives a lot of mental satisfaction,

JB :—I love to travel and to visit places.

SA :—As teacher, you always influence students. Has any student in turn influenced you in any way ?

N :—Now I say Yeah ! Yeah ! for everything. Earlier, I never used to say it. This is an influence of the students.

JB :—The students have influenced me in going to the class prepared with the subject.

SA :—What is your idea of 'the model student' ?

JB :—A student should be.....regular and attentive and should come prepared with the lessons that have already been taught.

N :—I agree with her.

SA :—What about 'out of class behaviour' ?

N :—Out of class, I think I always like to treat my students as my own children still.....a little bit of distance should be maintained. Fear of God is the beginning of wisdom they say, Fear.....as not to die but fear out of love.

JB :—They can be free with the teachers but not like the relationship between friends, so a very close relationship should not be there.

SA :—If you were given a chance to live your life all over again would you still choose to become a lecturer ?

N :—"Yes", I would,

JB :—I don't think I would like to be a teacher. I would like to take up something else.



SA :—What is it that goes into making a successful teacher. Can you share your formulae with us.

N :—To have a good rapport with students. The subject by itself is not a criterion. I think if I've influenced even one student to lead a good life, I would have done a greater service rather than merely by teaching Zoology.

JB :—I feel the same.

SA :—Do you think the interaction between staff members leaves much to be desired ?

JB ;—Yes, there is not much of interaction between staff members in different departments.

N :—And now, the number is greater and hence we don't have a chance to meet all of them. I think a Staff Association will help.

JB :—We do have "Interact" but it is not enough to establish close ties.

SA :—Miss Nagarathna can you comment on your favourite term — "Rare Specimen"

N ;—If you ask me, I think the rarest specimen on the face of the earth is "Myself"

SA :—We have all heard about "Flowers for all occasions" but with due apologies can I say "poetry for all occasions" Miss Nagarathna, How do you manage this art ?

N :— (Laughter) Here, I owe everything to my God, I think that it is due to the blessing of *God* that I have this ability.

And on that humorous and philosophical note, we parted company.

**Shirin Ahmed**

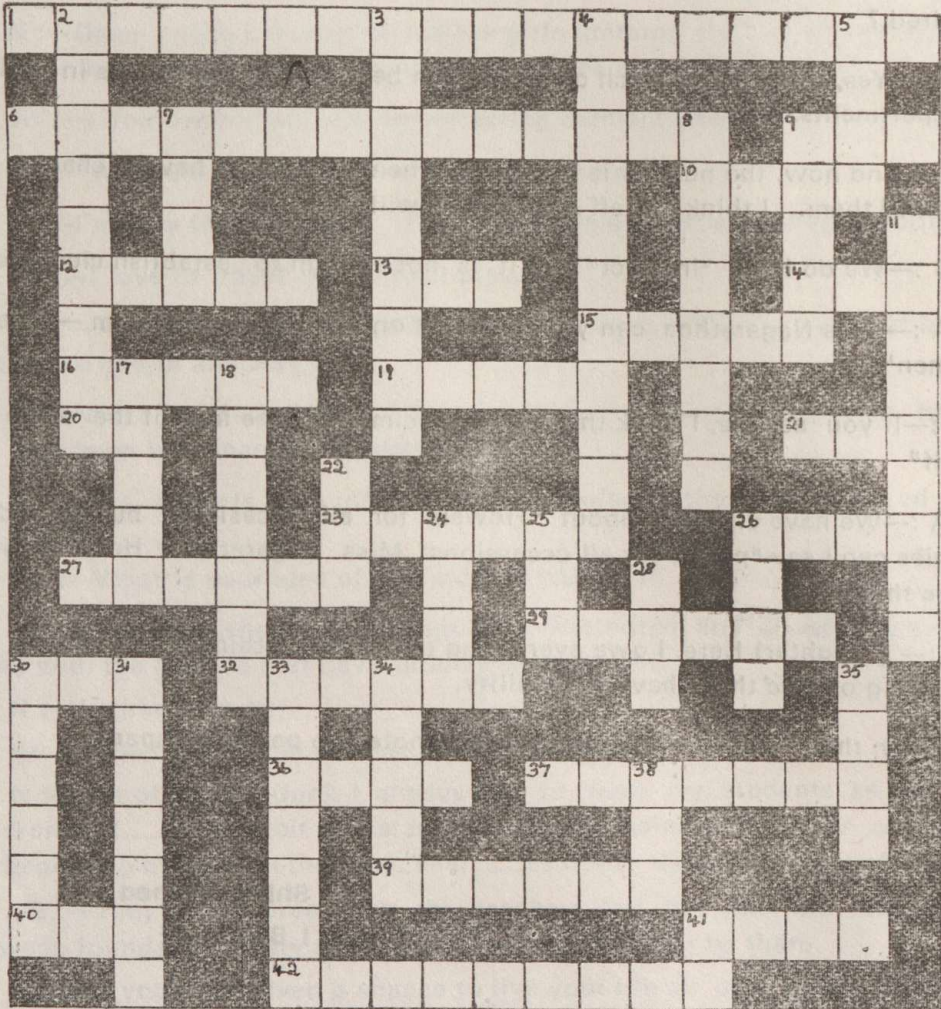
**I B.A. PyEE**



# CROSSWORD

## ADDITIONS

Here's an Economics crossword just for you!



For Answers See Page 78

Susan Lewis  
III PyES



# Crossword Clues

## ACROSS

1. The other name for the law of returns (8-10)
6. Income Theory is also known as (5-9)
9. Salary (3)
10. Money needed overnight at short notice (4)
12. ——— the root of all evil (5)
13. ——— has unlimited wants (3)
14. Loans should not be given for——productive purposes (3)
15. ——— indifference curves (5)
16. Commerce between countries 5)
19. A line illustrating quantities (3)
20. Man (2)
21. Country with the greatest Defence expenditure (Abber) (3)
23. Amount offered for sale at a given price (6)
26. Winter crop (4)
27. Economics, the science of scarcity or —— (6)
29. Assets of an individual (6)
30. One of the major exports of India (3)
32. Economic ———— should be achieved with stability (6)
36. An institution which deals with money (4)
37. Uncoined and mass gold (7)
39. Income is equal to consumption plus ———— (6)
40. Appropriate (3)
41. —— bearing theory of profits (4)
42. A method of Credit Control (9)



## DOWN

2. Author of Wealth of Nations (4, 5)
3. A dismal science (9)
4. Micro-Economics (5, 6)
5. Verbal (4)
7. Essential for crops (4)
8. Robbins — definition of Economics (8)
9. A — is a technique for achieving predetermined goals (4)
11. An abnormal increase in the quantity of money in a country (9)
17. Within one's capacity (5)
18. S. D. R. stands for Special Rights (7)
22. Water is an example of value in — (3)
24. Section (4)
25. — of Diminishing Returns applies to agriculture (3)
26. Speed (4)
28. The — system should be simple, financially adequate and elastic (3)
30. Custom duty (6)
31. One of Adam Smith's Canons (7)
33. Author of 'Nature and Significance of Economic Science' (7)
34. Ends refer to — (5)
35. One of the factors of production (4)
38. Fall behind (3)
41. Indian Currency note (Abber) (2)



# FRESH CRÈME



(modest aren't we?) ... sizzlers which would make them feel ... made it to this paradise on earth ... (strike while the iron was hot) ... dose of that 'medicine'—sug ... entry into Carmel.



# CAMPUS CAULDRON

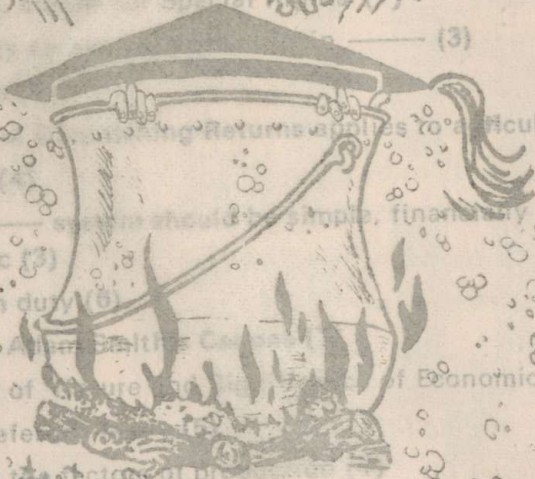
The orientation program ... made an impact on ... have flabbergasted ... gave them a list ... briefed the freshers on the ... importance in Mount Carmel. Shonali Gupte, on behalf of the students, gave the newcomers an insight into 'What it means to be a Carmelite.' She also introduced them to the various ways in which they could do Carmel's proud. Talk about a convincing speech—every new Carmelite in the gathering felt reassured that she sure was in the right place, would discover herself and live up to great expectations.

Then, the round introductions followed. First the lecturers, then the visibly shaking, awe-struck, dumbfounded freshers. But then, it was the best possible way to overcome that initial fear paralysis.



# DOWN

2. Author of Wealth of Nations (2, 5)
3. A dismal science (3)
4. Micro-Economics (2, 3)
5. Verbal (4)
7. Essential for crops (2)
8. Robbins — definition of Economics (8)
9. A — is a technique for achieving predetermined goals (4)
11. An aboriginal — the quantity of money in a country (3)
17. With — one's — (5)
18. S. D. — for Spatial — (3)
22. Water — (3)
24. — (3)
25. — Returns applies to agriculture (3)
26. — (4)
28. — system should be simple, financially adequate and elastic (3)
30. Custom duty (6)
31. One of Adam Smith's — (3)
33. Author of 'The — of Economic Science' (7)
34. — (3)
35. — of — of — (3)
36. — (3)
37. — (3)



CAMPUS CHALLENGE



## FRESH CRÈME



30th June, 1987, heralding the beginning of the new academic year, saw a sea of earnest, expectant, and yes—terrified—faces making their debut into the hallowed portals of M.C.C. Huddled in groups (there's safety in numbers) anxiety written large on their faces—the 'green' crowd, fresh out of school, looked around fearfully at the prospect of a 'mighty senior' on her rounds of ragging'.

10 am found the entire ensemble gazing with awe at the interior of M.C.C.'s rather impressive (modest aren't we?) auditorium. The 'freshies' were in for one of those sizzlers which would make them feel that they were the lucky few who had made it to this paradise on earth! The lecturers decided to lay it on strong—(strike while the iron was hot, so to speak)—gave the awe-struck youngsters a dose of that medicine—sugar-coated—which all Carmelites taste upon their entry into Carmels.

The orientation programme began with an invocation. Sr. Genevieve (in the absence of Sr. Jesuine-Marie) welcomed the youngsters with one of her pep talks. This really made an impact on the newcomers. Mrs. Annie Matthews in her own version of the 'Ten Commandment's' which seemed to have flabbergasted many of the 'freshies' into thinking this 'was the real thing' gave them a list of 'Thou Shalt's' and "Thou Shalt not's" Mrs. Ranita Hirji briefed the freshers on the Extra Curricular activities and their importance in Mount Carmel. Shonali Gupte, on behalf of the students, gave the newcomers an insight into 'What it means to be a Carmelite.' She also introduced them to the various ways in which they could do Carmels proud. Talk about a convincing speech—every new Carmelite in the gathering felt reassured that she sure was in the right place, would discover herself and live up to great expectations.

Then, the round introductions followed. First the lecturers, then the visibly shaking, awe-struck, 'dumbfounded' freshers. But then, it was the best possible way to overcome that initial fear paralysis.



Acquaintance with the physical surrounding being an essential part of "feeling at home" there was a guided tour of the campus. Much drooling (over the campus) followed. Sweets were distributed—this touched a deep chord in all of them.

'Sweet gesture wasn't it?'

"I am determined to give my best to the best college"—says a fresher—Thank you, Mount Carmel, in anticipation.....

Compiled from I CBZH responses.

## *Fight for Might*

They say the world, like the elections, began with a Big Bang.....The facade of Mount Carmel acquired a festive look. Vibrant posters and banners camouflaged every inch of wall space and bore ample testimony to the creativity of the Carmelites. Shonal Gupte's and Suparna Bhounick's posters made a terrific visual impact....'When you're looking for the best, put the rest to rest.....'

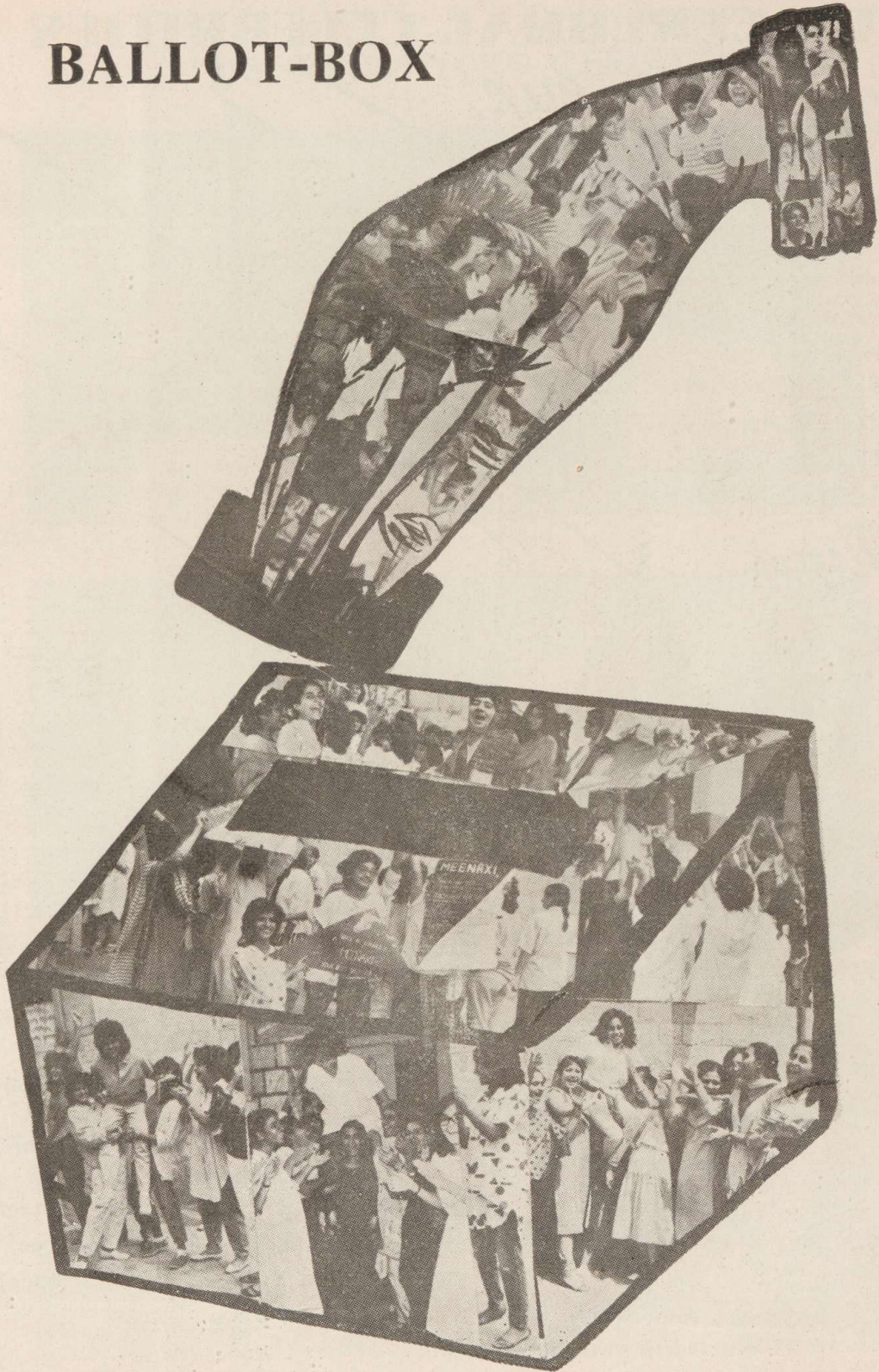
Elections have always been exciting in Mount Carmels. The colour, noise and enthusiasm combining to make for an exhilarating experience. It was as if a sale was going on. The salesmen were their classmates and friends. Classes were interrupted with permission. Shonali's Malayali Professor Act was highly applauded. Lunch time witnessed a battle of lungs, election Speeches—a la Dale Carnegie.....

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. Arlene Jame's speech was very impressive,—"What do I have to offer you, but my experience in the Union."

Other election issues included career guidance courses, tackling bus problems, better focus on Indian music and improving canteen standards—(standard line that.)



# BALLOT-BOX

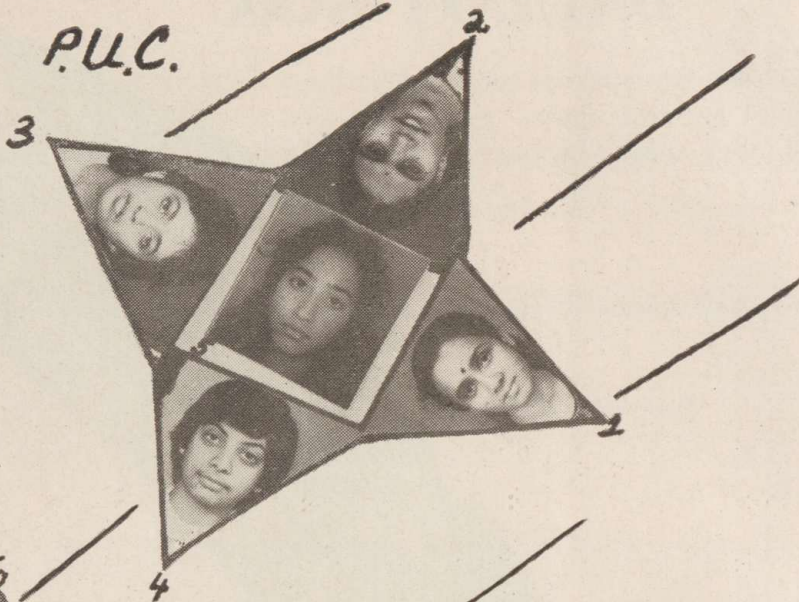




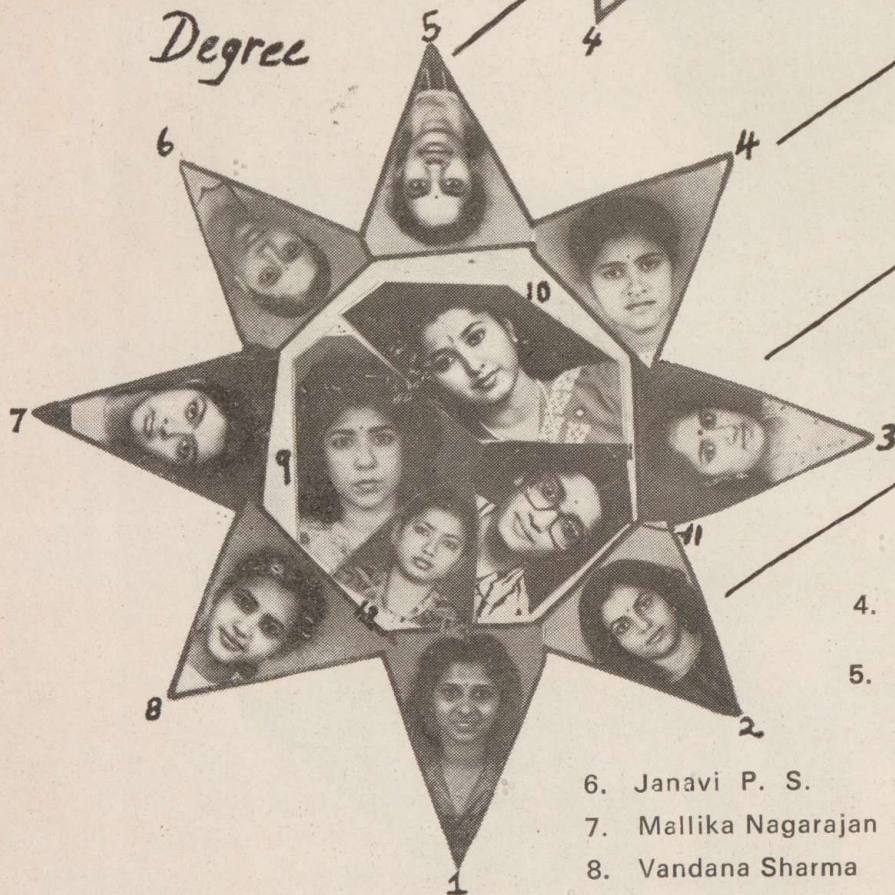
# OUR CEREBRAL CELEBRITIES

1. Jyotsna Sreenivas  
VIII Rank (Science)
2. K. Saraswathi  
I Rank (Commerce)  
SC/ST/BT
3. Hannah Sampath Kumar  
VII Rank (Arts)
4. Sandhya Venkatesh  
VIII Rank (Commerce)
5. Susmita Subramanyam  
VI Rank (Arts)

*P.U.C.*



*Degree*



1. Sujatha Rao  
VI Rank (Commerce)
2. Malathi S. Patil  
VIII Rank (Arts)
3. Bukkapatnam Renu Iyengar  
V Rank (Arts)

4. Vidhya C.  
VI Rank (Arts)
5. Prabha Sadhasivan  
IV Rank (Science)
6. Janavi P. S. — V Rank (Commerce)
7. Mallika Nagarajan — X Rank (Science)
8. Vandana Sharma — VII Rank (Science)

9. Deepa Talgery — III Rank (Arts)
10. Manjula Vijay Kumar Mallimath — I Rank (Arts)
11. Dakshayani Unni — VII Rank (Arts)
12. Lovy D'Silva — II Rank (Science)



## THE INVESTITURE CEREMONY



THE COLLEGE ON THEIR SHOULDERS



**SHONALI GUPTA**  
President



**NISHA PRABHU**  
Treasurer



**LORRAINE JOSEPH**  
Gen. Secretary



**SUPARNA  
BHAUMIK**  
Cul. Sec.



**SUREKHA  
SARATHY**  
Asst. Cul. Sec.



**GEETA MAKHIJA**  
P.U.C. Rep.



**DEEPIKA REDDY**  
P.U.C. Rep



Running for President were Shonali Gupte and Arlene James, with Shonali eventually staking her claim to the post by a narrow margin of 108 votes—(a photo finish indeed) Lorraine Joseph cake walked, over her opponent Sandhya Ramachandran. Suparna Bhaumick and Surekha Sarathy beat Meenaxi S. and Sonal Machado to the winning post as Cultural Secretary and Assistant Cul-Sec respectively. Nisha Prabhu's popularity overcame the opposition of Preetha Appaiah for the post of Treasurer, with Deepika Reddy and Geetha Makhija joining the Union as PUC reps, the Carmelite Student Government came into being,

The work of the supporters and campaigners is finished. Now is the time for the Union, the glorified idols to start working and justify the faith reposed in them.

Information : **Priya Ganapathy**  
**Sapna Asvani**  
 II PU CBZH

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## DONNING POWER'S HUES

The "Swearing-in" ceremony of the newly elected student government of the college took place on the 23rd of August, 1987. The Investiture marked the formal beginning of college activities. The Guest of Honour for the occasion was Mr. Abid Ali, DIG—Bangalore Police, who was formally introduced by Sr. Genevieve—on behalf of Sr. Jesuine Marie and the entire college.

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. Suparna Bhaumick read out the Secretary's report outlining future activities for the year 1987-88. The Chief Guests Speech which was sprinkled with humour was enthusiastically received by the students and staff. A classical dance and a Western Music programme followed.

Unions of St. Joseph's Arts and Science and Commerce, Christ College and M.E.S. felicitated the union with bouquets.

Shonali Gupte, the College President, proposed the vote of thanks. The function ended with the rendition of the college song, University and National Anthems, and was followed by elevenses at Fatima Hall for the guests and faculty members.

**Suparna Srinivasan**  
 II PyEE



## P. U. BICKER



The P. U. Debate this year was more on the lines of a socio-political analysis rather than of 'freshie' topical interest. Twenty participants alternated their views on "Festivals of India help build bridges of friendship." The debaters may have been PUC students, but they certainly spoke with elan.

Deepika Reddy of II PCMB inaugurated the topic, speaking for the proposition. She was followed by Nandini, Jayaram (I CBZH) who spoke against the topic. Another speaker, Vinitha Bhat (I PCME (I) said that "These festivals have converted India with a question mark into an India with an exclamation mark." Kritika Shekhar (I PCME (I) (I prize) swayed the audience with her wit and strong diction. She commented that these festivals were a "circus and not a success." Vijayalakshmi N. (I PCMB (II) who placed second, altered a well-known cliché. "East indeed is East, West indeed is West, but the twain have met and the meeting was sweet you bet." Vandana Rao (I MECA) who was placed third displayed her oratory skills with her eloquence. Preethi Gopinath displayed clarity of thought.

The audience response was lively and the witty interjections pepped up the debate. The judges were Shaikat Sen and Pamela Venkatesh. Shaikat Sen commented on the high quality of debate and gave the PUites some encouraging tips.

Information : **Deepe S.**  
I PU. (HEPyS)



# THE SUPER WOMEN OF M.C.C.

Wanted: Superwoman

Qualification: Must be able to promise extra holidays to Carmelites at all times; must also be able to wheedle a few extra holidays off the Principal, and talk their way into the good books of 80 plus teachers. Required to maintain fixed smile under siege and deal with 3,000 girls clamouring for red and blue sweatshirts. Preferably, come with own transport. Must play the role of universal peace-maker, in times of crisis.

Prescribed reading for applicants -

- 1) "How to win Friends and Influence People"
- 2) "Tough Times Never Last, But Tough People Do"

Perks: Attendance gratis, private den, meetings with dignitaries, ministers and Josephite Union members.

This hypothetical ad sums up the average Union member. Logical conclusion: the Carmelite Union is made up of Super women - eight of them, no less!

The Union this year has worked overtime and on weekends too, "quietly, yet efficiently" (to quote authorized sources) to make the Carmelite feel proud to belong to M.C.C. An all-out drive to increase interest in campus activities, and a host of new ideas to catch the attention of even those 'drifters-in-and-out-of college' was conducted by putting up notices, posters... in short, sheer bulldozing. Many sleeping Carmelite beauties woke up at last to discover M.C.C. and themselves!

It can safely be said that the long arm of the union made itself felt all over the campus, be it in the enthusiastic response to all campus competitions (inter-class), including the best-throwball matches - or the entire crowd that turned up for the career-oriented lectures and workshops.

The Carmel's sweatshirt tradition was revived this year in a d, blue and yellow - yet another great idea that translated itself from the blueprint stage to reality.

A theatre workshop, four live lectures and informal talks (with Rupert Basu), Karate classes, talks on advertising, Hindi and screen-printing courses... all these - long way in boosting the Union's dynamic image.

The Union Room is the scene of action. Lunch-breaks see nearly the whole of Carmel's packed within this 10' x 8' area. It's the Tower of Babel let loose, except on those solemn days when the Union Room is drawn, rapt, serious discussions or held either by the "Chosen People" on the million-dollar questions pertinent to college.

Let's take a peek into their hallowed precincts, and meet our own chosen Carmelite Cds.

Me... ow..



**SHONALI** - An indomitable will and a long list of accomplishments on the public speaking and dramatic fields marks this President of the "Carmelites Club". Though she sports a serious look when alone and "thinking", her ready wit and friendly smile are a regular treat. But we beside the newcomer to any meeting, 'cos 'Shonali' is a real stickler for punctuality. To develop latent acting potential, she manages to conduct 'Theatre workshops' in M.C.C. during the hols. A true first lady of Carmel's, not a versatile person, indeed, she sure has done M.C.C. proud.



**LORRAINE** - A bundle of moon cheeks with a job by the nicest girl in campus, this hot favourite of the M.C.C. hostesses - not, to mention, day scholars - brings in her wit and witless whims as well. A National Softball Champion now operating on the union scene, as well, she is well liked when it comes to solving problems, be it the B.T.S. issue or looking for solutions for those programmes to be held at the same time! An indomitable champion of the M.C.C. union - that's Lorraine!



**SUPRIYA** - It's easy to locate her 'cos she leaves behind a haunting trail of lilting melody, with a voice that would melt stones, 'Supes' is the most popularly known, sing her way into the hearts of Carmel's - and Joseph's and JNC and ... M.C.C. Madras and ... the list is endless. She's there at every cultural festival, taking part, offering advice and ~~encouragement~~ encouragement. Small wonder Carmel's has been making music all the way. A loving, dependable, friendly soul - hers is the 'traditional' Indian approach. "Western music for me? No, thank you. I'm not the type - can you even imagine...?" "No, we can't. But Carmel's owes a good deal of the success of its Indian Music team to this musical legend."



**DEEPTI** - A real-life 'Pixie' with more energy than a virus, this 'specimen of creation' is probably one of the best-loved creatures at M.C.C. A favourite alike with the PUs and the Degree crowd, not to mention the lecturers, she has this funny streak in her - she can't sit still for more than a fraction of a second. Always on the move - she can't sit still for more than a fraction of a second. Always on the move, colliding against the desk, tripping on the carpet, falling same instant ~~xxxxxx~~ (bruised knees, muddy jeans etc), she continues on her headlong at the feet of a passing ascended lecturer, picking herself up the very audience - "How does that kid survive?!" Friendly? Yes. Witty? Very bad? Absolutely. A regular tomboy... and we wouldn't have her any different. You bet!



**SURESH** - She really is your girl for the job be it inviting judges, doing the correspondence, fixing up interviews, answering numerous queries like "When are the screen-printing classes starting, Sur-kha?" "Can I join up for the karate classes? ... all this and much more she attends to with her winning smile and air of good cheer. Never one to grumble... except when she sees the remains of an empty lunch-box (a true hostess and hungry to boot) - this chick sure is fun to have around. Her hostel-room is a favourite haunt of Union members is a favourite haunt of Union members who want to coll up for the knaps or just .... rest their tired feet. (Watch out, Sur-kha, for Sister Esther!)



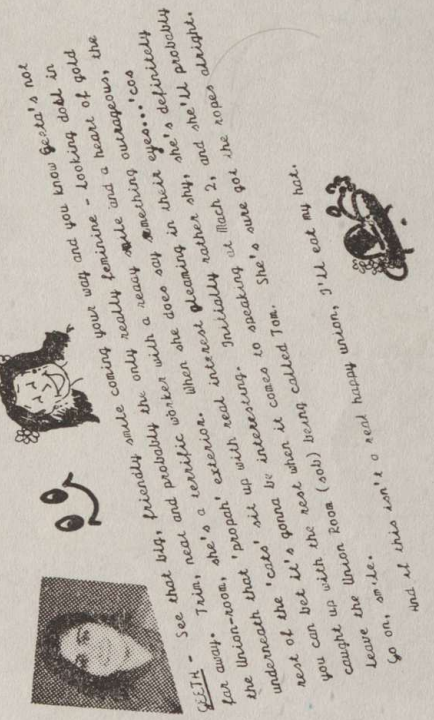
**RISHI** - This cut is real big time... she's got the dough and lots besides. A real 'treasure', she doesn't merely make money, she makes music, too. There's no one on the main scene like Rishi when it comes to 'letting the music play', besides this, she has the uncanny knack of settling all the music team hassles, be it - broken guitar or a bruised ego. This calm, breezy good-looker is in heavy demand... especially after competitions when the gals make a beeline for her... claim their convenience charges. It's the only time this 'treasure' tries to breeze her way out of a tight spot... "Hey, we're going broke..."



**RUWEN** - One of the versatile girls one can meet, she has excelled in so many fields, it's difficult to decide where to begin. Whether it is taking a decision on an "important issue", writing up an instant skit on half-an-hour's notice, sorting out accounts, or just tidying up the Union room, "Ru" is game to tend a wand. Perhaps the most outstanding thing about her is her ability to talk forever, and her extra ordinary sense of humour. Whenever you see the union room shaking to its foundations with laughter you can bet "Ru" is in there keeping everybody amused. She has a wonderful way with words which is probably why she has been Student Editor of the college magazine for the past three years. (Sitting up till 2.00 a.m. correcting incorrect grammar.)

— She single handedly got her class out of suspended animation and they went ahead to win quite a number of the cultural competitions held during the year.

The first good thing the Union did was to get this "Cat" to join it.



— Compiled by Radha



40

THE  
J. C. M. 939

THE J. C. M. 939

THE J. C. M. 939

THE J. C. M. 939

THE J. C. M. 939

THE J. C. M. 939

THE J. C. M. 939



## VERBAL LASHING

Ejaculations of "What a bore" "Oh no!" and 'Cripes' greeted the topic for the degree debate "Advertisements today are dishonest and the consumer an unsuspecting victim". However, the topic definitely didn't seem to deter the debaters, who turned up enmasse, ready to expend lung power. The participation response this year was terrific. 21 speakers, who spoke alternately 'for' and 'against' the proposition — a far cry from the pathetic responses we had last year.

A surge of humanity, invaded the auditorium at 1.00 p.m. on 5th August '87 to witness the massacre. The judges for the debate were Pamela Venkatesh, an Ex-Carmelite and Shaikat Sen Ex-IIT Kanpur, both of whom were big-time on the debating arena in their heydays.

The podium saw a number of new faces this year, apart from veterans like Shonali Gupte, Meenaxi etc. In fact, the new crop turned out to be a pleasant surprise as the results indicated.

Vandana Nadig proved to be a real convincing speaker, though rather fresh on the debate scene. She spoke about the Ad' effect on the rural population. Shonali looked at things from an economist's point of view, reverting to the Industrial Revolution.

Bharathi S. rattled off a sanskrit 'Shloka' which had the audience going 'blink-blink'.

Meenaxi spoke with characteristically powerful oration and aplomb.

Vandana Nadig of II PyEE was placed first, with Meenaxi S. of III B.Com, 'A' and Shonali Gupte (III B.Com. 'B') coming in second and third respectively.

Special mentions also went to Radha Venugopalan of III HEE for humour, Anita Krishnamurthy I PCM, Keshwar Saher of I PyEE and Ashwini Tambe of I PyEE for strength of conviction.

The debate was innundated with numerous and valid interjections, which spoke volumes for the high standards of eloquence and audience participation. Even the judges were impressed.

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



## BOMBAST

The Elocution Contest had an overwhelming response of both P.U.—Cubs and Degree 'Lions'. It was held on 7th August '87 and Fatima Hall was bursting at its seams. About forty enthusiastic youngsters presented as many pieces ranging from Michael Madhusudhan Dutt's King Porus, The legend of Old by Sita Pai, to Brian Clarke's, 'Whose life is it anyway,' by Shonali Gupte. Shonali's rendition of this piece won her the Gold. In Keshwar Saher's 'Salome' by Oscar Wilde, the audience could hear the keening of an anguished woman for her dead lover. Keshwar bagged the Silver. Sandhya Ramachandran's excerpt from 'Little Prince' by Antoine de Saint Exupery won her the Bronze.

At the P. U. level, Vandana Rao evoked a sense of patriotism in the audience with her rendering of Martin Luther King's—'I have a dream' which fetched her top honours, Anjali Menezes was another exponent of Martin Luther King. She tied for the second place with Sharmila Samy who rendered a piece from Jane Eyre. Nilofer Mathew with her rendering of G. B. Shaw's 'Nigger' stood third.

The judges for the competition were Miss Rugmani Nayar of the psychology department, Miss Dilshad Masters from St. Joseph's College, and Ms. Lakshmi Nair. Department of English, Maharani's Arts College. It was unanimously felt that our golden voiced orators have a bright future.

N.B.—Margaret Alva made her debut in elocution on the Mount Carmel Podium

Information : **Suparna Srinivasan**  
II PyEE



## AT TWO MACH



"If talking is a way of life, jabber on!" seemed to be the order of the day, as this year's JAM competition got under way. Earlier, the semi-final round had yielded six finalists with potential for chronic verbal outbursts. These six being Deepika Reddy, Sandhya Nair, Lizzie Thomas, Priscilla S. Kritika Shekar, and Christine. Apparently, they hadn't had their fair share of shooting their mouths in class, for fear of having their heads knocked off their hinges by the lecturers! And, so, they entered the arena—for 'Just-A-Minute, —all set to talk through their hats.

Moderator Shushant Gupte, an ex-Josephite and an exceptionally good jammer in his days, ran the show in Carmel's with his characteristic professional touch and sense of humour. A rather well-known fixture here (he compered the JAM last year, too), he seems to have become an inevitable part of JAM at MCC.

Topics for the day included 'Ma Baker, bake me a JAM', "Freak out on grass widows", 'Blinding at Blandings Castle', and 'Mary Rose sat on a pin, Mary Rose I'. Deepika Reddy on 'Hailing Zail' sent chills down the spine. Nasty prospects of Zail hailing down!

Sandhya Nair of I B.Com. A, who convinced us that "if the young one of a pig is a piglet, then the young one of a toy is a toilet", walked away with a well-deserved first place. She was followed by Deepika Reddy of II PCMB and Kritika S. of I PCMB who made it to second and third place respectively.

One would most definitely advise them not to try these tactics in class!

**Radha Venugopalan**  
III HEE



## Anything Goes

As the very name suggests, just about anything passed ! The Union came up with the idea of incorporating Mad Ads, Skits, Miming—you name it...into one mad session and christening it 'Anything Goes' which just about described it !

A week before the actual competition, the entire Union trooped on to the stage to demonstrate the kind of mad stuff expected. Not only did this give the girls an idea of the kind of nonsense that they could come up with, it also spoke oodles for the rather sportive MCC Union.

The demo, apparently helped—gauging by the number of entries. Though, apart from four to five entries, the rest according to the judges (Ms. Kalpan Balse, Mrs. Usha Govindswamy, and Mrs. Ranita Hirji) lacked—let's put it this way, calibre !

The first team on stage, III HSc. jumbled up so many ads, they ended up pretty confused themselves. The audience ? Lost in space.

III HEE came up with a real classy take-off on Karate—"that ancient and respected Oriental sport that employs such time-worn and hallowed techniques such as biting, kicking, eye-gouging, etc." high-funda humour (which 70% of the crowd couldn't fathom, but which, luckily, the judges could) and excellently co-ordinated miming marked the entry which simply walked away with the first place.

The Hostel entry, which placed second, was, to say the least mixed-up-complete with Leena Thomas as Hostelite's "embracing" Dubai—returned Uncle, and Anjali Chandresheker having a ball as Sr. Jesuina (walk talk, et al) and then as Thathi (Mangold-a, Lime-gold-a—please read with, an appropriate mal-accent and rhythm.)

A special mention was also awarded to the Union, who came up with their own distorted version of the movie 'Gandhi'. It sure had the crowd in splits seeing Nehru (Lorraine) and Jinnah (Nisha) doing a "Khushti" with Gandhi (Radha ; complete with skin-coloured stocking on cranium to create illusion of baldness) presiding over the fate of India—to split or not to split ?

The show which was held on 21st August '87 began at 3-00 p.m. and extended for over two and a half hours. Minor pandemonium broke out as the girls grabbed a heaven-sent opportunity to exercise their vocal chords. On the whole, a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon.

**Radha Venugopalan**  
III HEE



## SILENT MOVIE

The Dumb Charades competition was an eight-round package, but of 23 teams, only six made it to the finals. The rounds consisted of jumbles of phrases, movies, and book titles. One round was called the 'personality round' Shonali Gupte did a professional job of emceeing the contest. She came up with some mind-boggling phrases: 'Rhine Man's exchange on Treasure Island' "Tarzan the Incredible Melting Man," Night Wings with Dracula and Spinach" "Shogun, Taipan, and the Noble House" Goodbye Mr. Chipping and Don't Drop Dead Tomorrow and "The Ostermann Weekend in the Summer of 42.' The personalities included Scarlett O'Hara, Nelson Mandela, Charlie Chaplin, etc ...

Sandhya Nair (I B.Com. A) Vidya A. (I B.Com. A) and Shirin (I PyEE) co-ordinated to bag top honours with 270 points. Pranithi P., Nandini J, and Anita N. of I PCMB won the silver with 351 points, and Sabrina S. Joanne C. and Diksha K. of II HEP won the bronze with 427 points.

Information : **Kalyani S. I PCM**

**Sandhya Nair I B Com.**

## HAPPY BIRTH DAY TO YOU



On the cards, on the 3rd of August was the annual event—the Birthday Card Competition. The workshop and Cosip Lab seemed to all appearances the scene of a wild birthday party. Participants could submit any number of entries within a time limit of three hours.

More than a hundred heads allowed their imagination to run riot. Cards were produced with zip, zest, vim and vigour. Excited PU's claimed they were "enjoying themselves thoroughly."

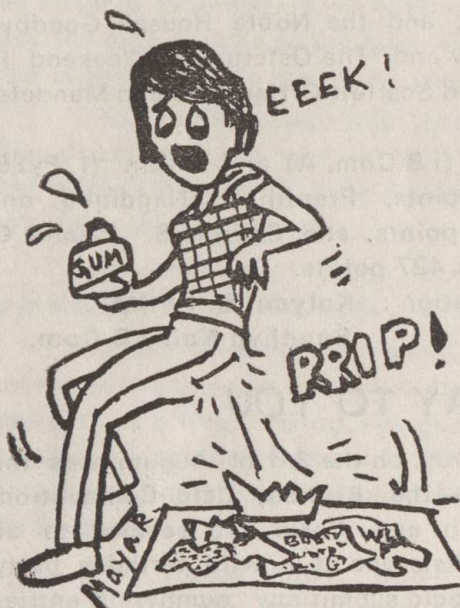
The floor was strewn with tassels and tinsels, ribbons, bows, coloured paper, paint and crayons, dried flowers and other odds and ends. Sheets of cardboard, feathers, and glass pieces were transformed into a breathtaking array of cards. Participants worked eagerly until the last minute.

Sandhya C.V's (I. PCMB-2) handiwork won her the first place, Aditi Banerjee I PyES bagged the second place and Rachana Kapoor I CBZ was placed third. Special mentions were awarded to Uma Sureka II PCMB II and Rehnuma Thouheed - I HEPyS.

Information : **Anjali Banerjee III B.Com. A**



## STICKY JOINT



The Workshop was capacity filled again. A few of the brighter ones dragged tables and chairs under the jack fruit tree to beat the claustrophobia. Going by the overspill, one couldn't help but wonder if the influx should be attributed to creative dyspepsia or a mere utilising of a God sent chance to legitimately bunk classes and earn attendance. A large majority of the entries displayed a shameless lack of talent hence proving the attendance hypothesis. The easiest topic to make a poster on was predictably designing MCC sweatshirts. "Punky" inclinations were freely given vent to. "Shelter" and "Nuclear Disarmament" offered variation for the sober-minded.

Did you hear about the girl who had an innovative viewpoint to the topic "Shelter?" She painted an umbrella and ran out with her attendance slip which duly stated that she had been at the competition for 3 hours....

Mrs. Lata Sadagopan and Mrs. Ragi Yoganand decreed that Lopamudra M. (III HSc.); Ravinder K. (I B.Com. 'B'); Asrathi C. and Manjula C. of III CBZ received the first, second and third places respectively. Leena Thomas (Hostel) and Lizzie Thomas of III HSc. made it to the special mention category.

**Adele Braganza**  
I PyEE



## WHAT THE DICKENS! FAIR IS FOUL AND FOUL IS FAIR.



The Literary Association which hosts the annual Literary Pageant decided to cut down on the range of choice this year by limiting entries to characters from either Dickens or Shakespere. The idea was to enable the judges to have a common platform upon which to judge.

Despite the narrowing down of choice, numerous entries came in for the event, which was held on the 2nd September '87. Judges for the event were Mrs. Hemalatha John, Mrs. Beema Ponnamma, and Mrs. Indira Sampath.

An auditorium bursting at the seams waited eagerly for the curtain to go up on the macabre three witches, the romantic Romeos and Juliets and the trembling Pips and Oliver Twists of the modern era and jet age.

A hot favourite among the participants seemed to be 'Macbeths' Three Witches with no less than five groups, stirring the bubbling cauldron, which made fifteen witches dressed in fifteen black 'purdahs' swiped of the MCC Muslim populace. Pretty original idea as far as costumes go, considering "hired garments" were not allowed. One group even managed the impossible—lighting a real fire on stage and threatening to do away with the MCC auditorium. After a 'bewitching' performance, they skipped off the stage merrily, leaving the next group of participants to clear up the mess after them. Chivalry sure *was* dead among them witches!

One classy Dickensian entry was II PyEE's 'Pip. Estella, and Miss Havesham" with Tina, Sudha and Sheila in the respective roles. Lesley Smith sent chills down the spines of the audience with her effective backstage vocals. The team qualified for the first place.

III HEE, as usual, *had* to be funnily original. Their entry was a spoof on "Julius Ceaser" "Beware the Ides of March" was interpreted as "Income Tax Day" (back in those days) "Why should Caesar worry? He doesn't pay



taxes ; he *collects* them !” Nita Kalappa made a haughty Ceaser, complete with upturned nose et al. The group collected the most laughs of all and placed third.

The first place was richly deserved by the I PUC PCMB Sec. 2's entry starring Pyramus and Thisbe in a modern version at "Ninny's Tomb". Seeta Pai as Pyramus and Resham as Thisbe made a real romantic pair. Effective rendering of lines, clowning and a lion's roar marked the entry which was adjudged the best for the afternoon. Special mentions went to III B.Com. A and III B.Com. B.

And with that, Shakespearean and Dickensian fans decided to call it a day and return to their normal everyday punkadoo.

**Radha Venugopalan**

III HEE

## ROSAGANZA

The Flower Arrangement competition held on the 11th of August '87 elicited an overwhelming response. Fatima Hall and the dreary workshop were suddenly transformed into a beautiful garden with blossoms in shades of pink and violet as budding florists fashioned leaves, twigs, and flowers into exotic arrangements. The rose was the 'queenliest' flower that reigned. Other favourites were gladioli, violets, asters, daisies, delicate white and purple blooms and even the 'cactus' acquired a regal splendour.

Flowery captions included Desert Bloom, Treasure Island, Star Trek, Wind Blown Effect, Freedom of Expression, Beauty in the Wilderness, Lily of the Forest etc....

The judges had the unenviable task of choosing the best of a stunning display of creations. Geetha Surekha (III B.Com. B) won the first place. Suritha Makhija (III B.Com.) bagged the second and Lizzie Thomas (III HSc.) was placed third. Special mentions were awarded to Jyoti Subbiah (Hostel entry) and Sharon Rebello (II MECA).

Information : **Anjali Banerjee**  
(III B.Com. A.)



## PRETTY PATTERNS

The Rangoli Competition held on the 18th of August was a grand success. It not only drew a large number of competitors, but also featured a variety of intricate geometrical designs in Kaleidoscopic colours—all captured in its traditional form.

Every kind of 'Kolam' seemed to have found its place in the 'Fatima Hall'. The judges were Mrs. Lakshmi Venkatesh and Mrs. Namitha Suresh. Since there were a large number of entries, the competition was divided into two parts — the floral section and the powder category. Girija and Deepa of II B.Com. (A) won the contest in the floral section with a colourful display of 'The Kathakali head'. Bhagyalakshmi and Meera of II B.Com. (A) received Special mentions for their painstaking efforts.

In the powder category, hostelite Radhika K. S. secured the first place with her 'Picturesque Scenery' Jyothi G. H. and Nalini of III B.Com. (A) were second and Sumathi and Sunanda of III HSc. placed third. Kalpana Nadig and Sunita S. of II PyEE, and Litika S. and Kavitha of III HSc. received special mentions.

Information : **Kalyani S.**

I PME



# COLLAGE

The workshop, prevailed upon to be the zone of the Muses yet again, this time for the Collage contest.

The unbelievable mess and the frenzy of activity tell their own tale. If you can wade through the knee-high piles of magazines and scrap paper, filter out the yells hurled across the room of "May I borrow your scissors?" and "That marker looks like it works doesn't it?" May I use it?" you witness Carmalite creativity functioning overtime. Random pictures blithely cut out or "artistically" torn out if they are even a vague connection to the topic. The participants had three hours in which to hand in a Collage which graphically stated the themes of drug addiction, oppression of women and synchronicity. The former two-stock topics for the uncreative but enthusiastic. The latter posing an exciting challenge to the imaginatively uninhibited. Mrs. Ragi Yoganand and Mrs. Lata Sadagopan judged and entries of Aditi B. and Chitra N. III B.Com. (A); Bindu N. and Kavitha B. of PCMB (I); Sharmila S. and Priscilla S. of III HSc. to be prize-worthy and in that order, Sapna S. and Sapna K of II B.Com. (A) and Vanashree S. and Nita K. of III HEE merited special mentions.

Adele Braganza

I PyEE

## CROSSWORD ANSWERS,

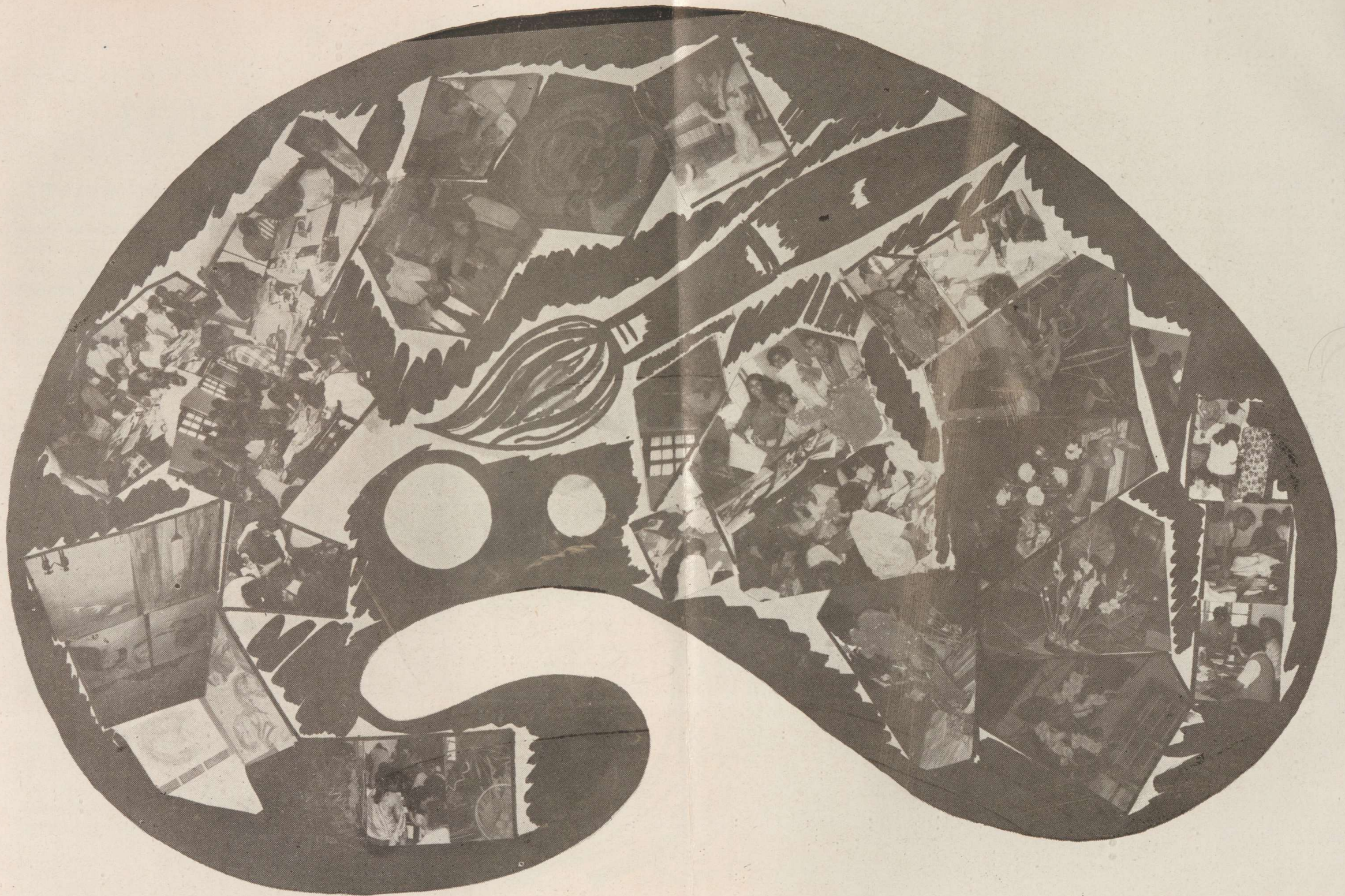
### ACROSS

- |                        |                    |            |               |
|------------------------|--------------------|------------|---------------|
| 1. Variable Proportion | 6. Macro-Economics | 9. Pay     | 10. Call      |
| 12. Money              | 13. Man            | 14. Non    | 15. Hicks     |
| 16. Trade              | 19. Curve          | 20. He     | 21. U. S. A.  |
| 23. Supply             | 26. Rabi           | 27. Choice | 29. Wealth    |
| 30. Tea                | 32. Growth         | 36. Bank   | 37. Bullion   |
| 39. Saving             | 40. Fit            | 41. Risk   | 42. Selective |

### DOWN

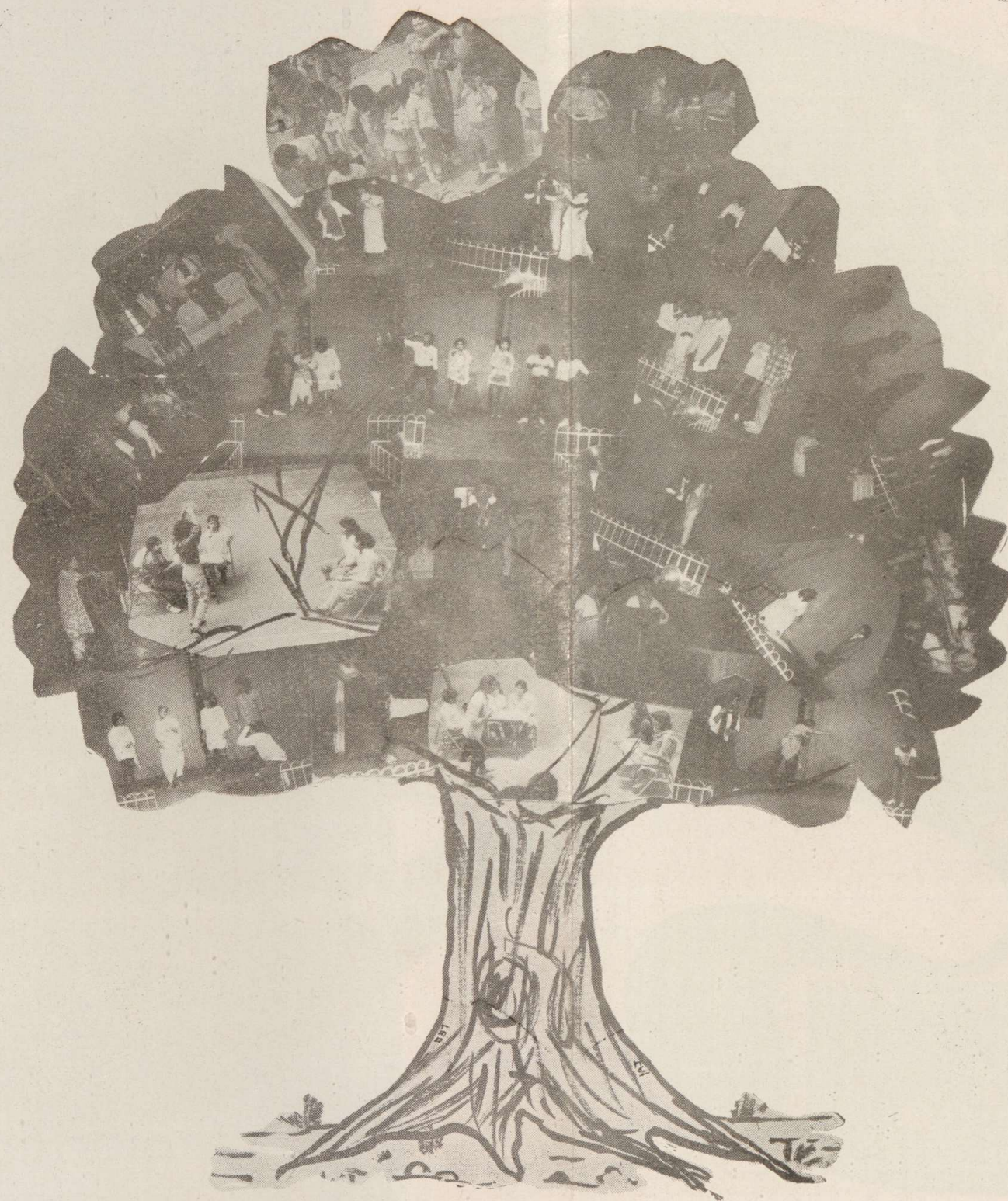
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|---------------|--------------|-----------------|-----------|-------------|
| 2. Adam Smith | 3. Economics | 4. Price Theory | 5. Oral   | 7. Rain     |
| 8. Scarcity   | 9. Plan      | 11. Inflation   | 17. Reach | 18. Drawing |
| 22. Use       | 24. Part     | 25. Law         | 26. Rate  | 28. Tax     |
| 30. Tariff    | 31. Ability  | 33. Robbins     | 34. Wants | 35. Land    |
| 38. Lag       | 41. Re,      |                 |           |             |





*O FOR ARTS SAKE*





Like a tree . . . . .  
We must each branch out . . . . .



## FOR ART'S SAKE

The phrase "an overwhelming response" is fast becoming a threadbare cliché as far as this year's campus competitions are concerned. True to form—the workshop, (standard venue)—was literally overflowing.

The more claustrophobic artists dragged desks and chairs out under the Jackfruit trees, presumably to "draw" inspiration from the life-size models walking about.

The judges for the painting and sketching competitions were Miss Kandan R., Miss Kajali from Chitrakala Parishad and Maya Ramaswami—ex-queen of the Artscene on campus. Their efforts at the themes of "Age" and "Campus" brought Lopa Mudra (III HSc.) ; Roopa G. (II HEPyS) ; Kavitha R. (I PCMB (I) the first, second and third prizes respectively. Vijaya Priya (III HSc.) won a special mention.



The sketching competition—definitely no place for the unimaginative ; what with themes like "Fantasia" and "Emotions"! Madhavi R. (II CBZ) ; Sheela D. C. (II PyEE) ; Lopamudra (III HSc.) ; Jayashree W. (III PyES) and Priscilla S. (III HSc.) fantasized and emoted adequately enough to win themselves the three laurels and a special mention, in that order.

In the clay modelling contest, the judges—Ms. Sudha Manohar and Ms. C. P. Usha Rao (also from Chitrakala Parishad) opined that Chitra N. (III B.Com. A) ; Sajy Paul (II B.Sc.) and Anjanai Acharya (Hostelite) deserved the first, second and third place respectively. Shama Abdullah (Hostelite) ; Veena B. (II B.Com. A) and Shaitee Bindra (I PyEs) made it to the special mention category.

**Adele Braganza**

I PyEE



## SA - RE - GA - MA - PA - PA - PA

The lilting melodies of Chitrahaar filled the auditorium following a complicated alphabet sequence. One's knowledge of Hindi movie music had to be deep and accurate. War occurred when the wrong consonant was married to the wrong vowel. In JAM fashion wrong objections fetched negative points and correct ones bonus points. The Nightingales were both singers and critics, Kanaka and Vasuki III HSc. stood first. Manisha and Neena stood second and Charu and Sapna (II PUC CBZH) stood third. The contest ended with the judges from IISc. serenading the audience. Suparna Bhoumick of III B.Com. and Kanaka finally put in a short performance at audience request.

Information : **Jayeshre S,**  
**and Varsha Handu**  
 I B.Com. (A)

## Natyam



Foot tapping rhythm, the silvery sounds of anklets and bangles, the graceful gesturing of hands and eyes, these — the ingredients of Indian Dance had a chance to be aired on the Mount Carmel Stage.

'Tillana' and 'Alaripu', 'Kriti' and 'Geethe' were the various classical modes. Tradition was honoured and individual talent gleamed from a vast reservoir of ancient culture. The same numbers have been performed in courts of Kings and by "devadasis". It is indeed reassuring to see a superb display of talent danced with respectability on the Mount Carmel Stage. Costumes of various shades of silk ranging from mango yellow to peacock blue, cherry red to emerald green glowing with gold and silver jewellery were beautifully modelled by the 'danseuse.'





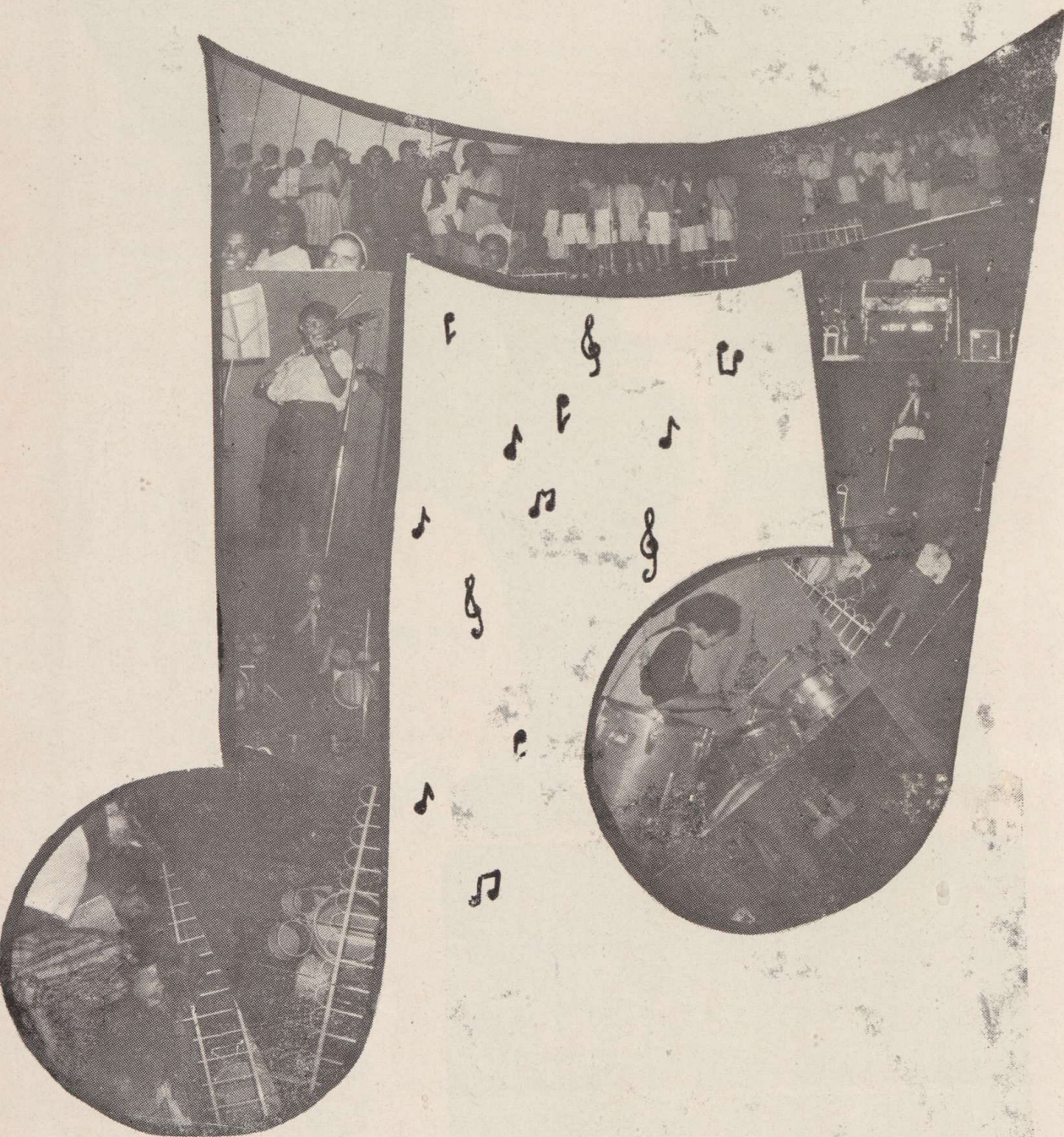
JHANAK JHANAK  
PAYAL BAJE



THE YAKSHAGANA  
TROUPE



# CAN'T STOP THE MUSIC





Leena Radhakrishnan (I PUC (PCMB)-I) placed first. Manu S. K. (II PyEE) second and Sujatha V. J. (II PES) third. Anjali Jaidev (I MECA) and Padmini Seshadri (III HSc.) received special mentions.

In the group dance category the popular favourites were the Harvest dances, Bhanghras and Fisher folk dances. The Mizo Bamboo dance performed by the I HEPyS and III HSc. were outstanding.

Hats off to some creative dance by III HEE who danced to the tunes of a popular song from an old hit — 'Madhumathi'.

Information : **Manu S.K.**  
II PyEE

## A FIASCO

Maybe, to perform 'folk' one needs company. While the regular folk dance item gets enthusiastic responses every year, the solo version of the contest was a washout with only three girls turning up. There was quite an audience. Besides even the music conked out half-way through the performance of the reluctant danseuse (Vidya II B.Com.) who was highly embarrassed to be the first on stage.

Geeta Mary of I PECA was fairly adept at her swirls and whirls. However, her movements were classical rather than common. She made the glorious error of mouthing words uttered by a male voice in the background—an error acceptable on Door Darshan. (It was as if the idiot box had come alive.) Srikala of II HEP catered to local sentiment, performing a Kannada folk dance. She came first, Geeta Mary second, and Vidya third. The show lacked grace and finesse, punctuated by a rowdy audience who enjoy the art, this time non-art.

Information ; **Sony B.**  
I PU HEPyS



## Back to Bach



The 17th of August 1987 — and the stage is set for the showdown. Seats in the auditorium are fully booked by 10 : 00 a.m. but this is not in the least deterrent to the average Carmelite.

The lunch bell licenses her to charge madly in the direction of the audi, serious intent stamped on her face. Precariously placed scraps of paper books, and bags are not exactly daunting barriers. Nonchalantly disposing off one such offending bag with two fingers, she settles down to await and do battle with its highly indignant owner. Butter wouldn't melt in her mouth as she swears by all the Gods that the bag was *not* on the seat in the first place.

Ten minutes later, the audi is packed to capacity. The view is very intimidating from an on stage vantage point. The only distinguishable faces in the huge amorphous mass before you are the first three rows of pitying, sympathetic faces of the lecturers. Shonali Gupte comments on the unprecedented number of participants—nearly 25 finalists in the PU and degree sections each and the audience settles down to await its first victim.

Audience participation was also unprecedented this year. Indiscriminately and unmercifully booing every participant who showed even the slightest symptoms of stage paranoia. They firmly believed in a simple doctrine—either you had talent, or you didn't. Any unfortunate participant starting off in the higher octaves had the audience gleefully hitting the high C's accompanied by a deliberate off beat clap. The one sided battle of skills had one agreeing with the known fact that the MCC stage prepares you for life. If you make it through your baptism of booing, you'll make it in life.



Anjali Menezes (I PUC PECA) had nothing to cry about when after a justifiably nervous beginning, she sang her way to the top in the PU vocal solo category with "Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain." She was closely followed by Rebecca Lobo (II PUC COMM) who sang "Allright" and Merlyn Castelino of I PUC (CBZH). The audience loved Marie Baby's "Greatest Love Of All" Deborah Govias with her "I hope You're Never Happy" came in second and Priscilla (III HSc.) made it to the third place.

In the vocal group, degree section, the Final B.Com. entry was closely followed by Gouri and Group and Priscilla and group placed third. Sarita and Group and Gizella and Group were content with their first and second respective rankings in the PU section.

Susheela K. (II PCMB-II) Sumathi K. (II PCMB-II), and Nawaz Varkey (II HEPyS) were adjudged first, second and third respectively in the PU Instrumental category. Radhika Chib of (II HEPyS) received the special mention. Nisha Prabhu's rendition of "Ballads Pour Adeline" guaranteed her the first place. Gouri's drum solo placed her second and Deborah Govias settled for the third spot in the Degree section.

The judges, Pearl Abraham, Naina Lobo, Charlotte Fernandes and Shyam Sunder, by their own admission, had a tough time sifting out the winners. Thus attesting to the high standards of Carmelite musical talent.

The controls were then handed over to SHYAM and THE WEST WIND who are fast becoming a permanent fixture at every inter-college music meet. An ecstatic audience erupted into pulsing applause as current and popular hits were translated into live, high-voltage, mind-blowing music. A scant hour-later, accompanied to voluble protests, the curtain slowly dropped on another milestone in the year.

**Adele Braganza**

I PyEE



## **'NO BIZ LIKE QUIZ BIZ'**

Quizzing—the most widely-watched and sparingly participated competition. Well at least it used to be considered so, until early this academic year, when the two Mrs. Mathews found themselves facing what could mildly be termed—an onslaught of spirited young PUC students, eager to make their mark on the scene.

They certainly did. Undaunted by what was intended to be a harsh written preliminary round, they cruised into the finals, constituting four out of the six 'chosen ones'.

The annual Quiz Queen contest is a prestigious affair. It draws a sizable crowd and is graced by luminaries such as Mr. Sundaram—the President of the Quiz Foundation and other reputed 'Quizzards.' The only conspicuous absentees that day turned out to be two Finalists whose places on stage were filled by daring volunteers.

Undoubtedly, it was no enviable plight facing the vagaries of the Bouncing Rounds conducted by Dr. Prathima and Mr. Cecil Mathew, also of the Quiz Foundation. The audience smugly secure in their seats, had the best of both worlds, saved from public humiliation when ignorant, yet appraised with tossed sweets when not. The triumphant survivors of the gruel, for the grey matter—were Madhavi R. II CBZ duly coronated—Quiz Queen—and Tulasi II PyEE and Malavika (I PUC) who were placed first and second runners up.

The whale of a response this year, has led to the formation of a club, christened GWQ' (an appropriately cryptic abbreviation of its activities—'What's the Good Word' 'Twenty questions' and 'Quizzing') Our club is affiliated to the Quiz Foundation, has a burgeoning library of 'its own and holds informal quizzing sessions.

**Ashwini Thambe**

I yr. PyEE



## “WHAT’S THE GOOD WORD?”



It was Sabira Merchant, with her ebullient personality, who rocketed this game to popularity, in academic circles, the game has acquired immense popularity and higher standards. An interesting way to 'live' time. Becoming dictionaries is interesting indeed! The originator of this game is a super-champ called Webster. In the musty archives of an Isle called Brittanica this game is being played at Olympian speed.

The elimination round was chock-full of entries from eager beavers proud of their word-dams. Fairly simple. One had to find equivalents for words like 'voluptuous', 'gawky' and 'enigmatic'. A break. The library was raided by those cock-sure of success. A hasty look at encyclopedias. Call it last-minute mugging! Mrs. Annie Matthews conducted the show. There was also a literary quiz conducted side by side. The semi-finals was thus blessed with interesting revelation about the origin of words.

The hostess of the next part of the programme was Ms. Rajani Pani. Amusing moments—Queen Victoria identified with Old Mrs. Bloomer—the solitary, lone rebel, who is the mother of all modern jean-happy girls, having had the bravura to wear trousers in the prim era of hooped petticoats. Boffins, one was told is not a new toffee or Arctic bird or gun, it is a term for the bank of invisible war-time scientific brain-power. Finally, a question to the lecturers—"What is a curtain lecture?" All dumbfounded! The answer was hilarious—"A lecture the wife gives her husband before retiring." Kudos to Chitra N. and Deepa S., of I HEPyS who walked away with the Gold. Sandhya Ramachandran and Sharada S. of II PME bagged the silver, and Adele Braganza and Ashwini Thambe of 1st PyEE won the bronze.

Information : **Esther Thomas** (I PyEE)

**Sabrina Samy** (II HEP)



## 20 ~ Q

So you think you're well-read. What better way to ascertain this than having a shot at 20-Q. The game tests your familiarity with well-known and (more often) not so well-known personalities.

It can be played with innumerable variations, the only steadfast rule being, the asking of twenty questions by participants, in order to guess a chosen personality. Note = they have to be so phrased as to require only a 'Yes' or 'No' answer, with the occasional 'maybe' thrown in (this again, varies from contest to contest). Players are usually grouped in teams of two and can either fire the 20-Q together, at the moderator, or have one team member asking the other. A time unit is usually set, of about two minutes, within which the name should be guessed. If you're lucky, you could be allowed an extra twenty-first guess, after a given hint—that's when you're pathetically off-track.

The rules are simple enough, but your first attempt is guaranteed to be a clumsy one, seeing you floundering through, asking indiscriminate questions, repeating them, misphrasing them, and before you have even the foggiest idea of who the personality is, your twenty questions are up-Tough! The key to the game, you'll realise, is an organised thought pattern — the moment your basic clues of 'male or female' and 'dead or alive' are given, you should be able to determine, through a rapid process of elimination, the country of origin the field of achievement and any notable laurels, to arrive at a passable guess. The game takes a difficult turn when fictional characters are introduced, where you have to start off by determining whether the character is human or not (boy, did 'Snoopy' give us a tough time!)

The GWQ<sup>2</sup> club provides ample opportunities for practice, with regular 20 Q sessions. The official 20 Q event was held in August with keen-eyed participants making valiant efforts at guessing the likes of Dolly Parton, Swami Vivekananda, Zoroaster and even Sonia Gandhi. The omniscient T. K. Sundaram played the tolerant moderator, accompanied by Anil Dikshit on the stop-clock for the finals, which culminated in ties for both first and second place.

1st place : Sonali Dwivedi and Sharmila Bhat and Meenaxi and Lynette  
(III B.Com 'B') (III B.Com. 'A')

2nd place : Sharada Narayan & Sunitha J. P. & Adele B. and Ashwini Thambe  
(I PCMB-II) (I PyEE)

Information : **Ashwini Thambe** I PyEE



## ARTS QUIZ

In keeping with the latest biz — 'Quiz biz'—an inter-departmental quiz contest was conducted by the Arts Faculty on 30th Sept. 1987. The quiz covered topics related to History, Political Science, Economics and Sociology. A Preliminary elimination round produced five teams which were to contest for the finals. The five teams were allotted 'team names' such as Jughead, Asterix, Little Lotta, Casper and Tintin.

The quiz included audio-visuals related to the topics as well.

Pamela Venkatesh, an ex-Carmelite, who still takes an avid interest in the activities of MCC compered the show with her characteristic flair and sense of humour. A very enthusiastic audience kept the show going strong, if only by turning up for the eclairs that were hurled at those who managed to answer questions left unanswered by the contestants.

The results sure had the degree-block (heads) of the MCC audience sneaking out through the back-door, trying desperately to look a couple of years younger.....to try to gather together their shattered 'Izzat'I 'cos it was a PUC team, Rupa and Suma of I PUC (HePYS). calling themselves "Asterix" that walked away with the gold. Kudos to them—they sure tackled the difficult questions with elan. An extra round of hearty applause from an appreciative audience, from the lecturers.....a snide dig at the degree students, left the two squirming with pleasure. Kiran Prabhu and Shoba C. Rai of III B.A. (HEP) called themselves the 'Little Lotta' team (a misnomer — both of them can do with that pound of flesh) won the silver.

Mrs. Rebecca Benjamin of the Sociology Department suddenly found herself in the limelight when, as the result of the not-so-subtle conspiracy of the rest of the Arts faculty, she was called upon to present roses to the winners. She did this with her usual charm and winning smile brining the enjoyable afternoon to a close.

**Radha Venugopalan**  
III B.A. HEE



## INTER COLLEGIATE POLITICAL SCIENCE LECTURE CONTEST

An Intercollegiate Political Science Lecture Contest was organized by the Humanities Association of Mount Carmel on 18th Sept. 1987. The auditorium was packed with a 'politically inclined' audience who felt motivated enough to bunk classes and sit in the auditorium rather than decorate the 'drive.' Eager beavers turned up from quite a few colleges—MES, St. Joseph's College of Arts and Science, NMKRV, New Horizon College to name a few—to participate in the contest. It must be added that a number of the participants looked decidedly nervous, especially the male of the species, who had heard unnerving rumours about the MCC audience which booed with enthusiasm when the going got boring ... "The female of the species is deadlier than the male."

The judges for the event were Ms. Rajani Pani, a History and Political Science lecturer from Jyothi Nivas College and Ms. M. D. Riti, an ex-Carmelite and a well-known speaker in her days who now works as a freelance journalist.

The choice of topics covered a wide range of political issues. Topics that seemed to be a hot favourite with the participants were 'The Indo-Lanka accord' and "The Prime Minister-President Conflict in India." Other topics were Communalism in India, Mao Tse Tung, Forty Years of Indian Independence, The Gorkhaland Issue, and the Iran Contra Deal.

Richa Vinod (III B.A. HEP) of Mount Carmel College gave a clear analytical and fully-researched insight into the Indo-Lanka Accord, and earned a well-deserved first place. Kiran Gowda of MES College gave us all the factual details about Mao Tse Tung, and was placed second. The third place went to Radha Venugopalan (III B.A. HEE) of Mount Carmel College, who, with wry humour, spoke on the PM-President conflict in India. Mount Carmel won the overall trophy and the team retired well-pleased with itself.

**Radha Venugopalan**  
III B.A. HEE



## *HISTORY LECTURE CONTEST*

How does it feel to be on the other side of the desk, gazing at blissfully blank faces, and trying desperately to get a message across? The History Department (which, perhaps, has been rather sorely tried) decided to give the History Students the 'rare opportunity' to get a taste of their own medicine Result? The History Lecture Contest! Strong medicine!

Held on 23rd September, in the afternoon, a surprisingly large number turned up, either with the aim of getting information, bunking class, or merely dozing. However, thanks to the speakers who also turned up in droves—the history department obviously having done its fair share of threats and blackmail—as the afternoon wore on, the faces took on a positively enlightened look (lecturers seeing green? !)

The round began with the "PU kids", their topics being "History is bunk", "Gandhi", and "Hitler."

Judges, Mrs. Benjamin of the Sociology Dept., and Mrs. Vasnaik of the Economics Dept., unanimously agreed that in the PU section, Sangita K. U. of II (HEPS) deserved the first place. She was followed by Bindu V. who spoke on Hitler and came a close second. Somewhere along the way, Deepa of I PU (HEPyS) forgot to 'lecture' and debated *against* "History is all bunk". She, was, however, awarded a well-deserved special mention.

The degree section obviously seemed to promise more—after all, being old-timers with (hopefully) more guts! Rather staid topics like "Indian Architecture", "Nationalism in Asia", and "Napoleon" were interspersed with the hot favourite topic of the afternoon—Henry VIII, which, to say the least, left a lot of scope for the imagination! Guess it was only to be expected—perhaps Napoleon ought to have had as horrendous / impressive a private life as Henry VIII!

"Indian Architecture" was another topic that got more than its enviable share of the attention—not surprising considering the glorious tradition of architecture in India. The intricacies of the Gandhara style, the varying



nuances of the styles of the north and the south were all brought out—the girls sure had done their homework! One take-off from the subject was Anu Narayanan, bemoaning the fact that Indian Architecture in the present age was acquiring a bland facelessness. “Are we going to leave a meaningful enough past for our future?”—she wanted to know. Some food for thought, that.

Grace Kikon was another “lecturer” the crowd simply fell for—she was “so cute”—guess her quaint accent did it.

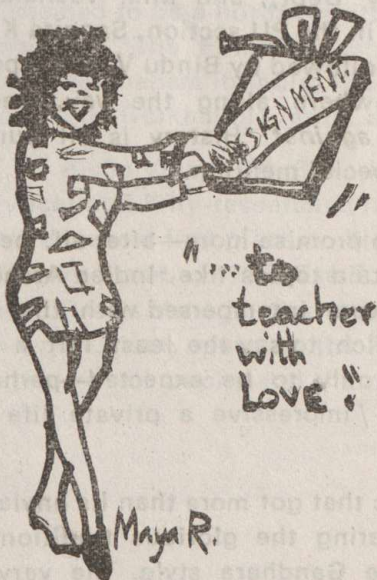
In the degree section, Nandita Venkateshwaran of III B.A. (HEP) getting all her facts right on Napoleon, got the first place. Radha Venugopalan of III B.A. (HEE) walked away with the second place, scoring full marks for humour—of the typical, wry Radha-like calibre. Richa Vinod of III HEP followed; coming in third, and Sabrina Samy of II B.A. (HEP) a quiet, convincing speaker, got the special mention.

And so, the History lecture Contest made History at Carmels.

**P.S.**— The History Department is happy to announce that Seema M. (II HEPyS) secured the II Rank out of 1,500 Students in the State Level Certificate Exam in the History of Karnataka.

**Anuradha Narayanan III HEE  
and  
Radha Venugopalan III HEE**

## TEACHERS' DAY



Every year, September 5 is celebrated as Teachers' Day to commemorate the birth anniversary of the philosopher-statesman, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan. At MCC, the celebrations included presentations of roses and bouquets to the teachers, cries of “HAPPY TEACHERS DAY I” and to top it off a special cultural programme. The programme was held on Sept. 4th. On that day as teachers entered the audi, they were greeted with cheers and applause by the students. (What a welcome change that must have been from the response they usually receive when they enter a classroom I)



The programme started off with a Marathi dance by the III yr. CBZ students. They were followed by a talented 1st degree student who played a Tibetan and a Hindi song on the mouth organ. Next came a humorous and well organized medley of English songs by the 1st degree students. Deborah Govias of IHSc. sang, "I Hope You're Never Happy" but, of course she noted this was not intended to be taken to heart by the teachers. Miss Nagarathna, head of the Zoology Department, recited a poem entitled, "My Dear Children" It was very well received, I" Suparna Bhaumik then sang a beautiful Hindi song and was greeted with loud applause and cries of "once more " To end the programme in a befitting manner, the students stood up to sing "Happy Teachers' Day I"

It is, of course, nice to celebrate Teachers' Day and take time to reflect on exactly how much we owe our teachers. It is sad, however that the day comes and goes and we seem to forget all our gratitude on other days. Teachers are such a fundamental part of our educational system. We rely on them in so many ways and yet we take them for granted. I hope that the teachers' day celebrations showed the teachers that even though we do not always express it, we are grateful for everything they do for us. Wishing the teachers "Happy Teachers' Day" in all their days of teaching.

— Anitha Ramanna  
II (PES)

## PARENTS DAY

Parents day under the distinguished patronage of Dr. M. Sheshadri, Worshipful Mayor of Bangalore, was held on Sept. 29th with all its customary ceremony and splendour. It was an evening when the grounds of MCC were graced with distinguished guests, proud parents and accomplished students. The whole campus was lighted and the driveway was decorated with buntings and festoons which added to the festivity and gaiety.

The evening began on a joyous note with soul stirring renditions from the angelically attired choir.



The programme was altered, as the chief guest was unexpectedly called away to grace another function. In his speech, he spoke about the high calibre of college education which Mount Carmel imparts to its students. The Principal's presentation of the annual report reiterated that at MCC it was 'laurels all the way'. The prizes were distributed by Rev. Father Ignatius Pinto.

The cultural programme which followed, included the lilting melodies of patriotic Kannada songs, an English play and a dance drama. Directed by Mrs. Ranita Hirji, the play — 'Idols' set in Paris during the 'Reign of Terror,' struck a sombre note as evening fell. The portrayal of a mother driven by jealousy and the goading of her bitter spinster companion into betraying her own daughter-in-law, certainly pulled at every heart string. It ended with a morbid twist of fate — the guillotining of her own son in the place of his wife. The ensuing hush that fell over the audi was broken by the colourful dance, drama exquisitely choreographed by Mrs. Maya Rao, depicting scenes from the creation of man, birth of Jesus Christ and the Parable of the Samaritan woman. The dancers with their fluid moments enthralled the audience.

The evening ended with the singing of the University, Papal and National Anthems.

Information : **Ashwini Thambe**  
I PyEE

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## YAKSHAGANA

One would have thought it was a bit of voodoo at work on campus that windy December afternoon. A rhythmic drumbeat interspersed with chanting and an occasional high-pitched yell rent the air. The colourful costumes and the unusual audio effects attracted the MCC crowd who surged into the audi to partake in this rare spectacle—'Yakshagana' presented by the Sanskrit and Kannada departments.

'Yakshagana' is one of the most popular folk arts of Karnataka. Presented in the form of a dance-drama, it draws its content from Ramayana, the



Mahabharatha and the Puranas. The piece presented on the MCC stage was the 'Mahishasura Vadhe' an extract from the Puranas which narrates the story of the demon Mahishasura, his wicked ways, and his ultimate humiliation and eventual death at the hands of Devi.

Padmini Sheshadri made a charismatic Mahishasura, while Shanti C, made an extremely pretty goodness Devi. Others in the cast included." Shalini Gopal, Kalpana Natarajan, Sharada Sitapati, Sarita C., Kavitha A. S., Jayanti and Devika as the lion. All the characters acquired a 'mythological air' except our pussycat—sorry lion.

The director of the show was Mr. K. Chandrashekar Rao, The costume designers were Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bhat. The music was provided by Sri Padmanada Guru on the 'chande'. Sri Ananda Rai was the 'Bhagavathar' accompanied by Sri H. L. Bhat and Mohan Bhat on the 'Maddale' and harmonium respectively.

The performance was applauded by a very appreciative audience. It is hoped that more events of this sort are held to foster and generate interest among those not yet quite acquainted with this art form.

Information : **Padmini Sheshadri**  
III B.Sc. (CBZ)

## FRENCH DAY CELEBRATION

Parlez-vous francais? Even if you don't the French Day Celebration was one spectacle no one on campus should have missed. Held at Fatima Hall on the last Friday afternoon of the second term, its main offering was the Inter-class play competition.

The audience, which comprised mainly of a few loyal supporters from each class, and some curious staff members, were treated to two presentations of scenes from well-known plays and two original skits.

The II year degree students opened with a comedy of intrigue extracted from Beaumarchais "Le Mariage de Figaro" and bowled every-one over with their elaborate set and costumes. Most impressive were the 1st year degree students, who, next-in-order, lamented their own hastily assembled attires, in



the wings. Their presentation which followed, was based on the concluding series of Molières. "Le Malade Imaginaire" The Hypochondriac found costume again having a distinct impact, but for the opposite reason: one actress who played the double role of a doctor and a maid, had her right trouser-leg slightly confused about the switch. This play thus took on an unforeseen and unintentionally hilarious twist, as the trouser leg refused to stay rolled up for too long at anytime, regardless of the role being played.

Next were the 1st PUC students, in true Yuletide spirit, put up a skit entitled. 'The Conference of Santa Clauses' They provided a charming array of 'Pere Noel's', ranging from punk to plaintive — the last one seeming to have an inexplicable grudge against the whole world. The audience had a hearty time identifying the actresses in their amply-padded red and white outfits.

The II PUC were the last to perform. The place entitled 'Karate' elucidated in no feeble terms, the many practical uses of this martial art in French, of course.

While judges Ms. Jayalaksmi Rao (Lecturer, Alliance Francais) and Mr. Jacob Raju (lecturer in French, St. Josephs College, B'lore) came to a decision about the winning class, lively french songs filled the air.

Students waited anxiously for the judges decision and were ecstatic about the results. The 1st year degree students led the list (scoring points probably for humour) followed by II PUC (Pere Noels) and II degree students were placed third.

On the whole a very enjoyable afternoon and superb entertainment, — a la francaise !

**Achwini Thambe**

**I PyEE**



## FOR BETTER OR FOR VERSE

To facilitate an increase in the quality and quantity of creative output, the Union this year decided to divide the Creative Writing competitions over a span of three days during the second week of August 1987. As expected almost anyone with any literary or creative aspirations or pretensions turned up for the competition — The various categories, Essay writing, Short-story writing and poetry-writing registering 180, 200 and 150 entries respectively. As the judges — Mrs. Usha Govindaswamy and Mrs. Radha Ramaswamy of the English Department were quick to point out, most of the entries really made waves, which accounts for the number of special mentions.

The Commerce lab, the Cosip lab, the Workshop and the campus, lawns took on a decidedly academic look as girls sprawled all over in various attitudes conducive to “a spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings.” Many a pencil stub was chewed up, and many a page turned in”

In the short-story category, Seeta Pai of I PUC PCMB-2 placed first with Radha Venugopalan of III B.A. (HEE) coming in second and Divya Punitha (II PCMB-1) third. A special mention was awarded to Preeti Talwar of I HEPyS.

Essay-writing found Leslie Smith of II PyEE heading the prize-winners list with Divya Punitha (II PUC-PCME) second, and Malavika Jayaram of I PCMB-2 coming in third. Special mention went to Anuradha Narayanan of III HEE. Rakee Kaushik of I PyES and Sandhya R. of II PME, Heading the rhymesters was, Leslie Smith of II PyEE, followed by Sandhya R. of II PME and Malavika Jayaram of I PCMB-2, in that order. A special mention went to Brinda Chary of I HEPyS.

In the Limericks category, Sandhya R. and Anuradha S. of II PME sent in a joint-entry which was the only prize awarded.

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



## TARANG

This year too, the Indian Music scene on campus struck deep chords. The audi reverberated with lilting melodies and harmonious notes. Participants had a wide choice of six categories to choose from and exhibit their musical talents. The classical vocal solo, semi-classical vocal solo, semi-classical group, light music vocal solo, light music group, and classical instrumental solo enabled musicians and songsters to create music and out-carol the lark. The new instruments this year included a dholak and a tamborine. Our two teams—Degree and PU, have brought honours to MCC. Many Lata Mangeshkars and Asha Bhonsles have been spotted. We hope that our amateurs turn professional some day.

P. S. The prize list is endless and therefore has been deliberately omitted in the report.

Information : **Suparna Bhoumick**  
III B.Com. (A)

## Economically Speaking

The Economics Department conducted its annual Economics Skit Competition in August '87. Sheer bulldozing and in a few cases, genuine interest, resulted in a number of entries, there being fourteen in all and all, of them performers from the Arts sections. Naturally, the choice of a theme was to be economically-oriented.

It must be said, for the participants or at least, most of them, that what they put up was decidedly "original" ! New economic theories of market operations and consumer behaviour were formulated on the spot, much to the amusement — and dismay — of the Economics...lecturers "Surely, I couldn't have taught them that?!!... .." Adam Smith and Keynes dwindled into insignificance beside this new class of Economists.



The P.U.C. students who had really (let's hand it to them) taken pains ended up, however, rather confused. However, II MECA's skit which focussed on the employment problem in India went down pretty well with the audience and they merited a special mention. A commendable performance from the only P. U. team that won acclaim.

The final-year students had a definite edge over the others, as was proved by the results. III PyES bagged a well-deserved first place with their skit on 'Money' and its associated evils. A neatly - handled piece of work by Madhavi and group.

III HEE, in its own characteristic style, brought the house down with the audience and the judges - splitting their sides. Calling their skit, 'India - A Never-Changing Scenario', they highlighted the Socio-economic (and precious little 'economic') aspects such as superstition, apeing the West ("We in India ought to be proud of the fact that we have attained independence from the British only to lose it to the Americans"), reservations based on caste, etc. Excellent and co-ordinated miming by Nita Kalappa, Anuradha N., Jayashree Nair, Jamuna, Rajini & Shanti with Radha Venugopalan on the soundtrack marked this entry which placed second.

III HEP came in third with their entry entitled "Labour". The participants sure 'laboured' to mime out the definition of labour, different types of labour and the factors affecting labour. The skit wound up with the portrayal of a young women having 'not-so-economic labour. And on that dire note of prophecy, the population within the audi exploded, making for the wide open spaces without.

Information : **Richa Vinod**  
(III B.A. HEP)

## ROTARACT CLUB OF MOUNT CARMEL

The President, Secretary and Board of Directors of the Rotaract Club of MCC were formally installed on August 17th, 1987, with Sandhya Nair as President and Vidya A. as Secretary.

The Rotaractors were very active this year. The blood donation camp held on campus, was awarded the 'Best Project of the Month. 50 bottles of blood were sent to the Tumkur District Hospitals, as the Tumkur Highway often witnesses many fatal and near fatal accidents.



On October 2nd, the Rotaractors of MCC collaborated with the Rotaractors of Bangalore South and Leo Club (Central) to give 300 orphans from various orphanages — an outing to Cubbon park. The children were provided good food and entertainment.

The MCC Rotaractors collected 800 kgs of rice and ragi and Rs. 500 for the drought in Karnataka. The 'Eye Donation Project' and 'Polio Immunization Camp' in collaboration with the Rotaract Club of Peenya is underway.

Our Club has been recognised as one of the most active clubs of Dist 319.

Our special thanks to Mrs. Leena Lobo whose sincere efforts enables our 'Rotar-action.'

Information : **Sandhya Nair**  
(III B.Com, 'A')

## SPORTS DAY

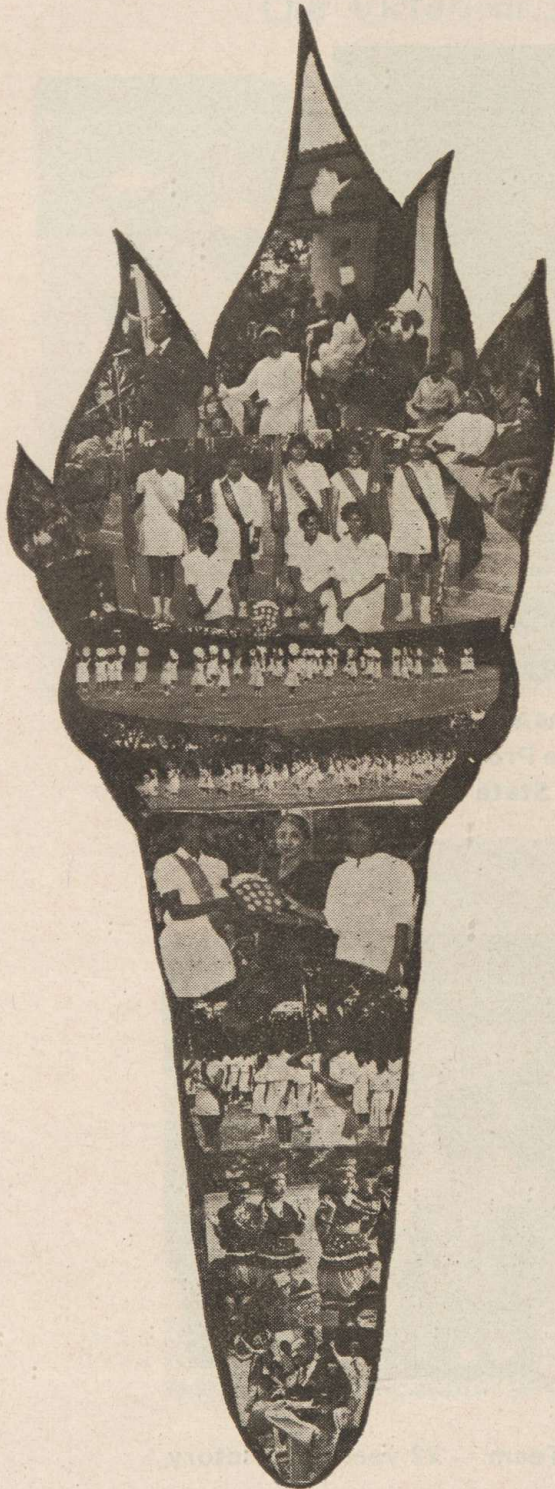
Our 33rd Annual Athletic Meet was held on the 10th September 1987 at the well decorated M.C.C. stadium. Mr. Abraham Verghese (I PS-DIG) of Police Special Unit and Mrs. Verghese graced the occasion as the guests of honour.

The clear blue sky and lovely weather invigorated the athletes and all those gathered at the stadium to participate in this annual spectacle. The gala opening ceremony, the colourful Bangara and Naga dances were a treat to the eye.

As usual the college sports proved to be an avenue to spot and discover talent, Aparna Rattan continued her reign as Senior Athletic Champion and Annie Kurian emerged as the Junior Athletic champ, Geetha Maria Pinto won the "Best All rounder" award for her contribution towards M.C.C. sports. The fifth team championship for the best House was bagged by Marians for the fifth time, consecutively.

Novelty races like the sack race, slow cycling, the nursery event and staff events provided a lot of amusement for both participants and on-lookers. Everything went off as planned and scheduled.





## **SPORTS- SPOTLIGHT**





**GEETHA MARIA PINTO**  
With the Prestigious  
Dasara State Award



**The College Athletic Team — 22 years of Victory**



## Our Victorious Softball Team

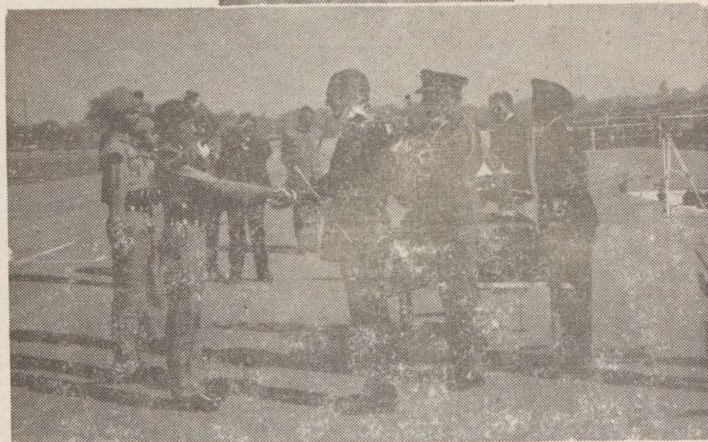


Our Junior Basketball Team





Sushma Vijayakumar of II PUC (PCME) who portrayed Kittur Rani Chennamma in the Republic Day Tableau, receiving an award from Defence Minister K. C. Pant at Vijay Chowk in New Delhi.



C. U. O. Elanor Rajendran receiving the Baton for 'All India Best N C.C. Cadet' from Prime Minister Rajeev Gandhi.



# COMEX-88

An exhibition of be proud of — that was Comex-88. On Jan. 27th '88 a well planned and superbly displayed range of charts models, scrap-books and the like all related to Commerce were tastefully displayed in the Commerce Lab. Indeed, it was a landmark in the history of the Commerce Association.

Professor Hanumanthappa, Dean of the Faculty of Commerce, Bangalore University, declared Comex '88 open. He was impressed by the obvious effort that had gone into each item on display. The model depicting the evolution of Commerce, right from the Pastoral stage to the Industrial Revolution, particularly won the Professor's admiration.

The aim and purpose of Comex '88 can be succinctly summed up. It was an attempt to explain comprehensively the whole business of Commerce and the related subjects, to make the text book come alive and to display the practical side of these subjects. Separate sections dealt with Banking and the Evolution of Money, Insurance, Accountancy, Advertising, Commercial Geography Statistics and Mathematics.

The Statistics Section by the II B.Com, was voted "the best" by both students and teachers. This section, apart from being very informative dealt with the results of the statistical survey conducted by the students to find out the future plans of MCC students. The results — 61.1% of the students opted for higher studies, either M.B.A., I.C.W.A., Cost Accountancy or Chartered Accountancy.

The other projects which were highly applauded were the Advertising Section by the I PU (MECA) The Mini-Super-Market by II P.U. (PECA) and the Factory Layout (III B.Com.).

A glimpse into the visitors book :

Sr. Jesuine Marie — "The exhibition speaks for the tremendous potential Mount Carmel Students have".

Sr. Genevieve :—"The 7½ year old Commerce Department, the youngest in Bangalore University, seems to have got over its teething problems. A repeat performance will be most welcome."

**Sapna Kukreja**

III B. Com (B)

(Commerce Secretary)



## VALEDICTORY DAY

An impressive array of trophies won by Mount Carmel greeted the eye as one entered the auditorium on 2nd February '88, the Valedictory Day. The Chief guest for the function, Mother Digna — Mother General of the College, was escorted to the place of honour by Sister Principal.

The Principal's address was followed by Shonali Gupte's report of the activities undertaken by the college union as well as of the numerous activities of the different college associations. Carmelite achievements in the fields of academics, Sports, cultural activities and social work during 1987-'88 made Mother Digna comment on "the excellence of Mount Carmel's, not only in academics but in all other Co-curricular activities as well".

Prizes were given away by Mother Digna, who it must be said, was an extremely appreciative and encouraging 'audience'.

A cultural programme, included a Bharatanatyam recital, by Leena Ramakrishnan followed by Western Music-(vocals) by Marie Baby and Deborah Goveas. A spoof on Julius Caesar, entitled "Wash the Blood off my Toga" made for real entertainment, with Suma, Leena Thomas, Sandhya, Divya, Tessa, Malavika and Anuradha N, (Statue of Pompei, complete with a 'butta' in hand). Sound effects were provided by Shonali and Keshwar.

The memorable occasion came to an end with the singing of the National Anthem by the college choir.

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

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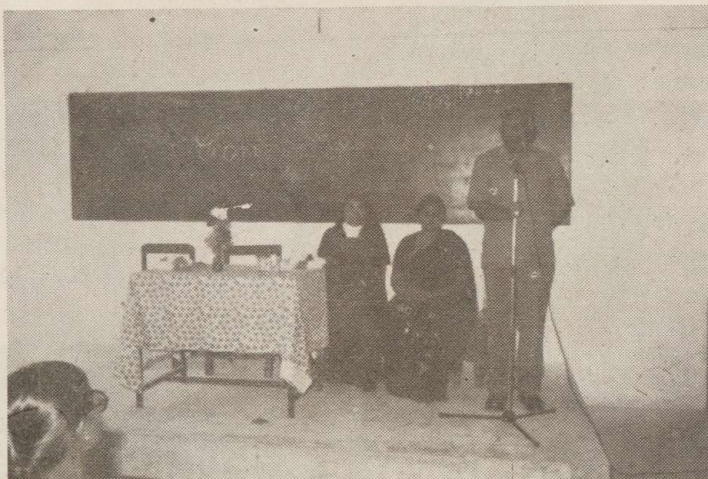
# VALEDICTORY DAY

( Chief Guest, Mother General, Mother Digna addressing the Students )





# Comex '88





## Le Jardin

Le printemps était très beau,  
Partout les arbres, les oiseaux.

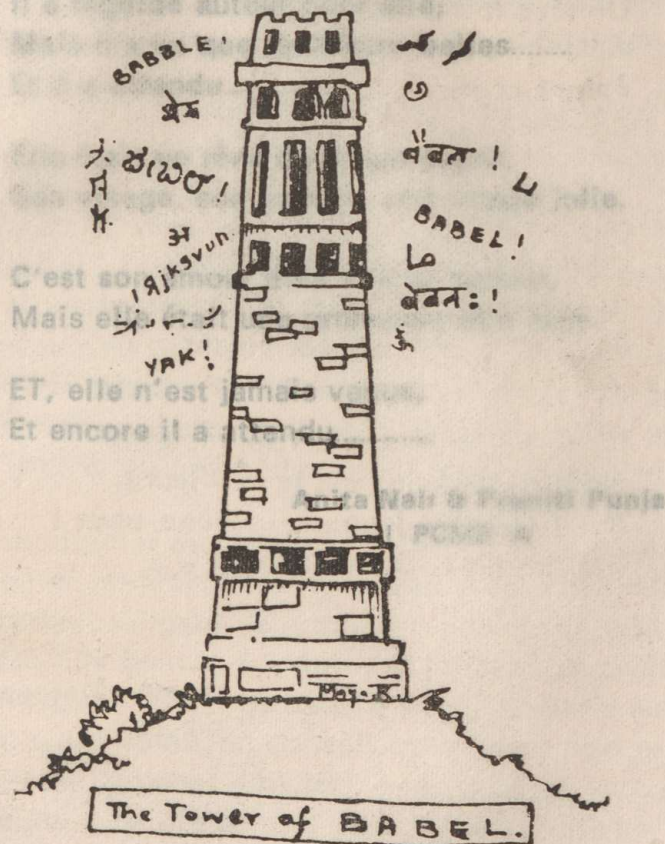
La beauté du jardin était rehaussée par  
des fleurs

La verdure a enveloppé son coeur.

Il a marché avec son souhait au chemin

Les

# LANGUAGES









## **Le Jardin**

Le printemps était très beau,  
Partout les arbres, les oiseaux.

La beauté du jardin était rehaussée par  
des fleurs

La verdure a enveloppé son coeur.

Il a marché avec un souhait au chemin  
Lentement, lentement, vers le jardin.

Il a regardé autour pour elle,  
Mais n'a vu que les fleurs belles.....  
Et il a attendu.... ..

Elle était un rêve dans son esprit,  
Son visage, son sourire, une image jolie.

C'est son amour dont il a eu besoin,  
Mais elle était une promesse très loin.

ET, elle n'est jamais venue,  
Et encore il a attendu.....

**Anita Nair & Praniti Punja**  
I PCMB A



## C'est la Vie

Oh ! la vie c'est très belle,  
S'il y a la paix dans la quelle  
le matin, le soir, tous les jours,  
pleine d'amitié et d'amour.

Un rêve très beau c'est la vie,  
mélange de tout comme on dit :  
épines et roses, les deux sont là,  
Comme le soleil vient et va.

la vie, le rêve, c'est très unique,  
c'est quelque chose magnifique.  
le printemps peut être très plaisant,  
en hiver on est encore vivant.

la vie belle, le don du Seigneur,  
dans les cadeaux est la meilleure.  
Nous sommes jeunes ..... Mène-nous !  
Oh Bon dieu, Qui sait tout !

Soumya Dasappa

II PyEE



## LA FRANCE DE NOS REVES.

Viter ista France, n'est-ce pas le rêve de chacun d'entre nous (étudiants de français) ? Et bien en classe nos esprits sont plongés dans le Mauger Bleu et nous partons avec M. Vincent dans ce monde enchanté de vins, de fromages, de musique et de danses. Chaque fille s' imagine d'être en France. Rentrons dans leur rêve et allons voir comment elles s'amuse dans ce pays étranger.

Le mot "musé" qui apparaît dans la leçon emporte la fille du premier rang à Paris. Elle est tellement impressionnée du Louvres, qu'elle ne voit pas le temps. Soudain en réalisant cela, elle demande à quelqu'un "Quelle heure est-il, s'il vous plait"? Mais il n'y a pas de réponse. Elle est sûre qu'elle ne s'est pas trompée parce qu'elle se rappelle bien de la leçon du Mauger I. Elle est un peu inquiète. Soudain la voix du professeur la rappelle qu'elle est en classe et l'aide à comprendre sa faute "Vous savez que la prononciation est un élément essentiel de chaque langue et qu'il est absolument nécessaire d'avoir un bon accent pour qu'on vous comprenne".

La fille du dernier rang se trouve dans un restaurant parisien Elle peut enfin goûter la fameuse cuisine française que Mme. Vincent a si souvent préparée. Le pain, le gratin, le poulet et les champignons, mettent l'eau à la bouche ! Mais en goûtant le premier morceau elle est très déçue. Cette nourriture semble n'avoir aucun goût. Oui, quelqu'un lui avait donné un conseil qu'il serait plus prudent de prendre un paquet de "sambar powder" pour ceux qui ne pouvaient pas manger des plats sans piments et sans épices. Elle se demande comment finir tous ces plats qu'elle a commandés. Soudain l'odeur du "sambar" qui vient de la cantine passe sous ses narines, la rappelant qu'elle est en classe. Ouf ! Elle est ravie de savoir qu'un bon déjeuner de riz et de "sambar" l'attend !



Une des filles, qui aime bien la motocyclette, se demande pourquoi M. Vincent a choisi un moyen si banale que la voiture pour faire son voyage à travers la France. Elle prend un mode beaucoup plus aventureux ; la moto. Mais par malheur, elle oublie qu'en France on roule à droite. Elle arrive tout juste à avertir un accident mais le gendarme lui donne une si grande amende que ce choc la ramène en classe.

La coquette de la classe, la plus chic et la plus belle s'imagine d'être aux salons de Paris, le centre de la mode. Là; elle se promène en jolies robes qu'elle a cousues avec soin en consultant les magazines "Elie". Mais elle est étonnée de savoir que personne ne la regarde mais en revanche tous les français sont enchantés par une indienne qui porte un joli sari de soie! Elle est soulagée de savoir que ce n'est pas la réalité, mais dorénavant elle se rappellera bien de mettre quelques saris quand elle fera ses bagages!

C'est bien dommage que la cloche qui signale la fin de l'heure, a rompu tous nos rêves et que nos esprits doivent retourner de ce beau pays. Malheureusement, cette visite reste toujours pour nous, un rêve Mais je suis sûre que cette classe nous a aidés à nous préparer pour ce voyage, qui viendra un jour, j'en suis certaine !

Oui, mais la France d'aujourd'hui est beaucoup plus différente que la France du Mauger Bleu! Donc, faites encore plus attention !!

Kalyani Balaehandran

I Pyee



# ಕನ್ನಡೋತ್ಸವ

ವರುಷಗಳ ಕನಸು ಈ ನಮ್ಮ ಕನ್ನಡೋತ್ಸವ,  
ಜಲನೆ ಕಂಡಿತು ಕೂಡಿಟ್ಟಿದ್ದ ನಮ್ಮ ಉತ್ಸಾಹ,  
ಸಿಕ್ಕಿದೆ ಇಂದಿಲ್ಲಿ ಕನ್ನಡಕ್ಕೆ ಮಾನ್ಯತೆ.

ತೊಡೆದು ಹಾಕಿದೆ ಇದುವರೆಗೂ ಇದ್ದ ನ್ಯೂನತೆ,  
ನೋಡಿ, ಇಂದಿನ ವಿವಿಧ ಕನ್ನಡ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮ,  
ಪಡೆಯಲಿ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮನ ಸಂತೋಷ, ಸಂಭ್ರಮ.

'ಇತಿಹಾಸದ ಸ್ತಬ್ಧ ಚಿತ್ರ,' ಮೊದಲ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮ  
'ಆಮ್ರಪಾಲಿ' ನಾಟಕ ನಂತರದ ಅನುಕ್ರಮ,  
ಮನಕ್ಕೆ ಮುದ ನೀಡುವ ನೃತ್ಯ.

ಏಕಪಾತ್ರಾಭಿನಯ ನಿಜಕ್ಕೂ ಸುತ್ತ,  
ಭಾವನೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಕಚಗುಳಿ ಭಾವಗೀತೆ  
ಮೈ ನವಿರೇಳಿಸುವ ಸಮೂಹ ಗೀತೆ.

ನಮ್ಮ ಪರಿಶ್ರಮ ವ್ಯರ್ಥವಾಗದಿರಲಿ,  
ಉಕ್ಕಿದ ಉತ್ಸಾಹ ಕುಗ್ಗದಿರಲಿ,  
ಪ್ರತಿ ವರುಷವೂ ಚೈತನ್ಯ ತುಂಬಿ ಬರಲಿ.

— ಆರ್. ಚಂದ್ರಿಕಾ  
ದ್ವಿತೀಯ ಬಿ.ಎಸ್.ಸಿ.  
(ಸಿ. ಬಿ. ಜಡ್.)



## ನನಸಾದ ಕನಸು

ನಾನಾಗಬೇಕು ಅಂತ ಕವಯಿತ್ರಿ  
ತುಂಬಾ ದಿನದಿಂದ ಆಸೆ ಇತ್ತಿ  
ಅದು ಈಗ ನನಸಾಗುತ್ತಿ  
ನಿಮ್ಮ ಅಭಿಮಾನವ ಕಂಡು ನನಗನಿಸಿದೆ  
ಇದು ಯಾವ ಜನ್ಮದ ಮೈತ್ರಿ ?

ಹೃದಯದ ಬಟ್ಟಲು ಸಂತೋಷದಿಂದ ತುಂಬಿದೆ  
ನನ್ನ ಜೊತೆ ಯಾರಾದರಿದನು ಹಂಚಿಕೊ ಬಾರದೆ  
ನಿಲ್ಲಲಾರದೆ, ಕೂರಲಾರದೆ  
ಚಡಪಡಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದೇನೆ. ಈ ನನ್ನ ಅವಸ್ಥೆ ಹೇಗಿದೆ ?

ಈ ಸಂತೋಷ ಹಾಗೇ ಇರಲಿ  
ನನ್ನಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆ ಚಿಗುರುತ್ತಿರಲಿ  
ಭಾವನೆಗಳ ನದಿ ಖಿತ್ತದಿರಲಿ  
ಸ್ಫೂರ್ತಿಯ ಚಿಲುಮೆ ಚಿರವಾಗಿರಲಿ  
ಎಂದು ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸುತ್ತೇನೆ  
ದೇವರೇ ನನ್ನ ಮೇಲೆ ಕರುಣೆಯಿರಲಿ

- ಆರ್. ಚಂದ್ರಿಕಾ  
ಎರಡನೇ ಬಿ. ಎಸ್.ಸಿ.  
(ಸಿ. ಬಿ. ಜಡ್.)



## ಹಗಲು-ಇರುಳು

ನಮ್ಮೂರ ಗುಡ್ಡದಲಿ, ಶಿಖರದ ನಡುನೆತ್ತಿಯಲಿ  
ಕುಳಿತೆ ನಾನ್ ವೀಕ್ಷಿಸಲು ದಿನಕರನ ಮೆರವಣಿಗೆ,  
ಹಕ್ಕಿ ಚಿಲಿಪಿಲಿ ಎಂದಿತ್ತು, ಭಾನ್ ರಂಗೇರಿತ್ತು,  
ಮನವು ಜೀವನದ ಸಂಧ್ಯೆಯನ್ನು ಮೆಲುಕು ಹಾಕಿತ್ತು.

ಉಷೆಯ ನೇಸರ ತಂಪು; ಹಕ್ಕಿಯ ಗಾನ ಇಂಪು,  
ಉಲ್ಲಾಸದಲೆಯ ಮಾರುತ ಎಂಥ ತಣ್ಣು !  
ಮನುಜ ಜೀವನದ ಉಷೆ ಉಲ್ಲಾಸಮಯ,  
ಮುಗ್ಧತೆಯ ಹೂವಿನಲಿ ಮನವು ಸುಖಮಯ.

ಬಿಸಿಲೇರುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಮೈಗೆ ಬಿಸಿಯ ಬಾಣ;  
ಜೇನೋಣಗಳಂಥ ಜನರು, ಜೇನುಗೂಡಿನ ತಾಣ;  
ಮನುಜನ ಯೌವ್ವನವು ದುಂಬಿಯ ಜೀವನ,  
ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆಯ ತವರು; ಚಿಂತೆಯ ಸನ್ನಿಧಾನ !

ಸಂಧ್ಯೆ ನೇಸರನ ವೈಭವನದ ಕೊನೆಯ ಅಂಕ,  
ಅಂಧಕಾರಕೆ ಸರಿದೂ ಮನಕೆ ಕವಿಪನು ಮಂಕ,  
ಬಾಳ ಸಂಧ್ಯೆಯು ಮನುಜನ ವಿಶ್ರಾಂತಿ ಸಮಯ  
ಆತ್ಮ ವಿಮರ್ಶೆಯ ಕಾಲ ಉಲ್ಲಾಸದ ಕ್ಷಯ !

ಕಂಡೆ ನಾನ್ ಸುಂದರ ಸಂಧ್ಯೆಯ ನೆರಳಿನಲಿ  
ಕವಿಯುವ ನಿಶಾರಾಣಿಯ ಕತ್ತಲ ಸರಗು;  
ಬಾಳ ಸಂಜೆಯ ಚಿಂತೆಯ ಗೂಡಿನ ಸಂಧ್ಯೆ  
ಇರುಳ ಆರಂಭದ - ಬಾಳ ಕತ್ತಲೆಯ ಮುನ್ನೂಚನೆ !

- ಪೂರ್ಣಮಾ ಪಿ.

ಎರಡನೆಯ ಬಿ.ಎಸ್ಸಿ.. ಪಿ.ಎಂ.ಇ.



# ಮೂಕಜ್ಜಿಯ ಕನಸುಗಳು ಒಂದು ಅನಿಸಿಕೆ

ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಕ್ಷೇತ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ಅಪಾರ ಸೇವೆಯನ್ನು ಸಲ್ಲಿಸಿದ ಪ್ರಮುಖರಲ್ಲಿ ಡಾ|| ಶಿವರಾಮಂ ಕಾರಂತರ ಹೆಸರನ್ನು ಕೇಳದವರಿಲ್ಲ. ಕಾರಂತರು ತಮ್ಮ ಚಿಂತನ ಶೀಲ ಕೃತಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೆಸರಾಗಿದ್ದಾರೆ. “ಮೂಕಜ್ಜಿಯ ಕನಸುಗಳು” - ಕಾರಂತರ ಅಂತಹುದೇ ಒಂದು ಕೃತಿ. ಈ ಕಾದಂಬರಿಗೆ ಶ್ರೇಷ್ಠವಾದ ಜ್ಞಾನಪೀಠ ಪ್ರಶಸ್ತಿ ಲಭಿಸಿದೆ.

ಕಾರಂತರೇ ಹೇಳುವಂತೆ ಈ ಕಾದಂಬರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಾಯಕ ಅಥವಾ ನಾಯಕಿಯರೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಮೂಕಜ್ಜಿಯೂ ಸಹ ಇಲ್ಲಿನ ನಾಯಕಿ ಅಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಸಾಂಪ್ರದಾಯಿಕತೆ, ಮೂಢನಂಬಿಕೆ ಮುಂತಾದ ಮೌಢ್ಯತನದಿಂದ ಹೆಪ್ಪು ಗಟ್ಟಿದ ಮನಸ್ಸುಗಳನ್ನು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪವೇ ಕರಗಿಸುವ ಕುಶಲ ಕೆಲಸ ಅವಳದ್ದು.

ಕಾರಂತರು ತಮ್ಮ ಚಿಂತನ ರಸವನ್ನು ಮೂಕಜ್ಜಿಯ ರೂಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಹರಿಯ ಬಿಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಕಾದಂಬರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂಕಜ್ಜಿಯ ಮೊಮ್ಮಗನಾದ ಸುಬ್ರಾಯನನ್ನುಳಿದು, ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಬರುವ ಬಹುಪಾಲು ಪಾತ್ರಗಳು ಆಕೆಯನ್ನು ಮೌನಸಿಕ್ಕವಾಗಿ ಅಸ್ವಸ್ಥಳಿಂದೂ, ಅರಳು ಮರಳುಂಟಾದವಳಿಂದೂ ನಂಬುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಆದರೆ ಸುಬ್ರಾಯನು. ಆಕೆಯ ಮಾತು ನಡೆನುಡಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸತ್ಯತೆ ಘನವಾದ ತತ್ವ ವ್ಯಾವಹಾರಿಕ ರೀತಿ ನೀತಿಗಳನ್ನು ಕಾಣುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಆಕೆಯ ಚಿಂತನ ಶೀಲ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಅದನ್ನು ಆಕೆ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಪಡಿಸುವ ರೀತಿಯನ್ನು ಸುಬ್ರಾಯನು ಬಹುವಾಗಿ ಮೆಚ್ಚುತ್ತಾನೆ.

ಸಂಸಾರದ ಅಥವಾ ಜೀವನದ ಸಾರವನ್ನು ಕೇವಲ ಮೂರೇ ಶಬ್ದಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾರಂತರು ಮೂಕಜ್ಜಿಯ ಮೂಲಕವಾಗಿ ವ್ಯಕ್ತ ಪಡಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ದೈತ್ಯಕಾರದ ಮರಗಳಿಗೆ ನಿರ್ಮಿಸಿದ ಕಟ್ಟೆಗಳನ್ನು ಉದಾಹರಣೆಯನ್ನಾಗಿ ಹೇಳಿ ಜೀವನದ ಸಾರವನ್ನು ಜಾಣ್ಮೆಯಿಂದ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಪಡಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಅದು ಇಂತಿದೆ “ಆ ಬಸರಿಕಟ್ಟೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿ ಬೂದಿಕಟ್ಟೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಗಿಯುವ ಮೊದಲು, ನಾವು ಓಡಾಡಿ ಕೊಂಡಿರುವ ಕಟ್ಟೆಬಾಳಿನ ಕಟ್ಟೆಯಲ್ಲವೇ ?

ಪಾಪ-ಪುಣ್ಯ, ಸ್ವರ್ಗ-ನರಕ, ಪುನರ್ಜನ್ಮ ಮುಂತಾದವುಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ತರ್ಕಬದ್ಧವಾದ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯವನ್ನು ಮೂಕಜ್ಜಿ, ಹೊಂದಿದ್ದಾಳೆ. ಈ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಪ್ರಚಲಿತ ಕಟ್ಟುಪಾಡುಗಳು ಮಾನವನ ನಡೆಯು ಕ್ರಮಬದ್ಧವಾದ ರೀತಿ ಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಯಲೆಂದು ಹೆಣೆದ ರೀತಿ ರಿವಾಜುಗಳು-ಎಂದು ಮೂಕಜ್ಜಿಯು ವ್ಯಕ್ತಪಡಿಸಿದ್ದಾಳೆ. ಅಂತೆಯೇ ದೇವರ ಅಸ್ತಿತ್ವದ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಆಕೆಯ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯ ತರ್ಕಬದ್ಧವಾಗಿದೆ. ಮೂಕಜ್ಜಿಯ ಸಂಭಾಷಣೆಗಳು ತಮ್ಮ ಬುದ್ಧಿಗೆ ನಿಲಕದ ವಿಷಯಗಳಿಗೆ ದೇವರೆಂಬ ನಾಮವನ್ನು ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಮಾನವನು. ಬದುಕುವ ದಾರಿಯನ್ನು ಕಾಣುತ್ತಾನೆಂದು ವಿಶದ ಪಡಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ಅನೇಕ ವೇಳೆ ವಸ್ತುವೊಂದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ತನ್ನಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ಮಾತನಾಡುವ ಮತ್ತು



ಯಾವುದೋ ದೃಶ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕಾಣುವ ಮೂಕಜ್ಜಿ, ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ಯಾವುದೇ ಹಿಂಜರಿಕೆ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಪಡಿಸುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ತನ್ನ ಮಾತಿನಲ್ಲಿನ ಚಿಂತನ ಶೀಲತೆ, ತರ್ಕವನ್ನು ಆಕೆ ಗುರುತಿಸದಿದ್ದರೂ ಅದು ಓದುಗರ ಗಮನವನ್ನು ಸೆಳೆಯುತ್ತದೆ.

ಕಾದಂಬರಿಯ ಭಾಷೆಯು ಅಪೂರ್ವವಾಗಿದ್ದು ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ದಕ್ಷಿಣ ಕನ್ನಡದ ಮಾತುಗಾರಿಕೆಯನ್ನು ಕಾಣ ಬಹುದು ಈ ಕಾದಂಬರಿಯನ್ನು ಓದಿ ಮುಗಿಸಿದ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಬ್ಬ ಓದುಗನೂ ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಅನೇಕಾನೇಕ ರಹಸ್ಯಗಳ ಮತ್ತು ಆಗುಹೋಗುಗಳ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಚಿಂತನೆಗೆ ಒಳಗಾಗುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಶಯವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಆ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂಕಜ್ಜಿಯ ಕನಸುಗಳು ಒಂದು ಅಪೂರ್ವವಾದ ಕೃತಿ.

- ಜಯಂತಿ ಪಿ. ಎನ್.

ಅಂತಿಮ ಬಿ. ಎ.

(ಹೆಚ್. ಇ. ಪಿ.)

## ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕನ್ನಡೋತ್ಸವ ಒಂದು - ನರದಿ

ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕನ್ನಡೋತ್ಸವವನ್ನು ಸಂಭ್ರಮದಿಂದ ಆಚರಿಸ ಬೇಕೆಂಬ ನಮ್ಮ ಕನಸು, ಹಂಬಲಗಳು ಡಿಸೆಂಬರ್ 17 ರ ಗುರುವಾರದಂದು ನನಸಾದವು. ಮೊದಲನೆ ಕನ್ನಡೋತ್ಸವದ ಯಶಸ್ವಿ ಪ್ರದರ್ಶನಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ನಾವೆಲ್ಲಾ ಬಹಳ ಕಾತರಗೊಂಡಿದ್ದೆವು. ಸುಮಾರು ಒಂದು ಗಂಟೆಯ ಸಮಯಕ್ಕೆ ರಂಗಮಂದಿರವು ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿ ನಿಯರಿಂದ ಭರ್ತಿಗೊಳ್ಳಲಾರಂಭಿಸಿದೊ ಸನೆ, ನಮ್ಮ ಆತಂಕ ದ್ವಿಗುಣಗೊಂಡಿತು.

ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾಗುವವರೆಗೂ ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ ಸಾಗಿದ್ದ ಗಲಾಟೆ, ಗಲಿಬಿಲಿಗಳು ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥನೆಯ ಪ್ರಭಾವದಿಂದ ವಿದಾಯ ಹೂಡಿದವು. ಪರದೆ ಏರುತ್ತಲೇ, ವೇದಿಕೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಭುವನೇಶ್ವರಿ ದೇವಿಯ ಮೂರ್ತಿ ಕಂಗೊಳಿಸಿತು. ಈ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮ ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ಗತ ವೈಭವದ ದರ್ಶನ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಡುವ ಸಲುವಾಗಿ ಏರ್ಪಟ್ಟಿತು. ಯಾತ್ರಿಕನೊಬ್ಬನು ಭುವನೇಶ್ವರಿಯ ಸಾನ್ನಿಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಂತ್ರಮುಗ್ಧನಾದಂತೆ, ಅವನ ಯೋಚನಾಲಹರಿ ಹರಿದು ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ವಾಸ್ತವತೆ ಹಾಗೂ ಜೀವ ನೀಡಿದಂತೆ ಈ ಹಲವು ಪಾತ್ರಗಳು ವೇದಿಕೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತ್ಯಕ್ಷವಾದವು.

ಬೇಲೂರ ಶಿಲಾಬಾಲಿಕೆಯೇ ಮೈತಳೆದು ಬಂದಳೋ ಎಂಬಂತೆ ನಾಟ್ಯ ಮಯೂರಿ ಶಾಂತಲೆ ಆಗಮಿಸಿ ದಳು ಅವಳನ್ನು ಹಿಂಬಾಲಿಸಿ 12ನೇ ಶತಮಾನದ ಶೈವ ಧರ್ಮಪ್ರವರ್ತಕನಾದ ಕ್ರಾಂತಿಕಾರಿ ಬಸವಣ್ಣನ ಆಗಮನ. ಅಕ್ಕಮಹಾದೇವಿಯ "ಚನ್ನಮಲ್ಲಿಕಾರ್ಜುನನ ಕಂಡಿರೇನವ್ವಾ" ವಚನದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ದೈನ್ಯತೆ, ಅವಳ ಉತ್ಕಟ ಆಧ್ಯಾತ್ಮಿಕ ಹಂಬಲದ ಪ್ರಬಲತೆ, ಕಣ್ಣಾಳಿಗಳನ್ನು ತುಂಬಿಸುವಂತಿತ್ತು. ಸುಶ್ರಾವ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಕೀರ್ತನೆಯೊಂದನ್ನು



ಹಾಡುತ್ತಾ ನಡೆದಂಥ ಪುರಂದರದಾಸರು, ಭಕ್ತಿಯೆ ಶ್ರುತಿಯನ್ನೇ ನೀಡಿದರು. ಇವರೆಲ್ಲಾ ಶಾಂತಿ ಹಾಗೂ ಭಕ್ತಿಯ ಪ್ರತಿನಿಧಿಗಳಾದರೆ, ಕಾರ್ಯ, ಸಾಹಸ, ದೇಶಭಕ್ತಿಗಳಿಂದ ಪ್ರೇರಿತರಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿದ ಆತ್ಮಸಮರ್ಪಣೆಯ ತ್ಯಾಗವನ್ನು ಬಿಂಬಿಸಿದರು ಓಬವ್ವ ಹಾಗೂ ಟಿಪ್ಪುಸುಲ್ತಾನ್.

ಅನಂತರ ಜರುಗಿದ ನಾಟಕದಲ್ಲಿ, ಬುದ್ಧನ ಪ್ರಭಾವದಿಂದ ಪರಿವರ್ತನೆ ಹೊಂದಿದ ಆಮ್ರಪಾಲಿಯ ಪಾತ್ರೀಕರಣ ಹೃದಯ ಸ್ಪರ್ಶಿಯಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಈ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮಗಳಿಂದ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯಾದ ಗಂಭೀರತೆ, 'ಕರಿನಾಡ ಕನ್ಯೆ' ನೃತ್ಯದ ತಿಳಿ ಹಾಸ್ಯ ಲೇಪನದಿಂದ, ಕವಿದಿದ್ದ ಮೋಡದಂತೆ ಚದುರಿತು. ಒಂದು ನಿಮಿಷವೂ ವ್ಯರ್ಥವಾಗದಂತೆ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮಗಳ ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾವಗೀತೆಗಳ ಕರ್ಣಾನಂದಕರವಾದ ಗಾಯನವಿದ್ದಿತು. ಇದರಿಂದ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯಾದ ಸಂಗೀತ ಲಹರಿ ವೃಂದಗಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಕ್ತಾಯಗೊಂಡಿತು. 'ಅಂಗುಲಿಮಾಲ' ಏಕಪಾತ್ರಾಭಿನಯದಲ್ಲಿ ವ್ಯಕ್ತವಾದ ರೌದ್ರತೆ ಎಲ್ಲರನ್ನು ಬಿಚ್ಚಿ ಸಿತ್ತು.

ಚಿಕ್ಕದಾದರೂ ಚೊಕ್ಕವಾಗಿ ನಿರೂಪಿತವಾದ 'ಕನ್ನಡೋತ್ಸವ' ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮದ ಯಶಸ್ವಿ ನಿರ್ವಹಣೆ, ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾರ್ಥಕತೆಯ ಭಾವನೆಯನ್ನು ಮೂಡಿಸಿತು. ನೋಡಿದವರಿಗೂ ಹಾಗೂ ಭಾಗವಹಿಸಿದವರಿಗೂ ಮುದ ತಂದಿತು. ವಿಜೃಂಭಣೆಯಿಂದ ನಡೆದ 'ಕನ್ನಡೋತ್ಸವ' ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರ ವಿಜಯೋತ್ಸವವೂ ಆಯಿತು.

- ವೈಶಾಲಿ ಕೆ. ಎಸ್.

ಸುನೀತ ಸದಾನಂದ್

ಎರಡನೇ ಬಿ. ಎ.

(ಪಿಪ್ಪೆ. ಇ. ಇ.)



## खिल रही है कली

कली एक खिलने वाली है,  
और पुलकित सारी डाली है ।

पाल - पोस कर डाली ने,  
कली को तैयार किया है ।  
वह जो अब खिलने वाली है,  
तो उत्सुक सारी डाली है ।

खिल कर, नन्ही - सी यह कली,  
डाली का नाम चमकाएगी ।  
वह शान लाने वाली है,  
तो पुलकित सारी डाली है ।

बचपन की पोशाक छोड़ कर,  
रंगीन कली मुस्काई है ।  
आशाएँ पूरी होने वाली हैं,

और उन्मत्त सारी डाली है ।

कली जो खिल के फूल बनी,  
चल दी यूँही माली के संग ।  
न रोती न मुस्काती है,  
डाली पीछे छूट जाती है ।

बहलाती है कई दिलों को,  
मुरझाकर भी खुशबू देती है ।  
पर यश डाली को दिलाती है,  
और डाली को अमर कर जाती है ।

आता है फिर से वसन्त,  
इक और बार यह संदेश लिये —  
“ कली एक खिलने वाली है,  
और पुलकित सारी डाली है । ”

सोनाली नरशाणा

प्रथम पो- यू. सी. पी. सी. एम्बी.

## अनूठी पितृ सेवा

बगदाद के मशहूर खलीफा हारुन अल रशीद  
एक बार अपने मंत्री यहया खान से किसी कारण  
नाराज होगये, उन्होंने यहया खान तथा उनके  
बेटे फजल खान को जेल में डाल दिया ।

जाड़े के दिन थे और यहया खान बीमार  
थे । वे ठंडे पानी का प्रयोग नहीं कर सकते  
थे । जेलखाने में सभी कैदियों को हाथ मुँह धोने  
तथा पीने के लिए ठंडा पानी ही दिया जाता था ।



फजल खान ने एक उपाय सोचा ; वह प्रति दिन लोटे में जल भरकर दीपक के निकट रख देता था । रात भर दीपक की गर्मी से पानी गरम हो जाता । दूसरे दिन सबेरे यहया खान उसीसे हाथ मुँहा धो लिया करते थे । कुछ दिन तक यह चलता रहा ।

उस जेलखाने का दरोगा बड़ा क्रूर था । उसको फजल की चतुराई का पता चला तो उसने तुरंत दीपक छुपा दिया । अब यहया खान को पुनः ठण्डे पानी से हाथ मुँहा धोना पड़ता था । पिता

के कष्ट को देखकर पुत्र बेचैन रहता । आखिर उसने एक नया उपाय सोच ही लिया । वह पानी से भरे लोटे को रातभर पेट से लगाये रखता और अपने कपड़ों से ढक देता । सबेरा होने तक पानी गुनगुना हो जाता था । यहया खान उसी से हाथ मुँहा धोता ।

पुत्र की सेवासे यहया खान का कष्ट दूर होगया ।

यह समाचार खलीफा तक पहुँचा तो उनका दिल भी पसीज उठा और उन्होंने दोनों को जेल से छोड़ दिया ।

### रूपा वीरा

द्वितीय बी. काम.

## सोच रही हूँ

नर्म ; शीतल हवा का झोंका  
आया, न जाने कहाँ से—

पत्ते खडका गया ;

पत्ते पलटा गया ;

बालों को चूम गया ;

तन - मन को छू गया ।

गया, चला गया

न जाने कहाँ ? —

सोचती रही मैं ।

पश्चिम में डूबता सूर्य

फैला रहा था बाहें,

न जाने किसके लिए ?

सोचती रही मैं ।

तभी घने बादल छा गये —

सूर्य न दिखा फिर,

अगले दिन तक । तब

न बादल छाये,

न आया शोका हवा का



घरती पर सूर्यका

छा गया था प्रकोप ; न जाने

किस लिए ? —

सोचती रही मैं ।

दिन आये गये —

एक, दो, तीन ..... —

अब भी यहीं बैठी

सोच रही हूँ

शून्य में ताकती हुई —

न जाने क्या !

सुनन्दा राजाराम

तृतीय एचर्डई

## बलिदान

आज सोनू का जन्म दिन था । वह बहुत ही बढ़िया और कीमती कपड़े पहने हुई थी । इस कीमती लिबास में उसका सौन्दर्य निखर आया । आसमानी रंग के सलवार सूट पहने हुई थी । ऐसा लगता था जैसे आसमान से परी उतर आई हो । वह अपने को आईने में देखकर फूली न समा रही थी । आज उसकी अठारहवीं वर्षगाँठ थी । उसने अपने वर्ग की सहेलियों को आमंत्रित किया था । इसी सोच में उसने अंतिम बार अपने को आईने में निहारा । इस बार उसे दर्पण में एक और चेहरे दिखाई दिया । उस चेहरे पर काले बड़े-बड़े धब्बे लगे हुये थे । सोनू के मासूम चेहरे के पास वह कुरूप चेहरा भयानक दिख रहा था । उसे बहुत ही गुस्सा आया । फिर अपने को संयत कर पीछे मुड़कर अपने भैया को देख देखकर मुस्कराने लगी ।

सोहन, सोनू का बड़ा भाई था । उन्हीं की देखरेख में वह पली । उसे कभी किसी चीज की कमी नहीं होने दी । सोहन ने अपनी बहन को बवाई दी, और पार्टी को सफल बनाने में जुटे हुये नौकरों को आदेश देने लगा । तभी उसे अपनी प्यारी बहन का स्वर सुनाई दिया । "भैया आप मेरी सहेलियों के बीच पार्टी के समय न आइयेगा । आपके विकृत चहरे को देखकर शायद डर जायें " सोहन के दिल टीस सी उठी । फिर अपने को संभाल कर सोनू की बातों से सहमत होगया । वह चुपचाप कमरे से बाहर चला गया । बेचारी सोनू असमंजस में पड़ गई । हर बार जब वह भैया के चेहरे पर काले विकृत धब्बों के बारे में कहती है तो वे उदास हो जाते हैं ।

शाम के पाँच बजे बजते सोनू की सभी



सहेलियाँ उसके घर पहुँच गई थी। उन्होंने सोनू को कीमती उपहार भेंट किये। फिर लड़कियाँ बातों में मशगूल हो गई। एक कोने में दीवार की ओट से सोहन अपनी प्यारी बहन के सुन्दर मुखड़े को निहर रहा था। वह भूल गया था कि उसके शरीर का आधाभाग दीवार की ओट से बाहर आगया है। तभी सोनू की सहेली की नजर सोहन पर पड़ी। उसका विकृत चेहरा देखकर डर गई। फिर कहने लगी कि वह कितना बेहूद आदमी जो सभी लड़कियों को घूर घूर कर देख रहा है। एक और सहेली ने कहा कि आजकल घर के नौकर भी अपने मालिक की बहू-बेटियों को बुरी नज़र से देखते हैं। यह सुनते ही सोहन वहाँ से आँसू पोंछते हुये चला गया। सोनू को अपने भैया पर बहुत गुस्सा आया। उसके मना करने के बावजूद भी वह उसकी सहेलियों को दिखाई दिया।

सभी लड़कियाँ खाने में जुट गई। सोनू का मन उचाट हो गया। वह अपनी सहेलियों के साथ हँसती-बोलती खा-पीती रही थी। फिर भी उसका ध्यान बार-बार भैया के आचरण से बँट रहा था। आठ बजते सभी सहेलियों ने बिदा ली, और वह चली अपने कमरे में।

सोहन अपनी प्यारी बहन का इन्तजार कर रहा था। सोनू के सिर पर हाथ फेरकर उसके हाथों में एक छोटी सी डिबिया थमा दी। उसने जब

डिबिया खोली तो उसमें एक सुन्दर सोनेका हार था। सोनू उपहार को पाकर बहुत खुश हुई। फिर अपने भैया से प्रश्न किया कि उसके माना करने के बावजूद भी वह क्यों उसकी सहेलियों को दिखाई दिया। उसके कारण लड़कियों में उसके बारे में गलत भावना जागी। सोहन के धैर्य का बाँध टूट गया, और फूट-फूटकर रोने लगा। थोड़ी देर के बाद अपनी बहन को प्यार से पास बुलाया और अपनी कुरूपता को कहानी सुनाने लगा।

सोनू उस समय चौदह वर्ष का था और सोनू साथ साल की। वे दोनों अपने माता-पिता के सात रेल द्वारा दिल्ली जा रहे थे। वे अपने मामा-मामी के घर छुट्टियाँ बिताने जा रहे थे। भाई - बहन आमने सामने नीचे की सीटों पर मीठी नींद सो रहे थे। उसके माता-पिता ऊपर की सीटों पर सो रहे थे। अचानक करीब रात के बारह बजे तीन चार डिब्बों से चीखने चिल्लाने की आवाजे आ रही थीं। सोहन की आँखें खुली तो गाडी को एक स्टेशन पर खड़ी थी। उसे कुछ ज्यादा गर्मी महसूस हो रही थी। तभी उसे खिडकी से आग की लपटें दिखाई दी। आग उन के डिब्बों की ओर तेजी से बढ़ रही थी। जब तक वह कुछ सोचता कि आग उनके डिब्बे में पहुँच गयी। उसने अपनी बहन की ओर देखा जो एक गुडिया जैसे लग रही थी। वह नहीं



चहाता था कि उसकी गुड़िया सी बहन को आग की आँच कुरूप बना दे। वह सोनू को सीने से चिपकाकर जैसे तैसे दरवाजे से बाहर आया। उनके माता पिता दोनों बच्चों को न पाकर घबरा गये। पूरे डिब्बे में खोजने लगे और बुरी तरह से जल गये। जब तक रेलवे कर्मचारी उन्हें बचा कर लाते उनके प्राण पखेरू उड़ गये। रेलवे कर्मचारियों के द्वारा ही उन दोनों को दिल्ली मामा-मामी के पास पहुँचाया गया।

मामा-मामी की देखरेख में सोहन ने अपनी पढ़ाई पूरी की। उसे एक फर्म में नौकरी मिल गई। मामी का व्यवहार उन दोनों के प्रति अच्छा नहीं था। सोहन अपनी बहन को लेकर

दूसरे मकान में रहने लगा। कड़ी मेहनत कर के सोहन एक छोटा से फर्म का मालिक बन गया।

कहानी सुनते-सुनते सोनू की आँखों में प्रायश्चित के आँसू बहने लगे। भैया के विकृत चेहरे को लेकर उसने कितनी ही बार उसे अपमानित किया था। यह सब सोचते हुये सोनू का हृदय छलनी हो रहा था। सोनू को उस दिन पता चला कि उसे भैया की कुरूपता के पीछे उसके लिए कितना बड़ा बलिदान था। जैसे जैसे आँसू गिर रहे थे। सोनू को ऐसा एहसास हो रहा था कि उसकी आँखें भी धुल गई हैं और उसके भैया की कुरूपता का पर्दा आज उसकी आँखों से हट गया।

शाश्वती राव

द्वितीय बी. काम सेक्सन 'बी'

## उषा और निशा

आई सलौनी उषा,  
धीरे-धीरे, लोगों को जगा।  
बिखेरती आशा की किरणें,  
नव प्रभा की मस्तियाँ भरने ॥

आँखों में तारे लिए,  
निष्ठा और उमंग का अमृत पिए।  
सूनी राहों पर चलने,

मुकद्दर की चट्टाने पार करने।

बिदा लिए हम नौजवान,  
मकसद पूरा करने, बलवान ॥

आई अंतिम रात्रि,  
थके-हारों को सुलाने गाती।  
बुझाने वे कीर्तिवान मशाल,  
फिर कभी उभरेंगे जीवन के यही चिराग ॥



## अधूरा मिलन

उफ ! ये शान की तनहाइयाँ,  
झील - सी यादों की गहराइयाँ ।  
भुलाए नहीं भूलती वो बातें,  
अब उनके बिना दिन भी नहीं कटते ॥  
क्या परछाई सदा हमारा साथ देती ?  
नहीं ! जब गहरी छाया उसे अपने में समा लेती ।  
क्या लहरे सदा किनारे का साथ दे सकी ?

नहीं ! जब विशाल सागर की बाहें उसे बहा ले  
जा सकी ॥  
उफ ! कितना आसान है प्रीत बांधना,  
पर कितना मुश्किल है अलविदा कहना ।  
मदहोश-सी यामिनी आँचल फैलाती गई,  
मिटाने नहीं मिलती उन चाहतों को निशानियाँ ॥

किरण रामन्नदन नायर  
द्वितीय पीढ़ाईई.

## चुटकुला गोष्ठी

1) पत्नी : (डॉक्टर से) “डॉक्टर सहाब, रात को सोते हुए मेरे पति काफी बड़बड़ाते हैं, कृपया कोई इलाज बताइये ?”

डॉक्टर : “केवल एक इलाज है ।”

“वह कौनसा ?” पत्नी ने उत्सुकता से पूछा ।

“उन्हें दिन में बोलने का मौका दिया करें ।” उत्तर मिला ।

2) एक बार दो दोस्त आपस में बातें कर रहे थे ।

एक दोस्त बहुत उदास हो कर बोला,  
“मित्र कल मेरे घर की बिजली फेड़ हो गई ”

दूसरे ने बहुत भोलेपन से कहा, “ भाई तुम्हारे घर की बिजली किस कक्षा में पड़ती थी ?”

3) एक सभा में एक व्यक्ति अपने नेता को तारीफ कर रहा था “वह सूरज है, हम उसकी किरणें हैं, वह समुद्र है, हम उसकी लहरें हैं वह फूल है, हम उसकी



खुशबू हैं। वह ..... ..

तभी वहाँ बैठे एक युवक ने लड़े होकर कहा,

“ वह पतिला हैं तो हम उसके चमचे हैं”

4) मेजिस्ट्रेट : (फाँसी पर चढ़ते हुए अपराधी से ) तुम्हारी अंतिम इच्छा क्या है ?

अपराधी : मेरी जगह आप आ जाएँ।

5) अध्यापक : अनिल ! संगमरमर कैसे बनता है ?

अनिल : दो आदमियों के संग मरने से।

प्रीती आलुवालिखा

द्वितीय पोवायूईई.

## भाषा का कुछ रुचिकर अपरिचित बातें

आजकल कई लोगों को दूसरी भाषा सीखने से बड़ा संकोच होता है। पर भाषाओं को जानकारी लेते समय अन्य अपरिचित परन्तु क्या आप जानते थे—

— कि हिन्दी भाषा का संसार में तृतीय स्थान है ( १०० करोड़ लोग चीनी बोलते हैं ) दूसरा स्थान अंग्रेजी का है और तीसरा स्थान हिन्दी का है। करीब १४.५ करोड़ लोगों की मातृभाषा हिन्दी है।

— कि २५०० साल पहले भाषा की जड़ों को खोजने का पहला प्रयास किया गया था ! इजिप्ट के बादशाह, सम्टिक (प्रथम) ने यह क्रूर प्रयोग किया था। उनकी आज्ञा के अनुसार, दो नव-जात शिशुओं को एक कमरे में बन्द किया गया। एक ग्वाले को उनकी देख-भाल के लिए रखा गया। उनका विचार था कि अगर बच्चों को कोई

भाषा न सिखाई जाए तो वे खुद ही संसार की पहली भाषा बोलने लगेंगे। दो साल तक वे बन्धन में रहे। दो साल बाद ग्वाले ने बताया कि बच्चे एक स्वर निकालते जो ‘बेकोस’ जैसे लगता था। प्रिजियन भाषा में ‘बेकोस’ का अर्थ है रोटी। इससे सम्टिक ने निश्चय किया कि प्रिजियन ही दुनिया की पहली बोली है। पर उन्होंने सोचा ही नहीं कि बच्चों ने बाहर भेड़ की आवाज सुनी थी और उसी की नकल कर रहे थे। अन्त में यह प्रयोजन निष्फल रहा।

— कि ऑस्ट्रेलिया के आदिवासी - वार्लेपिरी—को उल्टीभाषा सिखाई जाती है ! इस बोली का नाम है जिलिवीरी—यानी हास्यपात्र। इसमें हर विचार को विरुद्धी शब्दों में व्यक्त किया जाता है। जैसे कि -अगर किसी को कहना हो— ‘मुझे पानी दो’ तो वह कहता है ‘मैं तुम्हें पानी नहीं दूँगा।’



—कि कम्पूचिया की अक्षरमाला दुनिया की सबसे लम्बी है ? इस में ७४ अक्षर हैं । सबसे छोटी अक्षरमाला रोटोकास की है । इस में केवल ग्यारह अक्षर हैं । यह भाषा सॉलोमन टापू में बोली जाती है ।

—कि सीटी के द्वारा वार्तालाप भी ही सकता है ? तरह-तरह की सीटियाँ बजाकर मेक्सिको लोग और केनेरी टापू के जन एक दूसरे से बात-चीत करते हैं ।

सुपर्णा शान्तगिरी  
द्वितीय पीवायूईई.

## इंद्रधनुष

सपनों के सागर में मैं डूबी  
तक रही हूँ नजरो से भूखी—  
वह इंद्रधनुष जो चढ़ा अम्बर पर,  
इस सागर का सेतु बनकर ।  
इंद्रधनुष वह सचाई की जय !  
कहाँ वह, कहाँ सागर की तह !

तैरूँ मैं लहरों पर सपनों की—  
या, चल पडूँ छूने चोटी सचाई की ?  
कौन चढ़ा है ऊपर उस सेतु के ?  
पर डूबे सब हैं स्वप्न सागर में ।  
तपस्या ही छुला सकती है वह इंद्रधनुष ।  
क्या कर सकता है वह तपस साधाण मानुष !

## जीवन का सार

इस सूनी जिन्दगी में,  
करती हूँ किसका इन्तजार ?  
राह देख - देखकर थक गयी —  
हो गये नयन बेज़ार ।  
चाह किसकी मुझे अब ?  
कौन आयेग मेरे द्वार ?

मुझसे कहती है तन्हाई—  
हैं मेरे सपने निरावार !  
मेरे अंतः स्थल की है आवाज,  
है इक माया यह संसार ।  
है व्यर्थ लगाव दुनियाँ से,  
यही है इसका पूर्ण सार ।

सुनन्दा राजाराम (तृतीय पीवायूईई.)



## निरुत्तर प्रश्न

पानी की बूँदे ज़मीन—आसमान का फासला पार करते हुए धरती पर गिर रही हैं। वर्षा ऋतु की पहली बरसात है जिसमें भीग रही है, एक दस वर्ष की बालिका। उसके केश सिर से चिपके हुए हैं। पैरों के मढ़ेंगे जूते कीचड़ से लथ—पथ हैं। वर्षा का निर्मल पानी, उसके। नयनों के नमकीन पानी को अपने में समा रहा है परन्तु माया को इन सांसारिक चीजों का ध्यान नहीं था। वह तो अपनी बाटिका की घास पर बैठी पहली बार संसार की सच्चाइयों का सामना कर रही है।

कल की ही तो बात है। माया अपने कुत्ते, ब्रूटस के साथ घर के सामने वाले मैदान में खेल रही थी। कितना मज़ा आ रहा था उन दोनों को। वे दोनों दौड़ लगाते, एक दूसरे को पकड़ने की कीशिश करते और थक जाने से घास पर बैठ जाते। शाम होगई। घर लौटने का समय आ गया। वे दोनों सड़क पार कर रहे थे कि अचानक तेज रफ्तार से आती हुई एक गाड़ी ब्रूटस से टकरा गई। गाड़ी नहीं रुकी और ब्रूटस अपने ही खून में लथ—पथ माया की ओर दर्द भरे नेत्रों से देखकर मर गया। थोड़ी

ही देर बाद माया की माँ आई तो उसने देखा कि माया सड़क के बीच, ब्रूटस का सिर अपनी गोद में लिये चुपचाप बैठी है। माया को जीवन की नश्वरता का ज्ञान हुआ था।

इसी घटना के बारे में सोचते हुए माया अब अपने आप से पूछ रही है कि—“यह मृत्यु क्या है, जिसने मेरे ब्रूटस को मुझसे छीन लिया? क्यों होती है मृत्यु? माँ कहती है कि ब्रूटस भगवान के पास गया है। क्यों गया है? वह नहीं जाना चाहता था। वह तो मुझसे बहुत प्यार करता था। फिर भगवान ने उसे क्यों बुलाया?”

माया के मन में अनेक सवाल उभर रहे हैं। परन्तु किसी का भी जवाब नहीं मिलेगा। आज तक उसका जीवन खुशियों से भरा था, परन्तु छोटी सी उम्र में ही उसे ज़िंदगी के सबसे कड़वे सच का अनुभव हुआ। ऐसा सच, जिसकी वास्तविकता के बारे में किसी को पता नहीं।

समय के साथ—साथ माया भी इसे (मृत्युको) जीवन की एक सच्चाई मान लेंगी। परन्तु आज जो प्रश्न उसके मन में उभर रहे हैं, शायद ही उनके उत्तर माया को मिलेंगे।

वनिता वासुदेव

प्रथम पी. सी. एम्.



## सच्चा प्यार

प्यार मेरा सच्चा है,  
मानो या ना मानो ।  
लोग कहते हैं मुझे दिवाना,  
जानो या ना जानो ॥  
ऐसे न तडपाओ हमें,  
जरूम ये सह न पायेंगे ।  
मार डालो हमें एक ही बार,  
जो, नाम तेरा जुवाँ पे आते ही,  
हम दुनिया छोड़ चले ॥  
प्यार कोई खेल नहीं,  
जब चाहा खेल लिया ।

इतनी भी क्या खुदगरजी ?  
खुदा से भी थोड़ा डर ले ॥  
शमा बुझ गई,  
अंधेरा छा गया ,  
बिजली चमक पड़ी,  
दो दिल टूट गए,  
कयामत छा गई ॥  
याद में तेरी, आँसू बहाते चले,  
प्यार के नगमें सुनाते चले,  
इन्तजार के लम्हें गुजरते चले,  
अब हम जनाजे पे चले ॥

सुनिता मिश्र  
द्वितीय पीढ़ी,

## शायरी

इकीकत : ये सूरते बेनकाब,  
पहचानी नहीं जाती ।  
निगाहों से कोई इकीकत,  
मानी नहीं जाती ॥

बेवफा : यूँ न हो हमसे खफा,  
ऐसे न हम को सता ।  
ओ बेवफा,  
इस दर्द-ए-दिल को पहचान भी जा

मजाय : वो माथुक बया ?  
जो नज़र आशिक की न समझे ।  
हर बार मुसकुरा कर कहे;  
भाई, माजरा क्या है ?  
चाह : तुझे चाहेंगे, लेकिन,  
कभी रुसवा न करेंगे ;  
अपने साये से भी,  
नेरा शिकवा न करेंगे ॥

बैनु बड़ेरा ( द्वितीय पीढ़ी )



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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 : 28-2-88

**Sister Jesuine Marie**  
*Signature of the Publisher*

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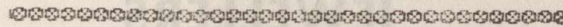
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**Mount Carmel College- winners of the KLCA's UIPLAST Inter-Collegiate Cricket Tournament for women, with an unbeaten record in the five-team league.**

L to R Standing: Chitra, Bharathi N.B., Nooren Fazal, Mrs. Poovamma, Roopa B.S., Sunita S., Joy Christina, Bernadette.

L to R Sitting: Anjana Gupta, Susan Lewis, Kaviitha Ponnappa (Capt), Maria Sebastian, Suparna.

### CARMELITES CROWNED CRICKET CHAMPS

By our Sports Reporter

BANGALORE, Sept. 18. Suparna.

Mount Carmel College retained their title in the III UIPLAST Inter-Collegiate Cricket Tournament for women conducted by the KLCA, when they defeated NMKRV First Grade College by 27 runs in a keenly-fought concluding league match on Thursday. Both teams had come into this match with unbeaten records, having won their previous three games.

The girls behind MCC's success were Susan Lewis, Bharathi, Maria Sebastian and

Susan Lewis hit 32 and Bharathi 40 as MCC who batted first, were able to reach 132 for six in 29 overs after being 40 for three at one stage. Jayashree took three for 35.

Maria Sebastian took three wickets and Suparna two as NMKRV, making a game bid to dethrone the defending champions, fell for 106 runs, losing their last three wickets without a run being scored.

In fact, it was only after MCC got the wicket of Jayashree (26) -

at 106 - that they took the upper hand.

Brief Scores:

**Mount Carmel College:** 132/6 (Susan Lewis 32, Bharathi 40, Jayashree 3-35) beat **NMKRV First Grade College:** 106 (Jayashree 26, Maria Sebastian 3-28, Suparna 2-10).

The following were given special prizes:

**Best all-rounder:** Maria (MCC).

**Most promising youngsters:** Bharathi (NMKRV Jr. College).

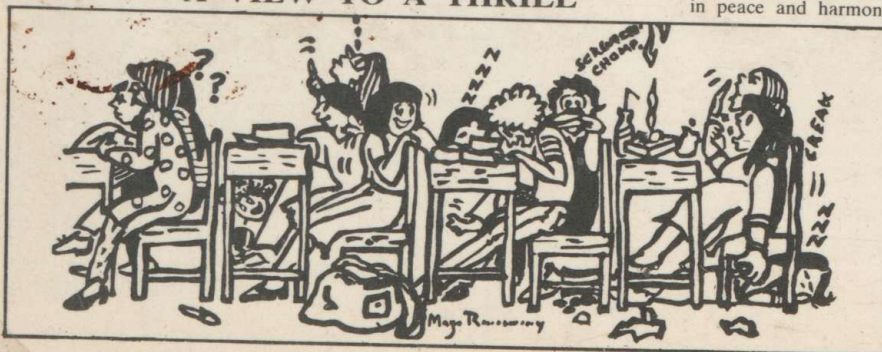
**Best fielder:** Mala (NMKRV Sr.)

**Best Batswoman:** Susan Lewis (MCC).

May be a future Grammy Award winner is lurking near the piano. M.S. Subba lakshmi's successor too. Padma Subramaniam and Anna Pavlova may be incarnate in Carmelite limbs.

Remember, we have produced Diana Symes and Margaret Alva.

### A VIEW TO A THRILL



### MOUNT CARMEL KEEP BASKETBALL TITLE

By our Sports Reporter

BANGALORE, Sept. 26. - Mount Carmel College retained their title in the Bangalore University's Inter-Collegiate Basketball Tournament for women when they crushed Jyothi Nivas College by 68 points to 26 after leading 34-11 at half-time in the deciding semi-final league match on home courts on Friday mo-

ring. Mount Carmel finished with an all-win record.

Mount Carmel's tall pivots, Rekha Mallik (16 points) and Nivedita Kelvadi (16) assisted well by fast break specialist B. Mala (12) combined superbly to score this runaway win. Vishnu (14) and Shirley played well for J.N.C. who finished second.

### FOOD SALES

The food sales besides providing an enjoyable pastime to the students and pepping up otherwise dull lunch hours, served to raise Rs 10,000. Of this, it has been decided that Rs 2,500 will be allocated to the Electronics Club and Rs 1,500 to the Dramatics Club

to carry out their activities. While some of the funds will go to finance another spotlight for the auditorium, the rest of the money will be held in trust by the management for the establishment of a public address system to link the whole college next year.

### HASTA MANYANA

A few years ago and fresh out of school,  
We entered Carmels feeling far from cool,  
We never dreamt we'd say Goodbye,  
With heaviness in our hearts and tears in our eyes.

Our years at Carmels have been just great,  
Especially when our lecturers rose to the bait.  
For all this we thank our Principal, Lecturers and Staff,  
If we made you cry, we hope we sometimes made you laugh.

We'll miss it all, sure we will,  
The Canteen, drive and time to kill.  
We've learnt to smile at success,  
and cope with failure.  
We also learnt there's nothing to fear,  
The old order changeth, yielding place to the new.  
To our Juniors our words are few,  
- Enjoy it while it lasts,

You've got the best.  
We'll try to keep up the name, of Carmels pure and fine,  
So that one day you may proudly say  
- "She was one of mine".

We'll miss it all, sure we will,  
The canteen drive and time to kill.  
Our stay at Carmels has been a memorable one,  
We've had our joys, our sorrows, our frays, our fun.  
We'll miss you Carmels, Thanks to each of you-EVERYONE.

Composed by the class of '88.

### HOSTEL

Hostel life trains students to live together in peace and harmony

in a world so divided and apart. The regular features include a 'Welcome' social to the juniors and the 'Farewell' to the outgoing seniors. 'Talents-Nite' gives the freshers a chance to exhibit their talents. Hostel activities include Social Service. On the whole, hostel life is a rich and rewarding experience.

### COLLEGE SPORT

Basketball	-----	High hoops
Cricket	-----	Still batting
Baseball	-----	Slipped through
Swimming	-----	Making waves
Throwball	-----	Hit the net
Hockey	-----	Goal-Maal
Athletes	-----	On the Tracks
Badminton	-----	Batty
Tennicoit	-----	Ring, Ring, Ring!!



### PULLING MUSIC-AL STRINGS

Music is food for the soul, and this is what it has proved to be for the girls at Mount Carmel. The College choir conducted by Miss Priya Mohanraj gets an enthusiastic response year after year.

The College choir has won, for the third year consecutively the 'Christmas Music Trophy' at the Festival of Christmas Music. The motto being - B-sharp, never B-flat, always B-natural.