

The Mount Carmel College Annual 92-93



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To Mary, Mother of God

we entrust

the youth confided to our care.



The Mount Carmel College Annual 92-93

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Our Principal Dr. Sr. Genevieve

Editorial

Dear Reader,

Had there not been sharp beams of light cutting through the darkness of communal fanaticism and terrorism that is in danger of settling over this fair land of ours, we would have despaired for the future.

However, neither those fortunate enough to be Carmelites nor those privileged enough to come into contact with our institution can feel anything other than hope for the future of India.

At a time when our country is seeking a new 'avatar', that of a modern industrialized state, Carmelites contain within themselves the qualities needed to make India's quest for the Economic Holy Grail successful - hardwork, patience, tolerance and the strength of tradition combined with striving for excellence. This is the creed of the modern world. It is not an accident that Carmelites have swept the honours in our State, whether in academics, or in games or as this volume will we trust prove in Science, literature and the fine arts.

In what follows we present not a clutter or a kaleidoscope that changes at random but a carefully constructed view of that most precious of things, the Carmelite's mind.

- M.P. SHAMALA

I would like to place on record my gratitude to our Principal, Rev. Dr. Sr. Genevieve, for her encouragement and support without which this magazine would not have been possible.

A big thank you to Dr. Miss C.K. Shantha for helping to compile the science section.

A special thanks is due to Mr. S. Shiv Kumar of the Times of India who readily gave us his pictures to inspire our girls in the Creative Writing competition.

I would also like to thank Deccan Herald for the use of pictures for the article - 'Karnataka: Music'. The Abode of Celestial.

Student Editorial

Some people are born editors. Some people achieve editorials. And some have editorial-writing thrust upon them.

Sheaves of crabby writing, proofs which were a miniature hell of printers devils; elusive (or is it illusive?) feature-writers, mugs of tepid canteen coffee, the deadline of handing over the editorial looming large... the truth of the above statement struck us. And to think that it had all begun so well...

Having seen various ex-editors coming close to nervous breakdowns under last-minute magazine pressure, we swore that we'd get ourselves organised Systematic Innovative. And bring out the magazine on time.

But we presumed to turn the wheel on which we turned...

The hordes of budding artists and feature writers who turned up at the first editorial meeting did the good ol' disappearing trick as the year wore on and the work piled up.

Three years have we served as sidekicks on the mag, and the iron has entered our soul. The editorial whip got cracking. Numbers of the feature-writers were fished out, The Case of the Absconding Artist was solved, the missing creative writing section was found and actually keyed into the computer. Advice to future editors: Third degree methods always work.

Sometimes we felt thwarted. At other times we wondered why we were born. But thanks to all those who chipped in - under duress or otherwise - its over now and we can't deny that its been a challenging task. We've learnt. We've grown.

Student Editors -
Manasvini., Neena John., Pallavi Sharma., III PyEJ

When the stars set .....

I remember, I remember...

(with gratitude to Thomas Hood)



Whenever Sr. Angel Mary's name is mentioned, you at once remember her friendliness and her concern for people, her involvement in their joys and sorrows. In spite of being busy as principal of the college, she was a warm sympathetic and approachable person. She never did stand on her dignity, expecting people to seek her out. If she knew you had gone through a bad patch or were in the process of going through one, she would unhesitatingly accost you and ask you all about it, evincing her concern. She made you feel that she cared. In 1970, when I broke both the bones of my leg (I do believe in doing a thorough job!) and had to go on long medical leave, the principal stepped into the breach and took, in the midst of all the work that principals usually have to do, as many of my classes as she possibly could manage. Unbelievable, isn't it? That's Sister Angel Mary for you. And after I resumed work, I was still in plaster and could not negotiate staircases. Would you believe it - she had rearranged the time table in such a way that all my classes were now on the ground floor. This change was not engineered in the beginning of the academic year when everything including timetables are in a fairly maneuverable condition but in November when stability and orderliness have been achieved.

I remember another occasion when I was struck by her considerate and humane nature. We (my family and I) had to go to Tirupathi, in the middle of the week, to perform a Kalyanotsavam. I had taken Wednesday and Thursday off, and returned to work on Friday haggard, weary and spent. She took one look at me, and literally commanded me to go home and rest. She said she would take my class that day, and so I need not apply for leave. Before I left, I tried to explain to her how I had adjusted my classes on the two days I had taken leave. She cut me short, telling me that I was a senior and responsible teacher whom she trusted. That she knew quite well I would not miss my classes and so there was no necessity for me to give her any explanation whatsoever. I still treasure and cherish those words, they still make me glow with pleasure. They still catapult me on time to all my classes. If poetry was emotion recollected in tranquillity to Wordsworth, these words are my solace and comfort in times of crisis. Sister, thank you for your kindness to me, and the confidence you reposed in me. May your tribe increase!

Dr (Mrs) Indira Sampath
Prof. and Head., Dept. of English

The names of those who in their lives fought for life
Who wore at their hearts the fire's center
Born of the Sun they travelled a short while toward the sun
And left the vivid air signed with their honour

- Stephen Spender



A gifted dancer, a talented actress, a conscientious student, an affectionate friend.

The youngest recipient of the Urvashi award for excellence in acting, winner of laurels.

Unassuming despite her tremendous achievements. A person who could strike the perfect balance between dancing, acting, studies.

A rare blend of talent and good nature. Whose affection, sincerity and understanding have left a deep and indelible impression on all who have known her.

Monisha Unni, we miss you.

Manasvini., III PyEJ

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MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE
BANGALORE

Parents' Day, 1992

Under the Distinguished Patronage of
His Grace, Most **Rev. Dr. Alphonsus Mathias**
Archbishop of Bangalore

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1991 - '92

Your Grace, Archbishop of Bangalore, Rev. Fathers, Sisters, Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me immense pleasure to welcome you here this evening and to present to you briefly, our Annual Report.

STRENGTH

The impressive academic record and the introduction of more career-oriented courses brought about a further increase in the strength of the college by another 115 students. The strength at the commencement of the academic year was 3447 and at the close 3286.

Examination Results (II PUC - 1991-92)

Examination II Pre-University	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of Full Passes	I Class	II Class
Arts	109	106	97.25 %	83	20
Science	399	362	91 %	306	49
Commerce	229	221	97 %	191	27

Subject	No. Appeared	No. Passed	Percentage of Full Passes
English	733	732	99.8 %
Kannada	172	172	100 %
Hindi	414	414	100 %
French	59	58	98.3 %
Sanskrit	72	71	98.6 %
Tamil	17	17	100 %
Malayalam	1	1	100 %
Physics	320	305	95.3 %
Chemistry	399	377	94.4 %
Mathematics	434	425	97.9 %
Biology	277	277	100 %
Electronics	40	39	97.5 %

Subject	No. Appeared	No. Passed	Percentage of Full Passes
Botany	80	79	98.7 %
Zoology	80	79	98.7 %
Home Science	80	80	100 %
Political Science	113	113	100 %
Economics	334	333	99.7 %
Commerce	225	224	99.5 %
Accountancy	225	220	97.7 %
History	109	106	97.2 %
Psychology	109	109	100 %
Sociology	109	109	100 %

Examination Results
Final B.A./B.Sc./B.Com.

Examination Final Degree	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of Full Passes	I Class	II Class
B.A.	142	131	92 %	56	48
B.Sc.	217	193	89 %	155	34
B.Com.	162	110	68 %	60	35

Subject	No. Appeared	No. Passed	Percentage of Full Passes
Psychology	69	69	100 %
Economics	111	108	97 %
Sociology	62	61	98 %
Optional English	35	35	100 %
Journalism	35	35	100 %
History	49	46	94 %
Political Science	77	70	91 %
Physics	68	65	96 %
Chemistry	102	91	89 %
Mathematics	100	91	91 %
Computer Science	32	32	100 %
Statistics	32	32	100 %
Zoology	55	55	100 %
Microbiology	35	35	100 %
Botany	51	49	96 %
Electronics	36	36	100 %
Interior Decoration & House Keeping	48	48	100 %
Textiles & Clothing	48	48	100 %
Pre-school Education	48	48	100 %
Extension Education	48	48	100 %
Food Science & Food Service Management	48	48	100 %

Subject	No. Appeared	No. Passed	Percentage of Full Passes
Bio-Chemistry/Women's Studies	48	45	94 %
Banking Theory & Practice	162	143	88 %
Commercial Law	162	145	90 %
Business Law	162	121	75 %
Financial Management	162	147	91 %
Auditing	162	156	96 %
Income Tax	162	153	94 %
Costing	162	150	93 %
Management Accounting	162	161	99.38 %

Examination Results
Second B.A./B.Sc./B.Com.

Examination Second Degree	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of Full Passes	I Class	II Class
B.A.	145	116	80 %	59	45
B.Sc.	204	169	83 %	121	45
B.Com.	166	127	77 %	60	47

Subject	No.Appeared	No.Passed	Percentage of Full Passes
Psychology	92	90	98 %
Optional English	27	27	100 %
Journalism	27	27	100 %
Economics	127	113	89 %
Sociology	65	63	97 %
History	62	62	100 %
Political Science	62	52	84 %
Physics	48	42	88 %
Chemistry	95	80	84 %
Mathematics	82	76	93 %
Computer Science	34	33	97 %
Statistics	34	31	91 %
Microbiology	25	25	100 %
Zoology	59	52	88 %
Electronics	26	23	88 %
Botany	62	59	95 %
Textiles & Clothing	57	57	100 %
Human Development & Family Relationship	57	57	100 %
Nutrition & Dietetics	57	55	96 %
Business Communication	166	166	100 %
Financial Accounting	166	158	95 %
Business Statistics	166	130	78 %
Principles of Management	166	162	98 %
Marketing Management	166	163	98 %

LANGUAGES

Subject	No. Appeared	No. Passed	Percentage of Full Passes
English	533	530	99.4 %
Kannada	108	95	89 %
Hindi	323	318	98 %
Tamil	21	21	100 %
Sanskrit	22	21	95 %
French	53	53	100 %
Malayalam	2	2	100 %
Urdu	1	1	100 %

Examination Results
First B.A./B.Sc./B.Com.

Examination First Degree	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of Full Passes	I Class	II Class
B.A.	166	108	66 %	33	49
B.Sc.	209	163	78%	118	43
B.Com.	191	163	85 %	94	46

Subject	No. Appeared	No. Passed	Percentage of Full Passes
Psychology	94	65	69 %
Economics	164	150	91 %
Optional English	38	36	95 %
Journalism	38	38	100 %
Sociology	100	99	99 %
History	108	98	91 %
Political Science	64	61	95 %
Chemistry	140	121	86.4 %
Botany	66	62	93.9 %
Zoology	71	66	92.9 %
Microbiology	33	33	100 %
Computer Science	38	38	100 %
Mathematics	69	65	94 %
Statistics	38	38	100 %
Physics	31	26	83 %
Electronics	31	21	67.7 %
Home-Management	55	55	100 %
Physiology & Microbiology	55	55	100 %
Business Mathematics	191	175	92 %
Financial Accounting	191	181	95 %
Office Organisation	191	188	98 %
Business Economics	191	184	96 %

LANGUAGES

Subject	No. Appeared	No. Passed	Percentage of Full Passes
English	604	603	99.8 %
French	44	43	98 %
Hindi	368	358	97 %
Kannada	160	91	57 %
Sanskrit	31	30	97 %
Tamil	22	21	95 %

The Bangalore University had published last year's degree rank list after the writing of the report for the year 1990-'91. Hence we are here below, announcing the degree rank list of last year along with that of the II Pre-University. Only for the Commerce stream did the University publish a complete rank list of 100 ranks; of these, we are proud to state that our students secured 35. The M.Com. course affiliated to the Bangalore University is in full swing. Our M.Com. students secured 100 percent results. Fourteen of the nineteen who appeared for the examination secured I classes and the remaining five secured II classes. Our second batch of Journalism students, and first batch of Microbiology students too obtained cent percent results. Of the 35 who appeared in each of these subjects, 33 secured first classes and the remaining two second classes.

Rank List

DEGREE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS 1991

B.Sc.	Sapna Asrani	7th Rank
	Roopa Krishnan	8th Rank
	Meera R. Iyer	9th Rank
B.Com.	Aparna Khemka	8th Rank
	Bhuvaneshwari	8th Rank
	Uma Nagalakshmi	9th Rank

II PUC BOARD EXAMINATIONS 1992

Arts	Anupama. R.	1st Rank
	Chitra Mahadevan	2nd Rank
	Elizabeth Jane P.J.	3rd Rank
Science	Namitha Ullal Nayak	7th Rank

MANAGEMENT AND FACULTY

In keeping with tradition, the Faculty of Mount Carmel College continue to add to their list of achievements.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas (H.Sc. Department) and **Ms. Aruna Kumari** (Zoology Department) have been awarded their Ph.D degrees.

Ms. M.P. Shamala (Journalism Department) was one of two candidates at the National Level to be awarded a Fulbright Fellowship for Internship in Communication Technology by USEFI for 1993-94.

Dr. S. Ramesh, Dean of the Post-Graduate Centre presented a paper on "Media Management in Educational Programmes" at the All-India Commerce Conference. He also organised a one-day seminar on 'Privatisation - a Boon to the Indian Economy'.

Dr. Chitra Andrade of the Psychology Department was appointed Project Consultant on a two-year Drug Trial Project by the Himalaya Drug Company. She is also an Honorary Consultant at the Opportunity Section for the Mentally Retarded in Bethany School. This year has seen her publishing no less than ten papers in prestigious journals such as the Indian Journal of Psychiatry and the Indian Journal of Medical Research, as well as in newspapers, in an attempt to raise public awareness on issues related to mental health. She was invited to lecture as a panelist at the "First National Seminar on Dementia and Allied Disorders" held in 1991. A chapter written by her on "The Psychological Management of Dementia" is currently under print. Dr. Andrade is currently involved in a project studying "Personality Profiles and Adjustment in Young Female College Students".

Ms. Meera Pillai of the English Department was awarded a research grant by the American Studies Research Centre and also presented a paper on the fiction of I.B. Singer.

2nd Lt. Claramma Thomas attended the Promotion-cum-Refresher course at Gwalior where she emerged first and earned her well deserved promotion as Lieutenant.

Sr. Violet was adjudged the 'Best NSS Programme Officer' of the University.

The Home Science Department organised a Seminar on the future of their field, "Home Science in 2000 A.D." for the members of the Home Science Association of India. **Sr. Josephette, Mrs. Usha Rao and Mrs. Shobha Kumar** organized the Silver Jubilee Symposium of the Nutrition Society of India, focussing on such subjects as "Diet in Kidney and Heart Diseases". They also attended a two week course in "Bakery Technology" organized jointly by the US Wheat Associates and the UAS.

Dr. Elizabeth Thomas organized a workshop on "Family Life Education for Adolescent Girls" at the YWCA. This workshop was also attended by Mrs. Rebekah Benjamin of the Sociology department. She also gave a lecture on "The Pre-School Child" and was a panelist for a discussion on working women organized by CREST at St. Martha's Hospital.

Mrs. Usha Kumar conducted a lecture-demonstration on 'Improving Methods of Teaching' for pre-primary teachers at Indiranagar High School and a workshop on "Charts as Teaching Aids" at St. Teresa's Teachers Training Institute. She also spoke on "Careers in Home Science" at St. Anne's Junior College in a programme organized by the Rotary Club, while 'MADHYAM' invited her to speak on "The National Economic Policy and Its Impact on Women".

Ms. Shanta Maria gave lectures on "An Integrated Approach to Pre-School Education" and on "The Role of Women in Social Change" at the Anekal Anganwadi Training Centre and the School of Politics, Ecumenical Christian Centre, Whitefield respectively. She also attended a one-month course on 'The Role of Christian Teachers in Secular Education' at the same centre.

Ms. Thangamma T.K. attended a three-week Refresher Course sponsored by the UGC on "Family Resource Management" and "Textiles and Clothing" at the Avinashalingam College, Coimbatore.

Ms. Vrunda Rao attended seminars on the issues of "Drug Addiction" and "Dowry" at Yavanika.

A three-day Film Festival on burning issues related to women was also organized by Dr. Elizabeth Thomas, Mrs. Usha Kumar, Ms. Shanta Maria and Ms. Geeta Uppal.

Mr. T.D. Sreedharan attended a workshop on 'PLASMA ASTROPHYSICS' organised by IUCA & IIAP from 2nd to 6th March '92 at Indian Institute of Astrophysics, Bangalore and also published a paper on "Pressure Structures of Solar Coronal Loops III" jointly with Prof. V. Krishnan in "SOLAR PHYSICS", USA.

Mrs. Asha Valecha and **Mrs. Sumathi Bopaiya** attended a workshop on "Performance Appraisal" organised by Chemplast.

Miss. B.S. Nagarathna of the Zoology Department was the 'Guest of Honour' at the Seminar organized by the BMS College as part of their Silver Jubilee Celebration. Miss Nagarathna also participated in a discussion on the examination system over the AIR.

Ms. Noeleen Roberts of the same department attended a seminar on "Ecology and Ecumenism" at the ECC, Whitefield.

Miss. R. Vijaya conducted seminars on Meiosis, Mitosis and Chromosomal Aberrations.

Mrs. Swayamprabha of the Zoology Department and **Mrs. Ferooza Eswaran** of the Microbiology Department organized a Symposium on 'Career Opportunities and Higher Education in Biotechnology' under the auspices of the Centre for Advancement of Biotechnology.

Dr. Arunakumari of the Zoology Department presented a paper at the APPI Conference.

Mrs. Sudha Medappa of the Chemistry Department attended a UGC sponsored refresher workshop on "Low Cost Equipment for Chemical Education", at Delhi.

An article by **Mrs. Kalpan Haridas** of the History Department on Kudmul Ranga Rao was published in the March issue of 'Karnataka'.

An article by **Dr. Lakshmi Warrier** of the Sanskrit Department on "Bhasa - the Father of Indian Drama" was published in the journal 'Poornatrayi".

Smt. Saraswati of the Hindi Department delivered a radio talk on "Ajneya and his Poetry" while the expertise of the Head of our Hindi Department Mrs. Shakunthala Bhusnurmath was also in evidence in several radio talks and discussions.

GUEST LECTURES, SPECIAL PROGRAMMES, EXHIBITIONS ETC.:

A Symposium on Career Guidance and Opportunities in Bio-Technology was organised by the Centre for Advancement of Bio-Technology and Mount Carmel College. The venue for the symposium was the auditorium of Mount Carmel College.

A talk on recent trends in Bio-Technology was given by Dr. Ramachandra Rao.

The Department of Journalism had organised a series of special lectures by eminent personalities. Noted journalists like Mr. V.N. Subba Rao, Capt. Mani, Mr. A.R. Ramesh, and others addressed the students on various topics. The famous cartoonist Mr. Ponnappa and Ms. Kashmira Irani, a photo-journalist from the United States were among the others who spoke to the students.

The Model Press Conference addressed by Mr. Alan Nazareth, Ambassador to Egypt was the highlight of the year.

The Journalism Association also conducted competitions like Media Quiz, Feature Writing and Advertising Campaign Design and Press Stress.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT AND STUDENT ACTIVITIES:

The generally accepted purposes of campus student government include the following: 1. To teach good citizenship 2. To assist in campus communication and control 3. To assist in building of campus morale.

The Student Government is charged with fostering intelligent interest and participation in college activities, increasing the sense of individual responsibility, personal integrity and loyalty.

The inter-class competitions, entitled 'Rodeo '91' included in addition to the old favourites in the field

of Art, Dance, Music, Floral Arrangement, Public-Speaking, Literary Activities, new items like Fashion-Illustration, and Portrait Painting. These competitions proved very successful as the participation was tremendous and the standard of competition was very high. The grand finale of these competitions was a 2-day carnival held on August 30 and 31, filled with fun, frolic and festivity. An atmosphere depicting the 'Wild West' was projected complete with haystacks, donkeys and cowboy attire. There was also a competitive side to the carnival with Inter-Collegiate Extempore, Mock-Rock and Quiz competitions.

The talent so discovered proved itself at the local inter-collegiate and national levels as well. At the All India Cultural Festival hosted by IIT, Madras, our cultural team performed brilliantly and bagged the Overall First Place.

FLASHBACK '92 - This was a 3-day journey through history. Day One - Durbar Day held in the auditorium captured the spirit and glamour of the Mughal period. It brought history back to life. The second day found the Carmelites in the year 1857 - an important year in India's history. The students conducted a trial of the eminent patriots of our College which included the Principal, Sr. Genevieve and the President of the College - Vandana Rao. The final day - 'Catwalk' provided a fitting finale - modern times were depicted and an atmosphere of complete freedom visualized through the concepts of today's fashion. The girls of various classes walked the ramp, exuding an aura of confidence and ease.

The Annual Sports Day was one with a difference. To engage the non-formal sports-lovers, there were a number of informal events organized. The highlight of the day was the 'Tug-O-War', where a team of students competed against the teachers. Ultimately, the lecturers got the short end of the rope.

LIST OF PRIZES WON AT THE INTER-COLLEGIATE/ INTER-VARSITY/STATE/NATIONAL LEVELS

All our achievements were crowned with the success of our College being adjudged the 'Best Unit' in recognition of its meritorious service in the National Service Scheme by the Government of Karnataka, Directorate of Youth Services and Sports and with V.T. Anusuya being selected for the World Triathalon Championship at Australia in Oct.'91. Anusuya also won the State and National Level Championship in the above event. Our Aqua Queen Sangita Rao won the Junior Individual State & National Level Championships. At the South Asian Federation Games held at Colombo, Sangita won 3 gold medals. At the recently concluded Karnataka State Senior Aquatics she won 9 golds and claimed the Individual Championship. Sangita's total medal tally has gone up to 66. She is on her way to Bhopal captaining the Karnataka Team for the National Aquatics which is due to commence on 27th of September. .

1. **THE TIMES OF INDIA PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST**

a) Inter-Collegiate level

Vandana Rao	I
Patricia Mathias	III
The team won the Championship Trophy	

b) Inter-Varsity Level

Vandana Rao	II

2. **MARDI GRAS - 1992**
(All India Cultural Festival organised by **IIT Madras**)
Our team won the trophy for the Best Overall Performance

a) INDIAN MUSIC:
VOCAL SOLO: Lavanya R. — I
Kala Ganapathy — II

b) NOSTALGIA:
VOCAL GROUP: (Kala Ganapathy, Aarti Kamath, Lavanya R, Kavita) — I

c) CLASSICAL VOCAL SOLO:
Lavanya Kamalesh — II

d) CREATIVE WRITING:
Brinda Charry — I

e) 1. DEBATE: (Best Speaker)
Patricia Mathias — II

2. DEBATE: (Best Team)
Patricia Mathias, Vandana Rao — II

3. **VIBRATIONS - 1991**
(All India Festival organised by **Indian Institute of Science**)

1. DEBATE:
Patricia Mathias, Persis Mathias — I
The team won the JRD Tata Memorial Trophy

2. DUMB CHARADES:
Riti Punja, Nandini Jayaram, Seeta Pai, Miriam Chandy, Krithika Madappa, Lahari Chinnappa — III

3. WESTERN MUSIC (ACOUSTICS):
Anjali Menezes, Sonali Menezes, Surya Sajnani, Manjula Hariharan — I

4. INDIAN MUSIC:
a) CLASSICAL VOCAL (GROUP):
Kala Ganapathy, Lata Ganapathy, Aarti Kamath, Lavanya R, Lavanya Kamalesh, Deepa S. — I

4. **AUTUMN MUSE**
(All India Inter-Collegiate Festival organised by **St. John's Medical College**)
Our College secured the II Place (Overall)

a ELOCUTION:
Vandana Rao — I
Anjali Jayadev — II

b) MOCK PRESS:
Anjali Jayadev — I
Jisha Menon — II

c) DEBATE
Vandana Rao — III

d) CREATIVE WRITING (POETRY)
Seeta Pai — I

e) DUMB CHARADES:
Nandini Jayaram. Seeta Pai, Reeti Punja — I

f) FLORAL ARRANGEMENT:
Moyna Mathias, Cheryl Joseph — I

g) INDIAN MUSIC:
(Sharanya, Lata Ganapathy, Kala Ganapathy, Lavanya .R, Aarti Kamath, Kavitha .C, Deepa .S, Sonali Menezes, Theodora Murray, Surya Sajnani) — II

BEST VOCALIST : - Lata Ganapathy

5. **ANUBHAV**
(Cultural Festival organised by **MES College**)
Our team won the Overall Trophy

a) INDIAN LIGHT MUSIC
(Lata Ganapathy, Kala Ganapathy, Aarti Kamath, Lavanya .R, Kavitha .C, Deepa .S — I

b) CLASSICAL VOCAL (SOLO)
Lata Ganapathy — I

c) DUMB CHARADES:
(Seeta Pai, Reeti Punja, Nandini Jayaram) — I

d) ACOUSTICS:
(Anjali Menezes, Sonali Menezes, Surya Sajnani) — II

e) DEBATE
Vandana Rao — I

f) CLAY MODELLING
Veena Jose — I

g) PAINTING
Vidhya Sarin — III

6) **MADHUR BELA:**
(Inter-Collegiate Festival held at **IISc**, Bangalore)

a) INDIAN CLASSICAL: (INSTRUMENTAL):
Shubha Prakash — II

b) LIGHT MUSIC (SOLO):
1. Lavanya R. — II

2. GROUP — I

c) SKIT: (BEST ACTRESS)
Babitha

d) DEBATE: (BEST SPEAKER)
Rekha Sethi

e) DUMB CHARADES:
Lavanya .C, Radhika .C, Nandita — II

f) EXTEMPORE:
Javeria Naseer — II

g) ANTAKSHARI:
Deepa Ganguly, Madhuban Chowdhary, Savitha .K — III

7. **MIRAGE '91**:
(An Inter-Collegiate Festival organised by **St. Joseph's Arts & Science College)**

a) CREATIVE WRITING:
Crystal — I

b) MAD ADS:
Imilemla, Mansi .K, Sumaya, Elizabeth & Crystal — I

8 **EXODUS '91**:
(St. Joseph's College of Arts & Science - Inter-Collegiate Festival for Christian Students)
Our college team won the Overall Trophy

a) QUIZ
Diana Carol, Maria Avrachan — I

b) DEBATE:
Patricia Mathias, — I
Persis Mathias — II

c) ELOCUTION:
Patricia Mathias

d) WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD
Diana Carol, Maria Avrachan — II

e) CREATIVE WRITING:
Juliet Peters — I

f) WESTERN MUSIC: SOLO
Tina Dickson — III
DUET
Tina Dickson, Frances Furtado — II

9) **VAISHAAK '92**:
Central College Cultural Festival)

a) INDIAN MUSIC: VOCAL GROUP:
Lavanya Ramaswamy, Deepa .S, Aarti Kamath, Kala Ganapathy, Seema Pai, Surya Sajnani, Sonali Menezes, Theodora Murray — I

b) VOCAL SOLO:
Kala Ganapathy — III

(The College obtained the Second Prize (Overall))

10) **BANGALORE UNIVERSITY SCIENCE SEMINAR:**
Priya Ratnam — II

11) **NATIONAL COLLEGE:**
(Our College won the **Dr. H.S. Murthy Runner-Up Trophy)**

a) CLASSICAL VOCAL:
Lata Ganapathy — I
Lavanya Kamalesh — III
Kala Ganapathy — Consolation Prize

b) CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL:
Sri Lakshmi Ballal — II
Archana Singh — III

12) **NMKRV COLLEGE:**
(Our College won the **Hindi Samiti Rolling Shield)**

a) POETRY RECITATION:
Rekha Sethi — I
Javeria Naseer — III

b) EXTEMPORE:
Rekha Sethi — I
Javeria Naseer — III

c) MONO - ACTING:
Rekha Sethi — II

d) SANSKRIT PLAY READING:
Kavitha Sreedhar — I

e) HISTORY LECTURE CONTEST:
Suma H.V. — I
Shantala Shekar — II

f) CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL:
Sri Lakshmi Ballal — II

g) 'DEVARANAMA':
Kavitha C. — II

13) a) **ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE OF COMMERCE HINDI DEBATE:**
(Our College won the Rolling Shield)
Rekha Sethi — I
Javeria Naseer — II

b) **ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE OF ARTS & SCIENCE DEBATE COMPETITION**
(Organised by the Social Science Association)
Maria A. — I

14) **RBANM'S COLLEGE LECTURE CONTEST ON HUMANITIES:**
a) Maria A., Sowmya C.S. — I

15) **MAHARANI'S COLLEGE:**

a) LECTURE CONTEST:
Vandana Rao — III

b) MONO ACTING
Crystal — II

16) **AL-AMEEN COLLEGE:**

a) i. LECTURE CONTEST 1:
Teresa James — II

ii. LECTURE CONTEST 2:
Priya Ratnam — II

b) ESSAY
Priya Rathnam — Consolation Prize

c) DEBATE
Patricia Mathias — II

17) **BMS COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING DEBATE**

a) BEST TEAM: MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE
(Persis Mathias & Patricia Mathias)

b) BEST SPEAKER:
Patricia Mathias

18) **VISVESHWARAYA INDUSTRIAL AND TECHNOLOGICAL MUSEUM, BANGALORE**

SCIENCE SEMINAR
Priya Ratnam — I

19) YADALAM NANJAIAH SETTY ROLLING TROPHY:

a) EXTEMPORE:
Supriya Naidu, Kavitha Cardoza — I

20) **DAKSHINA SAHITYA ACADEMY:**
State Level Inter-University Hindi Debate Competition:
(Our College won the **Sri. Sampat Raj Bohra Memorial Rolling Shield**)

a) HINDI DEBATE
Rekha Sethi — I
Javeria Naseer — IV

b) MONO-ACTING (HINDI)
Rekha Sethi — III
Crystal — Consolation Prize

21) **JYOTHI NIVAS INSTITUTE FOR PRACTICAL TRAINING:**
(Our College won the **Bhagvanthi Rolling Trophy**)

a) ESSAY:
Maria Arokianathan — III

22) **NUTRITION SOCIETY OF INDIA (BANGALORE CHAPTER) SILVER JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS:**

a) COOKERY CONTEST:
Rizwana — II

b) DEBATE:
Anjana A. — II
Mrinalini — III

23) **KARNATAKA STATE ENGLISH JUNIOR TYPE-WRITING EXAM:**

Anita Chebbi — I

24) **BANGALORE BAPTIST HOSPITAL:**

a) DEBATE
Priya Ratnam — I

25. **AKHILA KARNATAKA SAMSKRITA PARISHAT:**

a) PLAY READING:
Kavitha Sreedhar — I

b) ESSAY WRITING:
Chandrika K.R. — I

26. **JAYCEE CULTURAL FEST '91** held at Chowdiah Hall:

a) FOLK DANCE
Gitanjali Ganatra, Jignasha Patel,
Sharanya Reddy, Hitha Reddy, Priya N.K.,
Lucinda Joseph, Veena Rao & Roopal Makheja — I

27. **N.C.C. AWARDS**
Mount Carmel has done it again:

i a) **'Best Institution Trophy'** in the ATC Competitions, Bangalore

b) Cheryl Datta — Best Air Cadet to at **All India Vayu Sainik Camp** held at Secunderabad

c) AEROMODELLING:

CADET : Arthi Devi
CONTROL LINE AEROBATICS - **Gold Medal**
STATIC AEROMODELLING - **Gold Medal**

28) **KARATE CAMPS:**

Javeria Naseer & Victoria Vinitha have won the Black Belt in the examination conducted by the Centre for Martial Arts Training.

Javeria also won the **Gold Medal** at the State Championship & South Zone Championship

29) **29TH NATIONAL ROLLER SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP** held at Calcutta:

K. Beena of I year Pre-University (MECA) topped in the 300 M times trials and 5,000 M Road Race in the girls 16 - 18 age group.

30. **BANGALORE UNIVERSITY INTER-COLLEGIATE SWIMMING COMPETITION:**
Sangita Rao won the Team Individual Championship by scoring 21 points.
The College won the Team Championship with 38 points.

1.	Punita Gupta	200 M Back Stroke	I
		100 M Back Stroke	I
2.	Sangita Rao	100 M Butterfly	I
		200 M Freestyle	I
		100 M Freestyle	I
		100 M Back Stroke	II
		200 M Breast Stroke	II
		100 M Breast Stroke	III
3.	V.T. Anusuya	200 M Freestyle	III
		100 M Butterfly	IV
		100 M Freestyle	IV
		200 M Breast Stroke	IV

Achievements of Sangita Rao:

1. **State Junior Championship** conducted from July 19 - 20 1991
Tally - 10 Golds, 4 silver, INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP

2. **18th Junior Nationals at Gwalior**
Captain of Karnataka Girls Team
Tally - 12 Golds
National Group I - INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP

3. **5th Asia Pacific Age Group Swimming Championship at Singapore**
from Sept. 6 - 8 1991
Captain of Girls Team
Tally - 3 Bronze

4. **State Senior Aquatics**
Tally - 4 golds, 5 Silver

5. **47th National Aquatics** from November 12 - 16 '91.
Tally: 2 Golds, 3 Silver, 2 Bronze.

6. **South Asian Federation Games at Colombo** from December 24 - 28 '91
Tally: 3 Golds, 1 Silver, 1 Bronze - 2 records in 400 M Free Style & 800 M Free Style

7. **Women's Festival** at Kengeri from February 1 - 4 '92
Tally: 4 Golds, 2 Silver, 1 Bronze - 4 Records

8. **VI South Zone Aquatic Championships**
Tally: 9 Golds - 9 records, 2 relay golds and 2 records, 1 silver
Total : 11 Golds & 1 Silver.

9. **IV Asia Pacific Age Group Championship at Beijing** on Aug 27th, '91
Tally: 2 - 4th places, 1 - 5th Place

10. **Karnataka State Senior Aquatics - 1992**
Tally: 9 Golds, 7 records, 1 Silver, 1 Bronze (INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP)

11. **Alamo Meet, Fort Lauderale, USA**
Tally - 1 Bronze 800 M - Free Style

12. Selected to represent Karnataka at National Aquatics at Bhopal beginning on September 27th as Captain of the Karnataka Team.

31. **THE WORLD TRIATHALON CHAMPIONSHIP:**

1. V.T. Anusuya represented India for the World Triathalon Championship at Australia in October 1991

2. V.T. Anusuya won the Championship at the State & National levels.

SPORTS AND GAMES

The Annual Athletic Meet was held on Sep. 6, 1991 with Shri. K.U. Balakrishna Rao, Commissioner of Police, as the Chief Guest. Preethi Joseph emerged the Junior Individual Champion, while Shonali Mathias was the Senior Individual Champion. The Overall Championship was bagged by Nirmala Gilbert.

BASKETBALL: The Carmelites gave fresh proof of their supremacy by retaining the Bangalore University Championship for the 18th year in succession, having won it 25 times in all. Under the captaincy of Deepa Chopra, the team also won the Spiel Championship conducted by the St. Joseph's College of Commerce. Sushma Herur and Shantella Tiwari represented the State in the Junior section, while Deepa Chopra, Gullu Kunjappa and Vijayalakshmi represented the University.

BADMINTON: State Senior Champion Shaila Holla and Junior Champion Yasmin Sheikh had no difficulty in ensuring that the College lifted the Inter-Collegiate Championship Trophy. Both represented the State in their respective divisions.

ATHLETICS: Our star athlete, Savitha Ponappa, was away at the SAF Games at Colombo and hence this year we had to be content with the second place at the Athletics Championship. Preethi Joseph represented the State at the Junior Nationals.

CRICKET: Smitha H, Seema Pai, Latha S, Nirmala Gilbert and Tresa A. represented the State at the Youth Nationals. Smitha .H. had the added honour of representing the State at the Senior Nationals. She was also a member of the South Zone Team.

HOCKEY: We retained the Inter-Collegiate Championship and Pamela Fernandez was selected Best Goal-Keeper at the State-Level. Ten of our girls were selected for the State Camp and Irudaya Mary, Frances Furtado and Clemantine represented the State in the Senior Championship.

SOFTBALL: We won the Inter-Collegiate Championship.

TABLE-TENNIS: State player, Suman Jain, with the help of Payal Patil and Monika secured the Inter-Collegiate Championship for us.

TENNIKOIT: We were the runners-up at the Championships. Kshama Melanta represented the State at the Senior Level.

THROW BALL: We won the PUC Championship conducted by MLA College.

HOSTEL

A 'Home away from Home' is the only way to describe this happy family where the senior students take the freshers under their protective wing and guide them through a host of fun-filled and enjoyable cultural activities to make them 'Perfect' Carmelites. This year they intend adding a lot of new books to their already existing library.

NATIONAL SERVICE SCHEME, COLLEGE SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE, ROTARACT CLUB OF THE COLLEGE. -92-93

The N.S.S. activities included visits to the Old Age Home (FINS), the half-way home (ASHA) and St. Martha's Hospital. The association organized their annual blood donation camp with the help of the Bangalore Medical College. A record number of 50 members (a full unit) attended the special camp at Koluru village in Doddaballapur Taluk. The gruelling 12-day camp included working with the Cluster School Movement (CSM). In addition, the campers helped in levelling roads, cleaning drains, constructing houses, laying pipes and a host of similar activities. The students also staged street

plays, film shows and the like to create social awareness among the village folk.

The College Social Service league which runs a charity dispensary is proud to place on record that it has completed 10 years of medical service to the sick and poor of Vasanthnagar & Tannery Road.

The Rotaract Club conducted a series of social service activities and competitions.

NATIONAL CADET CORPS

The highlight of this year's events was the glittering performance of Cadet Arathi Devi at the Republic Day Camp. Quite a few of our cadets attended a number of Summer Camps which were both enriching and exhilarating. C.U.O. Irene Arathi Pais attended a two-day leadership camp at Poondi and won the silver medal. At the All India Vayu Sainik Camp held at Hyderabad three of our cadets participated. Cheryl Datta was adjudged the Best Cadet and Arati Devi began her medal-winning spree at this camp. She won two golds, one silver and two bronze and secured the overall first place. Her success was crowned at the Republic Day Camp '92 where she won two gold medals in Control Line Aerobatics and Static Aeromodelling. Arati was largely responsible for Karnataka winning the Prime Minister's Banner.

THE PHOENIX NATURE CLUB: -92-93

In addition to three other treks, the Phoenix Nature Club organized a trek and rock climbing camp at Somanahalli and a two-day trip to Nagarahole.

A slide-show-cum-talk was arranged by experts from the World Wildlife Fund. Members of the Karnataka Mountaineering Association gave a demonstration of their skills which was accompanied by an exhibition and a slide-show.

The results of the club's project on Water Pollution in Bangalore were submitted to the Bangalore Water Supply and Sewerage Board. The Club also conducted essay and painting competitions and an exhibition of paintings and poems was held in January '92.

A notice-board, updated every fortnight displays the latest news from the world of nature. This is in addition to 'Nature' - a journal of a high standard brought out by the club.

FAITH FORMATION AND VALUE EDUCATION, CATHOLIC STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

Faith formation / Value Education / Counselling in our institution lays emphasis on inculcating moral and spiritual values in our students. One hour per week is devoted to a course in Faith Formation for Christians and Value Education for non-Christians. Dr. Mrs. Marie Mascarenhas and her team conduct a thorough programme for our final year degree students in preparation for Marriage and Family Life. A professional Counsellor Mrs. Susie Joseph is available to help our students to cope with their emotional problems.

This association aims at inculcating Christian values in our students. The association organized competitions, talks, a Bible Quiz and prayer services. Nine retreats were also conducted by the association for the Catholic students.

DEVELOPMENT AND EXPENDITURE

A. FINANCIAL AID

Scholarships, Freeships and other help given to the students	No. of Students Benefited	Amount Spent Rs.
Central Government Scholarships	154	95,042
State Government Scholarships	77	26,090
Government of India Scholarship for SC/ST & Fee Concession	107	51,753
Scholarships given by the College	51	20,600
Other Scholarships (Private)	13	7,072
Freeships	4	342
Help towards fees, free meals, Mess fees, special fees, examination fees etc., given by the College	55	34,900
Poor Students Fund		

B. Books, Equipment and Furniture

Number of books added to the Library 1871

	College Account	Management Account	Total
Expenditure on Books/Journals	1,47,941.06	42,548.02	1,90,489.08
Laboratory Equipment	1,58,420.99	3,22,896.15	4,81,317.14
Furniture	53,482.95	5,01,898.75	5,55,381.70
Repairs	29,970.00	52,650.00	82,620.00
Building	—	12,07,765.52	12,07,765.52

CONCLUSION

Last years' report had mentioned our plan to extend our One Year Diploma Course in Business Management under the guidance of XLRI, Jamshedpur, to a two-year course. Not only has this been done, the 2 year full time MBA Course conducted by the Mount Carmel Institute of Management, affiliated to the π i Σigma University of New York, USA, is being introduced this year as well.

Plans are afoot to introduce Environmental Science. In addition we also propose to introduce Bachelors in Business Management.

An audio-visual room of professional standards which is being set-up at a cost of Rs. 3 lakhs should be ready for use in about three weeks time.

The University Grants Commission had marked Mount Carmel College as one of the institutions worthy of being granted autonomy. This has been a long cherished dream of the College as well, especially because the erratic results have been playing havoc with the students' futures and morale. The technical obstacle that no college, including ours, was permanently affiliated to the University was what was holding us back. We are glad to inform you that the University has recently revised its statutes making permanent affiliation possible. Moreover, the committee set up by the University to determine the institution's eligibility to be granted permanent affiliation has already visited the College, examined the facilities and submitted its report. With this, we hope we are moving closer to the fulfilment of this dream.

As I conclude this report, I would like to express my sincere thanks to the Management and Staff for their encouraging and whole hearted support. I would like to acknowledge the dynamic work and contribution of the Student Government and the enthusiastic performance of the students.

I take this opportunity to express our grateful thanks to our distinguished Chief Guest Dr. Alphonsus Mathias, Archbishop of Bangalore. Your Grace, we feel privileged that you have made time to grace our function inspite of your demanding schedule and last but not the least, our thanks are due to you, dear parents and guardians of our students, benefactors and well-wishers and all of you who are here today to make this function a memorable one. Let us thank the Lord for the innumerable blessings he has bestowed on us and on our Institution and let us pray to Him to continue to shower His blessings on us in the years to come.

Yours in service,

Sr. M. Genevieve

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE, BANGALORE

PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE YEAR 1991-92

HOSTEL PRIZE	DIANA CAROL (III PYES)

RELIGION

1st. PRE UNIVERSITY	SUPRIYA MARGARET NAIDU (HEPYS)
2nd. PRE UNIVERSITY	ROSITA L F MIRANDA (PCMB)
1st. DEGREE	MILDRED PROFULLA ROYAN (B.COM)
2nd. DEGREE	MINI PAUL (II B.COM)
3rd. DEGREE	SUJATHA CATHERINE (CZM)
	SHALINI CARDOZA (PYEJ)

MORAL-SCIENCE

1st. PRE UNIVERSITY	KUMUDINI V (PCMB SEC.3)
2nd. PRE UNIVERSITY	MANJU RAJ (PCMB SEC.3)
1st. DEGREE	KAVITHA N (B.COM)
2nd. DEGREE	PRIYA RATNAM (CBM)
3rd. DEGREE	ANITA LEE GEORGE (B.COM)

PART - 1: LANGUAGES

ENGLISH

1st. PRE UNIVERSITY	ANJANA B MALLYA (HEPYS)
2nd. PRE UNIVERSITY	RAMYA SANTHANAM (PCME)
1st. DEGREE	KSHAMA PAI (CMS)
2nd. DEGREE	ANISHA RACHEL MACADEN (CMS)

SANSKRIT

1st. PRE UNIVERSITY	ARCHANA N (PCME)
2nd. PRE UNIVERSITY	LAKSHMI N R (PCMB)
1st. DEGREE	SUMAN S (B.COM 'A')
2nd. DEGREE	LEENA NAIR (HEP)

KANNADA

1st. PRE UNIVERSITY	DEEPTI SRINIVAS (PCMB)_
2nd. PRE UNIVERSITY	VIDYA K (PECA)
1st. DEGREE	SUMA S (HEP)
2nd. DEGREE	SUMA P P (CBM)

TAMIL

1st. PRE UNIVERSITY	SUBHASHINI MAHALINGAM (PCMB)
2nd. PRE UNIVERSITY	MEENA BHUVANESHWARI (PECA)
1st. DEGREE	SELVI PRAMILA (CBZ)
2nd. DEGREE	NAGARATHNA V (B.COM 'A')

HINDI

1st. PRE UNIVERSITY	HEMA SETHU RAM (PCME)
2nd. PRE UNIVERSITY	SUNITHA C NATHANI (PCME)
1st. DEGREE	LAXMI (CMS)
2nd. DEGREE	JAVERIA N (HEP)

FRENCH

1st. PRE UNIVERSITY	MARY MATHEW (MECA)
2nd. PRE UNIVERSITY	RENITA NORA RODRIGUES (PCMB)
1st. DEGREE	PRIYADARSHINI K (CBZ)
2nd. DEGREE	PRIYA RATNAM (CBM)

Part - II OPTIONAL

ARTS

1st PRE UNIVERSITY	MEKHALA M MUKHERJEE (HEPYS)
2nd PRE UNIVERSITY	CHITRA MAHADEV (HEPYS)
1st DEGREE	SUMA S (HEP)
2nd DEGREE	PADMA NAYAR (PYES)
3rd DEGREE	SEETHA PAI (PYEJ)

SCIENCE

1st PRE UNIVERSITY	MEENAKSHI M A (PCMB)
2nd PRE UNIVERSITY	MRIDULA C MURTHY (PCMB)
1st DEGREE	PREETHI L NARANG (CBZ)
2nd DEGREE	LAVANYA RAMASWAMY (CMS)
3rd DEGREE	KALPANA R (CBZ)

HOME SCIENCE

1st DEGREE	BHAVANI R
2nd DEGREE	AARTHI R K.
3rd DEGREE	SHIRLEY M C SALDHANA

COMMERCE

1st PRE UNIVERSITY	MARY MATHEW (MECA)
2nd PRE UNIVERSITY	VIDYA K (PECA)
1st DEGREE	DEEPA NANDA
2nd DEGREE	BHANU MAHADEVAN
3rd DEGREE	SONALI KALYANPUR

SPECIAL PRIZES

Principal's Prize for Best Student — VANDANA B RAO (III PyEJ)

Principal's Prize for Best Prefect

ARTS	MANASVINI S.N. (II PyEJ)
SCIENCE	HEMA B. (III CMS)
COMMERCE	ZAHVER S VAKIL (III B.COM)

Principal's Prize for Best Sportswoman	SHAILA HOLLA .A. (III B.COM)
Dr. S. Laroia Prize for Public Speaking	MARIA AROCKIANATHAN (II PyES)
Maria Philip Award for Best Performance	PATRICIA MATHIAS (II B.COM)
Principal's Prize for the 'Most Socially Aware Student	MADHURI Y.V. (III PES)
Most Rev. Dr. Arokiaswamy Scholarship for an outstanding Catholic student of the Pre-University Class	CRYSTAL PETTRISHA BEENA (II HEPyS)
P.A. Nazareth Memorial Scholarship for an outstanding Catholic student of the Degree Class	SHALINI CARDOZA (III PyEJ)
Mrs. Leela Warrier Prize for the 'Best Sanskrit Student'	SNEHA B.V. (II PyES)
Mrs. B.N. Saraswathy Prize for the student securing highest marks in Economics	NAVEENA SHARIFF (III PES)
Rugmani Nayar Prize for the student securing highest marks in Psychology	SEETA PAI (III PyEJ)
Rugmani Nayar Prize for Phoenix Nature Club Activities	PRIYA RATNAM (III CBM)
Miss. C.K. Shantha Prize for the Best Degree Student in Mathematics	VIDYA SARIN (III CMS)
Miss C.K. Shantha Prize for the Best P.U. Student in Mathematics	SWARNALATHA R. (II MECA)
Mrs. Susheela Punitha Prize for the student securing highest marks in English (Class Exam)	SEETA PAI (III PyEJ)
Mrs. Vedavathi Mohan Prize for the student securing highest marks in Child/Human Development & Family Relationships (University Exam)	SHERRY LEE GANDHI (II H.SC) SARITA P. KAMATH (II H.SC)
Mrs. Elizabeth S. Thomas Prize for an Outstanding Handicapped Student	PREEJA (I B.COM)
Mrs. Preet Somana Prize for a III B.Com student securing highest marks in Business Law	SONALI M. KALLIANPUR
Dr. D.Y.N. Murthy Memorial Trust Mahalaxmi Award for the student securing highest marks in Botany	ANUPAMA P.R. (III CBZ)

Ms. Kavyashree Shivananda Prize for the Best Student in Commerce (I B.COM)	GAYATHRI RAO H.T.
Ms. Kavyashree Shivananda prize for the Best Student in Commerce (II B.Com)	MIRA P.V.
Ms. Kavyashree Shivananda Prize for the Best Student in Commerce (III B.COM)	DIPIKA R. THEKCHANDANI
Aqua Queen	SANGITA RAO
Triathalon Champion	V.T. ANUSUYA

Prize for Ranks

Degree University Examinations - 1991

B.Sc	Sapna Asrani	7th Rank
	Roopa Krishnan	8th Rank
	Meera R Iyer	9th Rank
B.Com	Aparna Khemka	8th Rank
	Bhuvaneshwari	8th Rank
	Uma Nagalakshmi	9th Rank

II PUC Board Examinations - 1992

Arts	Anupama R.	1st Rank
	Chitra Mahadevan	2nd Rank
	Elizabeth Jane P.J.	3rd Rank
Science	Namitha Ullal Nayak	7th Rank

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE, BANGALORE

FIRST PRE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION - MARCH 1992

RANK LIST

I PUC SCIENCE

ROLL-NO	CLASS	NAME OF THE STUDENT	TOTAL	RANK
359	PCMB	ARADHANA SRIVATSA	488	1ST RANK
366	PCMB	ARUNDATHI G PAWAR	485	2ND RANK
481	PCMB	RAJANA RAO B.S.	484	3RD RANK
685	PCME	PRATHIBHA SARATHY	483	4TH RANK
11	CBZH	ANJU BOHRA	481	5TH RANK
448	PCMB	REENA MATHEN	481	5TH RANK

I PUC ARTS

ROLL-NO	CLASS	NAME OF THE STUDENT	TOTAL	RANK
137	HEPYS	MEKHALA M MUKHERJEE	512	1ST RANK
97	HEPYS	ANJANA B MALLAYA	491	2ND RANK
138	HEPYS	MICHELLE ANGELLA JOSEPH	481	3RD RANK

I PUC COMMERCE

ROLL-NO	CLASS	NAME OF THE STUDENT	TOTAL	RANK
258	MECA	PREMALATHA M BHAUWALA	492	1ST RANK
209	MECA	MARY MATHEW	485	2ND RANK
237	MECA	KUMARI NEETU V	475	3RD RANK
325	MECA	SANIYE ZAINAB	468	4TH RANK
758	PECA	SANTOSH G MAKHIJA	466	5TH RANK

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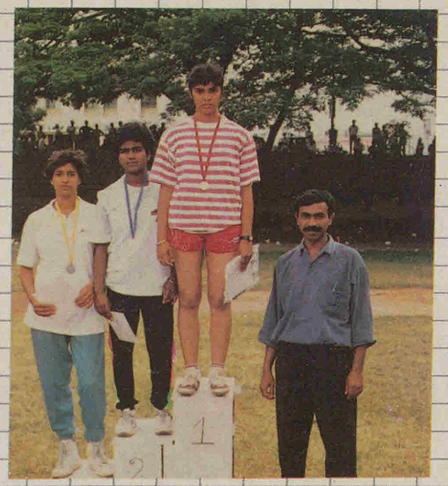
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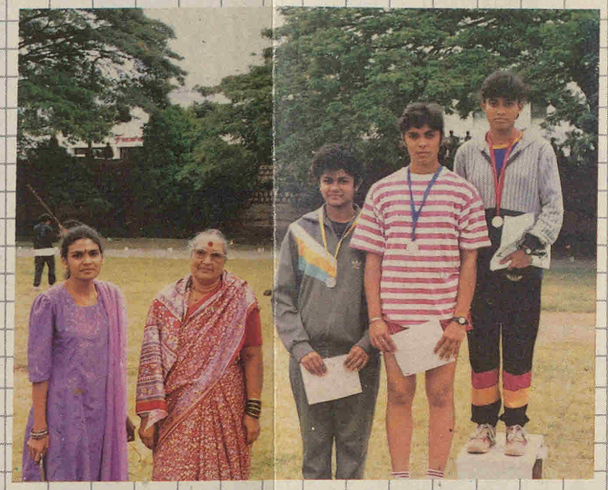


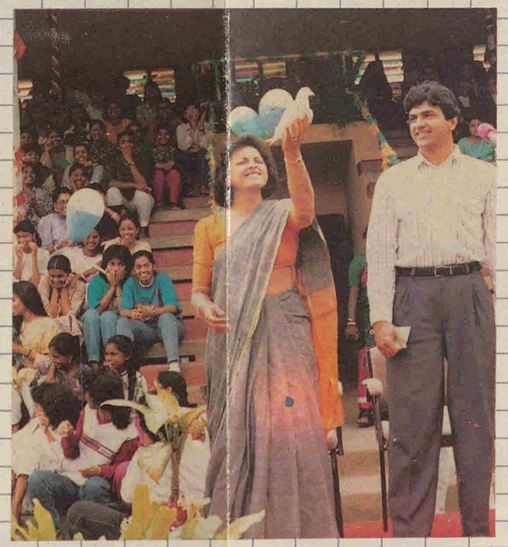


ANNUAL ATHLETIC MEET









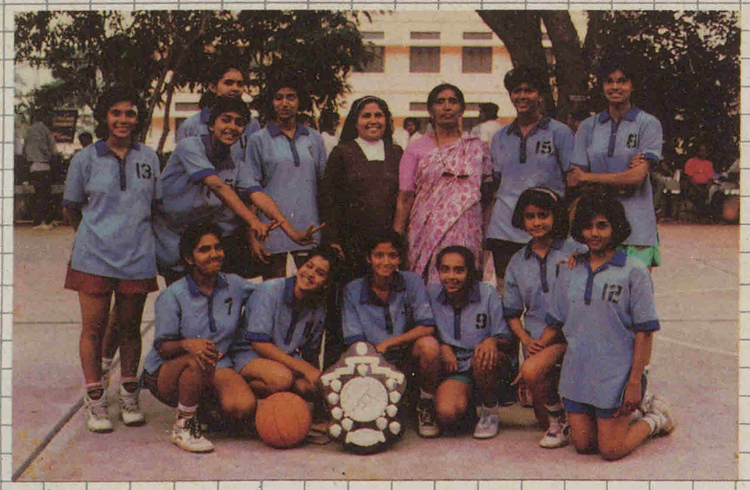
Mr. Prakash Padukone,
Chairman, Karnataka State Sports Council
inaugurated the meet

Mrs. Nirmala Ponnappa, Former Sprint Queen &
ex-carmelite presided over and distributed the prizes

Sept. 7, 1992







The Carmel Basket Ball Team ('92-93)



The MCC Soft Ball Team ('92-93)

"Parting is such Sweet Sorrow ....."

Mrs. Shakuntala R. Bhusnurmath
Hindi Dept. H.O.D.



"A teacher is only an advanced student". "Learning is a continuous process; one keeps learning throughout one's life".

Idealistic words not when the speaker is Mrs. Shakuntala R. Bhusnurmath, the H.O.D. of the Hindi department in M.C.C. since 1978.

Looking at the confident and experienced Mrs. Bhusnurmath now, one finds it very difficult to visualise the young and timid teacher, (a graduate from the Karnatic University, Dharwad) who joined M.C.C. on the 1st of July, 1966, her head modestly hidden under a saree pallu. "I remember", chuckles she in sheer amusement, "Sr. Antoinette asking me most anxiously, "Do you think you can control the class?"

She is the recipient of the 'Government of India Award' (along with her husband) for the year 1971-'72, for translating the Vachanas of the poet-saint of Karnataka, Basaveshwara, into Hindi. She also has a book on 'Literary Essays' to her credit. Mrs. Bhusnurmath gives radio talks in Hindi and the list doesn't stop there - she has at present submitted her thesis, for her PhD, to the Bangalore University.

Says Mrs. Bhusnurmath - "One of the 'plus points' of the Hindi department is the feeling of oneness we teachers share. I've always felt at home there, right from the beginning of my service here in M.C.C., when Sr. Clement Mary was the HOD. She was the sweetest person around". Had she always planned for a career in teaching? "I had always wanted to become a doctor, circumstances led me otherwise. But I love teaching and have spent 27 fruitful years here. I know I'll miss the college atmosphere terribly, when I retire this March 1993, but then I always accept life as it comes".

We'll miss you too Ma'm. **"Bhala, hum aap ko kaisê Bhool Saktê hai?"** nor will we forget those Hindi classes where you drove case endings and the rule of so effectively into our heads.

Miss K.S. Mariamma
Zoology Lab Attendant



"Working as a lab attendant has never been an easy job, but I've never complained. And by the grace of God everything worked out quite well".

Miss K.S. Mariamma stepped down from her post of 'Zoology lab attendant' in December last year '92, after having served the college for 28 years. She joined M.C.C. in 1964, and worked in the college canteen for the first eight years, after which she was given the post of lab attendant in the new Zoology lab.

Having worked under four principals, starting from Sr. Antoinette to Sr. Genevieve, Mariamma shyly confesses how much she had to be prodded on, coaxed and cajoled in the beginning, by the Zoology lecturers, before she had actually accepted the job. "And now I know I'll miss my job, the teachers, the students.. the teachers especially, who have always been a source of comfort to me".

What are her interests then, "I like music". But her chief concern still lies with the students she has left behind - "I hope all their lab arrangements are being dealt with properly".

And now, even as she moves around busily in the canteen, helping her sister, Polly (until she leaves for her native town) she is willing to help the Zoology department if it requires her services.

But, atleast for the present, the Zoology department's loss is the canteen's gain. Thank you very much Mariamma for everything. We'll miss you.

Sreeja K. Nair., III PyEJ

High Fliers

Variety Is The Spice Of Life!!

We realised the truth of this adage when we went hunting for the elusive rankholders of our college. ('Elusive' is the word we use because these runaway rankers had covered up their tracks so well that it took us one and a half months to trace them all.) And when we find them, do they all turn out serious, single-minded devotees of academics Oh No!!

Each one demands attention in her own way. If one is a year-worker; another is a last minute worker. If one lived in College Competition Street; another lived in 'Library Street (non fiction of course!). While one was a member of the BBBA (Bored Back Benchers Association); another firmly believes that sleeping in the first row is a safer prospect. While one has decided her future at the tender age of 10; another 21 year old puzzles on what she has to do tomorrow.

But one thing can be said to be in common to all of them. Not many of these youngsters have had to persuade themselves that "Failure is a stepping stone to success".

Achievers all, for them "Success is a way of life". On our part, we can only wish them a BRIGHT AND SUCCESSFUL FUTURE!!

PUC (Arts)



Anupama. R

1st Rank

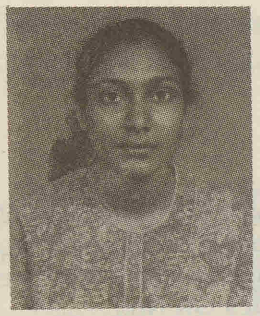
A Libran, who has always been interested in literature, Anupama is at present a student of I B.A. (PyEJ) at Mount Carmel College. A strict believer in last minute preparations, she says she did not expect the rank and just wanted to "Do Well!"



Chitra Mahadevan

2nd Rank

One of the toilers of the earth, she believes in studying throughout the year. She strongly asserts "My parents have been the source of all my inspiration. My faith in God and their support has been my driving force". This future IAS officer is interested in photography, philately, poetry, books and music.



Elizabeth Jane

3rd Rank

Amateur writer, member of the Theatre Club, here is one more person who believes in the philosophy of "Last studied, Best remembered". Elizabeth loves music, gardening and just lazing around and has not given much thought to what she intends to do in the future!

PUC (Science)

7th Rank



Namita Ullal Nayak

This quiet, unassuming young girl rose to fame when she ranked as one of the top ten at the PUC level. A girl, who hadn't been noticed much till then, she diligently worked throughout the year, to receive her well deserved laurel as a reward for her efforts. Currently doing her BE in Computer Science at UVCE, Namita has been excellent in academics and has proved it earlier - she secured about 89% at the ICSE examinations. On a different path altogether, she also did a French course at the Alliance Francaise!

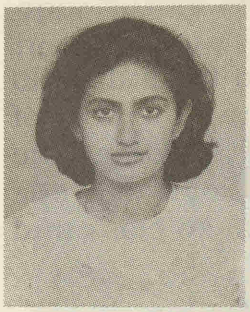
B.A. Degree

1st Rank



Seetha Pai

She started with science at the P.U.C. level, went on to do PyEJ at the degree level and fell completely in love with Psychology. A member of the college D.C. team, she was also the editor of the college magazine. A front bench catnapper, she says, "I couldn't have done it without the lecturers. I find it important to attend class and to get a feel of the subject to do well. I also want to thank my parents, friends and a **special someone** for all the encouragement given".



Reeti Punja

6th Rank

A Capricornian, who likes O'Henry and Omar Sharif, Reeti is best remembered as a member of the college choir, DC, Quiz, What's the Good Word and Creative Writing teams. Not surprisingly, she had shortage of attendance at the end of the year, but made up for it by intense, last minute hard work.

B. Com.



Dipika R. Tekchandani

2nd Rank

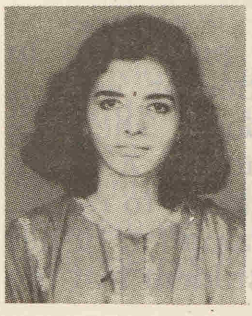
An up-and-coming Chartered Accountant cum Company Secretary, Dipika worked hard to earn her laurels. This Kathak enthusiast believes that listening in class and extra reference is the secret of her success. On the other side of the seesaw, she took part in every competition held in college in the final year, went on the class trip and got thrown out of class for talking!!



Sonali M. Kallianpur

3rd Rank

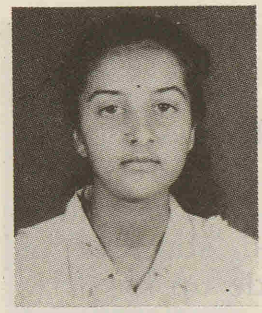
Another hardworking exponent of Kathak, Sonali has the added distinction of having ranked 2nd at the PUC level. She has wanted to and is doing her Chartered Accountancy and wants to further a career in Management Accounting. This lover of icecream (from the canteen!), Aamir Khan-Juhi Chawla movies, she believes it to be essential to get 8 hours sleep even during examinations!



Sheetal Talwar

6th Rank

Currently doing her MBA at Bombay, this young lady is remembered by the department for being extremely well-behaved. Treasurer of the Rotaract in the 1st year, she had a good attendance record and worked hard despite having taken up a number of entrance examinations.



Vidya R.

7th Rank

This ambitious girl, who wanted to go to Ireland to do her Chartered Accountancy, was also an active member of the Commerce Association. In spite of holding the important position of President of the Rotaract, she fulfilled her academic duties by being regular to class and to the library.

B.Sc.

The science students of MCC have shot to fame in their final year degree examination by bagging 10 ranks out of the first 10 ranks (with the exception of the 8th rank, but with two 9th ranks instead). Even more unique is the fact that nine out of the ten ranks have gone to the students of one class, namely III CMS.

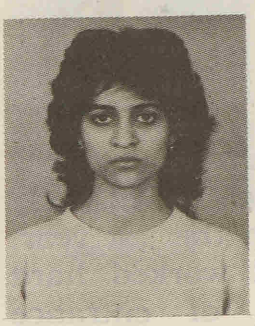
Introduced for the first time in Bangalore University last year, it has proved to be a veritable goldmine. The students lived up to the expectations of the lecturers, who had been hoping for very good results, considering the fact that all the subjects in the course - Computer Science, Mathematics, Statistics - are scoring subjects.



Hema B.

1st Rank

One can describe this girl with three simple adjectives - diligent, competent and intelligent. Hema is currently doing her Masters in Computer Application and is remembered by her lecturers as a student who was hardworking, who came prepared for classes and who definitely deserved her hard-won laurels.

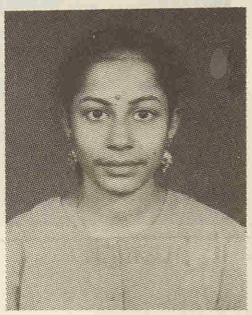


Vidya Sarin

2nd Rank

A bright student, Vidya excelled not only in academics, but in extra-curricular activities as well. A winner of many intercollegiate competitions, she was proficient in art as well as in JAM competitions. A victim of the inane rules of the University with respect to ranks, 30 additional marks obtained through revaluation of her Statistics paper in II CMS, this deserving student lost the

opportunity of ranking first. Currently working at Tiger Computers, Vidya is now hoping to go abroad.



Sumita Mampilly

3rd Rank

Currently doing a one year diploma course at the Indian Computer Academy, Sumita is remembered as a hardworking student, who was always regular to class. Not a very keen participant in extra-curricular activities, she showed her competitive spirit at academics and strove to run the rank she deserved.



Sheela Verghese

4th Rank

The only student from the CBZ course who featured in the rank list, Sheela is remembered as a methodical student. Her lecturers say "She was regular and systematic in her work. Her record books were neat. She was a quiet student who excelled in academics".

5th;



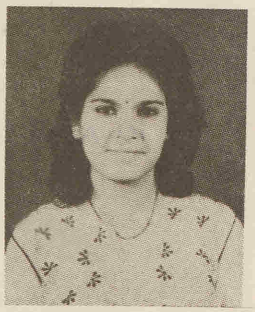
Srividya V.S.

6th;



Lata A.S.

7th



Poornima

Srividya, Lata, Poornima - three classmates characterised by the features of hardwork, continuous study and all-round academic excellence. While Srividya and Poornima are currently doing their Masters in Computer Application, Lata is doing a computer course at Apple. This prospective programmer (Lata) however, is disappointed, that the efforts of the rankholders have not been fully appreciated.

9th;



Sandhya Rakhra

9th:



Subhashree V.

10th



Usha K.P.

Quiet and unassuming, these normally inconspicuous young girls decided to make their presence felt in their final year at college. While Subhashree and Usha worked through the year, Sandhya candidly confesses that her method of studying did not raise any hopes of a rank either in her parents or her lecturers. While Subhashree and Usha stayed out of the college limelight, Sandhya was the active Secretary of the Maths Association, besides being a member of the Phoenix Nature Club and the Rotaract (and the BBBA, for added measure). Usha has continued pursuing the love in her life and is currently doing her M.Sc in Statistics. Sandhya, on the other hand, is working as a member of the faculty at NIIT and plans to establish a business of her own someday.

Sandhya V. & Lavanya C., III B.Com 'A'

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Creative Writing

On The Spot Creative Writing Competition

MUS(E)INGS...

Having surmounted Shakespeare, Donne and Eliot, we settled down to creative writing with the complacency of the experienced, only to discover that Carmelite creations can be elusive - in every sense of the word.

Over two long months (or was it years?), the fugitive fragments of creativity were traced, lost, retraced, relost, re..., screened, slashed, laughed and swooned over - and - well, here they are.

The **fairytale** - writing competition, introduced this year, brought in some 'fabulous' entries that could put Enid Blyton to shame.

The Japanese 'haiku' form of poetry has become so popular that this year the haiku has been considered as a separate category.

Psst...when asked to comment on the entries, the judges unanimously produced a series of choked, gurgling sounds, which we assume expressed the greatest admiration. So congrats, Carmelites!

Rajalakshmi and Sreeja K. Nair, III PyEJ

List of Prize Winners

Poetry Section

Serious Verse
I 'Waiting' - Jisha Menon, III PyEJ
II'Messages' - Rathna Isaac, II HEPyS

Light Verse
I 'Parting is such sweet sarrow' - Miriam Mathew, Kavitha Cardoza, II CBZH
II'Where there is a will' - Pallavi Sharma, II CBZH, II PCMB

Haiku
I 'Soul Cages' - Rajalakshmi, III PyEJ
II'Lull before the Starm' - Rathna Issac, II HEPyS

Special Mention
I 'Twilight' - Neena J, III PyEJ
II'Uh - oh' - Manaswini, III PyEJ
III'Curtains' - Aruna, III PyEJ

Prose Section
I 'Twilight' - Suchitra Raghuram, I CMS
IILakshmi R, I PyEJ

Essay
I 'Power, Pride and Possession' - Padma Nayar, III PyES
II'India Today' - Pallavi Parmar, III HSc

The Magic Ruby and the Palm Tree

This is a fairy story, but it didn't happen once upon a time, it happened in a little modern fishing village. This fishing village was just like any other near the sparkling Arabian sea. but here, instead of the ordinary brown huts standing quietly on the clean, fine, white sand, a number of ugly shops had sprung up, overnight like so many poisonous toadstools in dark, mysterious forests. The sands were no longer white and creamy like crushed pearl, they were brown, littered with plastic bags, papers and other smelly rubbish.



Little Akshay loved the brown beach dearly and he would come to the beach whenever he found the time.He had his own secret place,a smooth rock, behind which an old palm tree grew. The palm tree was his best friend and Akshay always spoke to the tree whenever he was happy and specially when he was feeling miserable. From his rock, he could see the big ships coming in, and he loved the way they looked, just like the little black spots on the soft chapatis his mother made for him.

Today Akshay was feeling rather miserable, he didn't even feel like playing with the sand, he put his hands in his pockets and just kept staring hard at the sea. Last night a big storm had swept the village and it had rained hard all night. The gale had churned up huge waves as high as the tall grey buildings in the cites, the wind had howled as though someone had been hurting him. It had been one long, dark, wet and scary night.

Akshay was sad because in the powerful storm, his old palm tree had fallen down. It looked very sad now, its leaves like so many thin green fingers lying still on the brown sand. Akshay sat on the smooth rock, wondering how he could ever get his friend back when he saw something shining near the fallen palm tree. Curious, he went closer. It was the strangest and most beautiful thing he had ever seen. It looked like a crescent moon, but unlike the pale moon in the sky, this stone was a glowing bright orange and every so often a spark of green and gold would shoot out from its tip and disappear in a puff of silver light.

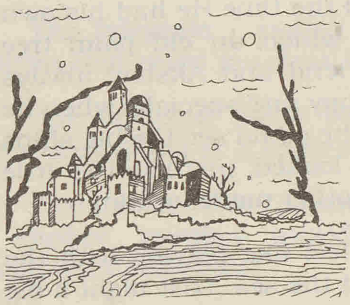
Akshay couldn't take his eyes off the beautiful object. A little scared, he decided to touch it, but as soon as his little finger touched it, the object suddenly changed colour and became a shiny emerald green, just like the colour of the palm tree when it was healthy, but on its surface little spots of red appeared and suddenly a voice spoke."Akshay, you are the true one. Help me out". Akshay jumped and looked around, wondering where that sad voice had come from. "Akshay, don't be afraid," the voice spoke again, "I'm the heart of your palm tree and I need your help." Akshay pinched himself hard,"Ouch!" he said,"that hurts and that means that I'm not dreaming"."Akshay, you are not dreaming", said the voice which seemed to be coming from the glowing object. "Now listen carefully. Last night the evil wizard of Gadzabeezlepoo came and stole a fiery red ruby. This is no ordinary ruby - the sea queen Arista gave this to me 200 years ago for safe keeping. If the evil wizard breaks the stone and drinks the purple liquid in it, then he will become the



most powerful man in the world. With his new powers he could turn anything - even humans into shiny green seaweed".

Akshay listened spellbound as the voice continued," The sea queen came to me yesterday after the ruby was stolen and told me that only a person with a pure heart and kind feelings can get the ruby back from the wizard. You, little one are that person and I will help you in your search". Akshay said he was ready to help. He couldn't bear to think of his entire village reduced to slimy green seaweed.

As he was standing there, a pair of violet coloured shoes appeared and with it a square violet ring.The ring would protect him from the evil of the wizard. Akshay quickly slipped them both on and plunged into the blue waters. The shoes helped him to swim and breathe like a fish.Life beneath the water was so different and new! But Akshay knew he didn't have time to stop and stare at the beautiful fish and plants, he must find the wizard fast.



He could see a big shadowy figure a little further. He knew it was the outline of the wizard's castle, he could almost feel evil in the cold waters. As he came closer, he saw a pair of hungry red eyes, looking straight at him and suddenly a black arm reached out for him, but Akshay was quicker.he rubbed his violet shoes and became invisible. The evil wizard was surprised, nobody had ever escaped his brass talons earlier. His eyes grew even more red.

Akshay quickly looked around and saw the shining ruby, but just as he was about to grab it, the wizard, by casting a spell, made Akshay visible and he directed a dark green flame at Akshay's heart, but the ring caught the flame and threw it right back at the wizard's black heart. The wizard went up in a dirty yellow ball of smoke and all that was left of him were a few ashes.

Akshay grabbed the ruby but before he could leave, a group of sea nymphs arrived, and behind them came the beautiful sea queen dressed in pink and silver with seashells and flowers around her neck. "i am happy," she said in a voice like the pealing of gentle bells. "You have killed the evil wizard and for this, I grant you a wish. "Akshay thought and said, "I would like to come and spend time with all of you whenever I feel like it." "So be it," said the gracious queen, "anytime you want to see us, just whistle nine times and a mermaid will come and fetch you."

Akshay swam happily to the shore and quickly placed the ruby on the crscent moon-shaped object and wonder of wonders, the tree rose slowly until at last, it was back in its original position, its green face smiling at the blue sky.

To this day, that palm tree stands in that little village, by the Arabian sea, and maybe if you find it, you could ask Akshay to take you with him to the magic world under the sea, to meet the beautiful queen.

Neena John
III PyEJ

Man in the Moon

She stood there motionless, awe - stricken. Up in the sky, stars shone like jewelled pins and the moon hung gleaming. Was she dreaming? Imagining? No. Little Sue could definitely see a smile on the face of the moon - and a wink! She stood there open - mouthed!

Before she realised what was happening, she was being lifted, soaring above the earth. Only then did she see the white flowing beard and twinkling eyes. She was being carried up by a jovial old man dressed in pure white. He set her down gently on the moon. All around her stars shone like bright jewels. The Man in the Moon placed a star upon her golden curls and led her to a park.

Little Sue was amazed. Here was a land full of colour and gaiety, joy and fun. Trees were laden with rich fruit, rivers and streams ran in gurgling ecstasy and sheep wandered in the meadows, the bells around their necks tinkling. Beautiful deer pranced about and flowers smiled upon their long slender stalks. Little children danced and played, their laughter filling the warm scented air.

Suddenly, lilting music escaped from a silver harp and the children stopped playing as if mesmerised by the sweet notes. They charged towards the golden fountain at the other end from which spurted water of all colours. Below it sat the Man in the Moon playing beautiful music on the harp.

"Little sweethearts, we've got a new friend in our midst now. Come here little Sue", said the Man in the Moon. Sue, flushing and yet glowing inside, moved up to him. She curtsied to the wide - eyed crowd and said in a musical voice, "I'm Sue. Little Sue if you like, and I'd love to be your friend". The crowd cheered and ran up to her. They were breathless with questions -

"Where do you come from?"

"What is your favourite colour?"

"Do you like playing hide and seek?"

The Man in the Moon chuckled softly and shook his head. Now he could leave; he had done his job. Humming to himself, he walked back to the white mansion that was his home. He went into his study and from a drawer he took out a snowy book and pen. Opening it, he ticked off the name 'Little Sue' and went on to the next name.

Meanwhile, Sue was enjoying herself immensely. Freeing her little feet of her pink - buckled shoes, she dangled them in the gurgling stream. Bob, her newest friend sat down beside her with a handful of blackberries. "No poisonous ones here. No, sir! Not up here, in the moon", he explained cheerfully. Sue giggled, "I wish Stu could see me now. Every time we gathered blackberries back home, Stu would cheat me out of my share". Bob smiled, "Oh! Here there is so much for everyone, no one would ever want to cheat".

They ate the luscious fruit and drank the cool water from the stream. Sue stifled a yawn and said, "Why isn't it dark as yet? I'm sure it's been a long time!" A voice behind her replied, "Dark? It never gets dark here Little Sue. When it's time for bed, Grandfather Moon will call

out to us". Sue turned to see Gwen, a plump little girl with coal - black curls. She smiled, "Oh! Gwen, I AM sleepy!"

Soon however, they were all tucked up warmly under soft blankets. Sue fell asleep immediately. She'd had a wonderful time and was very, very tired.

Sue awoke next morning to the chatter of birds and sounds of barking. She looked around. She was back in her own room! Had she been dreaming What had happened to her last night? Where had she been ? Her cocker spaniel Brutus and her brother Stu came rushing in. "Sue, Sue where were you last night? MOTHER! Sue's here! MOTHER!". Sue sat there confused and surprised. Her parents rushed in and threw their arms around her in relief. "Dear, dear LIttle Sue. Where were you? I was so scared", her mother sobbed.

Sue brightly explained her experience. "Oh! Mother. The Man in the Moon was so kind and nice. I love him so." But her parents wouldn't believe her story and Sue couldn't convince them.They just assumed that Sue had gone into the garden and that it had gotten late and that she had crept into bed later on. They went out of the room. "Sue you are a liar and now I feel like boxing your ears, but I do love you and when you weren't here I was very miserable", Stu said happily, running out.

Sue was perplexed indeed! She ran her fingers through her golden curls and lo! what did she find, but a beautiful, bright star! Breaking into a radiant smile, she screamed, "MOTHER, FATHER, STU!"

The Man in the Moon looking down, smiled too. e had made yet another child on earth happy, and he was thrilled, for that was his job. He trudged back to his room and picked up the snow white book once again.....

Sridevi K
I PyEJ.



In The Glade....



Once the brownies, fairies 'n' elves
Took the dishes off their shelves
Made magic toadstools grow up tall
And all the jungle folk did call.

At the stroke of midnight, the moon came up
It was time for them to stop and sup
Tiny lemon tarts and cake with cherries
Dew drop wine, black and blue berries.

The friendly Robin warbled in his throat
As his cousin, the Thrush, buttoned up his coat
The Larks and chaffinches broke into song
As the fairy folk danced all night long.

At the break of dawn, the mist drifted
And sometime later, the fog lifted
When Susan and John came out to play
The fairy folk had all vanished away.

But little Amy found a lemon tart
It gave her quite a fright - a start
But when she told Susan about it
Susan laughed and said, " Forget it!"

However, the next full - moon night
When the garden's filled with mysterious light
Amy's going to go down to the glade
Where the beautiful flowers never fade

And the fairy folk she will meet
And maybe try a fairy sweet!

Sonali Menezes
II HEPyS

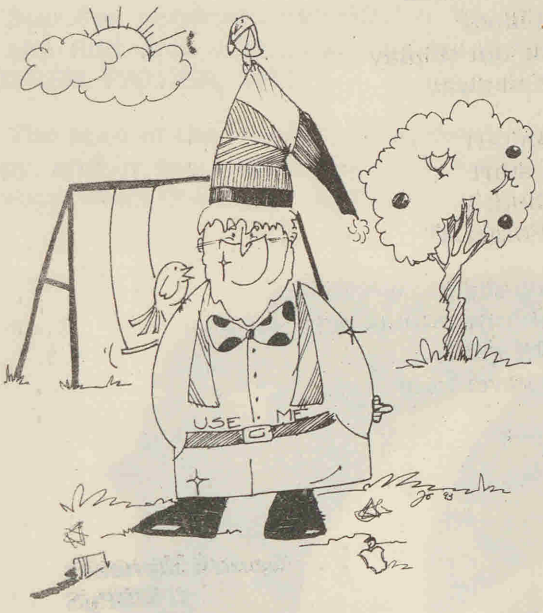
The Tale Of Dusty Dump

Perhaps most of the fairy tales that were written in the days of yore were about towering castles with cruel ogres , handsome princes and lovely little princesses waiting to be rescued. This fairy tale is about something that we see everyday but never really notice.

In a land where Mother Nature had showered her blessings generously, there stood a beautiful park in the middle of the busy market place. In the heart of this lush green, stood Dusty Dump, our hero. No, Dusty Dump wasn't the prince of the land , nor was he a wizard.

He was just a plain dustbin, called 'Dusty' for short. Dusty was special,though -he was a goblin - shaped dustbin. His head was covered with a long, pointed cap which was a beautiful mosaic of the seven colours of the rainbow.His jacket was the colour of polished cane, with an eye - catching cherry - red bow at the neck matching shorts (for he was a fashionable dustbin!) and a pair of smart black boots. Dusty was especially proud of his broad smiling mouth, because that was where all the litter that the children strewed the park with was supposed to go. So he kept his mouth as clean as clean can be.

But Dusty was sad. One would think that he would be the happiest dustbin in the world because so many people even photographed him - he was so unusual. The shape of Dusty's mouth compelled him to smile all the time, but if he could have listened to his heart he would not have smiled at all. This was because the park was littered with trash and none of it ever went into Dusty's mouth. The children who came in every evening after school played on the Jungle - Jim, who was Dusty's special friend, and often left banana peels hanging all over Jim. Poor Jim would be so embarassed! See - Saw would often have chewing gum stuck on it which wouldn't even come off. The benches could hardly be seen beneath the heaps of empty cartons. And as for the grass -it had been reduced to a rubbish - dump itself.



Unfortunately, Dusty couldn't complain. He could come alive, but that was only at night when the park was empty. However, one fine day, something happened which rekindled Dusty's hopes. A little boy, perhaps about eight years old, came all the way down the winding pathways just to throw a used paper bag into Dusty's mouth. The boy was plump, with chestnut coloured hair falling over his forehead. Was Dusty pleased! He made a special note of the boy and decided to smile even wider if he saw him again.

The evening progressed, and soon night descended on the empty park. Dusty was preparing to come alive to meet his friends when suddenly he heard a sob. Now where did THAT come from? Dusty looked around - and there, under the giant oak tree with the owl's nest just next to the brightly painted toadstools of the elves,was the same little boy, sobbing quietly, with his face buried in his knees.

Dusty's heart sank. Whatever had made the boy cry? As a rule, Dusty never came alive in the presence of people ,but he liked this little boy so much that he decided to break this rule.

He tiptoed upto the boy and looked over his shoulder.

The boy jumped up in surprise, startled by the weird looking creature staring at him. At first, the boy refused to believe that Dusty was just a harmless dustbin come alive,but when Dusty produced the paper bag that the boy had thrown into the bin, he finally believed him.

Now the boy slowly started to tell Dusty his story. Dusty discovered that the boy's name was Russ, and that he had been lost all day.He had gone with his governess to the town fair, and had gotten lost. He had tried to be brave all day and had roamed aimlessly. The only thing he had eaten all day was the bag of popcorn he had won at a game in the fair. Now that it was dark he was scared and hungry.

Dusty's heart went out to the boy. He whistled and there before him stood all the elves, goblins and fairies of the park. Russ had never seen any of these creatures before. In a trice, all his woes were forgotten. He was thrilled to see the fairies flitting around on gossamer wings as they made buds bloom with a touch of their wands. They played with Russ and in a few minutes, he began to feel quite at home.

All the creatures began to think of a plan to help Russ. He couldn't possibly sleep in that dirty park so they decided to clean it up. The elves brought out their brooms and swept the whole park clean and the fairies dropped crystal dew on the leaves and grass. In no time, the whole park looked as if it had been through a washing machine and put out to dry. All the litter had given Dusty the best meal of his life.

Russ was pleased, and as for Dusty - he was the happiest dustbin in the world! They all sat together and had a wonderful picnic, the fairies having produced all sorts of goodies with a wave of their wands. There was much merriment as they danced round a twig fire and Russ enjoyed it immensely,but soon he was very tired. So they tucked him into a soft heather bed, right next to Dusty.



Russ slept soundly until morning and was awakened by his parents who had come searching for him. Russ was sorry to leave.He asked Dusty what he could do in return for his kindness. Dusty smiled, "Let what happened last night remain our secret. And then, tell your friends who play here every evening to keep the park clean. As clean as it is now! Can you do this much for me?"

Russ promised he would. And, because Russ was in fact the prince of the land, he made a rule that anybody found dirtying the land would be punished. Dusty was very, very happy for not only was the park now always clean, but because Russ had ordered a lot more dustbins to be placed in the park, he had many more friends to play with!

Bindu Cherian & Praneeta Rao., I PCMB/PCME

Tornado

Topic: Full Of Sound And Fury



There was deathly stillness all around
The approaching whirlwind, fury unbound
from quivering nostrils, purple and red
Raging teacher! And the student fled!

Lahari C., II CBZH

Twilight Zone

Topic: Living and Partly Living.

A soft sigh escaped his lips. Another day stretched endlessly before him. He eased himself off the bed, smiling as he saw Vimla with her lips slightly parted, snoring. The smile turned into a grimace as he saw her twisted limbs shift uncomfortably.

"A death pact", he thought fiercely, waves of agony surging through him. "Untill death do us part...".

Her eyes opened, dark wells of veiled feeling. Feeling....? Could a vegetable feel at all?

He groaned in helpless frustration, "Die, Vimla! Free me...!" She continued to stare. Perhaps she couldn't hear...or didn't care.

He was as dead as her. Both living, and yet... only partly living.

Meghna Haldar., I PyEE

Cats Eye

Topic: Black Cat In A Dark Room

Flash of brilliance,
Emerald fire in the gloom,
Black cat in a dark room.

Pallavi Sharma.,IIIPyEJ

Culmination

Topic: Waiting

Fringes of green
A crimson bud
trembles to burst its seams

A riot of colour

The waiting is over.

Divya Verghese., II PCMB (II)

A Starry Tale

Once upon a time, there lived deep in the Silver Woods, a naughty little elf named Schnell. He lived all by himself in a little yellow toadstool at the end of Elm Green. Schnell was usually a happy little elf. But that night he was sitting at his window, looking out at the fairies playing merrily among the moonbeams; feeling very sorry for himself and wishing he had a friend of his own to play with.

After a while, he couldn't bear to hear their laughter and watch them dancing in joy. So he decided to get away from it all and headed towards Shadow Glen to sit and mope the night away. Passing the Great Oak Tree, he thought he heard a little sniffle. As Schnell stopped to listen, the sniffle became a sob.

"Is anyone out there?", he whispered into the silence. The sobs just grew louder. Schnell moved closer to the sound. Just then the clouds parted and a moonbeam floated down gently through the leaves and settled on a tiny creature that looked very much like a....gloworm!

"Wh...who are y..you?" said the creature.

"I'm Schnell", he replied, going down on his knees to get a closer look at the bundle before him. The little creature sighed, "I'm Starshine".

"But you're not shining!", blurted out Schnell.

Starshine burst into tears again.

"Oh please don't cry!I didn't mean to hurt you", said Schnell remorsefully.

"Ever since I l...lost my glow, none of my fr..friends likes me any more!" quavered Starshine.

"Thats all right, I'll be your friend. I have no friends either.We'll hunt for your glow together", whispered Schnell, putting his arm around Starshine.

Starshine smiled up into Schnell's face through his tears and squeezed his hand. "You're so nice. Will you really be my friend? I was so sad, I was going to Shadow Glen".

"Shadow Glen! Oh, I was going there too!" exclaimed Schnell. "But now how about a stroll down Dewdrop Dale? Maybe we could find your glow there."

They walked towards Dewdrop Dale, chatting merrily along the way and by the time they reached there, they felt they had known each other a long time.

Suddenly a gruff voice spoke from the bough above them, "Where are you off to, little ones ?" It was Hooty the Owl.

They told him how Starshine had lost his glow and Schnell his friends, and asked him if he had seen a glow anywhere.

"Uh,uh", said Hooty, "I haven't seen your glow, but I know a place where you could find one".

"Oh please do tell me quickly!", said Starshine, excited.

"I don't know the place myself - you'll have to seek permission from the Fairy Queen. But I can't show you the way to her castle. Take the Emerald Path till you come to the castle beside the Twinkling Stream."

After thanking Hooty, they went running down the Emerald Path. Soon they heard the gurgle of water and round the bend was the stream. And lo behold! there was the castle. And who should they see there but the Fairy Queen herself, standing in the moonlight. They bowed to her; she smiled graciously upon them and asked them what they wanted

"Oh please, your Majesty, I've lost my glow. Can you help me get it back?", asked Starshine

"Of course, my little one. You shall have your glow back. At the centre of Nectar Lake, lies the Goloden Treacle Jar filled with glow. Help yourself to some."

Starshine and Schnell hurried towards Nectar Lake. In no time at all, they were at the shore. Then Starshine burst into tears afresh, for he couldn't swim. But Schnell was a good swimmer. He plunged into the lake and swam with swift strokes to its very centre, where the Golden Treacle Jar seemed to beckon. He scooped up some of the glow and swam ashore, where Starshine waited anxiously. When he spotted Schnell, Starshine jumped up and down ecstatically. Dressed in his new glow, Starshine shone happily as the two friends skipped back to Elm Green to celebrate. Both of them were so excited they didn't even realise that they were at the doorstep of Schnell's yellow toadstool home. It was unusually quiet. "Ah, well," said Schnell, "Maybe the fairies don't want to play near my little house anymore. I guess I'll just have to learn to live alone." Starshine was about to comfort him, when all of a sudden they were drenched in a shower of primrose petals as hundreds of fairies surrounded them in a twinkling. Schnell was so astounded that he even forgot to blink! The youngest of them tiptoed upto Schnell, "The Fairy Queen told us all about how you helped Starshine find his glow," she said, feeling quite important, "We'd love to have a friend as brave and kind as you. Would you like to play with us?"

Schnell just kept nodding happily. Silvery shouts of "Hurrah!" rang through the woods. You can be sure that Schnell and Starshine were the happiest creatures in all of Silver Woods that night.

Yamini Shantaram, Michelle Andrews, Minakshi Menon., II PyEJ

Apocalypse

Topic: Weeds

Fires dance on, seemingly victorious
In the ashes
a bright green weed

Manasvini., III PyEJ

Asphyxia

Topic: Weeds

The clutter in my mind
grows each day
choking out oxygen
and warping logic

like weeds

twisting themselves around
the brain - stem
clotting the blood and

unlike weeds

that grow unheeded
I feed this poison
this cancer
watch it grow and pat
my head when it aches.

Jayanthi Sethuraman II PyES

Revival

Topic: Weeds

She was returning to the house after - how many? twenty three years! She looked at the verandah, dusty with cobwebs. She had played there with Ravi...but why was she reminded of him? She frowned. Of course, today was his birthday, but even then? That worthless fellow! They had never agreed on anything. For that matter, he had never got along with their parents either.

Tears welled up in her eyes. Appa. Amma. Now dead and gone. How much they had pampered her! He had been pampered even more. She couldn't understand why. He had never given them anything but grief. First, he had dropped out of school. Then, he had started pilfering. And as if that wasn't enough, he had taken to drinking and smoking too.To top it all, he had married that slut!

She began to wonder anew. What would Ravi be like now? Would he be rich? With children, maybe! She smiled. It would be nice to be an aunt. Imagine, she thought. An aunt! She, an aunt?!" She had never thought of herself as being somebody to anybody. She smiled again, then frowned. There she was, thinking of that *** again! Why did he insist on invading her thoughts today?

The gate creaked behind her. She turned. An old, tired face looked at her. Who was this? The lips creased into a slow smile. Ravi! This haggard old man was Ravi? She looked at him incredulously - but he was looking about himself, taking in the house, garden and all in one sweeping glance. Turning to her he said, "My eye sight is not what it used to be. But I think the garden needs weeding".

Together, they pulled out the weeds.

V SandhyaIII B Com A

Shifting Sands

Topic: Weeds

Humming softly to herself, she walked alongside the edge of the water, sinking her feet into the warmth of the soft, fine sand, her short, dark curly hair clinging most tenaciously to her neck. I walked slowly behind her, letting the edge of the dupatta she wore brush across my tense features.

Turning, she addressed me... a few words, nothing more... but I, I studied her profile... she wiped the salty spray of the water from her eyes. I felt a tug at my sleeve... a little boy! Groundnuts? No, I didn't want groundnuts. But then, I repented almost immediately. She bought them and I was left to follow her... follow her in silent admiration.

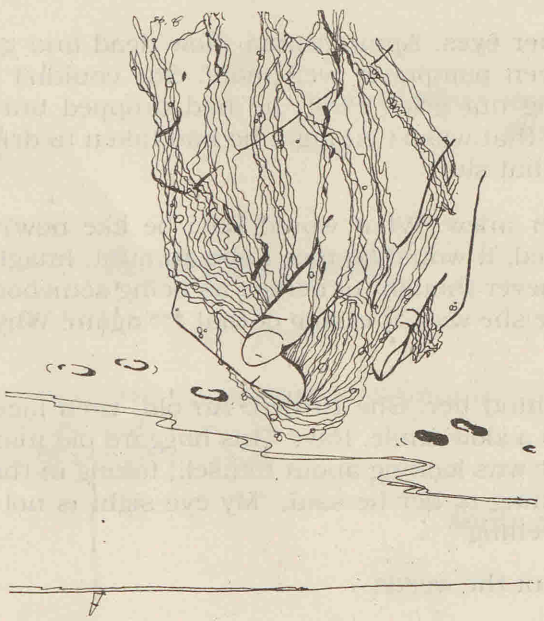
The brown, wet bodies of the naked little fisher boys dipping in and out of the frothy water seemed to distract her as she paused in her track and stared at the sea, an uncertain dimple dancing on her cheek... I smiled at the swimmers.

A sudden wave splashed my feet, throwing me off balance, but she only laughed, her eyes sharing for a moment the green of the sea. Was I being foolish? But then, at that moment, I must have been, for I remember raising the water to my lips.

The waves brought in a little shell, a brownish, golden one. She picked it up absent mindedly, her fingers toying with it, humming softly to herself. Wrapping a single, spidery seaweed around it, she looked at it but for a moment and then flung it away.

She left the beach to join a stranger I didn't know. I went down on my knees, searching clumsily for the brownish golden shell. Yes, I found it, but as my fingers closed around it, a sea wave splashed me again, and it took the shell right out of my hand. I was left with the seaweed... left holding a single spidery seaweed... .

Sreeja K Nair., III PyEJ



Reprieve

Topic: Twilight

Rain drumming on the roof...the warm fragrant smell of fresh coffee..I opened my eyes .

"That's your third cup today, I said, almost accusingly.

My gran deliberately swirled the thick ,hot, black, brew in the steel tumbler before she said, "Actually it's my fourth"

"You shouldn't drink so much coffee". I went to sit beside her on the swing.

The hard wooden seat gave a protesting creak at the extra weight, which rose to a shrill, indignant sqeak as I set in motion with a defiant swing of my feet.

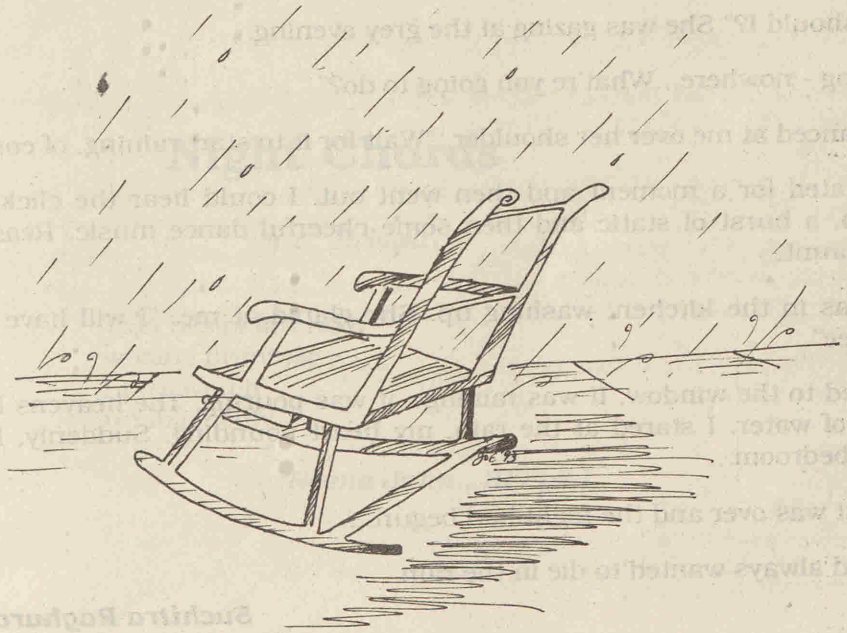
"This swing needs oiling" my gran murmured in parantheses. "And why shouldn't I drink coffeee if I want to? Surely, at my age a woman can do what she wants....". The light of battle was gleaming in her eyes.

"It's raining", I said, to change the subject.

"It's been raining for two days", stated my aunt, as she walked in with a pile of clothes. "The clothes don't dry, the servant doesn't come, I can't go out...bah! I hate this rain"

We waited till she was out of the room and then my gran began to laugh softly. "Clothes, servants, shopping - your aunt can't think of anything else, can she?"

"I love the rain ", I murmured. The first warm drops, and the cold stinging showers, the clouds stretched across the sky in a grey sheet, the drops dripping down the back of my neck, wet wads and muddy puddles....



"I was born in the rain". My grandmother's voice was quiet, softly reflective. The swing creaked and the steam rose in fragrant fumes above the coffee. Outside, the wind blew, a demented fury driving the rain before it.

"It rained the day of my wedding too. My mother put it down to the fact that I was addicted to raw rice when I was a child - everyone knows that if you eat raw rice it rains on your wedding day - but my father merely said that I was a rain child - it always rains when something happens to me".

I lifted my legs onto the swing, huddling against the cold. But my gran sat straight, her slim back erect.

"Your grandfather called me rain child too. He used to tease me when he found me in the window seat, staring out at the rain but he didn't mind...". She smiled, her face softening. "He was the only one who would understand..."

The sound of the rain rushed into the silence. "When your grandfather died, it was twilight. It wasn't raining then; and it hasn't rained at twilight since. It rains in the morning, it rains in the noon, it rains at night, but it never rains at twilight...."

I felt something cold inside me. Something cold and empty and hard. I rememberd my gran sitting at the window, refusing to move till the sky darkened from blue to purple to midnight black, her eyes turned upwards waiting, watching, praying....

"Twilight...", she murmured. "Beautiful twilight, between day and night, cruel, unending, eternal twilight..."

"It's stopped raining," I broke in abruptly. Even to my ears, my voice sounded strained and harsh.

My grandmother smiled - her lovely, wide smile. "Of course, its almost twilight, isn't it?" She got up and moved to the window. "Get me another cup of coffee, will you?"

I picked up the tumbler but I couldn't move. "You won't go anywhere, will you?"

"Why should I?" She was gazing at the grey evening.

"Nothing - nowhere...What're you going to do?"

She glanced at me over her shoulder. "Wait for it to start raining, of course . "

I hesitated for a moment and then went out. I could hear the click of a radio being switched on, a burst of static and then some cheerful dance music. Reassured, I went to look for my aunt.

She was in the kitchen, washing up. She glared at me. "I will have to spend my life making coffee".

I rushed to the window. It was raining ; it was pouring. The heavens had opened to let out a rush of water. I stared at the rain, my heart pounding. Suddenly, I turned and ran back to the bedroom...

Twilight was over and the night had begun....

She had always wanted to die in the rain.

Suchitra Raghuraman, I CMS

Silhouettes

Topic: Twilight

The lake lay asleep
As the wind whispered through the trees
The rushes, like silent sentinels,
seemed to gaze intoits placid deep
In the twilight...

The amber sunrays
melted into the horizon.
A cuckoo called
In the twilight...

The girl, looking down from the shadowed bridge
Felt the wind upon her cheek
Saw herself mirrored in the tranquil waters
In the twilight...

The ripples spread in silent circles
while the rushes whispered
and the empty bridge
listened to the cuckoo's call
In the twilight...

Michelle Andrews., I PyEJ

Night Chords

Topic: Twilight

Touches of lavender
wooing primrose.
Stars watch
unabashedly.

Neena John., III PyEJ

To Sis With Love

Topic: Messages

Sheba let the door bell ring for along time before she answered it. Shaking out the drops of water from her hair and knotting it up with a towel, she stepped gingerly out of the bath room and gathering her saree more securely about her, made her way to the door. Flinging it open, she smiled at the frail girl standing there and threw her hands around her. "Happy birthday"!..."Leave me alone!..." Sheba moved aside to let her sister pass, the metallic sound of the crutches hurting her ears in a way it had never hurt before.

Shalini let herself down onto the sofa, flinging her props as far away from her as possible . "They've ruined my life". she screamed and burst out sobbing, drowning her mother's comforting words. "I hate them". Sheba looked at her silently for a while. The few minutes that followed were silent ones except for the occassional, wrenching sobs that seemed to tear her very body.

It was almost an hour later that Shalini spoke to her sister, "What did he say?" Her sister looked up, her eyes regaining for a moment the old fire she had lost with the accident a month ago. "He left me... he left me for good". Sheba's heart missed a beat as her dusky features assumed a look of total resignation. She had expected it all along. Jayant had never quite been the man for her sister. "Never mind him. Its your birthday today and... " "What birthday", yelled her sister "and what do you mean by that 'never mind'... Oh lord, my life..."

"I have something for you, " her sister cut in,the compelling tone of her voice stopping the other's distress for a moment. "It's a bunch of flowers, roses.They're for you...they came in this afternoon."

Shalinigathered the fragrant mass in her hands, a look of amazement crossing her features. "Who sent them? "she asked, the heady perfume of the flowers filling her very senses.

"Don't know....there's a message inside."

Eager hands delved into the flowers and nimble fingerstore open the thin sheet of tissue.A little smile....tears....and then - bliss.

The last beam of twilight made its way into the darkened living room. Sheba leaned against the window, her light brown eyes scanning the trees in the distance. Her sister's face... she could catch the reflection on the window pane; Shalini was dreaming. Sheba shuddered as a sudden wave of guilt washed over her. "It was only a little message, after all.... it had been expensive at the florist's - but, so what? "

Resting her hot cheek against the window pane, she let the coolness seep in.

Sreeja K Nair., III PyEJ

Lost In Transit

Topic: Messages

She waited anxiously for him. He had promised to turn up on time. She looked around and saw the boy standing under the lamp - post. She knew him, he had always been a silent spectator to their aspect meetings. And he had always smiled at them. She went up to him and whispered," When he comes, tell him I'll be waiting at six — thirty near the Plaza". Th boy smiled. Without waiting for a reply, she hurried off.

He arrived a few minutes later. He too seemed in a hurry. His eyes desperately scanned the vicinity, seeking her. He saw the boy by the lamp - post. He went up to him and said, "When she comes, tell her that I can't meet her this evening. Okay? "He left abruptly.

The boy just stood there, A little while later a woman came up to him. Taking him by the the hand, she led her deaf, mute son home.



Radhika K.R., II PCMB

The Quest



Topic: Someone Somewhere

"No man is an island"

- Donne.

Man may like to believe that he is totally independent, his own master. But man is no robot; he is dependent on his fellow beings in a thousand subtle ways.

I like to think that God has placed along with each one of us a perfect partner. Man searches for a soulmate, a reflection of himself. This person might even take a lifetime to find. The secret, however, is to keep searching. Many a time, this precious 'gift' may come in nondescript wrapping paper. Only a person who is really searching will be able to discover the wonderful human being within.

Life is too lovely to be looked at by yourself. That special person will help lend it a brighter, rosier hue. So if you haven't found that person yet, go out and comb the world for your special someone, out there somewhere.

Zainab., I B Com

Prism

Topic: Someone Somewhere

The rain streamed down my window pane
The day was a swirl of grey
I watched the torrent kill my flowers
and taunt them, limp as they lay
I felt it beat upon my heart
and spatter my world with clay.

I heard a tinkle of a bell
in the recesses of my mind
Startled, wondering, (or did I know?)
I let my visitor in - to find

it was that silly, obstinate memory of you
I hid under my pillow last night
All warm from the sun, a wisp of gold
Ribboned in a rainbow bright....
And
from my window I saw the sun
set in a flood of light.

Rajalakshmi., III PyEJ

Hello Tomorrow !

Topic: Pandora's Box

It's been a long time since I woke up feeling 'good' in the morning. The alarm clock continues to ring faithfully at five - thirty a.m.- its mechanical precision getting on my nerves at times! Its getting rather hard to say "Good morning" and smile at the same time.

There's nothing different about today either. The same monotonous drone of the mixer, the milk boiling over as usual, the same mad rush to get to the office on time. The maid came in just as I was leaving. I left home ridiculously late, ready to lose my temper at the next mortal that walked past. The long bus ride didn't make things any better.

With a crushed saree and dishevelled hair, I politely replied to the cheery "Hello" from my colleagues. I worked like a mule all day, trying to ignore the barbed comments my boss threw at me at periodic intervals. Lunch time saw me staring out of the window eating potato chips! I hadn't found time to pack lunch in the morning. I was glad to leave office, reaching home an hour and a half later - after braving a bus ride, a motorist who felt it was his bounden duty to crush my toes and a stray buffalo who followed me home at a perilously close distance.

I climbed the steps to my flat, drowning in self pity and feeling every iota of strength drain out of me. I was ready to slump into the nearest chair and sleep my fatigue away. I unlocked the door, to be welcomed by a series of short, high pitched, ecstatic barks and a continued wagging of the tail.

Meet my week old poodle - Fuzzy. She jumped into my arms, furiously licking my face and neck. After being locked up the entire day, if she could still greet me with such joy - then what was I being so thankless for?!! I hugged her tight as I smiled - my first spontaneous smile that day!!

Oh, yes! I'm looking forward to tomorrow. Life is one big Pandora's Box - what?!

Nandini B., IIPyEJ

Cul De Sac

Topic: Power, Pride And Possessions

Sitting across the aisle was a friendly tourist from France. He seemed extremely interested in India and all that was Indian. In the compartment milling with Indians, he stood out. His fair complexion, green eyes and blonde hair gave him an upper edge - he wielded the power of a white man in the land of the coloured. Condescension towards Indians was now so much a part of his attitude that it could no longer be discerned. His expensive camera and watch and his perfectly matched pieces of luggage only widened the chasm. Despite all this, I could relate to him because our goals in life were the same - we were both in the race for power, pride and possessions.

At Jaipur, Colonel Mishra was at the station to pick me up - his typical army bearing masking his essential humility. His house, painted a bright blue, stood out among the dismal houses lining the side - street. From the living room walls, the portraits of a whole pantheon of deities and a sprinkling of relatives stared down grimly.

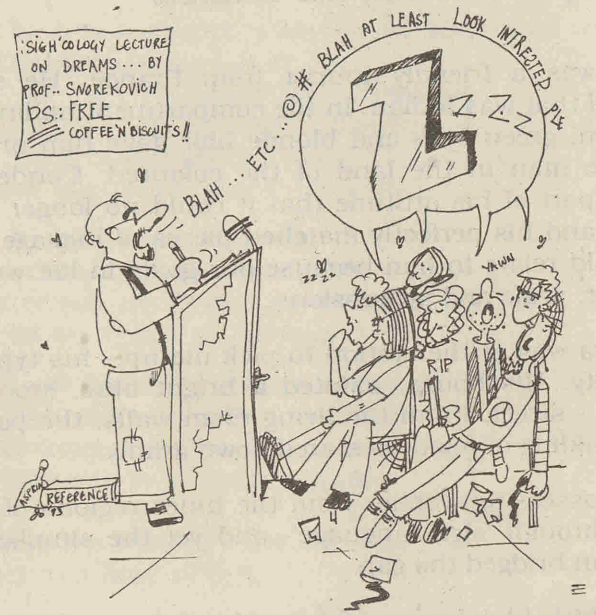
Mrs. Mishra, an unprepossessing woman from the inner regions of Rajasthan, could communicate with me only through 'sign language'- and yet the simplicity, sincerity and warmth of the couple more than bridged the gap.

Somehow, sitting in that little blue house, I felt insulated from it all. To come out on top with a heavy pay - packet, education in the 'right places', prestige, power, pride and possessions no longer seemed as important as the little things in life that I had overlooked until then. The Mishras did not know the language of materialism, did not possess a single comfort in life and yet they were happy.

When I got home after a month of holiday, all ready to adopt the ideal of simplicity, there lay on my table two greeting cards, one an elegantly portrayed 'white' Christmas scene with 'Printed in France' at the back - yes, Colonel Mishra's greetings; the other card - a simple handmade one of Indian make from my Parisian acquaintance. Mishra's offspring had tread the beaten path of 'progress' all the way to Paris, from where he had sent a few cards for his father. The foreigner, perhaps, had imbibed the Indian concept of simple living and high thinking.

It seems ironical that in this race for economic prosperity, Indians are rejecting all ancient value systems that people from 'advanced' countries now seek. Has the wheel of progress begun to turn backwards?

Padma Nayar., III PyES



Sounds of Silence

Topic: Uh - Oh

I preached loud and long
I looked proudly at the bowed heads
I heard soft snores.

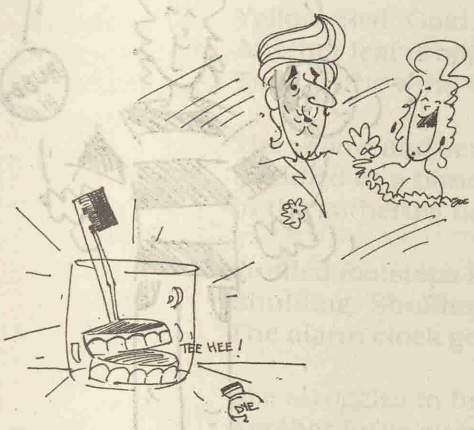
Manasvini., III PyEJ

Ghost Spiders

Topic: Ul - Oh

Playing hide - and - seek
amid my dusty books
Gossamer - legged horrors

Rajalakshmi, III PyEJ



The Hour Of Tooth

Topic: Uh - Oh

The creaseless tux,the shoes well - buffed
His hair perfectly dyed, carnation in his buttonhole
One last rehearsal of that dazzling smile.

He sees her, turns on the smile...

And the dentures smiled in the mug at home.

Roopa J Rao, Sapna Singh., II CBZ

The Martyr

Topic: Uh - Oh

" I'll teach them a lesson!", he swore
To the nearest skyscraper he tore
He took the grand leap
Landed in a bloody heap
And all they said was "Uh - oh!"

RaJalakshmi., III PyEJ

Windsong

Topic: Curtains

gathered at the waist
with a
bangle
my curtain
dances in the air

Aruna S., III PyEJ

The Tempest

Topic: Lull Before The Storm

Accusing eyes,
little pools of black.
Lips in a pink pout,
Trembling chin.
Eyes that begin to shimmer.
First a drop...
and the torrent begins.

Kanya Reeni R,
Ronita Machado., II B Com B

The Many Faces Of Eve

Topic: India Today



It is high tide for the Indian woman. From testing the waters, she has taken the plunge. At work she is storming male citadels. At home, she is rewriting the equations. And within herself, she is discovering a whole new world of ambitions, a sense of self, an individual destiny. Women are becoming the kind of men they wanted to marry. Ambitions are realised in their own person, not vicariously through husbands or even children.

The Indian woman may have begun like an immigrant at the lower end of the ladder, but she has begun to carve a niche for herself in every field. In the corporate world, she is getting to the managerial rungs of the ladder. She has arrived at the raging world of the stock exchange, and the male sanctuary of bank dealing rooms. She is greasy under cars in workshops, and is in the thick of real estate.

Age has lost its stranglehold on the Indian woman. No longer is she put out to pasture on turning 40. Life can even pick up from there today. But the future is far from won. It is still fraught with travails. The pursuit of life, liberty and happiness is not a smooth one. The demands on the Indian woman have grown as she is expected to be a charming wife, a loving mother and an efficient worker as well. In short, a Superwoman.

Pallavi Parmar., III HSc

Epilogue

Topic: India Today

For different gods and a piece of land we slay
Not merit but caste determines our lives today
"A secular India" promises the politician
Equality and Justice, claims our Constitution
Satyamev Jayathe?

Priya Raman, Deepa C., III PyEJ

Truce?

Topic: Waiting

Yellow. Red. Gold.
Another leaf dropped.
Tiredly, the wind whispered.
In the distance the church bells tolled.
The yellow and sere of life.
Huddled in a bundle,
in the gathering darkness she lay.
She smells the burnt toast .
Muffled footsteps at the door.
Shuffling. Shuffling. Shuffling.
The alarm clock goes off
screeching its way to a climax.
She struggles in her bed.
Another futile attempt
in the recesses of her mind.
The compromise is made.
If Autumn comes, can Winter be far behind?

Jisha Menon., III PyEJ

Automation

Topic: Soul Cages

Sad. All that raw pulsating life
reduced to a mere
c a r d i a c t i c k i n g .

Manasvini., III PyEJ

Myopia

Topic: Soul Cages

The world outside is arid
And so what?
My window - panes are all stained green!

Rajalakshmi., III PyEJ

Despair

Topic: Soul Cages

You have the despair of dry surface sands.
Come, free your caged soul
because you have
thirst-quenching streams too
deep within.

Aruna S., III PyEJ

Will I?

Topic: Where There Is A Will

The anticipation gave him a thrill
The enormity of his inheritance made him ill
He dreamt of limousines
Exotic women and cuisines
Where there's a will....!!

Kavitha Cardoza., II PCMB
Miriam Mathew., II CBZH

Wil(l)ful Murder

Topic: Where There Is A Will

He gasped, he choked, turned blue,
and out the window his soul flew,
The doc he checked his fill,
hrrumphed when they read his will,
"If it's not murder, I'll eat my shoe!"

Pallavi Sharma., III PyEJ





The Triumph

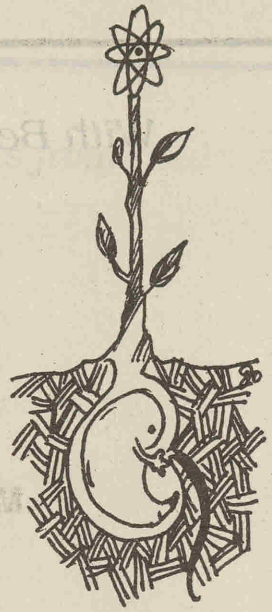
Topic: Where There Is A Will

Constipated he had been for many a day
Thought his ailment was here to stay.
He drew a breath and heaved,
And he was, yes - relieved
Where there's a will, there's a way!!

Zaiba Abdullah, Shahla Sheikh,
Radhika Chhabria., III BCom

Pregnant Pause

Topic: Waiting



Restless, I roll and kick
in my soft cocoon - like water bed
In warmth and security
Waiting....

As months roll by
I in my world increase
I feel the pulse,
the expectancy
Waiting - for that day to dawn!

Romilla Prabhu., II HEPyS

Sweet Dreams.

Topic: Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow

A dirty counter,
Wafting odours from somewhere beyond,
Visions of hot muffins and samosas.

The order arrives,
A shapeless mass.
"Money, please" -

Parting is such sweet sorrow...!

Miriam Mathew., II CBZH
Kavitha Cardoza., II PCMB



...Let Them Eat Cake?

Topic: Sugar 'N' Spice

Cups of flour and glasses of water for smooth dough
Dripping chocolate, creamy filling - a touch of cocoa
A red - hot oven: the warm aroma of baking
Fresh scrumptuous pastries slowly in the making..

Hungry boys peering through the window.

Priya Raman, Deepa C III PyEJ
Kusum K III BCom

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Carmel Union
'92-93

Chief Guest:
Ms. Kiran Majumdar















cul·ah '93









Where there's a Wheel...

For Gautam Raja, a bumpy fifty kilometres a day on his bike is routine. To someone who spends two hours a day shunting between his home in whitefield and his college in the heart of Bangalore, a bike is nothing short of manna "I could never have done it on any of the local buses", Gautam insists.

Nineteen year old Soumya has been effortlessly gliding around on her Here Puch for two years now "The BTS is only for those times when there's no other option left, as far as I'm concerned" - that's Soumya and hundreds of others like her.

Right across the country, most average middle class persons are experiencing whiffs of a lifestyle of independence. While cars as a means of personal transport still remain a dream to most, two-wheelers being so much more affordable literally run the lives of this whole class of people. The convenience and practical kind of liberation they offer make this boom such a noticeable phenomenon in recent times.

It has been in second rung cities like Pune, Bangalore, Chandigarh and Baroda that the two-wheeler boom has been most obvious. And it continues to percolate to less heard-of-towns as well.

Mrs. Sharada Shastri has a car and moped at her disposal. She prefers to use the latter on most occassions. This is just one indication of the extent to which women figure in the scenario. The woman no doubt has benefited most from this trend. The housewife and working woman alike seem to be depending less on either the public transport or husbands to get them to their offices or shopping centres. The picture of a woman with her 'pallu' neatly tucked in, ferrying a uniformed kid on a two-wheeler is a common sight.

"I spare my husband the task of dropping my kids to school. I can do my shopping easily. I don't have to wait for him to return from office and then take me" says Mrs. Latha Vijayan, enjoying every bit of her new-found freedom.

The woman on a bike may have been an oddity a decade ago. Women on mopeds, scooters or even 350cc bikes is today, more the rule than the exception. The two-wheeler may well be a dominant factor which will decide what the middle class Indian woman will be like in the 90's. It seems to be re-defining the very social structure.

The youth in general has benefitted from the boom as much as women in particular. Colleges which had limited parking space, mainly for cycles are now pressed to find more place to accommodate the deluge of two-wheelers which brings the students to college. The convenience and liberty aside, with the youth, the two-wheeler assumes proportions of the fashion-statement as well. A Purple coloured Kinetic Honda, a Canary yellow and green 100cc bike, helmets which look remarkably like what Alexander might have worn, helmets with battery operated wipers, a music system fitted onto the bike, leather and denim clothes for that 'cool' look (even in the height of summer), flowing 'skirts' that are actually trousers of a sort to facilitate easy riding... You get to see them all, specially in the up-market colleges. Does more need be said on how thoroughly the two-wheeler is a part of life around these? places

The state the public transport system is in, has been largely seen as the perpetrator of this boom. Buses, whenever they do make their gracious appearances, are invariably

over-crowded, the conductor is rude, then the chap behind you has to brush against you in that disgusting fashion... So where there's two wheels, there's a way out.

These easy-to-handle two wheelers have often been accused of causing accidents and polluting the air. "My bike has a low emission of 5%. I feel pollution from two wheelers is negligible compared to what the trucks and buses spew out", Yamini says confidently.

It is true however that it is the young turk on a two-wheeler who gets drunk on speed and who once too often discovers that 'speed thrills - but kills'.

Young female riders have another side to the story. Young men on bikes, not to mention lecherous truck drivers, often come dangerously close to the single girl on a bike - "Just to see how well we can manage" as Shilpa Shah puts it.

There are many who avoid two wheelers due to the high volume of traffic on the roads. "I still don't trust myself on the roads", says Pratima Nayar and continues to use public transport.

Then again there are Ritwiks who attract media attention driving a Maruti 1000 and Thomas Babus who make it to the Guiness Book by taking his family - wife two children and suitcase - on a tour on his Kinetic Honda. "Why's no one saying anything about such people causing accidents", asks Yamini vehemently.

A two-wheeler does not always mean smooth sailing, though. If the public transport is bad, the roads are worse. That means not only difficulty in riding but constant maintenance of the vehicle. "Ignore the maintenance and the repairs could easily empty your pockets", says Navin.

To illustrate this point: there exists, a little to the west of Chord Road, what passes for an asphalted road handling enormous volumes of traffic - lorries, buses and two wheelers. The road, which is at a gradient of more than 50^{o} has about 45 potholes in the space of 300 metres. Four mechanics have set up shop on the road in the space of six months and each of them is laughing all the way to the bank.

Men usually manage better when the two-wheeler sputters to a halt. Mrs. Latha Vijayan remembers being stranded in the middle of the road with a wailing two year old on one arm and a moped refusing to start on the other... "sometimes these two wheelers are the primrose path to damnation" we heard someone muttering.

Manufacturers, to solve this problem have been coming up with lighter and easier-to-handle vehicles. Though the moped still dominates the market, the Kinetic Honda with its more futuristic design has made substantial inroads in the two-wheeler market.

India today produces 17 lakh vehicles annually - the second largest, after Japan.

It's time perhaps to re-write the history books' chapter on 'transport'.

Roja. K., Nandini B., II PyEJ

Karnataka: The Abode of Celestial Music.

To even those of us, who have next to no knowledge of classical music, names like Kumar Gandharva, Mallikarjun Mansoor, Bhimsen Joshi... bring to mind snatches of melodies heard perhaps long ago or perhaps yesterday but which continue to haunt us with their sheer sublimity.

These great maestros are among the many others who were either born in Karnataka, or considered it their home. It is ironic indeed that Karnataka, which was almost completely unacquainted with Hindustani Classical Music till the latter half of the 19th Century, has produced such great exponents of the style. Karnataka is a confluence of many 'Gharanas' or schools of Hindustani music and the musicians of this land transcend all gharanas and styles - into the realms of boundlessness.

It is both interesting and surprising to note that the spread of Hindustani music in the Kannada speaking regions began in that Vienna of Carnatic Classical music - Mysore city. The ruler of Mysore, Nalwadi Krishnaraja Wodeyar a veena player himself, was intrigued by this genre. The Wodeyar (also called Rajarshi) invited legendary singers like Nattan Khan, Karim Khan, Fiaz Khan & Kesarbai Kerkar to perform at his court and paid them fitting tributes. Hindustani musicians from all over India came to be invited to perform at the annual Dasara festivals.

The 'rasikas' of Hubli and Dharwad took a keen interest in this music and invited the singers to 'baitaks' at their homes. The enthusiasm to hear Hindustani music soon gave shoot to a yearning to learn the same. With the whole of North Karnataka succumbing to this melodious contagion, Karnatic music took a backseat in this region.

Kannada and Marathi being sister languages, the cultural ties with Maharashtra was the key factor in the spread of Hindustani music in Karnataka. As in literature and theatre, the influence extended to music also. The Rangageeth (music of Marathi drama) had already effected a change in Kannada theatre music.

Between 1908 and 1916, Pandit Bhaskar Buwa Bakle of Maharashtra came to Dharwad as a music instructor of a training college. This proved to be a turning point in the history of Hindustani music in Karnataka. Bhaskar Buwa, the doyen of the Gwalior gharana, well versed in the Agra and Jaipur styles, taught several students in his capacity as instructor. From then onwards, the spread of Hindustani Music in what is now Karnataka, snowballed.

In 1993, music enthusiasts initiated the Dharwad Art Circle which introduced the citizens of Dharwad to Hindustani music, beginning with Mallikarjun Mansoor followed by a host of others including Kesarbai Kerkar, Mogubai Kurdikar, Vilayat Hussein Khan, Nissar Hussein Khan, Siddheswari Devi, Begum Akhtar, Heerabai Badodekar, Savai Gandharva...

Dharwad forms the focal point in the origin of Hindustani music in Karnataka and it continues to throw up amazing talent as it has thrown up genius in the past - the genius we will take a closer took at, in the following pages.

* * * *

Rahimat Khan (1863-1954)



Born in Bhavnagar in North India, the great sitarist and beenkar, Ustad Rahimat Khan made the serene and peaceful Dharwad his home. Khan's ancestors had all been court musicians and he effortlessly imbibed the nuances of classicism from his father. He learnt to play the sitar from his elder brother Gulam Nabi Khan and the been from Habib Khan.

In 1878, the Ustad met his guru, the legendary Bande Ali Khan, when he, Rahimat Khan, was appointed court musician to the Raja of Indore. Rahimat Khan soon realised that the sitar was bound by certain limitations. His ingenuity and perseverance however finally led to the production of a sitar capable of being played in four octaves. Rahimat's sitar and nimble fingers created nothing short of a miracle and took the whole of North India by storm.

In 1912 Rahimat Khan discovered Dharwad when on one of his concert tours, and settled there. One more great musician was added to Karnataka's history of Hindustani music.

In retrospect, this event was very significant. It was Rahimat Khan and after him, his sons and grandsons who brought music to the common man of Karnataka. The sitar too began to make an impact as a great instrument, south of the Vindhyas.

Ustad Rahimat Khan's grandsons - Bale Khan, Hamid Khan, Chote Rahimat Khan - are all accomplished sitarists and continue to train hundreds of keen disciples all over the state.

Savai Gandharva (1886-1952)

Towards the end of the 19th century, the great maestro Ustad Abdul Karim Khan, father of the Kirana Gharana, took a special fancy for the audiences of North Karnataka. He spent long spells in Hubli, Dharwad and his favourite Kundgol, enthralling all music lovers, in particular a lad called Ramachandra who had a stated aversion to school. Ramachandra heard Abdul Karim Khan at the Railway Club in Hubli when on one of his truant escapades. Overwhelmed by the music, Ramachandra decided to study music under Khansahib.

After a year of persuasion, Khansahib did accept Ramachandra as a student, marking the beginning of one of the most intense guru-shishya relationships in the history of music. In eight years, Ramachandra was taught only three ragas - Todi, Multani and Poorya. With this as the foundation Rambhavu Kundgolkar, as Ramachandra was now called, learnt from other Ustads like Nisar Hussein Khan, Rahim Baksh and Ramakrishna Buwa Waze, and drew much inspiration from the likes of Rahimat Khan and Manzi Khan.



Though Rambhavu's foundation was of the Kirana Gharana, he amalgamated in his style, the finer nuances of all the gharanas. Though his voice was melodious, it was not flexible enough to traverse the higher octaves with ease. Sheer determination saw Rambhavu culture his voice to render classicism at its best.

Between 1907 and 1931 when Bal Gandharva was the darling of Marathi theatre, Rambhavu not only entered the field but carved a niche for himself with his 'ranga geeths' which were instant hits, and earned him the title "Savai Gandharva".

Firoz Dastur, Gangubai Hangal and Bhimsen Joshi are just some of his students who continue his legacy, and who organise music festivals at Kundgol and Pune in his memory.

Panchakshara Gavai (1891 - 1944)

Ganayogi Panchakshara Gavai is an unusual gift to the music world. Born blind, he spread the radiance of music to thousands of students - blind, handicapped and poor.

Born as Gadigaiah in the remote village of Kadashetti, the blind boy sang devotional songs with ease, infusing them with melody in the real sense of Bhakti. Hangal Kumaraswamiji, who heard him sing, took it upon himself to make an accomplished musician of Gadigaiah. Though he learnt Karnatic music to begin with and soon outshone all his gurus, his interests seemed to lie in the Hindustani style, which he had ample opportunity to hear at Hubli.

He learnt Hindustani music under Abdul Wahid Khan, Nilkhant Buwa of Miraj and even for a short while under Ramakrishna Buwa Waze. He was further exposed to the best of Hindustani Music when he travelled to Bombay at the invitation of the HMV Company to record some songs.

What Panchakshara Gavai is best remembered for is perhaps his itinerant music school. This school, which welcomed students of all classes, castes and social backgrounds was a revolution in the early half of this century. The guru and disciples travelled all over the districts, learning and performing and at the same time raising funds to maintain the school.

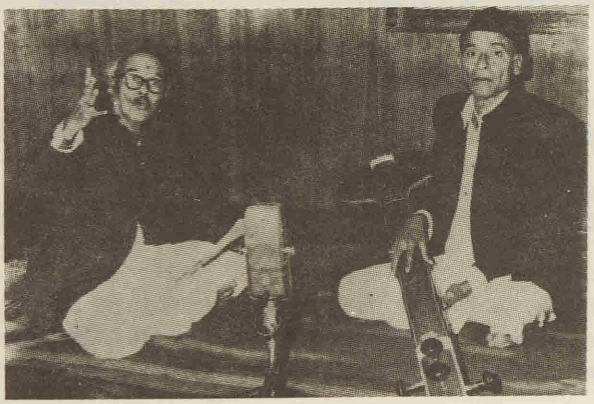
The students organised themselves into a drama troupe as well, when extra finances became necessary.

The school finally 'settled down' at Gadag when the Veereshwara Punyashrama was set up, and continues to fulfil the hopes and aspirations of Panchakshara Gavai by training disadvantaged students.

Panchakshara Gavai was the first to popularise 'Vachana' singing in Hindustani music. Compositions of the vachana poets were an important item in any of the Ganayogi's concerts - be it the local festival or the HMV recordings at Bombay.

The Gwalior Gharana was made richer by the contributions of the Ganayogi and his disciples, the foremost among them being the blind Dr. Puttaraj Gavai who heads the ashrama at Gadag, Pandit Basavaraj Rajguru, Pandit Panchakshara Mattigatti, Pandit Siddharam Jambaldinni and Pandit Sheshadri Gavai.

Mallikarjun Mansoor (1910-1992)



This man was representative of all inherent orthodoxy - a legacy of pure classicism, of an age old 'parampara' of Hindustani music. When Mansoor passed away on 12 September 1992 at the age of 82, the nation mourned the loss of a great artiste, for whom music was a celebration of life.

Attracted by theatre, young Mansoor ran away to the drama company of Vaman Rao Master, where he was to serve for many years. In 1921, Pandit Neelkanth Buwa Mirajbar, spotted the inherent talent in this young singer-actor and decided to accept Mansoor as his student. In 1929 Mallikarjun went back to the drama company but after a few years began to devote all his attention to music. After three years of rigorous 'riyaz', he became a competent singer. His thirst for more knowledge led him to guru Manji Khan, the son of Alladiya Khan of the Jaipur-Atrauli Gharana.

In a short span of time, Mansoor acquired a treasure-house of compositions from his guru. After Manji Khan's death in 1935, Mallikarjun proceeded to Kolhapur where he continued his education under the guidance of the late guru's brother, Burji Khan.

Recognition came late in life, nevertheless it came pouring in. Mansoor received the Kalidas Samman in 1981, the year of its institution. Mansoor popularised 'Vachana' singing in Hindustani Music and has immortalised the Vachana 'Akka Kelavva Nanondu Kanasa Kande', with his superb style of rendition. Mansoor was known as a singer of great stamina, his age only serving to strengthen the charm in his music. His immense breath control and suffused 'taan' patterns were appreciated by critics and laymen alike. Prakash Wadhera, a famous music critic attributes to Mallikarjun Mansoor's music "exquisite symmetry, a monolithic cohesion and architectural unity of design".

Pandit Panchakshara Mattigatte and late Pandit. Siddharam Jambaldinni were his accomplished disciples. Mansoor's son Rajashekar who used to support his father and guru in all his concerts, is following in the footsteps of the great maestro.

Basavaraj Rajguru (1920-1992)



In 1944 the people of Shikaripur organised their annual 'Holi Handa' or Holi festival. The highlight of this grand festival was however the music conference, featuring eminent Hindu and Muslim vocalists, each vying for top slots. Ustad Chote Khan had just finished his rendition and was greeted by tremendous applause, he had mesmerised the audience with his powerful singing. The Hindu musicians were reluctant to sing immediately after him and began to develop cold feet. Basavaraj Rajguru was the exception, getting onto the platform, exuding self-confidence, he traversed triumphantly over raaga Jaunpuri.

Regarded as an unusual gem in the realm of classical music, the late Dr. Basavaraj Rajguru was born into an artistic family. At a very young age, Rajguru became a theatre artiste. It was only later, when he joined the school at 'Mooru Savira Matha', that his musical talent was recognised by Ganayogi Panchakshara Gavai, who took him under his wing. The Ganayogi trained Rajguru for eleven years in both the Karnatic and Hindustani styles. Rajguru had an inborn grasping power and never forgot his lessons. At 16, he had mastered the art as any veteran of his time. In 1938, his urge to travel and broaden his musical horizon took him to Lahore, where Ustad Wahid Khan trained him for two and a half years.

When Basavaraj was under the tutelage of Latif Khan in Karachi, the news of partition reached him and he returned to India.

Rajguru became an established performer, commanding the respect of all his contemporaries. His music is believed to have been influenced by the music of eleven gurus and reflects the 'sangama' of Gwalior, Kirana and Patiala gharanas. Rajguru had achieved mastery over all the genres of Indian music, Basavaraj was a treasure-house of compositions, his repertoire consisted of at least 40 to 45 'Khayals' in each raaga. He is today remembered for his taraanas, vachanas and Marathi Natya Sangeeth.

Dr. Basavaraj Rajguru's rich tradition is kept alive by his talented disciples - Somanath Mardur, Ganapathi Bhat, Parameshwar Hegde, Sangeeta Katti and others.

Kumar Gandharva (1924-1992)



Pandit Kumar Gandharva was culturally rooted in Maharashtra, lived in Dewas, Madhya Pradesh but remained unalterably a son of Karnataka. Shivaputra Siddaramaiah Komkali enraptured audiences especially with those 'nirguni' bhajans with which he is identified today. He later came to be known as 'Kumar Gandharva', the celestial musician.

Kumar Gandharva, throughout his life-long musical career, used an unorthodox and innovative

style often departing from convention. Small wonder he was always in the thick of controversies.

Musicality seemed innate in Shivaputra. In his earlier years, Shivaputra had a soprano voice, seasonal to the Gwalior Gharana. A major attack of tuberculosis left one of his lungs non-functional. Through his convalescence, settled in Dewas, Kumar Gandharva recast the very mould of his voice and developed an inimitable formidable style turning the loss of a lung into an advantage.

Kumar Gandharva had his formal training from Professor B.R. Deodhar and a host of other teachers but he drew equal inspiration from the folk music of the Malwa region, which reflected the spirit of those lonely hills and dales. Giving these folk tunes a classical dimension. Kumar Gandharva created a host of new raagas among them Saheli Todi, Bhavamat Bhairav, Madhusurja, Sanjari, Malavati, Lagan Gangadhar, Ahi Mohini... One of his creations is a tribute to the Mahatma - Gandhi Malhar - which was created during the centenary celebrations. Kumar Gandharva dedicated exclusive concerts to seasons, calling them the 'Rituchakra'. There were concerts too, when he focussed on only the lighter genres - Tappa, Thumri and the Marathi Natya Sangeeth. He brought devotional music into the classical mainstream.

What any music lover recognises and appreciates in Kumar Gandharva's music is a freedom from fear and a joy of the personal statement.

Bhimsen Joshi

1964. During the intermission of a recital at Bombay, Bhimsen Joshi went to receive the blessings of Kesarbai Kerkar, the noted singer of the Jaipur style. Kesarbai while expressing her appreciation of Bhimsen's music, insisted she had come to see how much he had 'stolen' from her gharana.



Her remarks were not unfounded. Joshi, today has the reputation of having adopted the unique aspects of all the gharanas, amalgamated them into his basic foundation of the Kirana Gharana and produced a complex mystifying style that is inimitably Bhimsen Joshi's.

Born in 1922 Bhimsen Joshi's passion for music dates to his early youth and even before. He ran away from home and travelled extensively in North India to seek out a guru who suited him. It took two years of hardships and the advice of Vinayak Rao Patwardhan to make Joshi see that the guru for him was so near home - Savai Gandharva.

Joshi's quest was perhaps over, but not his hardships. In an extreme test of his new student's endurance and perseverance, Savai Gandharva put him through a year and a half of working at household chores. The same three ragas of Todi, Multani and Poorya were taught to him. But Bhimsen Joshi persevered through hours of riyaz - it made him the great vocalist, he is today.

Joshi had a special reverence for Ustad Amir Khan. Pleased with Bhimsen's own innovation 'Kalashree', Amir Khan devised a taraana in the raaga.

The Kannada devaranamas and Marathi Abangas which Bhimsen Joshi renders in his unique magnificent style have won for him national and international acclaim. This disciples - Sripati Padigar, Madhav Gudi, Narayan Deshpande, Srikanth Deshpande, Ramakrishna Patwardhan and Ananta Terdal - continue the grand tradition of this living legend.

Gangubai Hangal



The year was 1936, AIR Bombay was scheduled to broadcast live, a concert by Heerabai Badodekar. But the famous singer was unwell and a substitute had to be found immediately. An unannounced 23 year old singer took the place of the illustrious Heerabai. Within a few minutes of the commencement of the recital, the station was flooded with phone calls, asking who the accomplished singer was. The programme had to be interrupted to announce the name of the artiste ! The artiste was 'Gayana Gangadevi', Gangubai Hangal who in her singing exemplifies the title given to her by the Kannada poet, late D.R. Bendre.

Born in 1913 to Ambabai Karnataki a Karnatic musician, Gangubai had the privilege of learning Hindustani music from the doyen of Kirana Gharana - Pandit. Savai Gandharva, Gangubai's tribute to her distinguished guru continues through the music festival she organizes annually at Kundgol.

Gangubai Hangal was known for her feminine and sophisticated voice which resembled that of Heerabai Badodekar and Mogubai Kurdikar. Later However, due to chronic tonsillitis and subsequent heat therapy treatment, her voice became coarse and masculine. Yet, she did not let her affliction get the better of her. Gangubai cultured and styled her new voice, developing a new style and a bold approach to her singing.

Her music is known for purity of 'shruti' and its varied patterns of 'gamaka' and 'taan'.

Gangubai Hangal's disciples include her daughter Krishna Hangal and Naga Natha. Her brother, Sheshagiri Hangal, a veteran percussionist has almost all the leading tabla players of the state directly or indirectly under his tutelage.

Gangubai Hangal is the recipient of innumerable awards and has had the honour of being the first lady-Chairman of the Karnataka Sangeetha Nritya Academy.

* * * * *

Death has claimed maestros like Kumar Gandharva, Mallikarjun Mansoor, Basavaraj Rajguru and even the great Gayanacharya Gururao Deshpande. But their rich legacy lives on. Hindustani Music today is being nursed and rejuvenated by a generation of new, dedicated and talented musicians, prominent among them being, **Venkatesh Kumar, Kumardas, Basavaraj Gonhal, Vinayak Torvi, Balachandra Nakod, Shyamala Bhave, Aditi Upadhyaya, tablists Raghunath Nakod, Vishwanath Nakod, Ravindra Yavgal and M. Nagesh; sitarists N.V. Gopinath** and **Rajashekar,** and clarionet **player Narasimhalu Wadivatti.**

The old vanguard comprising **Pandit Ramarao V. Naik, Pandit Arjunsa Nakod, Pandit Sheshadri Gavai, Pandit Dattatreya Garud** and **Pandit Sheshadri Hangal** continue to enrich the music scene, imparting their priceless inheritance to hundreds of students. **Rajbhavu Sontakke,** an eminent musicologist from Benares has recently made Bangalore his home and has joined the masters, in their effort to propagate Hindustani Music.

Bangaloreans developed a liking for Hindustani Music in the late 60's when **Begum Parveen Sultana** and **Lakshmi Shankar** dazzled city audiences with their regular performances in concert halls. To cater to this taste, a number of organisations, specially devoted to Hindustani **Music, like Sursagar,** Bangalore Sangeeth Sabha, Hindustani Sangeeth Kalakar Mandali, etc. were set up.

Concerts and festivals of Hindustani Music are now a regular feature on the Bangalore cultural agenda. The two festivals Bangaloreans eagerly await are the ones organised by the Gayanacharya Gururao Deshpande Punya Smarana Samiti and the one organised in memory of Ganayogi Panchakshara Gawai.

Hindustani music has received a fresh impetus by public and private institutions, like the Department of Kannada and Culture, Sangeeth Nritya Academy, Gayana Samaja and Ganakala Parishad extending their patronage to its growth. Thanks to their efforts, listening to and learning Hindustani Music and its lighter genres like the Bhajan and Ghazal have become a way of life for many music enthusiasts.

Their interest is kept alive by the presence of great maestros who visit the city - **Pandit Ravishankar, Pandit Bhimsen Joshi, Pandit Jasraj, Kishori Amonkar, Padma Talwalkar, Ashwini Bhide, Pandit K.G. Ginde, Pandit Dinakar Kaikini, Pandit Channulal Mishra Veena Sahasrabuddhe, Shruti Sadolikar, Katkar, Lalit J. Rao,** Violnist - **Dr. R.P. Shastry, Pandit Prabhakar Karekar, Prabha Atre** and many others enriching the musical atmosphere with their accomplished excellence.

The Hindustani musician from Karnataka hails from a land which is a confluence of both Karnatic and Hindustani styles. It is this delicate blending of styles that produces a music which reflects the lofty ideals he has inherited from great masters - a musical tradition of cosmic divinity.

– Lavanya Kamalesh, I PyEJ

Pictures: Courtesy Deccan Herald

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another year draws to a close .....

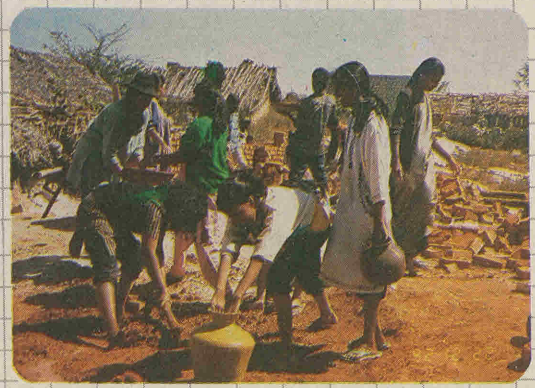




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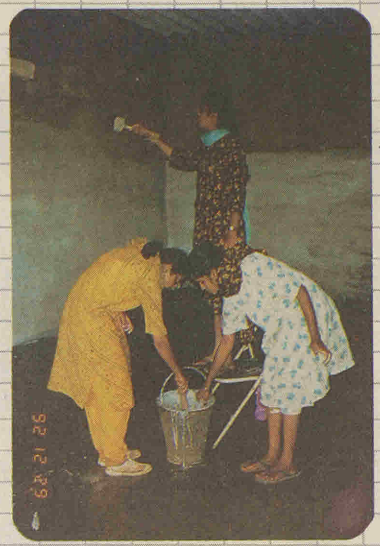


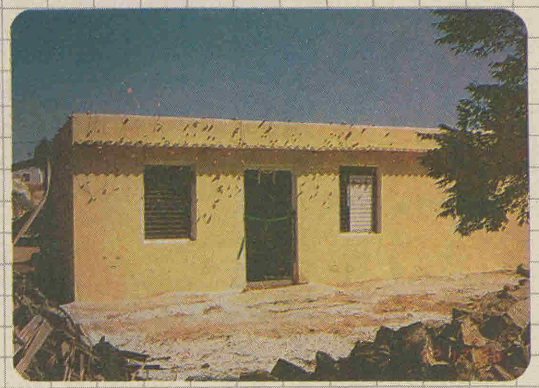




LABOUR IN SERVICE









FRUITS OF LABOUR



The Languid Lagoons Of Lakshadweep

The clock chimes 5. Groups of girls weave their way across sprawled forms and abandoned luggage. Paranoid parents reluctantly leave as the roll count is taken over the clamour of scrambling passengers. Bustled into the train which reverberates with the furore of 40 girls... Hours later girls can still be spotted adding glamour to the platform... while Sr. Genevieve and Sr. Juanita resort to praying.

Many prayers later, the train snorts, gasps and chugs out of the station twelve hours behind time.

Jolted at 5 am. to Cochin's grime and humidity. Refreshing showers and a warm meal at Cochin's Paul's Park Hotel, restored some of the previous day's zest. Gasps of awe as we spot the 'Tipu Sultan' looming over the horizon. Secret sighs of relief. This was no oversized fishing boat!!!.

Rocking to the rhythm of the ocean, bouts of nausea, quick recovery after the magnificient sunset, a sneak visit to the Captain's cabin, grabbing a snack at the cafeteria, watching the late night Hindi movie, disturbing a honeymooning couple, anthakshari, biting into a succulent orange, staring into the depths of the ocean, forging new bonds of friendship (with redoubled efforts, if they were privileged owners of a cabin), fighting over a bathroom... while the Tipu sailed on.

Morning saw the ship harboured while there was a scramble for place in the motor boats that took us to a different island each day.

Each day saw us soaking up the gentle Lakshadweep sun, wallowing in friendly waters, cycling along a labyrinth of mud tracks, walking on a treasure trove of marine life - sea cucumbers, urchins, corals, sipping deeply into a coconut, headbanging to the walkman, laboriously climbing to the summit of the lighthouse, witnessing the marvellous undersea world through glass-bottomed boats, collecting specimens for our labs, experimenting with kayaks and pedal boats, mingling with the inhabitants... and sailing back to the ship tired and filthy, but euphoric.

Seven days of sundrenched beaches and then we are back in Bangalore trying to settle down to our normal humdrum routine. But every time I'm in need of excitement, I hold to my ear a little pink sea shell that has captured forever the music of the ocean... and I relive the magic of Lakshadweep.

by Miriam C. Mathew., II CBZH

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Applications of Exponential Functions

For those who came in late: What is a 'function'?

Consider two variables 'x' and 'y' which can take real value. If there is a relation between x and y such that, for every given value of x, it is possible to find a corresponding value of y, then y is said to be a function of x.

In symbols, it is written as $y = f(x)$. For example - the area of a circle is a function of its radius: ie, the area of the circle depends on the radius.

Kinds of Functions

(1) Functions like $y = 2x + 5$, $y = \sqrt{1 + x^2}$ etc., are known as algebraic functions.

(2) $y = \sin x$, $y = \sin 2x + \tan x$, etc., are called trigonometric functions.

(3) $y = \log_e x$, $y = \log_e\left(\frac{x+1}{x+2}\right)$ etc, are called logarithmic functions.

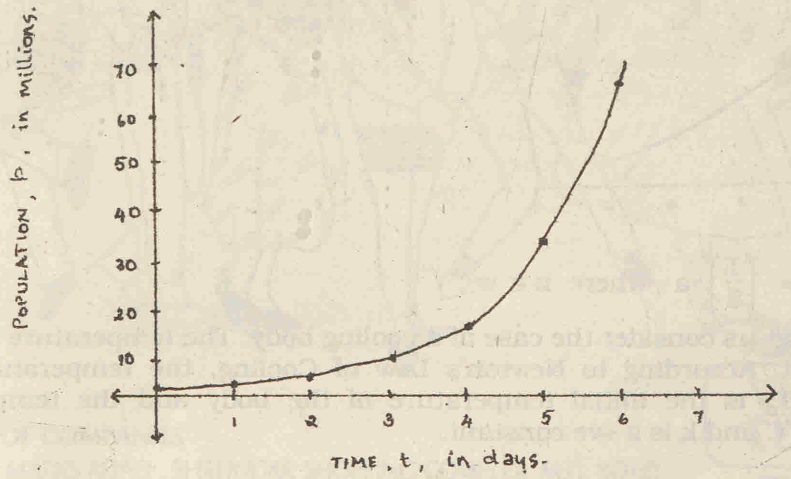
(4) $y = e^x$, $y = 10^x$ & 10^{-x} etc., are called exponential functions.

We will now take a look at some applications of exponential functions.

Exponential functions play a role is solving problems in many subjects - Geometry, Commercial Mathematics, Physics, Botany and Statistics to name a few. But now we will consider three applications - Biology (growth of Bacteria), Geometry and Physics.

1. Growth of Bacteria: Suppose that at a given time 1 million bacteria exist in a culture and the population of bacteria doubles each day. The population, p, is a function of the time t that has elapsed. We can construct a table relating the values of p and t. With these values we can sketch a graph.

Time (in days)	0	1	2	3	4	5	6
Population (in millions)	1	2	4	8	16	32	64

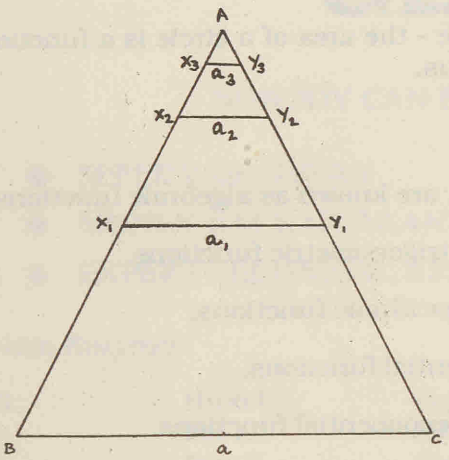


The population at any time 't' is given by: $P(t) = 2^t$

If is the initial population, then $P(t) = P_o.2^t$

The graph of the above function is obtained by multiplying each ordinate by P_o

2. Geometry: Consider Δ ABC and denote the length BC by a. X_1, Y_1 are the mid-points of AB and AC respectively; X_2, Y_2 are the mid-points of AX_1 and AY_1 respectively and so on.



We have $a_1 = \frac{1}{2}a$

$a_2 = \frac{1}{2}a_1$

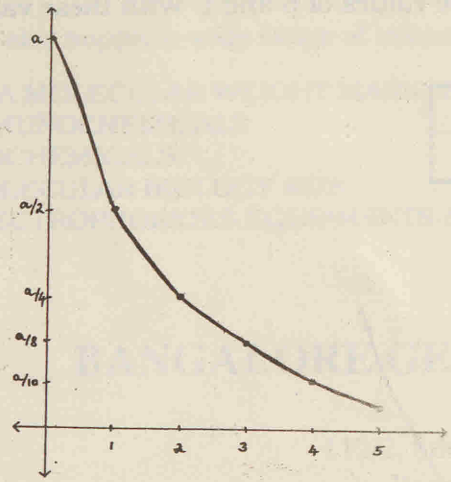
$a_2 = \frac{1}{2}\left(\frac{1a}{2}\right)$

$a_2 = \left(\frac{1}{2}\right)^2 a$

$a_3 = \left(\frac{1}{2}\right)^3 a$ and so on.

$\therefore \quad a_n = \left(\frac{1}{2}\right)^n a$

We can sketch a graph for the above function.

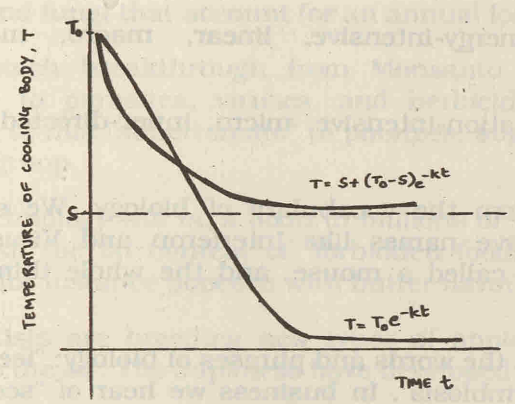


Graph of $a_n = \left(\frac{1}{2}\right)^n a$ where $n \in w$

(3) Physics: Let us consider the case of a cooling body. The temperature of the body is a function of time t. According to Newton's Law of Cooling, the temperature is given by $T = T_o e^{-kt}$ where T_o is the initial temperature of the body and the temperature of the surroundings is 0^oC and k is a +ve constant.

If instead, the temperature of the surroundings is s, say, then the temperature of the cooling body at any time t is given by, $T = S + (T_o - S)\, e^{-kt}$

Note that at $t = 0$, $T = T_o$;
and as $t \to \infty$, $T \to S$



The applications of exponential function does not stop at just this. There's lots more to it. Thus we see that these functions are indispensable in the studies of most scientists.

— Chaitra Jayadev
I PUC, PCMB (III)



Trends in Biotechnology

We are shifting from the models and metaphors of physics to the models and metaphors of biology to help us understand today's dilemmas and opportunities.

Physics as metaphor suggests: energy-intensive, linear, macro, mechanistic, deterministic, outer-directed.

Biology as metaphor suggests: information-intensive, micro, inner-directed, adaptive, holistic.

In the information era we borrow from the vocabulary of biology. We speak of a computer "virus". Computer programs have names like Interferon and Virus RX. The selection device used by the computer is called a mouse, and the whole thing was put together by a company named Apple.

Everyday speech increasingly draws on the words and phrases of biology: "feedback"; "in the loop": "seminal" : "reprogrammed"; "symbiosis". In business we hear of "seed capital", "hot houses" for entrepreneurial projects, organisational "growth" and "evolution". The metaphor of transformation from caterpillar to butterfly is almost universal. Biology rather than electronics may hold the key to a new generation of "thinking computers".

Biotechnology is becoming a powerful presence in our lives, yet most of us know very little about this massive scientific phenomenon and even less about its social and ethical implications. Most of us are somewhat put off by technology, and the confusing ethical component of biotechnology reinforces the temptation to avoid the subject entirely. That would be a mistake. The issues of biotechnology will not go away. And it is too important to delegate to the experts.

Biotechnology is defined as the application of biological organisms, systems, or processes to manufacturing and service industries to produce goods and services of economic value. It is the science which studies the integrated application of microbiology, genetics, chemistry, electronics, chemical engineering and process technologies; and is, therefore, interdisciplinary in nature. The first thrust of biotechnology occurred in health care when scientists altered mice and goats to produce proteins and chemicals useful for humans.

Today the genetic manipulation of crops and farm animals is expanding rapidly. Fertilisers and insect resistors are being placed in seeds. Biotechnology can end hunger through a new green revolution. Advances are being made in genetic techniques to grow fish and beef faster and out more protein in potatoes and rice. Endangered species can be kept from extinction through the transplanting of embryos into surrogate mothers.

Plants, animals and humans

As we move through the next millenium, biotechnology will be as important as the computer. We all sense that. We know we ought to know about biotechnology and where it is leading.

Plants

Jesse Jaynes, a Louisiana State University biochemist, is working in collaboration with John Dodds of the International Potato center in Lima, Peru. He hopes he can engineer the lowly potato so that it will have the protein value of meat. At the same time Jaynes and his colleagues have already found a possible way to help food plants resist the attacks of bacteria and fungi that account for an annual loss of 40 percent of the world's crops.

A biotech breakthrough from Monsanto has developed a tomato with a built-in resistance to parasites, viruses, and herbicides. It should be possible to transfer the properties of this "supertomato" to potatoes, sugar beets and almost every other member of the plant group.

Biotechnology will be a boon to millions of weight watchers around the world. Not only will it slash the fat content of "forbidden foods" but it will enhance the natural taste of products, for instance popcorn with butter flavour while adding no calories.

Scientists are breeding new types of apples that will not brown when the inside is exposed to the air. The Japanese have developed a seedless watermelon.

Plants have long been the source of flavourings and fragrances. Now scientists envision growing cells from the plants in laboratories to produce the chemicals that create the flavours and fragrances. The laboratories will offer you chocolate, vanilla or chili pepper flavourings.

More milk from fewer cows:

A mass-produced hormone found in cows can boost milk production 30 percent, even 40 percent in cows injected daily. It is called BST (for bovine somatotropin), and its effect on farms and farmers will be impressive. BST will increase milk production by 522 pounds per cow per year.

New drug factories

In 1987, U.S. and British scientists found a way to introduce human genes into the mammary glands of sheep, thereby producing a blood-clotting chemical, Factor 9. The sheep then produce milk containing Factor 9, which can be extracted and sold as a drug for hemophilia.

Animals will produce valuable biological products for humans, almost like factories - which some people think very wrong but the they will thereby save many human lives.

Nothing to carp about

In May 1988, a genetically altered carp made its debut at the Chesapeake Bay Institute in Shady Side, Maryland. The fish had a unique quality: it grew 20 percent faster than normal carp. By isolating and duplicating a single gene from rainbow trout, the scientists produced a hormone that, when injected into carp eggs revolutionized fish growth.

Transgenesis

"Transgenesis" means introducing genes from one species into another. Dr. Richard Palmiter, Dr. Ralph Brinster, and their colleagues at the University of Pennsylvania

pioneered transgenesis, when they injected genes from a rat growth hormone into fertilised mouse eggs. The very large result became known as Mighty Mouse. An even odder creature, the geep, owes its heritage to a goat, a sheep, and the work of scientists in Cambridge, England. Created in 1983, the geep was born with goat like horns and a partly sheep like coat.

Why do scientists pursue this strange practice of Transgenesis?

"Our view of what life is - and the boundary lines between species - are going to change, perhaps blur, and its hard to say what form those changes will take", says Bio Technica International's Lynn Klotz. "One can transfer genes from species to species, and it always goes a hell of a lot faster than we think its going to go. I don't envision centaurs or mythical half-animals coming to life but the possibilities in transferring genes between species - somehow that has to impress on ones psyche what a species is". Despite the fears about them, genetic engineers are still limited in what they can do. They can't add more than a few genes to an animal for example. A cow has tens of thousands of genes: science can't turn a cow into a kangaroo.

Scientific capability will expand however. In a few decades it may be possible to insert genes that change an animal's fertility, size, and behaviour.

Genetic Code

Genetic engineering represents biotechnology's most important technique because it gives us the key to cracking life's code. The question is are we ready for such an advance? Genes are the instructions by which a parent's characteristics are passed on to offspring. These genes are written in a code on molecules of DNA (deoxy ribonucleic acid); the DNA in a single cell would stretch six to seven feet long if it's long double strands were unfolded. The DNA in one human body would reach to the moon and back 8,000 times.

The deciphering of the genetic code - with its instructions for building, running, and reproducing bodies - may well prove to be the greatest scientific achievement in this century.

A human's genome (all the genes together) contains from 50,000 to 100,000 genes, all stored on twenty three pairs of chromosomes. To find one of these genes on its chromosome you need a map. The crude maps we have are very sketchy, but they are improving.

Once a gene is located, it can be copied - that is, cloned. Cloned genes are loaded with information; they can tell scientists how to spot carriers of genetic diseases, diagnose genetic abnormalities, and even identify a person's predisposition for some disease.

Eventually it will be possible to identify and pick out genes for virtually any inherited characteristic.

This is the prospect that frightens most people.

Parents could arrange to have their embryos - or their children's, programmed with customized packages that correct genetic defects. In theory, parents might ensure that their children (and their children's children) all were six feet tall with hazel eyes. But this technology possesses an equally compelling positive side. As the first decade of the new century unfolds, adults and children will be routinely screened for genes that make them susceptible to killer diseases like cancer. To prevent and treat scores of other diseases,

defective genes will be replaced with normal ones. Scientists have many of the tools they will need. They can already identify defective genes and determine from the DNA of a week - old fetus if sickle cell anemia, thalassemia, and other disorders are present.

The new age of vaccines

By the first decade of the new century, biotechnology could pave the way to a new era in health care. Through genetic engineering it may be possible to vaccinate fully against many diseases with a single jab in the arm. Genetic engineering has already helped create vaccines against hepatitis B and tests are being conducted for the first malaria vaccine synthetically created in a laboratory.

Genetically produced powder snow

In the Rocky Mountains, people are now skiing on genetically produced powder snow. Snowmax is a tapioca like natural protein that can be genetically produced in very large amounts. When water touches the protein, it produced huge quantities of a dry, powdery snow. It is a big improvement over traditional artificial snow. With ordinary fake snow production, a lot of the water used is wasted. Not with Snowmax. About $650 worth of Snowmax used in one million gallons of water covers an acre with five feet of snow.

While biotechnology suggests awesome contributions to the improvement of life, it also raises questions that make people very uneasy. Environmentalists, animal right activists, farmers and clergy, among others are concerned.

Is it ethical to manipulate nature? Will new species harm the environment? Are animals being mistreated?

The ethical problems of biotechnology will only increase as we approach the millennium. These ethical issues are related to our need to understand what it means to be human.

In the 1990's we will witness, if not a showdown with science, certainly a decade of debate about what scientists are doing. It will be like the furor that followed the publication of Charles Darwin's Origin of Species 130 years ago. And notice that Darwin was talking about "natural selection". The subject here is unnatural selection.

The age of information will also be the age of biology.

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And so Say all of us!

There are bookworms and bookworms, but nothing to beat a statistician at it. What do these people do anyway with their noses buried in figures and formulae all day long?

The Mount Carmel Statistics department decided the world needed to know that this esoteric subject had its practical applications as well.

Sometime during the year, it was proposed that a survey be conducted in MCC and other Bangalore colleges concerning various aspects like general infrastructure and academics in the colleges. There was much enthusiasm about the proposal and the CMS students fell to work.

Ably guided by the Mrs. Prashanthi and Ms. Lakshmi of the statistics department, the final year students first constructed a questionnaire. Armed with this, they collected data from the commerce students. The II CMS students accosted the Arts students for their opinions while the first years were left to hunt out the Science students from their various nooks and crannies.

The lecturers of all departments and students of other colleges were duly cornered and data extracted from them.

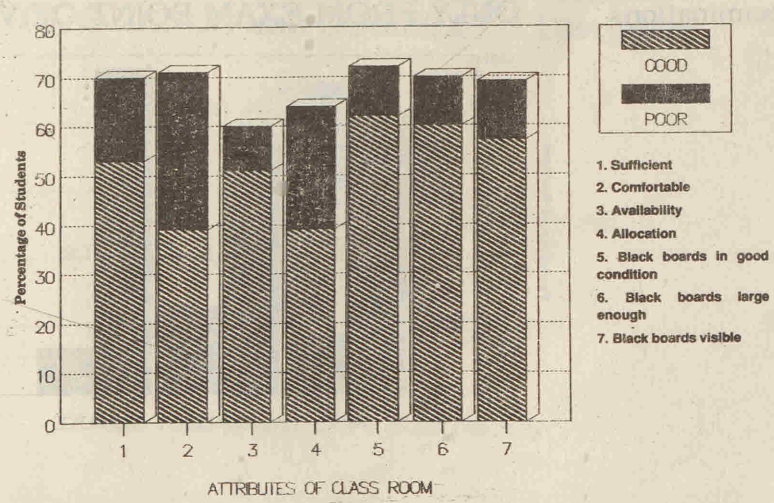
The results started trickling in and finally by January 93, the staff and students had analysed the collected data, The analysis translates into some valuable suggestions.

General Infrastructure

The facilities on campus were appreciated though there were some complaints about the capacity and the acoustics in the auditorium. Small wonder: the audi was built to seat 900 and the present student population is well over 3500.

Classrooms were on the whole in the "fairly good" category. Lecturers wish for a reduction in the number of students per class – under present circumstances, a pipe dream, really! Both teachers and students alike are dissatisfied with the inadequate seating arrangements and lecturers fervently prayed for a dias which ran along the entire length of the black board.

CONDITION OF THE CLASS ROOMS AT MCC



25% of the response suggested that the allocation of classrooms would have to be chalked out more carefully since a good deal of time was wasted shifting from classroom to classroom.

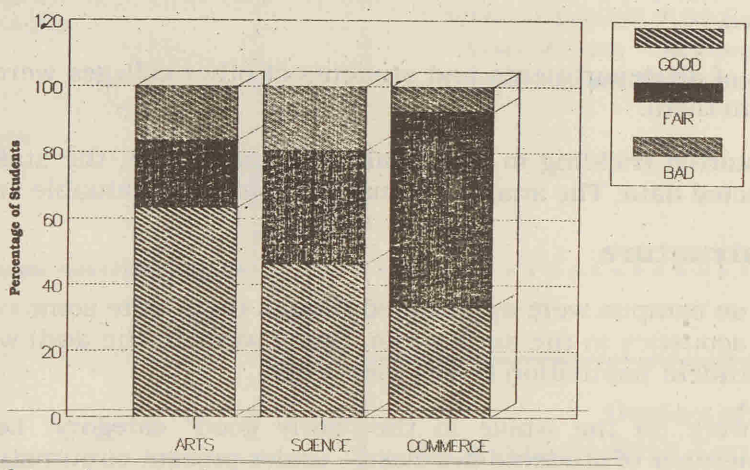
Data from other colleges often centered around dissatisfaction with the inadequate laboratory facilities.

The general opinion about the library was less than favourable. It was felt that the library timings and arrangement of books left much to be desired. An increase in the number of text books, magazines and journals seems to be most welcome.

Teaching and Syllabii

80% of the arts and 82% of the commerce students are fairly satisfied with the method of instruction currently employed. 22% opined that there was definitely scope for improvement. A constant assessment of performance and flexibility in the teaching methods has been considered essential.

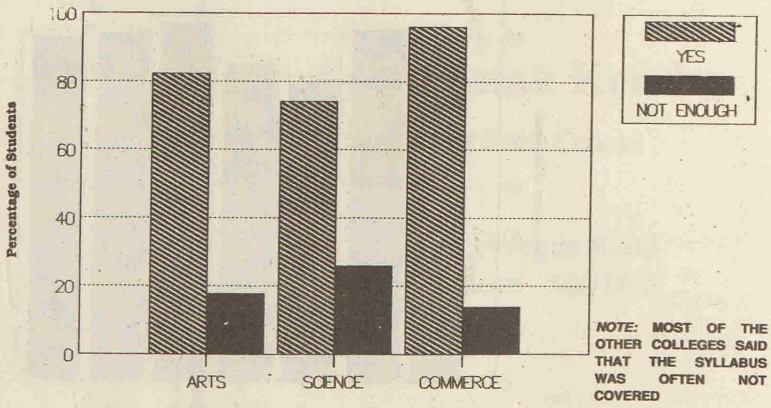
EXISTING METHODOLOGY OF TEACHING



The cramping of teaching styles and cutting short of class room discussions were attributed mainly to

* time constraints
* class strength
* annual examinations

COVERAGE OF SUBJECT
ONLY FROM EXAM POINT OF VIEW

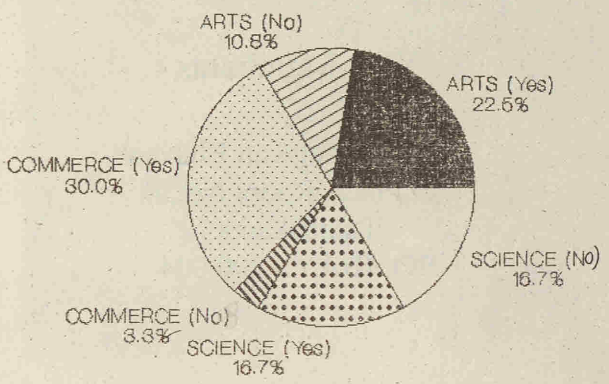


NOTE: MOST OF THE OTHER COLLEGES SAID THAT THE SYLLABUS WAS OFTEN NOT COVERED

84% of the students opine that the syllabus is covered solely with the exam in mind and not sufficient attention is being paid to the practical aspect of the subjects covered. This seems a grouse particular to the science students, though this point was raised by several arts students as well.

When it came to exams, 65% of the 1st and 2nd year degree students. This figure includes students from all over Bangalore. Taking the restrictions imposed by the current exam system and syllabii into account, 69.2% of those interviewed felt that autonomy would definitely be a step towards making education a more enjoyable experience.

Preference to CLASS EXAMS
ARTS, SCIENCE and COMMERCE Disciplines



Miscellany

Almost everybody agreed on three issues

a) There is a definitely much scope for improvement in the functioning of the canteen.

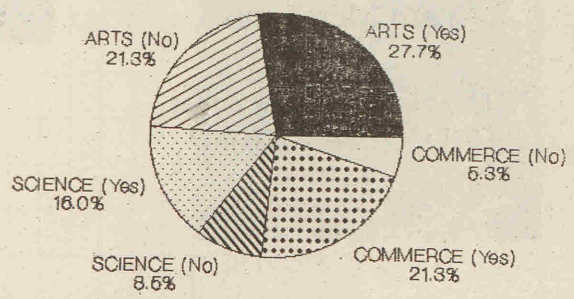
b) Maintenance of sanitation facilities needs greater attention.

c) College buses are **the** need of the day. Unless one owns a two-wheeler, getting to college took 30-60 minutes and ditto while getting back. Getting to college is a worse experience for those residing in far-flung and poorly connected areas.

The statistics department hopes that all this data will act as a pointer to the concerned authorities and will guide future policy decisions in these areas.

Shilpa Pai II CMS

Preference to AUTONOMOUS COLLEGES
ARTS, SCIENCE and COMMERCE Discipline



Note: Class Exams for I & II degree only

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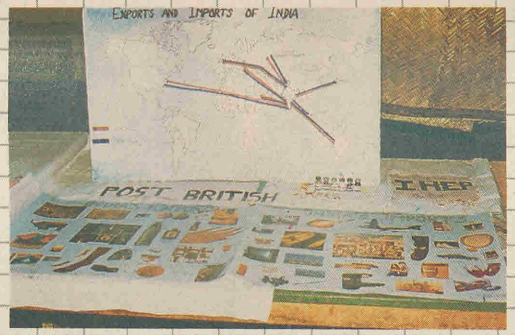
Yarn Merchants

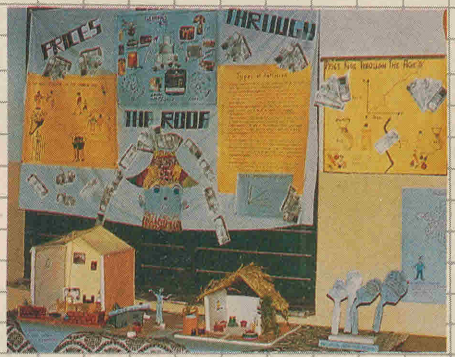
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Humanities Interdisciplinary Exhibition

















Humanities Interdisciplinary Exhibition

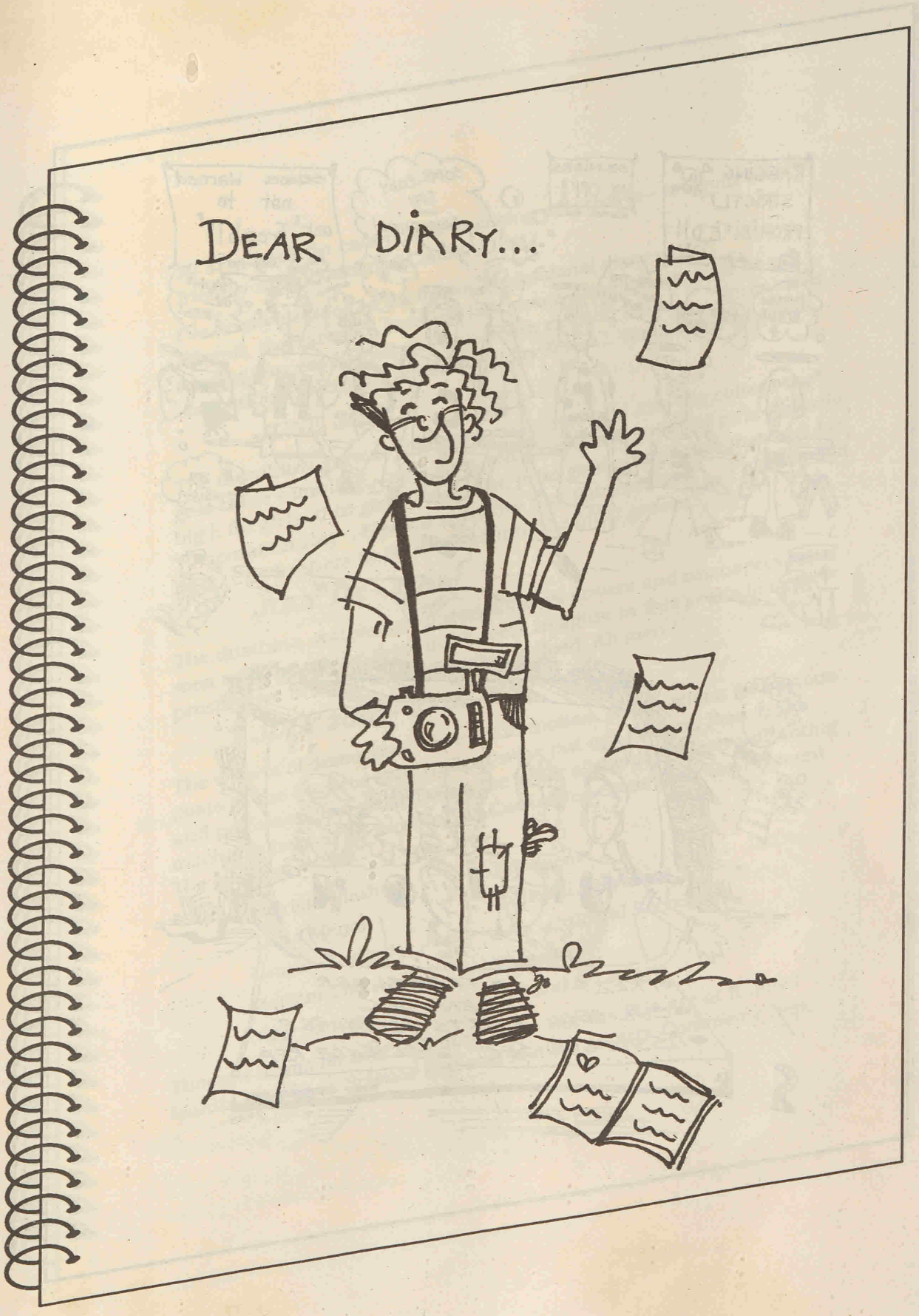
The Humanities Interdisciplinary Exhibition, inaugurated by Sr. Genevieve (Dec 3, '93), proved to be an interesting experience in learning. Students from 18 P.U. and Degree classes from Arts and Science faculties, put up charts, models, audio and visual tapes and slides on topics ranging from crime, inflation, women, genetics in learning, war etc.

The titles seemed as well thought out as the design of the exhibits themselves — The titles: "Poverty, Illiteracy and Dowry"; "Stree"; "A Bank in your Pocket"; "A toast to the weapons of War - May they rust in peace"; "Metamorphosis and Money".

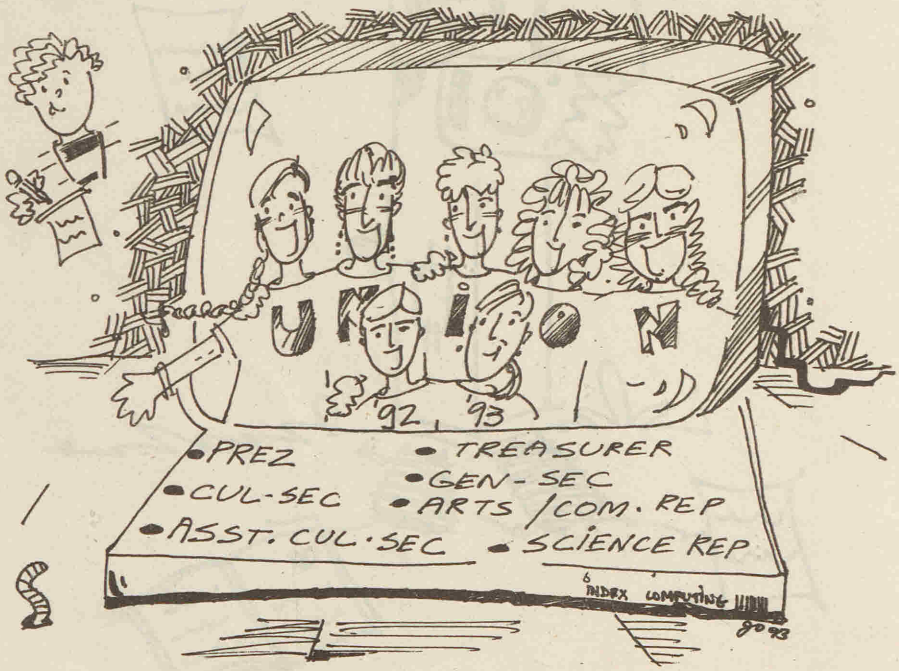
PRIZE WINNERS:

P.U.:	I	I HEPyS	"Poverty, Illiteracy and Dowry"
	II	II HEPyS	"Stree"
	Special Mention	II MECA	
Degree:	I	I PyES	"Born to Learn"
	II	II & III PyES	"A Bank in your Pocket"
	Special Mention	III PyEJ	"A toast to the weapons of war may they rest in peace"

Report by: Maria A, III PyES.


DEAR DIARY...


RAGGING STRICTLY PROHIBITED!!
signed
SENIORS LAY OFF!!
signed
SOMEBODY SAY SOMETHING!
HUP.2..3..4..
SENIORS warned not to act "Freshll"
signed
MUMS' THE WORD!
HI FOUNTAIN HEAD!
FIDO DIDO LEGS
FAR TOO MANY BANGLES
W E L C O M E
IF YOU INSIST!
FRAGILE
DO NOT TOUCH
go '93


U N I O N
'92, '93
• PREZ
• TREASURER
• GEN-SEC
• CUL-SEC
• ARTS/COM. REP
• ASST. CUL-SEC
• SCIENCE REP
6 INDEX COMPUTING
go '93

Hi ! I'm back. In case you're guessing who this is - it s your own friendly neighbourhood CALMALIEN !

I've finally decided to become a professional diary writer. Afterall, the excerpts from my last year's diary did prove to be a roaring success ! Read on - this years election fever, inter-class competition fever, exam fever, holiday fever ... Gosh the heat is on ...

JUNE 30th

The mumbling grew to a mighty rumbling...and into the college the gals came tumbling... new girls, old girls, small girls, big girls (mostly big), fat girls, thin girls, mad girls, prim girls poured into the Audi for ' Orientation Day '. Several speeches (by Patricia, Sr.G ...) and sweets later, this freshers fit themselves into the MCC groove.

JULY 1st - 7th

The dustbins, watchmen, autorickshaws drivers and unsuspecting men walking up the drive don't seem to figure in this year's list of prospective bridgegrooms. Ragging is dead. Ah men !

JULY 20th - 27th

The wheels of democracy were set in motion. Nominations for various posts in the Student Government were put up. Posters, Pom-Poms and perforated ear-drums were the order of the day. Electronic voting machines beeped all morning as Carmelites chose their Government.

The results -

Patricia Mathias	-President
Jisha Menon	-Cultural Secretary
Lauren Andrade	-Asst. Cultural Secretary
Mariam Thomas	-Treasurer
Nina Samuel	-General Secretary

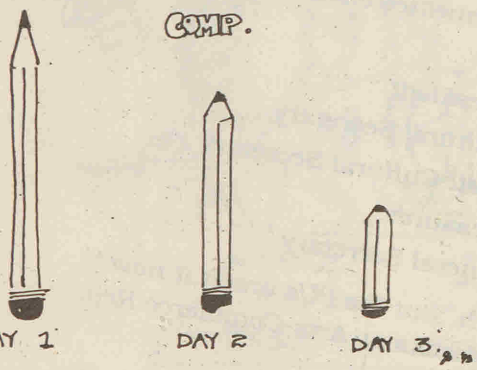
Thought it was all over and done with. But the PUs are at it now ! Mahita elected as Science Rep and Manika as Arts-Commerce Rep.

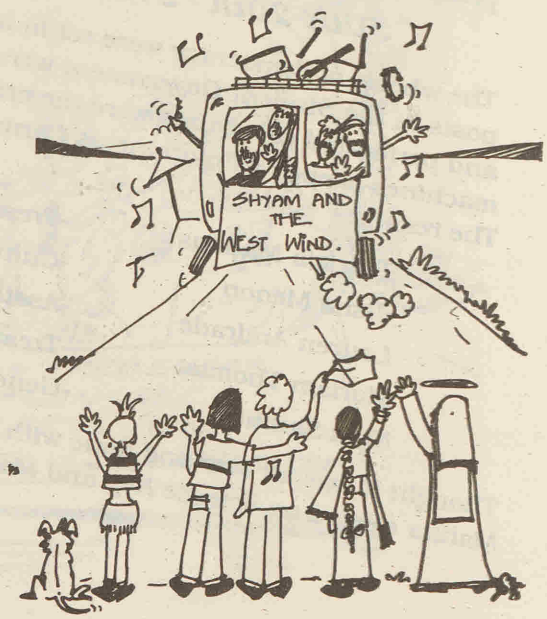
MAKE UP COMP.

THE JUDGES THINK IT HIGHLY PROFOUND.....
IN TRUTH, SHE'S IN FOR A BAD
BOUT OF CHICKEN POX!!



CREATIVE WRITING
COMP.





AUGUST 6th

Dressed in white the Union stood
Looking as bright and fresh as they could
(under the circumstances)
Sashes were pinned, roses given and oaths taken
promises of hard work were maken
(I'll do anything for a rhyme)
Chief guest savvy K.Mazumdar
told the girls to aim for the star.
Entertainment was followed by tea
Presided over by a beaming Sr.G !

AUGUST 7th

FUNKEY promised to be whacky with Cartooning, Make-up and PU Film Hits (solo) taking off even before the investiture (on 5th August, to be precise).

Among the budding geniuses and blooming phools, blossomed Mahamayas (Which Incidentally was Kusum's lovely arrengement!). Carmelites can say it with flowers (or vegetables).

A very predictable set of characters on board Captain Probol's ship fought verbal duels for the life boat. Imran Khan and Pooja Bedi sailed into the sunset.

AUGUST 8th

A weekend of soul stirring crooning and foot-tapping music. I wish they could play back at my place (Mars). They sounded so professional.

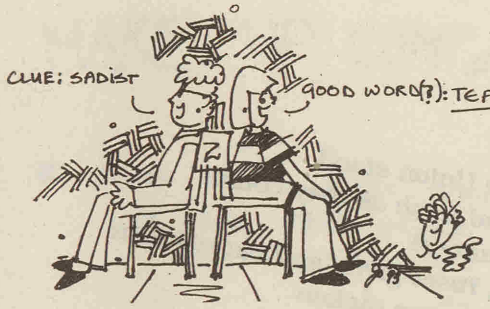
And sha! Shyam is gone with the West Wind. No more will his all too familiar tunes echo in the Audi on an Annual basis ! G'bye !

AUGUST 10th

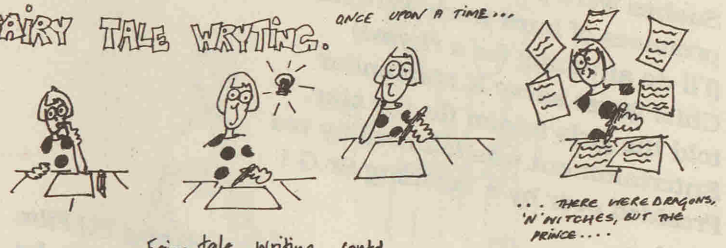
Reams of papers were furiously scribbled on as essays, stories, limerics, poems, Haiku began to materalise. And believe it or not-it went on for three days !

Crayonica, that crazy competition of colour was unleashed as Carmelites indulged in colourful fantasies.

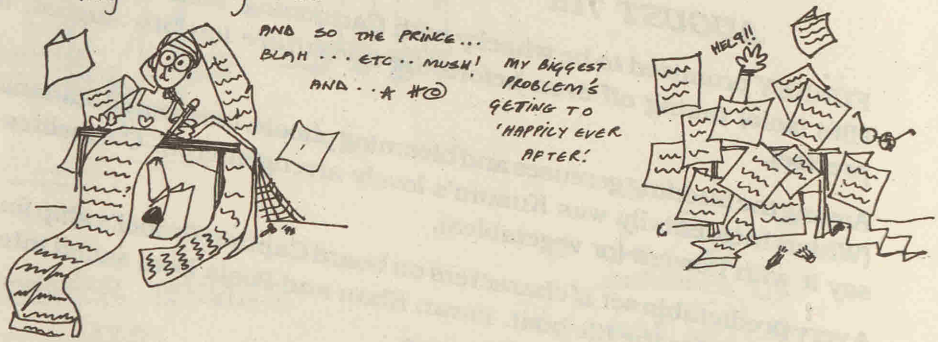
WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD?!



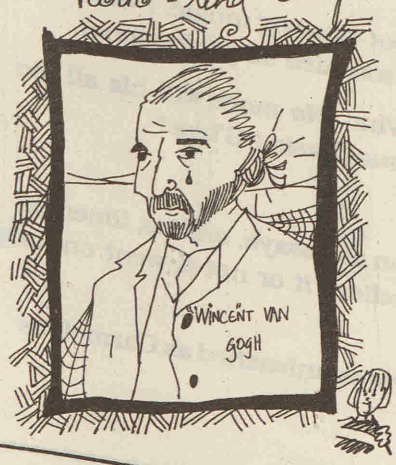
FAIRY TALE WRYTING.



Fairy tale Writing contd.



"Paint"-ting Comp.



AUGUST 11th

More colour today, some of it splashed on posters and some on fabric. Is this what you call being 'Arty'?

Shipwreck returned in another guise. Karpov, Magic Johnson and Whoppie Goldberg successfully stood the stress of the press.

AUGUST 12th

All they do is stand around gesticulating at one another and they call it D.C. Dumb C !

South Indian languages ruled the roost at group film hits comp.

AUGUST 13th

Synonyms and Antonyms were flung back and forth to get at the good word. Even before the dust began to settle, enthusiastic competetors rushed off to write fairy-tales, paint, make cards and dance - if at the end of it all they had any energy left.

AUGUST 14th

More writing, more drawing but this time it's all on the wall - (Mag). Carmelites got down to basics-playing with mud, (clay to be more precise) I did find some interesting creations admist the usual stack of mud pies.

I'd heard of fruit jams, traffic jams but this one beat them all.

AUGUST 17th

These people seem to be really desperate to communicate in means other than language. First it was D.C. and now it's Pictionary. Doesn't anyone speak anymore ?

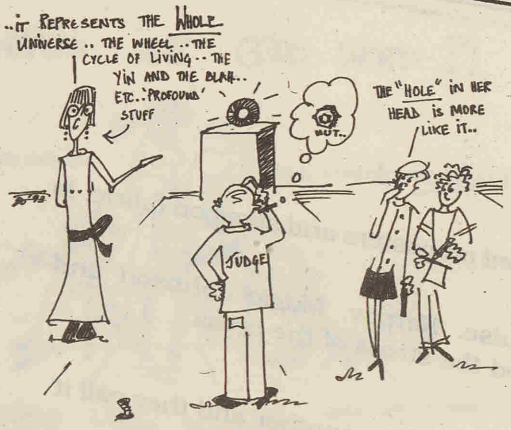
AUGUST 18th

I'm so happy they finally got their good words.
Watching all those movies with people running around trees sure came in handy ! Proof of it lay in the way in the way the girls did sway in the Audi during the film hits group dance.

AUGUST 19th

I couldn't forget those intricate patterns they etched on my hands with Mehendi last year. I came back or more and I wasn't disappointed.

This is it. Carmelites have finally cracked up. Bands of girls went on stage advertising such wonky products as Hero Deranger and Zara sa sin.

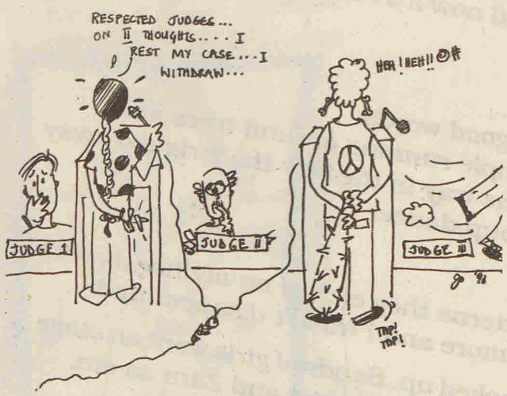


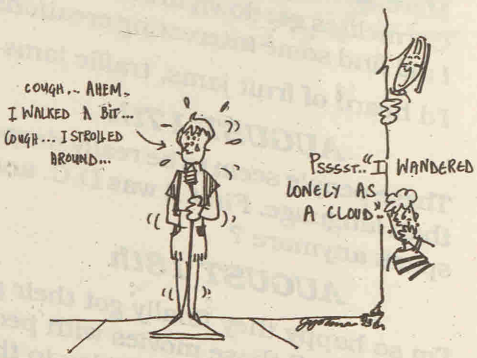
CLAY 'MIAD' LING COMP!



ME-HAND-I'S MESSY!

DE - BAIL COMP!





ELOCUE'TION... AHE M!

AUGUST 20th

The young 'uns are proving their mettle and my ! can some of them talk ! And that accounted for the liveliness in the PU Debate.

AUGUST 21st

The PU speaking spree continued. Their elocution proved to be as interesting as their Debate.

Miming in MCC has finally come of age. The quality of group mime especially has risen dramatically.

AUGUST 22nd

Carpets of colour appeared on every concreted bit of campus flooring. Rangoli ! They have a way of making life pleasant around here.
Adding music to colour, the Classical and Semi-classical music comp. was an experience in harmony.

AUGUST 24th

The new brand of boogey-ers hung up on MTV danced their way through the latest Rap numbers including 'Mary had a little lamp' ! Tee hee hee !

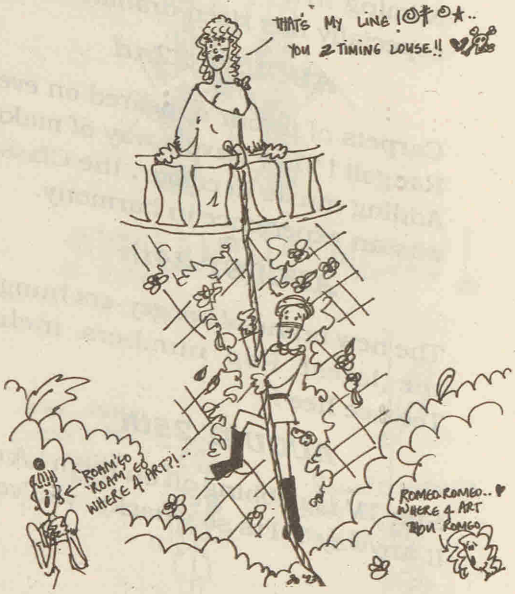
AUGUST 25th

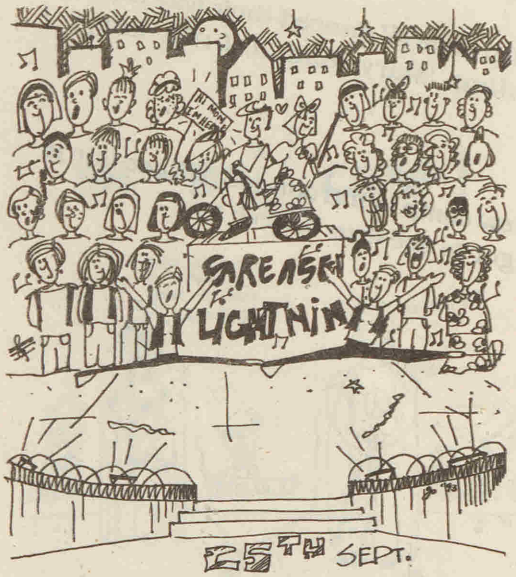
Star TV is rubbing off on them ! A new comp is introduced 'Whose line is it anyway ?' I'ts so whacky, you've got to see it to believe it.

RANGOLI.



WHOZ LINE IS IT ANYWAY?!





25TH SEPT.

PARENTS DAY

AUGUST 26th

The Barcelona spirit still lingers. India's performance came under analysis and cross examination at the Degree Debate.

AUGUST 27th

Lawrence's 'Snake', Salierri's piece from Amadeus... were elocuted with fiery intensity by the Degree students.

Garbas, Bhangras, Kolatas were danced and much fun had at the folk dance comp.

AUGUST 28th

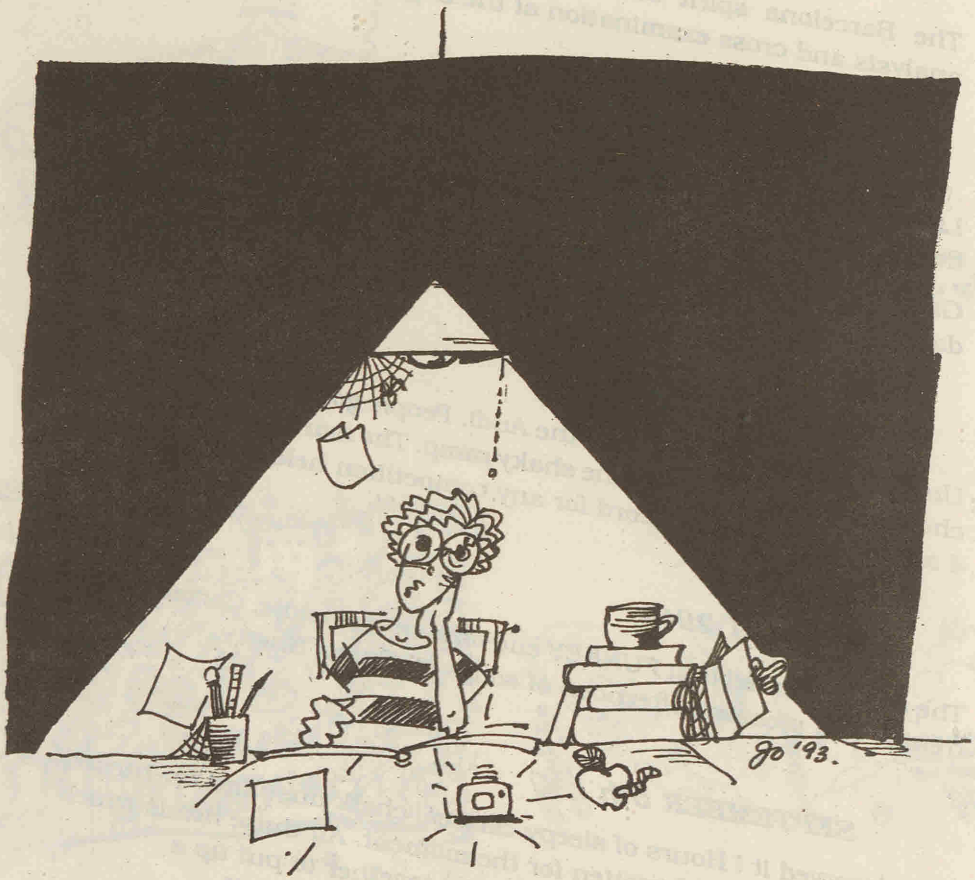
Unruly mobs stampeded into the Audi. People got underway and nearly choked as the cats walked the shaky ramp. The marathon session lasted 4 and a half hours, a record for any competition held in MCC.

AUGUST 29th

The union decreed that FUNKEY end on a musical note. Carmelites were treated to a pleasant afternoon of songs by Sujeet Shetty.

SEPTEMBER 5th

They deserved it ! Hours of sleepy classes, chalk dust and un-turned-in assignments were forgotten for the moment. All those heads which were seemingly defunct in class now got together to put up a programme which said, in short "Teachers we love you !".


Jo '93.

SEPTEMBER 7th

Carmelites took their annual trip down Vasanthnagar road to the MCC sports field (read as marshland, lush green pastural land, NCC parade ground for the rest of the year). The reluctant PUs finally got to do their mass drill for which they had practiced under much duress. While the genuine athletes vied for the top slots, the others pottered around in gunny sacks or flung potatoes in the spirit of the SPORTS DAY.

SEPTEMBER 25th

College got dressed - walls painted, decorations strung out, twinkling lights and the ever present flower pots all geared up to welcome the chief guest Rev.Alphonses Mathias and the mama-mias and Dada-diahs. A cultural extravaganza wasunleashed. A usual round of speeches and prizes later another Parents Day had drawn to an end.

OCTOBER 10th

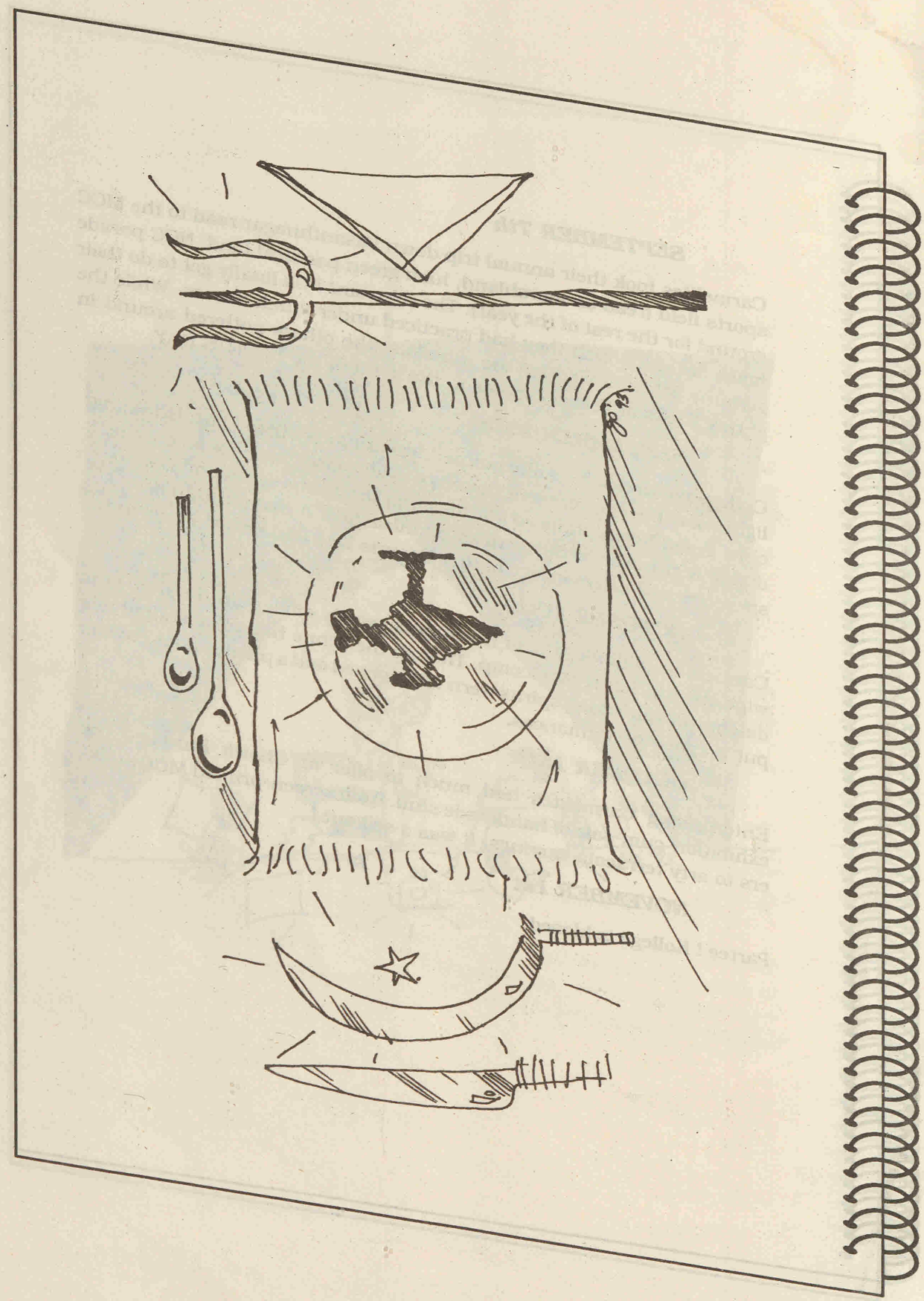
Carmelites couldn't take to the streets exactly since rain threatened to wipe out the Street Play comp. Though the venue had to be shifted to a de-chaired Audi floor, spirits wern't dampened and a phenominal 7 teams put up good performances.

OCTOBER 16th

Enterprising Carmelites had much to offer at Chowk Bazaar - the exhibition-cum-sale of handmade stuff. from screen-printed MCC stick-ers to arty terracota earrings. It was a sell out !

NOVEMBER 1st

Partee ! Kollege is klosed.



NOVEMBER 22nd

College ! Party is over.

DECEMBER

"The lark is on the wing
The snail is on the thorn
God is in his heaven
And all's right with this world"

I read that somewhere. It certainly doesn't seem to apply around here. Mandirs...Masjids...riots...college open ?... College closed... I'm confused.

JANUARY 15th, 16th, 17th

The geometric figure in black and white and dancing in the sun reared it's head. The two month long moola-raking tactics, brain storming sessions, logo designing, printing, festoons on campus, huge cut-outs, colleges from here, there and everywhere, last minute jitters finally ended as Cul-Ah '93, the inter-collegiate cultural festival stormed MCC.

Arundati Rao, the chief-guest at the innaugural function spoke on the importance of local cultur as well. for 3 days creativity ruled the roost. Everybody was treated to the best of drama, mime, DC, public speaking, dance, creative writing...

A night of partying and some sweet goodbyes later, it was curtains down on Cul-Ah.

JANUARY 28th, 29th

Just when I thought they had enough of MCC Bangalore, students were making a bee line to attend the TOI public speaking contest held in our very own Audi. Pat Mathias was second runner-up at the B'lore univ level.

FEBRUARY 11th

So this is what they call a Valedictory function. Many girls went home happy - clutching their well-earned laurels of the previous year. Jisha plodded through 20 minutes of Carmelite activities and the achievement of our more successful Union.

March

Everyone winding up with the year. Everybody's partying, signing autograph books and bidding farewells if they are in the final year- They even landed up ;in white sarees and 'gradnated' on the 15th.

The more conscientous amoung the carmelites began beseiging tht library- the final exams are around the corner. Ms.Saroja and her team have lots and lots of company.

So lang then! I guess its time for me to dissappear - at least till some future mag editor decides to ressurrect me

Tata - Bye - Bye !!



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How to stop a pimple stealing the attention from your face.



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HTA 8361B

Newsmakers

You've heard of course, that it takes all kinds to make a world. MCC proves it. Every year, nearly four thousand students churn out a steady stream of news makers. The flamboyant, the not-so-flamboyant, some quiet - but achievers all, each in their own right.

The first person to hit the headlines of MCC news is Pat. There's much ado about her and its not for nothing! She has the beauty and the brains; she debates and elocutes and even dabbles in softball. A topper right through school and college, **Patricia Mathais** is a formidable presence in the Inter-Collegiate circuit and very deservingly heads the MCC student government. Her ambition - to help third world countries.

Jisha Menon, to use a cliche, needs no introduction. A familiar face on Bangalore's theatre scene, she's won critical acclaim for acting prowess and has won prizes for elocution and acting at college and inter-collegiate levels. A potent combination of brains, beauty (seen her in an orange sari?) and wit, this Cul-Sec has certainly got what it takes!

Juggling diverse interests is petite **Lavanya.** Ace debator, former Gen-Sec, part of the DC team, represents college at Inter-collegiates, logically argues her case and neatly demolishes her opponents. Her ambition is to be a Chartered Accountant. You're sure its not the courts you're interested in, Lavanya Chandrashekhar?

Lavanya Kamalesh the girl with the golden voice who can hold large audiences spell bound as she renders her Hindustani raagas effortlessly. A very integral part of the Indian Music Team, this bubbly student is a rising music critic too, doing music reviews for the Times of India regularly. As she set off to participate in a concert at the 62nd All India Kannada Sahitya Sammelana - the one thought that was driven home was not if she was going to carve a niche for herself in the music world, but how big the niche was going to be!

Another **Lavanya,** another golden voice - specialising in light music - Lavanya Ramaswamy has that fascinating mixture of good looks, talent and grey cells (She's topped the CMS combination throughout!). She's a well-known figure at major All India Cultural Festivals - be it Mardi Gras or BITS, Pilani. The applause and the fan following have to be seen to be believed. The 'Pehela Nasha' will linger with us for a long time!

Put the Lavanya's together, throw in **Kavitha, Shubha, Veena, Charumathi, Sharanya** (at the tabla) and voila! You have the exceptionally talented Indian Music Team. From singing divine ragas to popular film hits, this versatile team has been winning prizes and fan followings at all the major Cul-fests.

Music seems to be an integral part of the Carmelite experience - the Western Music team with **Ms. Priya Mohanraj** at the helm, ensures that the experience is a pleasant, melodious one with the talented voices of **Priya Raman, Tina Dickson, Naju, Francis Furtado, Jyotsna,** ably assisted by Sonia Thomas (at the drums) Sonali Menezes (playing for both the music teams) and **Preeti M.** (piano and keyboard), **Ruchi Luther and Surya S.** (guitars) and what you have is some real good music.

Besides her dazzling smile and lovely voice **Jyotsna M.** is a cartoonist with a whacky sense of humour. Designer of the Cul-Ah logo and secretary of the Art Association, her creativity has been put to good use - just one look at the mag art work is proof enough!

Music and art have a way of going together, at least in **Surya**'s case they do! She is an accomplished guitarist who cartoons, sketches and paints with the same proficiency.

Soft spoken **Arpana J.** is another accomplished artist, an ace designer in the making, she is good at pot-painting, fashion designing, sketching and painting.

Veena Jose with her nimble fingers and an eye for precision and originality has proved that clay modelling is her forte and has won several prizes at inter-collegiate levels.

Joining the ranks of the 'arty types' is **Kusum Kumar**. Refreshingly innovative, she sketches, draws, designs logos and stickers. Kusum plays basketball for the college team and headed the brochure marketing committee, both in Brass Tacks and Cul-Ah. A stickler for quality and a no-nonsense type, she certainly has a knack of getting things done.

There are some girls who don't paint or dabble in clay but are still good with their hands. The agile DC team consisting of veterans **Radhika, Nandita** and **Lavanya** are ably backed by the upcoming junior team of **Miriam, Lahari, Reshma** and **Kavitha C.** (a budding actress and public speaker as well). Both the teams have fared well at Cul fests. Lavanya and **Radhika** very efficiently organised the DC, WTGW and Dictionary Competitions for Funkey and Cul-Ah this year.

These girls certainly have their grey cells ticking round the clock - **Maya, Umitha** and **Sandhya** form the College Quiz team and have fared well in various quiz competition. While Sandhya is a prolific short-story writer, Maya & Umitha are also the 20 Q champions.

Celebrities in their own right **Priya Ratnam** and **Blossom Pinto** could put a thesaurus to shame! They always seem to know 'What the good word' is. Priya - an excellent student has won many lecture contests at Inter-collegiate levels. Her ambition: to set up an industry to manufacture industrial enzymes.

Blossom with her warm honeyed voice is equally proficient at the keyboard.

If creativity is at its lowest and you need a warm smile to perk you up - you certainly need **Manasvini**. Brimming with creatively original ideas she has excelled herself in a range of competitions mime, monoact, shipwreck, hat debate, elocution, press stress, drama, street plays and creative writing. Secretary of the Dramatics Association, she is also one of the student editors of the college mag.

Talking of the mag, it probably wouldn't have been what it is if not for the perseverance and the terror instilling tactics of **Neena John**. Teaching, she feels, is her vocation. If her future students are going to be taken in by that seraphic look - well, they'll find out soon enough she's one tough, meticulous cookie. Disentangle her from all those people hounding her for her unmatched assignments and notes - that toothy grin you get is enough to make your day.

Another of our efficient achievers is **Maria A**, Secretary of the Humanities Association, this unassuming girl has won several inter-collegiate awards for lectures in Psychology & Economics. She along with **Bhanu M.** an excellent debator and public speaker have done the college proud at various competitions.

Kavitha Sreedhar - Secretary of the NSS, hit the headlines when she became the 1st person in 22 years from South India to win a medal at the All India Inter-Varsity Sanskrit Debate held in Ujjain. She is also a Bharathnatyam dancer, sings, writes and dabbles in acting too - some achievement that!

From the stage to the sports field - or tennis courts in this case. **Arati Ponappa** is currently ranked Number Two (Women) at the National level and is among the top 150 juniors in the world. Arati has represented India in the Federation & World Youth Cups and was awarded the sports trophy for elegance, for her on-court manners, attire and stroke-play in the Europe International Circuit. Her ambition - to be the best.

She took like a fish to water. **Sangeeta Rao** with her consistent good performance has made her mark in the national and international swimming events, winning so many prizes on the way that somewhere somehow we have lost count of them.

Another person whose achievements we've lost track of, is **Anasuya,** the inter-national triathalon champion. We'd need pages to put down all the achievements of our super-sports celebrities.

We must mention **Jhaveria Naseer,** best Arts class rep for 92-93, bespectacled, studious and, here's the surprise - National Junior Taekwando Champion.

Making waves at the National level are six Carmelite NCC Cadets. **Cheryl Dutta** was bestowed the prestigious honour of commanding the NCC contingent at the Republic Day Parade. She along with **Swarna Venkataraman** and **Herina Lobo** participated in the month long RD camp. **Sharon Prasad, Kumudhini** and **Latha** took part in the basic leadership camp in Delhi. The contribution of these six cadets towards Karnataka winning the coveted Prime Minister's banner is commendable.

Away from the glare of the spotlights, patiently sifting out 'good pieces' (a rare commodity) from the tons of creative writing, reworking tolerable ones and thinking up headlines - credit for bringing about the creative writing section goes to **Rajyalakshmi** and **Sreeja**, both brilliant writers themselves. Adept at writing features **Nandini, Roja, Shreevani, Shilpa Pai** show promising signs. Modest bespectacled **Jayanti S.** with her excellent poems and stories is sure to create a few waves in the not so distant future.

We make no claims whatsoever that this list is by any means an exhaustive one, or there are no errors at all, but the multi-tudinous names and activities that the college boasts of, forces us mere mortals - to bow down in front of this immense task and beseech forgiveness.

Srivani II PyES

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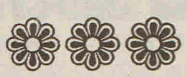
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STATEMENT ABOUT OWNERSHIP AND OTHER PARTICULARS ABOUT NEWSPAPERS

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE ANNUAL

FORM IV

1.	Place of Publication	**MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE** 58, Palace Road, Bangalore - 52
2.	Periodicity of Publication	**Annual**
3.	Printer's Name Nationality Address	**P. Rangarajan** Indian **W.Q. Judge Press** 52 (97), Residency Road Bangalore - 560 025
4.	Publisher's Name Nationality Address	**Dr. Sister Genevieve** Indian Mount Carmel College 58, Palace Road, Bangalore - 560 052
5.	Editor's Name Nationality Address	**M.P. Shamala** Indian Mount Carmel College 58, Palace Road, Bangalore - 560 052
6.	Name and address of individuals who own the newspaper and partners or shareholders holding more than one percent of the total	**MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE** 58, Palace Road Bangalore - 560 052

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

Date: 28.2.93 *Signature of the Publishers*

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

ಸೆರೆ

ಇನ್ಸ್‌ಪೆಕ್ಟರ್ ವಿಕ್ರಮ್ ಕಿಟಕಿಯ ಬಾಗಿಲನ್ನು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ತೆರದು ಆಚೆಗೆ ಒಮ್ಮೆ ದಿಟ್ಟಿಸಿ ನೋಡಿದ ಓಹ್ ! ಬೆಳದಿಂಗಳು ತಟಕ್ಕನೆ ಅವನ ರೋಮವೆಲ್ಲ ನಿಮಿರಿ ನಿಂತಿತು. ಯಾವುದೋ ಒಂದು ಕೆಲಸ ... ಅಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿದ್ದದ್ದನ್ನು ನೆನಪಿಗೆ ತಂದಿತು.

ಅವನಿಗೆ ತಿಳಿದಿತ್ತು ಅವನು ಮಾಡಹೋಗಲಿರುವ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ರಾತ್ರಿಯೇ ಸರಿಯಾದ ಸಮಯ ಎಂದು !

ಸಮಯ ಮೀರಿ ಹೋಗಬಾರದೆಂದು ಅವಸರದಿಂದ ತನ್ನ ಕಾರ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ನೆರವಾಗುವ ವಸ್ತುಗಳನ್ನು ಸಿದ್ಧಪಡಿಸಿ ಕೊಂಡು ಧೈರ್ಯದಿಂದ ಬೆಳದಿಂಗಳ ರಾತ್ರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಲಿಟ್ಟನು.

"ಇವತ್ತು ಏನೇ ಆಗಲಿ ಖಂಡಿತ ಅವನನ್ನು ಸೆರೆಹಿಡಿದೇ ತೀರುತ್ತೇನೆ ಸಮಯ..... ಹೌದು ಎಲ್ಲಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಮುಖ್ಯ. ಸಮಯ ನನಗೆ ನೀಡಿರುವ ಗಡಿ ಮೀರುವ ಮುನ್ನ ಅವನನ್ನು....."

ಇಂತಹ ಆಲೋಚನೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಳುಗಿದ್ದ ವಿಕ್ರಮ್ ತಟಕ್ಕನೆ ತನ್ನ ಹಾದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಂತುಬಿಟ್ಟ. ತಾನು ನಿಂತಲ್ಲಿಂದ ತನ್ನ ಕಾರ್ಯವು ಸುಲಭವಾಗಿ ನೆರವೇರು ವುದು ಎಂಬ ನಿರ್ಧಾರದಿಂದ.

ಅವನು ಮುಂದೆ ಮಾಡಲಿರುವ ಕೆಲಸದ ಗಾಂಭೀರ್ಯ ವನ್ನು ಅರಿಯಿತೋ ಎಂಬಂತೆ ಸುತ್ತಲಿನ ಪರಿಸರ ಒಮ್ಮೆಲೆ ನಿಶ್ಶಬ್ದವಾಯಿತು. ತನ್ನ ಸಲಕರಣೆ ಗಳನ್ನು ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ ಜೋಡಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಸರೆಹಿಡಿಯಲು ಸಿದ್ಧನಾದ !

"ಈ ಭಾರಿ ಬಹುಮಾನ ಖಂಡಿತವಾಗಿಯೂ ನನಗೇ" ಎಂದು ಸಂಭ್ರಮದಿಂದ ಮನದಲ್ಲಿ ನೆನೆದ ಇನ್ಸ್‌ಪೆಕ್ಟರ್ ವಿಕ್ರಮ್. ಮೋಡಗಳ ಮರೆಯಿಲ್ಲದೆ ತಂಪಾದ ಬೆಳದಿಂಗಳ ನಗೆಯನ್ನು ಸೂಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಚಂದಿರನನ್ನು ತನ್ನ ಕ್ಯಾಮಾರಾದಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಮನೋಹರವಾಗಿ ಸೆರೆಹಿಡಿದ !

Bharathi M.B., II CBZ
Anita N., II B.Com 'A'

ವರುಷ -- ಹರುಷ

ಬಾಳು ಹೋರಾಟ ಎನಿಸಿದೆ
ಕಂಡಿದೆ ಮನದಲಿ ತೊಳಲಾಟ
ಏಕೆ ಹೀಗಾಗಿದೆ ಕಾರಣ ಸಿಗದೆ ತಡಪಡಿಸಿದೆ
ನನ್ನ ಹೃದಯ ಭಾವನೆ !

ಎಲ್ಲೋ ಏನೋ ಅಡಗಿದೆ, ಸೂಚಿಸುತಿದೆ ಕಲ್ಪನೆ
ದೈನಂದಿನ ಜೀವನದಿಂದ ದೂರವಾಗಿದೆ ಆ ವಾಸ್ತವತೆ
ಬಾಳು ಹುರುಪಿನ ಆಸೆ, ಸ್ಕೇಲಿನ ಸೈಜು ಮೀರಿದೆ
ಕೈಗೆ ಬಂದದ್ದು ಬಾಯಿಗೆ ಎಟುಕದೆ ಚಿಂತೆ ತೂರಿದೆ

ಎಂಥ ವಿಪರ್ಯಾಸ ! ಎಲೈ ಹುಚ್ಚು ಚಿಂತನೆ
ಪ್ರಾಪಂಚಿಕ ವಸ್ತುವಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಖಕ್ಕೆ ನೆಲೆಯುಂಟೆ
ನಿನ್ನೊಳಗೆ ನೀ ಕನ್ನಡಿಯಾಗಿ, ಅಂತರ್ಮುಖಿಯಾಗಿ, ನಿನ್ನ ನೀ ಅರಿಯದೆ
ಬೇರಾವ ತೃಪ್ತಿ ಯಶಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಅಲೆಯುತ್ತಿರುವೆ ?

ಅಹುದು ಸತ್ಯ ! ಸಂತಸ ತುಂಬಿದೆ ಜೀವಕೆ
ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಗುಂಟೆ ಕೊರಗು ? ಅದು ಸದಾ ಜೀವಮಯಿ !
ಹಕ್ಕಿ, ಗಿಡ, ಮರ, ನದಿ, ಆಗಸ ನಲಿಯುತಿದೆ
ನಿಮಿಷ ನಿಮಿಷ ಸಾಗಿದೆ ಹರುಷ ಹರುಷ !!

Suma P.P.
III CBM

ಹಿಂಸಾಚಾರ ಅಳಿಸಿ ಭಾರತ ಉಳಿಸಿ

ನಾವಿರುವ ಇಪತ್ತನೆಯ ಶತಮಾನದಲ್ಲಿ, ನಮ್ಮ ಇಕ್ಕೆಲಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹಿಂಸಾ ಪ್ರವೃತ್ತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ತೊಡಗಿರುವ ಜನರನ್ನೇ ಕಾಣಬಹುದು. ಹಿಂಸೆ ದೈನಂದಿನ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿಯ ಒಂದು ಅವಿಭಾಜ್ಯ ಅಂಗವಾಗಿ ಪರಿಣಮಿಸಿ ಹೋಗಿದೆ. ಇದರಿಂದ ನಮ್ಮ ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಮೌಲ್ಯಗಳು ಕೆಳ ಮಟ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ಇಳಿಯುತ್ತಿದೆ ಮತ್ತು ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಜೀವನ ಏರುಪೇರಾಗಿ ಹೋಗಿದೆ. ದಿನ ಬೆಳಗಾದಾಗಿನಿಂದ ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ದಿನದ ಉದಯದ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದಲ್ಲ ಒಂದು ಸಣ್ಣ ಅತಿ ಸಣ್ಣ ಅತಿ ಕನಿಷ್ಠ ಕಾರಣದಿಂದಾಗಿ ಹಿಂಸಾಚಾರ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾಗಿ ಅದು ಅನೇಕರ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ತನ್ನ ಕಪಿ ಮುಷ್ಟಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಭಾರತದಂತಹ ಅತಿ ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ, ಮೌಲ್ಯಧಾರಿತ ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಚೌಕಟ್ಟಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಸಹ ಹಿಂಸಾಚಾರ ತನ್ನ ಕ್ರೂರ ಜಾಲ ಬೀಸಿ ತನ್ನ ಸ್ಥಾನವನ್ನು ಸ್ಥಿರವಾಗಿ ಪಡೆದುಕೊಂಡಿದೆ. ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಪಂಜಾಬ-ಕಾಶ್ಮೀರಗಳೇ ಉದಾಹರಣೆ. ಹಿಂದೆ ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ವಸ್ತುನಿಷ್ಠೆ, ಸತ್ಯಸಂಧತೆ, ಧರ್ಮ ಪರಾಯಣತೆ ಕಾಲ ಸರಿದಂತೆ ಕಾಲಚಕ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಬಂಧಿಯಾಗಿ ಹಿಂದೆಯೇ ಉಳಿದುಕೊಂಡಿದೆ. ಹಿಂಸಾಚಾರದಲ್ಲಿ ತೊಡಗಿರುವ ಜನರು ತಮ್ಮ ಆಚಾರಗಳಿಂದ ಇತರರಿಗೆ ತೊಂದರೆ ಆಗುತ್ತಿದೆಯೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ಅರಿತೂ ಅತಿ ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮವಾದ ವಿಷಯಗಳನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು ಆ ವಿಷಯ ಗಳ ಸಲುವಾಗಿ (ನೆಪ ಮಾತ್ರವಾಗಿ) ಕಚ್ಚಾಟ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಕೆಲವಡೆಗಳಂತೂ ಎಂತಹ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾರಿಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಏನಾಗುತ್ತದೆ ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿದಿರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನು ದೈವದ ಮೇಲೆ ಭಾರ ಹಾಕಿ ತಮ್ಮ ದೈನಂದಿನ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅರೆಮನಸ್ಕತೆಯಿಂದಲೇ ಪಾಲ್ಗೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾರೆ.

ಇಂದಿನ ದಿನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಹಿಂಸಾತ್ಮಕ ಘಟನೆ ಯಾವ ಕಾರಣಕ್ಕೆ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಲಿಕ್ಕೆ ಆಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದು ಕೆಲ ಸಲ ಎರಡು ಭಾಷೆಗಳನ್ನು ಆಡುವವರ ವೈಯಕ್ತಿಕ ಜಗಳದಿಂದ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾಗಿ ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಗುಂಪು ಘರ್ಷಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕೊನೆಗೊಳ್ಳಲೂ ಬಹುದು. ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಎರಡು ಧರ್ಮಗಳ ಅನುಯಾಯಿಗಳ ನಡುವೆ ಉಂಟಾಗುವ ಘರ್ಷಣೆಯೂ ಇರಬಹುದು. ಆದರೆ ಇಂತಹ ಭಯಾನಕ ಹಿಂಸಾತ್ಮಕ ಘಟನೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಅನೇಕ ಬಾರಿ ಮುಗ್ಧ ಜನರು ಬಲಿಯಾಗುವುದು ದುರ್ದೈವದ ಸಂಗತಿ. ಕಾಶ್ಮೀರ-ಪಂಜಾಬ ರಾಜ್ಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಈಗ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿರುವ ಬಾರ್ಬರಿಕ ಕೊಲೆ-ಸುಲಿಗೆ-ಅತ್ಯಾಚಾರಗಳಿಗೆ ಉಗ್ರಗಾಮಿಗಳು ಧರ್ಮಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಹೋರಾಟ ಎಂದು ಹೆಸರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ತಮ್ಮ ಕಾರ್ಯವನ್ನು ಸಮರ್ಥಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಇಂತಹ ಉಗ್ರಗಾಮಿಗಳ ಬಲಿಗೆ, ಬೇರೆ ಧರ್ಮದವರೇ ಬಲಿಯಾಗುವುದೂ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಅವರವರ ಧರ್ಮದ ಅನುಯಾಯಿಗಳನ್ನು ಕೊಂದಿರುವ ಘಟನೆಗಳು ಹಲವು.

ಉಗ್ರಗಾಮಿಗಳಾಗಿ ಪರಿವರ್ತಿತರಾಗಿರುವ ನಮ್ಮ ನಾಡಿನವರೇ ಆದ ಜನರು ತಮ್ಮ ಹಿಂಸಾತ್ಮಕ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆಗಳಿಂದ ತಮ್ಮ ನಾಡಿನ ಜನತೆಯ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ರಾಕ್ಷಸರಾಗಿ ಪರಿವರ್ತಿತರಾಗಿ, ಅವರ ಹಿತ ಶತ್ರುಗಳಾಗಿ ದ್ದಾರೆ. ಉಗ್ರಗಾಮಿ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆಯ ಕಾರಣದಿಂದಾಗಿ ಅನೇಕನೇಕ ಸಮಾಜ ಸುಧಾರಣ ಕಾರ್ಯಗಳು, ಸಾಮಾಜ ಉದಧಾರದ ಕಾರ್ಯಗಳು (ಸರ್ಕಾರ ಹಮ್ಮಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಂತಹವು) ವಿಫಲವಾಗಿವೆ. ಕೃಷಿ ಪ್ರಧಾನವಾದ ಪಂಜಾಬಿ ರಾಜ್ಯ ಎಷ್ಟೇ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿ ಹೊಂದುವ ಪತದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಂದುವರಿಯಬೇಕೆಂದಿದಿಯೇ, ಮುಂದು ವರಿದಿದಿಯೇ ಅಷ್ಟು ಅಷ್ಟು ಅದು ಇಂತಹ ಹಿಂಸಾಚಾರ ಗಳ ಕಾರಣ ತನ್ನ ಇತರೇ ರಾಜ್ಯಗಳಿಗಿಂತ ಹಿಂದೆ ಬೀಳುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಹಿಂಸಾಚಾರ ಇಂದು ಅದರ ಒಂದು ಅಂಗವಾಗಿ ಪರಿಣಮಿಸಿ ಬಿಟ್ಟಿದೆ.

ಕಾಶ್ಮೀರ, ಪಂಜಾಬಿನ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಉಗ್ರಗಾಮಿಗಳ ಬಿಗಿ ಹಿಡಿತದಲ್ಲಿ ಇದ್ದು ತನ್ನ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯ ಪ್ರಾಕೃತಿಕ ನೈಜತೆಯನ್ನು ಹಾಳು ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡಿದೆ. ಹೇಗೆ ಒಂದು ಹೆಬ್ಬಾವು ಒಂದು ಗಿಡದ ಮೇಲೆ ತನ್ನ ಬಿಗಿ ಹಿಡಿತ ಸಾಧಿಸಿ ಆ ಗಿಡದ-ಮರದ ಸತ್ವ ಹೀರಿ ಅದನ್ನು ಸತ್ವರಹಿತವನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡುತ್ತದೆಯೋ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಉಗ್ರಗಾಮಿಗಳ ಹಿಡಿತದಲ್ಲಿ ಅದು ಸೊರಗಿದೆ. ಕಾಶ್ಮೀರ ತನ್ನ ಪ್ರಾಕೃತಿಕ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯದ ಸಲುವಾಗಿಯೇ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಕೈಮಗ್ಗ, ಕಲಾಕೃತಿಗಳ, ಸಲುವಾಗಿಯೂ ಜಗದ್ವಿಖ್ಯಾತ ವಾಗಿದೆ. ದುರದೃಷ್ಟದ ಅತಿ ದುಃಖದ ಸಂಗತಿಯೆಂದರೆ ಅದು ಅನೇಕ ಪ್ರವಾಸಿಗರ ಆಕರ್ಷಣೆಯ ತಾಣ ವಾಗಿದ್ದರೂ ಸಹ ಪ್ರವಾಸಿಗರನ್ನು ತನ್ನತ್ತ ಸೆಳೆಯಲು ಸೋತಿದೆ. ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಮುಖ್ಯ ಕಾರಣ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ನೆಲೆಸಿರುವ ಅಸ್ಥಿರತೆ. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾವಗಳಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಏನಾಗುತ್ತದೆಯೆಂದು ಯಾರು ಪ್ರಾಣಕಳೆದು ಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾರೆಂದೂ ಸಹ ಹೇಳಲು ಕಷ್ಟ. ಅತಿ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಮತ್ತು ಅತಿ ಮುಖ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಈ ಪ್ರವಾಸಿ ತಾಣದ ಈ ದುಸ್ಥಿತಿಯಿಂದ ಆ ನಾಡಿಗಷ್ಟೇ ಅಲ್ಲ ಇಡೀ ದೇಶಕ್ಕೆ ಆರ್ಥಿಕ ಹಾಗೂ ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ನಷ್ಟವಾಗಿದೆ. ಇಷ್ಟೇ ಸಾಲದೆಂಬಂತೆ ಆಗಾಗ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಯುವ ಸೈನ್ಯದ ಮತ್ತು ಉಗ್ರಗಾಮಿಗಳ

ಕಾಳಗದಿಂದಾಗಿ, ಅವರು ಎಸೆಯುವ ಮಾರಕ ಅಸ್ತ್ರಗಳಿಂದ ಅಲ್ಲಿಯ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಯ ವಿನಾಶ ಈಗಾಗಲೇ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾಗಿ ಅದರ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹಾಳು ಮಾಡಿದೆ. ಇದು ತೀರಾ ದುಃಖಕರ ಸಂಗತಿ. ಕಾಶ್ಮೀರ-ಪಂಜಾಬಗಳ ಇಂದಿನ ಈ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯ ಕಾರಣ ಮತ್ತು ಅದರ ಪ್ರಭಾವ ದೇಶದ ಬೇರೆ ರಾಜ್ಯ-ಭಾಗಗಳಲ್ಲೂ ನೋಡಬಹುದು. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ನಮಗೆ ಹೇರಳವಾಗಿ ಸಿಗುವ ಗೋಧಿ, ಆಪಲ್ ಮುಂತಾದ ಕೃಷಿ ಉತ್ಪನ್ನ ಮತ್ತು ಕೈ ಮಗ್ಗಗಳ ಉತ್ಪನ್ನ ನಮಗೆ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಸಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಪರಿಮಾಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಲಭ್ಯವಾಗದೆ ಅದರ ಬೆಲೆಗಳು ದಿನದಿನಕ್ಕೆ ಆಕಾಶಕ್ಕೆ ಏರುತ್ತಿದೆ.

ಮೇಲಿನ ಈ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಕಾರಣಗಳನ್ನು ನಾವು ನೋಡುವಾಗ ಹಿಂಸಾಚಾರ ಹೇಗೆ ನಮಗೆ ಮಾರಕ ವಾಗಿದೆ ಎಂದು ನಾವು ತಿಳಿಯಬಹುದು. ಇದು ಒಂದು ಬಾಗಕ್ಕೆ, ರಾಜ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ತನ್ನ ಪರಿಣಾಮ ಬೀರದೆ ಇಡೀ ದೇಶಕ್ಕೆ ಪರಿಣಾಮ ಬೀರಿದೆ. ಉಗ್ರಗಾಮಿಗಳು ಈ ಒಂದು ದಿಕ್ಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಯೋಚಿಸಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಅಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಪಶ್ಚಾತ್ತಾಪ ಪಟ್ಟು ಬೇರೆ ಜನರ ಹಾಗೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ರೂಪಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳದ ಹೊರತು ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಬೇರೆ ಯಾವ ಸಮಾಧಾನವೂ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಯಾವುದೋ ರಾಜಕೀಯ ಅಥವ ಆರ್ಥಿಕ ಸುಧಾರಣೆಯೂ ಇಂತಹ ಒಂದು ಕಾರ್ಯ ಮಾಡಲು ಶತಪ್ರತಿಶಃ ಯಶಸ್ವಿಯಾಗಲಾರದೆಂದೇ ನಾನು ಭಾವಿಸಿದ್ದೇನೆ.

Shubha Vani M.
I B.Com A

ಮಳೆ

ಮಳೆ ! ಮಳೆ ! ಮಳೆ !
ತುಂತುರು ಮಳೆ, ಜಡಿ ಮಳೆ, ಜೋರು ಮಳೆ

ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಯ ಕೊಡುಗೆಯಂತಿದೆ ಮಳೆ
ಆಕಾಶ ನಮಗಾಗಿ ಸುರಿಸುವ ಮಳೆಗೆ
ನಾವೇನು ಬದಲಾಗಿ ನೀಡಿರುವೆವು ಕಾಣಿಕೆ ?

ಮಳೆ ಬಂದು, ತಂದಿದೆ ಪರದಾಟ, ಕೂಗಾಟ,
ಕೆಸರಾಟ, ಗೋಳಾಟ, ಪೇಚಾಟ,
ಬಾಳಿನ ತರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ರಂಗಾಗಿದೆ ಮಳೆ
ಮನ ಆಲಿಸಲು ಇಂಪಾಗಿದೆ ಮಳೆ

ಮುತ್ತಂತೆ ಕಂಡಿದೆ ಮಳೆಯ ಹನಿ
ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಹಬ್ಬ ತಂದಿದೆ ಮಳೆಯ ಇನಿ ?
ಎಚ್ಚೆತ್ತು ಎಬ್ಬಿಸಿದೆ ಗುಡುಗು ಮಳೆಯ ಧ್ವನಿ
ನಿಷ್ಠೆ ನಿಯಮ ಜ್ಞಾಪಿಸಿದೆ ಮಳೆಯ ತನಿ
ನಾನಾಗಿಹೆ ಸದಾ ಮಳೆ ನಿನ್ನ ಋಣಿ !!

Suma P.P.
III CBM

ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ : ಸಮಾಜದ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬ

ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಮತ್ತು ಸಮಾಜ ಒಂದಕ್ಕೊಂದು ಅಂಟಿ ಕೊಂಡಿರುವ, ಹೊಂದಿಕೊಂಡಿರುವ ಒಂದು ನಾಣ್ಯದ ಎರಡು ಮುಖಗಳಂತೆ. ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಮಾನವ ಸಮಾಜದಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ಕಾಲದಿಂದಲೂ ಅಂದರೆ ಮಾನವ ಜನಾಂಗದ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ರೂಪುಗೊಂಡು ಬಂದಂತಹ ಒಂದು ಪ್ರಕಾರ. ಆದರೆ ಅಂದಿನ ಮತ್ತು ಇಂದಿನ ಪ್ರಕಾರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಅಜಗಜಾಂತರ ವನ್ನು ನಾವು ಕಾಣಬಹುದು. ಮಾನವನ ದೈನಂದಿನ ಬದುಕಿನ ಹೊಯ್ದಾಟದಲ್ಲಿ ಆತನಿಗೆ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಪ್ರಪಂಚ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಚೈತನ್ಯ ತುಂಬಲು ಪ್ರೇರಣೆ ನೀಡಲು ಸಹಕರಿಸುತ್ತದೆ.

ಯಾವುದೇ ಒಂದು ಜನಾಂಗ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಿಂದ ದೂರ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡಿಲ್ಲ. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಸಮಾಜದ ಓರೆಕೋರೆಗಳನ್ನು ಎತ್ತಿ ಹಿಡಿದು ಅದನ್ನು ಸರಿತಿದ್ದಲು ಇರುವ ಒಂದು ಅಸ್ತ್ರವನ್ನಾಗಿಯೂ ಹಿಂದಿನ ಕಾಲ ದಿಂದಲೂ ಉಪಯೋಗಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಎಂದಾಕ್ಷಣ ತಿಳಿದುಬರುವ ವಿಷಯವೇನೆಂದರೆ ಅದರ ಅನೇಕ ಪ್ರಕಾರಗಳು ಅಂದರೆ ನಾಟಕ, ಕಾವ್ಯ, ಸಣ್ಣ ಕಥೆ, ಕಾದಂಬರಿ, ಪ್ರವಾಸ ಕಥನ, ಹೀಗೆ ಇವೇ ಮುಂತಾದವು. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಎಂದರೆ ಏನು ಎಂದು ನಾವು ಈ ಸಂದರ್ಭದಲ್ಲಿ ಮೊದಲು ಅರ್ಥೈಸಬೇಕು ? ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಯಾವುದೇ ಓರ್ವ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯ ಅನುಭವವನ್ನು ಕಲಾತ್ಮಕವಾಗಿ ತಿದ್ದಿ-ತೇದಿ ಹೊರಹೊಮ್ಮಿಸುವ ಒಂದು ವಿಧಾನ.

ಈ ಪ್ರಬಂಧದ ಶೀರ್ಷಿಕೆ "ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಸಮಾಜದ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬ" ಎಂಬುದು ಎಷ್ಟೊಂದು ಸಹಜ ಮತ್ತು ನೈಜ ಎಂದು ನಾವು ಈಗ ವಿಚಾರಿಸೋಣ. ನಮ್ಮ ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಸುಮಾರು ಹದಿನಾರು ನೂರು ವರುಷಗಳ ದೀರ್ಘ ಇತಿಹಾಸವಿದೆ. ಈ ಒಂದು ಶೀರ್ಷಿಕೆಯನ್ನು ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಕ್ಕೇ ಉಪಯೋಗಿಸಬಹುದು. ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲ ರಿಗೂ ತಿಳಿದಿರುವ ವಿಷಯ ಕನ್ನಡ ಅತಿಪುರಾತನ ಮತ್ತು ನಮಗೆ ಈವರೆಗೆ ತಿಳಿದು ಬಂದಿರುವ ಇತಿಹಾಸದ, ಚರಿತ್ರಕಾರರ ಸಂಶೋಧನೆಗಳ ಮೂಲಕ ನಮಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿರುವ "ಕವಿರಾಜ ಮಾರ್ಗ" ಎಂಬ ಪುಸ್ತಕ. ಈ ಒಂದು ಗ್ರಂಥ ನಮಗೆ ಮತ್ತು ಇತಿಹಾಸಕಾರರಿಗೆ ಬೇರೆಲ್ಲೂ ತಿಳಿಯ ಸಿಗದ ಅನೇಕ ವಿಷಯಗಳನ್ನುಎ ಮನಗೆ ತಿಳಿಯಪಡಿಸುತ್ತದೆ, ಮುಖ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಅಂದಿನ ಕನ್ನಡ ನಾಡಿನ ವಿಸ್ತೀರಣ, ಆಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ರಾಜ, ಅಂದಿನ ರೀತಿ-ನೀತಿಗಳು, ಉಡುಗೆ-ತೊಡುಗೆ, ಹಬ್ಬ- ಹರಿದಿನಗಳು, ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯರ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ-ಗತಿ, ರಾಜ್ಯದ ಆರ್ಥಿಕ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ. ಹೀಗೆ ಅನೇಕ ವಿಷಯಗಳನ್ನು ನಮಗೆ ತಿಳಿಯ ಪಡಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಯಾವುದೇ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಹಿಂದೆ ಇಂದಂತಹ ಆಚಾರ-ವಿಚಾರಗಳನ್ನು ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಕಟ್ಟುನಿಟ್ಟಾಗಿ ಅದೇ ಚೌಕಟ್ಟಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಪಾಲಿಸುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಸಮಯಕ್ಕೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಅನುಕೂಲಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊಂದಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಹಾಗೆ ಸಮಾಜದ ರೀತಿ-ನೀತಿಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾನವ ಆಗಾಗೆ ತಿದ್ದಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಇದು ನಮಗೆ ಅತಿ ಸೋಜುಗದ ಸಂಗತಿ, ಆದರೂ ಸತ್ಯ. ಕಾಳಿದಾಸ, ವಾಲ್ಮೀಕಿ, ವ್ಯಾಸ ಹೀಗೇ ಮುಂತಾದ ವಿದ್ವಾಂಸ-ಪಂಡಿತರ ಕಾರಣ ನಮಗೆ ಇಂದು ನಮ್ಮ ಹಿಂದಿನ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ, ರೀತಿ-ನೀತಿ, ಮನುಷ್ಯ-ಮನುಷ್ಯರ ನಡುವಳಿಕೆ, ಆಚಾರ ಪದ್ಧತಿ, ದೈವ ನಂಬಿಕೆ, ಮುಂತಾದ ಮಾನವನ ಗುಣ ವಿಶೇಷಗಳನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಯ ಪಡಿಸುವಲ್ಲಿ ತುಂಬಾ ಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಯಶಸ್ವಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಯಾರೇ ಒಬ್ಬ ಸಾಹಿತಿಯಾಗಲಿ, ಕವಿಯಾಗಲಿ ಸಮಾಜದಿಂದ ಆಚೆ ಉಳಿದಿರುವ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯಲ್ಲ- ವಿರಾಗಿಯಲ್ಲ ಆತನೂ ಸಹ ಇತರೇ ಮಾನವರ ಹಾಗೆ ಮಾನವ ಸಮಾಜದಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿ-ಬೆಳೆದು ತಮ್ಮ ದೈನಂದಿನ ಬದುಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಆಗಿ ಹೋಗುವ ಹಿತಕರ-ಅಹಿತಕರ ಘಟನೆಗಳ ಸರಮಾಲೆಯನ್ನು ಸೃಜನಾತ್ಮಕವಾಗಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಇಷ್ಟಾನುಸಾರದ ರೂಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಕೃತಿಯನ್ನು ಬರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಆ ಕೃತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಮಾಜದ ಸಮಕಾಲೀನ ಮೌಲ್ಯಗಳನ್ನೇ ಆತ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಚಿತ್ರಿಸಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ಋಷಿ ಮುನಿಗಳು ಮುಖ್ಯವಾಗಿ ವ್ಯಾಸ-ವಾಲ್ಮೀಕಿ ಮಹರ್ಷಿಗಳು ಮಹಾಭಾರತ-ರಾಮಾಯಣಗಳಂತಹ ಮಹಾ ಮೇರು ಕೃತಿಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾನವ ಸಮಾಜಕ್ಕೆ ಬಹುಶಃ ಕೊಡದಿದ್ದಲ್ಲಿ, ಇಂದು ನಮಗೆ ಕುರುಕ್ಷೇತ್ರ ಯುದ್ಧದ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಏನು ತಿಳಿಯುತ್ತಿರ ಲಿಲ್ಲ, ರಾಮ-ಕೃಷ್ಣರಂಥಹ ಮಹಾಪುರುಷರು ಯಾರೆಂದೂ ತಿಳಿಯುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಭಗವದ್ಗೀತೆಯಂಥಹ ಪವಿತ್ರ, ವೈಚಾರಿಕ, ಮಾನವನ ಉದ್ಧಾರ ಮಾಡಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸುವ ಕೃತಿ ಬಹುಶಃ ನಮಗೆ ಸಿಗುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಹಿಂದಿನ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಗೆ ಒಂದು ಕಾವ್ಯ-ಗ್ರಂಥ ಅಂದಿನ ಸಮಕಾಲೀನ ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆಗಳನ್ನು ಹೊರಸೂಸುತ್ತವೆಯೇ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಇಂದಿನ ನಮ್ಮ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಕೃತಿಗಳೂ ಸಹ ಆ ಒಂದು ದಿಕ್ಕಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಪಯಣಿಸುತ್ತಿವೆ. ಇಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದಲ್ಲಿ ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಈಗಿರುವ ಅನೇಕಾನೇಕ ಕಾವ್ಯ ದಿಕ್ಕುಗಳು ಎಂದೂ ಇಂದಿನ ಈ ರೂಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಇರುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಯಾರಿಗೂ ಬೇಡವಾದ-ಇಷ್ಟವಿಲ್ಲದ ಒಂದು ಪುಸ್ತಕವಾಗಿ ಪರಿಣಮಿಸಿ ಬಿಟ್ಟಿರುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಅದರಿಂದಲೇ ದಲಿತ ಕಾವ್ಯಗಳಂಥಹ

ಅನೇಕ ಪ್ರಕಾರಗಳು ಇಂದು ಹುಟ್ಟಿಕೊಂಡಿರುವುದು ಕೂಡ. ಸಾಹಿತಿಗಳೂ ಈಗಲೂ ಮುಖ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಇಂದಿನ ದಿನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಇಂದಿನ ಸಮಾಜದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಸಿಗುವ ಮೂಢನಂಬಿಕೆ, ಜಾತಿ ಪದ್ಧತಿ, ಕೋಮುಗಲಭೆ, ಡಾಂಭಿಕತೆ ಮುಂತಾದ ವಿಷಯಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆಯೇ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಬರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಬಹುಶಃ ಇಂದಿನ ನಮ್ಮ ಈ ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯನ್ನು ಮುಂದಿನ ಜನಾಂಗದವರಿಗಾಗಿ, ಅವರ ತಿಳುವಳಿಕೆಗಾಗಿ, ಸಾಹಿತಿಗಳು ನೀಡುತ್ತಿರುವ ಒಂದು ಕೊಡುಗೆಯೆಂದು ಹೇಳಿದರೂ ಸರಿಯೇ. ಇದು ಉತ್ಪ್ರೇಕ್ಷೆಯಂತೂ ಕಂಡಿತ ಅಲ್ಲ. ಈ ರೀತಿಯ ಬರವಣಿಗೆ, ಅನಿಸಿಕೆಗಳ ಹೊರಸೂಸುವಿಕೆ, ಚಿಂತನಾತ್ಮಕ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದಿನ ಜನಾಂಗದವರಿಗೆ ನೀಡುತ್ತಿರುವ ಮತ್ತು ನೀಡಿರುವ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಕೃತಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಮತ್ತು ಅದರ ಕರ್ತೃಗಳಿಗೆ ನಾವು ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಚಿರಋಣಿಗಳಾಗಿ ಇರಬೇಕಾದುದ್ದು ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರ ಕರ್ತವ್ಯ. ನಾವು ಈ ಕರ್ತವ್ಯವನ್ನು ಬಹುಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಪಾಲಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದೇವೆ ಎಂದು ಹೆಮ್ಮೆಯಿಂದ ಹೇಳಬಹುದು. ಹೀಗೆ ನಾವು ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಮತ್ತುಎ ಸಮಾಜ ಒಂದಕ್ಕೊಂದು ಅಂಟಿಕೊಂಡಿರುವ ಒಂದು ನಾಣ್ಯದ ಎರಡು ಮುಖಗಳು ಎಂದು ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಬಹುದು. ಒಂದಕ್ಕೊಂದು ಅಂಟಿಕೊಂಡಿರುವ ಸಮಾಜದ ಒಂದು ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬ ಎಂದು ನಾವು ಹೇಳಬಹುದು.

Shubhavani M.
I B.Com. 'A'

ಸ್ತ್ರೀ

ಭಿನ್ನ ಮುಖಗಳು

ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯ ಮನಸನ್ನು ಅರಿತವರಿಲ್ಲ !
ಈಗಿರುವಳು ಮುಂದೇನಾಗುವಳು ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿದವರಿಲ್ಲ !
ವಧುವಾಗಿರುವಾಗ ವರದಕ್ಷಿಣೆಯನ್ನು ದೂಷಿಸುವಳು,
ಅತ್ತೆಯಾದಾಗ ವರದಕ್ಷಿಣೆ ಕೊಡದವರನ್ನು ಶಪಿಸುವವಳು;

ಅತ್ತಿಗೆಯ ಗುಲಾಮನೆಂದು ಟೀಕಿಸುವಳು ಅಣ್ಣನನ್ನು,
ತಂಗಿಯ ಸೇವಕನೆಂದು ಹೇಳಿ ನೋಯಿಸವಳು ಗಂಡನನ್ನು;
ಮಗಳಾಗಿ ತಾಯಿಯನ್ನು ಹಳೆಕಾಲದವಳೆಂದು ಕರೆಯುವಳು,
ತಾಯಿಯಾಗಿ ಮಗಳನ್ನು ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯ ಮರೆತವಳು ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುವಳು;

ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಅರಿತವರಿಲ್ಲ !
ಈಗಿರುವಳು ಮುಂದೇನಾಗುವಳು ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿದವರಿಲ್ಲ !

Rekha C. & Mala B.
I BSc

ವರದಕ್ಷಿಣೆ

ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯನ್ನು ದೇವರಿಗೆ ಹೋಲಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ
ಮತ್ತೆ ಅವರನ್ನೆ ದೇವದಾಸಿಯರನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾರೆ
ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಕುಟುಂಬದ ಕಣ್ಣು ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾರೆ
ಆದರೆ ವರದಕ್ಷಿಣೆ ದೂಡುವುದು ಅವಳನ್ನೇ ಆಚೆ
ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯನ್ನು ಭೂಮಿತಾಯಿಗೆ ಹೋಲಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ
ಆದರೆ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಹೋಲಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ ಅವಳನ್ನು
ಟಿ.ವಿ, ಫ್ರಿಡ್ಜ್, ನಗರದ ಒಂದು ಸೈಟಿನ ಬೆಲೆಗೆ
ಆದರೆ ಈ ಮೂಢರಿಗೆಲ್ಲ ಗೊತ್ತು,
ಅವಳ ಸಹನೆಗೂ ಮಿತಿಯುಂಟು
ಅವಳು ಮುನಿದರೆ ಮಾರಿ ಒಲಿದರೆ ನಾರಿ ಎಂದು

Shoba T.R.
II HEP

ಆತ್ಮ ಪರಮಾತ್ಮ

ಪರಮಾತ್ಮ, ನಿನ್ನಲ್ಲೇ ನನ್ನಾತ್ಮ ನೆಲೆಸಿರಲಿ
ಇನ್ನೇನ ಬೇಡಲಿ ನಿನ್ನಲಿ, ನಿನ್ನ ಕೃಪೆ ನನ್ನ ಮೇಲಿರಲಿ
ಇದನ್ನು ಮಾರಿ ಬೇರಾವ ಆಸೆ ಇಲ್ಲದಿರಲಿ
'ಆಸೆಯೇ ದುಃಖಕ್ಕೆ ಮೂಲ' ಎಂದಿಹನು ಬುದ್ಧ
ಅದನು ಪಾಲಿಸಲು ದಯಪಾಲಿಸು ಎನಗೆ ಶ್ರದ್ಧ

ಆಸೆಗಳ ಕಡಲಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಳುಗಿರುವೆ ಮೂಢಳಾಗಿ
'ಅದರಿಂದ ಹೊರ ತಾ' ಎಂದು ನಿನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ಬೇಡುತಿರುವೆ ಆತ್ಮಳಾಗಿ.

ಸಂಸಾರವೆಂಬುದು ಆಕಾಶ, ತಂದೆ-ತಾಯಿ, ಬಂಧು-ಬಳಗ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರ
ಕತ್ತಲು ಕವಿದಿವುದು, ಚಂದ್ರನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳು ನೀರವವಾಗಿ ಮಿಂಚುತಿರಲು
ನಾ ಬೇಡುತಿರುವೆ ವಾಸುದೇವಾ
ಈ ಅಂಧಕಾರದ ಜೀವನದೊಳು, ಬೆಳಕು ತುಂಬಲು
ಶೀಘ್ರವೇ ನೀ ಸೂರ್ಯನಾಗಿ ಬಾ

ತೆರದ ಕಣ್ಣು

ನೋಡಿದೆ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಾಕಾರದ ದೇಗುಲ
ಉಕ್ಕಿತು ಆನಂದ, ಮಿಾರುತ ಮನದಂಗಳ

ಜೀರ್ಣಿಸಲಾರದೆ ಶಿಲ್ಪಿಯಾ ಕಲೆ
ಎಂದೆನ್ನುತ ಮಂದಿರದೊಳು ನುಗ್ಗಿದೆ

ತೇಜೋಮಯಿ ಚೆನ್ನಕೇಶವನಾ ಕಣ್ತುಂಬ ಕಂಡೆ
ಎನ್ನ ಪಕ್ಕದಿ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದಳು ಓರ್ವ ಅಂಧೆ

ಮನ ತುಂಬಿ ಬಂದಿತ್ತು ಆ ಬೇಲೂರ ಜ್ಞಾನಮಂದಿರ
ತೆರೆಸಿತ್ತು ನನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣ,
ಪಾಠಶಾಲೆ ಕಲಿಸಿದ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣ

Shwetha M.D.
III PyEJ

ಕಡಲು

ಹುಟ್ಟು ಸಾವಿನ ಬಗೆಗೆ ಮಾನವನಲ್ಲಿ ಯುಗಗಳಿಂದ ಅನುಮಾನ. ಇದರ ರಹಸ್ಯ ಅರಿಯಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನ ಪಟ್ಟಿರುವವರು ಎಷ್ಟು, ವಿಫಲರಾದವರು ಎಷ್ಟು ಎಂದು ಲೆಕ್ಕ ಇಡುತ್ತ ಹೋದರೆ, ಕೊನೆ ಕಾಣದು ಹುಟ್ಟು ಸಾವಿನ ಮಧ್ಯ ನಾಲ್ಕು ದಿನದ ಬದುಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಅನುಭವಗಳು, ಸಂಭಂದಗಳು ಅಪಾರ. ನನ್ನ ಬದುಕಲ್ಲೂ ಒಂದು ರೀತಿಯ ವಿಚಿತ್ರ ಅನುಭವ.

ಸುಮಾರು ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಹಿಂದಿನ ಮಾತು. ಕಡಲ ತೀರದ ಒಂದು ಹಳ್ಳಿ. ಹಳ್ಳಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಬೆಸ್ತರು. ಕಡಲೇ ಅವರ ಜೀವನ. ಹೀಗಿದ್ದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ರಾತ್ರಿ ಮಗು ಅಳುವ ಧ್ವನಿ. ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂತೋಷ, ಉಲ್ಲಾಸ, ಏನೂ ಇಲ್ಲವಾಗಿ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಸಣಮೌನ. ಆ ಮೌನದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಡಲ ಅಲೆಗಳ ಧ್ವನಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಜಗತ್ತಿಗೆ ಬಂದ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ನಾನು. ಹುಟ್ಟಿದಾಗಿನಿಂದ ಕೇಳಿದ ಆ ಕಡಲ ಸದ್ದು ಇಂದಿಗೂ ನಮ್ಮ ಸಂಗಾತಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ತಂದೆತಾಯಿಯರ ಸ್ವರ ಕೇಳುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಮುಂಚೆ ಕಡಲ ಸ್ವರ ಕೇಳಿದೆ. ಅಮ್ಮ (ನಾನು ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ ರಾತ್ರಿ) ಬಿರುಗಾಳಿ ಬೀಸಿ ನನ್ನ ತಂದೆಯ ದೋಣಿ ಮಗುಚಿ, ನನ್ನ ತಂದೆಯನ್ನು ಕಡಲ ಅಲೆಗಳು ನುಂಗಿದವು. ಈ ಕಾರಣಕ್ಕಾಗಿಯೇ ಎನೋ ನನ್ನ ಮತ್ತು ಕಡಲ ಮಧ್ಯದ ಸಂಭಂದ ಮತ್ತು ಆಳವಾಗಿದೆ. ನನ್ನ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ಕಡಲೇ ತಂದೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಕಾಣತೊಡಗಿತು.

ವರ್ಷಗಳು ಉರುಳಿದವು–ನಾನೂ ಶಾಲೆಗೆ ಹೋಗುವಷ್ಟು ವಯಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಬಂದಿದ್ದೆ. ಶಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಒಳ್ಳೆ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಯೇನೂ ಆಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಏನೋ ಓದಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಕಡಲು ಮಾತ್ರ ಇದ್ದ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಇತ್ತು. ಅಲೆಗಳೂ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಇದ್ದವು. ನೀರೂ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಇತ್ತು. ನನ್ನ ಮತ್ತು ಅವರ ಸಂಭಂದ ಬದಲಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಆಳವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಒಮ್ಮೆ ಶಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾತಿಗೆ ಮಾತು ಬೆಳೆದು ನನಗೂ ಒಬ್ಬ ಹುಡುಗನಿಗೂ ಜಗಳವಾಗಿ, "ಅಪ್ಪ ಇಲ್ಲದೆಯೇ ಹೀಗೆ ಆಡುತ್ತೀಯ, ಇನ್ನು ನಿನ್ನ ತಂದೆ ಇದ್ದಿದ್ದರೆ ಹಿಡಿಯುವವರಿಲ್ಲ," ಎಂದು ಎದೆ ಚುಚ್ಚುವಂತೆ ಹೇಳಿದನು. ಮುಗ್ಧ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಶ್ವೇತ ಕಾಗದದ ಮೇಲೆ ಬಿದ್ದ ಮೊದಲ ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಲೆ ಅದು. ಇತರರ ಹಾಗೆ ನಾನು ತಾಯಿಯ ಸೆರಗಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕಣ್ಣೀರು ಒರೆಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕಡಲ ತೀರದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಂತು ಮನ ಬಿಚ್ಚಿ ಅತ್ತೆ. ನೋವು ತುಂಬಿದ ಎದೆಯಿಂದ ಬಂದ ಮಾತುಗಳು ಕಠೋರವಾಗಿದ್ದವು. "ನೀನು ನನ್ನ ತಂದೆಯನ್ನು ಬಲಿ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡೆ, ನನಗೆ ತಂದೆ ಬೇಡ, ತಂದೆ ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಬೇಡ, ಆದರೆ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕಾಪಾಡುವವರು ಬೇಕು. ನೀನು ಬರೀ ನೀರು, ಉಪ್ಪು, ಮತ್ತೇನೂ ಇಲ್ಲ" ಎಂದು ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಹೇಳಿದೆ.

ಅಂದು ಕಡಲ ಮುಂದೆ ಒಂದು ಸಣ್ಣ ಜೀವವು ಹೀಗೆ ತನ್ನ ಭಾವನೆಗಳನ್ನು ವ್ಯಕ್ತಪಡಿಸಿತೆಂಬುದು ಇಂದಿಗೂ ನನಗೆ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯ ತರುತ್ತದೆ. ಆ ದಿನ ಸಾಯಂಕಾಲದ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಗುಡುಗು-ಸಿಡಿಲುಗಳಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿದ ಮಳೆ. ಆಕಾಶವೇ ಒಡೆದು ತುಂಡಾಗಿದೆ ಎಂಬಂತೆ, ಭಾಸವಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಆಕಾಶವು ಬಣ್ಣ ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಕಪ್ಪಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಮೋಡಗಳ ಸಂದಿಯಿಂದ ಆಗಾಗ ಮಿಂಚುವ ಸಿಡಿಲು, ಬೆಟ್ಟದಿಂದ ಬಂಡೆಗಳು ಉರುಳಿದಂತೆ ಗುಡುಗಿನ ಸದ್ದು. ಇವೆಲ್ಲವೂ ಒಂದು ರೀತಿಯ ಭಯವನ್ನು ನನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ಉಂಟುಮಾಡಿತ್ತು. ತೀರ ಮಳೆಯಿಂದ ಅಂದು ಕಡಲು ರುದ್ರಭೂಮಿಯಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಆ ಕಪ್ಪು ಮೋಡಗಳ ಕೆಳಗೆ ಉಕ್ಕಿದ ಕಡಲು ಹಳ್ಳಿಯ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಬರಲಾರಂಭಿಸಿತು. ನಾನು ಕಣ್ಣು ಗಟ್ಟಿಯಾಗಿ ಮುಚ್ಚಿಕೊಂಡು ದೇವರನಾಮ ಹೇಳಿಕೊಂಡು ಮಲಗಿಬಿಟ್ಟೆ.

ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆ ಆಯಿತು. ನಾನಿನ್ನೂ ಬದುಕಿದ್ದೆ. ಹೊರಗೆ ಹೋದಾಗ ತಿಳಿಯಿತು ಆ ಜಗಳವಾಡಿದ ಹುಡುಗನ ಮನೆಯನ್ನು ಕಡಲು ಕೊಚ್ಚಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಿದೆಯೆಂದು. ನನಗೆ ಸಿಡಿಲು ಬಡಿದಂತಾಗಿ ಅಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ನಿಂತು ಬಿಟ್ಟೆ. ಕಡಲ ಕಡೆ ನಡೆದೆ. ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ಮುಂಚಿನ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಇತ್ತು–ಆದರೂ ಒಂದು ರೀತಿಯ ಬದಲಾವಣೆಯಿತ್ತು. ಅಂದು ಕಡಲಲ್ಲಿ ಜೀವ ಇತ್ತು. ಅದು ಜೀವಂತವಾದ ಮನುಷ್ಯನಂತಿತ್ತು. ಸ್ವತಃ ನನ್ನ ತಂದೆಯೇ ಬಂದು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಮುಟ್ಟಿದ ಹಾಗಾಯಿತು. ಮೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ವಿದ್ಯುತ್ ಹರಿದಂತಾಯಿತು. ಅಂದಿನಿಂದ ಕಡಲನ್ನು ನಾನು ಭಯ-ಭಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ಪೂಜಿಸುತ್ತೇನೆ.

ಅಂದು ನಡೆದದ್ದು ದೈವಶಕ್ತಿಯೋ ಇಲ್ಲ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಯ ಆಟವೋ ತಿಳಿಯದು. ಆದಾದ ಮೇಲೆ ಒಮ್ಮೆಯೂ ಹಾಗೆ ಆಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅಪಾರ ಶಕ್ತಿಯಿದ್ದ ಕಡಲನ್ನು ನನ್ನ ಜೀವನದ ಒಂದು ಭಾಗವಾಗಿ ಸ್ವೀಕರಿಸಿದ್ದೇನೆ. ಇಂದಿಗೂ, ದುಃಖವಾದರೆ ಕಡಲ ತೀರದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು ನನ್ನ ಕಷ್ಟಗಳನ್ನು ಹೇಳದಿದ್ದರೆ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಸಮಾಧಾನ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಮಲಗುವಾಗ ಅದರ ಧ್ವನಿ, ಏಳುವಾಗಲೂ ಅದರ ಧ್ವನಿ ಕೇಳಿ ಏಳುತ್ತೇನೆ. ಆದರೂ, ಅಂದಿನಿಂದ ಇಂದಿನವರೆಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಯೋಚನೆ ಇಷ್ಟೆ. 'ಅದು ಕಡಲೋ ಇಲ್ಲವೇ ನನ್ನ ತಂದೆಯೋ ?' ಇದರಿಂದ ನನಗೆ ಉತ್ತರ ಸಿಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ನನಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತು. ಆದರೂ .....

Gowri S. Bhat
I CBM

ಕಡಲು

ಕಡಲಿನ ಭೋರ್ಗರೆತ ಸುತ್ತಲೂ ವ್ಯಾಪಿಸಿತ್ತು. ಗೂಡಿಗೆ ಹಿಂದಿರುಗುವ ಹಕ್ಕಿಗಳ ಉಲಿಯು ಗಂಭೀರ ವಾತಾವರಣದಲ್ಲೂ ಉಲ್ಲಾಸ ತುಂಬಿತ್ತು. ಮುಳುಗುವ ಸೂರ್ಯನ ಕೆಂಪು ಎಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲೂ ಪಸರಿಸಿ ನೀರಿಗೆ ಕುಂಕುಮ ಬಣ್ಣ ಬಳಿದಿತ್ತು. ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿ 'ಪಿಕನಿಕ್'ಗೆಂದು ಬಂದ ಕಾಲೇಜು ಹುಡುಗಿಯರ ಗುಂಪು ಸಹಜವಾದ ಸದ್ದು ಗಲಾಟೆಯನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಮಾತಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಮಂತ್ರಮುಗ್ಧರಾದಂತೆ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯವನ್ನು ಆಸ್ವಾದಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಆದರೆ ಸಮುದ್ರ ತೀರದುದ್ದಕ್ಕೂ ಅಲೆಗಳ ವಿರುದ್ಧ ಕಾಲು ಹಾಕುತ್ತಾ ಸಾಗಿದ್ದ ಅಮಿತಾಳ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ತುಮುಲ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಈ ವಾತಾವರಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದಾಗಲು ಬಿಡಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕಡಲು ಅವಳ ಮನಸನ್ನು ಕೊರೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಸಮಾಧಾನವಾಗಿ ಕಾಣಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಇಂತಹ ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಸಂಜೆಗಳನ್ನು ಅವಳು ಒಬ್ಬಂಟಿಯಾಗಿ ಕಡಲಿನೊಡನೆ ಕಳೆದಿದ್ದಳು. ಆದರೆ ಇಂದು ಅವಳ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತೆ ಎಂದವಳು ತಿಳಿದ ಕಡಲೂ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಯಾವುದೇ ಶಾಂತಿ ನೀಡಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಊರಿಂದ ಅಮ್ಮನ ಪತ್ರ ಬಂದಿತ್ತು. ಶಾರದೆಯ ಪತ್ರವು ಅವಳ ಊರಿಂದ ಬರುವ ಯಾರೋ ಪ್ರಯಾಣಿಕರ ಮುಖಾಂತರ ಅಮ್ಮನಿಗೆ ತಲುಪಿತ್ತು. ಅವಲೇ ಮೆಚ್ಚಿ ಮದುವೆಯಾದ ಶೇಖರ ಇಂದು ಅವಳ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ರಾಕ್ಷಸನಾಗಿದ್ದ. ತಂದೆ ತಾಯಿಯ ಇಚ್ಛೆಯ ವಿರುದ್ಧ ಶೇಖರನನ್ನು ಮದುವೆಯಾದ ಶಾರದೆ ಇಂದು ತಾನು ಯಾಕೆ ದುಡುಕಿದೆನೋ ಎಂದು ಪಶ್ಚಾತ್ತಾಪ ಪಡುವಂತಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಸಾಕಷ್ಟು ಸಿರಿವಂತರೇ ಆದ ತಂದೆಯ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಳೆದ ಶಾರದೆ, ಶೇಖರ ಅನುಕೂಲ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯಲಿಲ್ಲ ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿದರೂ ಮದುವೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದಳು.

ಅಮಿತಾಳ ಅಕ್ಕ ಶಾರದೆ ಮಂಗಳೂರಿನಲ್ಲೇ ಕಾಲೇಜು ಕಲಿಕೆ ಮುಗಿಸಿದವಳು. ಅಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಸುಲಭವಾಗಿ (ಸಮಯ ಕಳೆಯಲಿಕ್ಕೆಂದು) ಕೆಲಸ ಗಿಟ್ಟಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಳು. ಸಹ ಅಧ್ಯಾಪಕ ಶೇಖರನೊಡನೆ ಅವನ ಆಕರ್ಷಕ ಮಾತು, ನಡತೆಗೆ ಸೋತು, ಹಿಂದುಮುಂದು ನೋಡದೆ ಸಂಸಾರಸಾಗರಕ್ಕೆ ಧುಮುಕಿದಳು. ಅವನ ಮನೆಯವರ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಅವಳೆಂದೂ ಕೇಳಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದೇ ಅವಳ ದೊಡ್ಡ ತಪ್ಪಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಅವಳ ಮದುವೆಯ ಸುದ್ದಿ ತಿಳಿದ ಸಹ ಅಧ್ಯಾಪಕರು ಅವಳನ್ನು ಬಲಿಪಶುವನ್ನು ನೋಡುವಂತೆ ಕನಿಕರದಿಂದ ಕಂಡಿದ್ದರು. ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಉರಿ ಯೆಂದು ಬಗೆದು ಶಾರದೆಯೂ ಸುಮ್ಮನಾಗಿದ್ದಳು. ಮದುವೆಯ ನಂತರ ನೌಕರಿ ಮಾಡಬಾರದೆಂದು ಶೇಖರ ತಾಕೀತು ಮಾಡಿದ್ದ. ಅವಳೂ ಸಂತೋಷದಿಂದಲೇ ಒಪ್ಪಿದ್ದಳು. ಅವನ ಮನೆ ಉಪ್ಪಿನಂಗಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ.

ಆದರೇನು, ಗಂಡನ ಮನೆ ತಲುಪಿದೊಡನೆ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಕಂಡದ್ದು ಮನೆಯವರ ಕ್ರೂರ ನೋಟ, ಅಸಹಜ ಮಾತುಕತೆ, ತಿರಸ್ಕಾರ, ಕಾರಣ ತಿಳಿಯದೆ ಅವಳು ಪೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿದ್ದಳು. ಇದ್ದಕ್ಕಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಶೇಖರನೂ ಬದಲಾದ. ಅವನ ಸಿಹಿ ನುಡಿ ಕಹಿಯಾದ ಬೇವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೆಂಡತಿಯನ್ನಲ್ಲಾ ಚಾಕರಿಯವಳನ್ನು ಕರೆ ತಂದಿರುವಂತೆ ಅವಳನ್ನು ನಿಷ್ಠುರವಾಗಿ ಕಂಡ. ಕಾರಣ ತಿಳಿಯಲೂ ಸಮಯ ಹಿಡಿಯಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಜೊತೆಯವರ ಕನಿಕರವೂ ಅರ್ಥವಾಯಿತ.

ಮನೆಯ ಒಂದು ಮೂಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಬಾಗಿಲನ್ನು ದೂಡಿದ ಶೇಖರ, ಮೂಗುಮುಚ್ಚುವಂತಹ ನಾತ ರೊಯ್ಯನೆ ಅವಳ ಮೇಲೆ ದಾಳಿ ಮಾಡಿದ. ಒಳಗಿನಿಂದ ಯಾರೋ ಮುಲುಗುವ ಶಬ್ದ ಕೇಳಿತು. "ಸಮಯ ಕಳೆಯಬೇಡ ಆಗಲೇ ಎರಡು ದಿನಗಳಾದವು. ಯಾರೂ ಈ ಕೋಣೆಯನ್ನು ಹೊಕ್ಕಿಲ್ಲ. ಬೇಗ ಹೋಗಿ ಸ್ವಚ್ಛ ಮಾಡು" ಎಂಬ ಶೇಖರನ ಅಪ್ಪಣೆಯೂ ಕಿವಿಯನ್ನು ಸೀಳಿತು. ನಿಂತಲ್ಲೇ ಕುಸಿದು ಬೀಳುವಂತಹ ಅನುಭವವಾಯಿತು. ಶಾರದೆಗೆ ಸಹಾಯಕ್ಕೆ ಯಾರೂ ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಬದಲಿಗೆ ಕೇಕೆ ಹಾಕಿ ನಗುವವರು ಕಂಡುಬಂದರು. ಎಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲೂ ಶೇಖರನ ನಗುಮುಖದ ಹಿಂದಿನ ರಹಸ್ಯ ತಿಳಿದ ಶಾರದೆ ತಲೆ ತಿರುಗಿ ಬಿದ್ದಳು.

ಅವಳು ಕಣ್ಣು ತೆರೆದಾಗ ತಣ್ಣಗಿನ ನೆಲದ ಮೇಲೆ ಮಲಗಿರುವುದು ಅರಿವಾಯಿತು. ಕತ್ತಲು ಕೋಣೆಯನ್ನು ಆವರಿಸಿತ್ತು. ನಡುಗುವ ಕೈ ಕಾಲುಗಳನ್ನು ಹತೋಟಿಗೆ ತರಲು ಸೆಣಸುತ್ತಾ ಶಾರದೆ ಗೋಡೆಗೊರಗಿ ನಿಂತು ಬಾಗಿಲಿಗಾಗಿ ಸುತ್ತಲೂ ಕೈ ಆಡಿಸಿದಳು. ಮಾತೂ ಕೇಳತೊಡಗಿತು. ಶೇಖರನ ದನಿ "ನೋಡಮ್ಮ ಅವಳು ತನ್ನ ಅರಿವಿಗೆ ಈ ವಿಷಯವನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವವರೆಗೂ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಅದೇ ಸೆರೆಮನೆ. ಅವಳೆಲ್ಲೂ ಹೋಗದಂತೆ ನೋಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದು ನಿನ್ನ ಕೆಲಸ. ಇಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ಗೊತ್ತೆ ಇದೆಯಲ್ಲ, ಈ ಹಿಂದೆ ನನ್ನ ಲಲಿತೆಗಾಗಿ ನಾನು ಕರೆತಂದ ಹುಡುಗಿಯರು ತಪ್ಪಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಾಗ ನಿನಗಾದ ಗತಿ, ಹುಷಾರ್" ಎಂದ. ಲಲಿತೆಯೇ ಮಲುಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದದ್ದು ಕೇಳಿದ ಅವಳು ಇವನ ಹೆಂಡತಿಯಿರಬೇಕು ಎಂದು ಶಾರದೆ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಅಂದುಕೊಂಡಳು. ಅವಳಿಗಾಗಿ ಇನ್ನೆಷ್ಟು ಜನರ ಬಾಳು ಇವನು ಹಾಳುಗೆಡವಿದನೋ ಎಂದು ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಈ ನರಕದಿಂದ ಉಪಾಯವಾಗಿ ತಪ್ಪಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕೆಂದು ಕೊಂಡಳು. ಬಾಗಿಲು ತೆರೆದಂತಾಯಿತು. ಶೇಖರನ ತಾಯಿ ಎಂದು ಹೊರಗಿಂದ ಬಿದ್ದ ಬೆಳಕಿನಿಂದಾಗಿ

ತಿಳಿಯಿತು. ಆಕೆಯ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ಊಟದ ತಟ್ಟೆಯಿತ್ತು. ನೀರಿನ ಲೋಟವಿತ್ತು. ಸ್ವಿಚ್ ಅದುಮಿ ಲೈಟ್ ಆನ್ ಮಾಡಿದರು. ಅವರ ಮುಖದಲ್ಲಿ ಕರುಣೆ, ದುಃಖ ನೋವು ಕಂಡ ಶಾರದೆ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯಗೊಂಡಳು. ಅವಳು ಹೆದರಿಲ್ಲ, ಕೋಪಗೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾಳೆ ಎಂದು ಅವರಿಗೆ ಅವಳ ಮುಖ ನೋಡಿಯೇ ತಿಳಿದಿತ್ತು. "ಶೇಖರ ಹೊರಗೆ ಹೋಗಿದ್ದಾನೆ, ನೀನು ಬೇಗ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಉಂಡು ಬೇಗ ಹೋಗಿಬಿಡು, ನನಗೆ ತಿಳಿಯದಂತೆ ಇರುತ್ತೇನೆ ಎಂದರವರು. ಆದರೆ ಶಾರದೆ ಇದನ್ನು ಕೇಳದಂತೆ ಇದ್ದಳು. ಅವಳ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವೂ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಅರ್ಥವಾದಂತೆ ತೋರಿತು. "ನೋಡಮ್ಮ ಶೇಖರನಿಗೆ ಅವನ ಹೆಂಡತಿಯೆಂದರೆ ಪ್ರಾಣ, ಅವಳಾದರೋ ಯಾವ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೂ ಬಾರದವಳು, ಕುಳಿತು ತಿನ್ನುವ ಜಾತಿ, ಕಳೆದೆರಡು ವರ್ಷಗಳಿಂದ ಈ ವ್ಯಾಧಿಯಿದೆ. ಮಗುವಾದಾಗ ತೊಂದರೆಯಾಗಿ ಆ ವೇದನೆ ಅವಳ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ತಟ್ಟಿದಂತೆ ಇದೆ. ಮಗುವೂ ತೀರಿಕೊಂಡಿತು. ಹೆಂಡತಿಗೆ ಆ ರೋಗ, ಗಂಡನಿಗೆ ಹುಚ್ಚು. ಮೊದಮೊದಲು ಅವಳ ಕೆಲಸವನ್ನು ನಾನೇ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ಆದರೆ ನನಗೂ ವಯಸ್ಸಾಯಿತು. ಅವಳು ಕರೆದಾಗಲೆಲ್ಲಾ ಎದ್ದು ಓಡದಿದ್ದರೆ ಗಂಡನಿಗೆ ದೂರು ಕೊಟ್ಟುಬಿಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಅವನಾದರೋ ಹೆಂಡತಿಯ ಗುಲಾಮ. ನನಗೆ ಶಿಕ್ಷೆ. ತಾಯಿಗೇ ಶಿಕ್ಷೆ ಕೊಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ನಿಷ್ಕುರುಣಿ, ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಅನ್ನ ನೀರು ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ಇಡೀ ದಿನ ಕೋಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂಡಿಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಅನೇಕ ಜನ ಹುಡುಗಿಯರನ್ನು ಸಂಬಳ ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಅವಳ ಚಾಕರಿಗಿಟ್ಟ. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಒಂದೇ ವಾರದಲ್ಲಿ ಜಾಗಖಾಲಿ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಹೀಗಾಗಿ ಅವರು ಮನೆಯಾಚೆ ಹೋಗದಂತೆ ಹಿತ್ತಲಬಾಗಿಲನ್ನೂ ಮುಂದಿನ ಬಾಗಿಲನ್ನು ಬೀಗ ಹಾಕಿ ಭದ್ರಪಡಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಆದರೂ ಹುಡುಗಿಯರು ತಪ್ಪಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲಾರಂಭಿಸಿದಾಗ ನನ್ನ ಶಿಕ್ಷೆಯ ಅವಧಿಯೂ ಬೆಳೆಯತೊಡಗಿತು. ತಾಯಿ ಕರುಳು ಅವನ ಹುಚ್ಚನ್ನು ಯಾರಿಗೂ ತಿಳಿಸದೆ ಮುಚ್ಚಿಟ್ಟೆ. ಈಗ ಅವನ ಹುಚ್ಚು ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ರೀತಿಯಾಗಿ ಕಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ ಎಂದು ನಾನು ತಿಳಿದಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನಿನ್ನನ್ನು ಮದುವೆಯಾಗಿ ನಂಬಿಸಿ ಕರೆ ತಂದಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಆದರೆ ನೀನು ಹೆದರಬೇಡ. ಅವನು ಬರುವುದರೊಳಗೆ ಹೊರಟುಹೋಗು" ಎಂದರು.

ಅಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಶೇಖರ ಬಂದ. ನೀನು ಹೇಳಿದ್ದೆಲ್ಲಾ ನನಗೆ ಕೇಳಿತು. ಆದರೆ ನೀನು ಅಷ್ಟು ಸುಲಭವಾಗಿ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಮೋಸಗೊಳಿಸಬಹುದೆಂದು ತಿಳಿಯಬೇಡ ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾ ಶಾರದೆಯನ್ನು ಲಲಿತೆಯ ಕೋಣೆಗೆಳೆದೊಯ್ದ.

ಮುಲುಗುವ ಶಬ್ದ ನಿಂತಿತ್ತು. ದುರ್ಗಂಧ ಇನ್ನೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿತ್ತು ಇದ್ದಕ್ಕಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಶೇಖರ ಕಿಟಾರನೆ ಕಿರುಚಿದ. ನಿಂತಲ್ಲೇ ಕುಸಿದ. ಧಾವಿಸಿ ಬಂದ ಅವನ ತಾಯಿಯು ಮುಖದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಸ್ಪಷ್ಟ ಭಾವನೆಗಳು ನರ್ತಿಸಿದವು. ಇದ್ದಕ್ಕಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಅವರು ಅಳತೊಡಗಿದರು. ನಂತರ ನಗು-ಎಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲೂ ಕೇಳಿದಂತೆ ಪ್ರತಿಧ್ವನಿಸಿದಂತೆ. ಅವಳೆಡಗೆ ಕೈ ಮಾಡಿ ಪ್ರೇತಗಳು ಕೇಕೆ ಹಾಕಿದಂತೆ ಅವರನ್ನು ಸಮಾಧಾನಪಡಿಸಿ ಶಾರದೆ ಆ ದಂಪತಿಗಳ ಅಂತಕ್ರಿಯೆಯ ತಯಾರಿಗೆ ಕೈಹಾಕಿದಳು.

ಒಂದೇ ದಿನದಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ಮುಗಿದಿತ್ತು. ಮದುವೆಯಾದ ದಿನವೇ ಅವಳು ವಿಧವೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದಳು. ಆದರೆ, ಬಂಧನದಿಂದ ಬಿಡಿಸಿಕೊಂಡ ಹಕ್ಕಿಯಂತೆ ಅವಳ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಸಂತೋಷದಿಂದಿತ್ತು. ಆ ತಾಯಿಯ ಮುಖ ಮಾತ್ರ ನೋಡುವಂತೆ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಪ್ರೇತಕಳೆಯೇ ತುಂಬಿತ್ತು. ಅತ್ತು ಅತ್ತು ಕಣ್ಣೀರು ಬತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಆ ದುಃಖಗೊಂಡ ಜೀವವನ್ನು ಒಂಟಿಯಾಗಿ ಬಿಡಲಾರದೆ, ತನ್ನ ಸಂತೋಷವನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಸಮಾಜದ ಕಣ್ಣಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕೀಳಾಗಿ ಕಂಡು, ಮತ್ತೆ ಮಂಗಳೂರಿಗೆ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಲಾರೆನೆಂದು ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಿ ಶಾರದೆ, ಅಲ್ಲೇ ಇರಲು ಮನಸ್ಸು ಮಾಡಿದಳು.

ಈಗ ತಿಂಗಳಿಗೆರಡು ಪತ್ರಗಳು ತಾಯಿಗೆ ಬರೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ತಂದೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಮಗಳನ್ನು ಕ್ಷಮಿಸಿದ್ದರೂ ಅವಳ ದುಡುಕು ಬುದ್ಧಿಯನ್ನು ಮರೆತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ತಾಯಿಯ ಪತ್ರ ಕೈಸೇರಿದಾಗ ಅಮಿತಾ ಸಂತೋಷದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದಳು. ಉಡುಪಿಯಿಂದ ತನಗೆ ಮಂಗಳೂರಿಗೆ ವರ್ಗವಾಗಿದೆ. ಮನೆಯೂ ಬ್ಯಾಂಕಿನ ವತಿಯಿಂದ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿದೆ, ಇನ್ನು ವಯಸ್ಸಾದ ತಂದೆ ತಾಯಿಯರನ್ನು ಜೊತೆಗೆ ದೊಡ್ಡ ಮನೆಗೆ ಕರೆತರುವುದೆಂದು ಅಂದುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಳು. ಅಮ್ಮನ ಪತ್ರ ಅವೆಲ್ಲವನ್ನು ತಲೆಬುಡ ಮಾಡಿತ್ತು. ಒಡನೆಯೇ ಮಂಗಳೂರಿಗೆ ಹೊರಡುವ ತಯಾರಿ ನಡೆಸಿದಳು. ಊರಿಗೆ ಬಂದಾಗ ತಾಯಿಯ ನಿಸ್ತೇಜ ಮುಖ ಕಂಡು ಅಮಿತಾಳ ಮನ ಕುಗ್ಗಿತು.

ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಸಮಯ ಕಳೆದ ನಂತರ ತನ್ನ ಹಳೆಯ ಗೆಳೆಯನೊಡನೆ ಸಮಯ ಕಳೆಯಲೆಂದು ಬಂದಳು, ಸಮುದ್ರವೂ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಆದರದಿಂದಲೇ ಸ್ವಾಗತಿಸಿತು. ಆದರೆ ಅವಳು ಮಾತ್ರ ಉತ್ಸಾಹಿಯಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕಾರಣ ಶಾರದೆ ಆತ್ಮಹತ್ಯೆ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಳು.

Poornima T.
II HEP

ನೆಂಟರು

ಬೆನ್ನು ಹತ್ತಿದ ಭೂತಗಳು

'ಅತಿಥಿ ದೇವೋಭವ' ಎಂಬ ವೇದವಾಕ್ಯವೆಂದು ದೃಢವಾಗಿ ನಂಬಿದ್ದ ನನ್ನ ತಂದೆ ತಾಯಿಗಳಿಗೆ, ಈ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಉತ್ತಮ ಗುಣಗಳಿಗೆ ಸಿಗುವ ಪುರಸ್ಕಾರವೇ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿತು.

ಅಮ್ಮನ ಸೋದರತ್ತೆಯ ತಂಗಿಯಮಗಳು ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಗೆ ಬರುತ್ತಾರೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದಾಗ ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಉತ್ಸಾಹ ಅರಳಿತು. ಈ ಬಂಧುವನ್ನು ಹಿಂದೆಂದೂ ನೋಡಿರದ ನಾನು, ಅಮ್ಮನ ಬಾಯಿಂದಲೇ ಅವರ ಗುಣಗಾನ ಕೇಳಿದ್ದೆ. ಜೊತೆಗೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಗೆ ನೆಂಟರಿಷ್ಟರು ಬರುವುದು ಬಹಳ ವಿರಳ. ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ನಮಗಿರುವ ನೆಂಟರು ಬಹಳ ಕಡಿಮೆಯೇ.

ಒಂದು ಭಾನುವಾರ ನಮ್ಮ ನೆಂಟರು, ಹೆಸರು ಸರೋಜ, ತನ್ನ ಪತಿ ಹಾಗು ಎರಡು ಗಂಡು ಮಕ್ಕಳೊಂದಿಗೆ ಧಾವಿಸಿದರು. ಆ ಗಂಡು ಮಕ್ಕಳು ಹತ್ತು ಹಾಗು ಎಂಟು ವರ್ಷದವರು. ಸರೋಜ ಬೊಂಬಾಯಿಯವಳು, ಬಾಯಿ ಬೊಂಬಾಯಿಯಾಗೇ ಇತ್ತು. ತನ್ನ 'ಮುಂಬೈ'ನ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಗುಣವನ್ನು ಅಲ್ಲಿಯ ಜನರ ತಿಳುವಳಿಕೆಯನ್ನು ಹಾಡಿ ಹೊಗಳಿ, ಬೆಂಗಳೂರಿನ ದುರ್ಗುಣಗಳನ್ನು ಎತ್ತಿ ಹಿಡಿದಳು. ಆಕೆಯ ಮೊದಲನೆಯ ಮಾತುಗಳೇ ನಮಗೆ ಬೇಸರ ಹುಟ್ಟಿಸಿದವು. ಆಕೆಯ ಗಂಡನನ್ನು ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಇಲಿಯಮರಿಯ ಹಾಗೆ ಅಲ್ಲಾಡಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಆಕೆಯ ಗಂಡು ಮಕ್ಕಳೂ ಸಾಧು ಪ್ರಾಣಿಗಳ ಹಾಗೇ ಕಂಡು ಬಂದರು.

ಒಟ್ಟಿನಲ್ಲಿ ತಲೆ ಚಿಟ್ಟು ಹಿಡಿಸುವ ಸರೋಜಾಳ ಮಾತುಕತೆಯನ್ನು ಅಮ್ಮ ಲೆಕ್ಕಿಸದೆ, ನಗುನಗುತ್ತಲೇ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಉಣಬಡಿಸಿ ಉಪಚರಿಸಿದರು. ಎಷ್ಟಾದರೂ ನೆಂಟರು ದೇವರ ಸಮಾನ. ಅದೂ ಸರಿಯೇ ಉಪಚಾರಕ್ಕೆ ನನ್ನದೇನೂ ಅಭ್ಯಂತರವಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಅಮ್ಮ ಒಬ್ಬರೇ ಎಷ್ಟು ಜನಕ್ಕೆ ಉಪಚಾರ ಮಾಡಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯ, ಮುಂದಿನ ದಿನದ ನನ್ನ ಕನ್ನಡ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯನ್ನು ಮರೆತು, ಓದುವುದನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು, ನಾನು ಅಮ್ಮನಿಗೆ ಸಹಾಯಮಾಡಿದೆ. ಆದರೆ 'ಶ್ರೀಮತಿ ಸರೋಜ' ಅವರ ಸಹಾಯ ಮಾಡಲು ಒಂದು ಬೆರಳನ್ನಾದರೂ ಎತ್ತಿರಬೇಕಂತಲ್ಲ ! ಹುಟ್ಟುಗಂಟಿನ ನನ್ನ ಮೋರೆ ನೋಡಿ "ಪ್ರಯಾಣದ ಆಯಾಸ, ಸುಧಾರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಳೆ" ಎಂದು ಅಮ್ಮ ನನಗೆ ಸ್ವಾಂತನ ನೀಡಿದರು.

ಹೇಗೋ ರಾತ್ರಿಯೆಲ್ಲಾ ಎಚ್ಚರವಾಗಿದ್ದು ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಗೆ ಓದಿದೆ. ರಾತ್ರಿ ನಿದ್ದೆಯನ್ನಾದರೂ ಮಾಡಬೇಕಲ್ಲಾ ಆ ನೆಂಟರು !

ಇರುಳಿಡೀ 'ಟೀವಿ' ನೋಡಿ ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರ ನಿದ್ದೆಯನ್ನು ಬಡಿದೋಡಿಸಿದರು. ಅಂದು ಮೊದಲನೆಯ ಸಲ ನಾವು 'ಸ್ಪಾರ್ ಟೀವಿ' ಹಾಕಿಸಿಕೊಂಡದ್ದಕ್ಕೆ ನಾನು ಪಶ್ಚಾತ್ತಾಪ ಪಟ್ಟೆ.

ಮಾರನೆಯ ದಿನ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆ ಮುಗಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಬಂದು ನನ್ನ ಕೋಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡುತ್ತೇನೆ, ನನ್ನ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ ಪುಸ್ತಕಗಳೆಲ್ಲಾ ಚೆಲ್ಲಾಪಿಲ್ಲಿಯಾಗಿ ನೆಲದಮೇಲೆ ಬಿದ್ದಿವೆ ! ಕನ್ನಡಿ ಗೋಡೆಗೆ ನೇತು ಹಾಕಿದ್ದ ಜಾಗ ನೋಡಿದರೇ, ನೋಡುವುದೇನು ? ಕನ್ನಡಿಯೇ ಮಾಯವಾಗಿದೆ ! ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ತಾಳ್ಮೆಗೆಡದ ನಾನು ಅಂದು ಕೋಪದ ಕೆಂಡ ತಗುಲಿ, ಚೀರಿಕೊಂಡೆ. ಪುಸ್ತಕಗಳನ್ನು ಬೀಳಿಸಿರುವುದು ಪುಟ್ಟ ಮಕ್ಕಳೆಂದೂ, ಕನ್ನಡಿಯನ್ನು ನೆಂಟರ ಕೋಣೆಗೆ ವರ್ಗಾಯಿಸಲಾಗಿದೆಯೆಂದು ಅಮ್ಮ ನನಗೆ ಸಮಾಧಾನ ಹೇಳಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಿ ವಿಫಲರಾದರು. ನಾನು ಏನನ್ನೂ ಕೇಳದೆ ಅಪ್ಪನನ್ನೇ ದೂಶಿಸಿ, ದಿನವಿಡೀ ಅವರನ್ನು ಮಾತನಾಡಿಸಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಸರೋಜ ಹಾಗು ಅವಳ ಪರಿವಾರದೊಂದಿಗೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ನಗುನಗುತ್ತಲೇ ಮಾತನಾಡಿಸಿದೆ. ಎಷ್ಟಾದರೂ ಅವರು ಅತಿಥಿಗಳು-ದೇವರ ಸಮಾನ.

ನಾಲ್ಕು ದಿನ ಇರಲು ಬಂದ ನೆಂಟರು, ಸ್ಥಿರವಾಗಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲೇ ಟಿಕಾಣೆ ಹಾಕಿದರೆಂಬಂತೆ ಹೊರಡುವ ಮಾತೇ ತೆಗೆಯಲಿಲ್ಲ. 'ತಾವು ಹೊರಡುವುದೆಂದು' ಎಂಬ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಯನ್ನು ಕೇಳಲೂ ನನ್ನ ತಂದೆತಾಯಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಸಂಕೋಚ.

ಮನೆಯ ಖರ್ಚು ಇಮ್ಮಡಿಯಾಯಿತ್ತು. 'ಫೋನ್ ಬಿಲ್' ಕೂಡ ಎರಡ ಪಟ್ಟು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿತು. ಸರೋಜಳು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಕರುಣೆಯೇ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ, ತಾನು ಏನು ಕೊಂಡುಕೊಳ್ಳ ಬೇಕಾದರೂ ಅಮ್ಮನಲ್ಲೇ ದುಡ್ಡು ಕೇಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಅಪ್ಪ-ಅಮ್ಮನ ನಡುವಿನ ಜಗಳಗಳು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿ ಬಾಳು ನರಕವಾಯಿತು. 'ದೇವರು' ಎಂದು ನಾವು ಉಪಚರಿಸಲು ಹೊರಟ ಅತಿಥಿಗಳು, ತಾವು 'ಬೆನ್ನಹತ್ತಿದ ಪಿಶಾಚಿಗಳು' ಎಂದು ಸಾಬೀತು ಪಡಿಸಿದರು.

ಕೊನೆಗೆ ನಮ್ಮ ನೆಂಟರ ಕಾಟವನ್ನು ತಡಿಯಲಾರದೆ ನಾವು ಒಂದು ಉಪಾಯವನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿದೆವು. ಸರೋಜಳ ಅತ್ತೆಗೆ ಖಾಯಿಲೆಯಾಗಿದೆ ಎಂದು 'ಟೆಲಿಗ್ರಾಮ್' ನಾವೇ ಹಣ ಖರ್ಚು ಮಾಡಿ ಬರಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡೆವು. ನರಳುತ್ತಾ,

ಕೂಗುತ್ತಾ, ಅಳುತ್ತಾ ಕಡೆಗೂ ಸರೋಜಳ ಪರಿವಾರ ಪ್ರಯಾಣ ಬೆಳಸಲು ತಯಾರಾಯಿತು. ನಮಗೆ ಒಳಗೊಳಗೇ ಸಂತೋಷ, ಅಹಾ ಎಂಥಹ ಆನಂದ ! ಅವರೆಲ್ಲರೂ ಟ್ಯಾಕ್ಸಿಹತ್ತಿದಾಗ ದೇವಲೋಕದ ಬಾಗಿಲು ತೆಗೆದು ನಮ್ಮ ಅಹ್ವಾನಿಸಿದಷ್ಟು ಆನಂದ ನಮಗಾಯಿತು.

ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ದೂರ ಹೊರಟ ಟ್ಯಾಕ್ಸಿ 'ದಡಕ್' ಎಂತು ನಿಂತುಬಿಟ್ಟಿತು. ಏನಾಯಿತೆಂದು ನಾವು ಗಾಭರಿಯಿಂದ ನೋಡುವುದರೊಳಗಾಗಿ ಸರೋಜ ಪಕ್ಕದ ಅಂಗಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾವಿನ ಹಣ್ಣಿನ ಒಂದು ಬುಟ್ಟಿಯನ್ನು ಖರೀದಿಸಿ, "ಇತನಿಗೆ ಇನ್ನಾರು ರೂಪಾಯಿ ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಬಿಡು" ಎಂದು ನಮ್ಮಮ್ಮನಿಗೆ ಹೇಳಿ, 'ಚೂಯ್' ಎಂದು ಕಾರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹೊರಟುಹೋದಳು.

Lavanya Kamalesh
I PyEJ

ನೆಂಟರ ಆಗಮನ

ನೆಂಟರ ಆಗಮನ
ಸಿಡುಕಿತು ಮನ
ಯಾಕಪ್ಪಾ ಬಂದರು !
ಅಯ್ಯೋ, ಇಂದೇ ಬರಬೇಕಿತ್ತೇ !
ಎನ್ನುವ ಗೃಹಿಣಿ.

ದುಡಿದು ಬಂದ ಪತಿರಾಯ,
ಆರಾಮ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿರಲು
ನೆಂಟರ ಆಗಮನ.
ಈ ಮನೆಯಲಿಲ್ಲ ಶಾಂತಿ !
ಗೊಣಗಿದನು ಪತಿರಾಯ.

ಮಗಳ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆ ಬಂದಿರಲು ಹತ್ತಿರ,
ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿರುವುದು ತಯಾರಿ ಭರದಲ್ಲಿ.
ನೆಂಟರ ಆಗಮನ.
ಯಾಕಾರೂ ಬರುತ್ತಾರೋ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ !
ಮಗಳ ಸಿಡುಕಿನ ಆಕ್ಷೇಪಣೆ.

ಸುಖ ದುಃಖಗಳ ಹಂಚಿಕೆಗೆ
ಸಮಾರಂಭಗಳ ಸಂಭ್ರಮಕ್ಕೆ,
ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ ಗಳಿಗೆಗೆ
ಸಾವಿನ ಶೋಕಕ್ಕೆ,
ಬೇಕಲ್ಲವೇ ನೆಂಟರು !

ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ನೆಂಟರು ಒಂದಲ್ಲ ಒಂದು ಮನೆಗೆ
ಗೊತ್ತು ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಅದರ ಅನುಭವ.
ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಬೇಕು ನೆಂಟರ ಆಗಮನ
ಅಪರೂಪವಾದಾಗೀ ಆಗಮನ.
ಹಿತವಾಗುವುದಲ್ಲವೇ ಈ ಮನ ?

Geetha Hebbar
II CBZ

'ನ' ಕಾರದಿಂದ 'ರ' ಕಾರ

ಕೇಳುವೆವು ಒಗಟೊಂದನ್ನು,
ಬಿಡಿಸಿ ಹೇಳಿರಿ ನೀನದನ್ನು.

ಬೇಡದ ಸಂದರ್ಭದಲ್ಲಿ ಆಗಮಿಸುವರು ಮನೆಗೆ
ಹೇಳಿರಿ ಅವರಾರು ಗೊತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ ನಿಮಗೆ.
ಮರಿ ಮಕ್ಕಳೊಂದಿಗೆ ಬರುವರು ಅವರು
ಬಿಟ್ಟಿ ಟ್ರಂಕಾಲ್‌ಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾಡಲು ಮರೆಯರು.
ಅವರು ಯಾರು ?

ಊಟ ವಸತಿಗೆ ಬೇಕು ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮನೆ
ಕಾರು ಬೇಕು ತಿರುಗಲು ಇತರರ ಮನೆ, ಮನೆ.
ತಿಂಗಳ ಖರ್ಚನ್ನು ದಯೆ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ಏರಿಸುವರು
ಇಂದು ನಾಳೆ ಹೋಗುವೆವು ಎನ್ನುತ್ತ ಹೋಗದೆ ಉಳಿವರು.
ಅವರು ಯಾರು ?

ಮನೆಯ ಬೆಲೆಬಾಳುವ ವಸ್ತುಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾಡವವರು ಚೂರು
ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ನೆಮ್ಮದಿಯನ್ನು ಮಾಡುವರು ಚೂರು ಚೂರು.
'ನ' ಕಾರದಿಂದ ಶುರುವಾಗಿ 'ರ' ಕಾರದಿಂದ ಅಂತ್ಯವಾಗುವ
ಈ ಪದ ಯಾವುದು ?

Mala V, Rekha C.
I B.Sc.

ನೆಂಟರಪ್ಪ ನೆಂಟರು

ನೆಂಟರು ಎಂದು ಕುಣಿದಾಡುವರು ಜನರು.
ನೆಂಟರು ಎಂದರು, ಎಂದು ತೆಗೆಳುವರು ಹಿತರು.
ನೆಂಟರೆಂದರೆ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆ, ಎನ್ನುವರು ಹಲವರು.
ನೆಂಟರು ನಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನದ ಪಾಲುಗಾರರು.
ನೆಂಟರಪ್ಪ ನೆಂಟರು ಊರೆಲ್ಲ ನೆಂಟರು.

ನೆಂಟರು–ಇವರೆಲ್ಲ ನಮ್ಮವರು.
ನೆಂಟರಪ್ಪ–ಅವರು ನಮ್ಮ ಸುಖಕ್ಕೆ.
ನೆಂಟರಪ್ಪ–ಅವರು ಹಾಳು ಹರಟೆಗೆ.
ನೆಂಟರಪ್ಪ ನೆಂಟರು ಊರೆಲ್ಲ ನೆಂಟರು.

ನೆಂಟರು ಬಂದರೆಂದರೆ ಸ್ವಚ್ಚವಾಯಿತು ಮನೆ.
ನೆಂಟರು ಬಂದರೆ ಹೊರಬಿದ್ದಿತು ಟೀವಿ, ಡೇಕ್ಕೂ.
ನೆಂಟರು ಅವರು ಸದಾ ನಮ್ಮ ಕಾವಲು.
ನೆಂಟರಪ್ಪ ನೆಂಟರು ಊರೆಲ್ಲ ನೆಂಟರು.

Anitha R. Pinto
III PME

अन्दमान और निकोबार द्वीप

अन्दमान और निकोबार द्वीप का नाम सुनते ही कल्पना में एक ऐसी सुन्दर जगह उभरती है, जो भारत के समीप होते हुए भी एक दम दूर और अकेली, समुद्र के बीच में बसी हुई है। अन्दमान द्वीप उत्तर बंगाल का एक हिस्सा है। इसके नीचे वाले द्वीप को निकोबार कहते हैं। अन्दमान की प्रमुख भाषाएँ हिन्दी, बंगाली और तमिल हैं। यहाँ पर ज्यादातर ईसाई और हिन्दु हैं। अन्दमान में सूरज नहीं दिखाई देता। दिन आने पर उजाला हो जाता है। यहाँ करीबन सुबह के पाँच बजे ही उजाला हो जाता हैं। और शाम के पाँच बजे अंधेरा।

अन्दमान का हवाई अड्डा बहुत छोटा है। यहाँ की आबादी भी बहुत कम है। यहाँ कोई भी घर एक अलग-अकेला नहीं होता, आसपास तीन चार घर तो जरूर होते हैं। मेरी नज़र जहाँ तक पहुँची सब कुछ हरा भरा था। चारों तरफ नारियल के पेड़ थे। अन्दमान में एक जेल है जहाँ अंग्रेज़ों के जमाने में भारतीय क्रान्तिकारियों को काले पानी की सज़ा दी जाती थी। मैने वहाँ देखा कि कैदियों को उस वक्त कैसे कपड़े पहनाए जाते थे, वे किस में खाते थे, और कहाँ सोते थे। इस जेल में अब भी कैदी हैं।

सबसे मशहूर दार्शनिक स्थान "मरिन लाईफ" है। "मरीन लाईफ" भी एक द्वीप है जो अन्दमान के पास ही हैं। यहाँ पर बहुत छोटी लहरें उठती हैं। इस कारण से पानी किनारे पर पाँच फुट गहरा ही है। यहीं पर समुद्री जीव और कोरल्स देखने को मिले। मैं फ्लोट् और एक गाईड के सहारे समुद्र के भीतर भी गई। मैने साँस लेने के लिए एक नली भी ले ली थी। मैं समुद्र के अन्दर गई। दिन का प्रकाश पानी में बहुत नीचे तक दिख रहा था। इतना ज्यादा कि अन्दर का एक पत्थर भी मोती जैसा चमक रहा था। अन्दर बहुत छोटे छोटे सीप और काफी बड़े सीप थे जो थोड़े से खुले हुए थे। पर जब मैं उन के पास गई तो वे सब बन्द हो गए। वहाँ "प्रौन्स" (जिंगे) भी थे और कई तरह के "कोरल्स" भी। "कोरल्स" के बीचोंबीच जामुनी रंग की तारा मछली चिपकी हुई थी। मैं "कोरल्स" के ऊपर पैर रख कर चल रही थी। पानी में बहुत तरह की मछलियाँ थीं। एक मछली का मुँह गाय की तरह था। उस मछली को अंग्रेज़ी में "काऊ फिश" कहते हैं। एक और मछली "डाक्टर फिश" के नाम से जानी जाती है। अगर किसी मछली को चोट लग जाती है तो यह मछली अपने मुँह से चोट को नोंचकर उसे ठीक कर देती हैं। यह जानकारी मुझे गाईड से मिली। एक सीप तो ऐसा था कि जिसके ऊपर एक तारा बना हुआ था। मुझे ऐसा लगा जैसे कि समुद्र में चित्रकार और डाक्टर रहते है। मुझे पहली बार ऐसा अहसास हुआ कि समुद्र में मनुष्य से भी ज्यादा जीव-जन्तु रहते हैं। अन्दमान का एक मशहूर केकड़ा – "चोर केकड़ा" (रॉबर क्रैब) के नाम से जाना जाता है। यह केकड़ा काफी बड़ा होता है। यह काफी आसानी से नारियल के पेड़ पर चढ़ जाता है और फिर नारियल काट-काट कर नीचे गिराता है। फिर यह नारियल छील कर उसे तोड़ कर खाता भी है। यह केकड़ा करीबन तीस किलो का वजन खींच कर ले जा सकता है। अन्दमान के अजायबघर (म्यूसियम) में इसे रखा गया है। अन्दमान में एक चिड़ियाघर (ज़ू) भी है।

दूसरा जानामाना द्वीप निकोबार के नाम से जाना जाता है। हवाई जहाज़ से अन्दमान एवं निकोबार की दूरी आधे घन्टे की है। निकोबार में आज भी जंगली जातियाँ रहतीं हैं। इनका रहन सहन एक बड़े परिवार के समान है। सब एक-दूसरे को जानते हैं। वहाँ के कुछ जंगली जातियों के नाम जाखहस, औगी आदि हैं। इन लोगों के बदन पर कुछ कपड़े नहीं होते।

अन्दमान और निकोबार द्वीप में एक ही दिन में दस-बीस बार बारिश होती है। इसी बारिश के पानी को साफ किया जाता है। घरों में यही साफ किया हुआ पानी पीने के लिए भेजा जाता है।

अन्दमान और निकोबार द्वीप दुनिया के सबसे खूबसूरत द्वीपों में से हैं। यहाँ की ताज़ी हवा में प्रदूषण का नामोनिशान नहीं है। इस शान्त प्रदेश में कोई नेतागण नहीं है। सिर्फ एक छोटी सी सरकार है। यह शायद दुनिया में एक ही ऐसा स्थान है जहाँ कोई धर्म आपस में नहीं टकराते। यहाँ कोई

भेद-भाव नहीं है। सब एक दूसरे से प्रेम से रहते हैं। यहाँ के "जंगली" निवासी बाहर के "सभ्य" लोगों को प्रेम एवं शान्ति का सही पाठ पढ़ाते हैं। इस शान्त और निर्मल स्वर्ग को मैं कभी भूल न पाऊँगी।

मेरी बाँसीलिया दास
II पी.यू.सी. (एच.ई.पी.वाई.एस)



जिंदगी

जिंदगी क्या मज़ेदार है,
क्या खूबसूरत क्या देखनेदार है,
बस हम सबके लिए है,
हिम्मतवालों और दिलवालों के लिए है।
जीना है तो कुछ करना है,
यूँ बेवफा होकर न रहना है।

जिंदगी का एक दोष है,
जिसमें दर्द का एक कोष है,
जिसने दर्द पर पा ली विजय,
वहीं है सबसे बड़ी दिग्विजय।

इस जिंदगी में फूलों के बाग भी है,
और काँटों के जंगल भी है,
दरिद्रता के कुछ पल भी है,
और खुशियों के क्षण भी है।
जिसे ये सब नहीं मिलता,
वह क्या जिंदगी को समझता।

इसमें मात्र पाना ही नहीं,
बहुत कुछ खोना भी है।
यदि सब कुछ मिला होता,
तो क्या हम सबको, कुछ पाने के लिए
यूँ तड़पना होता ?

जयश्री टेकचन्दानी
I पी.यू.सी., पी.सी.एम.बी.

और रंग डालो

धुले हुए सुखे कपडे अलमारी में रखकर अपराजिता ज्योंही घूमी तो नीचे से आते स्वर, "भैया आ गए" से चौंक गई। धीरे-धीरे आगे बढती हुई, वह बरामदे के पास आकर नीचे देखने लगी। नीचे दरवाजे के पास अभिमन्यु, बाबूजी, मनाली और मनोहर खडे थे। अभिमन्यु किसी काम से कुछ दिन दिल्ली में काटकर आया था। फिर अपराजिता रास्ते की तरफ खुलने वाली खिडकी पर जा खडी हुई। नीचे बच्चे रंग खेल रहे थे। अब दो ही दिन तो रह गए थे होली के आने में।

अपराजिता की आँखों के सामने उन दिनों का दृश्य छा गया जब वह भी इसी उल्लास से होली मनाया करती थी। भाभी एवं सहेलियों के साथ खूब रंग खोलती थी, इतना कि उसकी माँ भी उसे डाँट देती थी, "मर जाएगी तू ठंड से। जाकर कपडे बदल ले।" लेकिन अपराजिता हँसते हुए अपनी माँ से लिपट जाती और उन्हें भी भिगो देती।

यहाँ जब अपराजिता ससुराल में आई, तो आकाश उसके पति और उसकी ननद मनाली ने उसे पहले ही बुरी तरह से रंग दिया था। वह उस समय अपने हाथों से रंग छुडा ही रही थी कि अभिमन्यु ने कहा, "भाभी, इतनी जल्दी रंग छुडाने लगी ?" "फिर भाभी कहा अभिमन्यु, तुझे कितनी बार कहा है, कि उसे अपराजिता कहकर पुकारा कर, मेरी अपनी 'अपु' और तेरी सिर्फ अपराजिता।" पीछे से आकाश ने अभिमन्यु को डाँटते हुए कहा।

फिर दोनों भाई खिलखिलाकर हँस पडे थे। आकाश और अभिमन्यु जुडवॉ भाई थे। आकाश की शादी के छः महीने बाद ही अभिमन्यु की शादी भी हो गई थी। अगली होली तो और भी उत्साह और उल्लास से मनाई गई। राखी और अपराजिता एक तरफ और बाकी सब दूसरी तरफ। खूब हंगामा मचा था और राखी तथा अपराजिता को खूब सताया गया था। उसी शाम जब सब बैठकर चाय पी रहे थे तो आकाश और अभिमन्यु ने किसी बात पर बहस करना शुरु कर दिया। अपराजिता को देखकर अभिमन्यु ने कहा, "तुम ही इसे समझाओ अपराजिता। आकाश मेरी बात समझ ही नहीं रहा। मैं पूछता हूँ धर्म एवं जाति का निर्माण किसने किया ? मानव ने। जब हम किसी चीज का निर्माण कर सकते है तो उसे तोड क्यों नहीं सकते ? हमे इन व्यर्थ जंजीरो को तोड देना चाहिए आकाश, जो हमारे समाज की प्रगति में बाधक हो, जो उसे आगे बढने से रोके।" उस दिन अपराजिता ने जाना कि अभिमन्यु को इन पुराने रिवाजों और अंधविश्वास से सख्त घृणा है।

अचानक ही एक शाम जब आकाश दफ्तर से घर लौट रहा था तो उसके स्कूटर की एक ट्रक से दुर्घटना हो गई और अस्पताल जाते-जाते उसकी मृत्यु हो गई। अपराजिता पर तो मानो दुखों का पहाड गिर गया। हँसते-खेलते जीवन पर अंधकार सा छा गया। कई होलियाँ आई और चली गई पर किसी मे भी पहले की तरह का उत्साह नहीं रहा था। अपराजिता हर समय बुझी-बुझीसी, गुमसुम रहने लगी। राखी बडे हँसमुख स्वभाव की थी, अकसर अपराजिता के पास आकर उसका दिल बहलाने का प्रयास करती। भारी भारी रेशम की साँडियाँ बक्से में बंद कर दी गई थी। अपराजिता का खूबसूरत शरीर सफेद साडी मे कैद हो गया था। हर उत्सव और समारोह से वह वंचित हो रही थी। पड़ोस में श्यादी-ब्याह होता, पर उसे जाने नहीं दिया जाता था। होली के दिन भी उसका रंग खेलना बिल्कुल मना था। लोगों की आँखो में सहानुभूति कम, घृणा और व्यंग के भाव ज्यादा होते – जैसे कि अपने पति की मृत्यु के लिए वह खुद जिम्मेदार थी। अब ऊब चुकी थी, अपराजिता अपनी इस जिंदगी से।

अचानक उस घर में दूसरा वज्रपात हुआ। प्रथम संतान के जन्म के समय, राखी का देहांत हो गया। बच्चा और माँ, दोनों ही मर गये। पूरे घर में दुःख और उदासी की काली छाया फैल गई। अभिमन्यु हर समय खोया-खोया सा रहता। बाबूजी, माँजी, मनाली, सब बुझे-बुझे से रहते। न कोई हँसता और न कोई बोलता। अपराजिता तो अपने ही दुःख से दुःखी थी, अचानक इस दूसरे झटके से वह टूट ही

गई।

दिन किसी तरह काम में बीत जाता पर रात का अकेलापन काटने को दौडता। वह सोचती, "कैसा समाज है यह, जिसमें मेरे लिए कोई स्वप्न नहीं, कोई सम्मान नहीं।" अभिमन्यु, अपराजिता से कभी-कभी बोल लेता था। अपनी विधवा भाभी को देखकर वह तडप उठता।

आज फिर होली है। घर में फिर खुशी का वातावरण छाया हुआ है। मनाली और मनोहर अपने अपने दोस्तों के साथ मस्त है। अपराजिता रसोईघर से निकलकर ऊपर जा रही थी कि मनाली और उसकी सहेलियों ने अपराजिता को रंग लगाने के लिए उसे घेर लिया और कहने लगी, "यह क्या भाभी, ऐसे छिपकर कहाँ जा रही हो ?"

"नहीं मनाली, उसे जाने दो। वह विधवा है, रंग कैसे खेलेगी ?" तभी माँजी का स्वर सुनाई दिया। अपराजिता चुप-चाप, सिर झुकाकर, ऊपर चली गई। उसका जी चाह रहा था कि वह अपना सिर दीवार से तोड ले। वह विधवा है, इसलिए श्रृंगार नहीं कर सकती। वह विधवा है, इसलिए रंग नहीं खेल सकती। कैसा समाज है यह...? उसके कानों में अभिमन्यु का स्वर गूँज उठा – "इन जंजीरों को तोड देना चाहिए, जो समाज की प्रगति में बाधक हो।"

शाम के समय मनाली ऊपर आकर भाभी के हाथ में चाबी थमाती हुई बोली, "भाभी, हम लोग अभिमन्यु भैया के लिए लडकी देखने जा रहे है, तुम घर का खयाल रखना।" इतने में अभिमन्यु का गला सुनाई दिया, "कोई कहीं नहीं जाएगा।" उसके तेज स्वर सुनकर सब लोग चौंक गए। "शादी क्यों नही करेगा ? निष्ठा, हर तरह से तेरे योग्य है बेटा" माँजी ने अभिमन्यु को समझाते हुए कहा।

"मैंने कब इससे इन्कार किया है ? पर मैं निष्ठा से विवाह नही करूँगा। माँ, मै विधुर हूँ और मुझे कुँवारी लडकी मिल रही है। क्या आपने कभी अपराजिता के लिए भी सोचा है ?" अभिमन्यु ने अपराजिता के झुके हुए सिर की ओर देखते हुए कहा।

"क्या मतलब है तुम्हारा ?" माँजी ने पूछा। "माँ, अपराजिता विधवा है और मैं विधुर। फिर भी मैं रंग खेल सकता हूँ, पर वह नहीं। उस पर तमाम पाबंदिया है। आखिर क्यों ? मैं पूछता हूँ क्यों ? माँ, तुम मेरे लिए बाहर लडकी ढूँढ रही हो, अपराजिता में क्या कमी है ? आखिर, हम दोनो तो एक ही राह के राही है" अभिमन्यु ने आवेश में आकर कहा।

बाबूजी और माँजी यह निर्णय सुनकर आश्चर्य से चौंक पडे। इस तरफ तो उनका ध्यान कभी नहीं गया था। ठीक ही तो कहता है अभिमन्यु, अगर अपराजिता की शादी उससे हो जाए तो क्या हर्ज है ? आखिर कब तक बेचारी विधवा का जीवन काँटती रहेगी ? बाबूजी ने माँजी की ओर देखकर धीरे से सहमति में अपना सिर हिलाया।

अचानक मनाली ने ढेर सारा गुलाल उठाकर अपराजिता के मुँह पर लगा दिया। अपराजिता को मनोहर ने रंग की पिचकारी से भिगो दिया। उसके मन में खुशी के फूल खिल गए। अभिमन्यु एवं अपराजिता ने एक दूसरे को देखा तो माँजी ने मुस्कुराकर कहा, "और रंग डाल मनाली, ताकि बहू की साडी का कोई कोना सफेद न रह जाए।" यह कहते हुए अपराजिता को प्यार से गले से लगा लिया।

मौमित्र मुस्ताफी
II पी.वाई.एस. (बी.ए)

कसूरवार कौन ?

अंधेरी कोठरी के एक कोने में सिमटा हुआ ये कमजोर इन्सान जिसका नाम बोका ठाकुर था, घन्टो उस कोठरी की छत और दिवारों को एक टक घूरता रहता। और जब कभी उस कोठरी की सलाखों पर डंडो के पडने की आवाज आती वह हाथ बढ़ा सूखी रोटी व एक प्याज की थाली को समेट लेता। बोका ठाकुर के मौन की चर्चा पूरे जेल व जेल से बाहर बहुत थी। वह उन कैदियो में से था जिनको दिन भर कठोर परिश्रम कर एक-बार का भोजन मिलता था। वैसे तो बोका बड़ाही शान्त स्वभाव का था परन्तु वह जब कभी किसी भी कैदी के सगे संबन्धी को देखता तो आग-बबूला हो जाता और उसे फिर काबू में लाने के लिए घन्टो लग जाते। पूरे जेल में बोका किसी से बात न करता था। लेकिन जब भी जेल के अन्दर राहुल आता तो उस दिन बोका उससे बात करने के अनेक उपाय ढूँढता। राहुल 10 साल का छोटा सा बालक था जो जेल में हफ्ते दर हफ्ते फूल देने आता।

एक दिन कीबात है कुछ सिपाहियों ने राहुल को फूलों का सही दाम नहीं दिया और उसकी खिल्ली उडाई। जिसे देखकर बोका बौखला गया। और पागलों की तरह उस पर टूट पड़ा उन्हे इतना पीटा कि उनमे से एक सिपाही की टांग टूट गई। यह भयंकर दृष्य देखकर राहुल घबरा कर वहाँ से तुरन्त भाग गया। इस हादसे के बाद राहुल बोका से मिलने से घबराता था। अब तो एक महिना हो चला था कि बोका राहुल से नहीं मिला था। इस पर बोका ने खाना भी छोड़ दिया था। बोका की तबीयत दिन पर दिन खराब होती जा रही थी। अतः इस का कारण जानने के लिए बोका से बात करने का प्रयत्न कई बार कई कैदियों ने किया परन्तु बोका केवल राहुल का ही नाम लेता। इसलिए राहुल को जेल मे बुलाया गया। कमजोर बोका ने राहुल की एक झलक देखते ही आँसू बहाना शुरु कर दिया। और राहुल से जाने को कहा। जेलर की समझ में कुछ नहीं आ रहा था। सबसे अचरज की बात तो यह है कि वह बोका जो घबराया व डरा हुआ था वह भी रो रहा था। ये सब देखकर जेलर ने राहुल से बहुत प्यार से पूछा कि बोका उसका कौन है। तो राहुल रोते हुए बोला "ये मेरे गणित के अध्यापक है और मेरे न पढ़ने पर मुझे मारा भी करते हैं।" यह सुनकर जेलर दो मिनट तक चुप रहा और फिर राहुल का हाथ पकड़ कर बोका के पास गया और बड़ी नम्रता से बोका के अपराधी बनने का कारण पूछा तो बोका ने रोते हुए जेलर से कहा "यही प्रश्न तो मै पिछले 25 महीनों से खुद अपने आप से और आप लोगों से पूछ रहा हूँ। परन्तु जवाब न मिलने पर मौन रहने लगा हूँ" बोका ने बताया कि उस दिन तो "मैं केवल खेतों से होता हुआ गाँव की पाठशाला की तरफ जा रहा था। कि मैंने इन दो हवलदारों से गाँव में आने का कारण पूछा। मेरे साथ मेरा नन्हा बच्चा व पत्नी थे। हवलदार मेरे प्रश्नों पर गौर न कर मेरी जेब टटोलने लगा। इस पर मुझे बहुत गुस्सा आया और मैने उन्हे होशियार होने को कहा। हमें खेत में अकेला देख उन्होने मेरी पत्नी के साथ दुर्व्यवहार किया। यह देख मैने अपना थैला उनके सर पर दे मारा और सिपाही इस पर मुझे पीटने लगे। यह देख पहले तो मेरी पत्नी सहायता के लिए चीखी लेकिन फिर वह खुद ही मेरी सहायता करने लगी उन्होंने मेरे बच्चे को जमीन पर पटक दिया जिस से उसकी तुरन्त मृत्यु हो गई यह देख मेरी पत्नी को दिल का दौरा पड़ा। और मुझे इतना पीटा की आँख खुलने पर मैं जेल में था। और मुझे आज तक मेरा कसूर नहीं बताया गया। जब भी पूछता हूँ तो मुझे पीट दिया जाता। इसलिए बोका राहुल में अपना पुत्र देखा करता था। अगर बोका को छोड दिया जाए तो क्या वह एक सुखद जीवन व्यतीत कर पायेगा ?

बबिता अवस्थि
II एच.इ.पी.

मेरी कहानी

मैं हर विद्यार्थी के जीवन का एक अभिन्न अंग हूँ। मुझ में ऐसे अलौकिक गुण हैं जो हर विद्यार्थी का मन मोह लेता है। मेरे जीवन का प्रारम्भ बड़े ही रोचक ढंग से हुआ। मेरा जन्म भारत के महानगर, विश्वविख्यात, अनेक उद्योगों का नगर बम्बई में हुआ। जन्म से ही मुझे सभी लाड़-प्यार देते। जिसकी भी नज़र मुझपर पड़ती उसकी आँखों में मेरे लिए प्यार उमड आता। मैंने अपने जन्मदाता को कहते हुए सुन लिया कि मैं अपने चंद साथियों के साथ 'गार्डन सिटी' बैंगलूर भेजा जा रहा हूँ। मेरा मन कौतूहल से भर गया। मैं अपने भाग्य पर अति प्रसन्न हुआ। मुझे एक बड़े से डिब्बे में बंद कर बैंगलूर लाया गया।

मैं ब्रिगेड रोड पर एक आलीशान दुकान की शोभा बढ़ाने लगा। जो भी मुझे देखता वह मुझे पा लेने की इच्छा करने लगता। मैं भी अक्सर अपने कल्पनालोक में खो जाता कि क्या मैं एक सामाजिक तितली के कंधों पर टंगा रहूँगा ? फिर तो मैं लिप्स्टिक, कॉम्पैक्ट एवं अन्य प्रसाधन से भरा रहूँगा और मुझे अपने फिगर की चिन्ता नहीं करनी पड़ेगी। वह देखो एक अतिसुन्दर कॉलेज विद्यार्थिनी मेरी ओर आ रही है। मुझे तो लगता है कि मैं उसके रुप और सौन्दर्य को चार चाँद लगा दूँगा परन्तु वह मेरे अन्दर तो मोटी मोटी किताब, लेड्जर ठूस देगी। इस विचार से ही मेरे तो रोंगटें खड़े हो गए।

परन्तु मुझे एक सीधी-सादी, सुशील लड़की ने खरीद लिया और मैं अपने कल्पनालोक से धरती पर वापस लौट आया। उसने अपने कोमल हाथों से मुझे थाम लिया और बड़े प्रेम से अपने घर ले गई। मैं अब एक अनुशासित जीवन बिताने लगा हूँ जहाँ मैं प्रातः काल इस लड़की के साथ उसके कॉलेज 'माऊन्ट कार्मल' चला जाता हूँ। मैं सभी कक्षाएँ नियमित रूप से 'अटैन्ड' करता हूँ। और उसे आज तक डाँट कभी नहीं पड़ी। क्योंकि मैं उसका हर तरह से सहयोग करता हूँ – उसकी कॉपियाँ, किताब, फाइल आदि सभी बड़े ध्यान से ले जाता हूँ।

मैं उसका अतिप्रिय एवं सच्चा मित्र उसका कॉलेज 'बैग' हूँ।

गीता विश्वनाथ
I एम.इ.सि.ए.

♣ ♣ ♣

आँसू

'आँसू' के हर कण में, कुछ छिपा है...
जीवन में जो कुछ सच है, वही झलकता है,
ढलकता है, इन आँसुओं में !
पढ़ सकते हो, कोशिश करो :
स्वयं ही जान जाओगे इन की भाषा।
मौन हो कर भी सब कुछ कह जाते हैं,
फिर, ये मोती क्यों कहलाते हैं ?
क्योंकि, सच्चे हैं, चमकते हैं,
बता देते हैं जीवन के सुख को।
इसी में शाम है, भान है,
इन्हें निरंतर गिरने दो।
रोको नहीं ! रुकने से बवंडर आ जाएगा,
सच्चाई उठ जाएगी इस धरती से,
शांत बहने दो जरा...
यही आवाज़ है, घायल मन की।

दिपाली वाही
II पी.यू.सी, पी.सी.एम.बी.

महादेवी वर्मा – एक महान साहित्यकार

आज संपूर्ण भारत में हमें ऐसे इने-गिने लेखक व कवि मिलेंगे जिनकी अलौकिक कलात्मकता तथा कुशल विचारात्मक व भावात्मक शैली ने संपूर्ण देश को मुग्ध कर दिया हो। ऐसे ही महान रत्नों में से 'श्रीमती महादेवी वर्मा' का नाम चिरस्मरणीय है।

महादेवी जी का जन्म १९०७ ई. में फर्रूखाबाद (उत्तर प्रदेश) के एक प्रतिष्ठित घराने में हुआ। वे अत्यंत ही कुशाग्रबुद्धि बालिका थीं और बचपन से ही अपनी माता से, जो एक सरल हृदया व धर्म परायणा महिला थीं, रामायण – महाभारत की कथाएँ सुनतीं रहीं। इसके परिणामस्वरूप उनके मत में साहित्य के प्रति आकर्षण उसी समय से उत्पन्न हो गया। अतः मौलिक काव्य रचना उन्होने बहुत छोटी आयु से ही आरंभ कर दी। उनकी प्रारंभिक शिक्षा इंदौर में तथा आगे की शिक्षा क्रास्थवेट गर्ल्स कॉलेज में हुई। तत्पश्चात प्रयाग विश्वविद्यालय से इन्होने संस्कृत में एम.ए. की परीक्षा उत्तीर्ण की। उन्होने दीर्घकाल तक प्रयाग महिला विद्यापीठ की प्रधानाचार्या के पद पर कुशलतापूर्वक कार्य किया। इसी दौरान उन्होने 'चाँद' नामक पत्रिका का सफलतापूर्ण संपादन किया।

महादेवी जी की साहित्यिक, शैक्षिक व सामाजिक सेवाओं के लिए भारत सरकार ने उन्हें 'पद्मभूषण' अलंकार से सम्मानित किया। विक्रम, कुमायूँ और दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालयों द्वारा वे डी.लिट्. की मानद उपाधि से विभूषित हुई। उनकी काव्य-कृति 'यामा' पर उन्हें भारतीय ज्ञानपीठ पुरस्कार प्राप्त हुआ। उत्तर प्रदेश हिन्दी संस्थान ने भी उन्हें 'भारत भारती' नाम से स्थापित हिन्दी के सर्वोत्तम पुरस्कार से सम्मानित किया।

महादेवी वर्मा जी मूलतः कवयित्री होने पर भी हिन्दी गद्य-शैली के प्रमुख निर्माताओं में उच्च स्थान की अधिकारिणी हैं। उनकी कविताओं में भाव, संगीत व चित्र का अपूर्व संयोग देखने को मिलता है तथा उनमें करुणा की प्रधानता है। अतः उन्हे 'पीड़ा की कवयित्री' भी कहा जाता है। परन्तु कई कविताओं में उन्होने गंभीरता से जीवन के सत्य को भी उजागर किया है, उदाहरण के लिए –

टकराएगा नहीं आज उद्धत लहरों से,
कौन ज्वार फिर तुझे पार तक पहुँचाएगा?
पहुँचेगा पथी तू दूसरे तट पर उसदिन,
जब चरणों के नीचे सागर लहराएगा।"

उनका गद्य-साहित्य भी सशक्त, अधिक प्रखर और अनुभूति-प्रवण है। उनकी मुख्य साहित्यिक रचनाएँ निम्नलिखित हैं :

काव्य रचनाएँ – नीरजा, निहार, रश्मि, सांध्यगीत, दीपशिखा, यामा...

निबंध-संग्रह – क्षणदा, श्रृंखला की कडियाँ, अबला और कबहला, आदि

रेखाचित्र व संस्मरण – अतीत के चलचित्र, स्मृति की रेखाएँ, मेरा परिवार, पथ के साथी आदि।

संपादित पत्रिकाएँ – चाँद और आधुनिक कवि

महादेवी जी की भाषा सरल व संस्कृतनिष्ठ खडी बोली है। निबंधों की भाषा, जो विचार प्रधान एवं विवेचनात्मक हैं, संस्कृतनिष्ठ है। कवयित्री होने के कारण इनके गद्य में भी कवित्व का प्रभाव स्पष्ट दिखाई देता है। उसमें काव्यत्मकता तथा अलंकारों का समुचित प्रयोग हुआ है। इसका उदाहरण यह निम्नलिखित प्रकृति-चित्रण है –

"फागुन के गुलाबी जोड़े की तरह वह रूपहली संध्या क्या भुलाई जा सकती है। सवेरे के पुलकपंखी वैतालिक एक लयवती उडान में अपने-अपने नीड़ों की ओर लौट रहे थे। विरल बादलों के अंतराल से उन पर चलाए हुए सूर्य के सोने के शब्दवेधी वाण उनकी उन्मद गति में ही उलझकर लक्ष्यभ्रष्ट हो रहे थे।"

महादेवी जी की गद्य भाषा-शैली सजीव व प्रभावपूर्ण है। उनकी विचारात्मक शैली में तर्क, विश्लेषण व गाम्भीर्य की प्रधानता है। इस शैली का प्रयोग उन्होने 'क्षणदा', 'श्रृंखला की कडियाँ', 'यथार्थ और आदर्श', 'अबला और सबला' आदि निबंधों में किया है। भावात्मक शैली में कल्पना और अलंकृत वर्णनों, माधुर्य तथा संस्कृत शब्दों का प्रयोग स्पष्ट दिखता है जो इन रचनाओं में प्रयुक्त है – मेरा परिवार, पथ के साथी, स्मृति की रेखाएँ

आदि। उनकी चित्तात्मक शैली में ओज और माधुर्य का प्राधान्य है और भाषा सरल तथा वाक्य बडे-बडे हैं। इसके अलावा उन्होने समाज की कुरीतियों के कारण पीडित मनुष्यों का चित्रण मर्मस्पर्शी व व्यंग्यत्मक शैली में किया है। भाषा में उचित स्थलों पर मुहावरों, व्यंग्य व लोकोक्तियों का सुंदर प्रयोग करके उन्होने रचनाओं में चार चाँद लगा दिए हैं।

महादेवी जी एक कुशल संस्मरणकार भी हैं। इन संस्मरणों के घेरे में पशु-पक्षियों से लेकर समाज के साधारण उपेक्षित लोग, नौकर, पथ के साथी, साहित्यकार आदि सब शामिल हैं। उनकी भाषा संस्कृतनिष्ठ होने पर भी त्रुटिपूर्ण व कृत्रिम नहीं है। उनकी भावनाओं का आत्मीय स्पर्श पाठक की स्मृति में एक छाप छोड जाता है। उन्होने अपनी कई रचनाओं में नारी पर हो रहे अत्याचार का विरोध किया है। वे कहतीं हैं –

"मैने भारतीय नारी को अनेक दृष्टिबिन्दुओं से देखने का प्रयास किया है। अन्याय के प्रति मैं स्वभाव से ही असहिष्णु हूँ।"

ऐसे उच्च विचारों वाली महान हस्ती का स्वर्गवास जब १९८७ में हुआ तो ऐसा प्रतीत हुआ मानों हिन्दी साहित्य की दुनिया से चमकता हुआ एक सितारा हमेशा के लिए लुप्त हो गया है। महादेवी जी आधुनिक हिन्दी के साहित्य के निर्माताओं में एक महत्वपूर्ण स्थान रखतीं हैं। महादेवी जी, प्रसाद जी, पन्त जी तथा निराला जी; छायावाद के चार स्तंभों को 'बृहत-चतुष्टय' का नाम दिया गया है। उनकी सभी काव्य-रचनाएँ, निबंध, रेखाचित्र, संस्मरण आदि हिन्दी साहित्य की अमूल्य निधि हैं। महादेवी वर्मा जी सच्चे अर्थों में हिन्दी संसार की 'महादेवी' हैं।

रजनी राव
II पी.यू.सी. (पी.सी.एम.बी.)

♣ ♣ ♣

मेरा मन

ये मन मेरा ये कैसा,
कि पढ़ने को न कहता,
कभी ऐसा, कभी वैसा
बस बाते करने को कहता।

कभी हिन्दी कभी इंग्लिश कभी कुछ,
पढ़ना है मुझको कितना कुछ
कि सुनकर रोना आता,
और कोई हँसना सिखाता।

मैंने तो बहुत नाटक किए,
कभी बीमार, कभी दर्द और कभी कुछ,
लेकिन सच न था कुछ,
अब मैं क्या करूँ,
कि पढ़ने को बैठूँ
अचानक मेरा ध्यान दूसरी तरफ जाए,
और मुझे कोई ऊपर से डंडा दिखाए।

जयश्री टी
I पी.यू.सी., पी.सी.एम.बी.

प्रार्थना

मैं भक्तिन नहीं हूँ भगवान
हूँ जग तृष्णा से हैरान
देती नहीं इह को सम्मान
लेकर इससे अभिमान
मैं आ रही हूँ छोड़ मैदान
ले रही हूँ तेरे चरण में स्थान।

संघर्ष

अब तक तो दिल्लगी करते थे जिन्दगी से हम
अब कैसे चुप-चाप हो गए हरदम ?
कभी खुशी होती तो कभी है यह गम
कि हज़ारो लाखों में भी अकेले हैं हम।
दिल की इन बातों को किसे सुनाए हम ?
इसे सोचकर हँसे या मनाए मातम !

जिज्ञासा

जीवन का क्या अर्थ है ?
ज्ञान के बिना यह व्यर्थ है,
ज्ञान का प्रकाश जिज्ञासा है
जो हर मानव की आशा है
किन्तु आशा के साथ निराशा है
यहीतो जीवन की भाषा है।

तुलसी बि.एस.
II पी.वई.इ.एस.

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भूल

नेता बनने का इरादा किया।
चुनाव का प्रचार किया।
अहिंसा पर भाषण दिया।
खूब सारा रुपया बहा दिया।
जब वोट मिल गया।
सारा वचन भुला दिया।
हिंसा शुरु कर दिया।
खूब सारा रुपया बना लिया।
भ्रष्टाचार शुरु कर दिया।
सारी जनता को डुबो दिया।
"हाय" ! हमने वोट देकर बड़ा गुनाह किया।

लाल रंग

किसी के आँचल का गुलज़ार हूँ।
किसी के सुहाग का सिंदूर हूँ।
किसी की दुल्हन का नूर हूँ।
किसी के तिलक का तेज हूँ।

किसी की बिंदिया का चमक हूँ।
किसी के होठों का शबनम हूँ।
किसी फूल का सौंदर्य हूँ।
किसी के प्रेम का सबूत हूँ।

किसी को याद ही नहीं हैं
कि मैं सबके लहू का रंग भी हूँ।

रफत्त जहान
II सि.एम.एस.

उपन्यास सम्राट प्रेमचन्द

"गाँव का शान्त जीवन मेरी अभिलाषाओं का स्वर्ग है। मैं खुद एक देहाती आदमी हूँ और मेरे साहित्यिक उद्यम का अधिकांश उस कर्ज को चुकाने में गया है जो देहाती भाइयों का मेरे ऊपर है।" प्रेमचंदजी के द्वारा अपने बारे में कहे गए इन शब्दों में सत्य झलकता है और इन शब्दों का सही चित्रण हमें उनके व्यक्तित्व के परिशीलन में प्राप्त होता है। ये शब्द न केवल उनके सामर्थ्य बल्कि जीवन के प्रति दृष्टिकोण को व्यक्त कर उनकी प्रतिमा व उनके महत्वपूर्ण योगदान का भी विवरण देते हैं।

प्रेमचंदजी के उपन्यास व उनकी कहानियाँ हिन्दी साहित्य के अभिन्न अंग बन गए हैं क्योंकि उनकी रचनाओं का सच्चापन भारतीय समाज पर ही आधारित है। उनकी रचनाएँ न केवल भारतीय समाज का सही ढंग से चित्रण करती हैं, बल्कि समाज की बुराइयों व कुरीतियों को निर्मम रूप से प्रदर्शित भी करती है।

प्रेमचंद की रचनाओं में मुख्यतः निम्नवर्ग व मध्यवर्ग का चित्रण किया गया है। इसका मूल कारण यही हो सकता है कि निम्नवर्ग और मध्यवर्ग अनुपात व महत्व की दृष्टि से समाज के आधार-स्तम्भ हैं। निम्नवर्ग और मध्यवर्ग कितना ही विपन्न हो, वह इतना खोखला नहीं है और न उसका जीवन ऐसा है कि कोई उस पर दया दिखा सके। चाहे निम्नवर्ग आर्थिक दृष्टि से विपन्न हो, परन्तु उनमें चारित्रिक विपन्नता नहीं है।

भारतीय समाज में निम्नवर्ग का महत्व असंदिग्ध है परन्तु अजान और अशिक्षा के कारण समाज के पुनर्निर्माण की भूमिका में अवतरित होने में यह वर्ग अपने आपको असमर्थ पाता है। यह स्पष्ट है कि समाज में निम्नवर्ग सर्वाधिक महत्वपूर्ण है क्योंकि वह आगे आने वाले समाज का नियामक है।

प्रेमचंद विशाल भारतीय समाज के कुशल चितेरे कहे जा सकते हैं क्योंकि वे उन वर्गों के समर्थ कलाकार हैं जो समाज के सबसे महत्वपूर्ण वर्ग हैं। परन्तु यह कहना कि प्रेमचंद के उपन्यासों में उच्चवर्ग का चित्रण नहीं है गलत होगा। उनके सभी महत्वपूर्ण उपन्यासों में कुछ न कुछ उच्चवर्गीय पात्र आते हैं। गोदान, कायाकल्प आदि उपन्यासों में उच्चवर्गीय चरित्र सामने आते हैं और उनकी जीवन-प्रणाली का परिचय मिलता है। लेकिन इन सबका चित्रण इस रुप में हुआ है कि ये ढ़हते हुए खंडहर की याद दिलाते हैं। प्रेमचंद अपने कला-विवेक की तीखी रोशनी से इन खंडहरों को उसके वास्तविक रुप में उपस्थित कर देते हैं।

उच्चवर्ग के बाद मध्यवर्ग प्रेमचंद के उपन्यासों में सबसे अधिक स्थान घेरता है। अपने उपन्यासों में प्रेमचंद ने मध्यवर्ग के दो रूपों का चित्रण किया है – एक वह जो प्रगतिशील शक्ति के रूप में राष्ट्र और समाज की पुर्नरचना में व्यस्त है और दूसरा वह जो घूस लेता है, गबन करता है और हिंसा का वातावरण फैलाता है, लम्बी-चौड़ी ड़ींगें हांकता है। इस प्रकार प्रेमचन्द ने यह स्पष्ट कर दिया है कि उस वर्ग में जहाँ मक्कारी, धूर्तता और खुदगर्जी है, वे तत्व हैं जो इसे प्रगतिशील भूमिका के निर्वाह के अयोग्य सिद्ध करते हैं।

साधारणतः यह माना जाता है कि उपन्यास व्यक्ति के सम्पूर्ण जीवन का चित्र है। व्यक्ति के साथ युग तो लगा ही रहता है। प्रेमचन्द के समय तक व्यक्ति और समाज की महत्ता को घोषित करने वाले दृष्टिकोण का अनुमान प्रेमचन्द को हुआ था। एक उपन्यासकार के नाते जहाँ वे उपन्यास को व्यक्ति के जीवन का सम्पूर्ण चित्र मानते ये वही अपने समय के एक सचेत कलाकार होने के नाते यह भी अनुभव करते थे कि व्यक्ति समाज की ही एक इकाई है। प्रेमचन्द ने व्यक्ति के साथ उसके प्रकृत परिवेश को लिया। प्रेमचन्द ने व्यक्ति के साथ परिवेश को लेकर अपने आपको हिन्दी के ऐसे सबसे पहले उपन्यासकार के रूप में साबित किया जिनके उपन्यास एक ओर तो सही अर्थ में उपन्यास हैं और दूसरी ओर भारतीय सामाजिक जीवन की विस्तृत समीक्षा।

अपने उपन्यासों में प्रेमचन्द ने नारी और पुरुष को एक ही समाज के पहलू के रुप में चित्रित किया है। अपने उपन्यासों में उनकी दृष्टि मुख्यतः सामाजिक समस्याओं पर ही रही है और चरित्र का सामाजिक पक्ष ही उनको आकर्षित करता रहा है। प्रेमचन्द ने जहाँ पुराने आदर्शों के बोझ से दबती पिसती और कराहती नारियों का चित्रण किया है वहीं वे उन नारियों को भी नहीं भूले हैं जो पुराने आदर्शों का ढ़ोना व्यर्थ समझतीं हैं। प्रेमचन्द ने अपने प्रारम्भिक उपन्यासों में ही नारी का वह रुप चित्रित किया है जो पुरुषों के सामने घुटने नहीं टेकती, दया की भीख नहीं माँगती वरन् उनकी हर नाजायज हरकत का साहस से विरोध करती है।

प्रेमचन्द के उपन्यासों में ऐसे कितने ही छोटे-मोटे प्रसंग आते हैं जो ऊपरी दृष्टि से देखने पर मात्र रोचकता का सन्निवेश करने वाले प्रतीत होते हैं, पर यदि विचार करके देखा जाए तो उनसे लेखक के गूढ़ अभिप्राय स्पष्ट होते हैं। प्रेमचन्द के उपन्यासों में छोटे प्रसंग व गौण पात्रों को उतना ही महत्व दिया गया है जितना अन्य उपन्यासों के अन्य प्रसंगों व पात्रों को दिया गया है। प्रेमचन्द के उपन्यासों के गौण पात्रों पर विचार करने के क्रम में यह स्वीकार किया गया है कि श्रेष्ठ उपन्यास में जहाँ प्रधान पात्रों का अपना महत्व होता है वहाँ गौण पात्र भी विशिष्ट महत्व के अधिकारी होते हैं। बहुधा उनकी गतिविधियाँ, सोचने का ढ़ंग और कार्य-प्रणाली प्रधान पात्रों को प्रभावित करने वाले उपकरण सिद्ध होते हैं।

हिन्दी में लेखन प्रारम्भ करने के बाद ही प्रेमचन्द को अनुभव हुआ कि गौरवपूर्ण अतीत वाले अविकसित साहित्य की संगति में वे आये है। हिन्दी में कथा-साहित्य भले ही समृद्ध नही था लेकिन मध्यकालीन काव्यों के नायकों के जो रुप थे वे अपने आप में विशिष्ट थे, इसमे संदेह नहीं। इस दृष्टि से प्रेमचन्द को भी महत् आदर्शों वाले नायकों का चित्रण करना चाहिए, यह बात उन्होने ठान ली। प्रेमचन्द का वस्तुवादी दृष्टिकोण इतना प्रखर और बढ़ा-चढ़ा था कि वह उनके इस दृष्टिकोण पर कि नायक को महत् आदर्श लेकर चलना चाहिए, हावी हो गया। वास्तव में प्रेमचन्द के नायक व्यक्ति अधिक है, टाइप कम। परन्तु बाद में यह क्रम उलटा हो गया क्योंकि प्रेमचन्द व्यक्ति के सामाजिक रुप को लेकर चलते थे। उनके विरुद्ध कलाकार से परास्त होने को प्रस्तुत नहीं था। इसलिए अन्त में उसकी विजय हुई।

प्रेमचन्द की सरलता का अपना संस्कार है, औसत पत्रकारों की सस्ती सरलता की भाँति संस्कार विहीन नहीं है और न वह शीघ्र-लेखन का परिणाम है। प्रेमचन्द की सरलता के पीछे विवेक और विवेचन दोनों हैं।

प्रेमचन्द की शैली के चार गुण माने गए हैं; आत्यंतिक निश्चात्मकता, आत्यंतिक स्वाभाविकता, स्थिति-स्थापकता और अनिवार्य औचित्य। प्रेमचन्द का शब्दकोष अपेक्षाकृत सीमित है। जहाँ शब्दकोष का सीमित होना लेखक के लिए एक कठिनाई है, वहाँ उसकी सम्पन्नता उसके लिए अभिशाप भी बन सकती है।

प्रेमचन्द की भाषा-शैली पर विचार करने के क्रम में सबसे पहले यह मान लेना होगा कि वे उस अर्थ में शैलीकार नहीं थे जिस अर्थ में गुस्ताफ फलावेयर या एमिल जोला का नाम लिया जाता है। जिस प्रकार प्रेमचन्द ने साहित्य को भव्यतर जीवन-निर्माण का अद्वितीय साधन माना, उसी प्रकार शैली भी उनके लिए वर्ण्य-विषय को अचूक अभिव्यक्ति देने का सफल साधन थी।

ए. उषा श्री
II बि.काम. 'ए'

पर्यावरण संरक्षण

काट चुके इन वृक्षों को,
नष्ट कर चुके इन पौधों को,
छोडा नहीं एक तिनके को भी,
सूना सा बना दिया इस धरती को।

रफतार से चली गाड़ियाँ,
अपने पीछे छोड़ गए धुआँ,
नई-नई इमारते बनवाए,
बड़े-बड़े कारखाने लगवाए।

बना गए हवा को गंढ़ा,
बना दिया पानी को काला,
कर दिया जानवरों को परेशान,
भगा दिया पक्षियों को रेगिस्तान।

बन गए बच्चे अपाहिज
लग गए रोग लोगों को,
तड़पने लगे पशु-पक्षी इनसे,
दुःख से मर गई यह दुनिया सारी।

अपने सुख के लिए,
दिया तुमने दूसरों को दुख,
क्यों किया ऐसा तुमने,
क्या पाया इन सबसे तुमने।

मिटा के रख देगी तुम्हारा ये स्वार्थ
जल जाएगी यह दुनिया सारी,
साथ इसके जलेंगे,
हम भी और तुम भी॥

अंजना वि
II एच.इ.पिवाई.एस.

बेबस थी मैं

चाहा था उसे अपना न सकी
शब्द थे दिल में, लबों पे ला न सकी
वह गुज़रे पास से, उन्हें बुला न सकी

क्या करती अपने ही हाथों मजबूर थी
समाज की दीवारों को ढहा न सकी

उजड़ गया सब पल भर में
खड़ी राह असहाय, मैं कुछ कर न सकी
छलक आये अश्क पलकों पर
भूल गई मैं अपने को
'खुश रहे तू सदा' उनके लिए
यह दो शब्द दुआ के भी कह न सकी

क्या करती मैं ? अपने ही हाथों मजबूर थी
समाज की दीवारों को ढहा न सकी
चाहा उसे अपना न सकी

सीमा नवीन
II एम.इ.सि.ए.

सूखे पुष्प की आत्मकथा

भू पर पड़ा मैं रो रहा
अपनी बिखरी पंखुड़ियों को देख।
मधु, सौरभ सब खुशी से दान किया
मेरी दयनीय स्थिति का यह इक लेख।

एक जमाना था जब मैं एक सुंदर फूल था। पर आज मैं धरती पर पड़ा धूल में मिल गया हूँ। यह बहती हुई हवा, मंडराते भौरें और माली मुझे अपने सुनहले दिनों की याद दिलाते हैं। मैं एक वाटिका में एक सुंदर, कोमल कली के रूप में पैदा हुआ था। मुझे देखते ही माली बड़ा खुश हुआ और उसने मेरी देखभाल बड़े ही यत्न से की। अगले दिन मेरी पखुड़ियाँ खिल गईं और मेरी इन पंखुड़ियों पर चाँद ने ओस कण रूपी लाल रत्न बरसायें थे। मेरी सुगंध चारों ओर फैलने लगी और उस दिन हवा ने मुझे एक माँ के समान प्यार से अपनी गोद में झुलाया और लालची भौरें मेरे मधु के लिए मेरे चारों ओर मंडराने लगे। मेरा मन उल्लास से भर गया और मेरी खुशी की सीमा न रही। पर मेरी यह प्रसन्नता ज्यादा देर तक न टिक पाई। एक महिला ने आकर मुझे तोड़ लिया और मुझे अपने केश में लगा लिया। पूरे दिन उसने मुझे बड़ी ही चाह से अपने केश में लगाए रखा, पर शाम तक जब मैं सूख गया तो उसने मुझे धरा पर फेंक दिया। मेरी सारी पंखुड़ियाँ बिखर गईं। आज मेरी कोई चिंता नहीं करता वे भौंरे, वह हवा, वह माली और वह महिला भी नहीं। मैंने अपना मधु और सौरभ संसार में बाँटकर सभी लोगों को प्रसन्न किया और आज वे ही लोग मुझे अपने पैरों तले कुचल रहें हैं।

अलका टिबरेवाला
I पी.यू.सि. (एम.इ.सि.ए.)

आ जा बचपन

बेचैनी से मैं गुजरी हुई जिंदगी का स्मरण करती हूँ,
वे क्षण जो सुहाने सपनों की भाँति थे,
जब जिन्दगी में कुछ कर दिखाने की इच्छा थी,
जो आज के जैसे बेकार नहीं है।

कहाँ ? कहाँ खो गए वे मधुर क्षण,
और जीने की चाहत,
क्यों ? क्यों अब चाँद मुझे आकर्षित नहीं करता ?
क्यों मुझे सूरज के ढलने का अहसास नहीं होता ?

यह छोटापन कब से मेरी जिन्दगी का हिस्सा बन गया,
ये गुस्सा, ये कठोरता, ये नासमझी, ये रुखापन,
ओ ! ये व्याकुलता और बेचैनी कैसी /
पास आ बचपन, तू ही इस बेचैनी से मुझे मुक्त कर।

ओ ! फिर से बालिका बनने की इच्छा,
फिर से उस नादानी को कठोर हृदय में बसाने की इच्छा,
फिर से अपनी छोटी सी जिन्दगी में लौट जाने की चाह,
और उन खंडहरों को फिर से अपनी शक्ति के द्वारा
निर्माण करने की चाह - खाई जा रही है।

फिर भी, जो बीत गया वह कहाँ मिला ?
इसलिए, अब मैं अपने में ही बालिका बन,
हर्ष से भरे हुए सपनों को समेट कर,
अपने जीवन के रस का आनन्द उठाऊँगी।

के.एन. बोजम्मा
I सी.बी.ज़ेड.

कसूखार कौन है ?

विषमता का वातावरण छाया हुआ था। सन्नाटा ऐसा जिसका अनुभव मनुष्य के दिल में कंपन पैदा कर दें। दिल भयग्रस्त हो जाये। शरीर के रोंगटे खड़े हो जाये।

उस सन्नाटे में केवल दो करुण, विह्वल स्वर सुनायी दे रहे थे। दो औरतें बिलखकर रो रही थी। एक औरत की उम्र करीब बाईस वर्ष की थी तथा वह सात मास की गर्भिणी थी। उसके पास बैठी दूसरी औरत करीब पचास वर्ष की थी। सफेद वस्त्रों में लिपटी अन्य औरतें उन्हें सांत्वना देने की कोशिश कर रही थीं।

पिछले साल अपने बेटे का विवाह उसने कितनी धूमधाम से रचाया था। आज दोनों के सुहाग के जोड़े उजड़ चुके थे।

दादी बनने की खबर सुनकर मचल उठा था दिल उसका। आनेवाले उस नन्हे फूल की कल्पना से ही उसका रोम-2 गद्‌गद् हो जाता था।

मगर मानव-2 का शत्रु है, वैरी है। एक व्यक्ति दूसरे को शांति से जीने नहीं देता।

आज सुबह उसका हरा भरा बाग, बरसों की मेहनत से जिसे सींचा था, उजड़ गया।

केवल कुछ गोलियों के शब्द सुनायी दिये थे। और जब तक वह पहुंची उसके सामने उसके उजड़े हुए चमन की करुण कहानी लिखी जा चुकी थी।

बाप और बेटा दोनों खून से तथपथ गिरे पडे थे।

आज वह अपने लिए नहीं, उस नादान बच्ची व उसके आनेवाले बच्चे के लिए, उन सभी मासूमों के लिए रो रही थी जो इस आतंकवाद के शिकार हो चुके थे।

उसके आंसू पुकार पुकार कर कहना चाहते थे। मगर सुने कौन ?

हमारे शासक ? अपनेआप को आजादी का मसीहा कहलानेवाले ? राह भटके हुए हमारे नौजवान ?

आखिर कसूखार कौन है ?

नीतु वि
II एम.इ.सि.ए.



प्रेम

कई बार यह बात मेरे मन में आई,
कि यह प्रेम चीज़ क्या है, भाई ?
फिर मुझे एक दोस्त ने समझाया
तब कुछ मेरी समझ में आया।
प्रेम की है यह अजीब माया,
इसने हर किसी को है रुलाया।
प्रेम ने किसी को कर दिया आबाद,
और किसी को कर दिया बरबाद।
हर किसी को बदलें में नहीं है प्रेम मिला,
सच मानिए इस प्रेम की है अजीब लीला।
जनाब, हमने भी प्रेम करके देखा है
इसमें पल-पल तडपना ही लिखा है।
किसी को तो इसने दी है जुदाई,
और किसी को दी है तनहाई।
इसने किसी को पत्थर से मरवाया,
और किसी को ईटों से चुनवाया।

मधु पी बागरेचा, नीता टी गांधी
II एच.एससि.

खेल – एकता का माध्यम

एकता की परिभाषा से सम्भवतः सभी परिचित है। प्रत्येक दिन हमारी इस शब्द से टक्कर किसी न किसी प्रकार हो जाती है – कभी दूरदर्शन के माध्यम से या फिर अखबार – पत्रिकाओं के माध्यम से; और नेताओं के भाषण का तो यह सर्वप्रियं शीर्षक है। परन्तु क्या ये सचमुच हमें एकता की ओर नज़दीक ले जा रहे है – सभी से मिलजुल कर रहने में सहायक है ? प्रश्न का उत्तर देना कठिन है पर मेरे नज़रिये से एकता की ओर प्रेम-भार से रहने की ओर एक ठोस कदम का उदाहरण है – खेल।

खेल ये एक ऐसा माध्यम है जिसके द्वारा एक देश के वासी ही नहीं अपितु विदेश व अन्तर्राष्ट्रीय स्तर पर लोग एक दूसरे के करीब आ जाते है। संसार भर के हमारे भाई-बहन के संग किस प्रकार प्रेमपूर्ण व्यवहार व रहन-सहन हो सकता है – इसके विषय में खेल हमें महत्वपूर्ण अवसर प्रदान करते है। जब भी 'एशियड' या 'आलम्पिक्स' खेल किसी देश में आयोजित किये जाते हैं तो दुनिया के कोने कोने से आए खिलाड़ी एक संग रहकर एक दूसरे की संस्कृति से, रहन-सहन से अवगत् हो जाते हैं। किस प्रकार सभी देश के लोग एक ही जगह संगठित हो वार्तालाप के दौरान अनजाने में करीब हो जाते हैं। खिलाड़ियों में विभिन्न शीर्षिकों पर आलोचना होती है तथा उन्हें कई नई बातें ज्ञात होती हैं। और सबसे खास बात तो यह है कि खेल के मैदान में सभी खिलाड़ी एक संग भाग लेते हैं तथा एक तरह से स्वस्थ वातावरण प्रवास करते हैं। परिणाम जो भी हो - हार या जीत, सभी उसे हँसी खुशी स्वीकार करते हैं। खेलों के समाप्ती पर सभी नई उम्मीदें, नई आंशाए ले कर अपने घर लौटते है। एक-एक खिलाड़ी कोई नई बात हृदय में लिए जाता है – यह उनके लिए अत्यन्त स्मरणीय है। मानो अनजाने में ही सभी एक संग रह कर अपने व्यक्तित्व को भूला कर, सम्पूर्ण रूप से खेल के रंग में डूब गए थे। वे अपने-आप का एक अलग परिचय नहीं देते – वरन् एक ही पक्ष का हिस्सा मान सभी के संग इस प्रकार घुलमिल जाते है कि खेल समाप्ती पर हर एक पर उदासी की छाया छा जाती है। इसी प्रकार अर्न्तदेशीय स्तर पर भी जब खेल खेले जाते है तो देश के-प्रदेश-प्रान्तों के खिलाड़ी हँसीं खुशी सभी के संग रहन सहन करना सीखते हैं।

इस नज़रिये से खेलों को और प्रोत्साहित किया जाना चाहिए, इनकी तरफ और ध्यान आकर्षित होना चाहिए। इनके द्वारा ही हमारे भीतर एक दूसरे के लिए प्रेम व आदर की भावना आती है। देश व विदेश के लोगों से अत्यन्त घनिष्ट सम्पर्क स्थापित होता है। ऐसा महसूस होता है कि सभी एक ही संगठन के सदस्य हैं। एकता के खजाने में अनगिनत मूल्यवान मोहरें जोड़ी जाती हैं।

क्या आपस में भाईचारा व सुख शान्ती से रहना, दूसरों के जीवन के सभी पहलुओं को जानना एकता का दूसरा रूप नहीं है ? यही तो एक साधन है जो हमें एक संग, एक ही जीवन रूपी पथ पर चल कर अपने मंज़िलों तक पहुचानें में सहयोगी होगा। तो ये एकता की ओर बढ़ना नहीं है तो क्या है ?

गगनदीप
I पी.एम.इ.

शायरी

टूटा हुआ दिल जब अपनी दासताँ सुनाता है।
किसी के दर्द से सी ना फटा सा जाता है॥
औरों की बेवफाई का हम क्या गिला करें।
खुद अपना ही साया बहुत दूर नज़र आता है॥

आंसरे ने इक आस की हमें मरने न दिया,
वरना तेरे गम ने तो हमें जीने ही न दिया।
पल-पल तेरी याद में जलते रहे हैं हम,
और पूछते हो इश्क में हमने है क्या किया ?!

शबनम को तुमनें पत्तियों पर देखा होगा,
आओ हमारी आँखों के शबनम को देख लो,
भूल से तुम इन्हें आँसू ना समझना,
येतो हैं तेरे प्यार का उपहार सुहाना।

डरती हूँ तुम्हारा साथ इक फसाना न बन जाए।
कहीं तू मेरे ग़मों का बहाना न बन जाए।

उमामा ज़हरा
II बि.एस.सी. (पि.एम.इ.)

♣ ♣ ♣

मॉडर्न स्टूडेन्ट

दो पन्नों की कॉपी बनाकर,
कॉलेज पढ़ने जाते हैं।
रास्ते में मिले यार दोस्त तो
पिक्चर को मुड़ जाते हैं।

तने कुरते मस्तानी चाल,
आँखों पर चश्मा
हाथ मे रंगीन रुमाल
लेकर आते हैं।

इन पर लगा ध्यान,
माँ बाप का पैसा फुँकाते हैं,
अटेन्डंस जब शार्ट हुई तो
भाग दौड़ लगाते हैं।

पढ़ा लिखा खाक नहीं और,
नकल से अक्ल भिड़ाते हैं।
रिजल्ट आऊट होने पर वे
घर से भाग जाते हैं।

फिर माँ बाप के पेपर में छपवाने से
बेशर्म हो वापस आजाते हैं।
इन सभी ठोकरों व चिन्ताओं से भी
वे कभी नहीं सुधरते हैं।

और फिर रोज की तरह जूते चमकाकर
चश्मे लगाते हैं।
हे भगवान हाँ। ये ही मॉडर्न स्टूडेन्ट
कहलाते हैं।

बबिता अवस्ति
II एच.इ.पी.

गुणाः पूजास्थानम् .....

From time immemorial India has had many great personalities like Ekalavya, Dhruva, Lord Buddha etc. in the past. Many political leaders like Gandhiji, Nehru, Sri Lal Bhadur Sastri, Patel and religious and social reformers like Vivekananda have changed the course of history by their teachings.

The story of Ekalavya is deeply engraved in the minds of the Indians as it highlights his noble qualities. He is known for his concentration, will power, dedication, perseverance and above all respect and devotion to his teacher.

Dhruva had no attachment towards the worldly pleasures. He went to the forest when he was young and performed severe penance as a result of which he occupied a very high position.

Great leaders like Gandhiji laid emphasis on the universal brotherhood of man. Gandhiji sacrificed his life at the altar of communal unity. He believed in 'Simple living and high thinking'.

Of the great women in ancient times our information is unfortunately scanty and uncertain. Sati Savitri, Sati Chintadevi, Rani Laxmi Bai and Kittoor Chennamma are just a few who have proved that women can do remarkable things.

Sati Savitri was a chaste lady. She had intense loyalty towards her husband and his parents. She won back her husband's life from Lord Yama. Thus she personified the statement "Perseverance is the sure path of success".

Parvathi practised severe austerities to get Lord Shiva as her lord -- when she saw Kamadeva being burnt by the fire from the third eye of Shiva. She was a princess brought up in all luxuries and she practised penance in such a way that even great sages could not equal her. Hence they held her in high esteem and came over to see her. Normally young people go to the elder ones to pay their respect, but here it was the other way round. So Kalidasa conludes

"गुणाः पूजास्थानम् गुणिषु न च लिङ्गं न च वयः ।"

"Virtues make one repsectable; neither age nor sex is a criterion to command respect." Even now many women occupying high positions with their talents, virtues and unique qualities prove this saying to be true. Dhruva and Ekalavya too became respectable at the very tender age. All these go a long way to prove the immortal words of Kalidasa to be a universal truth.

Pratibha C.S.
I P.U.C., P.C.M.B. I

Women Poets of Sanskrit Literature

The connotation 'woman' carries with it quite a few interpretations. But usually people picturised a woman either as a "mother" or as a fiery feminist. In constrast to this, when we turn the pages of history, during the vedic age that is when Sanskrit was a popular language, we find that there existed another category of women. They were neither the ones who performed onerus chores as women in the houses nor were they the ones who influenced the society by employing the techniques of the "fair sex" ! Those women were the ones who reached the coveted heights of fame by using the pen as their sword. These talented women were the poetesses. Unfortunately the information we have about them is scanty and uncertain. Women poets are inadequately represented in anthologies.

Early texts give us a lot of information on women but the woman is either a sister, a daughter or a mother. Information about women poets is very scarce. We have 150 scattered verses of about 40 women poets and in addition to this Brhad-devata of Saunaka records the verses of some women seers.

Though women played negligible roles in the political and other higher rungs of life in ancient India, during the Upanishadic and Rg Vedic age, we see women marching as equals with their male counterparts and writing was no exception. Some of the scholars claim that the poems attributed to some poetesses are actually based on myths and legends and are not their original ideas. Moreover the sources from which these verses are quoted are not known and so have no means of determining the nature and value of their literary achievement. But judging from the extremely meagre specimens of stray verses, one cannot say that their contribution to Sanskrit poetry is impressive or original in quality and quantity. The verses of these poetesses are mostly dainty trifles and talk of light erotic themes and have a tender touching note. But there is nothing truly feminine in these verses by which we can completely deny the fact that these poems were actually written by men under the name of a woman having perverse motives !

The woman poet looks suspiciously like a replica of the passionate heroine of the normal Sanskrit poetry. But lack of concrete evidences about the authorship puts us in a fix as to "who wrote the poem" -- a man or a woman, "Is the theme novel or is it a narrative of a legend ?" But mainly we find information about these poets in the Rg Veda and Upanishads.

Rg Veda

This is the oldest of all vedas and during this period people worshipped nature. Sources say that 27 women called Brahmavadinis existed during this period. Some were divine and the rest were semidivine. Excluding these only 10 women are said to be mere mortals and they have written some verses. Some of these women are Vis´svāvara, Apālā, Ghosā, Godhā, Lopāmudrā, Sāśvati, Romasā, and Vāc̄. Brahmavadinis simply wrote praising the Gods and never claimed mastery over philosophy. In the word Brahmavadin, Brahman meant only a prayer.

Today we can find information on some of these women poets who are also seers.

Vāc

She is said to have written a hymn called Devī-Sūtra. It is a hymn employed in the autumnal worship of the Devī or Goddess. But some scholars of later times doubt the existence of any woman seer by name Vāc̄ and they categorise this name as metaphorical because Vāc̄ means word. In contrast to this, the Vedic literature regards the Devī-Sūtra as a hymn composed by a woman. Inspite of all these contradictions

about the existence of a woman by name Vāc, the Devī-Sūtra has got an important place in Sanskrit literature. This hymn talks about the self and its identity with the universe and also emotional realisation of the transcendental. This hymn became the basis of Sakti in later times.

Visvavārā

She belonged to the Atri family and is said to have written six verses. Her verses speak of a married lady offering prayer to the 'sacrificial fire' at dawn to bring in joy and peace in her married life. Some say that Visvavārā had performed that sacrifice herself but this opinion was ruled out during the brahmana age.

Apāla

She was a lady born in the Atri family. Her hymns mostly are a mixture of fact and fiction. It is said Apāla was afflicted with a skin disease by which she had no hair growth on her body and was discarded by her husband. But her hymn speaks of as to how she worshipped Indra and freed herself from the disease.

Ghoṣa

Ghoṣa is said to have made the largest contribution in this field. She was born to Kakshivat who was the son of Dirghatamas, who belonged to a family of great seers. She suffered from white leprosy and thus remained unmarried. Her hymns speak of the joyful anticipations of married life.

Lopāmudrā, Sasvati and Romasa are other reputed women who wrote verses. Their compositions are not complicated and these women are known for their directness in expression. They did not hesitate to write on any aspect of life whether it was love or men and this is indeed admirable because the women writers of the past had inhibitions to portrary such feelings and some also considered it disgraceful. These bold expressions have not been outcast fortunately and they have found their way to the scared texts. Māndhātr, Godha, the anonymous wife of Vasukra, sister of Agastya were other women of this age who took to writing.

Upanishads

Upanishads speak of Maitreyi and Gargi who had striking personalities and were masters of philosophy. Maitreyi, a lady in search of truth was the wife of Yajnavalkya and scanty information about her is given in the Brhadāranyaka Upanishad. Gargi was the daugther of sage Vacaknu and was an opponent of Yajnavalkya's views but ultimately she is said to have acknowledged defeat at his hands.

Vijjā, Vikatanitambā, Sītābhattārikā, Bhāvadevi, Gaurī, Padmāvati, Vidyāvati are other poetesses whose names stand out among the very few women writers whose writing contained variety and novelty. Most women writers are occupied with the theme of love. Sometimes we find a glimpse into the heart of a woman, a woman who was fully ardent and had less self-control but this interpretation would lead to dubious generalisation and given the whole topic, a wrong perspective. In any case the specimens are too few to enable us to arrive at a judgement concerning the creative ability and the temperaments of the then women poets.

In the classical period also we find a few women writers who may be mentioned as composers of काव्या's. Among these are, Rāmabhadrāmbā of Tanjore who wrote Raghunāthābhyudaya, Madhuravānī who translated Raghunātha's Āndhra Rāmāyana into an elegant Sanskrit verse in 14 cantos under the title Rāmāyana-Sāra-Kāvya, Vikatanitambā the author of Varadāmbika-parinaya – a Campū. These works are of a conventional style and do not call for special comment.

The works of some of these women poets portray their feelings and ideas in an uninhibited fashion. Some poems are so simple that even the common man can apprehend it with great ease. These women

have enriched the world of poems with their verses. These verses are indeed a treasury and if our attemts to unlock this treasury is successful, we will find an invaluable cluster of literary marvel awaiting us with open arms. Not only this, this attempt will also bring to light the names of those poetesses who are supposed to have vanished into the dark lanes of the past. This discovery of the treasure will make these women rise and shine and become a tiara to the world of literature !!

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Chandrika K.R.
II PyES



The Richness of Vedas

The vedas are a great store house of all the knowledge that is conerned with human affairs -- knowledge required by an ordinary man, a religious devotee, an earnest scientist and an ardent philosopher. Since they possess extraordinary and indomitable power therein can be found full accounts of all the things of the past and future, of the subtle and unseen and the distant etc, as is stated in the following:

संप्रदायविदः अकुण्ठितां शक्तिं वेदस्य दर्शयन्ति। चोदना हि भूतं भविष्यन्तं सूक्ष्मं व्यवहितं विप्रकृषृमित्येवं जातीयमर्थं शक्नोत्यवगमयितुम् ॥

The portions concerning the sciences are records of truth observed and experienced through revelation at times by ancient sages. Scientists and philosophers such as Kanāda, Kapila, Vyasa, Jaimini and a host of others adopted the data or the basic materials furnished by the vedic literature for the development of their respective works. All the phenomena of nature especially of the sun, the wind, the fire and water have been investigated and results have been recorded in the Vedas. Some of these have been explained scientifically in the clearest terms in some place, and figuratively in others.

It is thus in the fitness of things that the Vedas include (1) आयुर्वेद – anatomy, physiology, hygiene, sanitary science, medical science, surgery etc, (2) धनुर्वेद – archery and other military sciences, (3) गान्धर्व वेद – the science of art and music and (4) स्थापत्यवेद – engineering, architecture etc. and all branches of mathematics in general. All these subjects, be it noted, are inherent parts of the Vedas are reckoned as "spiritual" studies and catered for, as such therein.

Thus, true to its name the Vedas contain enormous knowledge. [विद् – to know]

Sitarani K. Pani
II PyES

Role of Sanskrit in the Modern Day Education

The dictionary gives the meaning of the word, 'education' as the development of character or mental powers. It also defines education as "systematic instruction". Our current system of education has paid more attention to the latter meaning of education. Hence, the current state of affairs of not only the educational system and educational institutions, but of the nation as a whole, and the current state of affairs is by no means a very flattering one, on the contrary it has degenerated in a mere trade of textbooks, degrees and obviously involving money.

Science and education have improved through the ages, truly beyond the limits of human imagination. The educational system too is progressing rapidly. It is the NUCLEAR AGE. One word is all pervading, now –

"SCIENCE ! SCIENCE ! SCIENCE !!

Truly, science has progressed, but there is certainly something amiss somewhere. Our system has become so very mechanical that we call ourselves as "progressing people" even when we realise that we are progressing at the cost of our values, our peace and our contenment.

This is where the one, unpolluted, beautiful term (as one knows it today) "संस्कृतम्" comes into the picture with a breath of fresh air.

भाषासु मुख्या मधुरा दिव्या च गीर्वाण भारती ॥

"Most important, most divine and sweetest of all languages is this wonderful Sanskrit".

No other words can aptly describe this divine language, Sanskrit. The beauty of the language, lies in it being itself. The justification of the statement that Sanskrit can actually pull us out of the rut that we have got ourselves into will be made evident in the course of this article.

Educational Value of Sanskrit

Spiritual Aspect

Education has a 3-way action routine. Its main purpose is to train mentally, vocationally and spiritually. It is the 3 H's – Head, Heart and Hand.

As is said in Sanskrit, "मनोवाक्कायं" [मन: – mind, वाक् – tongue, कायं – hand (body)]

Happily enough, our current educational system, caters to the head and to the hand i.e., to the mental and vocational training, yet, ironically, it completely ignores the spiritual aspect of learning which the Sanskrit language will now compensate for.

Sanskrit preaches that "he" who is spiritual is a man. It is spirituality that occupies the top bracket of priority according to our culture. One has to ultimately realise his spiritual self – अहं ब्रह्मास्मि ॥ "I am Brahma", the eternal truth. The role Sanskrit plays in offering this spiritual training is very evident in the following verse –

मनस्येकं वचस्येकं कर्मण्येकं दुरात्मनां
चित्ते वाचि क्रियायां च महतां एकरूपता ॥

"The mind contemplates something, the tongue speaks something else, the action is totally something else in the wicked people. The great poeple are those who are united in thought, word and action."

Hence, no knowledge is complete without spirituality. So Sanskrit plays a very important role by catering to the spiritual aspect of the modern day education.

Sanskrit literature abounds in wisdom, spirituality and beauty. The didactic fables like the हितोपदेश, पञ्चतन्त्रं etc. preach great morals through simple stories appealing to both the young and the old alike. Morals included in the children of today, would

certainly mould them into the responsible citizens of tomorrow. This, our *education* should take care of, Sanskrit does not force or thrust these values down our throats, instead it adopts the policy of कान्ता सम्मिततया उपदेश युजे ॥ One happily imbibes the values preached by Sanskrit, just as 'a man would listen to the loving words of his dear wife'.

Sanskrit in Society

"The more one watches the point blank disintegration of our nation, today, the more convinced one becomes, that Sanskrit, as the first language of India would have been the cementing force in our country."

How true indeed are the words of Prof. P. Srinivasa Rao, a modern day educationist, a professor of English at the Philadelphia La Salle University. The storms of the 20th century have eroded away our values, our togetherness and have left behind a rather shattered battered India. Where have we failed? There is certainly something lacking in our educational System. The answer lies in the words of Prof. P. Srinivas Rao. Sanskrit would have a very important role in maintaining our policy – "UNITY IN DIVERSITY". Unlike other countries, India has a large number of languages and varied culture, traditions etc. depending on the number of states and union territories. The lack of a single unifying force is the cause of a number of problems faced by our nation. It is difficult to have any of these languages as our national language. The only solution for this will be to make Sanskrit, the mother of all Indian languages, our national language. This great language also preaches religious tolerance which helps in maintaining our unity. A standing example of this is the क्रैस्त भागवतम् ॥, a Sanskrit version of the holy Bible.

If the 20th century could cause so much trouble not only to India, but the whole world, inspite of Sanskrit being taught here and there, what to speak of the 21st century?

The brotherhood of man, is now, only a figment of the imagination. By enforcing Sanskrit as a first language all over the country, these lost values can certainly, to a considerable extent, if not entirely, be re-instilled in our lives. Sanskrit is selfless in its approach, hence it teaches man to be selfless which would certainly allay the many unwanted hassles of society, today. Immortal words like–

परोपकारार्थमिदं शरीरं ॥ "This body is for the benefit of the others." उदारचरितानां तु वसुधैव कुटुम्बकं ॥ "The great people consider the whole world as one single family."

-- found in Sanskrit, when taught in the modern day, would certainly play a major role in neutralising the harmful effect; of such divisive issues like the Ramjanmabhoomi-Babri Masjid, Khalistan etc. After all, it is Sanskrit which has taught us जननी जन्मभूमिश्च स्वर्गादपि गरीयसी ॥ "Mother and motherland are greater than heaven".

Science and Sanskrit

The technical aspect of Sanskrit, has been surprisingly ignored through the ages. However, now, with Vedic Mathematics becoming popular, one is aware of the enormity of intellectual and technical genius in Sanskrit literautre. A mathematical problem, for example, simple multiplication of 2 large numbers which in our current system of calculation would have taken nearly 15-20 minutes and numerous steps can now be solved by vedic maths in just 2 steps in a couple of minutes.

With the increasing harmful side-effects of modern medicines, people are becoming more and more aware of the need for a holistic approach. Naturopathy, Ayurveda and other such traditional methods of treatment are gaining populairty in India and abroad. The basic works in medicine and surgery were written in Sanskrit. Moreover the depth of scientific

knowledge contained in the Sanskrit language is remarkable. For example, chemistry, metallurgy, architecture, astronomy, astrology etc. are available.

From the Portals of Heaven to the Terminals of a Computer

Computers pervade every aspect of our society and our lives today. It is the *Computer Age*. "The ancient Sanskrit is humbug" is the opinion now. How wrong we are !!! Sanskrit has emerged victorious once again and has stood all the tests of time. The Sanskrit Grammar i.e., पाणिनिs व्याकरण शास्त्र has been found to ideally suit the requirement of a computer language. Infact, when compared to other programming langauges like COBOL, FORTRAN etc., Sanskrit due to its precise and concise nature is said to be the *BEST* language for computer. A standing example of this are the 14 माहेश्वरसूत्रs. For example, one letter like अक् represents five letters under पाणिनिs व्याकरणशास्त्र. The conciseness of this language is very evident from the above example – not a syllable more, not a syllable less. The different forms of the conjugation of verbs like – लट्, लोट्, लृङ् etc. are explicitly defined just as is required for programming. Hence, when we are advancing into an era of computers, Sanskrit as a programming language would inevitably lead us on the road of success contrary to the popular belief that only outmoded people study it.

Ironically, the foreigners study Sanskrit as a part of Indology. When they have realised that Sanskrit is an integral part of our culture and education, why not *us,* the children of Sanskrit ?

The most important fact of life is taught by Sanskrit –

रामादि वत् वर्तितव्यं न रावणादिवत् ॥

Live like Rama not Ravana.

It shows us what is right and what is wrong. It also teaches/advises us to take the right path. What more proof do we require to prove the significance of the role that Sanskrit will play in education of not only the modern day, but of many more centuries to come.

Infact, it is Sanskrit, which teaches us

विद्याधनं सर्वधनात् प्रधानं ॥

"The wealth of knowledge is the greatest of all kinds of wealth."

How could we afford to lose this rich heritage ?

As Prof. Kulapathi states in the preface of the book "Our Heritage", through eduction –

"We seek the harmony of individual efforts and social relations, not in any makeshift way, but within the framework of moral order."

Hence, Sanskrit would act as the *rudder* steering the *Ship of Education* across the tides of the *vast ocean of time.*

जीयतां संस्कृत भाषा

Kavitha Sreedhar
II C.M.S.

कष्टम् अर्थार्थिनो नराः !!!

यस्यास्ति वित्तं स नरः कुलीनः स पण्डितस्सश्रुतवान् गुणज्ञः ।
स एव वक्ता स च दर्शनीयः सर्वे गुणाः काञ्चनमाश्रयन्ति ॥

Only he who has wealth is noble in descent wise, learned in shastras and capable of appreciating merit; he alone is a good speaker and a handsome person; for all the virtues depend upon gold.

This sloka implies, in short, that anything and everything can be achieved in this world with the help of wealth. To know whether this is true, we have been gifted with many books written by great authors like Çānakya and Brihaspathi, under the title 'Artha Çästra'. Shlokās and short meaningful paragraphs collected from a few books are given below which analyse the importance of wealth.

1) सादनाः प्राप्नुवन्ति अर्थान् नरा यत्नशतैरपि ।
अर्थैः अर्थान् प्रपद्यन्ते गजाः प्रतिगजैरिव ॥

Men of action achieve their ends, even if it calls for lot of efforts; wealth is won by wealth as elephants are caught with the help of elephants.

2) Wealth has a very important place in our lives and and so it should be earned. One who has wealth, has everything friends, religion etc.

3) A householder aims at three purusharthas -- धर्म (Righteousness), अर्थ (Wealth) and काम (Worldly pleasures). The pursuits of धर्म and काम depend on wealth. Wealth can help achieve anything. To desire for wealth is not evil.

4) धनमर्जय काकुत्स्थ धनमूलमिदं जगत् ।
अन्तरं नाभिजानामि निर्धनस्य मृतस्य च ॥

Earn wealth, wealth is the nucleus of the world. I do not know the difference between a person without wealth and a dead person.

5) अर्थेभ्यो हि विवृद्धेभ्यः संभृतेभ्यस्ततस्ततः ।
क्रियाः सर्वाः प्रवर्तन्ते पर्वतेभ्य इवापगाः ॥

अर्थाद्धर्मश्च कामश्च स्वर्गश्चैव नराधिप ।
प्राणयात्रापि लोकस्य विना ह्यर्थं न सिध्यति ॥

As rivers flow down from the mountains, so all our achievements emerge from the abundant all inclusive wealth. It is through wealth that religion, pleasure, honour and worldly life are achieved. Without wealth nothing is achieved.

6) Çānakya specifies the importance of wealth to such an extent by saying that any permanent relation depends on wealth and that one should earn wealth thinking that he/she were immortal and even if Indra, the King of Gods did not have wealth, would have been abandoned by all those surrounding Him. He also says that whether a person is deformed or lacking in any aspect, his negative point could be compensated for, by wealth.

7) यः कृशार्थः कृशगवः कृशभृत्यः कृशातिथिः ।
स वै रजन् कृशो नाम न शरीरकृशः कृशः ॥

He who has scarcity of wealth–money, cows, servants and guests is truly lean, the physically lean alone is not really lean.

So, ahieving one's ambitions of a good status, maintaining relationship of everything depends on wealth. But how far can this be true in our lives? Does wealth really have such a significant role to play in our lives? No dobut, we need wealth to buy necessities as well as comforts etc. But, inspite of all this importance money cannot give us happiness and peace of mind. On the contrary, anything related to wealth only gives us worries.

अर्थानामर्जने दुःखमर्जितानां च रक्षणे ।
रक्षितानां व्यये दुःखं धिगर्थं दुःखभाजनम् ॥

Earning money is difficult and so gives us worries, protecting the earned wealth also gives worries. Too much of wealth is the cause of worry. Whereas one is worried, even to spend that money. But again, wealth is not earned for its sake only, it is earned to be given in charity, to be enjoyed or it will be destroyed i.e., if the earned wealth is not put to either of the first two uses, it will only be destroyed.

दानं भोगो नाशस्तिस्त्रः गतयः वित्तस्य ।

And again, when we say that wealth should either be given in charity or enjoyed, we mean that it should be done under certain limits because wealth is spoilt by extravagance and carelessness.

In short, we can say that wealth has its disadvantages and advantages. But, the advantages overrule its disadvantages as in actual life wealth is the centre of all actions and a person once rich may not have the same number of people around him when he has lost everything. Likewise, people would love to enjoy the wealth of a person but, they will not have a word of praise for him after he has been reduced to poverty.

It is the proper use that matters; misuse of money or power always leads one to trouble. One should be clean in his dealings with money.

योऽर्थशुचिः शुचिः ।

Ultimately, this is the fact. All qualities depend upon wealth only till we are alive. After we are dead and gone, in no way do we carry the wealth amassed by us by different means and ways. Therefore, we have to put wealth to use by enjoying it and giving it away in charity.

Because, the excess of wealth can lead one to many vices and evils and in this course he loses what is most important – character !

शीलं सर्वत्र वै धनम् ।

T.T. Anuradha
II B.Com. A

कविता श्रीधर (अभिमुख सम्भाषणम्)



कुमारी कविता श्रीधर – राष्ट्रीयसेवासंस्थायाः कार्यदर्शी, अखिल कर्णाटक संस्कृत परिषत् – संस्थायाः युवलेखकानां चित्रकाराणां च श्रेण्योः अनुष्ठानसमिति सभ्या च ।

परन्तु अधुना सा प्रसिद्धा भवितुं कारणमस्ति – "उज्जैनी नगरे कालिदास वार्षिक महोत्सवे बेङ्गलूरु विश्वविद्यालयस्य प्रातिनिध्यं कर्तुं प्रथमा विद्यार्थिनी इयमेव । न केवलं प्रातिनिध्यं कृतवती, अपि तु रजतपदकं अपि लब्ध्वा अस्माकं गौरवं वर्धितवती।" कथमिति चेत् – "कालिदासकलारत्नं नाट्ये शाकुन्तलं यथा लोकप्रियं नैव लभ्यते नाटकरत्नम्।" इति विषयस्य विरुद्धं भाषणं कृत्वैव ।

विश्वविद्यालयस्य प्रातिनिध्यं साभिमानं कृतवती एषा । परन्तु अहमेव कथं नियोजितेति आश्चर्यम् प्रकटितवती गर्वलेशं विना ।

"किं तत्र षष्टि संख्यानां प्रतियोगिनां मध्ये भयं नैव सञ्जातम् ?"

(हसित्वा) – "भयं !! अहं तु तत्र उपस्थितान् पण्डितान् दृष्ट्वा वायोः सम्मुखं तृणमिव अभावम् ।

"भीता वा न वा – परिश्रमस्य फलं तु लब्धं !"

"परिश्रमं आसीत्, परन्तु मम गुरोः आशीर्वचनं, मम मातृष्वसोः तथा मम भ्रातुः धैर्यवचनं, तथा कर्णाटक संस्कृत परिषत् कार्यदर्शिनः बी.एस्. रामकृष्ण राव महाभागस्य सहायं च विना इदं साफल्यं असम्भवम् । तेभ्यः सर्वेभ्यः धन्यवादाः "

"तत्र उत्सवः कथमासीत् ? उज्जैनी नगरी कीदृशी ? किं अद्यापि उज्जैनी कालिदासेन वर्णिता उज्जैनी इवैव अस्ति ?" इति मम कौतूहलम्। (हसित्वा) "मम अपि इदमेव कौतूहलम् आसीत् । प्रथमं तावत् उत्सवमधिकृत्य वदामि । अयं वार्षिकोत्सवः नवम्बर् मासस्य षष्ठदिनात् आरभ्य द्वादशदिनपर्यन्तं विक्रम विश्वविद्यालयस्य प्राङ्गणे अनुयोजितः । चलनचित्राणि, स्खलनदृश्यानि, गोष्ठयः, भाषणानि, चर्चा-विवादाः, – किं बहुना ? संस्कृत ज्ञान-भण्डारमेव आसीत् तत्र । परिसरस्य पारम्परिकतया रुचिरतया च एकवारं एकदिवसमिव अनयम् ।"

अपि तु – उज्जैनी अद्यतन भारतस्य अन्यतर नगरमिवैव अस्ति । परन्तु – भिन्नमपि । प्रायः कालिदासस्य मायाजालः अद्यापि तत्र अस्ति । कालिदासस्य मेघदूते वर्णितं महाकालेश्वरस्य मन्दिरं – अद्यापि तथा एव अस्ति । तत्र वर्णितायाः सायङ्कालपूजायाः सम्प्रदायः अद्यापि प्रचलति । संस्कृतभाषायाः प्रभावोऽपि बाढं दृश्यते । महोत्सवाय आगतेभ्यः अतीव प्राधान्यं गौरवं च लभ्येते ।

"कालिदासः कविकुलगुरुः संस्कृत भाषायां उत्तमकविः इति सर्वेषां अभिप्रायः । तस्य विरोधतया वक्तुं किं – कष्टं नासीत् ?"

"कालिदासस्य विरोधी नैवाहम् । तं प्रति मम हृदये परमादरोऽस्ति । परन्तु सः संस्कृत साहित्ये सर्वोत्तमकविः नास्ति । अपि तु तस्य कृतिषु शाकुन्तलमेव सर्वोत्तमं नास्तीति मम अभिप्रायः ।"

"भवत्याः भाषणे रुचिरांशान् श्रोतुमिच्छामि" इति आग्रहं प्रकटिते–

प्रारम्भश्लोकमेव सर्वेऽपि प्रशंसन्ति यथा गतानुगत कोलोकः न लोकः पारमार्थिकः । गङ्गासैकतलिङ्गेन नष्टं मे ताम्र भाजनम् ॥

तत्पश्चात् – शाकुन्तले प्रसिद्धमेतत् श्लोकं -- "सपत्नीजने प्रियसखीवृत्तिं कुरु भर्तुर्विप्रकृताऽपि रोषणतथा मास्मप्रतीपंगम ॥"

इत्यादिकं अद्यतन समाजः – विशेषतया स्त्री समुदायः नाङ्गी करोति इति मया खण्डितं । तदपि सम्यक् भाषितमिति सर्वे वदन्ति ।

अद्य कवितायाः न केवलं संस्कृतभाषायाम्, अपि तु साहित्यं, सङ्गीतं, समाजसेवा, नृत्यं नाटकमिन्यादि विविधासु कलासु अपि तात्पर्यमस्ति ।

Deepa Easwaran
I HEP

உயிரும் உடலும் துண்டாகுகிறதே!

போதை மருந்தின் ஆதிக்கம் ரேடியோ, ஆக்டிவ் கிரணங்களைப் போல, இந்நூற்றாண்டின் மனிதனை அழிக்கும் பயத்தினை உண்டாக்குகிறது. இவ்விரண்டில் எது அதிக வலியை உண்டாக்கும் என்பதை முடிவுசெய்ய முடியாது என்றாலும், போதை மருந்தின் ஆதிக்கம் அதிக தீவிரமானது. ரேடியோ ஆக்டிவ் கிரணங்கள் வெறும் உடலையே துண்டாக்குகிறது. போதை மருந்துகள் உடலையும், மூளையையும் வேறு வேறு ஆக்குகிறது. இதனால் பல மனிதர்களின் சொந்த வாழ்வும், குடும்ப வாழ்வும் பாழைடைந்துள்ளது. உடனடியாக இதைத் தடுக்காவிடின் நாட்டின் வளம் குன்றிடும்.

ஏழைகள், தம் ஏழ்மையை மறக்க, துன்பம் மறக்க போதை மருந்துகளை உண்ணுகின்றனர். இன்னும் சிலர் அது இன்பம் தரும் என்னும் பிரமையில் உண்கின்றனர். சிலர் பிறர் வாழ்க்கையையும் கெடுக்க எண்ணி மற்றவரை அப்பழக்கத்திற்கு உள்ளாக்குகின்றனர். இன்னும் சிலர் இது நாகரிகத்தின் அறிகுறி என எண்ணிச் சாப்பிடுகின்றனர். ஆனால், பிற்காலத்தில் இதனால் ஏற்படக் கூடிய துன்பங்களை அறியாதவராக உள்ளனர்.

போதை ஆதிக்கம் என்பது மலேப்பாம்பைப் போல விஷம் நிறைந்தது. உலகம் முழுவதிலும் நாள்தோறும் ஆயிரமாயிரம் மக்கள் மரணமடைகின்றனர். இன்றும் பலர் போதைத் தொடர்புடைய இதயம் மற்றும் வயிற்று நோயால் பாதிக்கப்படுகின்றனர். ஏற்கனவே ஏறக்குறைய ஐந்துகோடி மக்களை போதை அழித்துள்ளது எனினும் இது இத்தீமையின் ஓர் அங்கமேயாகும். போதை கொள்ள சிலர் ஊசிகளைப் பயன்படுத்துகின்றனர். எச். ஐ. வி வய்ரஸ் இருக்குமானால் தற்போது நாம் அடிக்கடி செய்திகளில் கேள்விப்படும் எயிட்ஸ் நோயும் ஏற்பட இயலும்.

போதை மருந்துகள் உண்பவர் இறப்பதற்கு முன்னால் நரக தொல்லை அடைகின்றனர். முக்கியமாக மன அமைதியின்மையால் போதை கொள்வதால் துன்பம் மறந்து உண்டாகும் இன்பத்தை அனுபவிக்கலாம் என நினைக்கின்றனர். அவைகளுள் முக்கியமானவை காஞ்சா, மார்ஜுனா, ஹஷிஷ் மற்றும் அதிகமாக நாம் கேள்விப்படும் ஹெரோயின். இத்தகைய மன அமைதியின்மையால் இவர்கள் பல குற்றங்களைச் செய்யத் துணிவர். ஒருமுறை உண்டு விட்டால் அதை மீண்டும் உண்பதற்கு இவர்கள் எதைச் செய்யவும் துணிவர். கிடைக்காவிட்டால் தம் மூளையை குழப்பிக் கொள்வர். உடல், மூளை ஆகியவற்றில் ஏற்படும் வலியைப் போக்க அவர்கள் சிறிய திருட்டிலிருந்து, பெரிய கொள்ளை, கொலை வரையில் எதை வேண்டுமானால் செய்வர். இந்தியாவில் தற்போது இத்தீமை பெரும் அளவில் வளர்ந்து வருகிறது. இன்னும் சில ஆண்டுகளில் அமெரிக்கா, இங்கிலாந்து நாடுகளில் உள்ளதைப் போல நிலைமை அவ்வளவு மோசமாகி விடும். நாட்டின் தலைமை மருத்துவர்கள் சிலர், பம்பாய் மற்றும் டில்லியில் மட்டும் ஏறக்குறைய ஒரு லட்ச போதை மருந்து உண்பவர்கள் உள்ளதாகக் கூறுகின்றனர்.

போதை மருந்துகளை விற்பவர்கள் இதனால் நன்மை அடைகின்றவர்கள். தம் வயிற்றை நிரப்பவும், பணம் செய்யவும் இவர்கள் பிறர் வாழ்க்கையை வாங்குகின்றனர். நாம், மக்களுக்கு இதன் தீமைகளை விளக்கி பயிற்சியளிக்க வேண்டும். கல்லூரி நிலையங்களிலும் மாணவர்கள் சிறுவயதிலேயே இதைப் பற்றி அறிய, தனிப்பயிற்சி அளிக்கப்பட வேண்டும். ஏற்கனவே, டெலிவிஷன், சினிமா கொட்டகைகளில் இதைப் பற்றிய அறிவிப்புகள் செய்யப்படுகின்றன. மேலும் பல இளைஞர் சங்கங்கள், மக்கள் முன்னேற்ற கழகங்கள் இத்தீமையின் விளைவுகளை மக்களுக்குக் குறிப்பாக இளைஞர்களுக்குப் புகட்டி வருகின்றன. 'தடுப்பதே, தீர்ப்பதை விட சாலச் சிறந்தது' என்ற பழமொழிக்கு ஏற்ப இவற்றால் இத்தீமையின் அளவை நம்மால் நிச்சயம் குறைக்க இயலும்.

'நாட்டின் இன்றைய மாணவர்களே நாளைய தலைவர்கள்' என்ற கருத்திற்கேற்ப நாம் தற்கால இளைஞர்களை, பிறருடைய ஈர்ப்பில் மயங்கி விடாமல் இருக்க நாம் அவர்களை முன்னெச்சரிக்கை செய்ய வேண்டும்.

ஏற்கனவே போதை மருந்து உண்டு, துன்பம் அடைபவர்களிடம் நாம் அன்பும், அனுதாபமும் காட்ட வேண்டும். அவர்கள் நம் குடும்பத்தினராகவோ அல்லது அன்னியராகவோ இருப்பினும் நாம் அவர் செய்த தவறு எல்லோராலும் செய்யக் கூடியதுதான் என்றுணர்ந்து அவர்களை ஏற்றுக் கொள்ள வேண்டும். தற்போது ஏராளமான மருந்துகள் கண்டுபிடிக்கப்பட்டுள்ளதால் விரைவில் சிகிச்சை அளித்து முழுநலம் பெற உதவ வேண்டும் சாதாரண மனிதர்களைப் போல நடத்தி மாற்ற வேண்டும்.

போதை மருந்தின் ஆதிக்கத்தால் இளைஞர்கள் தம் பல்துறை ஆற்றலை வெளிப்படுத்த இயலாமல் போய்விடுகிறது. பல இளைஞர்களை நாம் இழப்பதால் நாடும் முன்னேறுமலிருக்கும். இத்தீமையை நாம் உடனடியாக தடுத்து நிறுத்தி போக்காவிடின், ஒரு போரில் மாண்டு அழிபவர்களைக் காட்டிலும் போதை மருந்தின் ஆதிக்கத்தால் அழிபவர்கள் அதிகமாக இருப்பர்.

R. Swarnalatha, I B.com 'A'

பெற்றோர்கள் பாரமா?

பத்து மாதம் சுமந்த தாய்க்கு மகன் பாரமில்லை
வயதான தாய் மகனுக்கு பாரம்
கல்விதந்த செல்வச் செழிப்பில் தந்தை மகனுக்கு பாரம்
நோயுற்ற காலத்தில் இரவும்பகலும் காத்த பெற்றோர்க்கு மகன் பாரமில்லை
நோயுற்ற காலத்தில் மகனுக்கு பெற்றோர் பாரம்
இலை மரத்திற்கு பாரமில்லை
மரத்திற்கு காய் பாரமில்லை
பூமிக்கு மரம் பாரமில்லை – ஆனால்
பிள்ளைக்கு பெற்றோர் பாரம்
இன்றைய பிள்ளைக்கு அவன்பெற்றோர் பாரம்
நாளை அவன் பிள்ளைக்கு அவனே பாரம்
இதை உணர்ந்தால் எக்காலத்திலும்
பிள்ளைக்கு "பெற்றோர் பார்மில்லை"

Premalatha. R. III B.Com 'A'

மனிதர்கள் எப்போதும் மனிதர்களே!

குடும்பத்தின் ஒளிவிளக்காகவும், சொந்தமாகவும் குடும்பத்தின் மூத்தவர்கள் இருக்கின்றனர். இந்த முதியவர்களை உலகத்தில் எத்தனை பேர் மதித்துப் போற்றுகின்றனர்? வயதாகி விட்டால் மனிதர்கள் உபயோகமில்லாதவர்கள் என்ற ஒரு தவறான எண்ணம் இன்றைய உலகில் நிலவி வருகிறது. இளமை வாலிபப் பருவங்களில் மனிதர்களுக்கு எவ்வளவு முக்கியத்துவம் உண்டோ அவ்வளவு முதன்மை வயதானவர்களுக்கும் உண்டு.

கூட்டுக் குடும்பங்களில் மூத்தோரின் பணி மிக இன்றியமையாத ஒன்றாகும். குழந்தைகளைச் சரியாக பராமரிக்க நேரம் இல்லாமல் பணிக்குச் செல்லும் தம்பதிகளுக்கும் மூத்தவர்கள் பெருமளவில் உதவியாக இருக்கின்றனர். தவிர இயன்றவரை வீட்டுப்பணிகள் செய்து உதவுகின்றனர். எவ்வளவு பேரால் மூத்தோரின் பெருமையை மதிப்பை உணர முடிகிறது? வயதான மக்கள் பஸ் போன்றவைகளில் தள்ளாட்டத்துடன் பயணம் செய்ய அதைச் சிறிதும் காணாதது போல எல்லாத் தரப்பாரும், மக்களும் நடந்து கொள்கின்றனர்! இந்த நிலை மாறுமா? மாறுமென்றால் எப்போது என்ற கேள்விகளுக்கு எல்லாம் பதில் கிடைப்பது மிகவும் அரியது. குழந்தை, கல்விநிலை, திருமணம், வயதான நிலை என்ற நான்கு பருவங்கள் மனித வாழ்க்கையில் இருக்கின்றன. இந்த நான்காவதில் நான்காவதான வயதான நிலை என்பது வீட்டைத் துறந்து, குடும்ப வாழ்க்கையை விட்டு, சன்யாசி என்ற பெயரோடு இறைவழிபாடு, கடவுள் என்று தங்கள் இறுதிக் காலத்தை கடத்தினர். இது அந்த நாளில். ஆனால் இன்றோ முதியவர்கள் குடும்பத்தோடு மகிழ்வாக காலம் கடத்தலாம் என்ற எண்ணத்தோடு குடும்பப் பாசத்திலும், பரிவிலும் வாழ நினைக்கின்றனர். ஆனால். இதை இளைய தலைமுறையினர் விரும்புவதில்லை; உணருவதில்லை. மூத்தோரை பாரமாகக் கருதுகின்றனர். வேலையாட்கள் போல நடத்துகிற கொடுமையும் சில குடும்பங்களில் உண்டு. மூத்தோர் சொத்துக்கள் அதிகம் உடையவராக இருந்தால் அந்தச் சொத்துக்களுக்கான பத்திரங்கள், சான்றுகள் தங்கள் பெயருக்கு வரும்வரை அன்பாக, அனுசரணையாக நடந்து கொள்வதும், கைக்கு வந்தபிறகு வேறு மாதிரியாக நடப்பதும் இன்று நாம் காணுகின்ற ஒரு நிலையாகும்.

மேலை நாடுகள் சிலவற்றில் புதிய சட்டம் ஒன்று கொண்டு வரப்பட்டுள்ளது. பெற்றோர்களைத் தங்களால் பார்த்துக் கொள்ள இயலாவிட்டால் அவர்களை ஒதுக்கி வைத்து விடலாமென்பதுதான் அப்புதிய சட்டம். இச்சட்டம் எதனால்? இளந்தலை முறையினரிடம் பெற்றோர் படும் துன்பத்தைக் கண்டா அல்லது குடும்பத்தினரைவிட பெற்றோருக்கு அதிக பாதுகாப்பு, அளிக்கும் எண்ணத்திலா? பெரிய நகரங்களில் இன்று பெற்றோர்களைப் பாதுகாக்க என்று கவனிக்க என்று தனியாக வயதானவர்கள் பாதுகாப்பு நிலையங்கள் அமைக்கப்பட்டு இருக்கின்றன. பெரும்பாலான பெற்றோர்கள் இந்நிலையங்களில் சேர்க்கப்பட்டு இருப்பதும் நமக்குத் தெரிய வருகிறது. பெற்று, பாதுகாத்து, வளர்த்து, நல்வாழ்க்கை ஏற்படுத்தித் தந்ததற்கா நாம் தருவது இந்த தண்டனை? சிறிது யோசித்துப் பார்த்தால் நாம் நடந்து கொள்கிற விதமும், நம்முடைய இழிவும் புரியும். இன்று ஜப்பானியர்கள் தங்களுடைய பிள்ளைகளின் பாசத்திற்கு ஏங்கி, அது கிடைக்காத நிலையில் புதிய தத்து முறையைப் பின்பற்றுகின்றனர்.

ஓய்வு பெற்ற முதியோர்கள் பணிக்காலத்தில் கிடைக்கும் பணத்தை தாம் சார்ந்து இருக்கிற குடும்பத்தினருக்கு கொடுக்கின்றனர். தன்னலம் என்ற எண்ணமே அவர்கள் மனத்தில் இல்லை. எவ்வகையிலாவது உதவியாக இருந்தால் சரி என்ற எண்ணமே எப்போதுமே மேலோங்கி இருக்கிறது. ஆனால் இந்தச் சலுகைகளை எல்லாம் பெற்றுக் கொண்டாலும் கூட சிறிதும் நன்றியோ, அல்லது இரக்கமோ இல்லாமல் இளந்தலைமுறையினர் நடக்கின்றனர். வாரிசுகளை முன்னுக்குக் கொண்டு வரப்பட்ட துன்பங்கள் போதாது என்று வயதான நிலையில் சொல் அம்புகளும், புறக்கணிப்புகளும் அவர்களைப் பாதிக்கின்றன. இன்று இளமையாக இருப்பவன், இளமை வேகத்தில் தவறுகள் செய்கிறவன் என்றுமே இளமையுடன் இருந்து விடுவதில்லை அவன் மூப்பு அடைகிற போது அவனுக்கும் இதே நிலை நேரும். எதைப் பார்க்கிறோமோ அதையே பார்க்க விரும்புகிற சமுதாயம் இது என்பதை உணர வேண்டும்.

எனவே அநுபவத்திலும், வாழ்க்கைப் போராட்டங்களில் அடைந்த துன்பங்கள் தந்த அறிவுரையும் மூத்தோரை பக்குவம் உடையவர்களாக வைத்திருக்கிறது. இதை உணர்ந்து நடந்தால் உயரலாம்.

Catherine. T. III B.Com 'B'

ஏன் ஒப்பாரி?

பெண்கள்—
கடைந்தெடுத்த பாற்கடல் அமுதங்கள்
பாசக் கொடிப் பூக்கள்
பத்துமாத அடையில் பொரித்த மனிதக் குஞ்சுகள்
காதல் கடலில் கரைசேர்ந்த கிளிஞ்சல்கள்
பைய நடையில் பௌர்ணமி நிலவுகள்
சிற்றின்ப வலையின் சிறந்த அனுபவங்கள்
மழலை இசைதரும் மாணிக்க வீணைகள் — ஆனால்
இன்றைய சமுதாயத்தில்
இறைவனால் விலக்கப்பட்ட ஏதேன் தோட்டத்துக் கனிகள்
பொருளுக்காக காமத்தை விற்கும் கொடிகள்
பாவ விற்பனைக்கு பகட்டான விளம்பரங்கள்
அதனால்தானோ
பெண்கள் என்றால் ஒப்பாரி?

Mahalakahmi Nandini Gulasingam, III PME

பாரதி கண்ட பெண் உரிமையும் தற்போதைய சமுதாயமும்

"வீட்டில் பெண்ணைப் பூட்டி வைப்போம் என்ற"
விந்தை மனிதரும் மாய்ந்து விட்டார்"

என்ற வீரமுழக்கம் செய்தார் பாரதி. அடுப்படியும், அகமுடையான் நிழலுமே வாழ்க்கை என பாரத நங்கையர் வாழ்ந்தனர். சம்பாதிக்கும் உரிமை கணவனுக்கு, அதை வைத்து குடும்பம் நடத்துவது மங்கைக்கு அழகு என்ற எழுதா சட்டம் நிலவியதும் ஒருகாலம்.

"மங்கையராய் பிறப்பதற்கே நல்ல மாதவம் செய்திட வேண்டும் அம்மா" என்ற பொன்மொழியை மறந்தனர். எழுச்சியை ஊட்டினர் பாரதி. நாட்டுச் சுதந்திரத்தோடு வீட்டுச் சுதந்திரத்தையும் வேண்டிப் பாடினர். அவர் வேண்டியது புதுமைப் பெண்,

'நிமிர்ந்த நன்னடையயும்
நேர் கொண்ட பார்வையும்

கொண்ட பெண்ணைத் தன் கற்பனையில் சிருஷ்டித்தார். தேசம் என்பது பூமியன்று, மக்கள், அவற்றுள் சரிபாதி பெண்களுக்கும் உண்டு. ஆகையால் தேச விடுதலையுடன் பெண் விடுதலையும் பாடினன் பாரதி. ஆனால் விடுதலை, சுதந்திரம் என்றால் என்ன?

"சுதந்திரம் என்றால் மதிக்கப் பெறுதல்" உணர்வை, ரசனையை, திறமையை... அங்கீகாரம் தேடும் நிலை பெண்ணுடையது. தன்னை மதிக்கிறார்கள் என்ற உணர்வே அவளுக்குப் பேரானந்தம் அளிக்க வல்லது. பாரதி வளர்த்த பெண் உரிமை அன்றைய நிலையில் கொழுந்து விட்டு எரிந்தது. அருணு ஆஸாப் அலி போன்ற மாந்தர்கள் வீட்டையும், கட்டியக் கணவனையும், ஈன்ற மக்களையும் பொருட்படுத்தாமல் நாட்டுக்காகச் சேவை செய்ய புறப்பட்டனர். பெண்கள் விரும்பிக் கேட்ட சுதந்திரம் கிடைத்தது. அவர்களை அங்கீகரிக்க முன்வந்து நின்றனர். இருப்பினும் அதனைத் திறமையாக அனுபவிக்கத் தெரியவில்லை. பெண்ணுக்கு பெண்ணே எதிரி, வரதட்சனைக் கொடுமைகளில் பெரும்பாலும் ஈடுபடுவது 'மாமியார்' என்ற பெண்களே. தானும் பெண், தன் மருமகளும் பெண் என்ற உணர்வு மறந்து போய், தான் பழங்காலத்தில், தன்னுடைய மாமியிடம் பட்ட கொடுமைகளை நினைத்து, நினைத்து மறுகி, அவற்றைத் தன் மருமகளிடம் பிரயோகிக்கிறாள். அடுத்த வீட்டுப் பெண் நிம்மதியாக வாழ்ந்தால் வயிற்றெரிச்சல் படுவது பெண் தான், மணமாகாத பெண் சுதந்திரமாகப் பழகினால் அவள்மேல் வீண் பழி போடுவதும் பெண் தான்.

பாரதி விரும்பிய பெண்ணுரிமை இதுவல்ல. ஆணும், பெண்ணும் சரிநிகர் சமானம் என்று அவர் பேசியது இன்று சமுதாயத்தில் காணப்படும் நிலை அன்று. எருது பூட்டிய வண்டி சரியாகப் பயணிக்க வேண்டும் என்றால் இரண்டும் ஒரே பாதையில் செல்ல வேண்டும். ஆணுக்குப் பெண் நிகர் என்ற குரலெழுப்புவது மடமை, பெண் பெண்மைத்தன்மை மிளிர வாழ வேண்டும். ஆண் ஒரு அளவுகோல் என்றும் அவனுக்கு உள்ள அந்தஸ்தை தானும் அடைய வேண்டும் என்று நினைப்பது மடமையிலும் மடமை.

ஆண்கள் பெண்களைத் தங்கள் பார்வையிலிருந்து பார்க்க கூடாது. பெண்ணைப் பெண்ணாகப் பார்க்க வேண்டும். அவளுள் ஒளிர்விடும் தாய்மையை, கருணையை, பேரன்பை, உணர வேண்டும். 'அம்மா' என்று அலறும் போது அன்புடன் அரவணைக்கும் தாயை ஒவ்வொரு பெண்ணிடமும் காணவேண்டும். பெண் விடுதலைக்கு அடிப்படையான கல்வி பெண்களுக்கும் வழங்கவேண்டும். கல்லூரிக்குச் செல்லும் பெண்களையும், வேலைக்கும் போகும் பெண்களையும் சந்தோஷத்திற்காக அவர்களை உரசியும், வாய்பேசியும் பெண் இனத்தையே இழிவு படுத்தும் அற்ப மானிடம் வாழும் வரையில் பெண்ணுக்கு உரிமை என்பது இல்லை.

பெண் குழந்தைகள் ஆண்டிலும் பெண் குழந்தைகளைக் கருவிலேயே கிள்ளிவிடும் அரக்கரும் இருக்கிறார்கள். பெண் நினைத்தால் இந்த உலகையே மாற்றிவிட முடியும், என்பதும் அவளுள் புதைந்துள்ள ஆற்றலை அறியாமல் இருப்பதும் ஆண்களின் அறியாமையைக் குறிக்கிறது.

மனைவி தன்னைவிட அதிகம் படித்தவளாக இருந்தால் கணவனுக்கு அவளிடம் வெறுப்பு ஏற்படுகிறது. தன்னைக் காட்டிலும் பேரும், புகழும் பெற்று விளங்கினால் இனிய தாம்பத்தியத்தில் விரிசல் விழுகிறது. பாடும் பெண்ணின் வாயைப் பூட்டியும், நியாயம் கேட்கும் பெண்ணை மட்டம் தட்டியும் வாழும் இழிநிலை மனிதர்களிடமிருந்து மறைந்தால்தான் பாரதி கண்ட உண்மையான சுதந்திரம் மிளிரும். பெண்ணைப் பெண்ணாக மதித்து நடக்கப் பழகினால் கற்பனை நிஜமாகும். இந்த உண்மை எந்தச் சட்டத்திலும் எழுதப்படவில்லை. நிதர்சனமான இதைக் கடைப்பிடித்தால் சமுதாயம் மேன்மை அடையும்.

Nagarathna.V. III B.Com 'A'

மனித நேயம்

எங்குள்ளது மனித நேயம் – அதைத்
தேடுகிறேன் தினமும் நான்
அடிபட்ட மிருகத்திடம் காட்டுவதில்லை நேயம்
ஆதரவு தேடிடும் அபலைக்கு இல்லை சகாயம்
இரப்போரிடம் காட்டுவதில்லை மனித நேயம்
ஈன்று புரந்தருளுதல் இல்லை மனிதனிடம்
எங்குள்ளது மனிதநேயம் – அதைத்
தேடுகிறேன் தினமும் நான்.
உவப்போடு உதவுதல் மறந்தது மானிடசமுதாயம்
ஊன்று கோலாய் இருக்க மறுக்கிறது மனித உள்ளம்
எத்துணை படித்து என்ன எத்துணை அறிந்து என்ன
ஏழைக்குதவும் அடிப்படை மறந்தது என்னே!
எங்குள்ளது மனிதநேயம் – அதைத்
தேடுகிறேன் தினமும் நான்
முல்லைக்குத் தேரையும் மயிலுக்குப் போர்வையும்
அடைக்கலம் என வந்த புருவிற்குத் தன் ஊனையும்
ஈந்து உதவிய, பாரியும் பேகனும் சிபியும்
மீண்டும் பிறந்து காட்டவேணும் மனித நேயம்.
எங்குள்ளது மனித நேயம் – அதைத்
தேடுகிறேன் தினமும் நான்!

Nagarathna. V. III B.Com 'A'

உலக மீட்சி

இன்றைய நிலையில் உலகம் ஒற்றுமை உணர்வை வளர்க்கும் நிலையில் இல்லை. மனித உள்ளத்தில் உண்மை உணர்வு குன்றி, போலி உணர்வு தலையெடுத்து தாண்டவமாடத் தொடங்கிவிட்டது. மண்ணுசை, பெண்ணுசை, பொன்னுசை ஆகிய மூவாசைகளையும் விளக்கி, பசித்தால் புசித்து, வியர்த்தால் குளித்து, நிழல் கண்டால் ஒதுங்கி ற்றில்லா வாழ்வு வாழ வேண்டுமென உபதேசம் செய்பவன், தன் வாழ்வில் மட்டும், வயிறார உண்டு பலரை நுகர்ந்து உடலார உடுத்தி உலகை ஏமாற்றுகின்றான்.

அன்பையும் அருளையும் மக்கள் முன்பு கனிந்துருகி கண்ணீர் மல்க பேசுபவன், தன்னைப் பொறுத்த மட்டில் இரக்கமற்ற அரக்கனுக வாழ்ந்து வருகின்றான். உலகப்போரின் கொடுமைக்கு இரங்கி, பகலில் கண்ணீர் வடிப்பவன், இரவில் 'அணுகுண்டு' என்னும் அழிவுப் பாதையில் ஆராய்ச்சி நடத்துகின்றான். சுதந்திரம் சமத்துவம், சகோதரத்துவம் என்று சாமார்த்தியமாக பேசுபவன், தன் வாழ்வில் சர்வாதிகாரியாக வாழ விழைகின்றான். ஏழைக்கு செய்யும் தொண்டில் இன்பம்கண்டு, அந்த ஏழையின் சிரிப்பிலே இறைவனின் திருவடியை காண்பவன், தன் இனத்தாராலேயே, 'வாழத்தெரியாதவன்' என இழித்துரைக்கப்படுகின்றான். மனிதனை மனிதனுக மதிக்கும் மாண்பு, இவ்வுலகில் மருந்துக்குக் கூட இல்லாமல் ஆகிவிடுமோ என்று அஞ்ச வேண்டியுள்ளது.

தென்னாப்பிரிக்காவில், இன்றும் வெள்ளையர்கள் கருப்பர்களையும், கருப்பர்கள் வெள்ளையர்களையும், வெறுத்து ஒதுக்கும் அவல நிலை காணக்கிடக்கின்றது. கருப்பர் இன மாதுவை தீண்டிய வெள்ளையனை சட்டம் கண்டு கொள்வதில்லை. ஆனால் வெள்ளையர் இன மாதுவை தீண்டிய கருப்பன் சட்டத்தின் முன் கொடிய குற்றவாளியாக்கப்பட்டு தண்டிப்படுகின்றான். தோளுடன் தோள் உராய, தெய்வ சன்னிதானத்தில் இனவேறுபாடின்றி, நிறவேறுபாடின்றி, ஏழை பணக்கார வேறுபாடின்றி பிராத்தனை செய்யும் ஒப்பில்லா பண்பாட்டினை உலகுக்கு போதித்த இறைத்தூதராம் முஹம்மது நபி பெருமானர் உதித்த புனித மண்ணில், இன்றும் அரபியர்களுக்கு ஒருநீதி. அரபியரல்லாதவர்களுக்கு ஒருநீதி, நிறக்கொடுமைக்கு, இனக்கொடுமைக்கு இதைவிட வேறென்ன சான்று வேண்டியுள்ளது.

இத்தகைய கொடுமைகளை செயலாற்றுபவர்கள் யார்? கல்வியறிவற்றவர்களா? பண்பறியாப் பாமரர்களா? நாகரீக மற்ற காட்டு மிராண்டிகளா? காடுகளில் வாழும் பழங்குடிமக்களா? இல்லவே இல்லை. மாறுத, நாகரீகத்தின் உச்சியில் இருந்து அறிவுரை கூறுபவர்கள். வீரர்களையும், விஞ்ஞானிகளையும், அறிஞர்களையும், அரசியல்வாதிகளையும், கலைஞர்களையும், கவிஞர்களையும், உலகிற்கு பெற்றெடுத்து வழங்கியவர்கள் என்று பெருமை பேசிக் கொள்பவர்கள். பொதுமை உணர்ச்சியை உலகிற்கு போதனை செய்பவர்கள். இன்றைய உலகை அழிவுப் பாதையில் இருந்து உலகை மீட்க அரும்பாடு படுவதாக இரவும் பகலும் அரற்றுபவர்கள்.

மக்களின் இத்தகைய மனப்போக்கு மாற வேண்டும். போலி உணர்வு நீங்கி உண்மை உணர்வு ஓங்க வேண்டும். வருணத்தின் பெயரால், சமயத்தின் பெயரால் இவ்வுலகில் நிலவும் உயர்வு தாழ்வு ஒழிய வேண்டும். மனித உடலுடன் விலங்கின் உணர்வினைப் பெற்று வாழ்வதை விடுத்து, மனிதன், மனிதனுக, மனித உணர்வோடு மனிதாபிமானத்துடன் வாழக் கற்றுக்கொள்ள வேண்டும்.

மக்களின் இத்தகைய மனமாற்றத்திற்கு ஏற்ற மாமருந்து, பாரத துணைக்கண்டத்தில் மலிந்து கிடக்கிறது. அம்மருந்தை முதன் முதலில் "இன்னு செய்யாமை" என்ற குப்பியில், உலக அங்காடியில் படைத்திட்ட, தனிப்பெருமை, உலகப்பொதுமறையை தமிழில் அளித்திட்ட, வள்ளுவப்பெருந்தகைக்கே உரியதாகும். நம்முடன் வாழ்ந்த அண்ணல் "மஹாத்மா காந்தியடிகள்" அதே மருந்தை 'அகிம்சை' என்ற புதிய குப்பியில் உலகிற்கு வழங்கினர். ஆனால், 'அணுகுண்டை' பெருமையாக பேசும் மனித இனம் 'அகிம்சை' என்பது வறட்டு வேதாந்தம் என்று வம்பு பேசினர்.

இவ்வுலகம் அறிஞர்கள் அறிவுரைகளை என்றும் முழுமனத்துடன் ஏற்றுக்கொண்டு போற்றியதேயில்லை. வரலாற்றைக் கொஞ்சம் புரட்டிப்பாருங்கள்.

சிந்தனைச் சிற்பியாம் சாக்ரடீஸுக்கு நஞ்சிட்டுக் கொன்ற நன்றிகெட்ட இனம் தானே இம்மனித இனம்!

உலக மீட்சிக்கு உருவெடுத்துவந்த தேவகுமரனை சிலுவையில் அறைந்த, கொடிய மிருக இனம் தானே இம் மனித இனம்!

இறைநெறி மலர, சமத்துவம், சகோதரத்துவம், என்று மனிதர்கள் ஒன்றுக உயர்வழியில் நடத்திச் செல்ல வந்த இறைத்தூதுவர் நபிகள் பெருமானை கல்லால் அடித்து விரட்டிய கயவர்கள்தானே இம்மனிதர்கள்!

கலிலியோவை கடுஞ்சிறையிலிட்ட கல் நெஞ்சங்கள் தானே மனித மேதாவிகள்.

காந்தியடிகளை விட்டார்களா? அவருக்கும் துப்பாக்கிக்குண்டுகளை பரிசளித்து, அவர்கான விரும்பிய சுதந்திர பாரதத்தை, அவர்கண்டு களிக்காவண்ணம் மேலுலுலகம் அனுப்பிய மேதாவிகள் தானே நம் மனிதர்கள்.

ஆனால் அவர்களின் அறிவுரைகளை உணரும் காலம் தொலைவில் இல்லை. உணர வேண்டும். "ஒரு கன்னத்தில் அறைந்தால், மறு கன்னத்தைக்காட்டு" என்றும்,

"இன்னுசெய்தார்க்கும் இனியவை செய்யாக்கால்
என்ன பயந்ததோ சால்பு"

என்றும் மேடையில் முழங்கினால் மட்டும் பயன் இல்லை. செயலில் காட்ட வேண்டும்.

"ஒன்று செய் – நன்றுசெய் – அதுவும் இன்றுசெய்" என்ற மேலோர் வாக்கினை உலகமக்கள் ஒவ்வொருவரும் உணரவேண்டும். அணுகுண்டையும், ஹைடிரசன் குண்டையும் வைத்துக் கொண்டு உலக அரங்கில் அம்மானையாடும் வல்லரசுகள் உணர வேண்டும் அழிவுக்கருவிகளால், உலகம் சுடுகாடாக மாறி மனிதப்பூண்டு மாண்டொழிவதற்கு முன் உணர வேண்டும். அதுவே இவ்வுலகிற்கு உன்னதமான "மீட்சி வழி".

"ERIANBAN"
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St. Lecturer
Chemistry Department

French Section

"J' aime...

J'aime tout le monde
Tout le monde m' aime
Mais dites - moi
Est-il mon imagination?
Mon ami, tu m' aime n'est-ce pas?
Et je jure que je t'aime
Donc; J'aime tout le monde
Tout le monde m'aime

Shahla Sheikh., Veena Jose Supriya., III B.Com

Demain..

"Le jour après" - Demain; amène avec
lui l' inconnu, l'espoir, le malheur
et la joie Mais, quand il arrive
"le demain", il he l'est plus, parce que
c'est aujour d'hui !

Arpita Mathur., II CBZ

(Un reve 'despérance

Aujourd'hui est très concis
pas de temps ici
pour mes traraux
Hier était plein de fautes
Sans expérience Sans maturité
Mais demain, c'est le jour
de mes aspirations et mes espérances,
Venez-vite! Venez vite!
Je vis pour toi !

Amita Chebbi., I. B.Com

In Attendant

"Demain" sera un beau jour
Les oiseaux chanteront
Tout le monde attend "demain"
"Demain" est un rêve !

Sadiya A Khan., I PCMB

Les Nuages

Les nuages
Comme de petits bateaux
sur un océan Vaste
Flottant
Vers un bout inconnu

Babalusha Paul., I B.Com

Joie des larmes

Les nuages
là haut,
dans le ciel bleu
Quand les nuages pleurent
leurs larmes
donnent la joie à la terre.

Fiona Martin., I PyEE

Spectacle de beauté

Les nuages blancs, doux et souples
prennent les formes des animaux et
des choses.
Si vous les observez
Vous verrez ce spectacle

Leela D'souza., I PyES

Solace

Les nuages gris, dans le ciel bleu
passent là bas ! là bas !
Les merveilleux nuages
apportent la pluie
Quand le soleil est fatigué
il se cache derrière les nuages.

Sunayana M., I B.Com

Vie Guse

Elle était triste
sa vie malheureuse
le nuage gris

flottait dans sa vie
pleuvait sur elle
Elle a passé sa vie
en luttant contre le nuage gris !

Monica T., I PME

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ITI, Mounts Club emerge champions

By Our Sports Reporter
BANGALORE, Oct. 23

INDIAN Telephone Industries and Pepsi Mounts Club [illegible] the men's and women's [illegible] Torino State [illegible]

The men's final never rose above the ordinary in terms of skill and competitiveness. MEG never functioned as an unit and were [illegible] throughout. That made [illegible] who were [illegible] some fine [illegible]

Hostel girls, led by Shyla [illegible] (15), worked up a 13-6 lead. S[illegible] ly Pepsi clawed their way bac[illegible] the match and equalised at [illegible] with Vanishree and Rekha

Pepsi Mounts Club takes title

From Our Sports Reporter

BANGALORE, Oct 23

[illegible]rilliant second half blitz by skipper and pivot [illegible]a Mallick saw Pepsi Mounts Club lift the [illegible]men's title in the Torino basketball championship with a creditable 45-31 victory over arch rival and defending champion, Sports Hostel, Mysore in the [illegible] formance of [illegible]

sided affair, with State champion ITI Sports blasting MEG at 53-35 after leading 28-12 : break. ITI did not have a key player. Vishwan its ranks, but tried and tested trio of piv Prakash, Kovalan and playmaker Ramana bined splendidly to fashion a runaway wi new look MEG bunch. Venu provided of respectability to MEG's lacklustre enterprising moves.

Mounts champs

PEPSI MOUNTS C[illegible]
[illegible]etter organ[illegible]
up

COLLEGES

ITI, Mounts Club bag titles

BANGALORE — Indian Telephone Industries trounced Madras Engineer Group and Centre 53-35 (half time: 28-12) to bag the Torino State-level basketball tournament at the Beagles court here on Friday. [illegible] Club lifted the

[illegible]uth up for [illegible]ently send- [illegible]there [illegible]layer [illegible]gal

Pepsi-Mounts triumph

By Our Sports Repor
BANGALORE, Dec.
Former India captain J Shivananjappa, who is comeback, steered Pe Club, Bangalore, to the YMCA All India Bask nament for Women at ently.

In the last semi-fi match, Pepsi-Mounts Cl he holders FACT, Al fter trailing 19-23 at ayawanthi (22) seize [illegible]ivals with [illegible]ot R

Mount Carmel bags title

Mount Carmel College of University inter-Collegiate hoc when it drew goal-less the final round-robin e Though both MCC each from two w basis of its bet [illegible]ma 11- [illegible]at Akhi-



YASMEEN

ಮೌಂಟ್ ಕಾರ್ಮೆಲ್‌ಗೆ ಪ್ರಶಸ್ತಿ

[illegible] ಡಿ. 28- [illegible]
[illegible] ಕಾಲೇಜು [illegible]
[illegible] ವಿದ್ಯಾಲಯ [illegible]
[illegible] ಇಂಟರ್ ಕಾಲೇಜ್ [illegible]

GENERAL

MCC bags table tennis title

BANGALORE, Oct 29

Mount Carmel College continued its sweep of the University inter-Collegiate tournaments. [illegible]n the basketball and hockey [illegible] tennis title on [illegible]

MCC retain hockey title

BANGALORE Oc
Mount Carmel re[illegible]
Bangalore university
for the seventh succe
winning this year's cha[illegible]
by virtue of a bett
the se[illegible]

MCC eves retain hockey title

Bangalore, Oct. 29

Mount Carmel College [illegible] collegiate [illegible]

Vijaya Bank, Pepsi Mounts bag titles

By Our Sports Reporter
BANGALORE, Dec. 3 — V
Bank triumphed in the Karn
Basketball Association's
Championship drubbing Hind
Aeronautics Limited 63-57 [illegible]
Sree Kanteerava Stadium he[illegible]

