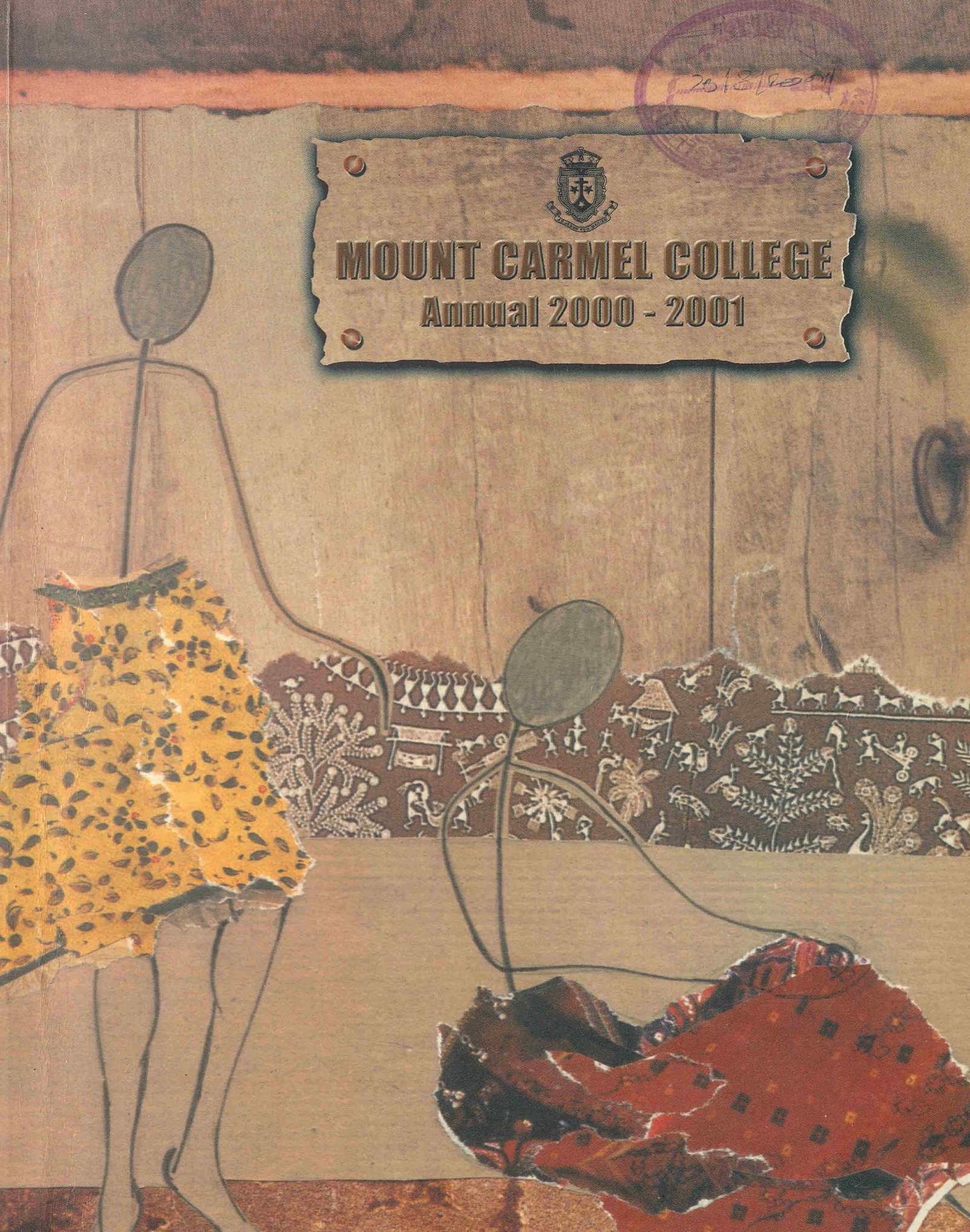
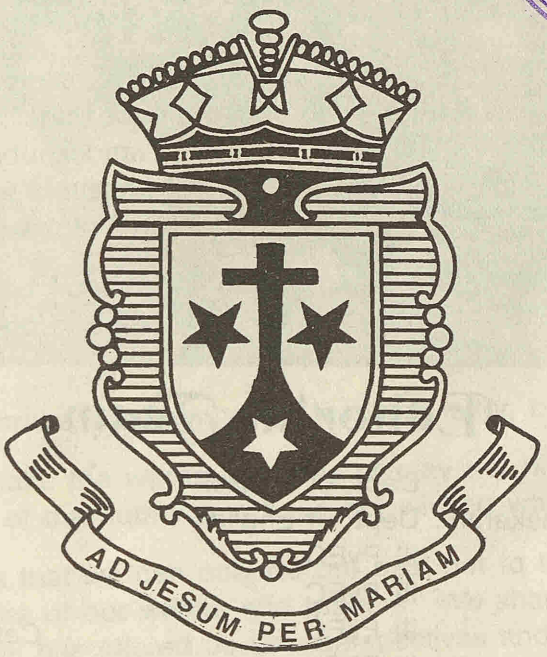

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE
Annual 2000 - 2001



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

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE

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Annual Magazine 2000 - 2001



Editorial Team

Ms. Ruth Chandy	: Dept. of English
Ms. Prasanna Chandrashekaran	: Dept. of English
Mandira Naidoo	: III PyEC
Priya Joseph	: III PyEC
Sanjana	: III PyEC
Nina Benjamin	: III PES
Bulbul Hasan	: II PyEC
Chitra Badrinarayan	: II PyEC
Kiran Mascarenhas	: II PyEC
Rabia Fathima	: II PyEC
Samira A. Mohammed	: II PyEC
Jayanthi Arputha	: II PyEE
Suchitra	: II PyEE
Neetha Shenoy	: II PyEJ
Aparna T	: II B.Com 'C'
Manasa Rao	: I PyEC
Shibani	: I PyEC
Shruti Hegde	: I PyEC
Chodan Bhutia	: I PyES
Supantha G	: I PyES
Gayathri .L	: II HEPyS

ILLUSTRATIONS

Phan y Ly, III PyES

Nolita Lobo, II PyEE

Candice Sausman, II PECA

Radhika Dilip.K, II PECA

Janet Soloman, II HEPyS

Deepika, I PCMB I

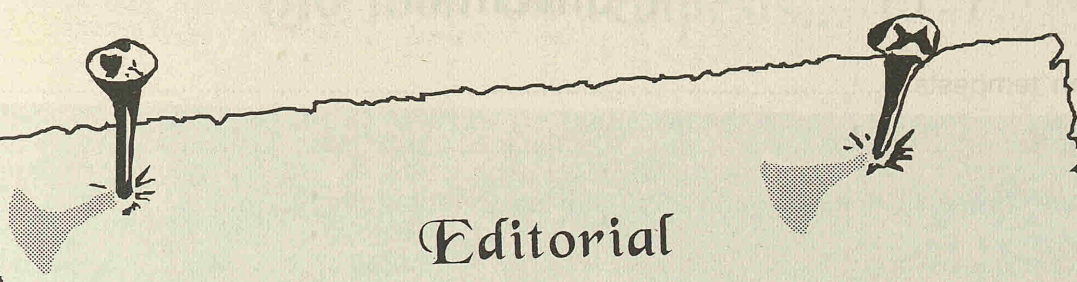
Meera, I PCMB I

COVER DESIGN:

Mandira Naidoo, III PyEC

GUEST PHOTOGRAPHER:

Mrs. Elizabeth Jose,
Dept. of History



Editorial

Words are such influential things. Being given the power to interpret these words and choose the tint of the glasses through which the Carmelite world will eventually see them is the greatest honor and the most frightening responsibility that anyone can be given. This year, we have not confined ourselves to words, but have also explored the possibilities of meaning to be explored through images.

Our world trembled this year – both literally and figuratively – as earthquakes displaced and wiped out the lives of thousands, and changes in educational policy look poised to displace and wipe out the dreams of thousands more. Through it all, however, we reserve the right to learn, to think freely, and to imagine.

One month and hundreds of articles after our first tentative steps into the occult world of editing, we still ask ourselves the following questions:

How can a phrase, a sentence, an innocent letter, be so dangerous?

How can we take the words that may or may not have sprung from the very soul of the author and have our wicked way with them?

The answer is that we can only do our best not to tread on the toes and sensibilities of our writers and readers. We share with you this experience that has offered us new perspectives and sensitivity to issues and people.

What a ride it has been! A roller coaster, with exhilarating highs and shattering lows. An exhausting (phew!) and above all, enriching experience.

The Editorial Team wish to say a special 'thank you' to Sister Jesuina for all her support and encouragement throughout the year. We also wish to thank Mrs. Ranita Hirji and Mrs. Usha Rajaram for seeing us through many a crisis, C.K. Meena for her careful editing advice, Netra for her delicate drawings, and the team at W.Q. Judge Press, who made our dreams of this magazine a reality.

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To look on tempests...



Conjure up an image of gentleness; imagine the very substance of virtue; walk with the persona of serenity; let her arms of compassion wrap around you. Sister Jesuina, our college principal. She is the austere and composed figure walking her dogs in the late evening. The observant figure walking through the campus during the day. The friendly face always ready with a smile or a reassuring word.

the journey - Born in Goa, Jesuina Fernandez and her four brothers resided there until she was in std. 3, after which her family moved to Linking Road in Bandra, Bombay. She earned her B.A. from Bombay, and then decided to join the order from 1972 to 1973, and again from 1975 to 1976. "By the time I was 16, I knew what I needed to do with my life. Its just a feeling you get..." When asked why she joined the Carmelite order, without hesitation she will answer "... I studied with them in Bombay. We have two schools of the Carmelite order in Bombay. The people there were very inspiring." Soon after she finished her Honors program, Sister took up the vocation. Although from a highly spiritual family, her parents were against her decision to join the order.

But her calling was so powerful, that she couldn't deny it. "... I virtually walked out of the house!" she admits with a soft chuckle.

In 1977, she went to Pondicherry from where she received an M.A. in French, and a diploma in French studies from Mysore University.

I n 1979, she entered Mount Carmel College for the first time.

the person - She enjoys gardening. She has played the piano since 1973, and continues to play for the congregation, occasionally during mass. She will shyly admit to writing poetry, and only through tremendous coercion will she reveal that she actually won the 2nd prize for a contribution to the New Leader. This was an Easter Special which called for prayers appropriate to the picture, that showed a Bosnian soldier crying, seeing his house destroyed in the war.

Grenades, air raids
All cease a while
I trudge homeward.

The bustling neighbourhood,
and warm hearth I felt
Where are they Lord?

Crumbled walls, stones
ashes - ruins ... all around
where once my home stood.
My dad? mom? brothers?
Only sister? Heavens!

Only the perpendicular beam
saying: "Senad, Good - bye!

If you're lucky to pass by here.
See you in next life

God! Where are you?
I head towards the UNKNOWN
All alone! O God!! Forgive!

– Sr. Jesuina



Apart from this, she also writes for some Christian Magazines. In her noviciate days, the multi-faceted sister used to paint cards to raise money, and with a subtle hint of nostalgia she admits to having given that up because of a lack of time.

"I was good at cooking, but when I gave up non vegetarian food, I stopped, because Goans are mostly non vegetarian. I could cook pork really well."

She is very spiritual and inclined to silence in keeping with the CSST (Carmelite Sisters of St. Theresa) Order. But regardless, she is still jovial and is a fascinating storyteller.



On life in the convent? "...we are bound by the rules of the community..." The most striking impression that an outsider will get after an encounter with Sister is that she is always, open to new ideas, but she simultaneously believes in maintaining a certain level of continuity in our lives within our ever transient world.

Does she actively encourage girls to take up the vocation? "I'm in charge of a prayer group here, and have been right since 1979. There are a lot of girls there. But somehow parents don't encourage vocations ... maybe the children themselves are reluctant. They say they have more freedom outside." Changing times?

the principal - Community service is something Sister believes very strongly in. "community service is important and everyone should have an awareness of it..." We must all show concern and involvement in the society that we live in. It is something that she hopes to introduce into the college in a big way. Apart from the home science, psychology and sociology departments for whom social service is a part of their credit course, the rest of the college remains uninvolved. Sister believes that the kind of work should not be specified: let each person or group of people act on the basis of what they feel needs attention. It is however, part of the plan to make some amount of community service compulsory for first degree students. Sister also mentioned that these credit courses that they will introduce will be inter-disciplinary, so that students do not remain separated into arts, commerce and science.

Perhaps Sister Jesiuna's biggest area of action and change was to the value education hour held once a week. Hitherto, most people have viewed it as a free hour, where they could manage an early lunch and catch up on college gossip, and where only the Catholic students had to attend a compulsory session. It seemed as though girls were all together too willing to come to college just to attend classes, enjoy the stray free hour, and go back home. But as Sister argues, college is not and should not be just about academics. It is perhaps more importantly about shaping sensibilities and creating awareness and learning about oneself and one's relation to the larger context. "...value education is not just about talking about values or religion. It is also stress control, career guidance, time management. " To further enliven the sessions and also to expand perspectives, professionals and speakers from outside of college

were invited to speak on their experiences, challenges, fulfilment of goals, and little tips that helped them along the way.

"Last May, we had a meeting of the order - a congregation, and in that meeting we decided that we ourselves didn't know too much about her and that we hadn't really made her known much either." The inception of another journey that has had Sister completely absorbed since. The aim was to make the foundress of MCC Mother Theresa of St. Rose of Lima real to the students; to bring life to this lady with the vision. Instead of simply distributing and reading out literature on her, Sister, along with Karen Remedios and Preethi Fernandez had another plan. By condensing biographical details on the foundress, they began to illustrate these in comic form, and supplement it with the text. The result was a success. In a few minutes, a person strolling by the Golden Jubilee Building could - at a glance - read a few lines on the foundress and enjoy the cartoonist's version of this distinguished Sister in a habit, the vision "...every Carmelite should carry and uphold the values imposed by the institution. She should be self confident and instill confidence in others. And of course uphold the name of the college...

Qualities of compassion, strength, warmth - are what hold the institution together. Sister Jesuina's dedication, selflessness and equanimity are crucial to the college – in the years to come when we need a principal who can 'look on tempests' and not be shaken.



MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE

Bangalore



Parents' Day, 2000

Under the Distinguished Presence of

Dr G PARAMESHWARA

Honourable Minister for Higher Education,
Science & Technology
Government of Karnataka

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1999 - 2000

Honourable Minister, Smt. Kannika Parameshwari, Rev Fathers, Sisters, Ladies & Gentlemen,

It is my joy and proud privilege to welcome you here this evening and present to you briefly, our annual report.

At the dawn of the new millennium, the college marches ahead confidently, keeping pace with the times, steadily expanding its horizons, introducing innovative and challenging courses. We facilitate the cultivation of new paradigms to improve institutional effectiveness, teaching and learning skills. Fuelled by five decades of rich multi-lateral learning, we have developed the capacity to focus on, and direct the unique needs and potential of each student – helping her to improve her ability to proact, react and grow in a changing scenario.

This year's top honours came from the National Assessment and Accreditation Council (NAAC) when the college was awarded five stars – the highest rating given to any institution committed to excellence in education and the holistic development of the individual.

Today, it pledges itself anew to the cause of empowering women through qualitative and value based education. From a humble beginning of 50 students on its roll, the college today boasts of a student strength of 4399 with 2540 at the Degree and Post Graduate levels and 1859 in the Pre-University classes.

II PUC Karnataka State Board Examination Results 2000

Examination II Pre-University	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes	I Class	II Class
Arts	91	91	100%	70	17
Science	418	404	97%	368	30
Commerce	284	275	97%	253	21

Subject	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes
Kannada	242	242	100%
Hindi	403	403	100%
Tamil	6	6	100%
Sanskrit	79	79	100%
French	96	96	100%
English	810	810	100%
History	91	91	100%
Economics	309	309	100%
Political Science	120	120	100%
Psychology	91	91	100%
Sociology	91	91	100%
Physics	356	356	100%
Chemistry	418	409	98%
Mathematics	356	351	99%
Biology	314	314	100%
Botany	62	62	100%
Zoology	62	62	100%
Home Science	62	62	100%
Electronics	42	42	100%
Statistics	66	66	100%
Business Studies	284	284	100%
Business Maths	164	157	96%
Accountancy	284	282	99%

Bangalore University Post-graduate Examination Results 2000

Second M Com

Examination Second Year	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes	I Class	II Class
M.Com	23	22	96%	19	3

Subject	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes
Human Values & Business Ethics	23	22	96%
International Trade & Foreign Exchange	23	22	96%
Advanced Cost Accounting I	23	22	96%
Applied Costing I	23	22	96%
Business Taxation I	23	22	96%
Advanced Cost Accounting II	23	22	96%
Applied Cost Accounting II	23	22	96%
Business Taxation II	23	22	96%
Internship Training Report	23	23	100%
Business Practice	23	23	100%

Bangalore University Post-graduate Examination Results 2000

First M Com

Examination First Year	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes	IClass	IIClass
M.Com	23	23	100%	20	3

Subject	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes
Business Environment	23	23	100%
Economics for Business	23	23	100%
Quantitative Techniques	23	23	100%
Advanced Management	23	23	100%
Information Management & Computers	23	23	100%
H R M	23	23	100%
Advanced Financial Management	23	23	100%
Marketing Management	23	23	100%
Financial System Management	23	23	100%
Small Industry Management & Entrepreneur	23	23	100%

Bangalore University Degree Examination Results 2000

Third Year Degree BA / BSc / BCom

Examination Third Degree	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes	I Class	II Class
B.A	197	190	96%	137	42
B.Sc.	195	182	93%	160	21
B.Com.	217	196	90%	149	36

Subject	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes
Psychology	132	131	99%
Economics	153	153	100%
Journalism	27	27	100%
Optional English	72	72	100%
Sociology	88	88	100%
Political Science	65	62	95%
History	43	39	91%
Writing for the Media TV/Video Advertising	26	26	100%
Internal Assessment	26	26	100%
On the Job Training	26	26	100%
Entrepreneurship Development	26	26	100%
Viva Voce	26	26	100%
Physics	25	23	92%
Chemistry	90	83	92%
Mathematics	68	65	96%
Botany	36	34	94%
Zoology	44	44	100%
Electronics	17	15	88%
Computer Science	34	32	94%

Statistics	43	43	100%
Microbiology	31	31	100%
Environmental Science	29	29	100%
Interior Decoration & House Keeping, Textiles & Clothing	37	37	100%
Early Childhood Care & Education, Extension Education	37	37	100%
Food Science, Food Service Management & Dietetics	37	37	100%
Clinical Nutrition & Dietetics	23	23	100%
Entrepreneurship Development	23	23	100%
Viva Voce	23	23	100%
Internal Assessment	23	23	100%
On the Job Training	23	23	100%
Principles & Practice of Auditing	209	205	98%
Cost Accounting	217	209	96%
Business Law	217	208	96%
Law & Practice of Income Tax	199	198	99%
Adv.Marketing & Information System	63	63	100%
Service Marketing	63	63	100%
Financial Management	49	49	100%
Financial Service Management	49	49	100%
Advanced Financial Accounting	77	77	100%
Management Accounting	76	76	100%
Emerging Concepts	26	25	96%
Entrepreneurship Development	26	25	96%
Computer Application in Business I	26	25	96%
Computer Application in Business II	26	17	65%

Bangalore University Degree Examination Results 2000

Second Year Degree BA / BSC / BCOM

Examination Second Degree	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes	I Class	II Class
B.A.	177	162	92%	99	48
B.Sc.	219	166	76%	140	24
B.Com.	242	208	86%	138	63

Subject	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes
Psychology	123	121	98%
Economics	134	128	96%
Journalism	29	29	100%
Optional English	64	64	100%
Sociology	81	80	99%
Political Science	54	50	93%
History	32	31	97%
Writing for the Media	24	24	100%
Conversational English	24	24	100%
Internal Assessment	24	24	100%
On the Job Training	24	24	100%
Physics	42	20	48%
Chemistry	125	108	86%
Mathematics	91	78	86%
Botany	48	45	94%
Zoology	79	77	97%
Electronics	26	18	69%
Computer Science	39	38	97%
Microbiology	42	38	90%
Statistics	49	48	98%
Environmental Science	27	23	85%
Textiles & Clothing	21	21	100%

Human Development	21	21	100%
Nutrition & Bio-Chemistry	21	19	90%
Nutrition & Dietetics:Basic Dietetics, Food Commodities, Hygiene & Sanitation	22	22	100%
Quantitative Food Product & Personal Management	22	22	100%
Internal Assessment	22	22	100%
On the Job Training	22	22	100%
Financial Accountancy	242	228	94%
Business Management	242	240	99%
Business Statistics	242	223	92%
Theory & Practice of Banking	216	205	95%
Travel Agency & Tourism Business & Accommodation	26	26	100%
Tourism Marketing	26	26	100%
Internal Assessment	26	26	100%
On the Job Training	26	26	100%

Languages

Subject	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes
English	618	615	99%
Business Communication	618	615	99%
Kannada	139	133	96%
Additional English	23	23	100%
Hindi	401	400	99%
Sanskrit	40	40	100%
French	53	53	100%
Tamil	7	7	100%
Urdu	3	3	100%
Telugu	1	1	100%
Malayalam	2	2	100%
Arabic	2	2	100%

Bangalore University Degree Examination Results 2000
First Year Degree BA / BSc / BCom

Examination First Degree	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes	I Class	II Class
B.A	194	172	89%	90	67
B.Sc.	226	165	73%	118	42
B.Com.	276	232	84%	148	60

Subject	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes
Psychology	145	136	94%
Economics	141	134	95%
Journalism	38	38	100%
Optional English	88	88	100%
Sociology	77	77	100%
Political Science	52	49	94%
History	32	29	91%
Phoenetics & Applied Phonetics	29	29	100%
Functional Grammar	29	29	100%
Internal Assessment	29	29	100%
Physics	36	21	58%
Chemistry	109	78	72%
Mathematics	87	77	89%
Botany	48	37	77%
Zoology	71	65	92%
Electronics	28	27	96%
Computer Science	39	33	85%
Statistics	51	46	90%
Microbiology	45	45	100%
Environmental Science	19	17	89%
General Chemistry (H.Sc)	38	37	97%
Physiology & Microbiology	38	37	97%
Home Management	38	38	100%
Basic Nutrition, Food Meal Management & Microbiology Theory	21	21	100%
Human Physiology & Nutrition Bio-Chemistry Theory	21	20	95%
Internal Assessment	21	21	100%
Financial Accounting	270	243	90%

Business Management	270	268	99%
Business Maths	246	224	91%
Business Economics	270	249	92%
Tourism Business	24	24	100%
Tourism Product	24	24	100%
Internal Assessment	24	24	100%

LANGUAGES

Subject	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes
English	696	695	99%
Kannada	155	146	94%
Additional English	40	40	100%
Hindi	397	396	99%
Sanskrit	50	49	98%
French	48	48	100%
Tamil	9	9	100%
Urdu	1	1	100%
Malayalam	2	2	100%

Bangalore University Degree Examination Results 2000
Third BBM

Examination Third Year	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes	I Class	II Class
B.B.M.	45	39	87%	32	7

Subject	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes
Production Management	45	44	98%
Banking Theory & Practice	45	44	98%
Business Law	45	44	98%
Income Tax	45	44	98%
Management Information Systems	45	39	87%
Consumer Behaviour	26	25	96%
Product Management	26	25	96%
Sales Management	26	25	96%
Advanced Financial Accounting	19	19	100%
Advanced Cost & Management Accounting	19	19	100%
Investment Management	19	19	100%

Bangalore University Degree Examination Results 2000
Second BBM

Examination Second Year	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes	I Class	II Class
B.B.M.	43	37	86%	35	2

Subject	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes
Office Organisation & Management	43	43	100%
Business Communication	43	43	100%
Principles of Marketing	43	43	100%
Business Finance	43	40	93%
Personnel Management	43	42	98%
Cost & Management Accounting	43	38	88%
Entrepreneurship & Small Industry	43	43	100%
Computer Technology Programme	43	43	100%
Practicals	43	43	100%

Bangalore University Degree Examination Results 2000
First BBM

Examination First Year	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes	I Class	II Class
B.B.M.	52	50	96%	48	2

Subject	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes
Business Environment	52	51	98%
Business Economics	52	52	100%
Financial Accounting	52	51	98%
Management & Behavioural Process	52	52	100%
Business Maths & Statistics	52	52	100%

LANGUAGES

Subject	Number Appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes
English	52	52	100%
Additional English	4	4	100%
Kannada	10	10	100%
Hindi	37	35	95%
Sanskrit	1	1	100%

BANGALORE UNIVERSITY RANK LIST

In the academic year 1998-99, our Degree Arts students secured the III,IV,VI & X ranks, while two of our students tied for the II rank. In the Degree Science stream, we secured the III,V,VI,VII,VIII & IX ranks. Our Commerce students secured the I,V,VII & IX ranks, while two tied for the III rank. Among the 5 ranks announced for BBM by Bangalore University, our students secured the II, III & V ranks.

Among the first 100 ranks in Bangalore University, there were 45 ranks from our B.Sc classes, and from our BA & B.Com classes, 23 & 33 ranks respectively.

The Karnataka State Board has discontinued awarding ranks to the Pre-University candidates from the year 1999-2000.

Our Post-Graduate students have done us equally proud. For the academic year 1998-99, our II M.Com student secured the V rank. For the academic year 1999-2000, our I M.Com students obtained cent percent results & of the 23 who appeared for the II M.Com exams, 19 obtained I class & 3 obtained II class.

At the 35th Annual Convocation of Bangalore University, our college students bagged 7 Gold medals and 10 Prizes.

BANGALORE UNIVERSITY POST-GRADUATE EXAMINATIONS - 1999

M.COM

Asha G	V	Rank

BANGALORE UNIVERSITY DEGREE EXAMINATIONS - 1999

B.A.

Soujanya S P	II	Rank
Poonam N	IV	Rank
Priya K	VI	Rank
Uma Dhanushkodi	X	Rank

VOCATIONAL COURSE (PYEC)

Akhila Seetharaman	II	Rank
Rebecca De Souza	III	Rank

B.SC

Rajashree S	III	Rank
Divya Susmitha	V	Rank
Suchitra S	VI	Rank
Pavan R Urval	VII	Rank
Sharada N Hiregange	VIII	Rank
Majumdar Nameeta Rajeev	IX	Rank

B.COM

Mariyam R Jawadwala	III	Rank
Deepa S	V	Rank
Preethi Krishnan	VII	Rank
Sireesha B	IX	Rank

VOCATIONAL COURSE (BMTT)

Vineeta Ravindranath	I	Rank
Shylini J	III	Rank

BBM

Tania Marie Fernandez	II	Rank
Pooja Nichlani	III	Rank
Pooja Borkar	V	Rank

MANAGEMENT AND FACULTY

We would like to place on record the outstanding services rendered by four very special people who were superannuated earlier this year.

Dr Sr M Genevieve of the Botany Department, as Principal of the college for the last 10 years took this institution from strength to strength. Her relentless pursuit of excellence culminated in the successful completion of the Golden Jubilee Project and the accreditation from the NAAC.

Miss R Vijaya of the Botany Department and **Mrs Leena Lobo** of the Economics Department were very popular and dynamic teachers who were involved with a lot of activities in college.

Mrs K Saroja of course, was synonymous with the library. Her helpful nature and her great love for the library and its books are only too well known.

We wish all of them the very best in the coming years.

On the 1st of July, 2000, **Sr M Jesuina** of the French Department, took over as Principal of Mount Carmel College. Her priorities include the firm establishment of a value-based system of education and regular assessment of value-education for the students, which would facilitate team and individual enhancement and initiate growth through exciting learning experiences.

As always in the past, Mount Carmel has staunchly supported all endeavours of its teaching staff in their pursuit of improvement and excellence. The impressive record of work done which includes awards,degrees,workshops,refresher courses, talks, seminars and a lot more, is ample evidence of its commitment towards academic excellence.

Department of Botany

Mrs Geetha Karanth and Mrs George Lekha attended a workshop on the Final B.Sc Botany syllabus conducted by the Bangalore Botanical Society.

Dr Soosamma Mathews submitted a student project to the Karnataka State Council for Science and Technology on 'Role of aquatic fungi as bio-indicators of water pollution and their enzyme profile' – A study on the streams of Kodagu district of Karnataka, funded by KSCST. She presented a paper on 'Aquatic fungi and their enzyme profile' at the Mycological Society of India Symposium at Anand, Gujarat. She is at present conducting a 100 hours Honours Course in 'Mycology & Enzymology'. She continues to do research work on 'Aquatic fungi'. She has also published a paper 'A new species of Trinacrium in the International Journal of Botany, Vol.I'.

Dr. Roshini Rao attended a refresher course on Biotechnology at Goa University and presented a seminar paper.

Ms Prabha Sampath is currently working on her Ph.D thesis in Cleveland University,USA.

Ms Beatrice Sequeira presented a paper at the National Conference held by the Indian Association of Medical Microbiologists (IAMM),Chandigarh.

Department of Chemistry

Mrs Charmaine Jerome completed a refresher course in 'Recent Advances in Chemistry' at the Bharatiar University.

Mrs Jacintha Fernandez attended two refresher courses – one in 'Microtechniques in Organic Chemistry' at Mumbai University and the other at Mangalore University.

Mrs Satyabhama P P attended a refresher course at Mangalore University.

Department of Commerce

Dr Josephine Rozario completed a one-year Diploma Course in Counselling and was awarded a Diploma in 'Proficiency in Counselling'.

Mrs G Rajeshwari and Mrs Vasanthi Venugopal attended a UGC sponsored state level conference on 'Globalisation and Its Impact on Indian Economy'.

Department of Commerce and Management

Dr S Ramesh conducted a workshop on Time Management as part of the UGC sponsored refresher course for commerce teachers at Kuvempu University. He delivered a talk on 'Research Methods' at a seminar in Bharathiya Vidya Bhavan and organised a workshop on 'A New Look at the Minimum Wages Act' in collaboration with National Institute of Personnel Management. At present he is working on a major UGC project entitled 'Empowerment of Rural Women through Entrepreneurship'.

The institute, with the help of faculty & management students, organized a 10-day community development camp 'Pragathi' at Bilijaji, the village adopted by the college, and imparted skills and entrepreneurial development training such as making of soaps, candles, dolls etc. to the villagers. A symposium on 'Industry Relations and Labour Laws' and a workshop on Vedic Mathematics were also conducted.

Department of Computer Science

Mrs S Regina completed a course in Web-designing at Spectra Vision and **Ms Maria Joseph Geraldine** a project in ORACLE with Developer 2000 as front-end.

Department of Economics

Mrs Shalini Pujari authored and published a textbook for the I Pre University Course titled 'Fundamentals of Economics'.

Ms C Shylashri is presently doing research on the topic 'Socio-Economic Aspects of Women's Education – A case study of Bangalore' which will eventually lead to Ph.D.

Department of Electronics

Mrs Uma V completed a course on 'Microprocessors and Microcontrollers conducted by IETE Bangalore Centre.

Mrs Usha Raghunath completed a semester course on 'Object Oriented Programming using C++', at Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore.

Department of English

Mrs Annie Chandy Mathew published a Handbook of Solar Energy – "Bitten by the Solar Bug" and an article 'Selling Sunshine' in the Deccan Herald. She presented two papers on Solar cooking – one, at the prestigious National Renewable Energy Lab, Denver and the other, at the University of Chicago. She co-edited a volume of Short Stories brought out by Kathalok and was a resource person for their seminar session on 'Writing Fiction'. She is also a resource person for the Media Centre Course on Communication.

Mrs Ranita Hirji was a Resource Person for Peter Colaco's Media Certificate course and for voice training for Technology Media Group. She conducted communication skills courses for software engineers of a software MNC and wrote the content for their website and brochure. She did 2 voiceovers for CD Roms on Akbar and Birbal and the Bhagwad Gita. At present, she is working on a project in Development Communication with an NGO.

Mrs Sahana Das conducted 2 workshops on 'Scripting programmes for TV' for the television Media Group. She scripted and produced a concert 'Meghadutam' for NAFL.

Mrs Sujatha Padmanabhan, Mrs Nikhila Haritsa and **Mrs Shashikala S** have been working on a Text book project for the Degree students of Bangalore University. The three of them participated in a National Seminar on 'Gender, Change, Representation' where, **Mrs Nikhila Haritsa** chaired a session. They are part of a group, 'Rethinking the Crisis in English', which collects and documents data from across the country to trace the discipline of English studies in India. They participated in a seminar at Hospet where the latter presented a collaborative paper on 'Civil Society and the Question of English' and another on 'Changing Metaphor of English – Teaching English in the New Millennium' at the RIE, Bangalore.

Mrs Nikhila Haritsa is currently working for a Ph.D on 'Women in India's Partition – Nationalism, Communalism and the Questions of Gender'.

Department of Environmental Science

Mrs Helen Roselene was awarded an M.Phil degree with distinction for her dissertation on 'Impact of Automobiles on Air Quality of Bangalore City'.

The department organised an Environment Awareness campaign for the children of BFL Software employees.

Department of French

Sr M Jesuina, our new Principal attended a workshop on Human Resource Development conducted at the Carmelite Sisters of St.Teresa Generalate, Bangalore, keeping in mind the great responsibility bestowed on her, of managing the large family of Mount Carmel.

Department of Hindi

Dr Abha Singhvi attended a UGC sponsored National Hindi Conference at Christ College and a seminar held by the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan at Prayag. She was accompanied by Mrs Saraswathi B M, Mrs Asha D Shirolikar, Ms Geetha Devi B Katti and Dr Surekha S Kendale of the same department.

Mrs Saraswathi B M conducted group counselling for I year BA/BSC/BCOM and II PUC classes.

Mrs Asha D Shirolikar attended a refresher course at the Mysore University where she presented a paper.

Ms Geetha Devi B Katti attended a refresher course conducted by the Bangalore University.

Dr Surekha S Kendale was awarded a Ph.D in Hindi for her research on 'A critical survey of narrative literature of Mohan Rakesh'.

Department of History

Mrs Kalpan U Haridas who is presently working on her M.Phil dissertation under FIP, attended a refresher course conducted by Bangalore University and a seminar on 'Recent Trends in Mysore History in Bangalore.

Mrs Elizabeth J Thomas, who is doing a part-time M.Phil course also attended a refresher course at Central College.

Department of Home Science

Mrs Usha V Rao, Mrs Shobha Kumar, Dr Malathi S and **Dr Malathi R** attended a National Conference organised by the Nutrition Society of India and a symposium on 'Breast Feeding' organised by the Food & Nutrition Board.

Ms Shantha Maria B V who is the ANO of NCC unit of Mount Carmel College, attended a 3 months Pre-Commission Course at Women Officers Training School,Gwalior. She was awarded the Commandants' Silver Medal for her performance and had the privilege of being the Company Commander during the passing out parade.

Mrs Usha A Kumar oganised and coordinated an Inter-disciplinary Paper Presentation on the Aged as part of the inter-collegiate fest 'Asha Kiran'. She also conducted a workshop on 'Social Etiquette' and a session on 'Budgetting for Homes for Women's Activity Portfolio' under the auspices of the Agha Khan Foundation.

Mrs Jayashree Venkatesh completed certificate courses in 'Fashion illustration and 'Computer Aided Textile and Fashion Designing'.

Department of Kannada

Dr Sr M Violet published her thesis on 'Vachana Sahitya of 12th and 20th Centuries – a comparative study', apart from two articles – 'Siddaya Puranik's Vachanas and 'Channa Basavanna's Vachanas' in Basava Journal. She also delivered a talk on 'Channabasavanna' and presented a seminar paper on 'Adhunika Vachana Sahitya' at Basava Bhavan.

Department of Mathematics

Ms C K Shantha compiled and published 7 volumes of text books for the II Year degree classes.

Mrs Hemalatha K,Mrs Prathibha R and **Mrs Mini J Maliakal** completed a refresher course in Mathematics on 'Theory and Lab in Computers and Computing' from the Central College.

Ms Suma S P presented a research paper on 'Fluid Mechanics' at the UGC-DSA Centre in Central College.

Department of Physics

Dr T D Sreedharan, Mrs Sudha M Mathai and **Mrs R Nalini** attended a two-day workshop on Quantum Mechanics and Astrophysics conducted by Christ College. Dr Sreedharan also anchored a one-hour Radio Bridge programme on the AIR, linking 8 states all over India, on the topic 'Science and Technology in the Millennium', in which eminent scientists and technocrats participated.

Mrs Letitia Lizzie Jeswant and Ms **Claramma Thomas** completed a UGC sponsored refresher course in Physics conducted at Christ College.

Department of Psychology

The entire department was involved in a project of conducting psychological testing of four hundred personnel, as part of the selection procedure for a public sector undertaking.

Mrs Sumathi Bopiah was awarded an M.Phil in Psychology for her paper on 'Family Environment, Psychological Distress and Subjective Well Being Among College Students.' She also presented the paper at the 5th International and 36th Indian Academy of Applied Psychology Conference held in Bangalore in December 1999.

Department of Sanskrit

Dr Lakshmi Warrier was involved in a project which prepared the syllabus on Literature for the Chinmaya International Foundation as part of the curriculum for the Heritage Awareness Course. She presented a paper on 'Vedantic concepts in Modern Education' at a national level seminar organised by Vivekananda Kendra Vedic Vision Foundation. She also participated in seminars pertaining to her

subject and published two articles in 'Jayadeva' a Silver Jubilee Souvenir of the Sanskrit Association, Bangalore.

Department of Statistics

Mrs S Prashanthi attended an International Conference in Biostatistics organised by ISMS and IBS.

Mrs Lakshmi S K attended two workshops – one on 'Statistics in Applied Research and Industry' and the other on 'Computer Applications' both of which were organised by the Bangalore University.

Department of Tamil

Dr T R Meena attended a UGC sponsored refresher course at the Pondicherry University where she presented a paper on 'Regional Dialects in Pallikondapuram'. She has published three articles:'Kabirdas – a realistic poet in Kalaimagal'; 'The Vachanas of Akkamadevi' in Kalki Malar; 'Bhadragiriyar's views on Life and Bhakthi', in World Tamil Teachers' Association Malar.

Department of Zoology

Sr M Juanita attended a 3-day UGC sponsored programme on 'Value-based education' at Mangalore.

Dr Mythili Jagannath attended a seminar on 'Women and Child Development' organised by the NSS Unit,Bangalore University.

ASSOCIATION ACTIVITIES AND SPECIAL PROGRAMMES

The Management Association aims to equip the students with academic skills enriched by practical experience to face the challenges ahead. Various inter-class competitions – namely Product Launch, Crisis Management & Hardsell were held and our budding management gurus won in most inter-collegiate fests including the one at SSMRV, where they secured the first place.

The Commerce Association had an eventful year, hosting Cross Currents 2000 – an inter-collegiate fest, where 9 colleges from Bangalore competed . It also held an interactive session, "First Impressions", with a panel of corporate managers from HLL,NIS & IIB offering the basics on corporate etiquette. In turn, it took part in many fests outside and bagged the overall trophy at Mahaveer Jain College.

The Journalism Association organized a cover-design contest during Cultural Week and coordinated with the union for the RAGMAG competition. It also continued to publish issues of their lab journal 'FOR NOW' as well as 'SPEAK EASY', a wall mag.

The Literary Association took off with 'Scribbles' - an intra-college competition in song writing, fairy- tale spoofs, Alfresco Fortissimo and story telling. It continued with its activities through the year – regular reading, writing, film screening and review sessions punctuated by a story telling and poetry reading session.

The Languages Association organized 'Languages Week' with debates, dumb charades & elocution contests. The Hindi debate team secured the first place in BITS Pilani, apart from doing extremely well in all inter-collegiate fests including the Jyoti Nivas Fest.

The Kannada Sangha revived the Kannada Day Celebrations with great enthusiasm and introduced the Bhavageethe round during Cul-ah 2000. The team took part in

several inter-collegiate competitions and the Carmelites secured the I place at a District level Quiz competition and the III place at St Joseph's Quiz competition. Our team also secured the I place in the Drama competition held at St Joseph's.

The Humanities Association participated in a two-day symposium at St.Joseph's College and undertook projects to bring out case studies on elderly women in keeping with the theme 'The Year of the Aged' and also a psychological evaluation of 350 job applicants for public sector undertakings. Our team won prizes in the elocution contest conducted by the Forum of Free Enterprise.

The Arts Association conducted a number of innovative competitions like glass and pottery painting, cartooning, collage, tattoo and hair-styling. Mehendi workshops conducted during the year had on overwhelming response. The team was placed first in sketching at the Baldwin Girls' College.

The Mathematics Association organized MATHS VISION 2000. Over 20 colleges participated in events as varied as Lecture contest, Essay Writing, Brain Twister and Whirlpool. Vedic maths classes were conducted to train the young minds to do maths from a different perspective. The association bagged the II prize in Christ College fest.

'Scintillations '99' – a week long science fest was organized by the Science Association. Slogan writing, Posters, Crosswords, Quiz – to name a few contests, had enthusiastic students vying for honours. A weekly wall magazine,fortnightly quiz and week-end courses in Astrophysics,Physics and Biology at the Planetarium were also on their agenda.

The Microzone Association began the year's activities with a 'Hepatitis B' immunization camp for students, at highly subsidized prices. It hosted PANACEA, the fest on Health and Disease wherein a number of colleges participated. It revolutionized its infrastructure by providing a computer and offering internet facility to students, at a subsidized rate.

The Home Science Association conducted a demonstration and a talk on 'Fashion Designing and Draping', apart from a session on Tupperware. It also organized a Course and Career Guidance seminar for the II PUC and final year students.

Carmel Chips, our Computer Science Association had the proud privilege of inaugurating the new computer lab on August 15,'99. Now it boasts of 19 computers and provides in-house internet facility to the students at Rs.40/- per hour. The association conducted an intra-college competition 'Digital Strokes' which invoked a lot of enthusiastic response and organised several talks and lectures on Internet, Computer Aided Design and Networking. We also bagged many a prize at the inter-collegiate level and secured the overall shield at the NMKRV fest.

The Dramatics Association had an eventful year, beginning with a couple of workshops on script writing, acting and backstage. Our team took part in Vibhinn and one of them was nominated the best actress. At Legala, the National Law School Fest, Mount Carmel College stood first for the play – 'The Yarn Spinners' scripted by one of our students. The association also hosted Guffaws '99 – an inter-collegiate Comedy Theatre festival.

The Music and Dance Association enlivened every function in college with their scintillating presentation, apart from being part of the 'Festival of Harmony'. The Western Music team secured the I place at BITS Pilani, in solo and group contests and at the NLS festival, the Indian Music team was placed I in Antakshari. The

Dance Association team stood II in Razmatazz at BITS Pilani, and IIT Madras, while the Western Dance team stood I in Jyoti Nivas and II in St.Joseph's fests respectively.

The Public Speaking Association had a week-long fest Megaheardz – intra-college competitions to tap new talent and the team thus formed went on to win the first place for elocution at IIT Madras and II place for debate at BITS Pilani, apart from winning in a number of other inter-collegiate fests.

The Quiz Association held regular inter-class quiz competitions and did exceptionally well at the inter-collegiate level. Our team stood first at SRN Adarsh College.

The Phoenix Nature Club organized talks on vermicomposting and the members learnt the basics of rock climbing at Thurahalli. Emission testing for all vehicles was conducted in association with YMCA.

The Hostel Association organized 'Freshie Night' and various get-togethers like Hostel Night and Christmas Party to facilitate team and individual interaction to overcome every inhibition and develop their personality. They organized visits to the 'Friend in Need Society' and sports & literary events for the Hostel Week.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT AND STUDENT ACTIVITIES

The year's activities took off with Launch Pad '99 – a series of competitions to identify new talents among the freshers – I PUC and I Degree students. This was followed by Celebrations '99 popularly known as the 'Cul Week' to Carmelites.

Mounts Cares – a week long programme proved to be immensely successful in the union's attempt to help bring into focus an awareness among students, a sensitivity to social issues like environment protection, yoga therapy, aids awareness and so on.

Cul-Ah 2000 – the millennium year's mega event in MCC was inaugurated by Ms Malavika Ganesan and was celebrated with great zest. The campus seemed 'SPACE BOUND' in the jet-set age with all backdrops suggesting the theme. Over 40 colleges took part and National Law School emerged the winner. Needless to say, Mount Carmel College, being the host, participated on a non-competitive basis.

The event that stole the show was that with which the year's activity culminated – the touching farewell given to our beloved Principal, 'Sister G' on February 16, 2000. The motorcade through the drive, the tribute that followed – flowers, songs, gifts and accolades galore from students old and new, teachers, parents, office staff – bringing forth the charisma of the multifaceted personality of an administrator par excellence – an event likely to be cherished forever, by both Sister G and the Carmelite family, alike. It is appropriate to mention here that she won the Sevak award this year for excellence and outstanding contribution to the field of Education.

At the end of the function the formal announcement was made that the reins of administration now pass on to the hands of Sr Jesuina, our new Principal.

MOUNT CARMEL INSTITUTE OF MANAGEMENT

The Mount Carmel Institute of Management conducts a 2 year full time Post Graduate Programme in Business Administration. Its vision is to enhance the status of women and to make them competent to face the emerging new challenges of the corporate world as well as become dynamic entrepreneurs.

As part of continuing Education Programme the institute offers evening courses, Post Graduate Diploma in Business Administration & Post Graduate Diploma in

Marketing Management for both men and women. Keeping pace with the Information Age, the institute has introduced a Post Graduate Diploma Course in management Information System. Also, with the view of introducing the much sought after MCA course appropriately so, in the Silicon city, the institute laid the foundation for the specialized course of Computer Application to meet the requirements of the IT industry for management executives.

CO-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

Highlights

Nisha Millet represented India at the South Asian Federation Games held in Nepal and set 6 trail blazing records winning 6 individual gold medals and one relay gold. At the national level, she went one step further and wrote her name in gold - bagging 14 golds - maximum number in National Games' History. She was adjudged the Best Sportswoman there and also won the Individual Championship at Junior Nationals held at Jodhpur. To top it all, she became the first Indian swimmer to clock 59.64 sec. and break the one- minute barrier in 100m. free style at Karnataka State Meet. She is the proud winner of Arjuna Award and has represented India at the Sydney Olympics Meet.

Merina Thomas has been named the 'fastest swimmer' in the Under 19 category at the School Games National Meet held at Patiala where she won the Individual Championship. She also received the Best Sportswoman Award at the PUC Level in Kanteerva Stadium besides being selected to represent in Women's Nationals, to be held at Chandigarh.

The MCC Athletic team was placed I in the 4x100 mts. relay event in South Zone Junior Athletic Championship at Nagerkoil and in Bangalore University & was placed II at the Dasara Meet in Mysore. Our athletic team consisting of Shilpa Sequiera, Sushmita and Suma D and Tashwini K represented Bangalore University at the Pre-University level and secured the University Inter-Collegiate Athletic Championship yet again.

Anjali Gaekwar was placed at the top in the AVT South India Ladies Amateur Open and Handicap Championship at the Cosmolinks in Chennai.

Hemamalini continues to be the reigning Champion in Adventure Sports securing the I place in four State Level Open Climbing Championship Contests held in Mysore and Bangalore and was placed II at a National Level Contest.

The Carmelite team bagged the overall trophy at National Law School Fest, Bangalore and the III place at BITS Pilani, at the national level competitions.

At the inter collegiate level, our team won the overall shield at Enact '99 in St Joseph's College of Commerce and Pulse '99 in NMKRV college. Shanmugha Priya received the Best Performance Award. Our team was also named 'Literary Champions 99-2000' in Bangalore University.

Our college won the Best Institution Award and Best Club Service Project Award for the Youth Month Project which was given to Mount Carmel College Rotaract Club.

Ramya Ravichander presented a paper on IT in Education at the Convention held by Computer Society of India in Ramaiah College of Engineering, a privilege extended to only one student of a degree college from all of Karnataka. She was also awarded a gold medal at the Civil Defence course held by the Home Guards and Civil Defence Training College. Nithya M N & Angel were awarded silver medals.

Shivani Shinde and Anjali B secured the II place at the inter-collegiate Tourism Quiz conducted on World Tourism Day at YMCA, Bangalore.

INTER COLLEGIATE FESTIVALS

Bangalore University

Kannada:

Debate	Radha M N	I
Skit	Revathi K,Shanmugha Priya,Radha M N, Susmita S Raju,Maria Jyothi Mala,Archana Ganesh, Rajashree	III
Mime	Radha M N,Maria Jyothi Mala,Rajashree Susmita S Raju, Shanmugha Priya	II

Our college was awarded the 'Literary Champions' award for 99-2000

Visages '99 (St Joseph's Arts & Science College)

Microbiology Quiz	Sharada, Vijayalakshmi, Chaitra	I
	Aparna, Swathi, Anusha	III
Chemistry Quiz	Sharada, Swathi, Chaitra	I
Extempore	Faye D'Souza	II
20 Q	Sharada, Swathi, Chaitra	I
Essay	Baideli	I
Antakshari	Shriya Raj,Archana B	II
Western Dance	Dina C Shah, Kiran Talreja, Mythili,Veena,Vidushi, Divya Bheda	II

Enact '99 (St Joseph's Commerce College)

Ad Apt	Marita D'Sa, Premila Menezes, Gargi Shetty, Divya Bhathija, Komal, Rinku Menda	I
Cross Management	Preethi Narayan, Gayathri V, Rinku Menda, Vasudha	III
Press Conference	Vasudha, Marita D'Sa	II
Webweaver	Rohini Eapen,Komal	II
Technical Writing	Rohini Eapen	II
Logo Designing	Divya Bhathija	III
Poster	Divya Bhathija, Rohini Eapen	III
Collage	Divya Bhathija, Rohini Eapen	III
Kannada Drama	Shanmugha Priya, Revathi R, Radha M N, Maria Jyothi Mala, Faye D'Souza, Karthika, Chandana,Trupthi P K, Deepthi, Kavitha, Ranjana, Shilpa L, Susmita S Raju, Syeda Meher Taj, Arati, Kusum Ranganath	III

Shanmugha Priya – Best Performance Award '99

Kannada Bhavageethe	Harini S, Sandhya Hegde, Smitha Tallam, Uma S,Anitha	I
Poetry Recitation (Self composed)	Madhurima Das	I
(Other poets poem)	Atreyi Saha	II
Poetry Writing	Madhurima Das	III
Essay Writing	Madhurima Bhattacharya	I
Debate	Aarti R Rao, Archana B	Participation
Antakshari	Vidya Rangan,Vidya B R	II
Personality contest	Vasudha	Winner
	Rinku Menda	Runnerup
Dance	Neepa & Group	I

The team won the overall trophy

Choreography	Sowmya, Shantala, Shubha, Aparna, Mridula, Kirti	II
Film Hits	Neepa, Rishita, Neetu, Sheetal, Rachna, Swetha, Nandita	II

Prayas '99 (Christ College)

Commerce

Quiz	Vasudha B E, Priyanka, Kaivalya B	II
Brand Launch	Preethi Narayan B E, Priyanka, Priya Velu, Apsara C, Mita M	III
Crisis Management	Srividya, Lakshana, Bhagwathy, Archana	III
Applying Thought	Amita, Swetha, Swapna	I

Mathematics (Convergence '99)

Essay Writing	Sreedevi G	I
Project	Chandrika, Afshan, Vinutha M	II
Extempore	Ganavi	II

(Our college won the Runners up trophy)

BBM Fest

Solutions for a better planet	Archana, Bhagawati, Srividya, Lakshana	III
Applying Thought	Swapna, Shwetha, Anitha	I

History

Millennium Quiz	Anuradha Rao, Radha M N	III

Hindi Fest (Jagruti)

Shuchi Poddar won the Best Actress award

Creative Writing	Divya Krishnan	II
Dumb Charades	Divya Easwaran, Preethi V Sridhar, Khushboo Garg	II

French Fest(Joie de vivre')

Creative Writing	Manorama Talwalkar	I
Elocution	Smitha C, Shruthi B S	I
Jen de role	Shruthi & Group	II
Science (Flora '99)		
Debate	Sowbhagya	I
	Rashme Cardoza	III
Pencil Sketching	Saffira Gaffar	I
	Suchismitha	II
Essay Writing	Kiran	II
	Sandhya Prasad	II
Quiz	Swathi S, Pallavi Jain	I
Flower Arrangement	Sr Jiji, Syeda, Salma Nasiha	I

(Species 2000)

Quiz	K S Chaitra, Vijayalakshmi J, Sharada B	I
	Aparna Shetty, Akila C, Indu Raman	II
Dumb Charades	K S Chaitra, Vijayalakshmi J, Sharada B	I
	Akhila C, Ashalatha V, Minal M	II
Rag Mag		I
Message Writing	Shruthi	I
Quiz	Sharada,Vijayalakshmi, Chaitra	I
	Rohini Kumar, Ramya R	II
	Aparna, Akhila, Indu	III
Dumb Charades	Sharada, Vijayalakshmi, Chaitra	I
	Ashalatha, Akhila, Minal	III
Indian Classical Music (Solo)	Shriya Raj	I
Western Music	Sonia Sareen, Nanditha Kini, Amanda Pereira, Charanya Muthukumar, Ramola Cardoza, Aarti Angelo, Anupa Anand, Jabitha D'Sa, Reann D'Magry	I
Light Music Group	Priya Mahadevan, Krithika S, Archana H S, Aarti Desikan, Ramola Cardoza, Janet Solomon, Pearl	III

Lumiere '99 (Jyoti Nivas College)

Group Discussion	Teenie Walia	III
Extempore	Teenie Walia	I
Seminar	Ramya R	II
	Mary Gigi	III
Coding & Decoding	Nisha Rani, Chandrika	II
Paper Presentation	Ramya R	II
	Mary Gigi	III
Choreography	Shantala, Shubha, Soumya, Aparna, Mridula, Kirti	I
Extempore	Kiran M	I
	Faye D'Souza	II
Aircrash	Kiran M	II
General Quiz	Karen Bedobani, Mayurica Biswas	III
Poetry Recitation	Shwetha Poddar	II
Light Music Group	Priya Mahadevan, Krithika S, Archana H S, Aarti, Desikan, Romola Cardoza, Janet Solomon, Pearl	II

OVERALL - III

Oasis '99 (BITS Pilani)

English

Poetry	Kiran M	I
	Bulbul	II
Debate	Kiran, Smitha	II
Creative Writing	Bulbul	I

Hindi

Debate	Aarti	I
	Priya M	II
	Madhurima Das, Divya Bhedi	Participation
Razmatazz	Soumya, Shantala, Keerti, Aparna, Shubha, Mridula, Kiran M	II
Western Music Solo	Amanda Pereira	I
Western Music Group	Heeru Chandnani, Amanda Pereira, Shilpa Rodriques, Rashmi Cardoza, Christabel Britto, Pearl Mukadam	I

OVER ALL - III

Saarang 2000 (IIT, Madras)

English Play	Faye D'Souza, Pavithra Challam, Divya Bheda	Best Play
Choreography	Shantala, Soumya, Shubha, Aparna, Mridula, Kirti	II
Debate	Kiran M	I
	Madhavi P	II
Elocution	Faye D'Souza	II

Vibrations (Indian Institute of Science)

English Play		Best Play
Dramatics		I
Script	Keya	I
Extempore	Kiran M	I
	Faye D'Souza	II
Indian Dance(Choreography)	Shantala, Shubha, Aparna, Mridula, Kirti	II
Classical Solo(Carnatic)	Shriya Raj	I

Autumn Muse '99 (St John's Medical College)

Debate	Kiran M, Smitha C	III
Extempore	Kiran M	III
What's the good word	Divya, Karen	II
Light Music (group)	Priya Mahadevan, Kritika S, Archana H S, Shriya Raj, Sowyma G, Varsha, Ramola Cardoza, Soujanya	III
Light Music (Solo)	Krithika S	I
Antakshari	Shriya Raj, Archana B	III

Panacea (Mount Carmel College)

Debate	Arpana	I
Microbiology Quiz	Swathi, Anusha	I
	Sharada, Vijayalakshmi	III
Dumb Charades	Swathi, Anusha, Kiran	III

LE'GALA '99 (National Law School)

English Play 'Yarn Spinners"	Apsara C, Priya Joseph, Monisha, Amana, Rekha	II

Apsara C & Priya Joseph bagged the Best Actress award & Amana won the Best Supporting Actress award

Debate	Smitha Chakravarthy, Supriya S, Madhavi P, Preethi Narayan	II

Elocution	Kavitha Shekar	
Extempore	Kiran M	II
Antakshari	Shriya Raj, Archana B	(I Place & cash award Rs.1,750/-)
Light Music Group	Priya Mahadevan, Krithika S, Archana H S, Aarti Desikan, Romola Cardoza, Janet Solomon, Soujanya	II
Choreography	Soumya, Shantala, Shubha, Aparna, Mridula, Kirti	II
Western Dance	Dina C Shah, Kiran Talreja, Leka Vishnu, Mythili, Veena, Divya Bheda	III

Anubhav 2000 (MES College)

Light Music Group	Priya Mahadevan, Krithika S, Archana H S, Aarti Desikan, Romola Cardoza, Janet Solomon, Pearl M	I
Classical Music(Solo)	Shruthi Anand	I
Western Dance	Dina C Shah, Kiran Talreja, Mythili, Vidushi, Veena, Divya Bheda	II

Pre University Board

Kannada Debate:		
District Level	Shwetha C Ravoor	II
Divisional Level	Shwetha C Ravoor	I
English Debate:		
District Level	Pearl Rajan	I
Divisional Level	Pearl Rajan	II
Quiz	Prathibha B A, Bhavya T	I
Mono Act	Karthika	II

Pulse '99 (NMKRV College)

Kannada Debate	Trupthi P K	II
	Shwetha C Ravoor	Consolation
Our college won the overall	trophy	
Debate (PU Level)	Supriya S	I
	Smitha C	Special Mention
Crisis Management	Marita D'Sa, Priyanka B E, Rinku Menda, Divya Bhathija	I
Quiz	B.E.Priyanka, Rohini Eapen	III
Collage	Divya Bhathija, Rinku Menda, Rohini Eapen	I
Extempore	B E Priyanka	I
Product Launch 'Vignana Vedike'	Marita D'Sa, Gargi Shetty, Premila Menezes	III

Computer Science Quiz	Ramya R, Divya V, Nimisha N	II
Essay	Ramya R	II
Maths Quiz	Rohini	I
	Ramya R	II
Maths Lecture	Indra Bhattacharya	III
Chemistry Quiz	Sharada, Vijayalakshmi, Chaitra	I
Botany Quiz	Swathi S, Pallavi, Amoolya M	II
Applied Botany - Quiz	Swathi S, Pallavi, Amoolya M	II
Biotech Quiz	Swathi S, Anusha, Chaitra	I
English Debate	Madhavi Pundit	I

Our college won the overall shield

Techno Utsav '99 (BMS College)

What's the good word	Divya, Karen	III
Antakshari	Archana Bhambani, Shriya Raj	(II Place,Trophy Rs.150/-)
Sare Ga Ma	Shriya Raj	(II Place, Trophy, Rs.150/-)
Indian Music (Carnatic)	Shriya Raj	(I Place, Trophy Rs.100/-)
Folk Dance	Preethi, Archana, Minal, Niyantra, Mahita, Madhura	I

Maharani's College

Kannada Debate	Revathi K	III
	Radha M N	Consolation
Indian Music (solo)	Harini	III

Our college won the rolling trophy

Anveshan '99(RBANM's College)

Kannada Debate	Revathi K	I
	Radha M N	III

Our college won the rolling trophy

Best Dressed Executive	Pallavi	II
Executive Decision	Aparna	II
Quiz	Mayurica Biswas, Bedobani C	II

Bishop Cotton Women's Christian College

Sanskrit Creative Writing	Divya Krishnan	II
Hindi Fest	Madhurima Das	II
Ek Minute	Arathi & Group	III

Our college won the overall trophy

Shristi '99 (St. Ann's College)

Western Dance	Dina C Shah, Kiran Talreja, Mythili, Vidhushi,Veena, Divya Bheda	I
Film Hits	Neepa, Rishita, Neetu, Sheetal, Rachna, Swetha, Nandita	II

Illusions 2000

Western Dance	Dina C Shah, Kiran Talreja, Mythili, Vidushi, Veena, Divya Bheda	II

Baldwins College

Debate	Smitha C, Supriya S	I
	Smitha C, Supriya S	Best Speaker
Creative Writing	Bulbul	I
Sketching	Samira	I
Antakshari	Archana B, Shriya Raj	III
Western Dance	Dina C Shah, Kiran Talreja, Mythili, Veena, Divya Bheda	II
Indian Dance	Neetu, Nandita, Rishita, Sheetal, Rachana, Shwetha, Dina, Sarika	I
Film Hits	Neepa, Rishita, Neetu, Sheetal, Rachana, Swetha, Nandita	I

Samanvaya '99 (Sri Bhagawan Mahaveer Jain College)

Commerce Association

Time Machine	B E Priyanka, Preethi Narayan, Priya Velu, Apsara Chidambaram	I
Comparative Brand Launch	Marita D'Sa, B E Priyanka, Rachel Tharian, Priya Velu, Komal	I

Abbas Khan College

Kannada Debate	Radha M N	I
Hindi Debate	Aarti Rao	Participation
	Madhurima Das	Special Mention

Our college won the overall trophy

SRN Adarsh College

Kannada Debate	Revathi K	I

Our college won the rolling shield

General Quiz	Karen Remedios, Lalitha	I

Management Event 'Brand Kashmir' (Product Launch)

	Andrea Fiona McLeod, Belinda, Jacintha D'Couto, Smitha G Prabhu	I
Crisis Management	Smitha, Belinda, Andrea	III

Vigyan Vaibhav

Lecture	Haripriya, Ramya	III

Management Association - Mangalore Fest - Spinout 2K

Debate	Revathi	I
Mr Spinner	Anupama J	III
Mission Impossible	Sumangali, Gayathri, Smitha S, Smitha P	III
Executive Decision	Lakshana	III
Golden Eye	Gayathri, Lakshana	III

Pragathi '99 (SSMRV College)

Business Quiz	Lakshana, Bhagwathi, Sreevidya	II
Product Launch	Sumangali, Janani, Pallavi, Smitha Bilwa	I
Case Study	Archana, Lakshana, Sreevidya	III
Promotion	Sonia, Sweta, Varsha	II
Literary Quiz	Karen, Mayurica	I

Bangalore Science Forum

Mathematics (PUC)	Varsha Rao	Grade B
Chemistrty (PUC)	Khushboo Garg	Grade B

Bangalore Tamil Sangam

Lecture	Mary Shakila	II
Preparatory Exams PUC(Arts)	Gnana Selva A	I
Degree Level (Arts)	Vimala Jayanthi	I
Degree Level (Commerce)	Sumithra S	II

Shubhodaya Trust

Kannada Debate	Revathi K	I

Rotaract Club

General Quiz	Bedobani Choudhary, Karen Remedios	I
	Mayurica Biswas, Lalitha	II
Antakshari	Shriya Raj, Archana B	I

Our college won the 'Best Institution' award & 'Best Club Service Project' award for the youth month project

SPORTS AND GAMES

Mount Carmel College's sporting history boasts of such illustrious names that it reads like a veritable list of 'Who's Who'. Excellence in every activity is what the college strives for. The multifarious activities and innumerable laurels our sportswomen bring, bear ample testimony to this.

ATHLETICS

STATE LEVEL

Karnataka State Junior & Senior Athletics Championship

Shilpa Sequeira – I in Long Jump, Triple Jump, 100m.hurdles,Heptathlon
K.P. Sushmita – II in Shotput
Suma D – II in 400 m. hurdles,III in 400m.
Tashwini Karumbiah – III in 100 m. & 200 m.

Karnataka State Junior Athletic Championships

Shilpa Sequeira – I in Long Jump, Triple Jump, 100 m. hurdles
Tashwini Karumbiah – II in 100 m. & III in 200 m.
Savitha – II in 100 m. hurdles, II in Heptathlon, III in 100 m. & III in Javelin
Sowmya – I in 400 m. hurdles, II in 400 m.
Sitara – III in Triple Jump & Long Jump

State Level Pre-university Meet

Tashwini Karumbiah – II in 100 m., III in 200 m.
Sowmya – II in 100 m. hurdles
Sitara – II in Long Jump

District Level Pre-university Meet

Tashwini Karumbiah – I in 100 m., 200 m. Long Jump
Sowmya – II in 100 m. hurdles
Sitara – II in Long Jump

ZONAL LEVEL

South Zone Junior Athletic Championship – Nagerkoil / Iaaf Inter Zonal Athletic Championship

Shilpa Sequeira – I in 100 m.hurdles, II in Triple Jump,III in Long Jump
Tashwini Karumbiah – IV in 100 m., V in 200 m.
Sowmya – V in Triple Jump

Dasara Athletic Meet, Bangalore

Shilpa Sequeira – I in Long Jump, II in High Jump, II in 100 m.
K.P. Sushmita – I in Shotput
Savitha – III in Shotput
Sowmya – III in 400 m.
Sitara – IV in Long Jump
Suma D – I in 400 m. hurdles, II in hurdles

Inter – Collegiate Level, Bangalore University
Shilpa Sequeira – I in Long Jump, High Jump, 100 m.hurdles

Savitha – II in 100 m. hurdles

K P Sushmita – I in Shotput, II in Discus

Suma D – I in 100 m, II in 200 m. hurdle & 400 m. hurdle

Swimming

Our team won the Bangalore University title yet again, this year.

NATIONAL LEVEL

South Asian Federation Games, Nepal

Nisha Millet	Individual event	6 golds
	Team event relay	1 gold

Asia Pacific Games, Delhi

Nisha Millet	Individual event	3 silver, 3 bronze

National Games, Manipur

Nisha Millet	Individual event	4 golds, 1 silver

Junior Nationals, Jodhpur

Nisha Millet	Individual event	9 golds
Merina Thomas	Team Event	1 gold
Divya Bajaj		2 silvers, 2 bronze

ZONAL LEVEL

South Zone State Aquatic Meet

Merina Thomas		2 golds, 1 bronze

Dasara State Meet, Mysore

Merina Thomas	Individual & Team events	5 golds
Divya Bajaj	Individual event	2 bronze

School Games Selection, State Meet

Merina Thomas	Individual & Team event	5 golds

Pre University Board District Level

Malavika	Individual event	3 golds, 2 silvers

State Level Junior / Sub-Junior Aquatic Championship

Merina Thomas	Individual & Team events	5 golds, 8 silvers
Divya Bajaj	Individual & Team events	2 silvers, 2 bronze
Inter Collegiate Level		
Merina Thomas	Individual event	2 golds, 4 silvers
Divya Bajaj	Individual event & Team event	2 golds, 1 silver, 1 bronze

Sri Kalpa Murali represented Bangalore University.

NOTE:- Merina Thomas was selected for Women's Nationals to be held in Chandigarh.

BADMINTON

NATIONAL LEVEL

Rajiv Gandhi Memorial All India Tournament, Pune

Aditi Biswas	Singles	Under 16	I
	Doubles	Under 16	Semi Finalist
Aditi Biswas	Ladies event	Under 16	I
Pooja Patil	Ladies event	Under 16	I

STATE LEVEL

Both Aditi Biswas & Pooja Patil took part in a number of State Ranking Tournaments and won the singles' title and the Ladies' event in most and were runners-up in some. The latter was chosen to represent India at the Asian Junior Badminton Championship though she lost in the II round.

GOLF

NATIONAL LEVEL

Noida Golf Championship, Noida

Anjali Gaekwar	Silver Division	Winner
	Bronze Division	Winner

She represented Karnataka Gold Association at both Southern & Northern Indian Open Ladies' Championship.

TABLE TENNIS

Inter Collegiate Level

Our team won the Bangalore University title.

Inter Collegiate Level

Divya Nagaraj	Bangalore University title	I
Neerja Chandrashekar	Bangalore University, IISc.	II

ZONAL LEVEL

South Zone Inter University, Tirunelveli

Neerja Chandrashekar	III
Divya Nagaraj	III

Both reached the Quarter Finals stage at the All India Inter University,Gwalior.

District Level

Neerja Chandrashekar	II

Dasara Sports Meet

Divya Nagaraj		I
Neerja Chandrashekar	Doubles	I
	Singles	Runner up

NOTE:- Divya Nagaraj is seeded 4th in Women's State Ranking.

THROW BALL

Inter Collegiate Level

Our Throwball team won at Sportstakes and was runners up at Lumiere '99 & Spiel.

SOFT BALL

Inter Collegiate Level

Our team won at Spiel, Sportstakes & Lumiere '99.

BASKETBALL

Our team won in a number of inter-collegiate tournaments and was runners-up in the Basketball tournament at BITS, Pilani.

NATIONAL SERVICE SCHEME, ROTARACT CLUB & COLLEGE SERVICE LEAGUE

Our NSS volunteers continued their exemplary service by organizing visits to Byrati, Bili Jaji, Muddenahalli villages and conducting free medical and blood donation camps. Aids Awareness Programmes and Literacy drives were also held. At the National Integration Camp held in December '99 at Haridwar, UP, Ms Revati was awarded the Best Girls' Volunteer and the NSS (Bangalore) unit bagged the I place for its cultural programme.

The Rotaract Club of Mount Carmel College was adjudged the Best Institution Based Club, by the District Assembly and also won for itself the Best Club Service Project Award. It helped raise funds for CRY through 'Abhayam' 'An Integrated Art Performance. The members organized various competitions for students and Rotarians of Mount Carmel College and other colleges as well, in September - the Youth Month. Living up to its motto 'Fellowship through Service', the Mount Carmel Rotaract Club along with RC Bangalore South organized a day's outing for the children of Asaktha Poshaka Sabha to Tulip Resorts and Bannerghatta. The Club was also actively involved in the organization of Rotafest '99.

The Charity Dispensary run by the College Social Service League conducts medical check up for students and reaches out to the needy of Vasanthnagar.

NATIONAL CADET CORPS

The NCC unit of the college had 90 cadets this year and they attended a number of camps, apart from the regular parades. Cpl.Bhuvana participated in the BLC-RD Camp at Delhi and secured the second place in medicals at the intergroup competitions. Mention must be made of the fact that the senior cadets of the college took on and administered the running of the unit admirably and effectively in the absence of the ANO, who was away on a training at Gwalior.

VALUE EDUCATION, COUNSELLING CENTRE AND CATHOLIC STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

Value Education is an important part of Carmelites' life. Workshops on self awareness, communication skills,career plans, leadership training programme, counselling and stress management were conducted under the guidance of Ms Raghupathi and a panel of experts. Students benefited immensely from the combined efforts of both the above mentioned and the timely and professional help rendered by the Counsellor on Campus, Ms Aurelia Pais.

Apart from the usual retreats and prayer services for students and staff, the CSA also organized 'Yuletide 99' and carol singing. Live crib competitions held for the first time as part of the celebrations, were a big hit. Mount carmel CSA participated both in the Platinum Jubilee celebrations of AICUF held at Chennai in June '99 and in the 'Makkala Mela'.

EXCURSIONS

For those smitten by the 'wanderlust' the college provides ample opportunities. Exciting trips were conducted to places ranging from those of historical interest - like Jaipur, Udaipur, Pushkar Jaisalmer in Rajasthan, to the verdant coast of Kerala and the panoramic Ootacamand and Kanyakumari, not to forget the thrilling rides of Black Thunder in Coimbatore, Tamilnadu.

DEVELOPMENT AND EXPENDITURE

Financial Aid	No. of students benefited	Amount spent
Scholarships, Freeships and other help given to the students :		Rs.
Central Government Scholarships	19	17,025.00
State Government Scholarships	65	39,118.00
Government of India Scholarships	3	3,294.00
SC/ST Fee Concession	126	55,035.00
Scholarships given by the college	95	1,27,915.00
Other Scholarships (Private)	9	16,800.00
Towards fees, meals, special fees, examination fees etc. given by the College Poor Students' Fund	25	18.000.00

Books, Equipment and Furniture :

Number of books added to the Library - 1741

	College Account	Management's Contribution	Total
	Rs.	Rs.	Rs.
Expenditure on Books/ Journals	3,48,386.00	5,50,000.00	8,98,386.00
Laboratory Equipment	7,13,658.00	-	7,13,658.00
Furniture	1,53,675.00	21,50,424.00	23,04,099.00
Repairs	3,37,935.00	34,038.00	3,71,973.00
Building	—	96,11,591.00	96,11,591.00

CONCLUSION

The thrust of the New Millennium, we perceive, is to achieve human excellence alongside academic excellence. The values which determine the direction we take, in these times of globalisation, are then undoubtedly excellence and integrity. Such a perspective fosters an environment, where one realises that the interests of the self are inextricably bound with the interests of the community.

We believe in nurturing a culture that helps Carmelites grow into integrated human beings committed to truthfulness, humility, courage, dignity - who respond positively to the environment and to the social systems.

We are fortunate indeed to have in Dr. Parameshwara a mature, dynamic and young minister who has the vision and the drive to keep pace with changing times by making the system relevant and vocational. We are honoured Sir, by your presence here today and your inspiring address. Thank you Madam for sparing your valuable time to give away the prizes.

Our thanks are also due to each one of you assembled here – dear parents, friends, well wishers, management, staff and our beloved students - who share our vision and inspire and challenge us to dream... to dare... But for your dedication and continuing support, our mission of liberating young minds through education will remain just a dream.

'The fundamental task of education' says Pope John Paul II, 'is to produce a spiritually mature person, a fully 'aware' person who is capable of educating not just himself but others as well... who becomes more human with every passing day and is concerned about 'being' more than 'having' more.'

May the Lord help us achieve this objective of serving our youth, with renewed zeal and committment to the highest standards of learning and research.

Yours in service,

S. Jesuina

(Sr. M. JESUINA)

PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE YEAR 1999 - 2000

RELIGION

I Pre-University	Mary Supriya Mathew (PCMB)	
II Pre-University	Pavithra Noel (PCMB)	
I Degree	Shalini N (PyES)	
II Degree	Mary Conice (CBZ)	
III Degree	Nicola Mannas (PyEC)	

MORAL SCIENCE

I Pre-University	Karthika S (PCMB)	Dr. V. Hemalatha Golden Jubilee Prize
II Pre-University	Aparna Jorapur (CBZH)	
I Degree	Preethi Krishnan,Uma S(BCOM), Sharada Ramanan(PyES) Subbulakshmi (HEP)	
II Degree	Sheetal C K (PyES)	
III Degree	Shaila N (HEP)	

ENGLISH

I Pre-University	Gitanjali Bhutani (PCMB)
II Pre-University	
Arts	Smitha Chakravarthy (HEPyS)
Science	Rashmi S (PCMB)
Commerce	Geetanjali Narasimha Swamy (MECA)
I Degree	Shubha Subramani (PyES)
II Degree	Shalini Nair (CBM),Chitra Seetharam(CZM)

KANNADA

I Pre-University	Bhavya T (PCME)
II Pre-University	
Arts	Shruthi U Hegde (HEPyS)
Science	Gowri L Varahan (PCME)
Commerce	Shaibya Bhoopalan (SMCA)
I Degree	Preethi Krishnan (BCOM)
II Degree	Meena V S (BCOM)

HINDI

I Pre-University	Geetanjali Bhutani (PCMB)
II Pre-University:	
Arts	Anisha Maryann R (HEPyS)
Science	Jigna N (PCMB)
Commerce	Neetu G (MECA)
I Degree	Alpa Paramananda Chandan (BCOM)
II Degree	Christabel Ann Britto (BCOM)

SANSKRIT

I Pre-University	Khushboo Garg (PCMB)
II Pre-University:	
Arts	Divya Krishnan (HEPyS)
Science	Amrutha Mudakavi (PCMB)
Commerce	Padmaja V Rao (SMCA)
I Degree	Suchitra J Y (PyEE)
II Degree	Roopa S C (BCOM)

TAMIL

I Pre-University	Aparna V (SMCA)
II Pre-University :	
Arts	NIL
Science	Amutha S (PCMB)
Commerce	Mary Shakila A (MECA)
I Degree	Muthu S (CMS)
II Degree	Shenbagam J (H SC)

FRENCH

I Pre-University	Patricia Fernandes (PECA)
II Pre-University:	
Arts	Smitha Chakravarthy (HEPyS)
Science	Shruthi B S (PCME)
Commerce	Geetanjali Swamy (MECA)
I Degree	Anjali Colaco (PyEE)
II Degree	Lata Rao (HEP)

PART II - OPTIONALS

I Pre-University	Gitanjali Bhutani (PCMB)	Ms B S Nagaratna Golden Jubilee Prize
Mathematics	Bhavya T (PCMB)	Mrs. K. Kamalam Golden Jubilee Prize in memory of her father Mr. S. Krishna Iyer
II Pre-University:		
History	Smitha Chakravarthy	Ms Shubashree Shivananda Prize
Economics	Anisha Maryann R	Mr K M Ramesh Golden Jubilee Prize
Psychology	Smitha Chakravarthy	Mrs Hemalatha Basavaraj Golden Jubilee Prize
Sociology	Anisha Maryann R	M/s Kapali Wine Stores Golden Jubilee Prize
Physics	Swetha V, Simoni Shah, Anitha C P, Fathima Farheen, Archana Srinivasan	M/s Makhija Associates Golden Jubilee Prize instituted by Mr K G Nagaraj
Chemistry	Swetha V	M/s Ariex Kothavala Memorial Trust Golden Jubilee Prize
Mathematics	Chitra Kumar K	Ms C K Shantha Prize & Sr Principal Golden Jubilee Prize
Biology	Ramya V	M/s Palrisha Agencies Golden Jubilee Prize
Electronics	Chitra Kumar K, Gowri L Varahan	M/s Manjunatha Jewellery Golden Jubilee Prize
Botany	Meghana V Shah, Kathleen R S D'Souza, Aparna Jorapur	Mrs Sreedevi Nair Prize
Zoology	Deepthi V Kumar	Mr Victor Fernandes Golden Jubilee Prize
Home Science	Kathleen R S D'Souza	M/s Venkateswara Distillery Golden Jubilee Prize
Business Maths	Padmaja Vivek Rao	Mr Sumeer Surana Golden Jubilee Prize
Business Studies	Azherunnisa S	M/s R & S Chande Charity Trust Golden Jubilee Prize
Accountancy	Padmaja Vivek Rao	Mr Venkatapathy Golden Jubilee Prize

Political Science	Mohseena Begum	Mr Mirza Mehdi Golden Jubilee Prize
Statistics	Padmaja Vivek Rao	Mr A R Ramesh Golden Jubilee Prize

I DEGREE

English	Mithuna Srinivasan (EMS)	Dr Mrs Indira Sampath Prize
Communicative English (Ent.Devpt.)	Aarthi R Rao (PyEC)	The Pallivathuckal Golden Jubilee Prize in memory of Mr P C Mathew instituted by Mrs & Mr Chandy Mathew
Chemistry	Deepa Ann Mathew (NDCZ)	M/s Ariex Kothavala Memorial Trust Golden Jubilee Prize
Business Economics	Hensie Niranjala (B Com)	Dr K D Kini Golden Jubilee Prize instituted by Mr M S Kamath

II DEGREE

Communicative English	Krithika Srinivasan(PyEC)	The Pallivathuckal Golden Jubilee Prize in memory of Mr P C Mathew instituted by Mrs & Mr Chandy Mathew
Optional English	June George(PyEJ)	Mr Altaf Hussain Golden Jubilee Prize
Psychology	Krithika Srinivasan (PyEC)	Dr Alwyn Cardoza Golden Jubilee Prize
Botany	Suchismitha Chandran(CBZ)	Mrs Elizabeth Abraham Prize
Zoology	Vidya Subramanian(CZM)	Dr Alwyn Cardoza Golden Jubilee Prize

III DEGREE

History	Deepa M (HEP)	M/s Sivan Securities Pvt Ltd Golden Jubilee Prize
Economics	Manorama Talwalkar(PyEE)	Mrs B N Saraswathi Prize
Political Science	Deepa M(HEP)	M/s Kamat Yatrinivas Golden Jubilee Prize
Sociology	Aktherunnisa(PyES)	Dr M J Mohan Golden Jubilee Prize
Psychology	Manorama Talwalkar(PyEE)	Mrs Rugmani Nayar Prize & Mrs Sharada Subba Rao Golden Jubilee Prize instituted by Mrs Sumathi Bopaiya

Optional English	Manorama Talwalkar(PyEE)	Sr M Emmanuel Diamond Jubilee Memorial Prize
Journalism	Sunitha Jose (PyEJ)	Ms M P Shamala Golden Jubilee Prize
Communicative English	Karen R (PyEC)	Mr S R Tambe Golden Jubilee Prize in memory of his wife Late Smt Sujata Tambe
Communicative English (Ent.Devpt.)	Deepa Balakrishnan(PyEC)	The Pallivathuckal Golden Jubilee Prize in memory of Mr P C Mathew instituted by Mrs & Mr Chandy Mathew
Chemistry	Sujanya Ravishankar(CZE)	M/s Ariex Kothavala Memorial Trust Golden Jubilee Prize
Botany	Swati Sundar Raj (CBM)	M/s Mercury Paper Agencies Golden Jubilee Prize
Zoology	Sharada Balakrishnan (CZM)	Ms Savithramma and Nagalakshmi Golden Jubilee Prize instituted by Ms B S Nagaratna
Physics	Rajini N Sharma (PME)	Mrs Mariamma Eapen Golden Jubilee Prize in memory of her father Sri P C Mathew
Mathematics	Linet Savitha D'Souza (PCM)	Ms C K Shantha Prize & Mrs Narmada Joshi Golden Jubilee Prize
Electronics	Rajini N Sharma (PME)	M/s Atria Hotel Golden Jubilee Prize
Computer Science	Madhavi T V (CMS)	M/s NIIT Golden Jubilee Prize
Statistics	Neha Mehta (CMS)	Ms Anitha Tody Golden Jubilee Prize
Microbiology	Sharada Balakrishnan (CZM)	Mrs Ferooza Easwaran Golden Jubilee Prize
Environmental Science	Smita Das (CZE)	M/s Sivan Securities Pvt.Ltd. Golden Jubilee Prize
Nutrition & Dietetics (NDCZ)	Susan Kenny Lopez	M/s Atria Hotel Golden Jubilee Prize
Textiles & Clothing (H SC)	Lasya Gopal	Sr Principal Golden Jubilee Prize

Int.Dec.& House Keeping(H SC)	Lasya Gopal	M/s Jamuna Enterprises Ltd. Golden Jubilee Prize
Early Childhood Care & Education (H SC)	Lasya Gopal	M/s Amrut Distilleries Ltd. Golden Jubilee Prize
Extension Education (H SC)	Sudha V	M/s Nanjundeswara Enterprises Golden Jubilee Prize
Dietetics(H SC)	Sheema Yasmin	Mr M S Narasappa & Fly Golden Jubilee prize in memory of Padmasri Machani Somappa
Food Sc. & Food Ser. Mgmt.(H SC)	Lasya Gopal	Mr M S Narasappa & Fly Golden Jubilee Prize in memory of Padmasri Machani Somappa
Income Tax (BCOM & BMTT)	Anusha R(BCOM)	M/s Mahajan Textiles Finishers Pvt.Ltd. Golden Jubilee Prize
Business Law (BCOM & BMTT)	Mithra Vinda H J(BCOM)	M/s The Bangalore Iron, Steel & Hardware Merchants Association Golden Jubilee Prize
Costing (BCOM & BMTT)	Usha P V(BCOM)	Mr N Velu Golden Jubilee Prize
Auditing (BCOM)	Priya Jennifer Pereira	Mrs Preet Somana Prize
Acc-Mgmt.Acc (BCOM)	Rinku S Menda	Mrs Sreedevi Nair Endowment Golden Jubilee Prize instituted by Mr M V R Nair
Acc-Financial Acc (BCOM)	Rinku S Menda	Ms Kavyashree Shivananda Prize
Mktg-Services – Mktg(BCOM)	Divya Surendar	Ms Kavyashree Shivananda Prize
Mktg-Adv.Market/ Inf.Systems(BCOM)	Maria Grace D Rosario	Ms Shubashree Shivananda Prize
Production Mgmt. (BBM)	Deepa Devandar S Lavanya V	Dr K A Shivaramaiah Golden Jubilee Prize
Banking(BBM)	Sushmitha K Shetty	Mr Puttaraju Golden Jubilee Prize
MIS(BBM)	Sushmitha K Shetty	Ms Premalatha & Jayanthi Golden Jubilee Prize
Business Law(BBM)	Sushmitha K Shetty	M/s CEE ESS BEE Associates Golden Jubilee Prize

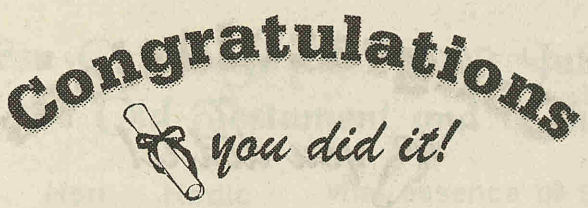
Income Tax(BBM)	Lavanya V, Deepa Devandar. S	M/s Vishwadeep Engineers Golden Jubilee Prize
Finance-Adv.Acc(BBM)	Rupali Babu	Dr K A Shivaramaiah Golden Jubilee Prize
Fin-Adv.Cost & Mgmt Acc(BBM)	Anupama Jalan	Ms Kavyashree Shivananda Prize
Fin-Investment Mgmt(BBM)	Pallavi Bagaria	M/s Jamuna Surgicals Golden Jubilee Prize
Mktg Mgmt (Cons Behv)BBM	Jyothi Rangaswamy	Mr P Nagaraj Golden Jubilee Prize
Mktg-Prodn. Mgmt(BBM)	Sushmitha K Shetty	M/s Abhishek Gas Agencies Golden Jubilee Prize
Mktg-Sales Mgmt(BBM)	Pearly Nanaiah	Mrs & Mr Nair Golden Jubilee Prize
Finance-Fin.Services (BCOM)	Sumana Rao	Mr B K Gopalakrishna Golden Jubilee Prize
Finance-Fin.Mgmt (BCOM)	Shobha T S	Ms Shubashree Shivananda Prize
Emerging Concept (BMTT)	Shubra Chadda	Mr I M Jayaram Shetty Golden Jubilee Prize
Computer Appln. Paper I & II (BMTT)	Aditi Chanchani	Mr I M Jayaram Shetty Golden Jubilee Prize
Ent.Development (BMTT)	Aditi Chanchani Manita Damani Mamta Gupta	M/s Prime East Investments Limited Golden Jubilee Prize

SPECIAL PRIZES

Principal's Prize for Best Student	Karen Remedios (III PyEC)
Principal's Prize for Best Prefect:	
Arts	Neena Benjamin (II PES)
Science	Pallavi Jain (II CMS)
Commerce	Payal Pitliya (III BCOM)
Principal's Prize for Best Sportswoman	Pooja M Patil (II PECA)
Principal's Prize for Best Hostelite	Radhika Belliappa (III B Com)
Dr S Loria Prize for Public Speaking	Sindhu (III PyEJ)
Maria Philip Award for Best All-Round Performance	Arpana Agrawal (III CZM)
Principal's Prize for the 'Most Socially Aware Student'	Radha M N (III HEP)
Most Rev.Dr Arokiaswamy Prize for an Outstanding Catholic Student (Pre-University)	Kathleen D'Souza (II CBZH)
P A Nazareth Memorial Prize for an Outstanding Catholic Student (Degree)	Nicola Marina Rebecca Mannas (III PyEC)

Principal's Prize for Best Student with Maximum Attendance instituted by Dr Mrs Indira Sampath	Sheetal C K (II PyES)
Mrs Rugmani Nayar Prize & Mrs Srilakshmi Kamath Golden Jubilee Prize for Phoenix Nature Club Activities	Nanditha M (II CZE)
Mrs Susheela Punitha Prize for the student securing highest marks in Optional English (I Degree Class Exams)	Vidya B R (I PyEJ)
Mrs Vedavathy Mohan Prize for the student securing highest marks in Human Development and family Studies (University Examinations)	Geetha G H(II H SC)
Dr Mrs Elizabeth S Thomas Prize for an academically, bright, differently abled student	Heeru Surender Chandnani (III PyES)
Ms Shalini Mathias Prize for an Outstanding and Deserving Science student	Sumangala (III CMS)
Mrs Shakuntala Bhusnurmath's Prize for the Best Hindi Debater	Madhurima Das (I PyES)
Mrs Rajam Viswanathan's Prize for an Outstanding student	Ramya Ravichandar (II CMS)
Mr V P Ramakrishna Naidu & Mrs Venkatalakshmi Naidu Prize for the Best Home Scientist of the Year (Final Degree) instituted by Mrs Usha Ashok Kumar	Khatija Ifath (III H SC)
Mrs C A Poovamma Vaidyanathan's Prize for the Best All-Round Athlete (College Sports)	Suma D (II B Com)
Mrs Leela Warrier Prize and Mr B C Kuttappa Golden Jubilee Prize for the Best Sanskrit Student	Varsha Narasimhan (II PyEJ) Roopa S C (II B Com),
Mrs Lalitha Ubhayaker Golden Jubilee Prize for a deserving and economically backward student	Antoinette Girija X (III B Com)
M/s ITC Limited Golden Jubilee Prize for the Best Sportswoman of the Year	Nisha Miriam Millet (II HEPyS)
Sri H B Shivaram Golden Jubilee Prize for the Best NCC Cadet (PUC)	NIL
Sri H B Shivaram Golden Jubilee Prize for the Best NCC Cadet (Degree)	NIL
Mrs Sreedevi Nair Golden Jubilee Prize in memory of her Brother Late Brig P Rajan (Retd.) for a meritorious Final Degree student securing highest marks in Botany/any other subject (Army Personnel only)	Sharmila R (III CBM)
Ms C K Shantha Golden Jubilee Prize for a deserving student in Mathematics	Shashirekha C (III CMS)
Mr Siddharth J Kini Golden Jubilee Prize for the Best Hockey Player instituted by Mr & Mrs J Kini	Agnes Joyce (I PyES)

Late Sri H C Khincha Golden Jubilee Prize for a Final year Degree student securing I Rank in BCOM University exams	Rinku S Menda (III B Com)
M/s Asha Electricals Golden Jubilee Prize for a deserving Final year PUC student (HEPyS) instituted by Sri Lalchand Ahuja	Maria Eliza (II HEPyS)
Mr C M Ibrahim Golden Jubilee Prize for the most deserving student	Nasreen V (II CBZH)
Mrs Seethamma Subbiah Golden Jubilee Prize for the Best Student	Sonira Gulhati (III EMS)
Mrs Seethamma Subbiah Golden Jubilee Prize for the Best Sportswoman	Srivalli (II PES)
Prof K A N Rao (Aswatha) Golden Jubilee Prize for the student securing highest marks in III BBM(University exams) instituted by Dr H S Sujatha	Anupama Jalan (III BBM)
Dr Ravuri Bharadwaja Prize for the student securing highest marks in Final Year B COM (University exams) instituted by Dr H S Sujatha	Rinku S Menda (III BCOM)
Dr Ha Ma Nayak Golden Jubilee Prize for the student securing highest marks in Final B SC(University exams) instituted by Dr H S Sujatha	Swathi Sunderraj (III BSC - CBM)
Dr Narla Venkateswara Rao (1908-1985) Golden Jubilee Prize for the student securing highest marks in Final BA (University exams) instituted by Dr H S Sujatha	Bhuvaneshwari V (III BA - PyES)
Department of Botany Prize instituted by the staff of the Botany Department for a student securing the highest marks in I,II & III Year (Mid-Session & Pre-Final exams)	Amoolya Modi (III CBM)
Ms Mrunalini T Golden Jubilee Prize for the student with the 'Best Home Scientist Outlook' instituted by Ms Mrunalini Thyagarajan	Lasya Gopal (III H SC)
Prof Dr G K Valecha Memorial Golden Jubilee Prize for a student securing highest marks in Psychology (I,II & III Yr.) Degree University examinations instituted by his wife Mrs Asha Valecha	Anupama M (III PyES)



PRIZES FOR RANKS

BANGALORE UNIVERSITY POST-GRADUATE EXAMINATIONS – 1999

M.COM

Asha G	V	Rank

BANGALORE UNIVERSITY DEGREE EXAMINATIONS – 1999

B.A.

Soujanya S P	II	Rank
Poonam N	IV	Rank
Priya K	VI	Rank
Uma Dhanushkodi	X	Rank

VOCATIONAL COURSE (PYEC)

Akhila Seetharaman	II	Rank
Rebecca De Souza	III	Rank

B.SC

Rajashree S	III	Rank
Divya Susmitha	V	Rank
Suchitra S	VI	Rank
Pavan R Urval	VII	Rank
Sharada N Hiregange	VIII	Rank
Majumdar Nameeta Rajeev	IX	Rank

B.COM

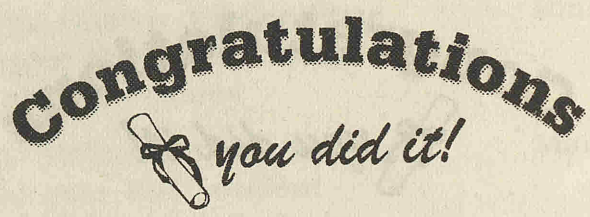
Mariyam R Jawadwala	III	Rank
Deepa S	V	Rank
Preethi Krishnan	VII	Rank
Sireesha B	IX	Rank

VOCATIONAL COURSE (BMTT)

Vineeta Ravindranath	I	Rank
Shylini J	III	Rank

BBM

Tania Marie Fernandez	II	Rank
Pooja Nichlani	III	Rank
Pooja Borkar	V	Rank



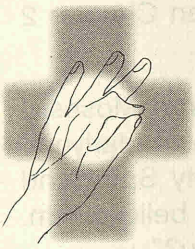
MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE

I PRE-UNIVERSITY ANNUAL EXAMINATION
APRIL 2000

RANK HOLDERS

RANK	COMBINATION	NAME OF THE STUDENT	TOTAL
I	HEPyS	Jyothsna Kamath B	504
II	HEPyS	Maithreyi Ravikumar	497
III	HEPyS	Kushal Nandan Talgeri	496
I	PECA	Mounika M	509
I	SMCA	Samheeta Rao	509
II	PECA	Patricia Paul Fernandez	504
II	SMCA	Pooja Ahuja	504
III	MECA	Pramela Pillay	502
IV	MECA	Sushmitha B	498
IV	PECA	Radhika Dilip K	498
IV	SMCA	Meera Krishnan	498
V	PECA	Radhika B	493
I	PCMB	Gitanjali Bhutani	532
II	PCME	Seema Rao	529
III	PCME	Preethi	525
IV	PCMB	Rekha K	521
V	PCME	Bhavna Bakhru	508

Significance of Yesu Crista Jayanti 2000 Jubilee Celebrations in the Context of the Old Testament and in the Christian Era



"Christus Heri Hodic Semper" (Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever) - Hebrews 13:8.

These are the words we see on the logo of Yesu Christa Jayanti 2000. We are celebrating this year as the jubilee year.

A common doubt that arises is - is there a jubilee year mentioned in the Bible'? Indeed it does. It is mentioned in Leviticus, 25 (8-17), which says,

"And on the tenth day of the seventh month you will sound the trumpet... You will keep this as a jubilee. Each of you will return to his ancestral property, each to his own clan."

Once every fifty years (seven sabbatical years), the day of expiation or atonement was celebrated. On the day of atonement the priest used to blow a trumpet made of a ram's horn. On this day, the people fasted, offered sacrifices, released slaves and returned to ancestral homes'. The slaves would return to their families. They were released as thanksgiving by the Israelites for their release from the tyranny of Egypt. Thus the day of expiation was one of family togetherness and gratitude to the Lord.

The Lord asks us in Deuteronomy 15 not to be hard hearted and tight fisted, but to help our debtors generously and willingly.

The term Jubilee is also mentioned in the Gospel of Luke, in the sermon delivered by Jesus at the synagogue of Nazareth, where he quoted the prophecy of Isiah 61 (1-2) as the manifesto of the jubilee year. To know the significance of the jubilee year in relation to Jesus, one has to understand the full depth and importance of his speech in Nazareth. Here one can see the gist, the vital essence of the life and work of the Lord. According to Luke 4(18-19),

"The spirit of the Lord is on me, for he has anointed me to bring the good news to the afflicted. He has sent me to proclaim liberty to captives, sight to the blind, to let the oppressed go free, to proclaim a year of favour from the Lord."

The year of favour mentioned here is the jubilee year. Jesus ended this jubilee speech saying "Today the Scripture has been fulfilled in your hearing". This jubilee message has to be fulfilled in us, in our society today. We have to become witnesses of Jesus in our private as well as social lives.

For the Jews, a jubilee was a time to correct mistakes. For us too this should be a time of evaluation. It is an opportunity to come back to God through repentance. This holds good not only for Christians, but for those of other faiths as well. The Vedas and The Quran concur in many places with the Bible. In the process of preparing for a Sacrifice, for example, and in the theories of how the world was created, the Vedas and the Bible run on very similar lines.

(Rigveda X: 12 1: 1)
"Hiranyagarbha: Samavarthathaagre
Bhuthasya Jaatha: Pathirekha aaseeth
Sadaadhara Prudhwivim Dhyamuthemam
Kasmai devaaya Harishaa Vidhemam"

(In the Beginning only the Lord Almighty and his supreme spirit existed and from the supreme spirit of the Lord proceeded 'Hiranyagarbha' (Prajapathy) in the form of light. As soon as He was born, He the first son of God alone was the Lord of all that is. He established the earth and the heaven. Let us offer our sacrifice to that God." Then God said "Let there be light" and there was light. (Genesis 1:3)

"The true light which enlightens everyone, was coming into the world." John 1:9
(Ithareya Upanishad 1:1:3)
Sa eekshateeme nu lokha
Lokaa Paalaanusruja ithi
Sadh bhaaya eva purusham
Samudruthya moorchayaat"

(After creating the sky, waters and the earth, The supreme spirit of the Lord almighty thought, "I created the worlds. Now to provide for and to save these worlds I have to create a saviour." Thinking thus he gave birth to man from himself)

And the angel said to her in reply: "The Holy Spirit will come upon you, and the power of the most high will overshadow you. Therefore the child to be born will be called Holy, the Son of God" (Luke 1: 3 5)

"He is the image of the invisible God, the first born of all creation, for in him all things in heaven and on earth were created, things visible and invisible, all things have been created through him and for him. He himself is before all things, and in him all things hold together." - Colossians 1:15-17

Rigveda X:90:7
"Tham yajnam barhishi proukshan
purusham jaathamagratha
Thena deva ayajantha
Sadhya rushayaschaye"
(this man, the first born, was tied to a Yupa i.e. a wooden stump dug into the earth, wooden sacrificial post) and the Gods and the kings along with the seers performed the sacrifice.

Jesus was sacrificed on a wooden cross by the rulers (Herod and Pilate) and the seers (Annas and Caiphas) - John Chapters 19 and 20.

(Yajurveda XXXI:18-Rigveda X:90:16)
"Thamevam Vidhwanamrutha iha bhavanthy nanya pandha ayanaya viidyathe"
(Those who meditate and attain this man, believe in heart and chant with their lips, get liberated in this world itself and there is no other way of salvation.)
"If you confess with your lips that Jesus is Lord and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved" Romans 10:9 Holy Khoran Chapter 2 (Al Bakhara:87)

Allah says "I gave the scriptures to Moses. I gave perfect signs to Jesus, son of Mariyam. I strengthened him with the Holy Spirit and sent him to you. But you didn't believe him. Why? What sort of men are you?"

Yesu Kristha Jayanthi is thus not just concerned with holding a rally and organising big events - it is an ongoing process. We should not forget that especially in India there are many practical ways in which the Jubilee message can be implemented. So let us, this jubilee year, together sing the song,

"The world stands in need of liberation -my lord. It still has to learn to love" Praise the Lord!!!

Vinitha Margaret D'Souza, II B Com.

Introduction to the Essays on the Jubilee Year

"Happy are those who do as God requires: he will satisfy them fully" (Mathew 5:9)

Yesu Krista Jayanthi 2000 was a celebration of salvation, faith, hope and God's love for us.

Various activities were conducted by the Catholic Students Association throughout the year. Weekly prayer meetings were held, as well as Bible study meetings. The celebrations concluded with the Christmas celebration, where the participation from staff, both teaching and non-teaching, and students was nothing short of phenomenal.

Pavithra Noel, I PyEC

In Memorium



Sister Mary Dorothy (Stella Marie Bunyan) was born in 1913 of Anglo - Indian parentage. She had her early education at St. Joseph's European Middle School in Perambur run by the Presentation sisters. She completed her SSLC at St. Teresa's High School, Erunakulam. She was vested in 1931. After her profession in 1932 Sr. Dorothy taught Latin in St. Teresa's High school. In 1933 she was sent to St. Joseph's High School, Trichur, to replace the Latin teacher who fell seriously ill. The following academic year she recommenced her studies. She taught French in St. Teresa's college from 1939-1942 and in Carmel College, Trichur, from 1942-1948 and in Mount Carmel College, Bangalore from 1948-1973. When she retired, she was warden of the College Hostel for 15 years. She edited the Archdiocesan monthly. 'The Sword of the Spirit' from 1979-1986.

Sr. Dorothy was well versed in the doctrine of the Catholic Church and imparted it to the students all her life. She was a person of deep faith, rooted in prayer till she breathed her last on June 6, 2000. She led a simple life in a materialistic world and was a model of the vows of poverty and obedience. She has been a source of inspiration to all those who came in touch with her. We cherish her memory.



Homage to one in Peaceful Repose

Balkis Moosa has been the spirit of the Mount Carmel Laboratory Nursery School for 25 years and more. Her sudden demise on 22nd January 2001 had caused us to remember this 'void' never to be fulfilled.

25 years and more amidst tiny tots who received affectionately from the Home Science garden pots fresh, dried or wilting forget me not...

Reminiscing...

Balkies a permanent fixture of our nursery hugged and kissed, or No my Sweetheart.

She cajoled and cooed every time there was a tear or cry

Laughter rippled when children proved precocious or naughty

Firm 'in voice' and 'facial set' when things went amiss, hot or messy

Sr. Veronica, Celina (our lab attendant) her strengths when things became unbearable or dreary she sighed teased when children turned out cute or pretty

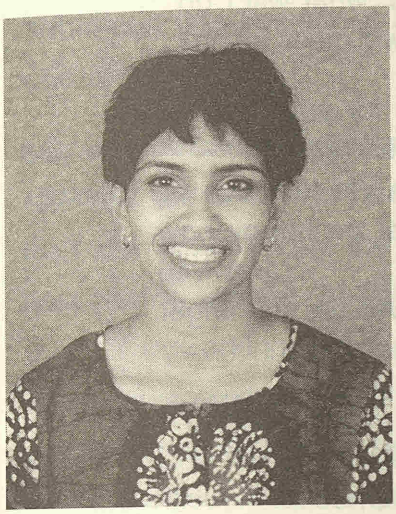
Hurry up were commands that were hurled at — or rehearsal time. Often she would look up wit a twinkled in her eye what 'glorified ayahs' aren't we??

The Nursery awaits, eagerly for

This Humane, throbbing vacuum to fill. All we are left with are Memories

Usha Kumar and Staff of Nursery and H.Sc. Dept.

My One Shining Moment



Please don't let this feeling end, it might not come again,

And I want to remember...

These are the lines of one of her favourite songs, the song we'll always hear her singing. And with the kind of voice she had, she had many a shining moment on stage. She is Charanya Muthukumar, our nightingale. She mesmerised us with her voice, and left us here to forever cherish the beautiful memories we have of her.

On 21st November 2000, we had a last choir practice with Charanya for our concert, "An Artist's Life". The concert was one of Charanya's dreams, fated to be fulfilled posthumously on 24th and 25th November 2000. After the practice, we strolled down to the parking lot, never dreaming that the goodbye we said there would be our last.

On her way home, Charanya was hit by a heavily loaded lorry. She was picked up by a good Samaritan, Mr. Shashidharan, who drove her to Ramaiah Hospital. Charanya succumbed to fatal injuries on her way to hospital.

Charanya was born on 6th December 1981. After a school career at Baldwin's Girls, she joined Mount Carmel College. Along with her active involvement with and secretaryship of The Western Music Association, she kept her academic grades up. She loved Economics, often topping the class. While the rest of us were worried about how we'd finish studying, Charanya, on her third round of revision by this time, would worry about why the graph on page 265 was not on the curve.

I think Charanya would agree with me when I say that her last year was the best of her life. She juggled an exemplary career as Western Music Secretary, where she took infinite care over the smallest details for the biggest concert we've had. She had one of the lead roles in the stage musical, 'Dirty Dancing'. And as if she wasn't busy enough she was also a part of 'The Black Roses', a little band which we formed.

She was also studying her Second Level of French at the Alliance Francaise, and won the first place in the French Nightingale competition. She studied Carnatic music, and played the veena. There were a million things she wanted to do, such as learning to play the piano, and I have no doubt that she would have done them all if she were here.

She was a warm person, passionately fond of dogs and horses. She would take stray puppies to CUPA, and arrange birthday parties complete with cake and candles, for her own three dogs.

I learnt so much from my determined, confident friend. Music will never be the same without her. Nor will class, or lunch breaks.

I know though that she is still with us in spirit. The brightest star in the sky. Our guardian angel - forever.

Sunayana Singh II B Com 'B"

Ode to a Nightingale

Where are you? I spin around
Lost, disorientated, looking...
for you.
I am back, back in the place
Where I know you,
Heard you, sweeter than any bird,
sing...

I remember, with a laugh,
I was a little surprised to find
You were human after all
(and how mortal I now know)
Rather than supernatural,
After hearing you sing
In your heavenly voice.

And it is your humanity I love -
the good and bad, perfect and imperfect,
your kindness, your big heart,
the worrier, the complainer,
the loving companion and crossword-
puzzle-solver,
the dog-catcher(!),
your sensitivity, your laugh,
your braces...let me stop.

Where are you? I ask
the walls, the trees, the animals -
your animals -
And they remain silent.
They must know some deeper truth than I.
In every girl's face, in each voice
I sense you... but
When I look more closely
It isn't you after all.
I feel your presence - your spirit -
everywhere,
Elusive, as if you'd just left
And are just about to return.

My beautiful young one, I love you.
My baby, I miss you.
My darling friend, what will I do
till we meet again?

I thank the Lord for you,
But regret the loss of that
which was yet to reach full bloom.
At least you must be happy now,
and free,
And watching over us, my angel.
I will always remember...

All those whose lives you touched
Are better for having known you.
I will always remember...

Wait for me, Charanya.

Miriam Jacob, I PCM
(Class of 1998-99)



One Summer Less

"What can you say about a 20 year old girl who died?"

She was beautiful, gentle and intelligent. She was the kind who had more friends than she could count, the kind everyone likes having around. At school, Gulnaaz was a hardworking and pleasant person. She always exhibited leadership qualities and had the privilege of being invested with the office of school prefect.

One summer holiday, this picture of health and happiness lost 14 kilograms and was diagnosed to have blood cancer. Even after intense chemotherapy Gulnaaz attended our high school reunion with a floppy hat and an infectious smile. She was strong willed enough to hope despite everything. She was optimism personified till the deadly disease claimed her. Gulnaaz was an excellent sports woman. She was formidable in field events like short put and discuss. Every Sports day saw her on the victory stand.

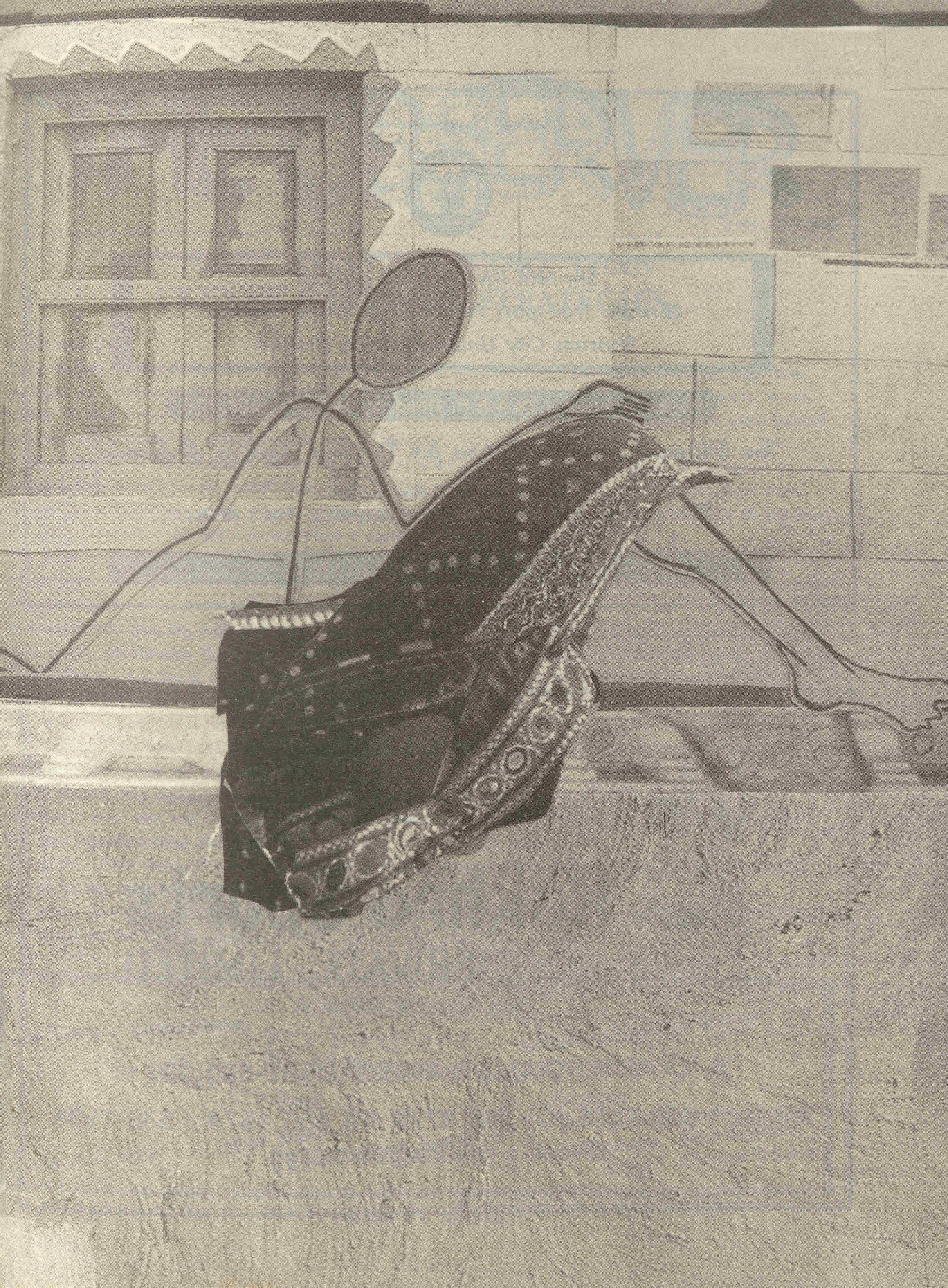
One summer day when a broken friend called to say Gulnaaz was no more, I felt a deep sadness that such a young exuberant life had ended so soon.

Gullu, we'll always miss you and if there's a sports day in heaven we know you'll hit that gold!

Lavanya Ashok, II B.Com A







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THE OBSERVER

JUNE-JULY 2000

ELECTIONS ARE MORE THAN CLEVER CAMPAIGN STRATEGIES...

17-20 July 2000

Time to find out whether planes can really swing from 'hangers' or if carmelites could be lead from darkness to 'lightness'. Election time has rolled around once again. In other words - pompoms, vocal chords at their loudest best, banners, and cliched speeches: a big day for those aspiring to stand behind Mutthu's effortlessly set mikes for the rest of the year.

A day before saw the aspirants sitting in a monotonous line on the stage (as usual) and dressed in neat cotton salwar kameezes (as usual) then come behind those mikes of Mutthu's and glorify their vocal chords (as usual). They made gigantic impressions on the PUCs but unfortunately the PU's do not have the right to transfer the impressions when it comes to those on stage.

This year contestants were vying to be a part of the esteemed group of "the union". Vigorous campaigning took place for three days (17-19). Ironically, the ones with the best campaigning strategies did not win!

Whether it was dancing with pompoms, singing off tune, nautanki (drama) or stand up comedy, classes were surely entertained. For those who were still not convinced; the final bait was the speech session. This apparent excitement of the elections culminated in a reverberating auditorium. The supporters campaigned for their candidates regardless of who was on stage.

This year's most cliched line was 'I don't promise anything, since we work as an union...' followed by 'As soon as I get elected, I shall do...' grammatical errors, funny one-liners, stammering, short stories and pale faces, were all inclusive.

Faye's speech was undoubtedly the best, predetermining her victory. Surprisingly, the General Secretary's post was not accompanied with the expected enthusiasm. Whereas, the post of president saw four equally strong contenders.

Voting day (20th) went off without a hitch though there was no check on proxy voting (which, hopefully will be incorporated next year).

The grand finale happened at 3:15 p.m. and the winners were announced. Hoping the union (2000-2001) will bring out the best in everyone!

Chitra Badrinarayan, Soumya.C II PYEC

And the winners are...

The President: Kavitha Shekar

Vice President: Gargi Shetty

General Secretary: Jyotsna Grover

Asst. Cul. Secretary: Sonia Sareen

Cultural Secretary: Faye D'Souza

Treasurer: Jayalakshmi Bhaskar

PUC Reps:
Arts - Janet Soloman
Commerce - Sona Jagadish
Science - Christina D'Souza

BLUEPRINTS FOR THE YEAR AHEAD

27 July 2000

So what do Carmelites have to look forward to this academic year? What did the union propose to do to make this year unique from any other? The excitement commenced on the 27th of July, with the investiture of the new student government. Here was no dearth of support, as the auditorium was filled with hundreds of eagerly anticipating Carmelites, who came to cheer and applaud their new leaders.

The primary excitement of the ceremony was sparked by the announcement of proposed activities for the year 2000-2001; the introduction of a Lights and Sound Association, and the climax, making Cul-ah a national level fest.

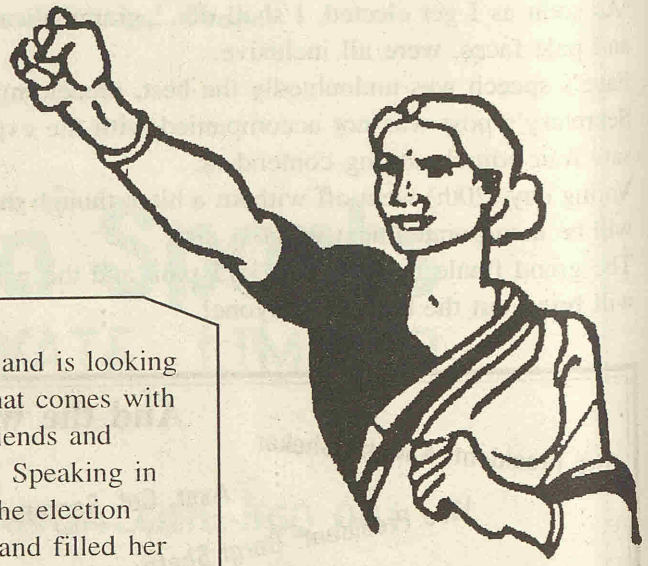
The latter proposal is exciting as well as a big challenge for each association in the college as well as for the union itself. This ambitious idea is most probably intended to inspire the talented of MCC to strive higher and to widen the exposure of the college, so people know that we are more than a fashion factory.

The mood in the auditorium after the ceremony concluded was one of bustling enthusiasm, with each Carmelite dreaming up different possibilities and how they could make their contribution felt. Whether in the form of adding to the quality and substance of the association or helping polish up Cul-ah, the investiture ceremony was respirational and encouraging to everyone who attended, credit due to the newly elected union.

Madhavi & Mithuna II EMS

Jyotsna who was very popular even in her first year of college was compelled by her friends to stand for elections. Though not too confident about winning she enjoyed the experience of campaigning and has no regrets whatsoever. She plans to bring about some changes in the attendance system in order to make it fair and secure. It is important for her that at the end, she is completely accepted and her work appreciated. "I know that I am going to do my best."

Jaya who was part of the union last year loved her work so much she decided to come back for a second time round. Fully aware of the risks involved in handling money, she is confident about doing a good job. Introduction of the mini van to transport Carmelites to various colleges for fests, allocating funds for various associations and working on a two-way refund loom large on her priority list. She is completely excited about Cul-ah going national.



Kavita has always loved organising cultural events and is looking forward to all responsibility and decision making that comes with a big post. Though she misses hanging out with friends and reading books, she still makes time to watch plays. Speaking in front of crowds used to unnerve her but winning the election speech wiped out all traces of fear and insecurity and filled her with courage to take on anything.

Gargi always knew she had it in her to be a leader and now with support from her family and friends, she has taken to this important role. She acknowledges that there are several clashes and differences among the union members, but she believes they will successfully overcome most of them and work as a team. In her typically serene manner she says, "At the end, I want all the Carmelites to appreciate what I do for the college".

Faye. Unassuming and fun-loving. She enjoyed her campaign and called it - 'simple and fun'. She has already got things moving by introducing solo dances & the Lights and Sounds Association. She is completely optimistic about making Cul-ah a national event and insists that 'every Carmelite must have a good time'.

Romola says MCC is something more than just a college and she would like to give back in some measure. She finds Sr. Jesuina, a 'real doll', open to ideas and easy to work with. "There are many things I am going to learn" and she will definitely give it her best shot.

Sonia loves responsibility and enjoys working in a team. Although initially disappointed at having to be the second best, she quickly reconciled to it and decided to enjoy very minute of her duty as an office bearer. She finds all the work challenging and looks forward to exchanging ideas with her fellow union members.

And... said-"LET THERE BE TWO..."

The MCC English Department is undisputedly an institution in its own right. It is one of the strongest pillars of the college and combines the individual strengths of its very capable teachers beautifully. Changes within an institution especially one such as ours, are often awkwardly accommodated. A similar phenomena was witnessed with the addition of a second English Department in the newly completed Golden Jubilee Block. The once cohesive single unit that sat perhaps too snugly bifurcated in to the 'old Eng. Dept.' and the 'new Eng. Dept.'

The split was purely due to reasons of space. The new Eng. Dept. now seats Mrs. Hirji, Mrs. Das, Mrs. Rajaram, Mrs. Srinivasan, Mrs. Sundaram, Mrs. Annie Mathew, Mrs. Mary Mathew and Mrs. Padmanabhan who relieved the clutter of the previously over-crowded department. Now both sets of members are satisfied with the new arrangement, which provides them with ample room to spread their various wares that obviously accompany the profession.

In addition to being teacher-friendly, the new move also seems conducive to approachability of the department to students in search of easy advice, suggestions on a good book to read or those looking to chat.

Shibani I PyEC

The Annual Retreat....

23–25 June 2000

It was time again to renew our faith and sing Hallelujah to the tune of the fabulous Rex Band, which really had MCC clapping and singing joyously... songs which should any day beat a rock band!!

The auditorium was packed with students, all ears to various speakers and this 'turning point' experience with Jesus Christ. It was truly amazing to see miracles being performed right there in front of our own eyes! It was a marvelous reaffirmation of faith and I hope that the joy and peace of this reaffirmation faith continues all year round.

Nolita Lobo II PYEE

THE OBSERVER

AUGUST 2000

SPOTTED! Mr. SHARIEF IN MCC

14 August 2000

On a bright Monday afternoon, Congress member and ex- union Railway minister Mr. Jaffer Sharief was spotted walking into the MCC office.

I went swooping around with my journalistic nose for news and an 'oh-so-sugary' smile; which I thought would work its charms on the office staff. But after being greeted by innumerable 'I don't know a thing' shrugs I knew that it was time to seek more potential ground. In the near distance I saw Principal Sr. Jesuina. I immediately posted myself outside sister's office almost giving Mr. Subramaniam a run for his money. While he scrutinized me suspiciously, I put on my goofy grin and said, "magazine reporter". Sr. Jesuina's entrance saved the situation and I scampered along beside her, straight into her spacious well-furnished office.

She offered me a seat and the interview began. Apparently Mr. Sharief had come to meet Sr. Jesuina regarding his granddaughter's academic performance, her attendance, the courses offered by the college and other details. Sr. refused to disclose the girl's name and class to save her from unnecessary embarrassment.

Mr. Sharief showed keen interest in knowing Sr.'s impression of the younger generation. Sister of course said that she saw a lot of potential and hoped that with appropriate guidance and morals the youth of today had a lot to offer to this world. Mr. Sharief spent a good 10-15 minutes in the college talking to Sister on topics galore!

As I left Sr.'s office I felt proud of the fact that our principal still has faith in the youth - reassuring me that we definitely aren't the lost generation.

Neeta Shenoy II Py.E.J.

Red Alert!!

The spot occupied by the You-Room a couple of years ago has now been seized by the management for a brand new administrative building. For all those oldie students who expected a hep-looking U-room to come up, the story is out!! Move over, Make way; what this calls for is a 'Management Day'!

MOVE OVER SENIORS, THE FRESHERS ARE HERE!

17, 18, 19 August 2000

MCC went talent searching and came back with a kill. This years freshers are a enthusiastic lot as seen from the overwhelming response (union's delight!) for 'Blossom Showers'.

Feel like yakking till you drop? Have a gift for the gab? The PSA is the place for you then. The message was loud and clear for the freshers with their response for Extempore, Jam, Elocution and Debate.

A judge laughing heartily, one of the audience falling off a chair - wonder if the topics had anything to do with this? The extempore was a verbal success with an overall good and enthusiastic response.

The topics were good as usual - 'Heaven wont take me and Hell's afraid, I'll take over', 'A verbal cure for diahorrea' etc. The competition was judged by Vivek Madan and Kiran Mascarenhas. The topics

for elocution spanned from Shakespeare to Dr. Rajkumar's abduction. Union members Kavita and Faye judged the competition. Response? Relatively good.

A zombie (Dr. S. Rao alias zombie) mastered JAM. Animals were all over, in all kinds of places - jaguars in garages, tigers in beds, minks in closets - some of the topics you know! There was a good set of spotters with their eyes wide open. Jhanani, Prarthna and Anupama are the fresh faces for JAM in MCC.(for those who didn't get the gist, they won). Debate topic for the prelims was - 'Terrorism is the best way to fight terrorism'..Participation was as good as the research they put in. The final round was judged by Mrs. Sahana Das, Mrs. Zakya Siraj and Mrs. Sujata P. First degree student Sneha debated her way to success on 'conventional morality is a hindrance to achievement'. Good going freshers.

Revathi Nathaneil II PyEE

About Quarter

17 August 2000

Well, so I am not talking about the genuine VJ from channel (V), or a not so genuine chap from Dominos Pizza pushing for a stall at an event. Nah... it is not even the seasonal male visitors from the city's esteemed college unions hovering around the U-Room and the parking lot. I am talking of three young musicians from one of Bangalore's best-loved rock bands who made their presence felt in the college. 'Thermal and a Quarter' or as they originally intended, 'Three Mals and a Quarter.'



Well despite the publicity and cheap pricing of the tickets, unexpectedly the turn out was not so good. However the small tribe of rock lovers who did turn up without hesitance, displayed the rhythm in their blood. This seemed to have an encouraging effect on the three mals as they set the tribe grooving... shaking ... rocking... and rolling; some went head banging and the rest, down on their knees.

Rajiv, the drummer seemed a universal favourite with his hair swinging in awry rhythm to the beat. But Bruce Lee Mani (his name deserves to be spelt in full) and Rudy had their share of fans. The pot pourri of self-composed music was a great success, evident in the good sales record of the CD's and tapes they marketed.

Well no need to explain how an ordinary lunch hour turned into an rolling experience with the three mals and of course, rock!!

Shilpa Vishwanath I HEPyS

Cultural Blues

28-31 August 2000

Talking on Their Feet, Through Their Hats.

The time came... To crown MCC's 'biggest mouth'. A sunny afternoon and time again for a dose of verbal diahorrea! With Faye and Kiran running on last minute errands and the presence of Prem Koshy with his eye-catching accessories we were promised a very interesting afternoon indeed. And were we rewarded? You bet. Topics ranged from 'Hmm' to 'Moustaches', 'Superheroes' to 'Fridays'. The contestants entertained and enlightened us. Their rather creative and hilarious stories concocted on the spur of the moment (Preparation time – 2 minutes) earned many responses from the audience. Here was one (overheard of course!) – "Cool man! The topic takes me 45 minutes to sink in". (??) Will the sayer of the line approach us for a special gift voucher?

More weird things followed. I doubt if there was or ever will be something like this. The topic was 'The flip side of feminism' and to quote this unique Carmelite who felt terrorised because she was traditional. **"...Satisfying the male ego is okay and once you do it, you will always feel like doing it again"** Hear! Hear! Another important reason to attend extempore and debates. Talking about male egos, Sunehera with the topic 'Fridays', claimed to hate the word because even restaurants are named something better... like Koshy's? And with that she has won the full approval of Prem Koshy. A smile and thumbs up in place.

Of course the finale was presented by Faye who as Kiran put it "... willingly makes a fool of herself." She droned on 'I am standing for college president'. Highlights – "I'll be the only president who isn't tall", unlocked gates, boys in college – "because it would be no fun if we can't rag them." College song would be changed to 'We don't need no education'. Look out girls this is as good as it gets. Winners? Who cares? We had heard it all. Some entertaining afternoon that was.

Maithreyi R, Gayathri L. II HEPyS

We Are Family .... (finally!)

19 August 2000

The hostel freshers' party was a long awaited one. With the unexpected holiday - thanks to Veerappan, the wait was much longer. Finally it arrived on 10th August. The theme chosen by the final years was–Hippie Culture. They were dressed to the theme sporting beads, flowers bandanas, bells, and wrap–around skirts. The show was kick started with the final years taking to the ramp with the respective roommates. They catwalked to music from the swingin' 60's and 70's. The formal introduction of the freshers to the rest of the hostel followed this. Interspersed with programmes put up by seniors, were catchy numbers which had the II PU and first year degrees swingin' too. The programme ended with Sr. Jesuina welcoming the freshers into the hostel family and encouraging them to cultivate their various talents.

Dinner was- on the terrace - a hostel first (Thank god the rains didn't show up!). Followed by dinner was the event that everyone looks forward to the most - the hostel disco. Revolving lights and loud reverberating music charged up the atmosphere in the quadrangle of the junior hostel. The evening had to come to an end at 10:30 pm though the girls had enough energy to dance through the night. Fifty odd freshers went to bed knowing that the sun next morning would at last bring them the gift of equal rights like their seniors.

Prea Peter III PYEC

Creativity Through Art

Exploration of art has known no barriers. There will always be more to explore, to excavate hidden talents from new budding artists. One way being through the annual art events held by Athena Art Association of MCC during the cul-week.
A major number of the contestants comprised of enthusiastic freshers who proved their worth through the display of their artistic talents. The topics covered areas such as funky face make-up to bridal jewelry designing and 'Foreigner's interpretation of India' to abstract images for clay modelling.
The first prize winners in each category include Safeea for painting, Karen Braganza for makeup, Ritu for Mehendi designing, Neelima for hair styling, Lavina Taur for Fashion Designing, Neha for sketching, Mahalakshmi for cartooning, Tuja John for clay modelling.
The judges mainly comprised of in house lecturers with one exception – Akshaya was a BFA student from CKP.

Sheena Dhanraj II Py.E.J.

Dancing In The Dark?

By I p.m., the auditorium was packed to capacity, with girls resorting to sitting in the aisles for lack of space. There were quite a few surprises during the western dance competition. The first one coming from union members who belted out a few steps themselves. The crowd went wild as Kavitha Shakear, Faye D'Souza, Sonia Sareen, Jaya and Romola managed to pull off the union's dance debut. This was followed by a comp for the best dressed hippie as the stage filled up with hippie hopefuls. Shilpashree - II MECA, walked away with the audience applause and ofcourse the prize. Believe it - she was wearing big round sunshades, a slinky handbag and hippie draped saree.

Fifteen groups participated in the event, creating an exhilarating build–up to the finale. While most groups performed to pop music, a surprise and refreshing change came from Sharanya and group. Calling themselves the– 'Twisters'–they jived to the foot tapping Jive Bunny. Divya Bheda's group called the 'Hotshots' danced to the theme of cops and robbers. A mix up towards the end left the audience confused about the theme though. Stage presence, excellent choreography and synchronisation were the ticket for the winning spot for Smitha and group. The comp was rounded off with Prithvi, a judge and dancer himself, performing onstage.

Serah Santiago II PYEC

ANKLET POWER!!

The Indian Dance Association of MCC as usual had many entertaining and fun filled competitions for the Cul - week. It had organised four categories - Film hits, Pop and fusion, Indian classical solo and Folk Dance.



Film hits and Pop and Fusion was the combination of different music scores from the movies. The combination of songs was very poor and the costumes outrageous. Indian classical solo did not fare any better. With only four entries the judges didn't have a problem selecting the winners. Is this an indication of the growing indifference towards traditional dances in MCC? The folk dance was by far the best competition under the IDA banner. The music and costumes along with the choreography made it perfectly watchable.
The spirit of the IDA has to be commended. Efficient organistaion, distinguished judges and even a foot tapping, hand clapping performance in the end. Way to go IDA!

Anitha K. Raj II B.Com B

The Card Story

Ah, the studious book lovers, aren't you glad that we no longer have to carry mutilated library cards to college now? The college is going hi-tech all the way. A computerised library. Very neat. But one overanxious girl was heard saying that if one didn't posses library cards, what proof do we have that we have returned the books, *just in case,* we are accused of not returning the books? Now does anyone have an answer to that?



How Cul is Cul Week?

This is an article of caution. An epidemic is spreading - faster than the plague, deadlier than cancer and irreversible like AIDS. The area most affected in Bangalore is MCC. Its symptoms aggravated during the cultural week. What are we talking about? You guessed right - the Decalifornication or Americanisation or shall we say the Americademic of especially the youth of MCC.

During Cul-week one notices all the symptoms of the epidemic. A dress-theme like 'That 60s show' will obviously mean hippies and bell bottoms; Gangster's Paradise will automatically mean 'men' in leather jackets and bandannas. Talk about social stereotypes anyway! Effect of the media? (the air conditioned nightmare has come to be our waking reality - and we are sleep-walking to the flickering of our TV and computer screens.)

Again the greater popularity of the Western music and Dance associations over the Indian is one of the recurring signs. Actually we aren't too sure about that. The popular Indian songs that are again America-approved also have a great mass appeal. After all there are only shades of differences between the Indian and American these days. It's obvious that our addiction to visual images has paved the way for our enslavement.

Even the choice of songs like 'Bye Bye Bye' and 'Oops I did it again' reaffirms our beliefs. So all those 'against the popular' all the slim shady's amongst us, would dissent against the unaesthetic, meaninglessness and unserious role of music today. It is interesting to note how western has so obviously come to mean American not Italian or Scottish or French. Only American because America rules everywhere. This leaves us with the thought then, how cultural are these cultural fests?

Shireen Mirza III PyEJ



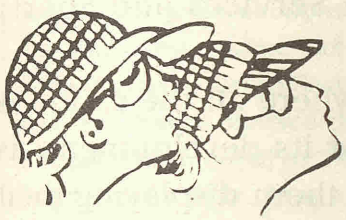
THE OBSERVER

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 2000

Thoughtful Sips

4 September 2000

A curious observer would wonder at the tidy gathering confronting our well-established Fatima Hall. A little prodding would reveal the reason.



The clues were prominent – our beloved English Department, hesitant juniors and the intellectual seniors of the college chatting away while their well-slung bags bumped into each other in private conversations.

It was a play all right, and a much awaited one. "Ghotbar Pani" or "A Sip of Water" performed by the familiar theatre group RAFIKI.

Tickets were sold at an unusually high price – 20 rupees as opposed to the regular Rs.10 but people were more than willing as the proceeds of the play would go towards helping an 8 year old girl. The audience was treated to RAFIKI's trademark seating arrangement; a literal face to face interaction with the artists. The much known Hartman D'souza started the show by enlightening the audience about RAFIKI and the play.

"Ghotbar Pani", written by Premchand Gajvi, tackles the sensitive issue of Dalit discrimination. The actors– the only actors on stage, Vikram and Anish very skillfully dealt with the theme through their dramatic interplay of styles, more prominently them assuming multiple roles in the play. They started their performance with Sicilian poet Pablo Neruda's "A Poet's Obligation". The chanting of certain lines in Vedic style further heightened the drama.

The following discussion was evidence that the performance had managed to at least meet some of its objective. It was not so much a sip of water as it was a sip of thought. More than one.

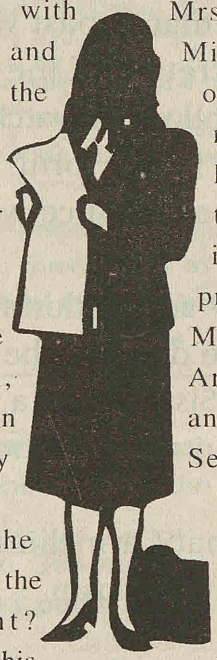
Revathi Nathaniel, II PYEE

Corporate Carmels

6 September 2000

Shares, profits, dividends. The words that rule the world have finally made their gateway into the Mount Carmel College.

'A La Mode Ltd.' Launched by the Commerce Association with Mrs. Bhagya as chairperson and Mita Mehra as the M.D. This is the opportunity the students have received to apply all that they have gleaned from their textbooks and teachers alike in real life. The company proudly possesses the Memorandum of Association, Articles of Association and a qualified Company Secretary. Ahem. Impressive.



Remember the spiral staircase, which led to the old Psychology Department? Well you can take it again and this time you will find the hub-hub office of the Carmel Corporate. Spiraling all the way. As for what the company offers–to begin with there are clothes, accessories, designer envelopes, bags, cosmetics... you name it, they have go it! And if you thought that the enterprising lot of the college would stop at that, you are wrong. They have gone ahead and invited shareholders into the company. The wise investors are entitled to dividends at the end of the year! Well...no fine prints, no risk factors, (at least that's what we presume), easy shopping and an A La Mode.

Anu V II B.Com B

ALL IN THE GAME

7 September 2000

Josephians, Marians, Teresians and Florians. Memories from school? No this is our very own Mount Carmel College, decked in its sports best, marching away in competitive vigour. Left Right Left, the chant intensified in the rising heat of competition and the exhilarated Josephians emerged in victorious symmetry. All the days of grumbling practice suddenly assuming qualities of hard work and determination.

Sports Day at Mount Carmel College.

Mr. and Mrs. K.V.R. Tagore, I.P.S. commissioner of Youth Services and Sports Government of Karnataka, inaugurated the event.

Following the march past was the oath taking ceremony where all the captions and sports secretary of the college Ashwina. C. pledged for its development, as their faithful followers watched on. The various events had them displaying their killer instincts in full form. Short Put, Running, Long and High jumps, informal games, music and dance were all part of the melange of events that enthralled the audience.

The NCC drew admiration from the crowd for their stunning march past. But the highlight of the day was the day was the tug-of-war between the students and the teachers. And Sister Juanita emerged the winner of events conducted for the staff. Not to mention our dear hostelities who put up a drill that preceded the closing march past.

We all agree that Carmelites are a sporty lot, but on some days we like to display it with more enthusiasm.

Yashaswini I HEPys

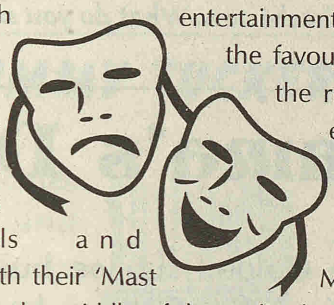
Hill Gates

Well who would have thought that Mounts would see the big big gates close again. Initially one could see the claustrophobic hysteria among those who constituted the regular traffic but once it turned flexible the saddened buds bloomed again. A former union member tells us it is to keep the Vasanthnagar kids out. Now how much of that can we believe?

15 September 2000

It happened! The annual HOSTEL NIGHT! One guess as to what the theme was. Little earlier than one would expect it, but just as effective none the less. Halloween. Since the time frame didn't really fit in it could easily be labeled the 'Indian Halloween'.

The second year PU's were the official hosts, all dressed to kill (pun intended). From good old Mr. Dracula to our very not so own Elvis Presley, the hostilities could label themselves 'Characters reincarnated'. The party began at 5.00 p.m. with entertainment in the auditorium compered by two witches. The freshers began by singing the favourite boy band song, 'As Long As You Love Me'. The II PUC's sashayed down the ramp flaunting their wacky costumes (the performance was repeated after every item to keep the theme alive). Then the degree's dished out a pop and fusion dance while the final years performed to flute music. But it was the second years who 'masteid' their way to the prize–coupons from Casuals and Coffee–Day with a dance dedicated to our kidnapped matinee idol Rajkumar with their 'Mast Mast Hudugi'.



Following the entertainment, the coffin in the middle of the audi became the bowl for the Lucky Draw and the winners received discount coupons from MEGABOWL!!!

The party then moved to the refectory, decorated with scary faces, spooky cut outs and a pumpkin. A candle burnt at each table. After a slurpy and drolly dinner it was time to burn some energy.

D.I.S.C.O!!! And it was a professional all right, and one from the Orion discotheque who made the hostelites dance to his tunes.

Halloween India

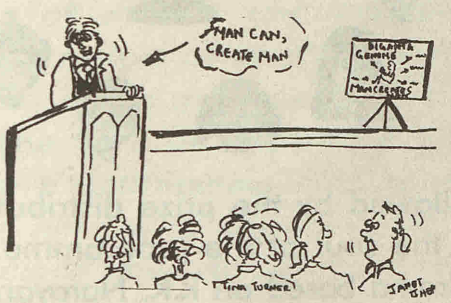
It was one big happy hostel family the hostelites, Sr. Jez, Sr. Juanita, Sr. Arpana and all the rest in the convent. Three cheers to Mount Carmel's 'Indian Halloween'. Whoever said that hostel life was boring?

Neeta Shenoy II PyEJ

30 September 2000

The fest hosted by the microbiology section was aptly named 'Diganta', meaning 'horizon'. Eminent professors from the Indian Institute of Science graced the occasion, as interested students made entries to check the subject out.

Dr. M.R.S. Rao gave an interesting lecture on the 'Human Genome Project'. The audience comprised of students from various colleges and participated actively. Science illiterates too had a chance to actively engage with the topic as Prof. Ramkumar spoke on Bio Infomatics, with illustrations and colourful slides to aid his lecture.



Well where was the entertainment? D.C, Quiz, Crossword, Collage, Pictionary, and if it's not enough they even had informal games. The participants were very enthusiastic and as always the quiz was popular. College brought out the innovation residing in the minds of the students. One of the best ones had a blank sheet with Can't see a thing? Get a microscope! – on it.

The most fun the participants must have had was at the free lunch they were given. Complete with ice cream and Gajar Ka Halwa. Information, entertainment and great food. What else would you want?

Anu V II B.Com B

DIGANTA

Chechi–not out!

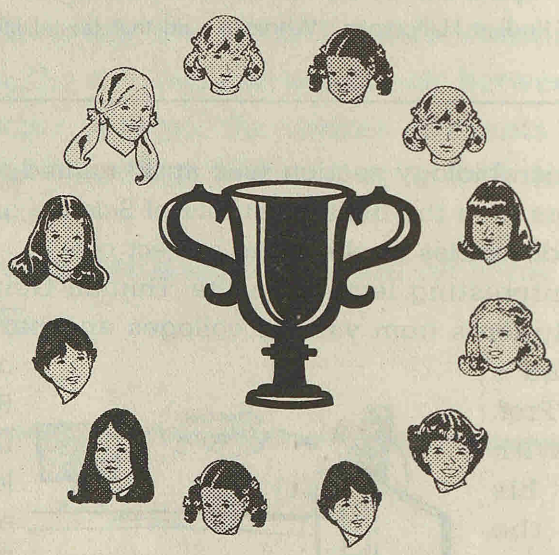
Talking of changes, what do you think of the newly renovated canteen of ours? Sure it makes life much easier but well there is no the canteen table to plonk your bag on and sip your coffee. And Chechi must be glad not to have homework–ing girls to shoo away all the time. Unlimited overs for Chechi now. What do you say?

Mama's Doll

11 October 2000

Our new auditorium in the Golden Jubilee building experienced its second year of Parents day celebration. At 6.00 p.m. began one of the most planned programmes of the year. Students, mostly teachers waited with bated breaths to view the programme the students had worked so hard at (but of course we know that it was to see the result of all those missed classes for rehearsals.)

The Chief guest was Dr. G. Parameshwara, minister for Higher Education, Science and Technology, Karnataka. We hope that he was impressed by the performances given the effort made to make them more than regular.



The Choir had the audience clapping their hands in glee to their rendition of a Broadway musical combined with c h a r m i n g choreography. The Indian music team clad in silk saris brought in local flavour by pleasing the audience with a Kannada song.

However, unusually, this year with our new Principal Sr. Jesuina the annual report sustained for a neat three minutes, where she briefed and informed proud parents of the achievements of the college. It was followed by the prize distribution to the achievers of the college, and this was the soul of the programme.

But it was the dance-drama based on R.K. Narayan's "Another Community" that left the audience with food for thought. The drama skillfully managed to portray its message of communal harmony without appearing to be preachy. The skillful interplay of dance added immensely to the aesthetic value of the play.

Well, we had to show mummy and papa something didn't we?

Shilpa Vishwanath II HEPyS

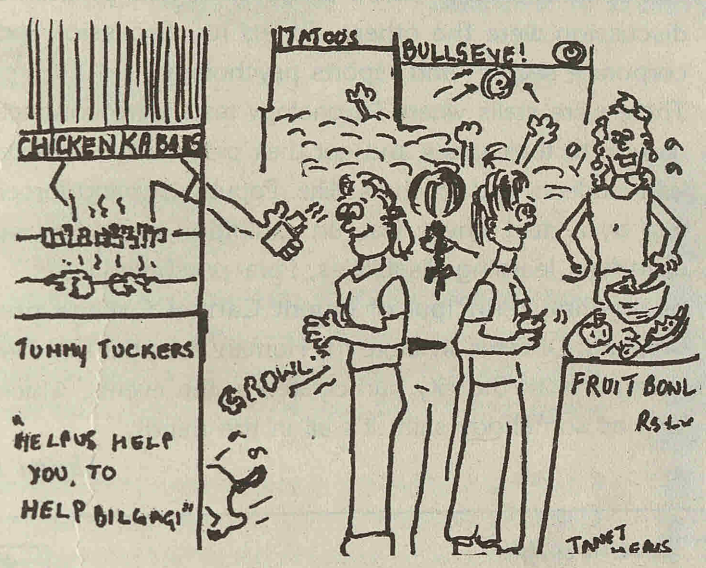
THE OBSERVER

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 2000

TUMMY TUCKERS

November 2000

Who can resist Gulab Jamuns, Gajar ka Halwa, Chaats and Manchurians? November in Mount Carmel College was a month for the ones with active taste buds. Even those without any weren't able to exercise the powers of their resistance.



The commerce students of I PUC (PECA, MECA & SMCA) conducted the 'Food Fest' to collect money for the development of Mount Carmel's own 'Biligagi' village.

It starts on 28th October with the SMCA girls presenting their varieties of food in the basketball court. Their delicious cakes were sold out in half an hour's time and the homemade noodles and Manchurians were not far behind.

The next Thursday the PECA girls got into action. They had a greater variety, with the parents of one of the student owning a popular restaurant. They even had a couple of chefs helping them out. Very hep indeed. It was the Fatima hall, which got lucky this time.

Back to the BBC, it was the turn of the MECA girls. They went south Indian all the way. There wasn't just 'masala vada' to make the mouth water but also 'masala cake'! The girls sure were ingenious in their marketing strategies, for what more could they do but take their items straight to the lectures!!!!!

The over all amounts collected were about Rs.25,000. The MECA girls were declared the winners with the highest collection of Rs.11,280! But for the Carmelites all three were winners as they selflessly contributed both their investment and their profit to the village of 'Biligagi'. Hats Off!!

Yashaswini & Smita, I HEPyS

Mind Games

7December 2000

Mount Carmel had yet another successful fest in its list of achievements. The Department of Psychology proudly held its first intercollegiate psychology festival. The event appropriately named "Tejas", which means 'radiance', was a huge success with many colleges extending participation. Tejas brought about awareness about different aspects of psychology among students dispelling many a myth that they had. Many programmes were held, the most interesting one being a competition of skits based on psychological phenomena. Lecture competition, quiz and group discussion were the others. Topics for discussion included "the impact of psychology on the corporate sector" and "sports psychology."

There were stalls where Psychology tests were conducted and the more than interested students gave in to their urges and got their personality and intelligence assessed. The tests were a big hit with students and teachers alike. Popular demand forced the Psychology department to extend the fest by a day! There was an exhibition on topics such as dreams, brain, behaviour, eating disorders, learning disabilities, Para–psychology etc.

Sr. Jesuina, Principal of Mount Carmel College presided over the function and Dr. Bharat Chandra, Director, Institute for Human Potential and Development was the guest of honour. Seven colleges from the city participated in the events, which was the first of its kind in Bangalore.

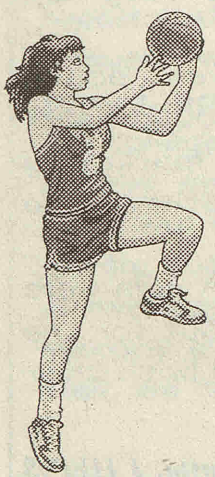
Well as somebody said, it's all in the mind!

Shilpa Kannan and Remona Lingham III PyEJ

Carmelite Comeback

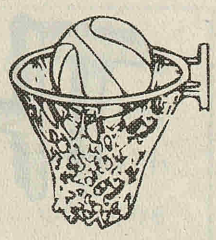
7 December 2000

The day dawned clear. The stage was set. After four days of ongoing battle, the finals of the ball games throw ball and basket ball – finally were to take place. The atmosphere was electric and all the talk centered around the final confrontation between the long time rivals MCC and JNC! On home grounds Mounts had a lot of expectations to live up to. The scheduled matches generated the same amount of steam, anticipation, hope and excitement that an India-Pakistan match would generate. The gracious lecturers had to give in and few of them called off the classes! The matches began in the heat of the afternoon, starting with Throw ball. One noticeable thing was the attire of the teams. Carmels was in white T-shirts and black tracks while their counterparts were 'ultra hep' in short, blue pleated skirts, Ahem.



The match began in favour of the Carmelites who effortlessly won the first set. In the second, the JNCites made a comeback to draw the score and lead into a third round which was taken by the... you guessed it right, the Carmelites. Good work Ashwima and team.

The late afternoon brought around the battle of the tall heads. Basket Ball finals. Practically the whole college walled around the court to form a massive cheerleading squad. Our players flashed about in their blue and yellow uniforms facing the equally intimidating rivals blue and red.



The hushed silence that surrounded the court was an indicator of the game to come. The rivals gloried away with the baskets as the score climbed on alarming 10-0, in their favour. And the girls remained subdued except for an occasional "come on MCC". Ah, but we bounced back. The combined effort by the team and an earnest game strategy by Ms. Meena during the much-needed break soon had the team in form. The score steadily climbed up in our favour and at the end of the day the score read 49 to 30 in our favour!!!

If anytime anyone needs some adrenaline pumping in their blood this is one event they can pick out from their book-marked memory to get them going. For isn't life all about 'get set and... Go!!!!!!

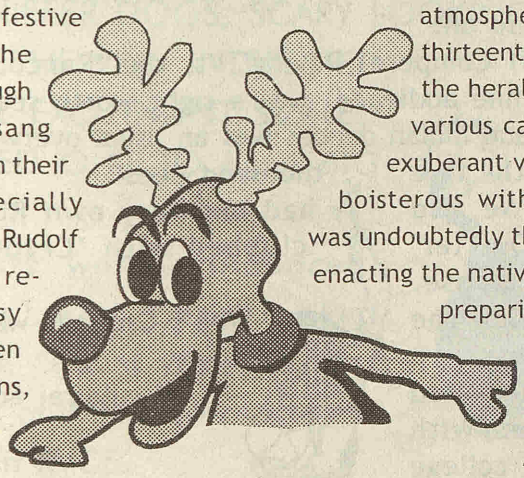
Maithreyi R, II HEPyS

December 2000

"Deck the halls with boughs of holly
Fa la la la la la la la la
Is the season to be jolly
Fa la la la la la la la la"

And what better way to usher in the season of peace and joy, than with YULETIDE 2000 the intra-college Christmas festival organised by the college's Catholic Students Association. The festival held at the inter-class level comprised of various competitions such as Carol singing, Live Crib and Christmas tree decoration and at the individual level competitions such as-My Christmas Wish, Gift-Wrapping and Card Making.

A feeling of thrill and anticipation as well as cheerful energy was evident in the campus as the girls geared themselves up for the competitions. Twenty Six Christmas trees were meticulously decorated by the students who kept bustling about carrying heaps of tinsel, streamers and even wind chimes to add that extra touch to the festive atmosphere.



On the eleventh and the thirteenth were the inter-class singing competitions. It was as though the herald angels had come down to the earth as students sang various carols like 'Joy to the world' and 'Hark The Holy Night', in their exuberant voices. The third and second year teams were especially boisterous with their huge numbers and spirited singing. Red nosed Rudolf was undoubtedly the star of the day.

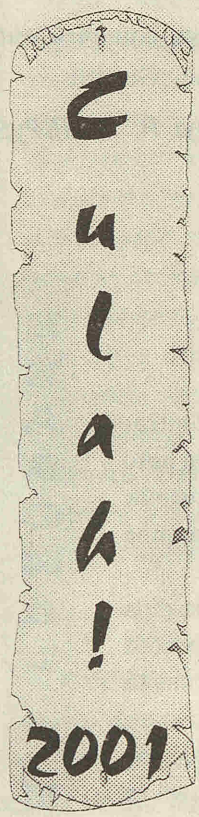
Meanwhile, the students re- enacting the nativity scene for the 'Live Crib' competition were busy preparing for the event. Innovation and creativity could be seen making its round with the shepherds adorned in turbans, and sneakers being covered with gold paper for the king to wear!! Close your eyes and visualize this... Mother Mary looking like an innocent Kashmiri Girl, the three Kings-one western, one Punjabi and the other South Indian monarch, bearing gifts of gold, frankincense and myrah for Jesus Christ.

YULETIDE 2000 concluded on fifteenth December with a special Christmas programme that was put up by the hostelites and the college and hostel choir. II HEPyS, II B Sc., and III B.Com, BMTT & BBM won the first place for the carol singing competition. The winners performed for the delighted audience and the event concluded with music and dance where even the teachers shook a leg or two!

It was indeed a time to be jolly.

Divya Janardhan I PyEC

THE OBSERVER



January 2001

Planet - Earth. Destination - M.C.C. Lord Shiva arrives on the 10th of January 2001 from heaven in the form of an immensely powerful idol accompanied by the renowned danseuse Dr. Padma Subramanium from Chennai to grace the inaugural function of Culah 2001 Vedic India! Shadow Dance, Fusion, Fashion show and of course the strains of mantras were all part of the energetic initiation of the most wanted cultural festival of Bangalore.

You didn't think that we would forget the greatest excitement of the festival this year did you? Yes! Cul-ah! for the first time in Carmelite history went all India! Now what could get better than that? Surprisingly for a first time national fest it received a good response. The theme 'Vedic India' was reflected in the décor of the college - the 'kuteers', the outstage modeled along the Hampi ruins, the huge 'dhols' that were not used to make announcements (!) and the Slokas adorning the walls around the campus. The union, one could say, succeeded in its attempt at creating the 'Vedic' atmosphere.

People from various colleges identified with the theme and turned up in kurtas and dhotis!! Business boomed at the 'Rose' and 'Know Your Love Life' stalls-apart from the Rediff Informals' competitions like the screaming competition and so on.

'Rehman's (Rediff Compere) Raving' Vs. the 'Rancour of the Ravishing Rebelles' (his feminine audience) was a sight worth seeing. Audience response for the Western and Indian dances was an usual overwhelming! A five hundred

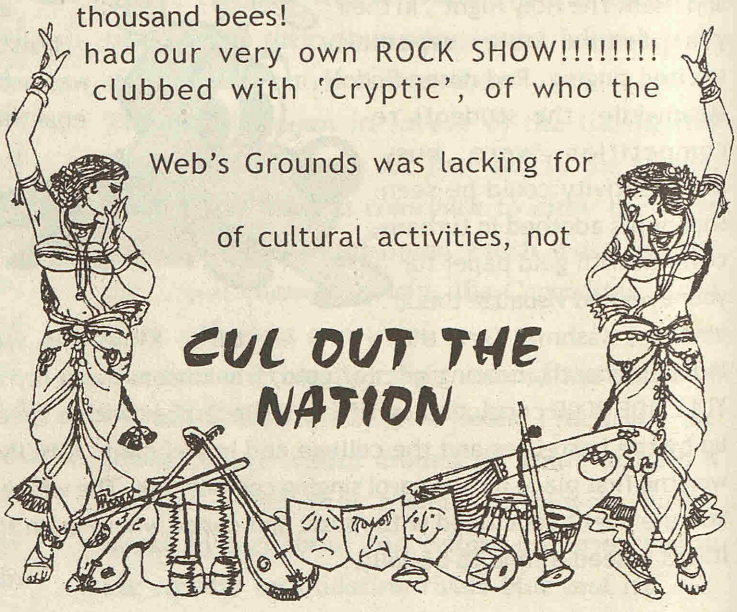
holed beehive buzzing with five thousand bees!

It was a first for all things. We also had our very own ROCK SHOW!!!!!!!!

The faithful 'Thermal and a Quarter' clubbed with 'Cryptic', of who the latter drew a better response. Though one couldn't say that the Web's Grounds was lacking for space.

Overall, the fest was a mystic myriad of cultural activities, not to forget the union members with their walkie-talkies impressing college freshies with their hepness.

From outstation participants to dhoti-ied guys the fest didn't leave too many things out. Not even the faithful and dear dogs around!!!!



Nobila Tazyeen and Divya Janardhan I PyEC

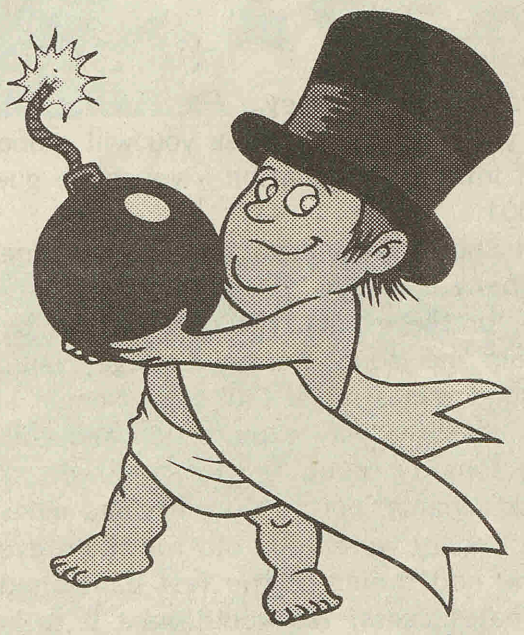
BOMB CHARADES

What better way to kick-start the first day of Cul-ah than with Charades of the dumbest kind? Well, good old Home Science stage played host this time again. Fifty-two teams took part and one wonders if there were any non-participants in the crowd at all. Well it did get short-listed to a mere EIGHT teams. Adding to the hilarity of the event were the team names - "one plate idli with extra sambar", "nimmaji and nammaji" and "blooming culprits".

The God of Gods, Mr. Zeus himself from SJCC, handled the competition. Nancy and Priya from MCC's own DC team were his angelic assistants. Hats off for their touch of originality, in the final rounds.

The 'Aerodynamics' round had the teams drawing company logos in the air and guessing the punchlines. Well following that was the ' Dumb Dumb Charades' round. The most interesting was the 'Cramming Up Round'. Here the participants had to memorize twenty words and before they could get to work they were given a walk-man for distraction. It worked seemingly well, no one seemed to know what the walkman played.

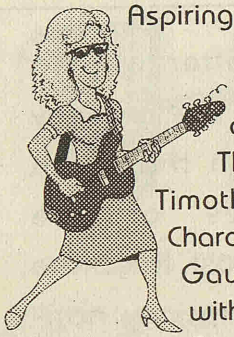
AND NOW COMES THE MOST EXCITING PART OF CUL-AH! THE BIG BIG BOMB SCARE!! SNIFFER DOGS, SCARY LOOKING SECURITY PERSONNEL AND OF COURSE THE VERY INTERESTED CROWD. WELL ALL EXCITEMENT SIZZLED OUT AS IT TURNED OUT TO BE A BIG HOAX.



At last the results were announced. "Blooming Culprits" from Christ walked away with the first. "Moist Waters" from SJCC followed them and third place went to " Sunday 1:30" from RVCE.

Given their names, one wonders at the truth behind the bomb scare. Blooming Culprits is it?

Anjali Colaso, IIPyEE



THE SUNG PARLIAMENT

Aspiring Prodigys or Mariah Careys, as always the western music competition drew a tremendous response at Cul-ah. Held in the soft ball court christened ' outstage' during Cul-ah, the strains of the music produced were judged by Priya Mendens and Dominic D'cruz.

The Vocal Solo category had entries pouring in from numerous colleges. We had Timothy Franklin from ULC who sang a poignant 'A tribute to God', dedicated to Charanya. The song left many an eye in the crowd damp. The winner emerged to be away the prize Gautam Abraham from SIT, Tumkur who snatched with a "Hootie and the Blue fish" song. Denis Austin from Bishop Cottons came second followed by Alex Choudary from MS Ramiah . Our very own Aarthi Desacan rendered Mariah Carey's "Forever" on a non-competitive basis, dedicating it to every final year present.

The competition in the Vocal Group Category was no less exciting. Each team had ten minutes in stage. However, due to almost every team exceeding their time limit the delay was accentuated. M. S. Ramiah sang their own version of Elvis's " Can't help falling in love with you" and SIT's attempt at Queen's " Crazy little thing called love" really rocked MCC but the winners proved to be (as expected) the enthralling team from Christ.



Ah! now comes the most interesting part. The Theme Song round. Most entertaining, one can say. There were very imaginative lyrics with very original tunes. One must applaud the attempts and there must be a mention of the very poetic song, which led us all into a sentimental journey of Cul-ah. Sigh! If only sentimentality could last forever. But move over, for it is foot-snapping numbers that capture the spirit of the fest. And, again, it was Christ College that waltzed away with the prize. All in the game.

Anjali Colaso II PyEE

Money Matters

17 January 2001

It's all about money...

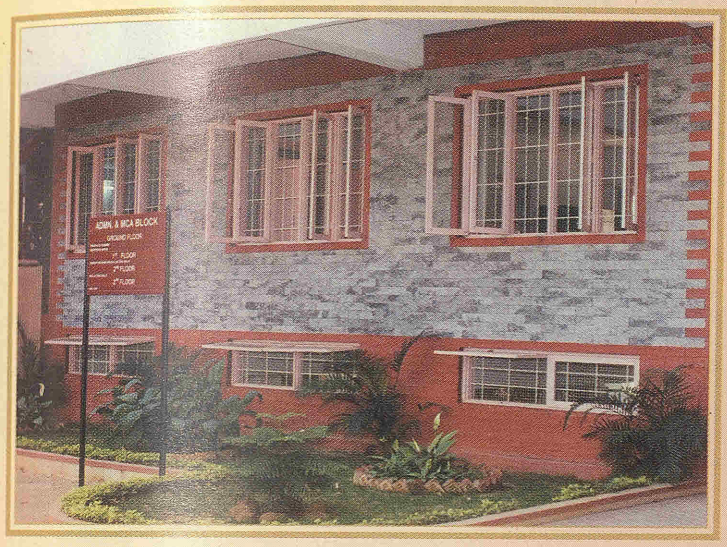
If you are a music freak you will probably be humming this song now, but if you have even an iota of imagination - you have guessed it right. The Commerce Fest - Cross Currents 2001.

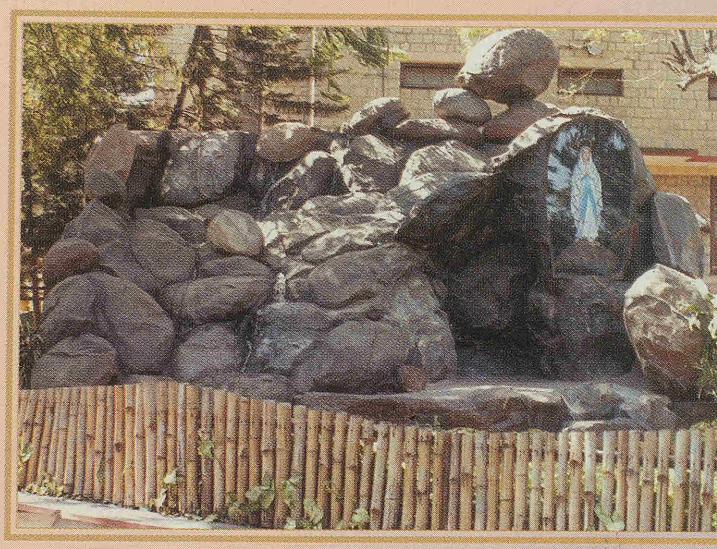
An impressive inauguration by Paramjeet Singh from EPSON INDIA started off the fest with a bang.

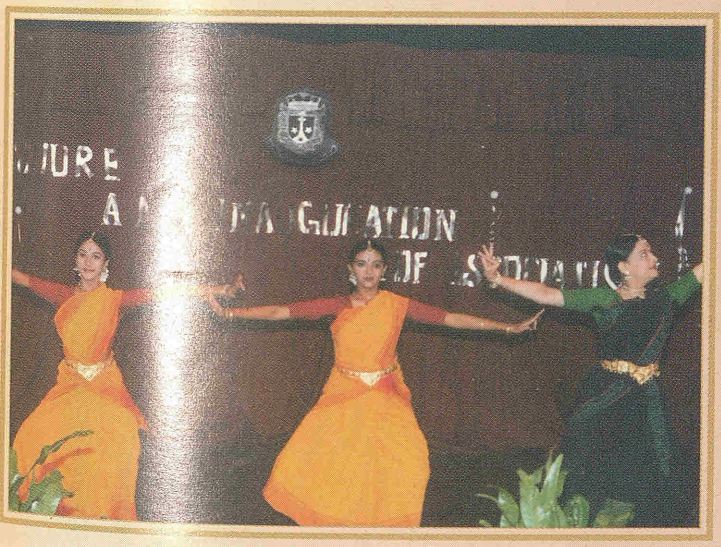
As for the events, the quiz was set by the IIM-B team but was conducted by Vidya Rangan from the Mount Carmel College, Sail Across had the participants in high spirits. The first round was a mock CAT one. Women and Whine - that's what the G.D. topics related to - Female Anatomy exploitation and child labour were the others. Mr. Sultan conducted the personality round and unexpectedly the audience come up with amazing question for the participants. Future Currents had innovative topics but had reserved participation. D.C. and Pictionary were good old fun-filled events.

The odd timing of the fest dampened the participation but on the whole the fest was a great success. We would want it to be wouldn't we?

Anu V II B.Com B

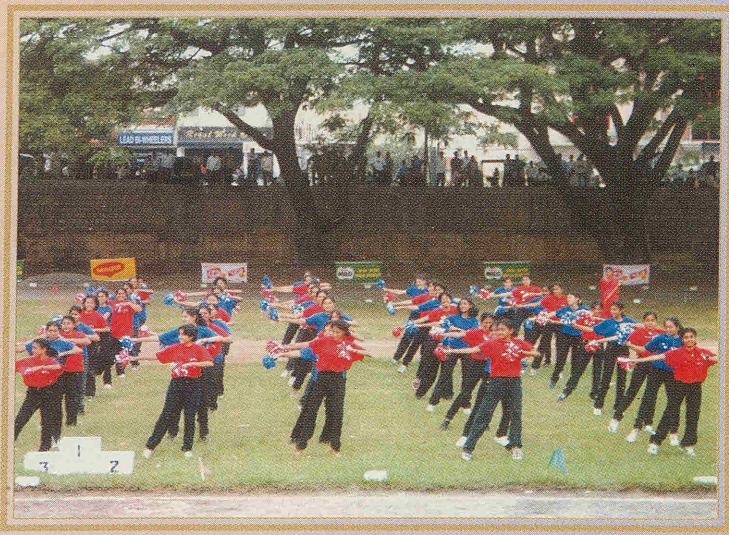

ADMN. & MCA BLOCK
GROUND FLOOR
1st FLOOR
2nd FLOOR
3rd FLOOR

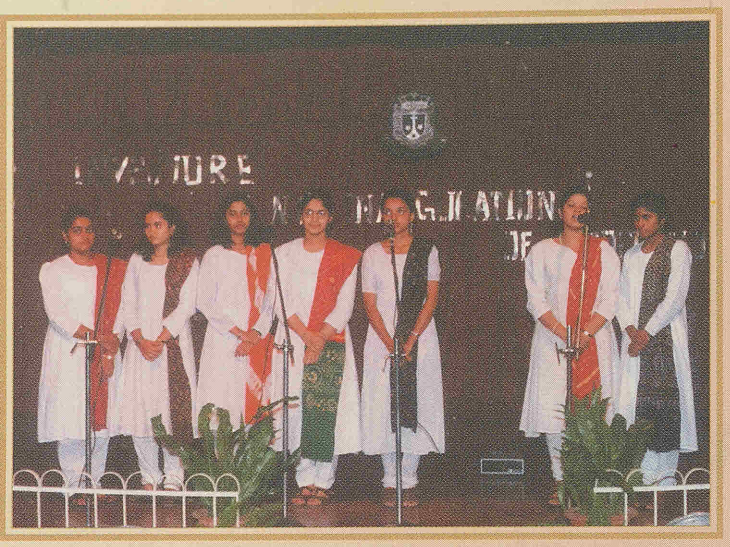






















A Tribute to Sister Esther

What can one say about Sister Esther? That she is kind hearted, a good listener, and encouraging and a non-judgemental person...the list of wonderful qualities is interminable. She is extremely well informed, being one of the oft-seen faces at our library, where she sits to read the newspaper from cover to cover.

In 1983, Sister Esther migrated from Teresian College, Mysore, to Mount Carmel college, Bangalore. Now, 18 years later, she is the Indispensable Mother Superior of the Mount Carmel Convent.

Since her retirement, Sister has been the subject of many solicitous enquiries from her students, with whom she is very popular because of her unforgettable sense of humour. A strict disciplinarian in class, she was extremely approachable outside of class hours. She was always ready with a kind word of advice and a sympathetic ear for our problems. Her positive attitude and optimism are a great source of inspiration for us.

This is not all there is to say about Sister. It is impossible to sum her up in just a few lines. We will have to be content with the expression of a sentiment we all feel... Sister, we in the Economics department will miss you terribly. We wish you a happy and blessed retired life.

Suma Singh, III HEP
(Class of 1990-91)

Interview with Mrs. Bharathi Rao



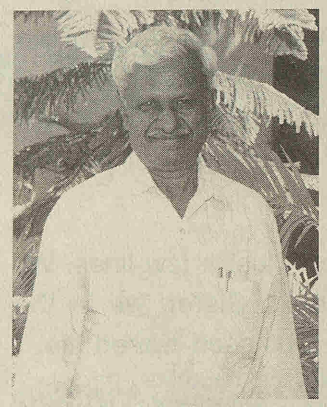
Mrs. Bharathi Rao has worked for 29 years in MCC. She joined this institution in 1972 and since then has worked under four principals. She came to us as an M.Sc from Vikram University, Bhopal. This was her second job after a short stint at Marie Stella College, Vijawada, between 1965-67. She remembers as difficult years the ones between 1967 & 1972 where she had to juggle academics and her family.

On a more personal note, I asked Mrs. Bharathi Rao about the person she admires the most. She admitted to being a fan of Nehru whose ideals she believed in. She also made a brief mention of her headmistress whom she admired for her punctuality, strictness and her keen sense of justice. With retirement knocking on the door, she would like to thank everyone at MCC whom she was associated with, all the principals she has worked under, the teachers, students and most of all her colleagues in the Zoology Dept. I also inquired about her plans for the future. At first I thought I saw a glint of sadness in her eyes, but almost immediately that familiar twinkle is back and she looks at me confidently and says, "I'm going to sit at home and look after my grand children".

During the course of our conversation there were two things that struck me about her. She balanced dedication to her family and teaching – her colleagues and students have always spoken highly of her. After 29 years in MCC, leaving is going to be difficult. It was a real pleasure talking to her and I'm sure she will continue to carry this stamp of excellence wherever she goes. I could not help feeling a tinge of regret that she would never teach me...

Sarah and Genevieve, I CZE

Dedicated Soul



Anthony Swamy

"Hey, have you seen the lab attendant?" "Yes, he's over there...". One would always remember Anthony Swamy, the psychology lab attendant, sitting cozy behind the décor – a small little space which he made for himself, where he sits and glances through pages of the newspaper. Anthony has reached the fag end of his service. 32 years is a long time and this 58 year old man has many vivid memories.

Anthony Swamy was the first to join the lab when it was set up in 1970. He says its been a long time and things have changed. He recalls the days when the corridors of the college were virtually empty but today moving space seems cramped, the college campus has grown, and the lab which has expanded thrice as much. He seems content with his service.

He is grateful to the former Sr. Principals Angel Mary, VP Sr. Amelda and Sr. Jesuine Marie all of whom have been there for him through all the ups & downs of his life.

Their immense support and help he can never forget. College, he says has given him much and been an integral part of his life.

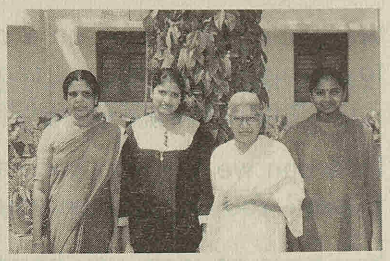
Well, what do the students and the Faculty have to say about him?

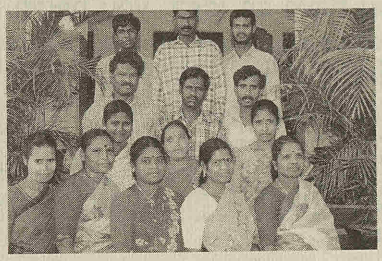
To them Anthony is there, always at hand in a crisis. A man much liked for his gentleness, and measureless patience.

What are his plans after retirement? There is a lot to be done, he says, revealing another side to him, the one of a social worker. He is the President (adhikari) of a 12 member group at Narasimhalu, a village on the outskirts of Bangalore. He has been working at getting basic infrastructure to the village- proper roads, water, better sanitation etc. It calls for hard work and tireless dedication to see it through. This group voice their demands and make their suggestions to a local MLA. How much success is achieved is yet to be seen. But he holds firmly to his dream of seeing this village being transformed in the near future. He intends to divert all his resources, energy, time and talents into making his dream a reality. We wish him the very best in all his future endeavours.

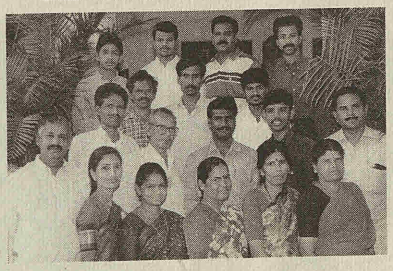
Nina Benjamin, III PES

Listen for their stories









The most amazing stories sometimes stem from our everyday, ordinary lives. If we look around we find that people we see day after day tell us tales that make words on paper meaningful, give names to faces, colour to lines. One step and there you are, inside.

Three of us with our memories to pass as voices, moved into the inner circle of people's lives and discovered how there was lots within, which had remained hidden by the mask of everyday ordinariness.

A girl who finished her tenth in first class and refused to move onto college because she thought it was a waste of time. She's been in the canteen over a year and absolutely adores the new look of the canteen. She's worn her uniform, a saree, only once, "on the inaugural day". Her laughter rings in addicting loveliness. She likes going home and is known to extend her holiday. No Christmas holidays because college closes for just a week. What else? For her, music and T.V. on sunday mornings is naturally the most treasured part of the week. This girl, you see everyday. Be silent when you want to ask her for something. She's like you and me - human, gaze intently at her and smile - she'll attend to you in a minute.

The small things in life amuse him. He operates the sound system in the auditorium and is well - practiced in his profession. Some kind of thrill possesses him when he sees girls trying to do 'his job' in fumbling nervousness. A definite smirk, perpetually on his face. He is spotted often times in the parking lot behind the Fatima Hall – his 'get away' for the past 17 years!

It could be anyone. You could find all these lovely humans all around your everyday life. From the moment you step into college till the time you step out, there are people always around you, without whom your life in college would be incomplete. Next time you need them remember to smile at them, make that little human effort to get to know them.

Three of us moved out slowly, in thought. These were so many things left unheard, unspoken. We could make stories out of each story. Some universal truth dawned on us over canteen coffee – a meeting with another always led to further exploration of stories. One day a story may change the way you perform your everyday act of life. Watch, learn, moveinto...

Sanjana, III PyEC /Yashaswini, I HEPyS

To begin a paper collage

We begin like a child on a beach that digs its hands in sand to see if the sand can give it a toy. Have you compared sand castles on a beach? Each with its unique architectural concept – geometry, entrances, exists, driveway, fortification, attention to detail.

How can we talk with such authority of art? What did I see before I started? What did I intend to say? You cheat when you talk in retrospect – fitting ideas into established systems.

You have an idea, you begin.

Or you didn't have an idea, but you found yourself in the middle of one.

One stage in creativity is a devoted time of concentration when you work with multiple intuitive aims and objectives. You can judge your intentions only after you surface back to an equilibrium, from where you want to analyze the content and style of a piece, estimate its quality.

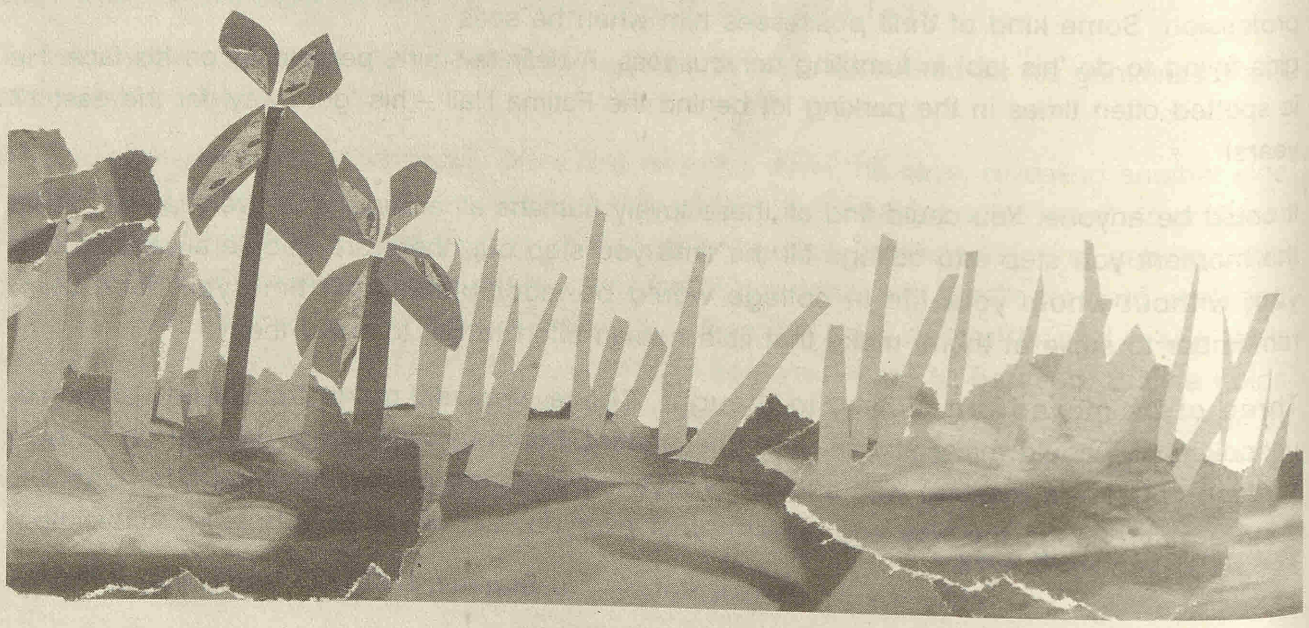
The finished piece is a record, something passed.

The Artist recovering from the intensity of the creative run, can be quite an outsider suddenly. So much of art is unbidden. A mental riot.

I like to put in stick figures in paper collages just to give them a presence. A population of paper lives. The girl could be any girl, myself, no one in particular, the female spirit...

We have no serious clear-cut theory. We grew up in the 20th century, the essence of modernism / post-modernism is bound to have chipped into us. Fragmentation of reality, surrealism, juxtapositions, experimental modes, styles. We have still to define what has taken shape on paper and is called Art, a general category into which sand castles also fit.

Mandira Naidoo, III PyEC



Art Explorations

The Art workshop at Visthar

We were a group of six girls excited about the idea of attending an art workshop, the idea of using pencil, pastels, oils, crayons and paint. But as the jeep drove into the gates of Visthar something told us that this workshop was going to be different.

Visthar has the feel and flavour of 18th century India with open courtyard houses, straw huts, wells, jackfruit and coconut trees... This was to be our outdoor classroom.

We met John. He even lived up to the cliched image of an eccentric artist, sans e footwear ! He introduced us to the concept of art – Art which cannot be defined and must be perceived. John was kind enough to share a collection of his own works with us. What struck us about his work was the innovation. It was unlike anything we'd seen now we were to try our hands at it! We were to use the natural elements to our advantage. And when we got started, soil, water, leaves, wind, shells, fire suddenly has new potential. The ambience of the place served as amuse to unleash our creativity. Under John's guidance we came up with ideas for a more active, interpretive art.

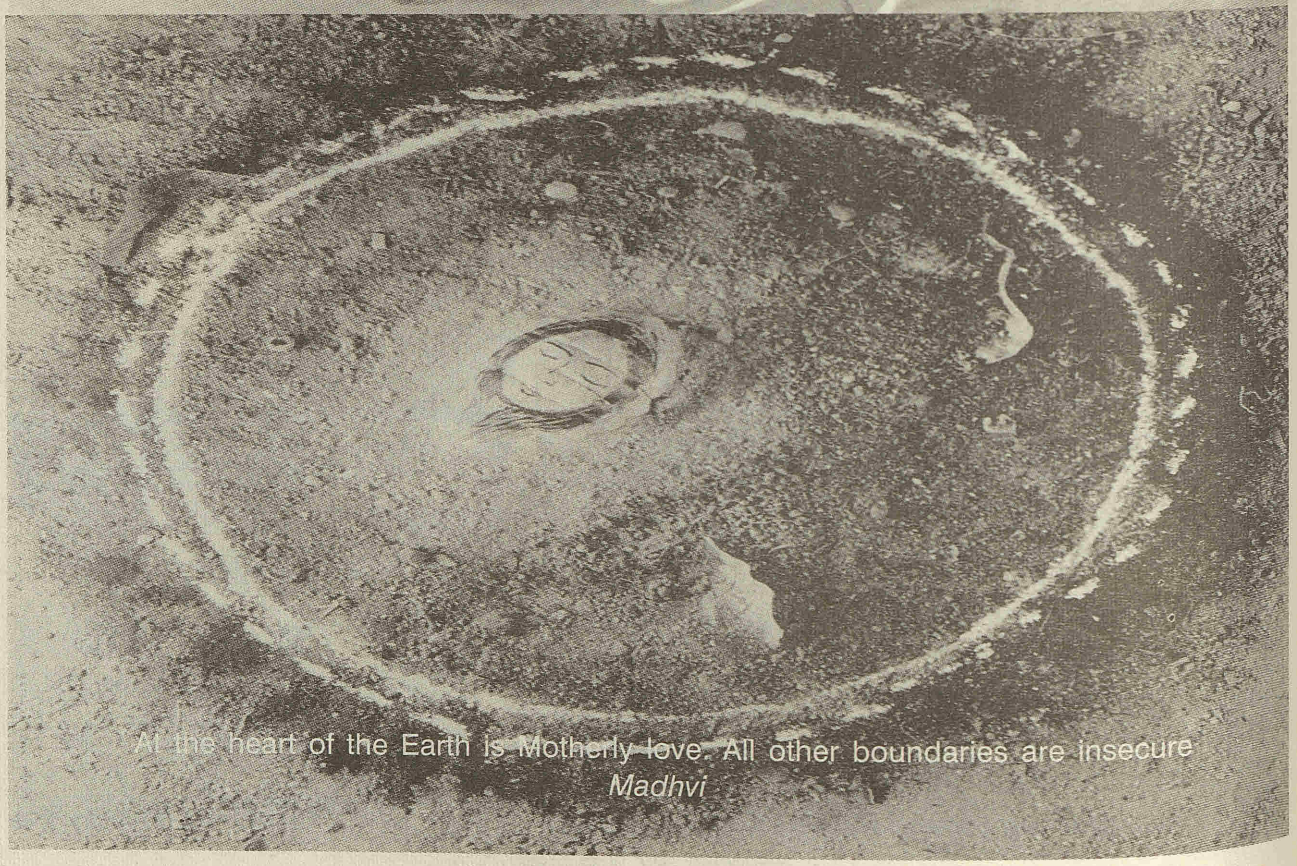
The finished works ranged from depictions of Sati, fear, solitude, intricacies of life and society. If the process of creation was fun, capturing the essence of it in photographs was ever so fascinating. We met Aziz who did wonders with lighting and reflection to add to the profile of our pieces.

We'd like to thank John and Aziz for their inventive and innovative ideas. Because we grew up in leaps and bounds on that one December day when we tried the ways of a more dynamic art in the outdoors at Visthar.

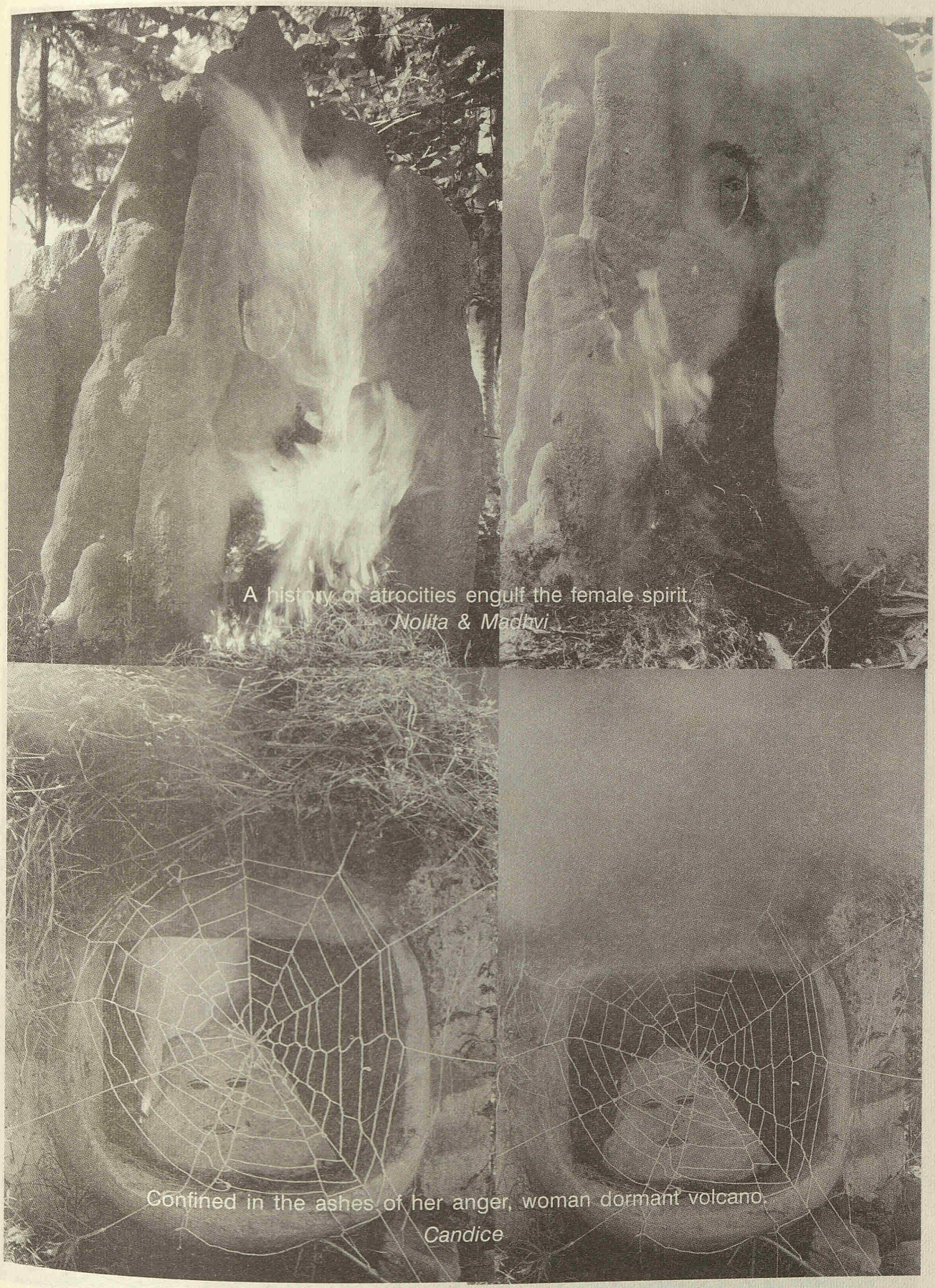




To swallow shadow is terrible drowning
Deepika & Meera



At the heart of the Earth is Motherly love. All other boundaries are insecure
Madhvi



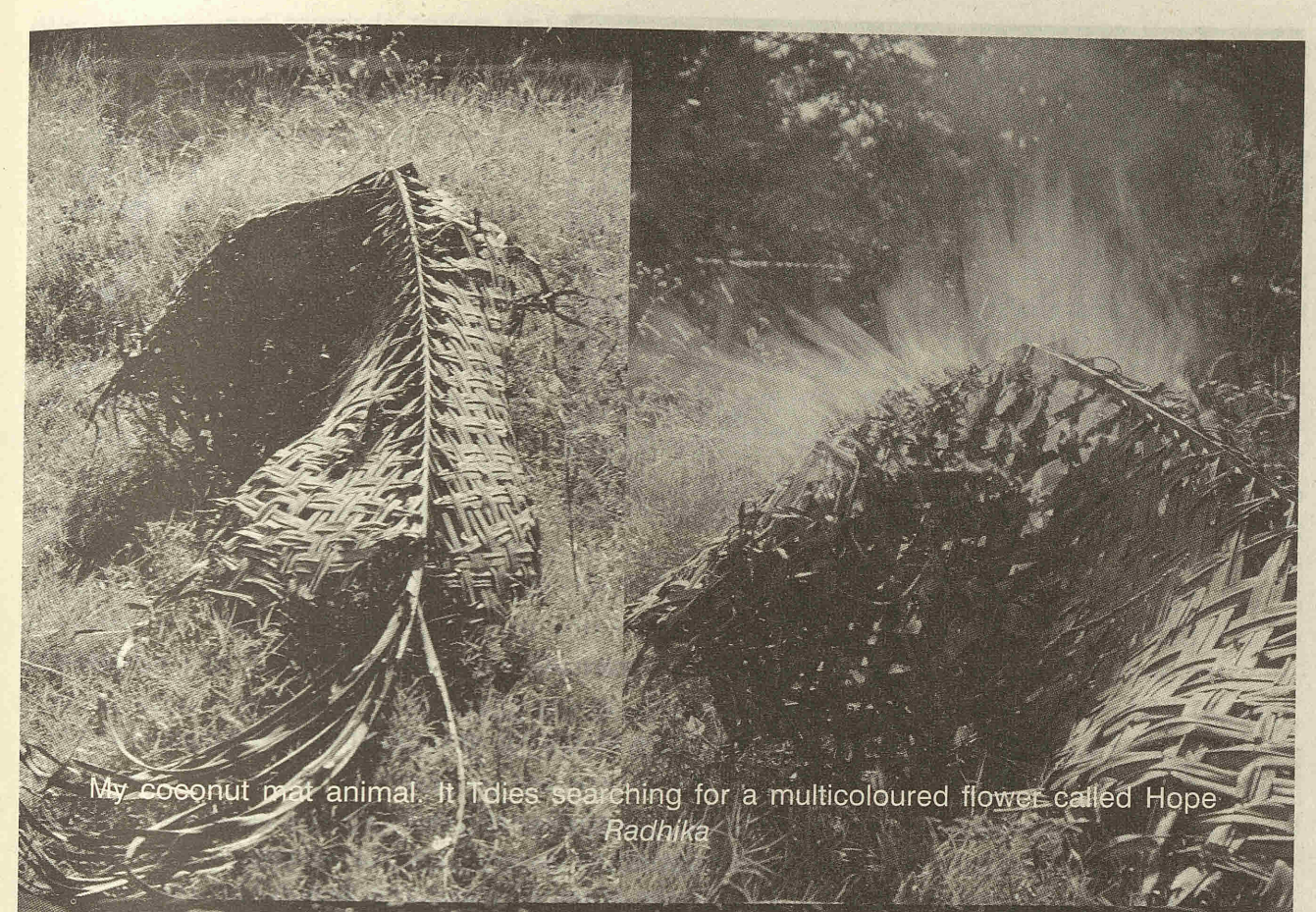
A history of atrocities engulf the female spirit.
Nolita & Madhvi

Confined in the ashes of her anger, woman dormant volcano.
Candice



Threads of bonding and freedom-Family Ties
Deepika & Meera

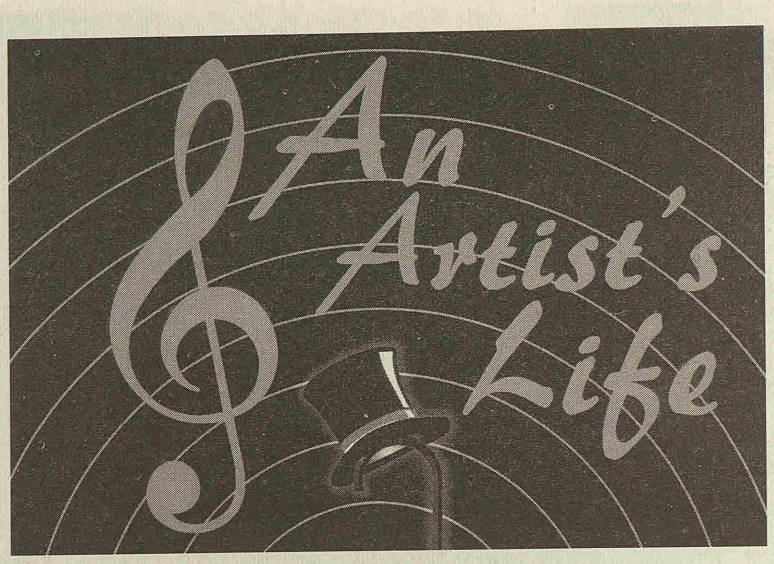
Clay pot climbed Guava tree found its feet four feet above the ground in its heyday
Madhvi



My coconut mat animal. It Tdies searching for a multicoloured flower called Hope
Radhika



If peace were as strong as stone
Candice



There is always a dream. Behind every drop of sweat, or achievement, behind every story of success. And it was this intangible and all-pervasive existence that led to the making of "An Artist's life". A dream was conceived, a song was born and a millennium project got underway. On June 1st 2000, when the college was deserted for the summer break, the Western Music Association started practising in earnest for the concert that would teach us not only about music, but a thing or two about life was well. In the months to come, the WMA was to face some of the most testing times and some of the most exhilarating. But the dream lived on, and so did the music.

We decided that we would direct our efforts towards a social cause, and it did not take us long to find RES (Renewal Education Scheme), an organization that works to educate poor children. Under the efficient direction of Ms. Priya Mohanraj, we identified the songs - twenty in all - and began practices immediately.

It was a unanimous decision to sign on a combination of Broadway tunes along with classical and contemporary music. The choice of repertoire showcased the musical prowess of the choir and brought out the rhythm and nuances in each piece, simultaneously delighting the audience by taking them on a journey through the ages. There was a lot of work which went into the classical numbers of Brahm's *Hungarian Dances*: the diction, phrasing, precision and balance, the tone and texture of each piece, though different, brought out the fiery and romantic spirit of the Romanian Gypsies. Strauss's *An Artist's Life* appeared to transport us into a world of yesteryears: glittering chandeliers and opulent ballrooms; Lord and Ladies dressed in their finery whirling to the infectious rhythm of the waltz. Then into The Broadway Greats - the haunting melodies from *Cabaret*, from *West Side Story*, *Phantom of the Opera, The King and I, Gershwin's I Got Rhythm, Petula Clark's Downtown* ... the intricate jazz styles in *Manhattan's Candy* and the Gospel Rock number *Operator* ... the simplicities of country music to rock n roll ... to the sentimental heart-warming numbers in *Family*, and finally, bringing the curtain down to Sinatra's *New York New York*. The pleasant discovery was that the classical and older music was so easily absorbed by the singers and the results were magical!

Following a most systematic method of practising that involved the sopranos, altos, tenors and basses recording their parts onto individual tapes, we met at 9:00 every morning. And thus it began. A group of people, practically strangers committed themselves to keeping each other company for the next six months in order to sing for education. Fun'? Yes! Gratifying? Certainly. Easy? By no conceivable stretch of imagination.

Our dream was beset with numerous problems from the very beginning. It takes very long for such a large and varied group of people to become comfortable with working together, and we were to find out the hard way! In the six months that we spent together, we had more than our share of fights and differences of opinion. But in the process, each one of us discovered a shoulder to cry on and someone to share the hardships with.

We worked hard towards trying to find sponsors for our show and when our best efforts failed us, there were many misgivings. Meanwhile there was the added pressure of academics and it was exhausting to find a balance. There was a time when the promise of a sponsor or the disappointment of not finding one would dictate our mood for the day. In the end, we were forced to proceed without a main sponsor. Our biggest fear throughout was that we would not ultimately help the 'cause' of our show, RES, because of such limited resources.

With or without a sponsor, we decided that the show must go on. Not allowing the looming problem of finances to crush our spirits, we drowned our worries in our music and practised harder than ever. The True Artist - not a rupee in our pockets, nothing but a song in our hearts and the faith in our commitment to a noble cause made everyday a new beginning, a new search, and the end of everyday, the realization that it was the music kept us alive. Music had done its duty and the auditorium had become every musician's sanctuary. Our accompanists, Kavita Rosario, Dominic D'cruz, and Ajit Mohanraj worked very hard to complete and augment our music, and the last month saw us come together. We grew quite confident of the outcome of our efforts, with a lot of help from our patron and Principal, Sr. Jesuina. We thought we were finally confident and comfortable enough to perform. We were prepared to sing like we had never sung before and make our college proud. But nothing could have prepared us for the next blow that Fate would deal us.

On November 2lst, three days before the show, we lost Charanya, the secretary of the Western Music Association, in an appalling accident. Charanya was returning home from college, when an out-of-control truck crashed into her two-wheeler and threw her off. She succumbed to her injuries soon after. I am looking for words that are not redundant but they fail me. How we explained this to ourselves and how we came to terms with a loss of such magnitude, I don't know. But we lost a part of ourselves, when we realized the unfairness of it all. Knowing how hard Charanya had worked for the concert and how much it meant to her, it was a unanimous decision on the part of the choir to go ahead and perform. Amidst much controversy, we announced the next morning that the show would go on and that we would dedicate it to the memory of Charanya.



What is the strange strength that sees us through some of the most painful moments of our lives? Whatever it may be, we certainly couldn't question its existence those last few days. It saw us through our remaining practices, sound checks, innumerable tears, incalculable pain and finally, the concert itself. Psychology probably doesn't have an explanation for it, but we in the choir believed that the strength had a name of its own. It was the same strength that had physically been present at every practice.

The day of the concert arrived. We were still grieving the loss of a friend and companion, but now we were going to celebrate the happy memories. We smiled through our tears and performed in a way we could have never dreamt possible. There were difficult moments on the stage too, especially when it came to the number that Charanya was to have conducted. But we did it nevertheless, and received a standing ovation. The second day was just as good, and the concert was much appreciated by the discerning Bangalore musicians. It was nothing short of a miracle when we found that even without a sponsor we covered costs and were able to make a generous donation to RES.

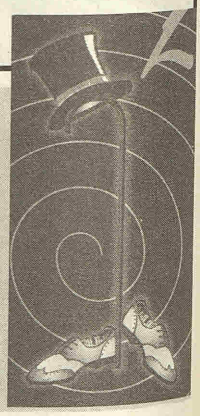
" An Artist's Life" proved that music *can* repair the irreparable. We dreamt the impossible dream and achieved more than we had set out to do. And we will be happy in the thought that somewhere there are children reaping the benefits of our efforts, and somewhere there is a smiling face of a satisfied angel looking down upon us, proud of what we did.

Anoopa Anand, II PyEC

And how the show went on...

"Early in July I received a phone call from our choir director, Priya Mohanraj. A family emergency meant that Priya had to leave the choir for two weeks or so, and she appealed to me to step into her shoes in her absence. This came as a completely unexpected responsibility, and at the time, I fell extremely inadequate at the thought of having to lead this group of singers, and giving them a sense of direction was terribly daunting. Kavitha had to step in overnight and take over being the main accompanist, which was a huge challenge. Uptill then, I had merely planned out rehearsals for the group. Now I had to oversee practices guide sections of the choir through pieces of the music and most importantly ensure that uncompromising commitment was maintained by everyone at all times ofcourse there were always people to help, but it was natural that while at times enthusiasm levels were high, at other times the choir as a whole felt like a rudderless ship practices became a burden. The selfish side of me wanted to run away, but I realised that I was ultimately working with a group of undeniably talented people and I owed it to them as well as to Mrs. Mohanraj. I know that I am speaking on behalf of the whole choir when I say that we all felt tremendous satisfaction at our efforts. When our director returned she was delighted that we had stuck to our task and worked hard and made music to stir the heart.

Christabel, III B.Com A



As I look back over the turbulent time, I think of - the highs and lows, - the hours of darkness - the bright sunlight... I think of Music - the threat that held us together and in the end was the 'Great Healer' - the Cause for which we all worked so hard... And then I think of the joy, the Group, the Audience and little Children felt... there is but one thought... 'It was truly worth it'.

Priya Mohanraj, Choir Director
Reader - Economics

Poetic drama



Trying to pin down a single identity to a woman is almost as futile a venture as is trying to find the end of a rainbow or catching a cloud in a bottle. Or for that matter, defining the temperament of a river in a single word. On a large level, this is the basis of Ujwala Samarth's poem, "Woman River." It draws startling parallels between the two, women and rivers. Both are easy prey to the trap of stereotypes: a woman? gentle kind, maternal, dependable; a river? calm endless, symmetrical, deep. Both nurture life; both support people. The poem attempts to break through this mould, to elucidate the truth that we all know, but can't seem to acknowledge as promptly as the stereotypes.

The MCC drama association along with the professional group rafiki, chose Samarth's poem as one of three plays intended for performance in a travelling troupe. During the initial few practices, as an exercise in movement, we would read out a line from the poem, and act out the spontaneous image that it brought to mind. Not surprisingly, any line with 'woman' involved erotic poses, or 'khajuraho-stances' as put bluntly by Anish, our director. Any statement involving 'river' would immediately conjure gentle, flowing, graceful hand movements. But as we soon discovered, this is not even half of what they entail.

Ever seen the angry white waters of the Ganga crashing through the small town of Rishikesh? Every minute of the lives of the residents of the town is lived at the mercy of the tempestuous waters. Ever seen the Ganga around which the holy city of Banaras was formed? Still, stagnant, and bubbling, once regarded, as holy water, all this water spreads now is skin disease and festering infections. Dead bodies float in the impregnable waters: bodies of 15-year old widows, disgraced women, half-cremated bodies. Just as, multi-faceted and diverse the spectrum is for a river, it is for a woman. Samarth's poem draws out and describes the various aspects that constitute the life of a woman. She emphasizes that grace and dependability are not the whole picture. She encompasses the abused, dissatisfied, strong, visceral aspects as well, with the intention of uncovering and justifying a woman's place as she sees it, and revealing the root of her pain.

Shibani I PyEC

"I have flowed down through the ages, carrying with me the silt of generations. I have known the shame of drowned hopes, abandoned hearths, the washed out fury of tired people. I have rocked guilty skeletons to sleep, but I have also balanced water lilies of dissent in an age of silence."

"Yes, I am woman. And I will always be river - but as a woman can bend from her ways, a river too can turn her back on the world. I am sick of being eternal, timeless, dependable! Sick of blurring my pain in the precision of slow turns! I want to abandon myself to the moment, throw myself up to the sun! I want to dry myself up in spite, laugh in your face with my other, hidden face - a face of dead wood and bleached bone, coarse river bed, and dry stone. I want to dream like a rainbow in seven different colors, wail with all the indigo grief of rain! I want to return to the world in furious flood!" – "Woman River" Ujwala Samarth

A River Condemned

From experimental theatre to real life: is there really that much of a difference?

Ujwala Samarth's poem could not have presented itself at a more appropriate time. The Supreme Court's decision giving the go ahead to the Sardar Sarovar Project saw another river being ravaged. This decision resurrected so much of the sense of betrayal and disillusionment that has accompanied the struggle since its inception. From environmental activists to college students, NG0s to lawyers and scientists, and the to- be displaced caretakers of the valley, the ennui was apparent. We didn't have to see Medha Pathkar's tear stained face on the cover of every national daily to know that there comes a point in every struggle when the way ahead is shrouded. Where do we go from here? After being snubbed by the highest decision making body in the country, what is the next option? The activists hit the colleges, pleading their case to us, beseeching us to acknowledge the eventual death of a river and distressingly copious amounts - of people, wildlife, land, vegetation - unless we all intervened.

By the end of forums, panel discussions including speakers of such high regard as Shripad Dhramadhikari, L.C. Jain, and Arundhati Roy, I for one was convinced that the Supreme Court was nothing if supremely blind. Some of the issues brought to the attention of the SC included:

* That people have a right to participate in events that may shape their destiny; decision making was so exclusive of the people concerned, that they weren't even remotely aware of the project
* Displacement
* Thousands of families are going to need rehabilitation, not just from the construction of the darn, but beginning with the laying of canals, have these people been accounted for?
* A basic environmental impact assessment has NOT been carried out
* Where is the supposed land that we are promising the displaced people? Any kind of promises for rehabilitation holds well only on paper. And the SSP was in fact never designed to provide drinking water to the villages and towns of the drought stricken areas in Gujrat. At the tremendous expense of the unknowing adivasis of this area, the only ones who profit from the building of the dam are cities, rich farmers, industries, and politically powerful lobbies. Despite all of this, as well as the case prepared and taken up to the judges presiding over the case, the NBA emerged far from victorious. Amongst other things, the Supreme Court's ruling included:

* Many of the issues were policy related and therefore meant to be dealt with by the government not the SC
* Construction as been halted for 5 years and this has already eaten into much of the funding, any further delay will only cripple the funds more
* The tribunal may not be reviewed
* There is no need to dwell into the issue of people affected by canals
* Affidavits were taken from the governments of Gujrat and Madhya Pradesh, assuring land to the displaced people

Truly the question to be asking now is where from here. One thing that Ujwala Samarth's poem really excels in is the loudness with which it decries crimes against women. Ultimately her poem is an allegory, comparing women's plight to the plight of a river. With the rape of the Narmada, we really are witnessing what she is talking about. The slightly ominous tone that progresses through the poem reaches its climactic culmination at the end,

"When rivers speak, the earth listens
When rivers speak, the hissing in the grass grows still
When rivers speak, the leaves top their rustling
When rivers speak, the mountain holds its breath
When rivers speak, listen
For who knows what the voice will be!"

Perhaps we should heed her warning as closely as we can. Perhaps we should because it is the only option we have left. Perhaps we should because it is the last hope to save a drowning river.

Shibani I PyEC

All creatures great and small



Whoever said every dog has its day, certainly knew what they were talking about! In this academic year alone, many days dawned bright with hope for our canine friends around college. That includes the incorrigible 'Sheila', who needs her morning coffee just as much as any of us humans and makes it a point to assault unsuspecting victims outside the canteen for her morning pick-me-up.

Responding to Mount Carmel's request, CUPA (Compassion Unlimited Plus Action), sent a team of veterinary doctors to administer the anti-rabies vaccine to our furry companions. One of the dogs was relieved of a painful tumor and returned home to the college campus, hale and hearty.

This was the beginning of a change in the way animals were treated on campus. Previously, the dogs were picked up by the dog-catchers and put to sleep, or callously abandoned on the roads to fend for themselves. Today, the dogs have been immunisedand sterilised, and welcomed in college, as part of the community - no threat to themselves or anyone else.

The next step in this direction was initiated by Hema of III CZE, who personally rid a dog of a terrible tick infestation by massaging him with Ayurvedic oil and Sporidex. " His scratching days are over and he'll be healed after one more massage", she gleefully told the Carmelites, in a euphoric wave of relieving another creature's suffering. The former pariah is now well accepted in college, receiving a scratch and pat wherever he chooses to wander.

While the number 13 is considered unlucky in many superstitious beliefs, the thirteenth of December was a joyous occasion for four of CUPA's adopted puppies. They were settled into good homes as part of the 'Pet Adoption Day' proceeding organized by the Environmental Science students.

Another group of enthusiastic Carmelites joined hands with DIYA (Do It Yourself Activists), and under the supervision of Ms. Sujatha and Mr. Ramesh, issued citation forms for house pets in the Vasanthnagar locality. They also saw to the vaccination of all the stray dogs in the area. Instead of the cruel capturing method practised by many organizations, they merely coaxed the dogs with tidbits, proving that a little tenderness goes farther than brute force. After the treatment the charmed dogs returned many a time seeking the same care and friendship shown to them. DIYA has raised funds towards introducing a mobile hospital to cater to the needs of stray animals.

Examinations provide a great deal of amusement for the monkeys as they swoop into unguarded classrooms, leaving a trail of answer booklets in their wake. Our classrooms are



brightened up by the college dogs, who often tend to be the most attentive beings in class and they are always around when someone needs an attentive listener for the simple price of a ear scratch.

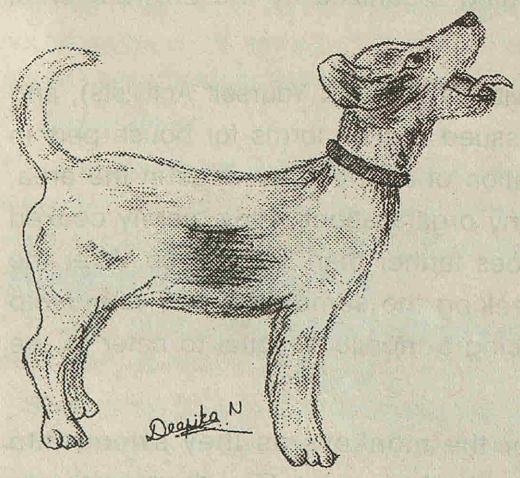
And the lord God made them all! The animals around college are now happier, healthier and secure in the home that they are free to share with us. Their antics continue to brighten our days in this institution and therefore the least we can do is look after them with the love and affection that is befitting to man and woman's best friends!

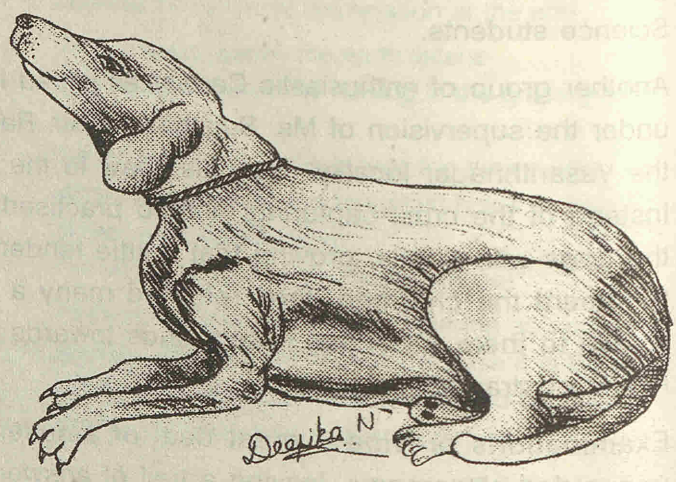
Divya. T. Aradhya I CME

It was a rainy Monday morning when I picked up this adorable pup from near a friend's place. At college, everyone adore her and we decided to call her Betty. Of course she stayed with me through all my classes, but it was the English hour that was most eventful.

While the classes were going on, my friends and I were feeding Betty biscuits, when the squirrel that often visited our class came in through the window. I got up to feed this squirrel and when Betty saw it eating the biscuits that she thought were hers, she got furious. She stalked it and began to bark, hurling a volley of abuse to scare it away. The squirrel too intelligent to be thrown of by that and simply scurried away under the benches. The whole class was in an uproar, enjoying this encounter. Once the squirrel left, Betty victorious over the field, she relaxed and went to sleep peacefully. Thanks to the two of them all of us had a memorable day.

Shree Devi S, I CZE





Guilt

In many stories, we have read about characters weighed down by guilt, remorse and so on. Many times, we never actually seem to think about the expressions used to describe guilt. There come moments when we actually feel it and these feelings linger on for a long time.

The trouble began the previous day when Sheela went to a teacher in the staff room to clarify a doubt about a test, her class had the next day. The teacher asked her to inform the class that some extra portions were to be added which she had forgotten to mention in class. Sheela remembered this only when she saw one of her classmates as she was going home. She was desperate class. She begged her classmate to call up anyone she knew and inform them.

At home she was a bundle of nerves. She made numerous, frantic phone calls to classmates/ she knew and 'begged' them to pass the message on to the others. She was unable to study, her conscience reproached her and asked her to think of the people who were unable to get the news. There were many girls in class whom she had been unable to contact and this made her feel worse. To add to these misfortunes, the electricity went off and she had to study with the lamp kept in the puja room.

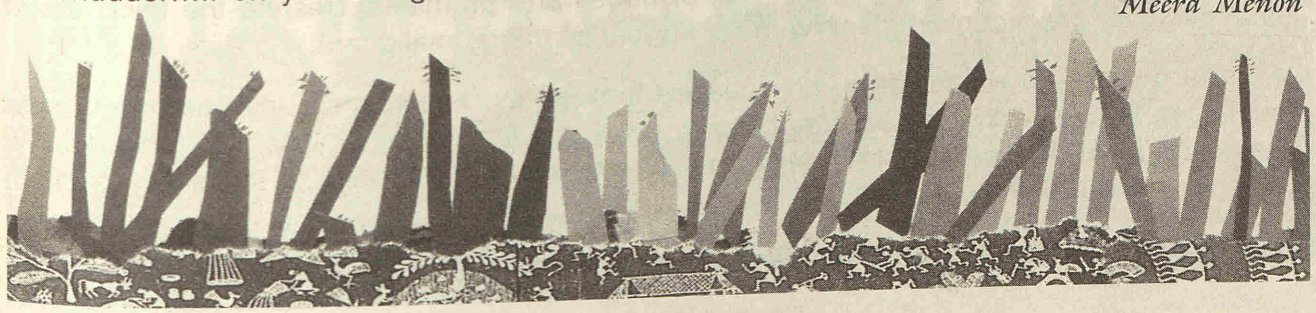
The next morning was worse. Her heart was gnawed by the thoughts, "What if they don't know?", "What if they haven't studied?", "I am the one to blame. Only I knew". She could feel a dull ache in her chest when she saw a few of her classmates reacting to the news. Her stomach was churning and her mind refused to pay attention to anything else. Her head throbbed and the only thought that echoed in her mind was, "It was your fault alone. What if questions from that part were asked for the test? Only you knew..... only you knew..... only....."

She could not concentrate during classes. She decided to confess.

One reason for confession was that she did not want her batchmates to think that she had not told them deliberately. She was all nerves as she reached the staff room. The teacher sensed her hesitation. The next thing that happened almost shocked her to death..... She burst into tears. She was furious with herself and tried to stop. Her teacher as well as some other teachers sitting there were slightly amused. Her teacher tried to comfort her by saying that it was a mistake which could have happened to anyone and that she was ready to cancel the extra portions. Sheela heaved a silent sigh of relief. What happened later is immaterial. The day went on.

Like the hero in R.K. Narayan's 'Another Community', Sheela can be anyone. It is that horrible guilt that plagues someone so much that it makes his heart cry out. When he finally confesses his guilt, it has a strange way of coming out, but guilt is always chilling. That feeling still makes me shudder..... oh yes! I forgot to mention... the Sheela in the story was indeed me.

Meera Menon



Climb every mountain.... the NCC Camp



When the weekly routine of parades started to get monotonous, the big brains of the NCC cooked up the idea of organising a trekking camp. Rangaswamy Hills was pronounced the ideal place.

Located about sixty kilometres from Bangalore and three kilometres off the Kanakapura Main Road, Rangaswamy Hills (Billigiri Rangana Betta) seems far removed from the rest of the world. There are jungles, hills, streams, lakes and pure air - in a word, Paradise. From the bus stop at Kanakapura to a village known as Konalledoddi at the foothills of Rangana Betta, it's a pleasant trek through Maralwadi, Devanahalli and Nayakaradoddi villages - an endless kaleidoscope of paddy fields, lakes and hills.

Our base camp was set up at the Konalledoddi school compound. The girls set up tents and cooked their own meals. The first afternoon was spent in familiarising ourselves with the people in Konalledoddi. We were exposed to a lifestyle that is much more dependent on Nature than ours is.

The people of Konalledoddi are of Lambani origin. Despite its proximity to the city, the village has formed its own little cocoon. Their main connection 'with the city is a series of visits from adventurers like us. Only one of the girls in the villages has passed her tenth standard with a first class and is currently studying in a PCMB course. Next year, she will have to give up her dream of studying medicine and marry (a thirty-year-old man), in keeping with village tradition.

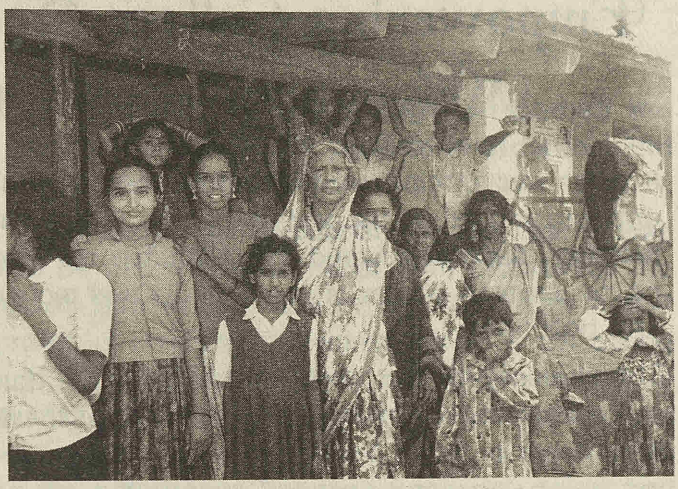
We were treated with extreme kindness - accommodated in people's huts when the rain god chose to play spoilsport.

In the wee hours of the following, morning, we set out, up the hill, after hearing the people of Konalledoddi describe enthusiastically the thick jungle, continuous streams and wild animals to be found on the hillside. After two hours of crossing- streams, boulders, we reached the top of the hill. We stopped every now and then to catch our breath and admire the spectacular view. The mountain was warm and friendly - full of hopes and promises. Despite the thickness of the vegetation, the mountain inspired in us no fear of things malignant.

At the top of the hill we sat down and peeped through the lethargic clouds barring our view until a breeze brushed it aside to lay before our eyes a landscape of blue and red hills. The lakes, with rows of eucalyptus hemming them, were full after the rains of the previous night, and shone like a freshly minted coin.

A little temple in honour of sage Rangaswamy tops the hills and is opened on Saturdays only.

A giant boulder cuddles the temple in its huge arms as if to protect it from intruders, On the other side of the temple is a 'Kalyani' (tank carved out of rock) of animals to drink from.

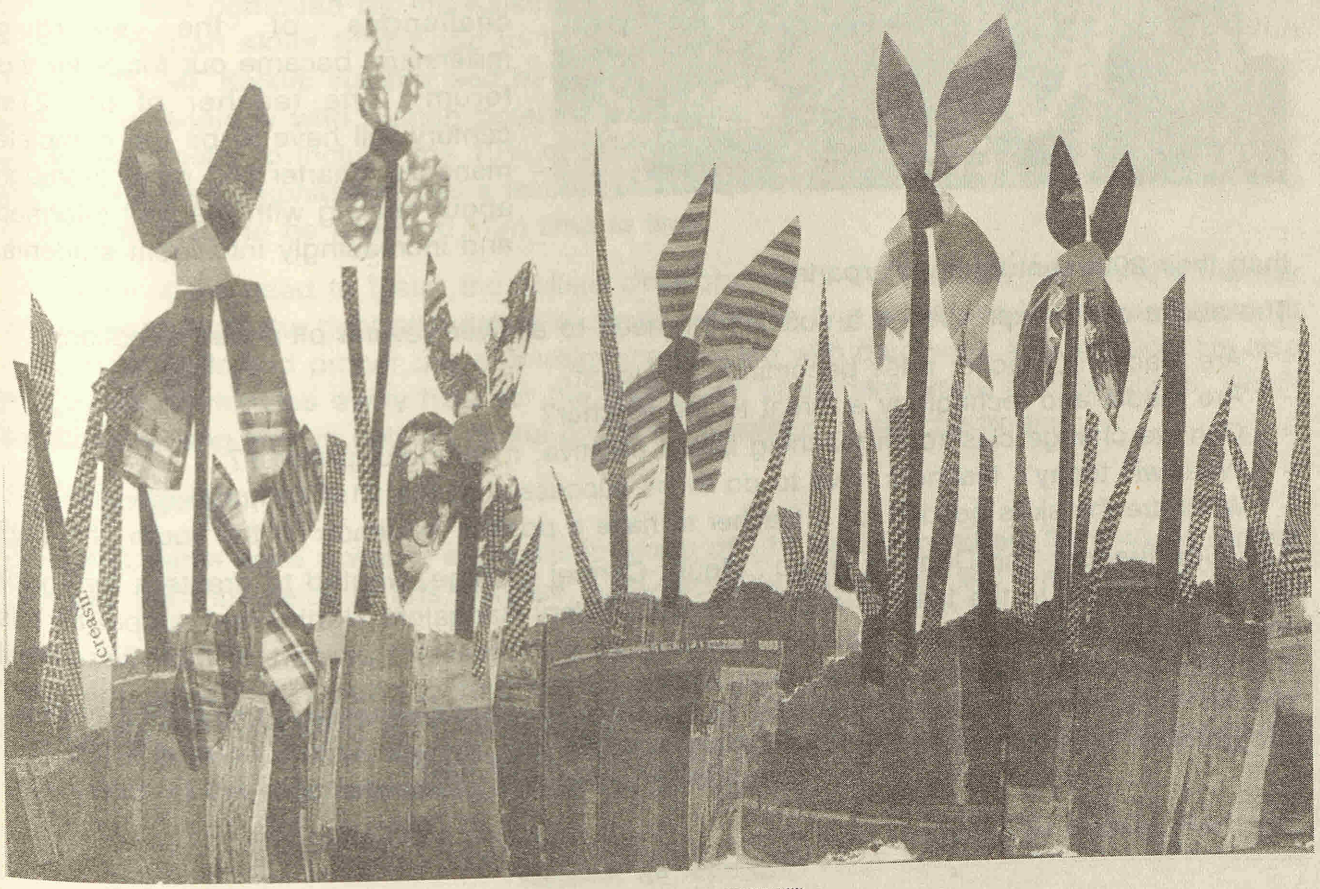


Under the excellent guidance of the instructors from the Woody Adventure Club, some of us attempted bouldering and rappelling.

The descent was faster and more daring than the ascent, as we chose the non-trekking route. Although we were well behind schedule, nobody minded as each moment was a memorable one.

When we were halfway back, the rain gods revisited. The lakes overflowed, the roads were flooded. This couldn't dampen our spirits, however, as we bade a cheerful farewell to the people and places we had so enjoyed spending time with, and made silent promises to ourselves to return.

Anitha K. Raj (Lance Corporal), H B Com 'B"



Empowering College Teachers in the Emerging Millennium: - A One Day Workshop

It is the multidisciplinary fields of education, with their multidimensional approaches, that have encouraged students and faculty to reach out to vulnerable sections of society. We, as teachers, have discovered that it is often our students who are vulnerable to phenomena such as the adverse effects of mass media and technology, as well as parental expectations, stress and pollution.

The students (or the taught) today, are more daring and adventurous, freer in expression, and more challenging in their expectations of the teacher and the teaching process than ever before.

The knowledge explosion and the technology boom have made classroom teaching seem uneventful, impractical and confusing by comparison. Could this be attributed to a lack of teaching-learning skills? An inability to imbibe and express creatively? Is it a lack of infrastructure?



Perhaps the problems with teaching in today's India result from an attitudinal problem - disregard and incompetence - on the part of us teachers. Thus the need to empower college teachers to face the challenges of the emerging millennium became our focus for this forum. "The teacher of the 21st century will have to be the complete manager, smarter and more thorough about dealing with the well informed and increasingly intelligent students, than their 20th century counterparts."

The above quote expresses in a nutshell the need to answer several oft-posed questions:

- Are teachers/ teacher roles becoming redundant?
- Are media and technology a threat to the teacher?
- Can we change classroom teaching into a creative, meaningful process?
- What will today's teachers have to do to be successful in the 21st century?
- What are the skills needed for a teacher to have a positive influence on the youth of today?

The Confluence: The Dept. of H. Sc., Mount Carmel College, wanted to create a forum for issues pertaining to the teacher and the taught. Rotary Bangalore North West supported this forum as they focussed on 'College Teaching as a Profession' as part of their vocational outreach service. Buoyancee, a polytraining centre that conducts 'Bettering the Best' programmes for students and teachers as part of the Build India movement sponsored this programme. Medibiz.com sponsored the stationery for the forum.

The Day's Programme:

Inaugural Session: Sr. Jesuina, the Principal of Mount Carmel College, welcomed the gathering, while emphasizing the fact that 'while computers can provide information and knowledge in many interesting ways, they cannot provide human warmth'.

Dr. Gururaj Karajgi, Director of Academics at Jain International Residential School, then spoke about 'teacherhood'. He said that values are to be demonstrated, rather than professed. The Afternoon Session with Dr. Ajit Kaikini, Director, Buoyancee, was on Communication and Creativity. This interactive session traced the growth of creativity in children, which is lost during late childhood and adolescence due to lack of nurturing from parents and teachers, who in turn face other constraints. He said that learning is easier when we involve the five senses, as some people are sight oriented, some kinaesthetically etc. He advised allowing students to experiment and experience, hereby learning the differences between knowing, doing and performing. He conceptualised the alternative for criticizing, condemning and complaining about students as complimenting, confidence building, understanding and conditioning.

Negative aspects and attitudes are stronger than positive ones, so one tends to blame the atmosphere (evil), clients, products etc. Negativity often arises due to barriers in creativity which may be self imposed. Conformity hinders creativity. Not being able to challenge the 'obvious', evaluation too quickly, and a strong fear of making fools of ourselves are our biggest handicaps.

Expectations of the Programme: The registration forms for the programme carried some space for participants to express their expectations of the programme. The responses were analyzed and compiled by Ajit Kaikini. The expectations ranged from a hope to improve communication skills to a hope to figure out ways of incorporating technology in the classroom. Mr. Kaikini summarised by saying that to be effective, teachers should combine modem technology with human potential. A teacher could communicate with everyone by using sociometry to include the 10% of students at the top and the 10% of students at the bottom. He also emphasised that a teacher should have specific, measurable, time bound and achievable goals to be reviewed from time to time.

He spoke of the need to foster the holistic development of the student. For this the teacher should encourage the right attitudes in students, which in turn would lead to the development of the right skills and proper use of intelligence coupled with hard work and sacrifice. He also suggested 10 minutes every hour for the discussion of student stress and problems, which would go a long way in helping tackle problem behaviour in the classroom.

The Participants:

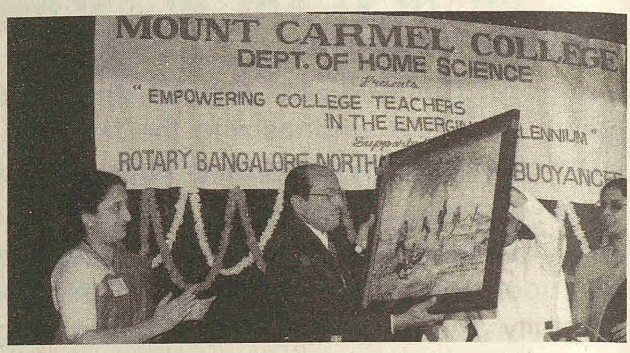
The participants were a warm, enthusiastic group of 170 faculty members from 40 Bangalore colleges, from the fields of arts, science, home science, commerce and management.

Feedback:

Several participants expressed their appreciation of the workshop during a summation and evaluation session. Future themes, the concretization of this workshop into an annual event, were some of the recommendations from the participants.

Prof. Usha Kumar, HSc Dept.

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul
And sings the tune without the words
And never stops at all.
- Emily Dickenson.



This hope is what inspired the Carmelite Outreach Programme. The idea was to make a difference to people without the privileges we so often take for granted. To reach out, to reach within. This credit course was meant to be a new beginning, to instill a holistic approach to life, to increase our awareness and concern about the world around us and to initiate action programmes based on affection and awareness.

This programme gives Carmelites that rare facility of choice as far as their field of interest is concerned. Willingness is the operative force behind any work that is done here. The areas explored by the programme include chemical abuse, HIV and AIDS, care for the mentally challenged, for children with learning disabilities, for destitute women, for orphaned children and for senior citizens. The approach is interdisciplinary, involving the departments of Home Science, Psychology and Sociology. It was the brainchild of Mrs Usha Kumar of the home Science Department, Sr, Albina and Mrs. Rebekah Benjamin of the Sociology Department and Mrs. Zakia Siraj of the Psychology department. Their vision and co-ordination, along with a great deal of determination is responsible for the evolution of a course that enables Carmelites to make a difference in their places of work and to be better, more sensitive human beings. To emerge as winners who conform to their own values and moral standards.

The course at its neonatal stage involved various lecturers from service oriented organisations. These included:

1. Mr. Oriol Punjol, on Concepts of Counselling

2. Mr. Albert Selvanayagam, on Inter and Intra Personal Communication Skills

3. Father Aloysius and Mrs. Cynthia on Human Rights Education and Awareness

4. Mrs. Chaya Srivatsa, on the 16 steps to become a confident woman.

The next step was placement in these organisations, to work with topics of interest. The institutions were:

1 Freedom Foundation (AIDS and de-addiction centre)

2. Shishu Mandir (Orphanage for Children)

3. Nightingales Elders Enrichment Centre (senior Citizens)

4. Medico Pastoral Association (Mentally ill)

5. Ananta Shishu Nivasa (Orphanage for Children)

6. Prayatna (learning disabilities in children)

7. Bala Mano Vikasa Kendra (mentally retarded children)

8. Integrated Multipurpose Recreation and Hobby centre (mentally retarded children)

9. Janodaya (destitute women and children of prisoners)

This session followed the 25 hours of theory, and consisted of 60 hours of practical work. Towards the end of the course, a seminar was held. At the seminar, heads of institutions spoke about how students had made a difference in organizational, administrative and welfare programmes.

The senior panelists were:

1. Mrs. Sarasu Esther Thomas (human rights) of National Law School

2. Dr V S Elizabeth(Constitutional rights) of National Law School

3. Mrs. Brinda Adige (Makkala Sahaya Vani)

4. Mrs. Rajeshwari (Nightingales Elders Enrichment Centre)

5. Mr. Christopher (Freedom Foundation)

6. Mrs. Shanta Lakshmi (Integrated Multipurpose Recreation and Hobby Centre)

7. Ms. Ellen Shinde (Medico Pastoral Centre)

8. Ms. Lakshmi (Prayatna)

9. Mrs Romola Joseph (Mobility India)

This seminar encompassed a variety of topics. It was an enlightening discussion, which also touched us.

The last part of the programme was the presentation of papers. The students told of their experiences in their organisations, and how the experience helped them better themselves. The audience included students of various disciplines, and was aimed at encouraging students to take an interest in the course.

To round off the evening was the valedictoy function, with certificates being presented by the Principal Sr. Jesuina.

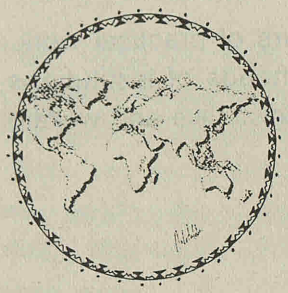
As all good things come to an end, so the curtain fell on this fruitful course. The end effect was that many mainstream students were shown the rivulets that need attention but so often go unnoticed. The participants felt an immense satisfaction and were encouraged to do and achieve more. It has helped us all gain confidence and learn to persevere with a positive attitude. We were glad to be part of the outreach programme that helped us see a whole new person in ourselves and achieve the aim of reaching out while reaching within.

Seema Shirurmutt
III BSc HSc

Blossom Showers

(Creative writing for new commers to MCC)

Essay Writing



I Prize

On Patriotism

Patriotism, a word that brings to mind loyalty, pride, respect, love and sacrifice.

But patriotic to what? Or rather, to whom? To the average Indian, being patriotic is loving India and hating a particular neighbouring country. It means putting 'us' on top and 'them' down. Love thy country, hate thy neighbour seems to be the motto.

Anyone who has seen a cricket match between India and this particular country will know the true meaning of this. If India wins, we celebrate, more than our victory, their loss. And if we lose, we mourn and turn violent, not at our loss, but at their victory.

And God forbid if any Indian sportingly appreciates their well deserved win, he is immediately termed a traitor. Is this patriotism?

Patriotism is all about respecting one's roots. Being proud of where you belong. Loving the land you live in enough to lay down your life for it, if need be. It is all about strength, courage and bravery. This is very admirable. But is it not narrow to limit these strong qualities to just a locality, a state or a country?

Patriotism at its worst could mean narrow-mindedness, limiting one's self and thus not giving room for growth. It leads to pettiness, unrealistic ideas of one's importance and shallow 'love' for one's country. By all means, be a patriot. But positively; for there is a very thin line between a patriot and fanatic. It is not really enough to be a "patriot" - you must have no hatred towards any one else.

A man who kills an "enemy" i.e., someone whom he thinks is a threat to his security, to his beliefs, may be called a patriot, for, he is a patriot to his sect. But is this enough? What about humanity? Is he patriotic then?

Patriotism is the worst enemy of humanity. It kills tolerance. And not everyone can be a patriot to both one's roots and to humanity. For it demands both pride and humility from a person.

Take pride in yourself, but don't condemn others and take away their pride. Be loyal to yourself, your thoughts, beliefs and actions. And let them be loyal to theirs. Live and let live. Respect yourself. Respect others for their individuality. Then, you are a patriot. In every sense of the word.

Divya T. Aradhya, I CME,

II Prize

Darkness Visible

Darkness – the dawn of uncertainty, of unanswerable questions, doubts and suspicion; of fear and anxiety, of phobias, of silence, of peace. Darkness signifies so many things to the beholder. Darkness is widely regarded as an epitome of ambiguity, that later breeds fear. For some, it marks tranquility.

For most of us, being in the dark is like being in a circle of uncertainty, where every move taken will cost, maybe a heavy price. What starts as a phobia of darkness may even result in the conquering of the same, where darkness turns to light, or simply leads to light, in the eyes of the beholder – it is darkness visible.

"Lead me from darkness to light" say many prayers. Darkness turns to light when it is lit within by the torch of the mind. One always seeks light at the end of the tunnel, but it is also possible to make darkness come alive with light in the eye of the mind.

Even now – at the very beginning of the new millennium, we the people are 'in the dark' about various questions we don't know the answers to as yet. This darkness stretches out to various aspects - of life, of creation, of science, of the present generation, of the outcome of the present, and largely – of the future.

Man thinks he creates the future. But man is partly in the dark about whether this future he visualizes will become true or not. Man can, only to a limited extent, create the future or predict it. There may be many phenomena, scientific and humanitarian, that man has not even understood, let alone predicted, space for example. It is the final frontier. But is there something beyond space? Beyond time? Beyond the Big Bang and the black holes? We are definitely in the dark about this too.

Of course, there are some who see light even when there is darkness – the many physicists who have envisaged the answers to some of the questions haunting science and physics. Newton, Einstein, Hawking were the people who envisaged explanations for various phenomena. These phenomena were like darkness to many, even though it could have been light. These were the people who lit up the world of darkness with an idea, a vision, so that all of us could see the truth.

Even truth is kept in abysmal darkness – unless someone throws light upon it. And many people have thrown light upon at least a part of truth, of reality, of knowledge as it is today. Thanks to the great scientists with their profound dedication, we may not have reached the final frontier (i.e., space) but at least we have virtually landed on Mars and photographed many other planets. But there still is much more darkness to be converted to light.

Moving away from science, so many great people have brought to light the various aspects of life. The illuminators of darkness are essentially inventors, discoverers, people who look at things from a different level of thought altogether.

Psychology has revealed the intricacies of the human mind. Hitler has illuminated the evil side of man. Mother Teresa has brought light to suffering and peace. Clinton, Arafat – they have contributed in their own way and let the world discover humanitarianism. Likewise, there are



thousands of people, known and some, unknown, who have worked towards the process of enlightenment, of the discovery of things that lie in the dark; of truth, of knowledge.

Maybe someday someone is going to say that yeast is bad for the human body. If he can prove it, then that will be a step forward. A world, quite unrealistic, where there is no more darkness, no facade, no oblivion, a world boundless with knowledge – with knowledge that is true, not false knowledge – that we use to push our way forward and conquer darkness until we reach the final frontier (if there is one).

Nidhi Jaisoor, I PUC – PCMB, Section I

III Prize

Outsiders

When a child is born it lets out a cry, a cry which is let out in the wilderness of a new world, a world of outsiders. To every person, the world around them is a world where there is a lot to gain & a lot to lose. But I wonder if they ever realise, that it is a world of strangers and outsiders who are no better than them.

As long as I can remember, I have always been a happy person in my own little world of joy and pain. Even though I've never been shattered, I have faced a lot of pain and insecurity. Whenever I analyse my own self, I know my shortcomings, all my mistakes and all the things which cause me pain. Very often I have found myself confused, never knowing what to do or who to turn to.

Everybody around me is an outsider because I believe that we are born alone, live alone and die alone, with no strings attached. I have tried to hold on to certain relationships, but have always failed. I have always been searching for a relationship which will be a constant one, to be able to relate to the person and be loved for who I am.

I have been walking on, searching endlessly for a person who will not only love me but also give me the space to grow. My search will continue till I find the person, who will be my friend and not be an outsider.

I've had difficulties letting go of certain relationships and got hurt, but often found myself recovering much earlier than expected, with the healing touch of nature.

I know that nature has been a constant relief and a source of solace during my pain. I may never find the right person in this world of outsiders, but nature and its beauty has always given me the strength and helped me carry on.

Even though my search continues, to make an outsider my own, I still live life fully, beautifully and meaningfully.

Sadiya Anjum, I PCBH

Issues and Prospects in English Studies -

Out of the ashes of discontent arose the phoenix of inspiration in the minds of a group of literature students. Students who spend a significant part of their lives studying the works of Dead White Englishmen, finally got together to ask the question 'why?'

Why are we studying what we are studying? The answer is that education has not evolved with its context. In the past, studying literature was the privilege of only an elite few. It was aimed at cultivating in the aristocratic mind, a 'delicate' social sensibility. It was meant to give the brains of the wealthy some exercise to ward off the rich man's malady of ennui. Today no one is entitled to this luxury. We are compelled to engage with what we read, not just absorb whatever comes our way.

Education all over the world is becoming increasingly job oriented. This in turn has led to another minor revolution in academic circles, in that the 'text' is longer sacrosanct. Students have evolved into questioning characters, who are unafraid to wonder aloud why the voices in their texts do not resonate with theirs. We find ourselves grappling to understand what exactly drove Donne to draw an allusion between a flea and a marriage temple, and why Pope exhausted himself over a lock of hair only to dismiss it, of his own accord, as 'trivial.'

Our lethargy and slowness to effect changes in our syllabus points to our complicity as a colonized people. As Jean Paul Sartre observes about the psychology of colonization, "the European elite undertook to manufacture a native elite. They picked out promising adolescents; they branded them, as with a red hot iron, with the principles of Western culture; they stuffed their mouths full with high-sounding phrases, grand glutinous words that stuck to the teeth. After a short stay in the mother country, they were sent home, whitewashed. These walking lies had nothing left to say to their brothers; they only echoed. From Paris, from London, from Amsterdam, we would utter the words, 'Parthenon! Brotherhood!' and somewhere in Africa or Asia, lips would open '..thenon! ...therhood!'"

What is really lacking in our syllabus is relevance. We go through the tedium of studying texts that lack any direct relation to our context. A solution to this problem could be the inclusion of more indigenous texts. In this way we can cater to a heterogeneous student body, whose voice has never been heard.

We can no longer afford to neglect the intellectual wealth that stems from the study of literary theory – the ability to critique our texts, our positions, our identities. If more of this is included in the syllabus, and fictional texts are chosen to complement our understanding of theory, what we learn in the optional English course could be made invigorating and challenging.

'New and exciting perspectives' seemed to be the motto of the seminar on "Issues and Prospects in English Studies." Students grappled with ways in which to decrease subjectivity in our dealings with texts and looked at the complexities involved with defining modernity, alongside educators, writers, and experts in various fields of communication. For the first time, students were given a forum in which to express problems that have been festering in their textbooks for years. The day ended with the feeling that this could be the start of something big.

Shibani M. I PyEC / Kiran M. II PyEC

After thoughts

Whatever happened to the scholar? When did he die, unsung and criticized by the Critical Ones? When did theory and manipulation of text replace the quest for knowledge and why?

Why are we becoming the Shallow Men, with no thought in our heads beyond financial prospects? Isn't philosophy all that distinguishes us from Americans and rats, who race toward what is, after all, the same finishing line, whether we choose to do a hundred metre dash or amble along, soaking in sunshine and smelling the flowers and stopping like Davies to stand and stare?

When the British and the Americans had their falling out and the Americans chose entrepreneurship over scholarship, an important thing happened. A thriving economy publicly disowned history. They chose a practical approach to learning. Learn what will earn.

Why did they do this? To cover a lack of knowledge and the resultant lack of pride therein. To be proudly without class, in more ways than one. To be The House of Commons, to damn the House of Lords.

This House of Lords damning is rampant here in India, where the RP speaking, ballroom dancing British suckers up cum wannabes are the said House of Lords, and the historically challenged, currently politicized damners are the House of Commons. The Lords were the upholders of Contempt, because they are the Ones that Know. But sometime in the past few years, The Commons slipped slyly into the House of knowledge and stole the books and the Contempt. They then junked the books that would not help in the furthering of their agenda. Now, the Lords try to be Commoners in their supercilious, politically correct, utterly unconvincing way, while the Commoners make smug use of the stolen Contempt and spout theory, which denotes an exclusive form of cerebral activity and gives the illusion of knowledgeablility where there is none. They battle the syllabi that are inflicted on the Student, who is an important part of the future hope of the Commons movement. They say that the 'timeless' values on which syllabi are based are questionable. This is quite true. There is no such thing as a timeless value. Culture is a process, not a product. This means, however, that the proposed solution for the redundancy of our syllabi (a proposed Indianising and Contextualising) is impossible because there is no such thing as a definable Indianness, a definable appropriateness, when we keep in mind that there are no blanket Values and there is no specific timeless Culture.

Thanks to the Theories, we know that it is not only Shakespeare who deserves canonization. We have asked the question "Why Shakespeare?". I'm now asking the question ".Why not Shakespeare?" He no longer has a copyright on Great Literature, but can I please read him and favouritise him without being subjected to the Common Contempt?

He is irrelevant, is Shakespeare. So who is relevant? Ambedkar? Bill Gates? Shashi Deshpande? Bertrand Russell? Not really. We can survive without any of them. But it is irrelevant information that makes us special.

My brother is an encyclopaedia of useless knowledge. My mother is a music teacher. If I had a rupee for every bit of knowledge we have between us, I'd be a millionaire several times over. As things are, I have heaps of pleasant conversation and a voracious interest in living further, but not much money, and little ambition. And what does it matter, ultimately?

This is subjective. Our teachers are subjective in the good, better and best labels that they give their students and their texts. There is no doubt that this subjectivity should be dispensed with or minimalised. This is not possible, though, so I shall not waste another word on it.

I'm moving on instead to the implication that all the 'useless' knowledge we accumulate in some way limits the space we have in our inestimable brains for 'useful' knowledge. This is a theory that is bound to arise as an argument against 'pointless' scholarship. And I beg to differ. In Bangalore, at least, Shakespeare is taken up towards the end of our school careers, by which time those who are studying Shakespeare would have been speaking for - oh - thirteen years or thereabouts.

One thing that everyone seems all gung-ho about including the higher education syllabus is Language Rules. So what are Language rules? The same as Culture rules? Namely, nonexistent? Not really. They're existent, they're just redundant in many cases. However, one should learn them in order to debunk them, because knowledge is power, and debunking without knowledge is idiocy.

Knowing your language and your Literature probably won't feed you. The benefits to be gained here are intangible. But it is these intangible benefits that provide us with our place in the scheme of things. If we let our creative brain rot, we can be replaced by Computers (this is already happening in many fields - this software and tear) or Rats. In a rat race, the winner is always a rat.

The composition of our academia and intelligentsia is changing to accommodate the Racers and Talkers, who are replacing Thinkers and Learners. The Talkers fall into a natural hierarchy which consists in descending order of those who have the gift of the gab, and those who don't. Those who do dance semantic rings around the others, and the semantic gymnastics gain them credibility and, for some weird reason, respect. Everyone respects the man who has his neo critical 'argon and his ers, ahs, in sonic senses, izes, and isms in order. To er politicize and to problematize in the manner of deconstructionism what is in some senses a moot point. To wastize everybody's temporal facility with decolloquialising of previously er naturalized buzzwords from the linguistically impaired.

Every five years the English departments in elitist colleges feel the earth move with some new revolutionary theory. Separating text from context and word from world, for example. I ask you, is it possible to separate text from a context? It is a part of a context. This is the point of view of many in the House of Commons, but the fact that it was arrived at after so much deliberation is strange because it's a basic truth.

Then there is the question of Literature vs. the Mass Media. Why vs.? Why can't the two complement each other? They can and they do. It is only when we believe we have to make a choice - either Lords or Commons, either Cannons or Theory Machineguns, either losing or winning the race, where losers and winners are defined by their material ambitions - that we almost invariably make a mistake.

We can believe in Daffodils, and in Merry Wives, and in Inscrutable Americans, all at once. Students can be given more say in the choice of texts and contexts, eliminating every possible problem with the heterogeneity that we have in abundance, thank goodness. We can know so much more than we do.

Kiran M. II PyEC

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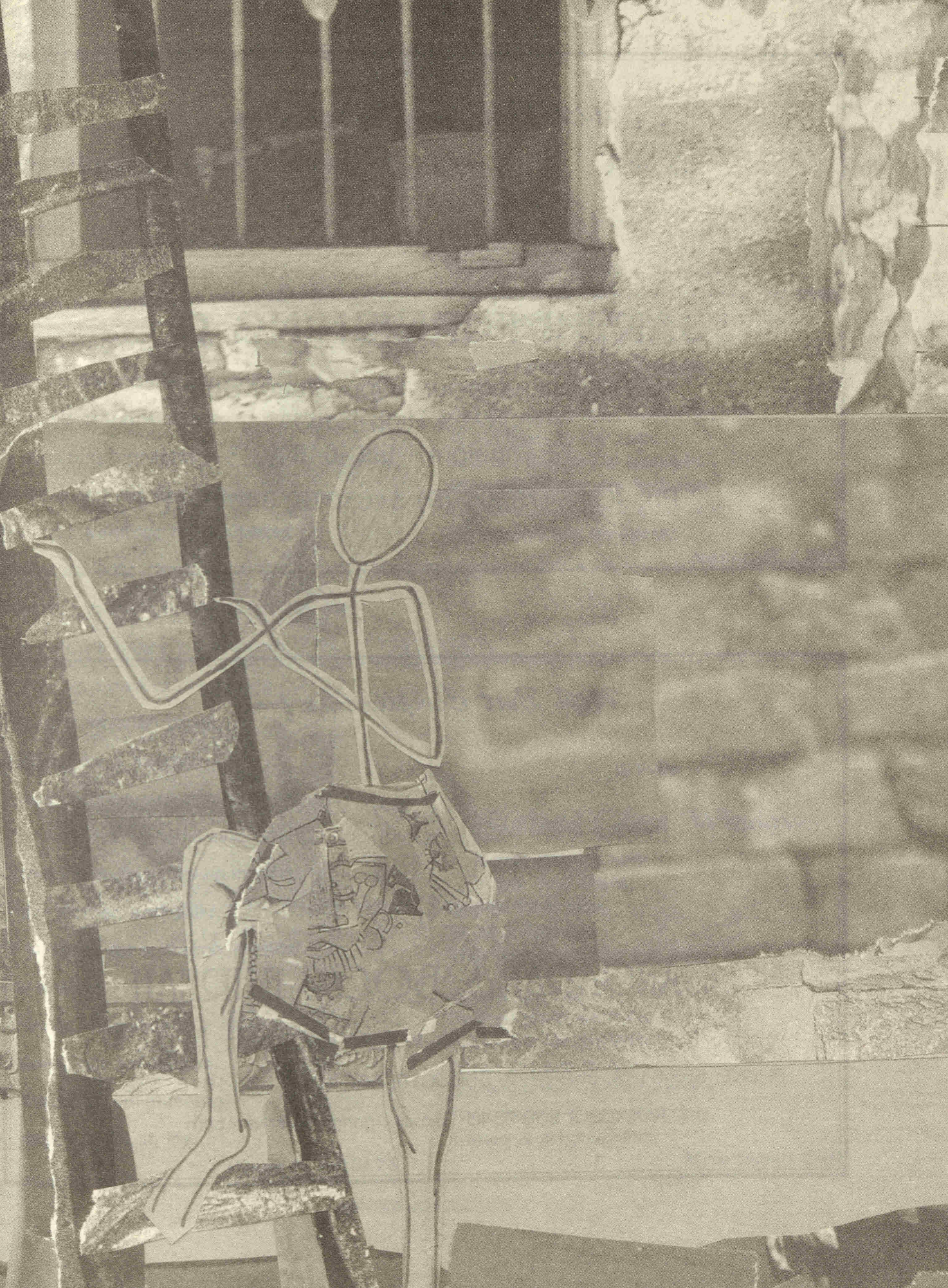
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Poetry

I Prize

Stained Glass Windows

Shards
Of light
Splinter the darkness.
Cold, unforgiving stone,
Patterns the mother and child,
Outlined in the windows,
In slithering highlights
Of blue and red and yellow.
The light trembles on the panes
Hesitates, shifts, then
Explodes into shivering, passionate life.
The colours dance on the floor,
A teasing, swaying crescendo.
The dark wooden pews,
Light up for a minute,
A lifetime crammed into one moment.
The windows, cheerful and bright,
Colours blending into each other;
Virgin Mother, and child,
Fit subjects for a church window
Stand aloof.
Glorious, magnificent, a glass
Stained, but not tainted,
Illuminating, enlightening,
A lesson in art, in life.

Vinaya N, I HEPYS

II Prize

Purple

Into the purple haze,
I gaze,
My thoughts - they are unclear
But the dawn, the clouds, the sky, the birds,
My thoughts - they do not hear.

I dwell upon my life's events
I scream, I cry, complain
But the purple that surrounds me
Is oblivious to my pain...
At last tranquility is achieved,
My woes - they are forsaken,
The colour purple fills my mind,
My senses are awakened.

Nikhila M, I PyEc

III Prize

Stained Glass Windows

A beauty pagent here,
And one over there.
Queen for a year,
Its all a façade
That dissipates into thin air.

People are like
Stained glass windows –
They sparkle and shine,
When the sun is out.
But when the darkness sets in,
Their beauty is revealed only
if there is a light within.

Myra Shah, I CMS

Song Writing

I Prize

Draughts of forgetfulness

Walking across the sands of eternity...
Blinded by the winds of change
Long behind lay the ocean of serenity
Humanity was an emotion out of range

I started off in pursuit of a truth that could never be found
I'd stumbled onto shrubs of imperfection
My deepest desires had burned right down to the ground
Life had seemed subjected to a maniacs jurisdiction.

(Chorus)
Time and Tide wait for no one
Why was I trapped in the molecule of time
Maybe I was looking for my place in the sun
Why? What? ever my questions didn't rhyme.
There seemed no beginning and there was no end.
I felt I was in an abattoir hand in hand with inhumanity
There was no pot of gold at the rainbow's end
The visage of conspiracy seemed to take on perpetuality
(chorus repeat)

Madhuri Bhattacharya, I PyES

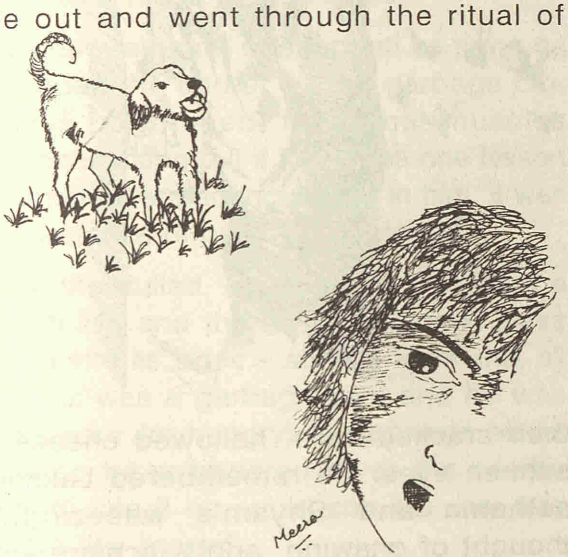
Short Stories

I Prize

The Half - eaten Chappati

He stood there by the gate. Quiet. Expectant. He knew anytime now, they would come out to feed their dog.

He watched. His head began to itch. He scratched it and tried to pull out that particular lice. Before he could, the owners came out and went through the ritual of



petting their canine before making him jump to catch his dinner. The dog would have barely eaten the first Chappati, when he would drop it to catch the second. Finally, they went back inside. The dog proceeded to eat all the pieces of Chappati he had dropped. Then, he lay down, content, and closed his eyes.

But his eyes gleamed. Near the corner, almost unseen, lay a piece. A piece of half-eaten Chappati. He held his breath, expecting the dog to get up and eat it.

No. Today was his lucky day. The dog continued to sleep. He slowly slid open the gate, his palms moist, all the time with his eyes on the dog and ears tuned for sudden footsteps.

Nothing. He tiptoed slowly. Past the well maintained lawn. Past the gleaming car. Past the dog. Nothing. Then, he reached his goal. The Chappati, the half-eaten Chappati. He picked it up and turned to go, but suddenly he was pinned to the ground. The mongrel snarling and pawing, barking viciously. He felt a shooting pain in his arm. With all the might his emaciated frame could muster he pushed away the beast, getting his left palm bitten. But his right palm was safe and so was the Chappati.

He ran. The dog behind him trying to bite his bony ankles. He heard people shout. But he ran. Past the gleaming car. Past the well-maintained lawn. Jumping over the gate. He ran.

He continued to run, though it seemed safe. But he knew - had learnt the hard way - that it was never safe. After a while, he sat beneath a tree. Hiding from other wolfish eyes. And began to eat. The half-eaten Chappati.

Divya T. Aradhya, I CME

II Prize

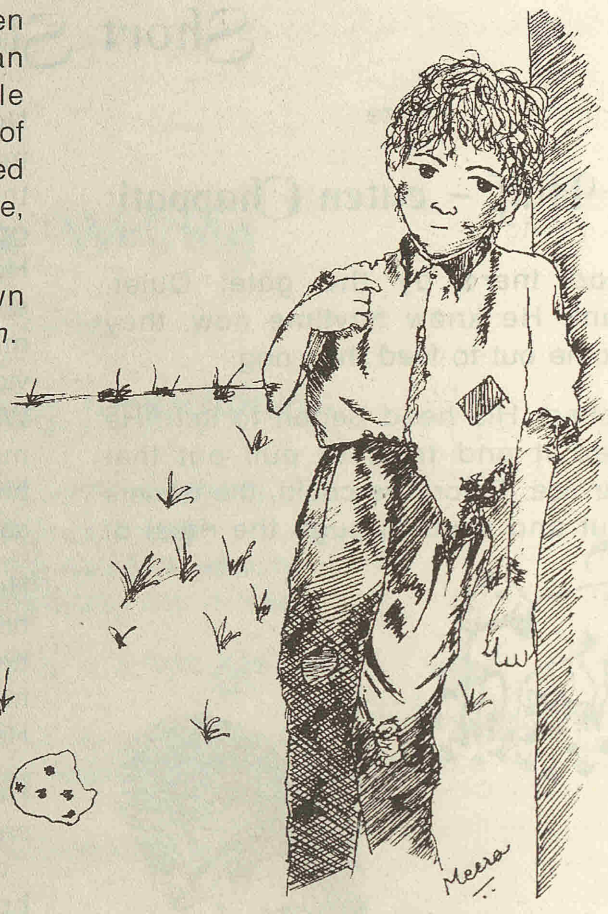
Through the Prism of Perception

The chappati lay forlornly above dirty tin cans caked with the rust of long-ago abandonment. Broken bits of glass bottles that glistened and flashed and greedily trapped unsuspe cting sunbeams of light, in the grime and dirt of one of Mumbai's many garbage bins.

It's near-perfect semi circular circumference had been marred by a few half-hearted nibbles and little brown spots lay splattered all over its surface.

Only that morning, the chappati had been on its way down ten year old Adnan Khilnani's alimentary canal, a humble constituent of his otherwise rich breakfast of bacon and salami slices. It had been draped neatly on Adnan's Melaware breakfast plate, by Adnan's father's – personal chef.

One half of it had been coaxed down Adnan's spoilt, petulant throat by his *ayah*. The other half had been hurled on to the floor in the middle of one of his tantrums – and had lived to tell the tale. The long-suffering *ayah* had cleaned up the mess and thrown out the remnants of her little master's breakfast into the nearest trash can, while Adnan had slipped on his new Adidas sneakers and hopped into the family's Qualis to be taken to school.



And so, a half-eaten chappati lay on top of a decaying rusted garbage can, its burnt brown spots staring fixedly into space.

*****

Adrian Christensen had spent an hour of his busy social-worker schedule that morning with children facing the most appalling social deprivation – they were bereft not only of home and hearth, but of food and clothes and even – well, childhood. His affluent growing years spent in Britain had been a far cry from the stark, aching poverty raging in the streets of Mumbai.

He was now walking to a nearby café for lunch, vague thoughts about his work as part of a foreign missionary group fleeting through his head, when he saw the chappati.

Its brown edges had turned dry and flaky with the morning heat and its spots looked like the scorched targets of sunrays that beat down mercilessly on the city.

Adrian's mind went back to Ramu and Gopi and Shanti, their bony knuckled fingers, their cracked nails, hollowed cheeks and sunken eyes. He remembered Lakshmi's asthama and Shyam's wheezing, he thought of gnawing, angry, aching hunger clawing its way up their stomachs.

And Adrian decided to do a little more for them, to be a little more than a sympathetic spectator, to bring a little more justice and balance to this vast, sprawling land of beggars and lepers and business tycoons and software engineers; of moth-eaten hovels and IT skyscrapers.

He walked away with a new sense of purpose and clarity in his stride, a new-found determination shining through his steps. The half-eaten chappati remained, gazing unblinkingly after him.

*****

Sohan couldn't be blamed for feeling hungry that morning-he had not been given

any breakfast except for a glass of water.

He had been disobedient and unobliging last night and his grandmother had punished him by refusing to grant him even the measly breakfasts she served him on every other morning.

Sohan had decided long ago that being a young nine-year-old orphan with a cranky, frugal grandmother as his only known relative was trying, and tough and unlucky, but not necessarily tragic. He was a purposeful, determined young lad with a fierce will to triumph over his poor start in life.

He saw the remnant of chappati as soon as he rounded the corner by the garbage bin. His eyes brightened, his throat muscles began contracting-but if there was one lesson his grandmother had inculcated in him, it was the importance of personal hygiene.

He saw the dulled, red rust upon which the chappati lay, and the sharp edges of glass pressing into its sides – and he knew that all in all, this was a garbage can, and he was not that poor (or hungry) to scavenge about in one, so he scampered off to the nearby bakery to see if he could con his way into getting a tiny morsel.

"But what a waste!" he thought regretfully as he moved away. Some people had no grandmothers to teach them not to take food for granted, and the value of half a chappati.

*****

Raindrops splashed into stagnant puddles as the evening shower gathered strength. He moved nimbly through the rain, avoiding cruel cars and rude drivers and raincoat-clad boys with stones in their pockets.

He had no name, no claim on anyone, no roots to tie him down; he moved free and unhindered throughout the city; foraging, stealing, surviving. He was a mangy, scrawny, mongrel dog, one of Mumbai's hundreds, and he saw the half-eaten chappati through the rain like a kingfisher would spot the flick of a fish's tail beneath layers of water.

He pricked up his ears and twitched his nose at the sight and smell of food right in front of him. He hadn't eaten all day, and after an hour of plodding through slush and rain, he was only too happy to retire under the awning of a shop by the pavement – and eat.

He picked up the chappati between his teeth, he felt its soggy wheatish taste spread over his rough, tired tongue.

Within three minutes, he had swallowed it. The chappati was finally home.

Zara Machado, I PUC - PCMB (2)

III Prize

Of torn chappatis and hearts

Sheela's hands trembled as she dabbed at her perspiring temples with the crumpled tissue she pulled out from her jeans. The claustrophobic restaurant with people conversing in loud, uninhibited voices, the edge of the table pressing against her ribs, her new slippers which were biting her feet... everything seemed unreal. She was incapable of feeling anything right then, but in a strange way, she knew that it would hurt terribly later.

"Why?", she asked the young man who was seated across her at the tiny table for two, tucked away in a corner of the restaurant. Rahul looked at her with concern – she was pale and her eyes shone strangely, but she otherwise seemed normal. He had expected tears, anger... anything but this complete passivity.

"Why:

The hugest hearts that break...", Sheela said

in a mechanical voice. Her eyes were fixed on some point on the wall behind Rahul's left shoulder – she smiled and continued, "That's Emily Dickenson – It's so bizarre, Rahul you are breaking up with me, and all I can think of is Emily Dickenson! The disadvantage of majoring in English Literature, I suppose..."

She sighed, and looked directly at him. Her eyes held no sorrow, no reproaches.

"Go now, Rahul", she calmly told him. He took her hands in his across the small table. They lay in his, limp and unresponsive.

"Sheela, are you okay?", he asked, half wishing she would at least seem a little vulnerable, a little dependent on him. But her wry smile mocked his thoughts, and he knew that she had guessed what he was thinking.

"Go, now", she repeated, and this time she was genuinely smiling. Uneasy, Rahul fumbled for his wallet and left a fifty-rupee note on the table that he knew would be more than sufficient for the coffee they had drunk, his final act of generosity, and he walked out, quickly, clumsily.

A waiter hovered at the table, giving Sheela a curious look. "One more coffee, please," she told him, and he bustled away. It was already late in the afternoon, and the number of people in the restaurant was dwindling.

Just then, her attention was arrested by two people who had just entered. It was a little boy of about six or seven, dressed in dungarees and a baseball cap, and his mother, who looked pre-occupied and busy. They sat down at a table next to Sheela, and she could overhear their conversation. The little boy launched enthusiastically into a description of a football match he had played in, while his mother made appreciative sounds at the right places.

Sheela watched them, amused, trying to keep her mind occupied, knowing that she did not want to think right then. After another cup of coffee, the restaurant was empty except for the two tables, and an old beggar appeared at the door. He seemed to be on familiar terms with the waiter, who emptied the left-overs from the tables into his begging bowl.

The little boy was watching him, eyes wide with compassion.

"Why don't you buy him lunch, ma?" he asked his mother pleadingly.

"Beggars only eat left-overs." his mother replied rather curtly, and smiled self consciously to Sheela, aware of the fact that she must have heard them.

The little boy looked thoughtfully at his half-eaten chappati, and seemed to make up his mind. He pushed his plate away and declared: "I'm full." He beckoned to a nearby waiter and very politely asked him to take his leftovers to the old beggar.

Sheela bit her lip to keep her tears back. She quickly paid for her coffee and rushed out, but she changed her mind and came back and stopped at the little boy's table. She gave him a hasty hug and told the astonished boy, "Please don't ever grow up to be a Rahul". Then she rushed out again.

Sruthi Sridhar, I PyEC

Yester Chalk

The Blackboard plays doormat
to the dictator – driven chalk
blemish'd with scabs of yester – write
echoing drones of yester – talk

Today's chalky white competing fiercely

With yesterday's shades of grey.

Anoopa Anand, II PyEC

Cul-week

(Creative Writing)

Poetry

I PRIZE

Blank Verse

As doleful as a dirge
Was the verse that from him sprang
'Twas painful to be read
Much less spoke or even sang

"I'm sorry, sir, said I,
But I live in a time
Where words are simple one-faced things
And poems have to rhyme"

Kiran Mascarenhas II PyEC

Defeat

Prophets fall, are reduced
To buskers at the station
The destination
Fades, like a mirage
Cause flies away with reason
And when they reach the sun
Their waxen wings melt.
They die.

Kiran Mascarenhas II PyEC

II PRIZE

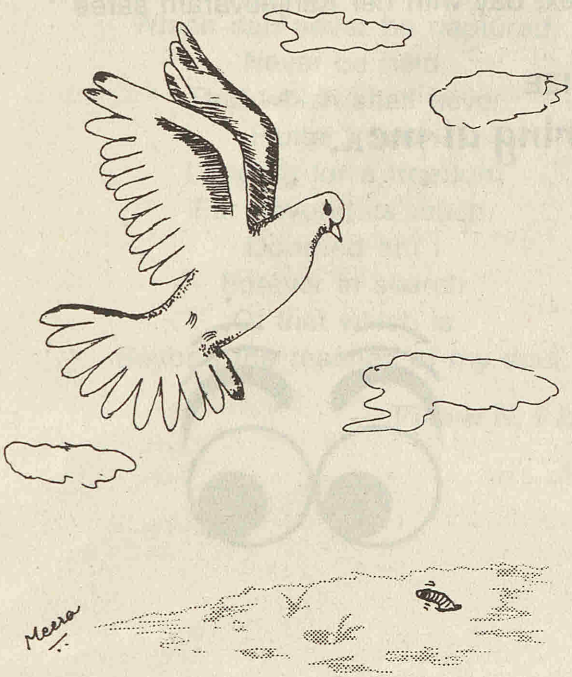
One (A Worm's Eye View)

From here on the ground
I'm a little thing
To whom the world seems big

From there in the clouds
You're a dove
To whom the world will never be
big enough

So I'll stay here alone
And watch feet on the pavement
And climb trees in my dreams

Kiran Mascarenhas II PyEC



III Prize

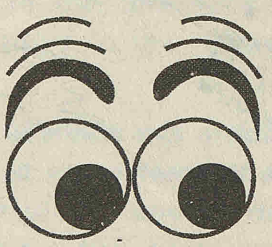
When Shanti cut her Hair

When rebellious Shanti cut her hair,
It was more than her brahmin mother could bear.
"Now where will you put fresh `malli pooh'?
Ayyou Rama ! I feel I ought to disown you.
Now how on Earth will I get you married
I feel so ill at ease and harried.
I have so much work to do
So many eligibles to pursue
Now you come with this hedgehog hair
Oh! The humiliation I'll have to bear.
Her father gave a hearty laugh
To escape the wrath of a riled mother's staff
He stepped out of the bedroom for a while
Walked around pausing now and then to smile
"These irritable women, when defied
let like viragos – woe betide!
Its *her* hair for crying out loud
Let her wear it like a shroud
Or like a mushroom or a mop
Or like a boy or like a top.
The next day with her Kanjeevaram saree
Her elegant hair style imported from *Paree;*
Shanti looking unnaturally coy
Was bedecked to meet the first suitable boy.
When the talk turned from weather to hair
The boy finally looked up, froze into a stare
"Did you cut it recently?" He asked in awe
She felt like socking that seemingly mocking jaw
"No". Boy's eyes sparkled, besotted
Four words and he was hooked
Conventional mummy thought her goose was cooked.
She launched into an awful tirade
Those present wondered if that anger would abate.
They piped up in an effort to help out
He wondered what it was all about.
"I'm taken by your daughter so lets not tarry
I want for us to hurry up and marry!"
Now that is the end of this hairy tale
I hope it did its job – REGALE !!

Lavanya Ashok, II Bcom "A"

III PRIZE

Staring at me...



Staring at me
Is you –
Green field.
A space I can cross.
Forests on both sides of you,
Blue skies above you.
All my thoughts
Scribbled all over you.
Your answers coming to me
Through cold wind.
I stare back at you
I want to spread myself
as peacefully as you.
I want to be the wind
That hits my eyes
Punctuating my stare
Back at you.

Bulbul Hasan, II PyEJ

Special Mention

Of odds and ends

Wookpeckers
Yellow knickers
Fragrant flowers
Prison bars
Painted nails
Heads and tails.

Hunger pangs
Corporate banks
Basket ball
Blue-eyed doll
Green trees
Birds and bees.

Big shoes
Discouraging boos
Curly hair
Mommy's care
Broken knee
Lock and key.

Smelly socks
Grey rocks
Tight pants
Red ants
Tap leaks
Hide and seek.

Dry pens
Clucking hens
Beautiful dreams
Chocolate ice-creams
Road bends
...Life's odds and ends...

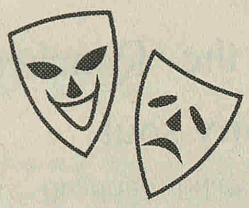
Divya T. Aradhya, I CME

Beyond the Reaches of my soul

Paralysing, crippling
A lump
Settling dark on the throat.
A living, twisting thing
Crawling from the pit
Of my stomach,
Dark, dangerous
Heady as wine.
And yet –
To reach out
Is to forfeit forever
The pleasure
Which drives me
From inside.
My life, my passions,
Are concentrated
On this one moment
A concerted move
To grasp that
Which can never be captured,
Never be held.
That which shall never
Flutter in vain
Longing for a freedom
Far beyond its reach.
Doomed am I
Forever in search
Of that which is
Beyond the reaches of my soul.

Vinaya N, I HEPyS

The Human Actor



I've pondered about it day and night,
Gory thought I've tried to fight,
Yet I could conclude nothing new
Tell me Human, who are you?

This minute, to me you're nice
All my dreams you promise to realise
But the next minute you're not by my side
Where are you Human, where are you?

'I am selfless' you declare,
To amass other's property, you dare.
You make people sorrowful
And along with them you pretend to cry.
Why this selfishness, Human, tell me why?

'I am your friend' you tell me
'I am by your side, can't you see?'
When the whole world's against me,
I see you betray me with glee.

Like the vast ocean captivates us with it's beauty
But its water, Oh so salty!
'I am the immortal soul' you pretend
The coward in you, you try to defend
Why do you pretend, human why do you pretend?!

Smitha M II CMS

Beyond the reaches of my soul

Little children express themselves in many ways
that an adult might not entirely understand
No matter how much one tries, the depth of the
heart of a child, can never be measured, for its
true worth. But sometimes, the toughest lessons in life, are taught by
these most innocent of all of God's creations.

She is a pious little girl,
With big brown eyes,
That speak volumes in silence, of human ties.

She walks with dignity,
Every morn to the chapel,
And she takes for the old priest,
In her sachet, an apple.

'Tis a mystery where she comes from,
'Tis a mystery who she is,
But she suffers in heart,
And my heart knows this.

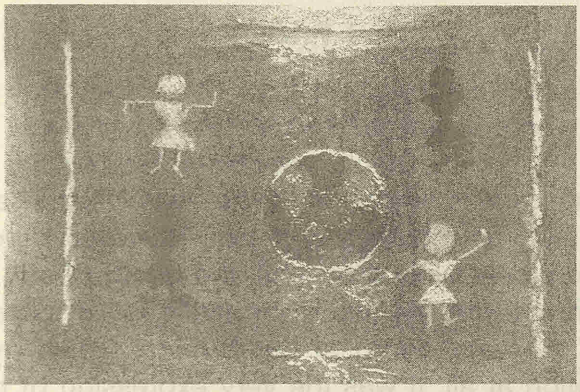
I followed her one day,
Unknown to her mind,
I followed her to learn,
Whatever I may find

And there in a glade,
we came upon two graves,
of her parents at rest,
The family she craves.

She bowed down her head,
To whisper a prayer,
"Come back to me Mommy,
I'll be a good girl I swear!"

Shalini Wilfred, I CME

Beyond the reaches of my soul



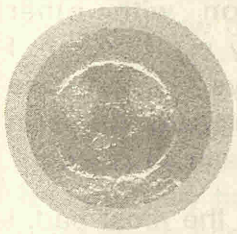
Why are we born black and white,
Why is one wrong and why is one right?
How do we come, stamped into the world with a creed?



Out of which nothing but bloodshed
And hatred breed?
Why is that one struggles for an existence,
While the other basks in splendour and extravagence?

Why do the war-torn areas,
burn with fire and hate?
While sadistically chuckle,
the heads of the state?
Why are the children of Jaffna
scarred and punished?
For a cause they cannot even comprehend?
Why do they wander among
the wreckage?
Trying to fend?
Why does the ghost town of Bosnia
grow eerie with the echoes of the dead?
Why does the air fill with what
the deceased never said?
Why are there famines in Somalia?
Why do thousands die?
While the 'noble' men of that country
hoard the grains and lie?





Why do we justify our prejudices and wars
While deep inside we know,
these are evils we must abhor?
Why is the ridge growing wider and stark?
yet why does there seem to be
A brightness in the dark?

Gayathri L, II HEPyS

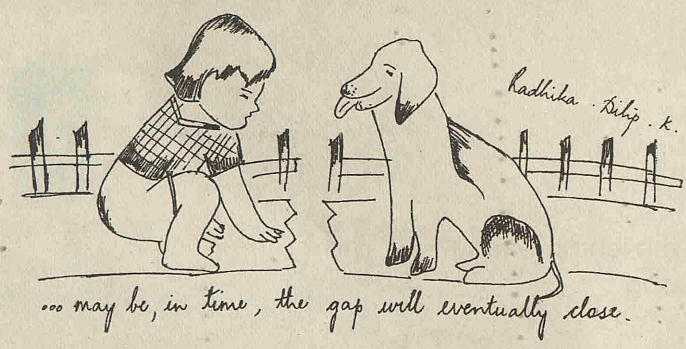
Short Story

I Prize

The Gap

My mother died two years ago. I was twelve. My father was killed in a car accident when I was just a year old. I have absolutely no recollection of him. However, although I grew up fatherless, I was a normal, cheerful, extremely lively child until the death of my mother. She'd been left a fantastic fortune by her parents and the two of us led a life of comparative opulence. But if you looked into her eyes, the very depth of her brown, brown eyes, you'd see a certain emotion... that was no emotion at all. It was the very expression of death, nothingness, and it would have chilled you.

One day, I accidently overheard my aunt telling some one that Mama was not the same after my father's death; that she'd been a completely different person before - full of an unquenchable thirst for life. Father's death – she said – had left a gap inside her. I loved her though. Her quiet elegance, irreproachable manners... the smile that held so many secrets and sadness... the love in her eyes when she looked at me... But now she was dead and the gap was inside me. I'll never be whole again...



They say I haven't said a word after the initial screech of terror that erupted from my mouth when I saw her lying in a pool of blood, her wrists slashed. I find this strange... Why do they say that? Can't they see my mind is full of speech...her speech?

I stay in an institution with other people...whom they say are like me. I don't agree with that. However, I suppose, they are like me in some ways - unfortunate relatives of wealthy people – who just hadn't turned out right inspite of being endowed with material things.

I don't mind it here though. It's quiet and peaceful. They leave me alone for the most part. I spend the days thinking about Her. The gap inside me seems to be an abyss in which I'm falling, like a stone under gravity.

I'm looking out of the window as I'm writing this. The lawns around the institution are lush and green. There's a parking lot in the centre of it, for the vehicles of the employees and those of visiting relatives. As I look I see a dog with her young one running across. The puppy is staring at it's mother with adoring eyes It reminds me of myself.

A green van is pulling out of the parking lot. Doesn't the driver see the dogs? Apparently not. A grinding sound, indescribable, horrible, a startled yelp of pain, the roar of the van as it speeds away from the scene of the crime, and the bewildered whining of a young animal,

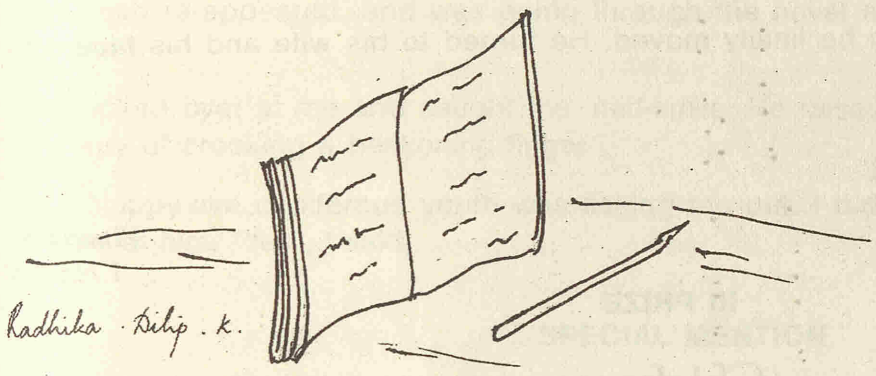
alone in the world. My cheeks were wet with silent tears I didn't know I had shed. I ran down the stairs, into the parking lot. I cradled the pup in my hands, led it away from the pool of blood.

The dog is such a warm, soft bundle. It's so tiny and it's eyes are so huge and confused in its small face. I feed it some milk and watch it sleep. It was alone in the world now, just like I am. A great rush of love and pity fills me. I will look after the dog now, it would be mine and I will be hers. Maybe, in time, the gap will eventually close...

Shibani Katti, I MECA

II PRIZE

My thoughts are as dry as Dust



He looked out over the serene lake, his thoughts in turmoil. Next to him, the woman laid a soothing hand on his arm. He did not even feel it. He had no consciousness of her presence. The grey waters drew him like a magnet. Slowly his hand clenched, crushing the pale, already withered flower in his grasp. Then, with a sudden movement, he turned and strode away.

He was a tall, distinguished – looking man of about fifty, balding, bordering on being fat. He was dressed like a successful businessman. He was, infact, a writer – a famous, if not very good one. The woman next to him was his wife of thirty years. She was a small woman, a mere shadow of him: it was also the role she played in his life – that of lackey and silent dogsbody. Her name was Shanti – to match her personality.

The only reason why Hari had become famous was that he was born under a lucky star. His books were interesting, popular – but not one of a kind. However, for the past couple of years, his popularity had dropped. The only reason his last two books had been published at all was because he had pulled every string he knew. He realised that it would not be long before he was rejected outright.

And yet – he stiffened – what to do? The words wouldn't come any more. Every night be sat fruitlessly in front of the computer terminal and faced the fear of the blank page. Never before had his muse failed him. But now, finally, his nightmare had come true. The dread which every writer felt finally overpowered him.

The same thoughts revolved around his head, a jumble of words making no sense, filling him with panic. Finally, in desperation, he had come out here. The lake had always helped him before. In times when he needed solace, he had always come out here. He had found peace here. But now, he couldn't find any help, and he knew it could only come from inside him.

His wife looked at him anxiously, and for the first time, he looked at her properly. His little Shanti – always so sweet and willing to please. He smiled at her and she asked, trembling – "What are you going to do?"

He looked at her again, and said resolutely, "I shall try one last time. If nothing happens," he squared his shoulders, "Well, that's it."

Only he knew how much it cost him to say that. Only he knew of the many hours of frustration, when the right words wouldn't come; the exhilaration of seeing his book on the Top Ten List. The quiet fortitude with which he accepted his fate was touching.

He had never before dreaded the fall of night quite so much. He sat in front of the terminal and waited, faithful little Shanti behind him. What he waited for he did not know, only that he was not yet ready. He waited for an hour, two hours... the minutes ticked by. He prayed desperately. Nothing.

It was the crack of dawn when he finally moved. He turned to his wife and his face was shockingly ravaged.

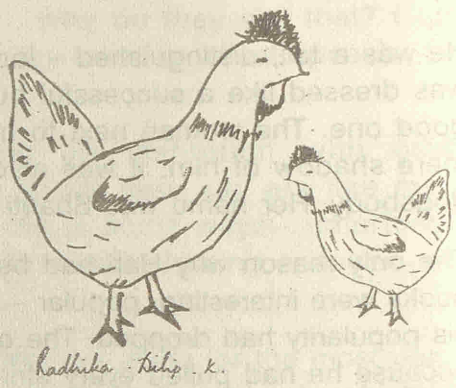
"It's no use" he said.
"My thoughts are as dry as dust".

Vinaya N.
I HEPyS

III PRIZE

Chickens

I dearly loved my backyard and its inhabitants – the girirajas, the odd country hen and the white leghorn, so like the Sacred Heart girls in their red and white uniforms, preening to attract the attention of the Josephites. Their clucking left me unmoved. I was like the chicken in the corner. Dad named her Yamini – after me. Like me, she was awkwardly tall and uncompromisingly dark. Unlike me, she was a chicken.



The other hens had more interesting names – Maggie Hatcher, Sylvie and Beauty Cream, and Joy, Dulcie and Vera named after three sisters of decidedly poultroid gait.

Then there were the roosters. Sultan the magnificent, with fat confidence and a carefully styled pompadour. He was a Don Juan, our Sultan – slept with a hen under each wing and ensured that none of the eggs laid in the coop were fit for vegetarian consumption. Puttering nervously in the periphery was Nappy Bonaparte, so named because when he was a hatchling, his backside had been bare of feathers.

Somewhere in the course of the serious business of growing up, I met Ajay. He was an uncannily Sultan – like boy, with the merciful absence of the pompadour. I arranged my life around him, comfortable in my wallflowerdom. My brother didn't like him, but then my brother

is an owl. He wouldn't like a rooster. He alleged that finicky dressing was for women, ignoring the fact that my own clothes were understated to the point of funeralism.

When my brother turned twenty-one, our house was a mess of owls. I waited for Ajay to make his entrance, where upon he'd do enough socialising for the both of us, leaving me to commune with my wall.

He arrived. On his way to me, he was waylaid by a bantam – short of skirt, stature and manner. Annoyed by one itinerant limb of his, she tipped her ice-cream onto him and departed in a fat-bottomed huff.

He headed to the bathroom, and I to my wall. I found myself unpleasantly obstructed, however, by a coniferous man. He offered me one of the cones he was bearing, and began to talk to me. I smiled more than I spoke, and he returned my smiles. Every one of them.

Ajay had re-appeared, and was going through the novel experience of apologizing (to the bantam).

He looked over at me and caught me, mid-smile. He raised an enquiring eyebrow, which is his way of crooking a beckoning finger.

The Nappy-like coniferous youth was asking me out. I didn't know where, when or why. I smiled at him. "Yes", I said.

Kiran M, II PyEC

SPECIAL MENTION

The Gap

A cool waft of spring breeze hit his face as he sat, munching on his richly buttered bread. One look at his wife's face confirmed his suspicious. She was going to begin again. Her nagging had followed him, all through the three years that he was married to her, like a bad ache that never went away.

"Why have you left the tap open?, Fix the clothes line you blunder buss!. The toilet flush isn't flushin'!... You... can't you even do that much?..." The list would normally go on with her nagging, going round and round like a dog, trying to catch its tail, never succeeding. He never listened. Among the subjects of her nagging, was the main door, the door with a gap where the wooden plank had come off. In an isolated farmland, with a lonely farmhouse such as theirs, the gap was not just an eyesore. It was dangerous. An opening for snakes, scorpions, cats and racoons. But it never got fixed. You see... He never listened.

Mr. Singh was a great lover of food. A professional wine–taster, tea–taster and champion egg-eater, his tummy had grown large in proportion to his height. Though young, his heart was weak. One morning, Mrs Singh left for the barn, to milk the cows. Her large brood took at least three hours to cover. While she was at it, Mr. Singh, deep in his thoughts, had a brain-wave. He thought of cleaning up his quaint farmhouse to please his wife. Though troublesome, she was his wife after all. He had begun to look for ways to bridge the gap between them. The gap in thought, in their personalities and of course, the door. He hoped, that one day, his efforts would he noticed, that he would be appreciated, that his wife would

love him, like she did before they tied the knot.

O ten times faster do Venus pigeons fly

To seal loves bonds new made

Than to keep given promises unforfeited

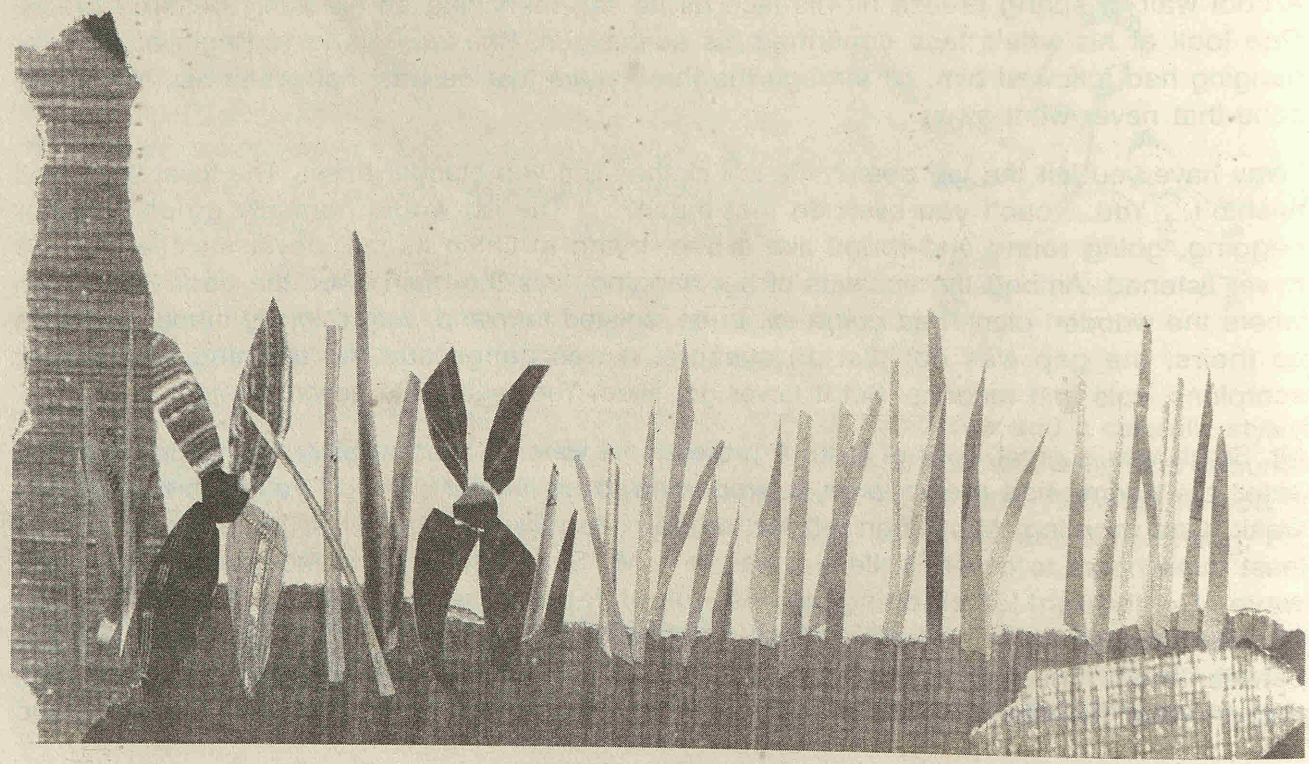
Singh knew. His wife had changed. His life had changed and only he was to be blamed. His fun had been in the chase. In the chase of his once exquisite wife. She had changed since he had changed. The gap widened over the years. Now, he wanted to fill the gap, to narrow his stomach, to live his life, all over again.

In his moment of transition, a long slithering creature, slid into his porch, through the gap in his door. As he sat, engrossed in thoughts meant for the future, the slithering creature slid under his table and rested after coiling around his shoe. Tentatively, he looked down, without a movement, he smiled.

There, around his shoe, lay the reason why the gap in the door was never fixed. His secret friend, his companion in the lonely hours of the evening watched him from below, hoping for a piece of meat or milk. The sand boa, his friendly snake, stuck its tongue out in anticipation.

Singh knew. He would tell her today, why he couldn't fix the only doorway–his friend had. He knew, the gap in the door would eventually lead to the closure of the gap in his mind, and that of his wife. She would love his true friend. One day she would understand his lonely heart, his repentance. She would love him too.

Sushrusha Nayak, I CZM



Essay Writing

I PRIZE

They're the ones telling us the way it is - so shut up and listen

It's a simple case of supply and demand. We need the NGO's, they sensed that need, they're here. For a price, but doesn't everything work that way?

Think about it. They have the bucks. We have the requisite low self esteem and guilt. The bucks reinforce their virtue. Our lack of bucks makes us the credulous fools who are completely open to suggestion to 'moral cleansing' It's simple economics.

Now the NGOs have infiltrated our borders, using our backdoors as their entry point to impose western morals on us. And the reasoning is simple enough and fully fact-based. We in India have provided a conducive atmosphere to NGO's. NGO's function using western ideas and morals as their reference base. The media supports NGO's, because they claim to help us, and do help us. We are directly influenced by the media. Therefore, using this complicated little route, we can establish a relationship between western ideas and our seemingly innocuous NGO's.

So we arbitrarily define the words. 'Right' is what the guy with the loud voice and confident tone, says, does and thinks.

So the rest of us listen, regardless of any little ideas that we may have. Because our little ideas are always vetoed. Money talks. Nukes and arms talk. And we all know that bombs and bucks get our attention. ('est la vie)

Swati R, III PCM

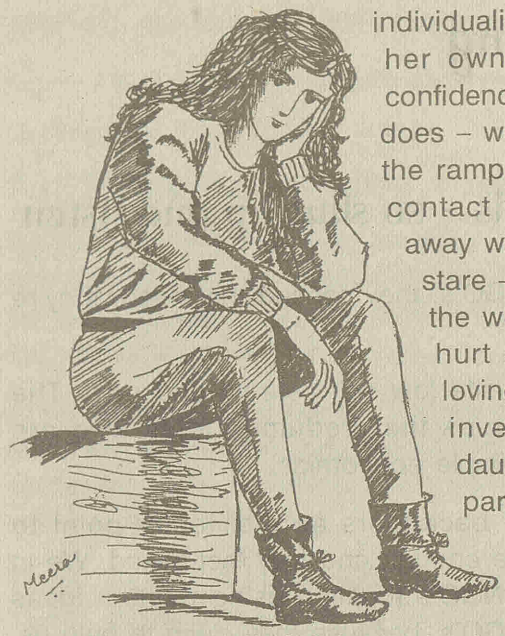
II PRIZE

Daughters ride away on casual pillions

Boy... am I at a loss to appropriately describe the girl of this day and age! Hey wait, the above stated statement is not mine 'coz I happen to belong the mentioned category of girls myself, but I am merely echoing the collective opinion of our much revered predecessors, oops, I mean our parents. The older generation today tends to observe our happening generation with a rather critical eye (guess that's putting it mildy!!), and when it comes to us, the naughty, impish, gregarious gals, parents think it is much more rewarding experience to love and tame the dogs!! Such is the present scenario – dads and moms have practically given up on daughters – "difficult daughters" to be more precise!!

Gone are the days when the girl used to be the epitome of all virtue and perfection, when she was docile and played the puppet, constantly dancing to everybody's tunes, never really expressing herself. But now, things have changed and it's a major female revolution that's prevalent and here to stay. Today women, as daughters, sisters, mothers and professionals are making statements – profound and impressive.

To begin with, let me describe the teeny bopper of Gen X. She is gutsy, spunky, head strong,



individualistic and fiercely independent. She believes in just doing her own thing and man – doesn't she have oodles of self confidence!! She can carry herself incredibly well, in whatever she does – whether it is doing her household chores or walking down the ramp. And oh, she even makes no bones about making eye contact with the handsome hunk across the street and riding away with him on the pillion!! Poor mom and dad just stand and stare – shell shocked and just too paralysed to react!! What is the world coming to, they wonder, in dared bewilderment and hurt sentiments?!! The daughter they had bred with such loving, tender care and affection, the one in whom they had invested their hopes and dreams – yes, the very same daughter, grown up that she is today, turns her back on her parents and heartlessly goes off with that irritating, young brat – that epitome of ego and haughtiness who has come to steal daughter dear away. What does she see in him, the poor parents wonder, feeling high and dry, and totally left in the lurch.

So today, daughters are making it known blatantly to their parents that they believe in being the ancient Indian concept of 'Swayamvara' back in action, and if they want to continue being good parents, they had better give them the freedom to choose, the freedom to just be...

Kajal S., III CBM

III PRIZE

Beyond the reaches of my soul

A strange incident took place today. Something that reaffirmed my faith that people whom we love stay with us forever, to help in troubled times – even those who have passed out of this world. The person in question is my own mother. I can still recall her lovely face, bright with cheeky dimples and her brilliant sense of humour. We were a huge family, 3 brothers and 2 sisters and I was the youngest of the brood, her favourite. My father, was our 'father' strictly in the biological sense. He never did care two hoots about what we ate, wore or where from mom got the money to manage the family. Mom worked day and night to provide for our needs. Never did I hear her complain or curse her fate even once. Mom, you have taught me how to meet life's challenges head-on and never to take the easy way out. Today, my husband and I have parted. I felt so terrible that I had even thought of killing the life within my womb – my child. What wrong had he/she committed that I decided to deny him/her the right to live?

Just then, I saw you, mother, standing by my side. I felt your tender hands on my head and in a flash, memories of my childhood - vivid pictures of you feeding, bathing and caressing me – the incomparable joys of motherhood. You went through a lot throughout your life – dealing with father, looking after the huge family all on your own. Not a moment of peace or rest. Mom, you decided to give birth to me, even though it would have meant another mouth to feed, another responsibility – in short an added burden to your life. I am grateful to you for

giving me this opportunity to live and see the world, ugly, no doubt in parts, but beautiful nevertheless.

I realise that your children were the source of happiness for you. The sundry tasks of preparing food, feeding, bathing, knitting, stitching new clothes for us, were a source of joy and a respite from life's hardships.

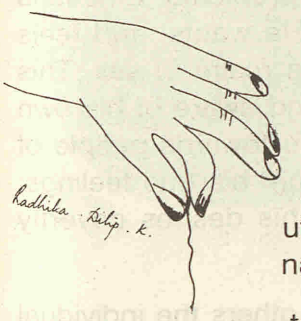
Mom, you visited me today, because you knew that I needed your hand to come out of this mess in my life, just as you helped me take my first step as an infant in this world. Mom, I have decided to give birth to my child. I have no right to deny him or her, the right to live and more importantly, I owe it to you mom for giving me a life. My child shall be the source of my joy and give me a reason to live. I feel ashamed now that I could even think of murdering my own child – a part of my own body and existence.

I thank you mom for helping me, when I needed you the most and this experience has made me stronger and more prepared to face the future and I shall strive to bring up my child the way you brought us up.

Sharada Ramanan, II PyES

SPECIAL MENTION

Alone, alone on a wide, wide sea



I was floating...floating in something that was endless. I couldn't spot the horizon. I wanted to get out of this... this mess. I'd been happier where I'd belonged. Why didn't anyone ever seem to notice I was here? Why couldn't someone just pick me out of here? It seemed like it had been years since I'd been here.

I was the only one of my kind here. Vicious things banged into me every ute... from all over – I couldn't handle this. It seemed like hell – it was an nal furnace. When would I ever feel myself again –if ever?

to stay on the surface – more often than not, something would engulf me and throw me out like it had enough of me as well. This was not the place to be.

It was dark - something was blocking out every form of light... and hope. I waited some more... praying that this cloud of hot suppression would lift... and it slowly did. The block was being removed. I gradually began to see light... and at the same time she saw me... she reached out for me and pulled me out of the mess I was in, grumbling to herself "How did this get here?..."

I was finally free... no longer alone on a wide sea. I was a strand of hair that had fallen out of a woman's head and I didn't belong in a pot of boiling sambhar

Pavithra Noel, I PyEC

Identity Crisis

One likes to think of oneself as being free from crisis, but in today's world such pretensions seem a bit obnoxious. Identity crises are something we are all getting familiar with and beginning to realise we can't ignore.

This psychological phenomenon is most likely to occur during vulnerable teenage years. Ripped by the conflict of a mind that has yet to progress for childhood and a body that has come to recognize adulthood, adolescence is a time of confusion. Everything that everyone says seems absurd or contrived. Identity crisis bares its jaws at the entire teenage world, which is unsure whether to face it or ignore it.

Children sometimes suffer an identity crisis where they wonder which sex they belong to and try to adjust to the expectations of that sex. They follow the behavioural norms set for them by their families or by society.

Then comes the time when the child wants to imbibe certain qualities from his peer group and is reproached. This is because the child is easily attracted toward glitterati - whatever he observes and perceives as "cool".

Then comes the invariably awkward "moulting stage" when the adolescent tries to turn into an adult. Peer suggestions and motivation seem vital. One's own age group makes sense. The adolescent reasons for himself and is torn between fantasy and practical reality.

Eventually the adolescent adjusts. He finds himself, and in himself more problems. Emotions such as love, lust, guilt and passion set in, along with sexual maturity. He wants, and feels encouraged by prevalent conditions around him, to explore the forbidden realm of sex. This may not be a problem at all if one is heterosexual and is fully confident and aware of his own sexuality. However, one major identity crisis could arise if he feels attracted towards people of his own sex. Social ostracism, norms and expectations steer him away from his true feelings. He might then learn to avoid expressing himself openly and deal with his desires covertly instead.

This is a classic example of what can happen when in an effort to please others the individual is torn between conflicting ideas. When this starts affecting mental peace, a person could fail to function normally. This leads to sleeping or eating disorders, phobias and unpredictable mood swings.

In a society of that is hypocritical, the individual becomes a puppet, but a puppet with emotion, pent up and ready to explode like a volcano. Identity crisis is not a joke or an anomaly. It is a disease caused by society - a prevalent demon hidden in good manners.

Fouzia Shamshi II HSc



Of Odds and Ends

There I sat, in my living room, looking at the thing that saved my life - a candlestand. I blinked once, and a tear slid down my cheek. All the years I had spent, building up my future, could have come to a screeching halt. It's amazing how one minute you can have the world and the next, you have nothing. My whole life, in that one instant, had depended on a mere candlestand. This is how it all happened.

Three nights ago, I was walking down the street that led to my house. It was raining cats and dogs, but I didn't mind because I knew that in a few minutes I'd have the house all to myself. My parents were going out to dinner and my sister had to work late so I was the Queen of the house' that night. No one answered the door so I figured my parents had left. I opened the door and walked in. It was dark, as expected. I walked over to light switch and just then, the electricity in the entire neighbourhood went out. Great! I had looked forward to a wonderful evening in front of the television set because I had rented my favourite movie. Well, that was not to be. It was only 7:00 p. m., so I thought of fixing myself a small snack before turning in for the night. It wasn't very dark and I was familiar with the house, so I made my way to the verandah to switch on the UPS.



I switched it on. The lights flickered once, then twice, then went out completely. The fuse must have blown. This wasn't my lucky day. I couldn't possibly stay in the dark and I had no idea where the candlestand was. This was the first time I was alone at home in a blackout, and we hardly ever used candles.

I walked over to the phone table and picked up the phone. It was dead! I felt like I was jinxed! It was then that I slid open the drawer and there it was - my candlestand! I picked it up and lit the candle.

Then I made my way to the kitchen. I pushed open the door. A hand grabbed me. My mouth was covered. I tried to scream but couldn't. The grip of the arm around my neck tightened. I thought I could feel death's icy fingers.

Then, all at once, my neck was released. I still had the candlestand in my hand. In that instant, I summoned up the courage to lift the candlestand and hit my attacker's head - hard! I whirled around to see my attacker fall to the ground with a thud. I couldn't see his face, because he wore a ski mask. Shivering, I knew this was my only chance to escape.

I bolted towards the front door. I was completely out of breath. Luckily for me, my neighbour was taking her dog for a walk and she saw me. I tried to explain but not a word came out of my mouth. Fortunately she seemed to know at once that I was in some kind of trouble.

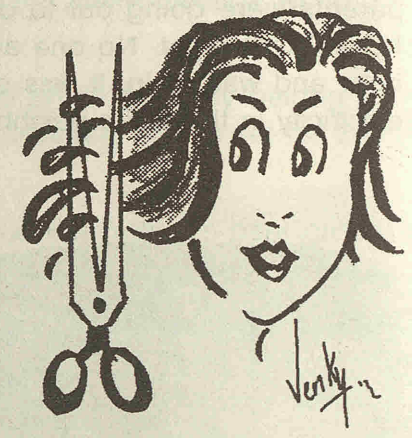
Just then, my parents turned onto the drive. They had tried calling, but since the phone was dead they had decided to check on me before going out to dinner.

My neighbour had called the police and they were there in a matter of minutes. They went into the house and arrested the man.

I haven't been able to get this incident out of my head. I couldn't believe that a hardened criminal, an ex–convict, had actually been in my house. I shudder at the thought. Even harder to believe is that, of all the odds and ends, a candlestand had saved my life.

Deanna Hartley, I IHEPYS

When Shanti Cut Her Hair



She had been a part of him. Those doe-like eyes, that thousand-watt smile that lit up the world, that cascade of lustrous black hair. That was Shanti. She was everything to him, everything he had dreamt of and everything he needed. Shanti and Samir had known each other for three long years. He loved everything about her, even the way she frowned when she was angry.

He anxiously waited for the bus to arrive. His watch ticked on - ten minutes, nine, eight - he counted on, until the red bus arrived. This was the moment he had been waiting for. He would tell her about his feelings for her, he would ask her if she...

A girl in a sari slowly stepped out of the bus. Samir took a step backwards. Eyebrows knitted, he suspiciously watched the girl walk towards him, all smiles.

She stopped short. The expression on his face shocked her. Didn't he like it? Although he managed to keep his feelings under control, she sensed something terribly wrong. He didn't greet her the way he always did - no bright smile, no warm hug. What was wrong with him - or was it her?

During the drive back home, he hardly spoke. When she finally mustered up enough courage to ask him what the problem was, he was curt. "Why did you cut your hair, Shanti?"

She was shattered. Did a haircut make such a big difference? It was as if she was a totally new Shanti. When she finally found her voice, she said, "I just found it more convenient to manage short hair, Samir. Besides, I wanted a new look."

He tightened his grip on the steering wheel, but said nothing. She had never felt this miserable in her whole life. They reached the house. He opened the car door for her, avoiding her gaze. Samir's mother came rushing out but stopped short when she saw her daughter-in-law to be. What audacity the girl had to cut her hair! What had possessed her to do it? How could a girl of marriageable age even dream of cutting her hair? Didn't she know it was wrong?

Forcing herself to smile a little bit, Amma asked Shanti to sit down and inquired whether she had had a pleasant journey. Sensing her discomfort, Shanti replied in monosyllables. Amma went inside to fetch refreshments. She was followed by Samir, who never returned. Amma returned, only to find Shanti gone.

Shanti walked in the direction of her house, fuming. Could a haircut make such a big difference to a relationship? She had been his neighbour for three years. She had known and

loved him through those years and had presumed he felt the same way about her. So why was all this happening?

The days passed slowly. Shanti's calls were rarely answered by Samir, and when responded to, they ended in a minute or two. There were hardly any meetings. Samir seemed to be blatantly avoiding her. What crime had she committed?

She understood eventually. Samir had been in love with a girl with long cascading hair.

Not with her.

Deepti John, II PYEC

Staring At Me

A young girl alone in the streets anywhere in India immediately grabs the attention of all those around her, regardless of the race, religion or sex of the onlookers. Short skirts, long skirts, tops of any kind, jewellery and make-up... it doesn't matter what she wears, heads will turn.

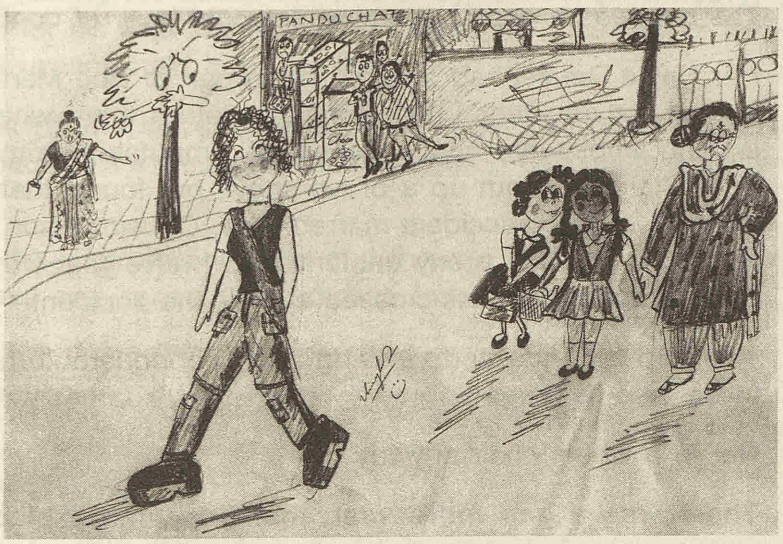
Indian society decrees that if you're young, alone and female, and out later that 6 p.m. you're bad news. It is a senile society which refuses to believe that change can bring about good.

There are a few extremist perpetrators of change - those elements on the fringes of society who flaunt, freely and uninhibitedly every asset they possess in wild and various ways. They never cease to amaze me with their innovative ideas and various outfits. These people invite unnecessary attention in the form of the omnipresent stare.

Lecherous, leering, drooling stares from men who never tire of proving Newton's third law of motion (for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction) are supplemented by the piercing, disgusted gazes of disapproval and disdain from middle–aged women. Then there are the shocked, eager–beaver stares from the rumour-mongering streams of society and the large eyed innocent stares of children whose own gullibility leads them to believe that this is "COOL".

The problem with these stares is that they're indiscriminate. They are directed at all the constituents of the female species - extremists and moderates alike.

The BTS buses are fertile breeding ground for such stares. Step on one of them and you are bombarded with a volley and variety of looks, and titters of appreciation, interest and amazement.



I have had a large number of experiences of this sort - being the target of a stray wink, a soulful look, a sneaky gesture. I roll my eyes, ignore the stares and move on resignedly in the knowledge of the fact that there will always be someone (sigh!) staring at me.

Tara N. Lawrence, I PCBH

The Gap

The gap was a blank, black abyss of air cut between two sharp walls of rock. It lay in the deepest, most difficult part of the family estate, amid swirling pools and cavities of marsh and damp thick gleaming blades of grass. This was a region she had enjoyed visiting, before her legs had slain bloody and ripped and mangled beneath the smoking hiss of a car's engine.

It had been easy and joyous then, to feel the soft warm baking earth spread out against her feet with the occasional hard prod of a pebble against her toe. She had felt her muscles pumping, moving, propelling her forward through clean, clear air, over sun- spotted rock, through the swift, sharp cutting swoops of the wind in her hair, beneath lemoned ridges of sun-warmed clouds.

Now they lay inert and lifeless and collapsed against the cold steel of her wheel chair, staring dully at the beauty and sunlight and life before them

The gap was a moist moving current of air between two cars in the parking lot of the town hospital one shiny, red and flashy the other a flecked, rusted dulled green.

The green brought back a sharp bitter sting and bile of memory - it was the same green that had filled the lengths of her terrified vision in that split second before being mowed down.

The sickly retching noise of screeching brakes; the frantic, futile rush of screams, the stark blinding arrow of adrenaline shooting through the spreading mesh of panic, and the huge green bilious monster, shrieking and spinning and sliding senselessly toward her...

The gap was an ugly black expanse of space between her teeth - an awkward, gawking testimony to the reckless damage wrought by her accident.

She could remember the momentous removal of teenage braces after four years of wires in her mouth and rubber bands on her gums and the white smooth perfect row of teeth that gleamed perfectly when she smiled. And her head throbbed dully with the memory of the merciless knocking out of white enamel onto a burning charred heap of rubble and ashes and flakes of green paint and an unconscious body.

The gap was a gaping, burning, ice-cold layer of conflict between her and the rest of society.

Her Uncle Denzel had brought her a pair of Doc Martin shoes she had craved and coveted - before her accident - but he had to return them when he learned that her graceful, gliding leaping limbs were now knocked off, amputated stumps which could have no use for shoes. Aunt Claire had put up a brave show, but found that she could not bear to kiss her nieces bruised, broken, accident-marred face. Cousin Alison had been unable to hide the revulsion and horror on her pretty unblemished twelve-year-old face as she looked at the ugly gaping gashes and cruel criss-crossed cuts of the accident.

This gap lay wide and yawning and unconquerable and she would never. be strong enough to traverse its lengths.

Not in a wheel chair anyway.

There was a gap more vast, more dry, more black than all these, an empty, gaping,

purposeless gap which housed these other little gaps. This gap was a blazing stretch of nothingness that streaked from one end to the other, filled only with the vaccums and boundaries a hollows of the other gaps. The gap was life itself.

Zara Machado I PCMB - II

The Lollipop

"Little deeds of kindness
Little acts of love
Make this earth an Eden
Like the heaven above. "

It was a busy railway station- Trains arrived and departed- People hurried to and fro without so much as glancing around them. In the midst of this chaos, sat a little girl, aged around ten, leaning against a pillar. She wore a faded red frock that was torn in many places. Her hair fell untidily to her shoulders. She was slightly brown, with hollow cheeks and pale lips.

She sat cross-legged, one hand on her thigh, the other going sideways in front of her, her palm formed into a cup, imploring the passers by. A little aluminium bowl lay in front of her in which a few coins were visible.

A train stopped. The compartment door in front of her opened and a plump woman gorgeously dressed in a silk sari and glittering jewellery stepped out, looking around her in a decidedly superior way. After her came a man, her husband obviously, looking very hassled. He held a sleeping infant in his arms, gently soothing it. Then came a spoilt little girl, sucking on a lollipop. Behind her, a servant emerged, holding the luggage. His quick eyes spotted the car they were to travel away in and he disappeared into the crowd.

Suddenly a porter rushed by and knocked the lollipop out of the girl's hand. It fell near the aluminium bowl.

The spoilt brat didn't pick it up or leave it there and go on. She tugged at her father's sleeve and pointed to the lollipop. The father, having his hands full (the baby looked quite heavy) motioned to the beggar girl to pick it up for his little daughter. The beggar girl, desirous of the coin that might be her reward, picked it up and held it for the little girl to take.

But the brat, instead of, taking, it, grimaced and stepped back. The beggar girl, offended, let the lollipop drop. The brat took a step back, but it was too late. The lollipop had made a stain on her dress.

A bawling ensued. The mother enfolded her girl in her arms and threw a venomous look at the beggar girl. "Eh girl! Don't you have any sense? Why did you make my child cry?" 'I didn't do anything?"

You throw that on her dress and say you didn't do anything?" "I didn't throw it. She didn't take it, what can I do?"

"What? We saw what you did and yet you deny..."

At this, the father intervened and said peaceably, "Ok, ok, just pick it up and..."

"You pick it up if you want!

Your child doesn't have manners and you blame me!" said the beggar girl angrily, getting up.

"What? Are you trying to teach us manners? Mind your tongue, urchin!" said the woman, slapping her hard.

The girl fell face downwards and hurt herself badly. Her elbows and knees were scraped and it hurt. She tried to get up and tears welled in her eyes.

An old man in a, khadi kurta, who had been a silent spectator to the drama, hurried up and lifted the girl. He brushed her elbows, wiped her tears and hugged her comfortingly. Their eyes met–aged twinkling ones and small grateful ones, and almost simultaneously, a warm smile spread across both faces. The girl brushed her eyes on a sleeve and saw a trunk and a cloth bag near the man, apparently waiting to be lifted into the train. She put the cloth bag onto her shoulder and tried to lift the trunk. Failing, she tried once more, putting both hands to the task and tugged. with all her might, her face turned upwards, her eyebrows knitted, teeth clenched.

Finally, after a great deal of effort she hoisted the trunk and bag onto the train. Her palms were red, but she didn't seem to mind. Smiling, she saw the old man to his compartment and waved as the train moved

Amazing what a little kindness can do. Where threats and slaps had failed, humanity succeeded.

B. S. Jeeja Madhuri, I PCMB (3)

Wordless Advice (Topic: Staring at Me)

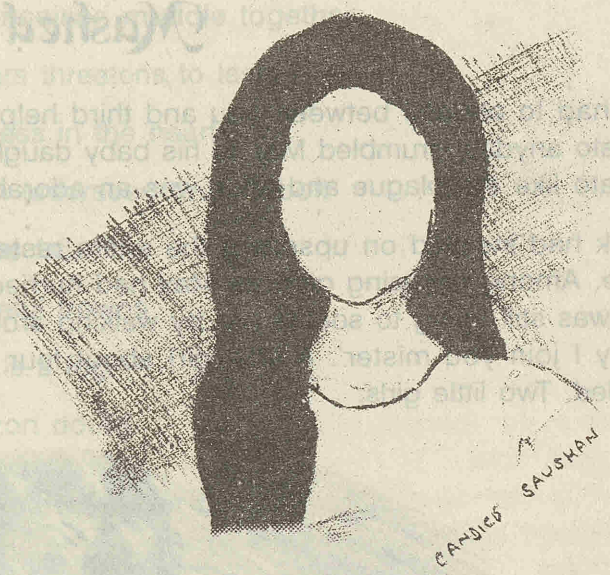
Teenage years can truly be trying. You are too young to be given full responsibility and yet too old to be told what to do. Parents are not very understanding and often reward explanations and problems with "When I was your age..." Friends are mostly too busy trying to figure out their own problems to be burdened with yours and so you are left, many-a-time, in a huge muddle.

At the age of twelve I was at my happiest. I lived in relative luxury in Dubai, and had friends, family and good grade–everything was basically A-okay.

Then came the blow. My dad came home early on Valentine's day to two excited kids and a wife who thought he was trying to be romantic. Analysing the look on his face, my mum soon realised this was far from the unhappy truth. What had really happened was that my dad had lost his job.

That was when the confusion began. Our perfect little family of four had to return to its homeland–a place that I found enchanting for holidays but frightening as a place to settle down in. With this fear of the new, of the changes to come, we arrived in India.

As I turned thirteen, in a strange homeland, I had to go through several unpleasant transitions. I had left my friends behind–people I had known from the time I was six. I was a stranger who didn't speak an Indian language, didn't know the customs and frankly didn't care. As the



years went by I became cold, almost indifferent to my surroundings. I didn't want to be in India and was definitely not going to bother to enjoy my transplanting. That didn't mean I didn't have any friends. I did, but I didn't go out of my way to make them feel comfortable so I could really get to know them. With the normal burdens of a teenager and no one really close enough to talk to, I closed up like a clam, unwilling to share my thoughts or feelings with anyone. Besides, *they* wouldn't understand.

Then came my salvation.

My dad came home one day with a tiny basket under his arm. The basket contained a small bundle of fur. A puppy! I love dogs but I had no idea just how special this one was. Playing with the other dogs in the backyard, Tina proved a bossy and no-nonsense little ball of attitude. She showed spunk and energy like I'd never seen. She never wanted to be petted or fussed over and tried to bite anyone who gave her more than a friendly pat. Tina and I never bothered each other and so I didn't mind when she came into my room at night to sleep. My only companion at this point was myself. When faced with a problem I debated with myself over the best course of action.

One night I was faced with a decision that could make or break me. Whatever I decided, I was bound to hurt people and I didn't want that to happen. I longed for advice, yet knew that words would not help. I needed direction. Sitting precariously on the edge of my chair I was so wrapped up in my thoughts that I did not notice Tina creep into the room. I didn't notice her small brown eyes fixed intently on my face, until I looked up and our gazes locked. We gazed at each other for a long time. Thinking nothing–just contently looking, exploring each other's minds through our eyes.

I slept a dreamless sleep that night, completely undisturbed by the problem that had haunted me all day. I felt changed, as though my indifference had been washed away by advice from the most unexpected place.

From then on Tina and I spent many days lazing in the sun, staring into each other's eyes. It was communication for us–we were exchanging ideas, talking without words.

Things changed after that. I am now much happier with life. I have accepted change as a part of the never-ending process of growing, up. Tina died a few months after that first meeting of our minds and our connections were broken. But though she's gone her gift of peace of mind and a knowledge that things are never as bad as they seem has never left me.

I often wonder if, in the future I will meet anyone as special as Tina - if I'll ever be able to make that sort of connection with anyone ever again. One thing is for certain. I will never forget Tina and her melting brown eyes, full of answers, staring at me...

Anisha Fernandez I PCMB

Mashed Potato

If I had to choose between you and third helping of mashed potato I'd choose the mashed potato anyday, grumbled Max to his baby daughter Mink. Never mind that he avoided mashed potato like the plague and Mink was an adorable–looking six month old.

Mink had insisted on upsetting the entire restaurant where Max and his wife had chosen to dine. Among accusing glances Max had hurriedly lifted his daughter and tried to soothe her. He was still trying to soothe her by walking around when Max heard a little voice behind him. 'May I join you mister'. A little girl about four or five was gazing up at his expectantly. He smiled. Two little girls.



At first she did not speak but slowly as the rhythm of the walk settled she began 'I wish I had a daddy too. A daddy who would carry me and walk with me forever' Max looked down 'Oh, he said I'm sorry about your dad'. 'Oh, no, said the girl shocked 'My Daddy's not dead. Infact I've had three daddys till now. See that man sitting there he's my daddy now, my mother's third husband'. Max looked over to see a man and woman talking animatedly. They didn't seem to mind the absence of their child.

'He's gross', said the girl as she threw a disgusting glance at the man. 'Just look at him, look at his pink socks and the way he holds the table like he's going to rock it. You know when he walks me to school, he walks so fast I have to run and he never holds my hand, not even to cross the road. Oh how I hate him. The one before was just as bad'.

Max felt bad, for the little girl and could feel the despair in her little heart. The little girl continued, 'I feel so bad. My friend says that when her daddy tucks her into bed she feels like a potato so deep in the earth, warm and secure and I feel like a mashed potato. Three daddys and still not even one. She was close to tears. Just then her mother called her. She disappeared as quickly as she came.

'What happened', asked Max's wife, "You look so somber.." 'Nothing' said Max 'Just my views on mashed potato'.

Rochelle Rasquina, I B Com

When the clouds of premonition muddle together
and a torrent of tears threatens to lash,
There is heaviness in the heart.
The mind trips over an unforseen thunderbolt
Hopes fall,
Bring hateful frowns
Regret is a fog,
It's Horizon doubt.

When the bland mind thirsts for colour
and the dark life for light
When the present is blind to the future,
I see God.

Sindhu Subramanya, I PUC PCMB II

"Food for thought":

If I had to choose between you and a third helping of mashed potatoes.....

You have some kind of hold over me. In your presence, I am speechless. Just the sight of you leaves me dumb. You have me in your thrall – you hypnotize me. At first you seemed like the average, every day type. On further acquaintance, I realised how many facets you had. I began to shiver at the sight of you. Just being near you gave me goosebumps. I thought I would slowly accustom myself to your strong presence but, I never did.

You still have the same effect on me. I hoped you'd disappear. You stayed on. Your presence getting stronger with every hour. Soon you were disturbing my peaceful slumber – the one place I thought I could escape your penetrating gaze. I could not hide from you. You seemed to follow my every move. You seemed to be wherever I was. Were you, or was I imagining it all? Why did I feel myself silently going insane? Maybe it was because I was trying to figure you out. I know now that you are a mere enigma. I cannot imagine existence without you. If you left now, I'd feel lost. You keep the wheels of my mind turning constantly.

But one thing I know right now is that if I had to choose between you and a third helping of mashed potatoes then mashed potatoes it is, you wretched brinjal!! (I must learn to stop being so philosophical about my food...!!)

Judy M J, I PyEC

Ink.
Leaf.
Sky.
Everything Changes,
Even change.
And winter only
Carries a green nostalgia
In its breath.
Winter
Is an old tale
Whispered in the hills,
Where every morning
Is a new birth.
Where every evening
Something dies.
Ink dries,
Leaves Crumble.
The sky sleeps.

Bulbul Hasan, II PyEJ

Your mother died
Maybe her touch
Still stays,
On everything she touched.
Like the reflection of leaves
On the kitchen window,
Her gaze gently rested on their breath,
Hearing them speak tales
Which they only whispered.

Bulbul Hasan

In an old town
the two aged men smoke
the day's last cigarette.
They are silent.
Their dogs sleep.
One boot moves.
It is brown with mud.
In the stubbed out stillness,
Everything is dark

Bulbul Hasan



End of the Beginning

The amber sun sinks into the ancient sky,

behind swaying palm trees.

Birds fly west, to their humble homes

and disappear into the horizon.

Stars come out in two's and threes

welcoming the dawn of dusk

Invisible crickets talk loudly

as night's soldiers take over

And end, Also a beginning

Like the cycle of life

Ends to Begin

Begins to End

Anu V, II B.Com B

— ಕನ್ನಡ ವಿಭಾಗ —



ಸುಲಿದ ಬಾಳೆಯ ಹಣ್ಣಿನಂತೆ, ಕನ್ನಡ ಭಾಷೆ ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಸುಲಭ. ಸಿಪ್ಪೆ ತೆಗೆದ ಕಬ್ಬಿನಂತೆ ಕನ್ನಡವು ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಸಿಹಿ. ಸುಖೋಷ್ಣ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಹಾಲಿನಂತೆ ಕನ್ನಡವು ಕೋಮಲ ಪರಿಶುದ್ಧ, ತಿಳಿಯಾಗಿದೆ, ಹಿತವಾಗಿದೆ.

ಅರ್ಪಣೆ



ಹಾಮಾನಾ ಎಂದು ಖ್ಯಾತರಾದ, ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ರಂಗಕ್ಕೆ ತಮ್ಮದೆ ಆದ ಮಹತ್ವದ ಕೊಡುಗೆ ನೀಡಿರುವ, ಧೀಮಂತ ಸಾಹಿತಿ, ಖ್ಯಾತ ಅಂಕಣಕಾರ, ಭಾಷಾ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿ, ಹಿರಿಯ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣ ತಜ್ಞರಾಗಿ ನಮ್ಮಿಂದ ಅಗಲಿದ ಡಾ॥ ಹಾರೋಗದ್ದೆ ಮಾನಪ್ಪ ನಾಯಕರಂತಹ ಮಹಾನ್ ಚೇತನಕ್ಕೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಈ ಕಿರು ಕಾಣಿಕೆ.

ಪಯಣ

ಇಂದು ನಮಗೆ ಶುಭದಿನ
ಮನೆಮಂದಿಗೆಲ್ಲ ಒದಗಿದೆ ಸುಂದರ ಪಯಣ
ಶಿವನಸಮುದ್ರ ತಲಕಾಡು, ಸೋಮನಾಥಪುರ ಈ ಸ್ಥಳಗಳು
ಕಾತರರಾಗಿಹೆವು ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ತೆರಳಲು

ಕ್ಷಣಕ್ಷಣವು ಒಂದು ಸುಂದರ ಸ್ವಪ್ನ
ಟೊಂಗೆಟೊಂಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಏನೋ ರೋಮಾಂಚನ
ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಯ ಮಡಿಲಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾಗಿ ನಡೆದೆವು
ಸುಖದ ಹೊನಲಲ್ಲಿ ತೇಲಿ ಹೋದೆವು

ಹೀಗೆಯೇ ಸಾಗಿದೆವು ಶಿವನ ಸಮುದ್ರದ ತನಕ
ಅಲ್ಲಿನ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಯು ಸರ್ವಸುಖದಾಯಕ
ಹೊಗೆಯಾಗಿ ಬೀಳುವ ಆ ನೀರು ಅಮೋಘ
ತಂದಿಹುದು ಈ ನಿಸರ್ಗ ನಮಗೆ ಶುಭಯೋಗ

ನಂತರ ರಂಜಿಸಿತು ತಲಕಾಡಿನ ಮರಳು
ಒಂದೊಂದು ಕಣವೂ ಕಂಪನೆಯ ಹರಳು
ನಂತರ ಮಾಡಿದೆವು ಪಂಚಲಿಂಗ ದರ್ಶನ
ತಣಿದು ಹೋಯಿತೊ ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರ ಮನ

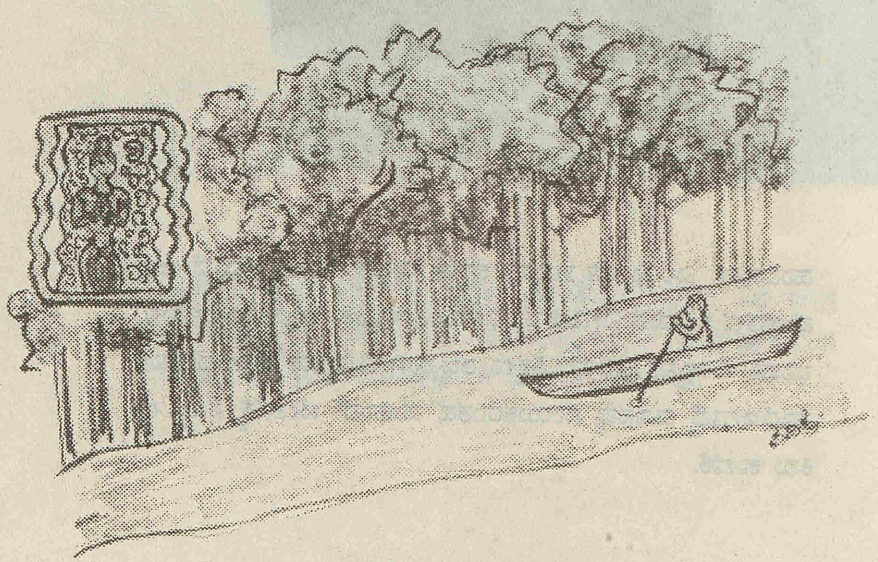
ಸೋಮನಾಥಪುರಕ್ಕೆ ಸಾಗಿತು ತನುವು
ಕಂಡೆವು ಸುಂದರ ಕಲ್ಲಿನ ಆಲಯವನ್ನು
ಕಲ್ಲಿನಲಿ ಆಗಿಹುದು ಪವಾಡವೇ ನಿರ್ಮಾಣ
ಒಂದೊಂದು ಕಲ್ಲಿನಲು ಅಡಗಿಹುದೊಂದು ಸುಂದರ ಕವನ

ಕಲ್ಲಿನ ಶಿಲೆಗಳು, ರಾಜ, ರಾಣಿ, ಕುದುರೆ...
ರಾಮಾಯಣ, ಮಹಾಭಾರತ... ಕಥೆಯನ್ನು ಸಾರುತಿರೆ
ಆ ಶಿಲ್ಪಿಗೆ ನಾ ಶರಣುಹೋದೆ
ಆ ವೈಭವವನ್ನು ಕಂಡ ದೊರೆಯನ್ನು ಮತ್ಸರದಿ ನೆನೆದೆ

ಏನೀ ಅದ್ಭುತ ಏನೀ ಮಾಯೆ
ಇದೆಲ್ಲ ಆ ಮಹಾ ಕಲೆಗಾರನ ಛಾಯೆ
ಹೊರಡುವ ಮುನ್ನ ಆ ಆಲಯವನ್ನು ತಿರುಗಿ ನೋಡಿದೆ
ರವಿಯು ಆ ಗೋಪುರದ ಹಿಂದೆ ಸ್ಥಾಪಿತವಾಗಿದೆ

ಎಂತಹ ಪ್ರಕಾಶ, ಎಂತಹ ಸೆಳೆತ
ಅಹುದು, ರವಿಯು ಇಲ್ಲಿ ನೆಲೆಸುವ, ಎಂದಿಗೂ ಶಾಶ್ವತ
ಮನವು ಬಯಸುತಿದೆ ಇಂದಿಗೂ ಅದರ ಸ್ಮರಣ
ಆಹಾ! ಸಾರ್ಥಕವಾಯಿತು ನಮ್ಮ ಈ ಪಯಣ

- ಶ್ವೇತ ಸಿ. ರಾವೂರ್
- ನಾಗಮಣಿ ಎ.



ಮಾರುಹೋದೆನೋ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿ

''ನಾನು ಯಾರು'' ಬಹುಶಃ ಈ ಸಣ್ಣ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಯೇ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನವನ್ನು ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಸಿರಬಹುದು.

ನನ್ನ ಹೆಸರೇನು? ಎಲ್ಲಿ ವಾಸವಾಗಿದ್ದೇನೆ ತಂದೆ - ತಾಯಿ? ಈ ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಬಾಹ್ಯ ಸತ್ಯವನ್ನು ನನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳು ನನಗೆ ತೋರಿಸಿಕೊಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದರೆ ನನ್ನ ಅಂತರಂಗ ನಾನು ಎಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಬಂದೆ, ಯಾಕೆ ಬಂದೆ, ಈ ಪೃಥ್ವಿ ಎಲ್ಲಿದೆ ಎಂದು ಮರು ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ ಮಾಡುತ್ತದೆ.

ನಮ್ಮ ಅಂತರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಆಗುವ ಗೊಂದಲ, ಒಂದು ವಸ್ತುವಿನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ತಿಳಿದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಕುತೂಹಲ, ನಮ್ಮ ಸ್ವಬುದ್ಧಿಗೆ ನಾವು ಕೇಳುವ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ, ಅದರಿಂದ ಪಡೆಯುವ ಸ್ಫೂರ್ತಿ, ನಾವು ಮಾಡುವ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನ ಇವೆಲ್ಲವನ್ನು ನಾವು ಆಂತರಿಕ ಅರಿವು ಎಂದು ಕರೆಯಬಹುದು.

ನಾವು ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸ ಮಾಡುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಜ್ಞಾನವನ್ನು ಪಡೆಯಲು ಹಾತೊರೆಯುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಆದರೆ ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರಲ್ಲಿ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ಮನೋಭಾವ ಕಡಿಮೆ. ಇನ್ನು ಹಲವು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳು ಓದುಬರಹ ಕಲಿತೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೂ ಜಗತ್ತಿಗೆ ಅಪಾರ ಜ್ಞಾನ ಸಂಪತ್ತನ್ನು (ಉದಾ. ಗ್ರಾಹಂ ಬೆಲಾ) ಬಳುವಳಿಯಾಗಿ ನೀಡಿ ಮಹಾನ್ ಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳೆನ್ನಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಇದರ ಕಾರಣವೇನಿರಬಹುದು?

ಒಂದು ಮರದ ಬಳಿ ನಾವು ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದೇವೆ ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿದುಕೊಳ್ಳೋಣ ಆಗ ಅಕಸ್ಮಾತ್ತಾಗಿ ಒಂದು ಹಣ್ಣು ಕೆಳಗೆ ಬೀಳುತ್ತದೆ. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ನನ್ನಂತಹ ಒಬ್ಬ ಹುಡುಗಿ ಇದ್ದರೆ ''ಆಹಾ! ಹಣ್ಣು ಎಷ್ಟು ರುಚಿಯಾಗಿದೆ? ತಿನ್ನಲು ಯೋಗ್ಯವೇ?'' ಎಂದು ಚರ್ಚಿಸಬಹುದು. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬ ವ್ಯಾಪಾರಿ ಇದ್ದರೆ ಈ ಹಣ್ಣು ತನಗೆ ಎಷ್ಟು ಹಣ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಡಬಹುದೆಂದು ಚಿಂತಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ.

ಆದರೆ ಒಬ್ಬ ಮಹಾನ್ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಇದ್ದ. ಅವನ ಮೇಲೆ ಈ ರೀತಿಯಾಗಿ ಹಣ್ಣು ಕೆಳಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದಾಗ ಅವನು ''ಯಾಕೆ'' ಎಂದು ತನ್ನನ್ನು ತಾನು ಪ್ರಶ್ನಿಸಿಕೊಂಡ. ಅವನ ಅಂತರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಗೊಂದಲ, ಯಾಕೆ ಯಾಕೆ ಎಂದು ಆಲೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗ, ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಕಾಣಿಸದಂತಹ ಯಾವುದೋ ಒಂದು ಶಕ್ತಿ ಇರಬಹುದೆಂಬ ಅರಿವು ಅವನ ಅಂತರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂಡಿ ಬಂತು. ಇದರ ಸಹಾಯದಿಂದ ಅವನು ''ಗುರುತ್ವಾಕರ್ಷಣೆ'' ಅಥವಾ "Gravitation" ಎಂಬ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತವನ್ನು ಪ್ರತಿಪಾದಿಸಿದ ಈ ಮಹಾನ್ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ನ್ಯೂಟನ್ ಎಂದು ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ತಿಳಿದೇ ಇದೆ. ಈ ಮೇಲ್ಕಂಡ ಉದಾಹರಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಗೆ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯ ಮತ್ತು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯ ಮನೋಭಾವ ಬೇರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ಕಂಡೆವು ಕೆಲವೊಮ್ಮೆ ಈ ಆಂತರಿಕ ಅರಿವಿನ ಕೊರತೆ ಮೂಢನಂಬಿಕೆಗೂ ಎಡೆ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಡಬಹುದು.

ಒಬ್ಬ ಮುದುಕ ಇದ್ದ, ಅವನ ಬಳಿ ಒಂದು ಕಬ್ಬಿಣದ ಕೋಲು ಇದ್ದಿತು. ಅವನು ಒಮ್ಮೆ ನಡೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿರುವಾಗ ಅವನ ಕೋಲನ್ನು ಇದ್ದಕ್ಕಿದ್ದ ಹಾಗೆ ಒಂದು ಬಂಡೆ ಸೆಳೆದುಕೊಂಡಿತು. ಇದರಿಂದ ಭಯಭೀತನಾದ ಮುದುಕ ''ದೆವ್ವ! ದೆವ್ವ!'' ಎಂದು ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಪರಾರಿಯಾದನಂತೆ. ಈ ಘಟನೆಯಿಂದ ಸ್ಫೂರ್ತಿ ಪಡೆದ ಒಬ್ಬ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿ ಆ ಸ್ಥಳಕ್ಕೆ ಭೇಟಿ ನೀಡಿ ಅದು ದೆವ್ವವೂ ಅಲ್ಲ ಭೂತವೂ ಅಲ್ಲ 'ಅಯಸ್ಕಾಂತ' (magnet) ಅನ್ನುವಂತಹ ವಸ್ತು ಎಂದು ಕಂಡುಹಿಡಿದ.



ಒಂದು ಸಂಶೋಧನೆಗೆ ಮೂರು ಅಂಶಗಳು ಬಹಳ ಮುಖ್ಯ. ಒಂದು ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆ (Experiment) ಅವಲೋಕನ (Observation) ಮತ್ತು ಊಹೆ (Inference). ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿ ಈ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆ ನಡೆಸುವಾಗ ಬಾಹ್ಯ ಜ್ಞಾನ ಬೇಕು. ಅದನ್ನು ಅವನು ಪುಸ್ತಕಗಳಿಂದ ಅಥವಾ ಶಾಲೆಯಿಂದ ಪಡೆಯಬಹುದು. ಆದರೆ ಊಹೆಯ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ ಬಂದಾಗ ಅವನ ಆಂತರಿಕ ಅರಿವು ಬಹಳ ಮುಖ್ಯ ಪಾತ್ರವನ್ನು ನಿರ್ವಹಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಅವನು ಯಾಕೆ ಯಾಕೆ ಎಂದು ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಪ್ರಶ್ನಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಾಗ ಅವನ ಸಹಾಯಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಬರುವುದು ಅವನ ಆಂತರಿಕ ಅರಿವು ಮಾತ್ರ.

ಏಣಿಯ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಗೊತ್ತೆ ಇದೆ ಏಣಿ ಅಂದರೆ ಎರಡು ಉದ್ದ ಕೋಲುಗಳು ಹಾಗೂ ಮಧ್ಯೆ ಎರಡನ್ನೂ ಸೇರಿಸಿರುವ ಒಂದು ಚಿಕ್ಕ ಕೋಲು. ಒಂದು ದೊಡ್ಡ ಕೋಲು ಬಾಹ್ಯ ಜ್ಞಾನವಾದರೆ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಕೋಲು ಆಂತರಿಕ ಅರಿವು. ಇವೆರಡನ್ನೂ ಸೇರಿಸುವ ಚಿಕ್ಕ ಕೋಲೇ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿ. ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿ ತನ್ನ ಬಾಹ್ಯ ಜ್ಞಾನವನ್ನೂ ಆಂತರಿಕ ಅರಿವನ್ನು ಜೋಡಿಸಿ, ಏಣಿಯನ್ನು ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಸಿ ಅದರ ಮೇಲೆ ಹತ್ತಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗುತ್ತಾನೆ. ತಾನು ನೋಡಬೇಕೆಂದಿರುವ ವಸ್ತುವನ್ನು ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮವಾಗಿ ವಿವಿಧ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಕೋನಗಳಿಂದ ಕೂಲಂಕುಷವಾಗಿ ನೋಡಿ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಏಣಿಯನ್ನು ಕಟ್ಟಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಈ ವಿವಿಧ ಹಂತಗಳನ್ನೇ ನಾವು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನ ಎನ್ನಬಹುದು. ಹೇಗೆ ಒಂದೇ ಕೋಲಿನಿಂದ ಏಣಿಯ ನಿರ್ಮಾಣ ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲವೋ ಅದೇ ರೀತಿ ಕೇವಲ ಬಾಹ್ಯ ಜ್ಞಾನ ಅಂದರೆ ಜಗತ್ತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಕಣ್ಣೆದುರಿಗೆ ನಡೆಯುವ ಘಟನೆಗಳು ನಾವು ಗಳಿಸಿರುವ ವಿದ್ಯೆಯಿಂದ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನ ಬೆಳೆಯುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಹೇಗೆ ಜೀವನಕ್ಕೆ ಉಸಿರು ಮುಖ್ಯವೋ, ಹೇಗೆ ಅಡುಗೆಗೆ ಉಪ್ಪು ಮುಖ್ಯವೋ ಅದೇ ರೀತಿ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ಅನ್ವೇಷಣೆಗೆ ಆಂತರಿಕ ಅರಿವು ಮುಖ್ಯ. ಇದಕ್ಕಾಗಿಯೇ ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳಾಗುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ನಾವೆಲ್ಲ ಓದು-ಬರಹದಿಂದ ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತರಾಗಬಹುದು,

ಹಣ ಸಂಪಾದಿಸಬಹುದು ಆದರೆ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳಾಗುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವರ ಆಂತರಿಕ ಅರಿವೇ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳನ್ನು ವರ ಪುರುಷರನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾರ್ಪಡಿಸಿದೆ.

ನಿನ್ನ ಚಿಂತನೆಯಿಂದ ಬದಲುವುದು ಅವನಿ
ನಿನಗೆ ಮಾರುಹೋದೆನೋ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿ

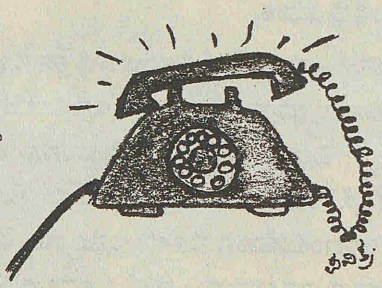
- ಶ್ವೇತಾ ಸಿ. ರಾವೂರ್
II PCMB - 3

ಟೆಲಿಫೋನ್

ಟ್ರಿನ್, ಟ್ರಿನ್, ಟ್ರಿನ್, ಟ್ರಿನ್ ಮನೇಲೀ ಯಾರೂ ಇಲ್ಲವೇನು ''ಎಲ್ಲ ಕೆಲಸ ನಾನೇ ಮಾಡಬೇಕ ಯಾರಾದರೂ ಫೋನ್ ಎತ್ತಿ'' ಅಮ್ಮನ ಮಾತುಗಳು ಯಾರ ಕಿವಿಯ ಮೇಲು ಬೀಳಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕ್ರೀಡಾ ಚಾನಲ್ ನೋಡಬೇಕೆಂದು ಅಪ್ಪ, ಕಾರ್ಟೂನ್ ನೆಟ್‌ವರ್ಕ್ ನೋಡಬೇಕೆಂದು ತಮ್ಮ, ಇವರಿಬ್ಬರು ಕಿತ್ತಾಡುತ್ತ ಇರಲು ಚಾನೆಲ್ 'ವಿ' ನೋಡುತ್ತ ನಾನು ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದೆ. ಶಾರುಕ್ ಖಾನಿನ ಚೈಯ ಚೈಯದ ನಡುವೆ ಇದು ಯಾವ ಗೋಳು ಟ್ರಿನ್, ಟ್ರಿನ್, ಟ್ರಿನ್ ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಬೇಸರದಿಂದ ಅಮ್ಮ ಹೊರಗೆ ಬಂದು ಕೋಪದಿಂದ ಟಿ.ವಿ.ಯನ್ನು ಆರಿಸಿದರು. ಕೊನೆಗೆ ನಾನೇ ಹೋಗಿ ಫೋನ್ ಎತ್ತಿದೆ. ''ಹಲೋ ಇದು 5566001 ದಾ ಎಂದೂ ರಾಗದಿಂದ ಯಾರೋ ಕೇಳಿದರು. ಕ್ಷಮಿಸಿ ಇದು ಆ ನಂಬರ್ ಅಲ್ಲ ಎಂದೂ ನಾನು ಹೇಳಲು ''ಏ ಆಟ ಆಡುತ್ತೀಯ ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಹೀಗೆ ಹೇಳುತ್ತೀಯ ರಾಜುನಾ ಕರಿ ಅವನು ನನಗೆ ಸಾಲ ಕೊಡಲಿಲ್ಲ ಅಂದ್ರೆ'', ''ಅಂದ್ರೆ ಏನಯ್ಯ ಫೋನ್ ಇಡು ಎಂದು ಕೋಪದಿಂದ ಫೋನ್ ಕೆಳಗೆ ಕುಕ್ಕಿದೆ. ಎಂತಹ ಜನ ಸಾಲ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡರೆ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಿಸುವುದೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಆಹಾ ಎಂಥ ಕಲಿಯುಗ ಎಂದು ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಹೇಳಿದೆ. ಯಾರ ಕಿವಿಗೂ ಅದು ಬೀಳಲಿಲ್ಲ.

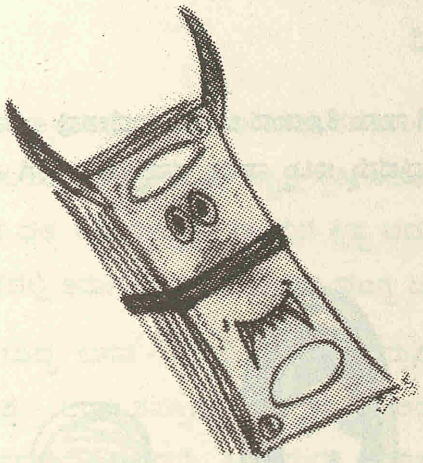
ಟಿ.ವಿ. ಇಲ್ಲ ಓದಲು ಮನಸ್ಸಿಲ್ಲ ಏನು ಮಾಡಲಿ ಎಂದು ಕುಳಿತೆ ಗೆಳತಿಗೆ ಫೋನ್ ಮಾಡಲೆ, ಫೋನ್ ಆಹಾ! ಗ್ರಹಾಂಬೆಲ್ ಅದನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿದಾಗ ಅದರ ಉಪಯೋಗ ಇಷ್ಟು ವಿಸ್ತಾರವಾಗಿರುತ್ತೆ ಎಂದು ನೆನಸಿಕೊಂಡಿರಲಾರ. ರಾತ್ರಿ ಜನ ಮಲಗಿದಾಗ ಲೈಲ ಮಜನು ಬೇಟಿ ಮಾಡುವ ಸಂದರ್ಭ ಹೊರಗಡೆ ಬಂದರೆ ಅಕ್ಕ ಪಕ್ಕದ ಜನರು ನೋಡುವರೆಂಬ ಭಯ. ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಫೋನ್ ಪಕ್ಕ ಕುಳಿತು ತಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರೇಮ ಪತ್ರಗಳನ್ನು ಒಬ್ಬರಿಗೊಬ್ಬರು ಓದಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾರೆ. ತರಲೆ ಮಾಡುವವರು ಯಾವಾಗಲೆಂದರೆ ಆಗ ಫೋನ್ ಮಾಡಿ ರಾಹುಲ್ ಇದ್ದಾರೆಯೇ ಎಂದು ಕೇಳುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಯಾವ ರಾಹಲ್ ಅಂದ್ರೆ ರಾಹಲ್ ಡ್ರಾವಿಡ್ ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಕ್ಷಮಿಸಿ ಇದು ಅವರ ಮನೆ ಅಲ್ಲ ಅಂದ್ರೆ ಸರಿ ಸಚಿನ್ ಟಿಂಡುಲ್ಲಕರ್ ಅವರನ್ನು ಕರಿ ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾರೆ.

ನಮ್ಮ ಪಕ್ಕದ ಮನೆಯವರು ನಮ್ಮ ಫೋನ್‌ನಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಅವರ ಮಗನ ಮದುವೆ ಮುಗಿಸಿದರು. ಆದರೆ ಅವರ ಮದುವೆ ಖರ್ಚಿಗಿಂತ ನಮ್ಮ ಫೋನಿನ ಬಿಲ್ಲೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಬಂತು, ಅಂದರೆ ಫೋನ್ ಇಲ್ಲ ಎಂದರೆ ಎಷ್ಟು ಕಷ್ಟ ಗೊತ್ತೇ? ಫೋನ್ ಡೆಡ್ ಆದರೆ ಟೆಲಿಕಾಮ್ ಕಾರ್ಮಿಕರಿಗೆ ಮಾಮೂಲ ಕೊಡುವುದರಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಫೋನ್ ಕನೆಕ್ಷನ್ ಹಾಕಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬಹುದು. ಆದರೆ ಫೋನಿನ ನಿಜವಾದ ಮಹತ್ವ ಗೊತ್ತಾಗಿದ್ದು ಫೋನ್ ಬಿಲ್ಲು ಬಂದಾಗ ತಂದೆ ಫೋನಿಗೆ ಬೀಗ ಹಾಕಿದಾಗ....



ಕಾಲ ಕಳೆಯಲು ಫೋನಿಗಿಂತ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾದ ಮನೋರಂಜನೆ ಯಾವುದು ಕೊಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಯಾರಿಗೆ ಬೇಕಾದರೂ ಫೋನ್ ಮಾಡು ಗಂಟೆ ಗಂಟೆ ದೇಶದ ವಿದೇಶದ (ಪಕ್ಕದ ಮನೆ ಸಾವಿತ್ರಮ್ಮನ ಹಾಗೂ ವಿದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಇರುವ ಅವಳ ಮಗ) ಚರ್ಚೆ ಮಾಡಬಹುದು, ಮುಂದಾಲೋಚನೆ ಮಾಡಿ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮಗಳನ್ನು ಹಾಕಬಹುದು (ಯಾವ ಸಿನಿಮಾಗೆ ಹೋಗಬೇಕು, ಎಲ್ಲಿ ತಿರುಗಲು ಹೋಗಬೇಕು) ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನು ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಬಹುದು. ಫೋನಿನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಇನ್ನು ಹೇಳಬಹುದು ಆದರೆ ಫೋನ್ ಬಿಲ್ಲು ಕಟ್ಟಲು ಹೋಗಬೇಕು.

- ಸಪ್ನ ದಶರಥ್
1ನೇ ಪಿ.ಯು.ಸಿ. (PCMB)



ದುಡ್ಡು ದುಡ್ಡು ದುಡ್ಡು

ಹಸಿದ ನರಿಗೆ ಎಟುಕದ ಹಣ್ಣು!
ಹಸಿದ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಗೆ ಕಾದ ಪಾಯಸ!
ಎಲ್ಲರ ಕನಸು ಕೆಲವರಿಗೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ನನಸು!
ಪಡೆವ ಆಸೆ ಸಿಗದಿರೆ ನಿರಾಸೆ!
ಏನದು? ಏನದು? ಏನದು?
ದುಡ್ಡು! ದುಡ್ಡು! ದುಡ್ಡು!

ರಾತ್ರಿ 9ರ ವೇಳೆ, ರಸ್ತೆಗಳೆಲ್ಲಾ ನಿಶ್ಶಬ್ದ, ಮನೆಯ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆಗಳೆಲ್ಲಾ ಬಂದ್, ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿನ ಕಿರಿಯರಿಂದ ಹಿರಿಯರವರೆಗೂ ಕ್ಷಣಕ್ಷಣ ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಕುತೂಹಲ ಮೂಡಿಸುವ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮ - ''ಕೌನ್ ಬನೇಗಾ ಕರೋಡ್‌ಪತಿ'' ಈ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮ ಇಷ್ಟೊಂದು ಜನರನ್ನು ತನ್ನೆಡೆಗೆ ಸೆಳೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಸೆಳೆತದ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಪಡೆಯದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಕಾರಣ ದುಡ್ಡು!!!

ಹಣವೆಂದರೆ ಹೆಣವೂ ಬಾಯಿಬಿಡುತ್ತದೆ. ದುಡ್ಡೇ ದೊಡ್ಡಪ್ಪ. ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಅಸ್ತಿತ್ವಕ್ಕೆ ಅಡಿಪಾಯ ದುಡ್ಡು. ಒಂದು ಮಗುವು ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ ಮೇಲೆ, ಅದರ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಯೋಚನಾ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಮೊಳಕೆಯೊಡೆದಾಗ ಅದರ ಗುರಿ ದುಡ್ಡು.

ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿ ಇತಿಹಾಸದ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭ. ಆದಿಮಾನವನಿಗೆ ತನ್ನ ದಿನನಿತ್ಯದ ಅಗತ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ಪೂರೈಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಅಲ್ಪಾಸೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಇತ್ತು. ಕಾಲಕ್ರಮೇಣ ಭಾಷಾಶಕ್ತಿ ಬೆಳೆದು ಒಬ್ಬರನ್ನೊಬ್ಬರು ಅರಿತಾಗ, ಅವರ ದಿನನಿತ್ಯದ ಬೇಡಿಕೆಗಳು ಹೆಚ್ಚಾದವು. ಅಲ್ಲಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಸಮಾಜವು ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಗೊಂಡಿತು. ಆಗ ಒಂದು ಸಮಾಜದ ಜನರು ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಸಮಾಜದವರೊಂದಿಗೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಬೇಡಿಕೆಗಳನ್ನು ಪೂರೈಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳತೊಡಗಿದರು. ತಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿರುವುದನ್ನು ಪರರಿಗೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಬೇರೆಯವರಿಂದ ತಮಗೆ ಬೇಕಾದುದನ್ನು ಪಡೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಆಗ ದುಡ್ಡಿನ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಯೇ ಏಳಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಕಾಲಕ್ರಮಣ ರಾಜ್ಯ ಸಂಸ್ಥಾಪನೆ ಆಯಿತು. ನಾಣ್ಯಗಳು ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಗೊಂಡವು. ವಾಣಿಜ್ಯ ಬೆಳವಣಿಗೆ ಆಯಿತು. ಅಂದು ಜನರು ದುಡ್ಡನ್ನು ಆಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು ಈಗಿನ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿ ತದ್ವಿರುದ್ಧ.

ನಮ್ಮ ಇತಿಹಾಸದ ಪುಟಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನಮಗೆ ಕಾಣಸಿಗುವುದು ಬರೀ ಯುದ್ಧಗಳೇ, ರಕ್ತಕಾಂಡಗಳೇ. ಈ ಯುದ್ಧಗಳ ಹಿಂದಿನ ಕಾರಣ ರಾಜ್ಯ, ಅಲ್ಲಿನ ಸಂಪತ್ತು. ಪಾಂಡವ ಕೌರವರ ನಡುವೆ ನಡೆದ ಯುದ್ಧದ ಹಿಂದಿನ ಕಾರಣ ದುಡ್ಡು, ರಾಜ್ಯ, ಸಂಪತ್ತು. ನಮ್ಮ ದೇಶವನ್ನು ಮೊಗಲ್ಲರು, ಪೋರ್ಚುಗಲ್ಲರು, ಬ್ರಿಟೀಷರು ಮುಂತಾದವರು ಕೊಳ್ಳೆ ಹೊಡೆದರು.

ಇವೆಲ್ಲಾ ಇತಿಹಾಸ ಈಗ ವರ್ತಮಾನಕ್ಕೆ ಬರೋಣ. ಈ ಸಮಾಜದಲ್ಲಿ ದುಡ್ಡನ್ನು ಸಂಪಾದಿಸುವ ಪರಿ ಅನೇಕ. ಜನರಿಗೆ ದುಡ್ಡು ಬಂದರೆ ಸಾಕು ಅದು ಅನ್ಯಾಯದಿಂದ ಬಂದಿತೋ, ನ್ಯಾಯವಾಗಿ ಸಂಪಾದಿಸಿದ್ದೊ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ಅವರು ಯೋಚಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಸಮಾಜದಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿರುವ ಕೊಲೆ, ಸುಲಿಗೆ, ಲಂಚ, ವರದಕ್ಷಿಣೆ ಇವೆಲ್ಲಾ ಇರಲಿ ಜನರು ದುಡ್ಡಿಗಾಗಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಶೀಲ ಮಾರಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲೂ ಸಿದ್ಧ.

ನಮ್ಮ ರಕ್ಷಣೆಯ ಭಾರ ಹೊತ್ತಿರುವ ರಾಜಕಾರಣಿಗಳನ್ನು ಹೇಗೆ ಮರೆಯಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯ. ನ್ಯಾಯದ ಹೆಸರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಅನ್ಯಾಯ ಎಸಗುತ್ತಿರುವ ಗೋಮುಖ ವ್ಯಾಘ್ರರು.

ನಮ್ಮ ಸಮಾಜದಲ್ಲಿ ಇಂದು ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಜನರಿಗೆ ರಕ್ಷಣೆ ಎಂಬುದೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಎಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡಿದರೂ ಬರೀ ಕೊಲೆ, ಸುಲಿಗೆ ಶ್ರೀಮಂತರು ಅರಮನೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಅರಮನೆಯನ್ನು ಕಟ್ಟುತ್ತಾ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಾರೆ ಆದರೆ ಬಡವರ ಗತಿ ಅಧೋಗತಿ. ಶ್ರೀಮಂತರಿಗೆ ಸಂತೃಪ್ತಿ ಎನ್ನುವುದು ಇರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ ಆದರೆ ಬಡವರಿಗೆ ಸಂತೃಪ್ತಿ ಇರುತ್ತದೆ. ಮೊದಲು ನಮ್ಮ ಕ್ರಿಕೆಟ್ ಪಟುಗಳು ತಮ್ಮ ದೇಶಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಆಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಆದರೆ ಅವರಿಗೀಗ ದುಡ್ಡೇ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಹೋಗಿದೆ. ಬೀದಿ ಬೀದಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮಕ್ಕಳು ದಿನಪೂರ ಬ್ಯಾಟುಗಳನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದು ಕ್ರಿಕೆಟ್ ಆಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಆದರೆ ಈಗ ತಮ್ಮ ಕ್ರಿಕೆಟ್ ತಾರೆಗಳು ಹೀಗೆ ದುಡ್ಡಿಗಾಗಿ ಸೋಲುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆಂದ ಮೇಲೆ ಅವರ ಎಳೆಯ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಆಘಾತವಾಗಿದೆ. ದುಡ್ಡಿನ ಅಭಾವದಿಂದಾಗಿ ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಜನರು ಕ್ರೂರಿಗಳಾಗಿರುವ ಉದಾಹರಣೆಗಳೂ ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿದೆ.

ಪುರಂದರದಾಸರು ಮನುಷ್ಯರು ಬಾಳುವುದು ''ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಗಾಗಿ, ಗೇಣು ಬಟ್ಟೆಗಾಗಿ'' ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿರುವರೇ ಹೊರತು ದುಡ್ಡು ಸಂಗ್ರಹಿಸುವುದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿಲ್ಲ. ಮನುಷ್ಯನು ದಿನನಿತ್ಯದ ಅಗತ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ಪೂರೈಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಬೇಕಾದಷ್ಟನ್ನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಸಂಪಾದಿಸಬೇಕು.

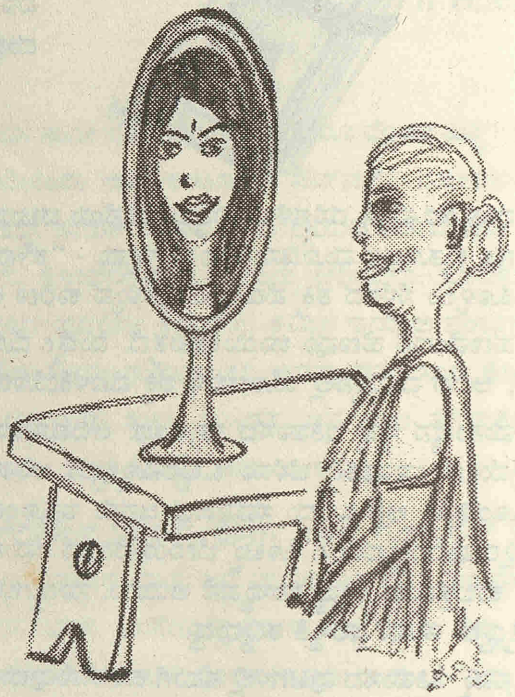
ಸಮಯದ ಬೊಂಬೆಯಾದ ಮನುಷ್ಯನು ಸತ್ತಾಗ ಅವನ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ಸೇರುವುದು ಮೂರಡಿ ಆರಡಿ ನೆಲವು ಮಾತ್ರ.

ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಇದ್ದರೂ
ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಗೆ ತಿನ್ನುವುದು ಅನ್ನವೇ?

- ರಶ್ಮಿ ಎಂ., ಶಿಲ್ಪ ಎಲ್.
2ನೇ ಪಿ.ಯು.ಸಿ. 3ನೇ ವಿಭಾಗ

ಕನ್ನಡಿ

ನಾನು, ನನ್ನದು, ನನಗೆ ಎಂದು ತನ್ನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಹಿರಿಮೆಯಿಂದ ಆಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಗಳಿಗೆ ನಾನು ಕೊಡುವ ಒಂದು ಸಂದೇಶವು - ನಿಮ್ಮನ್ನು ನೀವೆ ಒಂದು ಕನ್ನಡಿಯ ಮುಂದಿರಿಸಿ ನೋಡಿ; ನಾನು, ನನ್ನದು, ನನಗೆ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುವುದನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ನಾವು, ನಮ್ಮದು, ನಮಗೆ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಲಾರಂಭಿಸುತ್ತೇವೆ.



ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಬಾರೀ ನಾವು ಕನ್ನಡಿಯ ಮುಂದೆ ನಿಂತು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಅಲಂಕರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಅದರೆ ಒಮ್ಮೆಯಾದರೂ ನಾವು ಕನ್ನಡಿಯ ಮುಂದೆ ನಿಂತು ನಮ್ಮ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವವನ್ನು ಅಲಂಕರಿಸಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಿದ್ದೇವೆಯೇ? ಇಲ್ಲ. ನಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನದ ನದಿಯು ಎಷ್ಟು ರಭಸದಿಂದ ಹರಿಯುತ್ತಿದೆಯೆಂದರೆ, ನಮ್ಮ ಅರಿವಿಲ್ಲದೆಯೇ ನಾವು ನಮ್ಮ ಒಳನೋಟವನ್ನು, ಅಲಂಕರಿಸಲು ಮರೆತು ಹೋಗುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಇದರಿಂದಾಗಿ ನಾವು ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಜಾರುವ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಗೂ ತುತ್ತಾಗುತ್ತೇವೆ.

ಕನ್ನಡಿಯ ಅರ್ಥ 'ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬ' ಎನ್ನುವಾಗಲೇ ಒಂದು ವಿಷಯದ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಮನವರಿಕೆಯಾಗುವುದು, ಏನೆಂದರೆ, ಕನ್ನಡಿಯು ಬೇರೆ ಯಾರನ್ನು ಹೋಲಿಸುವುದಾಗಲೀ ಅಥವಾ ಬೇರೆ ಯಾರ ಬಿಂಬವನ್ನು ನಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದಿರಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಬದಲಾಗಿ ನಮ್ಮನ್ನೇ ಅದು ಬಿಂಬಿಸುವುದು ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುವಾಗಲೇ ನಮ್ಮ ಒಳನೋಟ, ಹೊರ ನೋಟಗಳೆರಡು ಅದರೊಂದಿಗೆ ಸೇರುತ್ತವೆ. ಕನ್ನಡಿಯು ನಮಗೆ ಹಲವು ಬಾರೀ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಪರಿಹಾರಗಳನ್ನು ಕೊಂಡುವಂತಹ ಉಪಕಾರಿಯಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಉದಾಹರಣೆಗೆ ತನ್ನ ಪ್ರಿಯತಮನನ್ನು ಕಾಣಲು ಮೊದಲನೆಯ ಬಾರಿ ಅಲಂಕರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಒಬ್ಬ ಯುವತಿಗೆ ಕನ್ನಡಿ, ಹೇಗೆ ಧರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡರೆ ತನ್ನ ಪ್ರಿಯತಮನಿಗೆ ಇಷ್ಟವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿ ಆಕೆಯ ಮನದಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಜಿಗುಪ್ಸೆ ಹೊಂದಿರುವಂಥ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬವಾದ ಕನ್ನಡಿಯು ಆತನಿಗೆ, ತನ್ನ ಜೀವನದ ಹಲವು ಸೋಲು, ಗೆಲುವುಗಳ ನೆನಪನ್ನು ಮೂಡಿಸುವುದರ ಮೂಲಕ, ಆತನಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಹೊಸ ಜಗತ್ತಿನ (ಆತ್ಮವಿಶ್ವಾಸ) ಬಾಗಿಲನ್ನು ತೆರೆಯುತ್ತದೆ.

ನಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನ ಚರಿತೆಯನ್ನು ಎತ್ತಿ ತೋರುವಂತಹ ಈ ಸುಂದರವಾದ ವಸ್ತುವು ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇದ್ದೂ ಇಲ್ಲದ ಹಾಗೆ ಇದೆ.

ಕನ್ನಡಿಯ ಹೊರನೋಟದ ಉಪಯೋಗವನ್ನು ನೋಡುವುದರ ಬದಲು, ಅದರ ಸಹಾಯದಿಂದ ನಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ಸುಧಾರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಬೇಕು. ನಾವು ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಜಾರುತ್ತೇವೆಯೋ ತಕ್ಷಣವೇ ನಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬವು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಎಚ್ಚರಿಸಬೇಕು, ನಮ್ಮ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ದಾರಿದೀಪವಾಗಬೇಕು. ಜೀವನ ಸ್ವಾರಸ್ಯವನ್ನು ನಾವು ಜೀವನದ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಘಟನೆಯಿಂದ ಅರಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಹಾಗೆ, ಕನ್ನಡಿಯ ಮೂಲಕ ಪ್ರತಿದಿನ ನಾವು ಒಂದೊಂದು ಪಾಠವನ್ನು ಕಲಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಪ್ರತಿದಿನ ಕನ್ನಡಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡುವಾಗ ಒಂದು ಹೊಸ ಅಪೇಕ್ಷೆಯಿಂದ ನೋಡುವುದರ ಮೂಲಕ, ನಮ್ಮ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯದ ಜೊತೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಮನಸ್ಸು, ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದನ್ನು ನೆನೆದು, ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದನ್ನು ಮೂಡಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಕನ್ನಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇಷ್ಟೊಂದು ಉಪಯೋಗವಿರುವುದನ್ನು ಅರಿಯದ ಕೆಲವರಿಗೆ, ಕನ್ನಡಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಲೂ ಕೂಡ ಸಮಯವಿರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಕನ್ನಡಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡದೆ ಹೋದರೆ, ನಾವು ಹೇಗೆ ಇರುವೆವೆಂಬ ಅರಿವು ನಮಗಿರುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೋ, ಹಾಗೆ ಕನ್ನಡಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡದೆ ನಾವು ಜೀವನದ ಒಂದು ಸುಂದರವಾದ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯ, ಗೆಳೆತನವನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತೇವೆ ಎಂದು ಎಲ್ಲರು ತಿಳಿಯಬೇಕು.

- ಟಿ. ಸ್ಯಾಮ್ಯಲಿನ್
2ನೇ ಐ.ಎಂ.ಐ.

ಬುದ್ಧ - ಬಸವ - ಗಾಂಧಿ

ಸಪ್ತಾಂಬುಧಿಯ ಕ್ಷಿತಿಜದಿಂದಾಚೆ, ನೀಲಾಂಬರದ ನಿಲುಕಿನಿಂದಾಚೆ, ಅಂತಃ ಚಕ್ಷುವಿನ ಗುಡಿಯ ಸುಪ್ತ ಜ್ಯೋತಿಯ ನೆಲೆಮನೆಯಾದ ಮನುಕುಲದ ಆಂತರ್ಯತೆಯನ್ನು ಕಣ್ಣಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ಪರ್ಶಿಸಿದ ಮಹಾತ್ಮರುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಭವಾನ್ ಬುದ್ಧ - ಗುರು ಬಸವ ಹಾಗೂ ಸತ್ಯತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಗೆಲುವನ್ನು ಕಂಡ ಭಾರತ ಪುತ್ರ ಅಮರಜ್ಯೋತಿ ಗಾಂಧಿ!! ಕ್ಲಿಷ್ಟ ಪದಗಳಿಂದ ಬಣ್ಣಿಸಿದ ಈ ಸ್ಪರ್ಶವನ್ನು ದೈವೀಕ ಸ್ಪರ್ಶವನ್ನು ಬಸವ-ಗಾಂಧಿ ಹಾಗೂ ಬುದ್ಧ, ಭಾರತದಲ್ಲಿ ಕರ್ಮಭೂಮಿಯ ಮಡಿಲ ಮುಗ್ಧ ಜನರಲ್ಲಿ ಮನಗಾಣುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿದ ಧೀರ-ವೀರರು.

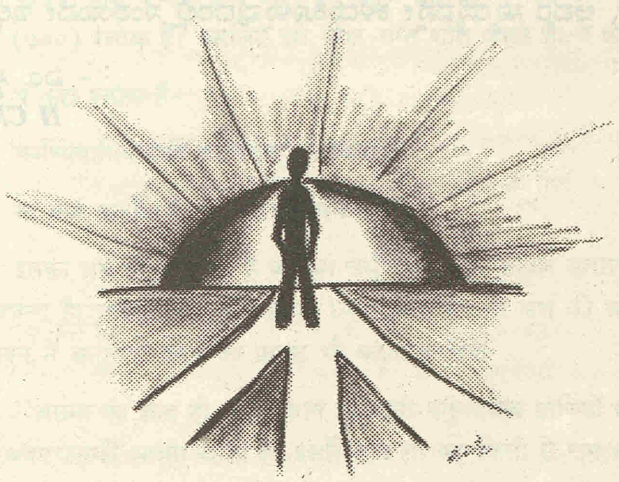
ಬುದ್ಧ, ಬಸವ - ಗಾಂಧಿ ವೈರಾಗ್ಯದ ಅಮೃತದ ಸವಿಯನ್ನು ತೇದು ನುಂಗಿದವರು. ದುಃಖ - ವೈರಾಗ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ - ವೈರಾಗ್ಯ - ಪರಿಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗೆ - ಪರಿಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ - ಅಂತಃ ತಪಸ್ಸಿಗೆ, ಅಂತಃ ತಪಸ್ಸು, ಅಂತರ್ಚಕ್ಷುವಿನ ದ್ವಾರವನ್ನು ತೆರೆಯುತ್ತದೆ. ಬುದ್ಧ ತನ್ನ ಸಾಧನೆಯ ತಳಪಾಯ ವೈರಾಗ್ಯದ ಮಾರ್ಗವನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದಿದ್ದರೆ, ಬಸವಗುರು ಸಮಾಜ ಸುಧಾರಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನವ ಸಮಾಜ ನಿರ್ಮಾಣದ ಮಾರ್ಗವನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದರೆ, ಗಾಂಧಿ ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯದ ಅನುಭವವನ್ನು ಕಾಣುವ ಹೋರಾಟದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾರ್ಗವನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದರು. ಆದರೆ ಎಲ್ಲರ ಮಾರ್ಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಂಡ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬ ಮಾನವ - ದೇವರ ಅನ್ಯೋನ್ಯತೆ, ಎಂಬುದು ನನ್ನ ವೈಯಕ್ತಿಕ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯ.

ಬುದ್ಧನಲ್ಲಿ ಸಮತೆಯ ಸಾರವನ್ನು ಕಂಡೆ
ಆತನ ಸರಳನುಡಿಮುತ್ತುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾಗರವನ್ನೇ ಕಂಡೆ!
ಸತ್ಯ ಸೃಜನ ಶೀಲತೆಯ ನಾನ್ನುಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಎರಡರಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆರೆತೆ
ಇನ್ನು ನನ್ನ ದೈವ ''ಸಾಯಿಯ'' ಸ್ಪರ್ಶ ಅವೆರಡರ ಚಿಪ್ಪಾಗಿ
ಒಳಗಿನ ಮುತ್ತಾಗಿ ಸಾಗರ ನಿರಂತತೆಯ ಕಣವಾಗಿದ್ದೇನೆ!!

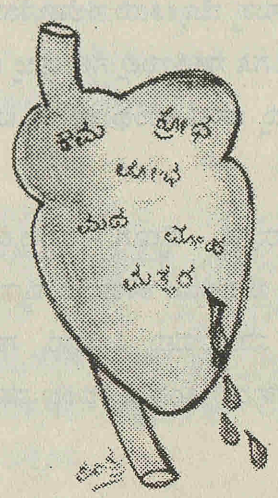
ಗಾಂಧಿಯ ನುಣ್ಣ ತಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಜೀವನದ-ಆಸೆಗಳ ಶೂನ್ಯತೆಯನ್ನು ಕಂಡೆ. ಆತನಿಡಿಯುವ ಕೋಲಿನ, ಸಹಾಯವನ್ನು ಕಂಡು, ದೈವದ ಗಡಿ-ರೇಖೆಗಳನ್ನು ಕಾಣಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಿದೆ. ಆತನ ಸತ್ಯ, ಶಾಂತಿಗಳ ಮುಂಚೂಣಿಯ ಸಿಪಾಯಿಯಾಗಲು ಇಚ್ಛೆಪಟ್ಟೆ, ಆದರೆ, ಸಿಕ್ಕ ಫಲ ಕರಿಯ ಮಚ್ಛೆ. ಕರಿಯ ಮಚ್ಛೆಯೇ ನನ್ನ ಸಾಧನೆಗೆ ಬೆಳಕು ನೀಡಿತು.

ಬಸವನ ಕ್ರಾಂತಿಯ ಮನೋಭಾವ, ಕರಿಯ ಮಚ್ಛೆ ಗುರಿಯ ದಾರಿಗೆ ಟಾರು ಹಾಕಿತು. ನಡೆಯಲು ಸುಲಭವಾಯಿತು. ಕಾಯಕವೇ ಕೈಲಾಸ. ಹೇಳುವುದು ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಎನಿಸುತ್ತದೆ, ಹೃದಯ ಗುಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು ಮಾಡುವ ಕೆಲಸಗಳು ಚಿರಸ್ಮರಣೀಯ, ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಆ ಗುಡಿಯ ಒಡೆಯನೇ ದೈವ (ಶ್ರೀಸಾಯಿ)

- ಎಸ್. ವಿನುಶ್ರೀ
ಪ್ರಥಮ ಪಿ. ಯು. ಸಿ.



ದಾಹ



'ದಾಹ' ಈ ಪದವನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿದ ತಕ್ಷಣವೇ 'ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ ಏನು ಹೊಸದು' ಎಂದು ನಮಗೆ ತೋಚುತ್ತದೆ. ಇದನ್ನು ನಾವು ದಿನ ಪ್ರತಿದಿನ ಅನುಭವಿಸುತ್ತೇವೆ, ನಿಜ. ಈ ದಾಹ ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ನೀರಿಗೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಸೀಮಿತ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುವುದು ಮೂರ್ಖತನ ಎನ್ನಬಹುದು. ಅನ್ನ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ಚಿರಕಾಲ ಉಳಿಯಬಹುದು ಆದರೆ ನಮ್ಮ ದಾಹವನ್ನು ತಣಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳದೆ ಇರಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವೆ? ಮನುಷ್ಯನನ್ನು ದುರ್ಬಲಗೊಳಿಸುವ ಈ ದಾಹ ಅವನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಮನೆ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡರೆ ಏನಾಗಬಹುದೆಂದು ಊಹಿಸುವುದು ಕಷ್ಟವೇನಲ್ಲ.

ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಏನಾದರೊಂದು ದಾಹ ಇರಬಹುದು. 'ಯಾವುದೇ ವಸ್ತುವನ್ನು ಪಡೆಯಲು ಅತಿಯಾಗಿ ಹಂಬಲಿಸಿದರೆ ಆ ಭಾವನೆಯನ್ನು ದಾಹ ಎಂದು ಕರೆಯಬಹುದು' ಈ ದಾಹವು ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಭೀಕರತೆಯನ್ನು ಹೊರತರುತ್ತದೆ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ತಪ್ಪೇನಿಲ್ಲ. ತನ್ನ ದಾಹವನ್ನು ತಣಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಆತ ಎಷ್ಟೇ ಹೀನ ಕೃತ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾಡಲೂ ಹೇಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಇಡೀ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯಲ್ಲಿ 'ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಬಲಶಾಲಿ' ಎಂದು ಹೆಸರು ಪಡೆದಿರುವ ಮನುಷ್ಯನನ್ನೇ ದುರ್ಬಲಗೊಳಿಸುವುದೆಂದ ಮೇಲೆ 'ದಾಹ' ಎಷ್ಟು ಶಕ್ತಿಶಾಲಿ ಎಂಬುದು ಯೋಚಿಸತಕ್ಕ ವಿಷಯ.

ಈ ದೇಶವು ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕವಾಗಿ ಎಷ್ಟು ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಪಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದೆಯೋ ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಮಾನವನ ದಾಹವೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚುತ್ತಲೇ ಇರುವುದು. ಪ್ರಖ್ಯಾತಗೊಳ್ಳುವ ದಾಹ, ದುಡ್ಡಿನ ದಾಹ, ತಾನೇ ಶಕ್ತಿಶಾಲಿ ಎನಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ದಾಹ... ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಕೊನೆಯೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ತನ್ನ ದಾಹವನ್ನು ತಣಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಮಾನವನು ಓಡುತ್ತಿರುವ ಈ ಓಟದಲ್ಲಿ ತನ್ನ ಮೌಲ್ಯಗಳನ್ನೇ ಬಲಿಯಾಗಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಸುಖಜೀವನಕ್ಕೆ ಆಧಾರವೆನಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿರುವ ಮೌಲ್ಯಗಳನ್ನೇ ಮರೆತರೆ ಮನಃಶಾಂತಿ ಸಿಗಲಾರದು. ಸದಾ ಕಲಹಗಳುಂಟಾಗುತ್ತವೆ - ಇದನ್ನು ನಾವು ಕಾಣುತ್ತಲೇ ಬಂದಿದ್ದೇವೆ.

ದೇಶದ ಹಿರಿಯರಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಮೌಲ್ಯಗಳಿರದಿದ್ದರೆ ನಾವು ಮುಂದಿನ ಪೀಳಿಗೆಗೆ ಕೊಡುವುದಾದರೂ ಏನು? ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಬ್ಬನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಆಸೆಗಳಿರುತ್ತದೆ ನಿಜ, ಆದರೆ ಈ ಆಸೆಗಳು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿ ಆವರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ನರವೇರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದೇ ನಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನದ ಧ್ಯೇಯವಾದರೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಬದುಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಅರ್ಥವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಹಾಗೆಂದರೆ ನಾವು ಆಸೆ ಪಡುವುದು ತಪ್ಪಲ್ಲ, ಅದನ್ನು ನೆರವೇರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದೂ ತಪ್ಪಲ್ಲ. ನಮ್ಮ ಇತಿಮಿತಿಗಳನ್ನು ಅರಿತುಕೊಂಡು, ಮೌಲ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳದೇ ಅದನ್ನು ಸಾಧಿಸಿದರೆ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಅರ್ಥವಿದೆ. ಇಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ಬದುಕಿದರೂ, ಬದುಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂತೋಷವನ್ನೇ, ಅದರ ಸ್ವಾರಸ್ಯವನ್ನೇ ಕಳೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಶಯವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ.

- ಎಂ. ಸ್ಮಿತಾ
II CMS

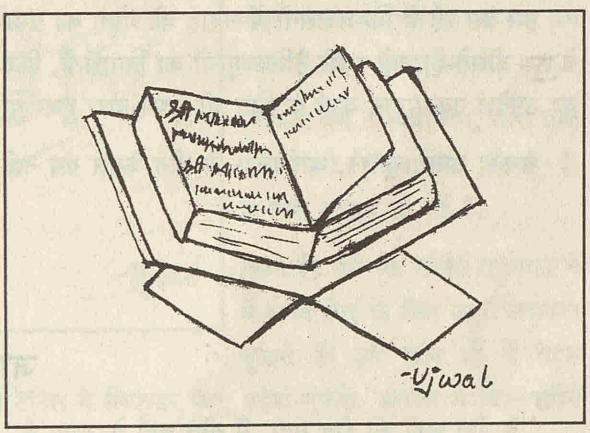
गद्य

भगवद् गीता की महत्ता आज के समाज में

भगवद् गीता - एक महान ग्रंथ - यही तो इसका परिचय है आज के समाज में। क्या हर एक भारतवासी इसका महत्व जानता है? नहीं तो! अरे यार ये तो एक ग्रंथ है, ग्रंथ। तो ग्रंथ ही रहने दो न, हमें उससे क्या लेना देना? हमें तो मौज मस्ती करनी है, जीवन का आनन्द उठाना है। ये हैं विचार आज के युवक और युवतियों के। यही है हमारे देश की हालत। विदेशी लोग जो हमारी संस्कृति से इतना प्यार करते हैं और हमारे देश में आकर ज्ञान प्राप्त करते हैं, हम लोगों से बहुत बेहतर हैं। और गीता ही क्यों? बईबल, कुरान आदि भी तो ज्ञान का भंडार हैं।

मेरे विचारानुसार भगवद् गीता एक ग्रंथ नहीं बल्कि देवता के समान है जो हमें शिक्षा तथा ज्ञान प्रदान करता है। जीवन के हर एक स्तर पर हमें इसका ध्यान रखना चाहिए कि भगवद् गीता से बेहतर हमारा और कोई कामयाब दोस्त नहीं है। जैसे कि, जब कठिनाइयाँ और मुश्किलें हम पर टूट पड़ती हैं, तो हमें गीता की शरण लेनी चाहिए तथा इस सच्चाई को ग्रहण करना चाहिए कि मुश्किलें और कठिनाइयाँ हमारे जीवन का भाग हैं और हमें इनका धैर्य के साथ सामना करना चाहिए। ठीक इसी प्रकार खुशी के मौके पर भी याद रखना चाहिए कि यह खुशी एक क्षण की ही है और इस संदर्भ में हमें अपने दिल पर काबू रखना चाहिए क्योंकि सुख-दुख दोनो ही हमारे जीवन रूपी रथ के दो पहिए हैं जिन पर हमें गुज़रना है।

भगवद् गीता - इसका नाम सुनते ही मेरे मन में एक आध्यात्मिक भूख उत्पन्न होती है और मन में श्रद्धा उभर आती है। लेकिन मेरे लिए दुर्भाग्य की बात यह है कि मेरे पास भगवद् गीता नहीं है। फिर भी कोई बात नहीं, हमारे देश में ऐसे अनेक लोग हैं, जिनके घर में बड़ी सुंदर गीता है, लेकिन उसमें युक्त ज्ञान प्राप्त करने के लिए कोई नहीं है। भले ही मेरे पास भगवद् गीता नहीं है, लेकिन उसके भाव मेरे अंदर जड़ के समान जम गए हैं।



भगवद् गीता हमारे एकांत का मित्र भी है। भगवद् गीता - एक दोस्त के समान है, जो हमें गलत रास्तों पर जाने से रोकता है। हमारे अंदर नैतिक गुणों को विकसित करता है। हमें अपने देश से जुड़े रहने की प्रेरणा देती है। देश के लिए मर मिटनें की भावना पैदा करती है। जीवन में सुख-दुख का अनुभव, समान रूप से करने के लिए प्रेरित करती है। बड़े-बड़े विदेशी वैज्ञानिक भी भगवद् गीता को अपना गुरु मानते हैं। इसका अनुसरण करते हैं। ऐसे में हमारे भारत वासियों के लिए क्या तक्लीफ़ है? सच मानिए भगवद् गीता की संगति में हम इस संसार को भूल जाते हैं, क्योंकि उसका जो रस है, हमारे अंदर समा जाता है। और हमें कुछ न कुछ अच्छा कार्य करने की प्रेरणा मिलता है। क्या आपको पता है - भीष्मपर्व मंडली में अठारह (१८) अध्यायन है, जिसमें सात सौ (७००) श्लोक हैं? इसलिए इसे मोक्ष-सप्त शति कहते हैं। ये श्लोक एक मत के नहीं बल्कि अनेक मतों के रस हैं।

ये कुछ श्लोक हैं-

कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते मा फलेषु कदाचन।

मा कर्म फलहेतुर्भू मा ते सङ्गोस्त्वकर्मणि।

इसका अर्थ तो साधारण है जो हम सभी जानते हैं, लेकिन साधारण अर्थ होने के बावजूद, इसका हमारे सोच-विचार और जीवन से गहरा समबन्ध है। आइए, अभी मैं आपका ध्यान गीता के उस अंश की ओर आकर्षित करना चाहती हूँ, जिस पर हमें विचार करना चाहिए तथा जीवन में अनुसरण करने का प्रयास भी करना चाहिए।

"आत्मा का ज्ञान ही सच्चा ज्ञान है। ज्ञानी मनुष्य सब प्राणियों को अपने अंदर और अपने आप को सब प्राणियों के अंदर देखता है। सभी के अंदर उसकी आत्मा रहती है, इसलिए न तो वह किसी से राग रखता है न द्वेष। ऐसा मनुष्य कभी भी अशांत और दुखी नहीं होता।

अपने शरीर को यदि तुम एक रथ मानो तो इंद्रियाँ, (नाक, कान, आँख आदि), उसके घोड़े होते हैं। मन उन घोड़ों की लगाम है और बुद्धि सारथि के स्थान पर है। इस रथ पर बैठकर यात्रा करने वाला यात्री, आत्मा है। उसी के लिए यह सारा खेल रचा गया है।

जिस प्रकार दुष्ट घोड़े रथ में सवार व्यक्ति को संकट में डाल देते हैं, उसी प्रकार अनियंत्रित इंद्रियाँ (नाक, कान आँख आदि) मनुष्य को दुर्दशा की ओर ले जाती हैं।

ज्ञानी मनुष्य अपनी बुद्धि और मन के द्वारा इंद्रियों को सदा वश में रखता है। ऐसा व्यक्ति ही आत्मज्ञान प्राप्त कर सकता है।

आज के समाज में सभी मानते हैं कि ज़िन्दगी में 'विजयप्राप्ति' ही सबसे बड़ी बात है। मान-सम्मान प्राप्त करना, धन दौलत पाना, अमीरों की जिन्दगी बिताना - ये सब सामाजिक वस्तु - विधान हैं, जो कभी भी मनुष्य को मानसिक सुख नहीं दे सकते। यह सब बाहरी आडंबर है और मनुष्य इस सत्य को ग्रहण नहीं कर रहा है। मनुष्य को सबसे पहले यह जानना चाहिए कि उसे एक मानव की ज़िन्दगी बितानी है जो दूसरे के लिए कल्याणकारी हो। हो सकता है कि आज गीता का कोई सम्मान न करे, लेकिन भगवद् गीता, वेदों के उपदेश आदि बहुत मान्यता रखते हैं, जो हमारा सौभाग्य है कि हमारे देश में रचे गए थे और हमें प्राप्त हैं।

आज के नवयुवक विदेशी तरीकों पर मुग्ध हैं तथा उनका अनुसरण करते हैं। अपने आप को महान समझते हैं, जो जीवन में कभी भी मानव नहीं हो सकते। यह हमारे नैतिक गुणों के विनाश का उदाहरण है। आज सभी फिल्मों के प्रति मुग्ध हैं तथा क्रिकेट के सितारों ने सबको मोह लिया है, जो उनको किसी भी तरह लाभदायक नहीं है। यदि सब, जो समय, व्यर्थ में गँवा देते हैं उसे भगवद् गीता को पढ़ने में बिताएँ तो उन्हें कुछ नैतिक अंश प्राप्त होंगे।

हमारे इस सामाजिक विनाश के लिए हमें कुछ न कुछ उपाय करना चाहिए। पाठशालाओं में भगवद् गीता की शिक्षा एक दो घंटो के लिए अवश्य देनी चाहिए। घर में माता-पिता बच्चों को गीता की शिक्षा दे सकते हैं अथवा घर में जो बूढ़े-बुज़ुर्ग लोग हैं, वे भी बच्चों को शिक्षा दे सकते हैं। युवकों को इसकी शरण लेने के लिए प्रोत्साहित करना चाहिए।

हम देख रहे हैं कि अदालतों में गवाह को गीता का प्रमाण देना पड़ता है कि वह जो कुछ कहेगा सच कहेगा। लेकिन उसके बावजूद भी वे झूठ बोलते हैं। यही हमारे नैतिक मूल्यों का विनाश है, फिर भी आशा करते हैं कि इसका मूल्य एक न एक दिन मनुष्य को ज्ञात होगा। गीता का उपदेश एक महान कार्य के लिए श्री कृष्ण द्वारा हुआ था, जो हमें कर्त्तव्य के प्रति जागृत करता है, तथा सबसे अधिक मूल्यवान है।

भगवद् गीता, कुरान, बाईबल - ये तीन केवल ग्रंथ नहीं - जीवन के लिए मार्गदर्शन हैं।

जी.एन. जयश्री रेड्डी
I PCME

जागा है मेरा देश

''है प्रीत जहाँ की रीत सदा, मैं गीत वहाँ के गाता हूँ,

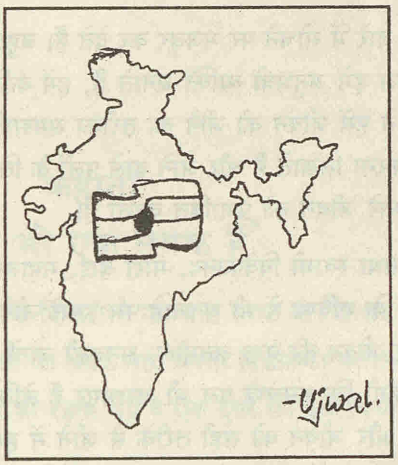
भारत का रहने वाली हूँ, भारत की बात सुनाता हूँ।''

भारत देश, जो अपने आप को अंग्रेजों की जंजीरों से मुक्त कर चुका है। जिस देश की स्वतंत्रता के लिए हमारे वीर, साहसी जवानों ने अपनी आहुति दी। जिसकी मिट्टी में हमारे पूर्वजों की आत्मा बसी है। वही भारत देश जो बीसवी सदी में स्वतंत्रता पाकर भी लड़खड़ा रहा था, जो गरीबी की कीचड में धँसता जा रहा था, उसने एक दृढ़ निश्चय किया और उसने तीव्र इच्छा से अपनी दृष्टि शिखरों की ऊँचाई पर गडाई। भारत देश का बस एक ही सपना था कि वह अपने सारे बँधनो को तोड कर अन्य देशों के साथ कदम से कदम मिलाकर चले। आज यही स्वप्न सच हो रहा है।

पुरातन काल के लोग अनेक प्रथाओं का पालन करते थे। सती पालन, बाल-विवाह, दहेज-प्रथा आदि का पालन करना अपने भगवान की पूजा के समान मानते थे। बलि के नाम पर बच्चों की आहुति देते थे। नारी को सिर्फ बच्चे पैदा करने का एक जरिया मानते थे। यह सब इसीलिए संभव हो सका क्योंकि वे लोग अशिक्षित थे। लेकिन आज जैसे जैसे पढ़े-लिखे लोगों की संख्या बढ़ती जा रही है इन अंधविश्वासों का निवारण होता जा रहा है। आज भारतीय नारी भी हर क्षेत्र में आगे बढ़ती जा रही हैं। वह सौदंर्य की देवी मानी जाती है, पूजी जाती है। वह राजनीति में भी सर्वोत्तम स्थान पा चुकी है। इंदिरा गाँधी, सोनिया गाँधी, सुश्मा स्वराज आदि भारत की सम्मानित नारियाँ हैं, जिन्होंने राजनीति में अपना ही एक स्थान कायम किया है। मदर टेरेसा तो सारे विश्व की माता हैं। उन्होंने अमीर-गरीब के भेदभाव को मिटाकर सब लोगों की मदद की।

भारत विज्ञान के क्षेत्र में भी बहुत उन्नति प्राप्त कर रहा है। कम्प्यूटर के क्षेत्र में भारत ने एक बहुत ही ऊँचा मकाम हासिल किया हैं। भारत ने दो हज़ार साल के आने पर कम्प्यूटर के चालक पर भी जीत हासिल की। भारत में बेंगलूर और हैदराबाद को कम्प्यूटर के क्षेत्र में सर्वोत्तम माना गया हैं। कम्प्यूटर की उन्नति के लिए बेंगलूर को अति उत्तम माना गया है, इसीलिए बेंगलूर को ''सिलिकॉन वेली'' कहा गया है। शेयर मार्केट में भी भारत के लोग बुलंदियाँ छू रहे हैं। इन्फोसीस, विपरो, आदि कंपनियाँ जो विश्व भर में मशहूर है, वह भारत में ही हैं। अमेरिका के राष्ट्रपति बिल क्लिंटन, जापान के प्रधान मंत्री योशिरो मोरी आदि ने भारत की यात्रा की। इनके इस दौरे का मुख्य उद्देश्य इन्फोसीस, विपरो आदि विश्वप्रसिद्ध कंपनियों के मंत्री, कार्यकर्ता आदि से मिलना था। वे भारत की विज्ञान की क्षेत्र में उन्नति, कम्प्यूटर में विकास आदि के बारे में जानने और देखने ही आए थे। इन राष्ट्र संचालकों ने भारत और भारतीय लोगों की अनेकानेक प्रशंसा की, इन्हे सराहा। उन्होंने भारत की उन्नति केलिए हर तरह की मदद करने का आश्वासन दिया है।

भारत और पाकिस्तान में भी निरंतर युद्ध चल रहा है। भारत के लोगों की यही कोशिश है कि वे अपना देश बटने न दें और पाकिस्तानियों की यही कोशिश है कि भारत देश बटे, लोगों में एक दूसरे के प्रति द्वेष, गुस्सा, पैदा हो। पर भारत ने हर तरह से इनके मनसूबों पर पानी फेरने की कोशिश की है। जब कारगिल पर आतंकवादियों ने हमला बोल दिया तब भारत के जवानों ने पूरे साहस, विश्वास और सहिष्णुता से इन आतंकवादियों को मार गिराया और अपने फर्ज को पूरा कर भारत की रक्षा की। भारत और भारतीय लोगों में सहन करने की बहुत अधिक क्षमता है। कारगिल पर जीत तो हासिल कर ली पर कई लोग मरे। बहुत सी औरतों की कोख सूनी हो गई। मांग का सिंदूर, होठों की लाली, हाथों की चूडियाँ ले गई। कई लोग अपाहिज हो गए। जवान जीवन - मृत्यु के अजीब चक्र में फँस गए। इतना सब हो जाने पर भी लोगों का अपने मातृभूमि के प्रति थोडा भी स्नेह, सम्मान कम न हुआ।



भारत ने अनेक विस्फोटक बम भी बनाए है। बम का निर्माण दूसरों को मार गिराने के लिए नहीं बल्कि अपनी रक्षा के लिए बनाया हैं। हाल ही मे भारत ने पोखरन पर विस्फोटक बम का टेस्ट किया था। यह टेस्ट बम की क्षमता को पहचानने के लिए किया गया था। भारत हथियारों के क्षेत्र में भी आज बहुत आगे पहुँच चुका है। मगर फिर से यही दौहराना समर्थ होगा कि यह सारे बम सिर्फ अपनी सुरक्षा के लिए बनाए गए हैं। मुश्किलों का सामना करने के लिए बनाए गये हैं।

सुंदरता के क्षेत्र में भी भारत बहुत आगे पहुँच गया है। सुश्मिता सेन, ऐश्वर्या राय, लारा दत्ता आदि ने मिस युनिवर्स और मिस वर्ल्ड का श्विताब हासिल कर भारत को गौरवान्वित किया है। दुनिया भर में भारतीय नारियाँ अपनी सुंदरता और बुद्धिमता के लिए मशहूर हो गई हैं।

अनेक खेलों में भारतीय खिलाडियों ने ऊँचा मुकाम प्राप्त किया है। जैसे कि सचिन तेंढुलकर ने क्रिकेट में भारत का नाम बहुत ऊँचा किया है। उसे दुनिया भर में अपने खेल के लिए बहुत सराहना मिली है। उसे देश के लोग ''लिटिल मास्टर'' के नाम से बुलाते हैं। उसे हाल ही में नेहरू पुरस्कार प्राप्त हुआ है। पी.टि. उशा अपनी दौड केलिए विश्वभर में मशहूर हैं। टेनिस में लिएण्डर पेस, महेश भूपति, शतरंज मे विश्वनाथन आनंद, आदि अपने अपने खेल केलिए विश्वविख्यात हैं।

इसी तरह भारतीय लोग हर क्षेत्र मे मशहूर हैं। वे भारत का नाम रोशन कर रहे हैं। उसे शिखरों की बुलंदियों तक पहुँचा रहे हैं। भारत का ऊँचाई पर पहुँचने का स्वप्न आज सच होते नज़र आ रहा है। आज तक लोग भारत को हमेशा अंधेरे में बसा हुआ, लुप्त हुआ देश मानते थे। उसकी उन्नति को देखकर आज वही लोग भारत और भारतीयों को सम्मान देते हैं, भारत को एक महान और शक्तिशाली देश मानते हैं। आज यही भारत देश अन्य लोगों के लिए, अन्य देशों के लिए एक मिसाल बन चुका है। हम अगर सारे विश्व में घूमकर भी आ जाए तब भी कही पर दूसरा हिन्दुस्तान देखने को नहीं मिलेगा।

''जहाँ डाल डाल पर सोने की चिडिया करती है बसेरा,

वो भारत देश है मेरा, वो भारत देश है मेरा।।''

गांधीजी का प्यार, नेहरू का दुलार, यही है मेरे जीवन का सार - मेरा भारत महान!!

नीतू जी.
I B.Com. 'B'

अनचाहे पल

पल जीवन में अनगिनत होते हैं। जीवन का हर पल समय के एक क्षण में बीत जाता है। बिलकुल उसी तरह जैसे आँखों की पलके क्षण भर में ही बंद हो कर फिर से खुल जाती हैं। हर पल जो गुज़र गया है और हर पल जो बीत रहा है, हमारे वश में है लेकिन उन पलों का क्या जिनको हमने अभी तक महसूस ही नहीं किया? वे पल, जो हमारे जीवन के भविष्य काल में आने वाले हैं, उनकी कल्पना करने की क्षमता हम हमेशा रखते हैं। परन्तु बीते हुए पलों में कुछ ऐसे पल मौजूद होते हैं जिन्हें चाहते हुए भी हम भुला नहीं पाते हैं क्योंकि वे होते हैं - अनचाहे पल।

हर व्यक्ति के जीवन में अनचाहे पल होते हैं। ये अनचाहे पल जिनका अनुभव करना तो दूर की बात, हम उनकी कल्पना भी नहीं करना चाहते हैं। जीवन में जिस तरह सुख व दु:ख समान मात्रा में मिलते हैं, उसी तरह चाहे और अनचाहे पल भी समान मात्रा में ही मिलेंगे। यह बात अलग है कि अच्छे पल जब बीतते हैं तो हम आसमान छूने लगते हैं। लेकिन जब अनचाहे पल हम पर टूट पड़ते हैं तो हमारा मन ज़मीन में गढ़ जाता है। ऐसा लगता है कि अच्छे पल क्षणभंगूर हैं और अनचाहे पल कभी भी खत्म नहीं होते हैं।

एक सामान्य व्यक्ति की तरह मैंने भी कई अनचाहे पलों का अनुभव किया है। इन पलों का कामना मैंने कभी भी नहीं की थी। मैं वे पल अब भी नहीं भुला पाती हूँ जब मेरी छोटी बहन की मृत्यु हुई, मैं सड़क दुर्घटना का शिकार बनी, दसवीं की एक परीक्षा में मैं पहली बार असफल रही, मेरे माता-पिता थाईरोइड़ व मधुमेह जैसे रोगों के शिकार बन गए। इतना ही नहीं, वे पल भी, जब नाटी होने के कारण में कई कार्यक्रमों से निकाली गई और कई बार मुझे शर्मिन्दा होना पड़ा, इत्यादी। इन पलों का ज़िक्र शायद ही खत्म हो पाएगा। लेकिन अब मैं इन अनचाहे पलों का बोझ अपने मन से उतारना चाहती हूँ।

कई बार अनचाहे पल मुझे उनके बारे में सोचने पर मजबूर कर देते हैं। बहुत सोचने पर मुझे अब अनचाहे पलों की अच्छाइयाँ नज़र आने लगी हैं। मुझे यह ज्ञात हुआ कि ये पल हमें अनुभवी व्यक्ति बनाते हैं, हमें कठिनाइयों का सामना करने की शक्ती देते हैं, हमें समझदार व सहनशील बनाते हैं। इतना ही नहीं, वे हमें जीवन को जीने का तरीका समझाते हैं, हमें भविष्य की कठिनाइयों का सामना करने की प्रेरणा देते हैं, हमें समय के साथ समझौता करना सिखाते हैं और आने वाले पलों के लिए तैयार करते हैं। यह इस बात का सबूत है कि अनचाहे पलों की अच्छाइयाँ अवश्य होती है जो हमारे जीवन को प्रभावित करती हैं।

जब राम, महावीर जैसे भगवान तथा स्वामी विवेकानंद, मीरा बाई, महात्मा गांधी जैसे व्यक्तियों ने अनचाहे पल बिताए हैं तो हम क्यों नहीं बिता सकते हैं? यह निश्चित है कि भविष्य में भी अनचाहे पल हमारे जीवन का हिस्सा बनेंगे, तो क्यों न हम इन्हें खुशी से स्वीकार करें और इनकी अच्छाइयों पर ध्यान देकर जीवन की कुछ अनमोल, अनकही बातों को जान ले। तब यही पल हमारे जीवन के सबसे चहीते पल बन जाएंगे। अंत में मैं यह कहना चाहूँगी कि अनचाहे पल भी क्षणभंगुर हैं लेकिन इनका प्रभाव अगर सही ढंग से हमारे जीवन पर पड़ जाए तो यह पल हमें मृत्यु तक याद रहेंगे और जीवन को सही तरीके से जीने में हमारी सहायता करेंगे।

"वे पल ही क्या जो अनचाहे न हो,
जिनकी जीवन पर परछाई न हो।"

अनीता एम. जैन
I MECA

जो ताकूँ काँटा बुवै ताहिं बोई तू फूल

जीवन में आत्मरक्षा की भावना सबसे प्रबल होती है। इसी से प्रेरित होकर हम शत्रु से शत्रुता और मित्र से मित्रता रखते हैं। जो हमारा अपकार करते हैं, हमें दुख पहुचातें हैं उसके बदले में हम भी वही करना चाहते हैं। इसी पशुहिंसा को दबाने के लिए ज्ञानी महात्माओं ने अनेकानेक उपदेश दिए हैं। गांधी ने कहा था अगर कोई तुम्हारे गाल पर एक चाँटा मारे तो दूसरा गाल उसके सामने कर दो। करुणामूर्ति भगवान बुद्ध ने भी प्रेम से ही पशु-पक्षी को वश में करने की शिक्षा दी थी। इस युग के सबसे बड़े महात्मा, गांधीजी ने भी जगत को अहिंसा का उपदेश दिया था।

मानव समाज में प्रतिशोध की भावना का बढ़ जाना व्यक्ति और समाज दोनों के लिए घातक होता है। यदि हम रात दिन दूसरों के मार्ग में काँटे बिछाते, रोड़े अटकाने के लिए सोचते रहेंगे तो हम अपनी न तो एहिक उन्नति कर सकते है न ही आत्मिक।

यदि मनुष्य अपनी तामसी वृत्तियों पर विजय प्राप्त कर दूसरों के मार्ग में फूल बिछाएगा तो उसकी सदैव आत्मिक उन्नति होती जाएगी। अहिंसा की इस साधना से मनुष्य के अंतर के वासी देवता को बल मिलेगा। हो सकता है कि इस पथ का पथिक संसार में दुख भोगे किंतु उसे जो आलौकिक जीवन प्राप्त होगा वही उसकी मुक्ति है।

आत्मिक उद्धार के अतिरिक्त परोपकारी व्यक्ति जगत के साधुवाद का भी अधिकारी होता है। उस नश्वर के नष्ट हो जाने पर भी उसका यश, आत्मा जीवित रहती है और जगत को प्रेरणा प्रदान करती है।

जिसे हम कष्ट पहुँचाते हैं यदि वह हमारे साथ शत्रुता न रखकर सद्व्यवहार करे तो हमारी आत्मा स्वयं अपने को धिक्कारने लगती है। हमें पश्चाताप करना चाहिए जिसकी अग्नि में तप कर हम सोने की तरह खरे निकल सकें। प्रतिशोध के स्थान पर परोपकार करके हम आत्मिक उन्नति तो करते ही हैं, पतिपक्षी के ह्रदय में भी उच्च भावनाओं की उद्भावना करते हैं।

बुराई के स्थान पर भलाई का सिद्धान्त लेकर चलने वाला व्यक्ति बहुत दिनों तक कष्ट झेलता है। मनुष्य का स्वार्थ इतना प्रबल होता है कि वह दूसरों की चिंता नहीं करता।

यहाँ एक बात समझ लेनी चाहिए कि अहिंसा का अर्थ कायरता नहीं है। बुराई के स्थान पर भलाई एक ऊँचा आदर्श है और हमें इसे अपनाना चाहिए किन्तु कायर बनकर बुराई का समर्थन कभी नहीं करना चाहिए।

करिश्मा चड्ढा
II B.Com. 'A'

कहानी
'राजा भी एक सेवक है'

एक देश में एक राजा रहता था। वह बहुत घमंड़ी था उसके विचारों से यह बात स्पष्ट थी कि सब को किसी का सेवक बनना पड़ता है, लेकिन राजा देश का सर्वोत्तम व्यक्ति होता है, वह कभी किसी का सेवक नही बनता है। उसका मतलब था कि वह सेवाओं को पाने के लिए है न की सेवा करने के लिए। उसी दरबार में एक बूढ़ा व्यक्ति भी रहता था। वे एक दूसरे को देखे बिना नहीं रह सकते थे। इसलिए राजा और वृद्ध रोज एक दूसरे से मिला करते थे।

एक दिन राजा और बूढा आदमी बैठे-बैठे कुछ बात कर रहे थे और बात चर्चा के रूप में बदल गयी। उन दोनों के बीच मे चर्चा का विषय था कि सब लोगों को कभी न कभी कही न कही सेवक बनना पड़ता है, लेकिन राजा को नहीं। किंतु वृध्द का कहना था कि राजा को भी सेवक बनना पड़ता है। इसके बाद दोनों एक दूसरे से विदा हो गये, अपने घर चले गये।

कुछ दिनों के बाद राजा और बूढ़ा आदमी दोनों उद्यान टहलने आये, इतने में बूढ़े आदमी के हाथ से छड़ी गिर गयी। परन्तु वह बूढ़ा आदमी छड़ी उठा नहीं सका। तब राजा ने उस छड़ी को स्वयं अपने हाथों से उठाकर बूढ़े आदमी को दे दिया। छड़ी को प्राप्त करते ही बूढ़े आदमी ने कहा, ''राजा अब तुम मेरे सेवक हो'', इस बात को सुनकर राजा आश्चर्य में पड़ गया और उसकी समझ में आ गया। तब उसको अपनी भूल का अहसास हुआ कि हर आदमी को एक न एक दिन सेवक बनना पड़ता हैं, लज्जित होकर राजा ने अपना सिर नीचा कर लिया।

इस कहानी से हमें यह शिक्षा मिलती है कि किसी को भी घमंड नहीं करना चाहिए। हमारा गौरव, स्वभाव और पद में नहीं हमारे गुण में होना चाहिए। हर एक को दूसरों की सेवा करना अपना पवित्र कर्तव्य समझना चाहिए।

श्रृद्धा नायर
I PUC - MBCA

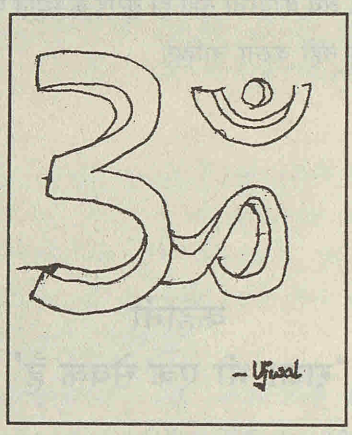
भगवद् गीता की महत्ता आज के समाज में

भारत वर्ष सदा से ही आध्यात्मिकता का उपासक रहा है। यहाँ की जनता राम, कृष्ण, बुद्ध एवं महावीर जैसे समाज मे बदलाव व अपनी मिसाल बनाने वाले लोगों की अनुयायी है। हमारा उपज प्रेम एवं सत्कर्म नेक आदेशों का आधीन हुआ है।

सीता, दमयन्ती, सावित्री आदि देवियों से यहाँ की स्त्रियों ने अपने मानस पटल पर सादगी एवं पतिव्रता का संदेश अंकित किया है एवं मिसाल बनकर समस्त संसार में अपनी अद्भुत अद्वितिय छवि बनाई है।

परन्तु आज का भारत अपनी प्राचीन संस्कृति को मिटाता जा रहा है। अगर देखा जाए तो आज भी भगवद् गीता के किरदार, कौरवों की भाँति हमारे देश में आतंक वादी, दुष्कर्मी लोग विद्यमान है। द्रोपदी की तरह कई नारियों पर आज भी भिन्न-भिन्न प्रकार के अत्याचार हो रहे हैं। जरूरत है तो पाण्डवों की अर्जुन जैसे गुणी लोगों की, युधिष्ठिर जैसे शांत एवं संवेदनशील लोगों की, ताकि भारत से बुराइयों को निकाल बाहर किया जा सके।

गीता में जो पाठ श्री कृष्ण ने अर्जुन को दिए उनका आज के युग में भी पूरा महत्व है। आज हर तरफ अशांती है। काश्मिर में लोगों को भय और खौफ के आधीन, जीवन व्यतीत करना पड़ रहा है। जिस तरह कृष्ण ने अर्जुन को शस्त्र उठाने की सलाह दी थी। उसी तरह हमारे देश में हमारी जनता को चाहिए कि वह फरेब, आंतकवाद, दंगे, फसाद के विरुद्ध हथियार उठाएँ, एवं साहस से उनका सामना करें।



गीता में मानव को उत्तम जीवन एवं मोक्ष पाने के पाठ भी दिए हैं। आज फिर हमें उनका पालन करना चाहिए। सद्भाव तथा भाईचारे का संदेश फैलाना ही गीता का मुख्य उद्येश्य है।

आज के कलयुग में हम गीता की महत्ता को भूलते जा रहे हैं। तभी तो हर जगह दुख ही दुख हैं। क्योंकि मनुष्य सत्य से भटक गया है। लोग खुशी को रुपए पैसे में ढूँढ़ते हैं। बेटे का माता-पिता के प्रति आदर एवं कर्तव्य भाव विलुप्त होता जा रहा है।

आज वैसे तो गीता में विश्वास रख कर उसके आदेश अपने जीवन में उतारने वाले लोगों की संख्या काफ़ी कम हो गई है और भ्रष्टाचार एवं दुख सर्वव्यापी है। पर गीता का ही एक श्लोक है "जब जब पृथ्वी पर दुष्टों की संख्या बढ़ेगी और पाप फैलेगा, तब तब ईश्वर यहाँ आकर उसका नाश कर लोगों का उद्धार करेंगे।"

और मेरी अटूट आशा है कि पृथ्वी पर हो रहे पाप, दुष्कर्म, आंतकवाद, जातिप्रथा आदि को मिटाने, जल्द ही एक नवीन कृष्ण का सृजन होगा जो हमें इस कलयुग से मुक्ति दिलाकर वापिस सतयुग में ले जाएगा।

म्रिनालिनी व्यास
I CME

जागा है मेरा देश

धरती जागी, जनता जागी, जागा मेरा देश।

यही हमारा संकल्प रहेगा, अग्रज होगा मेरा देश।

आज सुबह उठने पर जब मैंने आदतवश अखबार उठाया और देखा, कि मेरे सामने पड़ा वह कागज का टुकड़ा अपने बड़े बड़े अक्षरों में चिल्ला-चिल्ला कर मुझसे कह रहा था कि कन्नड़ अभिनेता राजकुमार के छूटने में अभी समय लगेगा। वीरप्पन ने नई शर्तें रखी हैं। तब मुझे लगा मानों अभी हमें आज़ादी मिली ही नहीं है। विभाजन का वह समय वापस आ गया है। जब अँग्रेज हमारी धरती को स्वतंत्र करने के लिए शर्तो पर शर्तें रख रहे थे। यह शर्तें बखूबी हमारी बर्बादी के लिए बनी हुई लोहे की जंजीरे हैं। हम यह जानते हुए मूक और असहाय स्थिति में उन्हें मानते जा रहे थे। क्या हम वीरप्पन के विरुद्ध सचमुच कुछ नहीं कर सकते? या यह हमारी लाचारी एक बहाना मात्र है। अपने व्यक्तिगत फायदे को बढ़ावा देने का? तब मेरा मन उद्वेलित हो उठा। क्या चौवन वर्षों की आजादी में हमारी मन: स्थिति पर कोई प्रभाव नहीं पड़ा? आज भी अपनी

पराधीनता को हम निर्विरोध स्वीकार कर रहे है। अपने दोनों गालों पर तमाचा खा कर भी हम कुछ नहीं कर रहे केवल अपनी लाचारी का रोना रो रहे हैं।

पर तभी अखबार की निचली ओर मेरा ध्यान गया। जहाँ लिखा था कि अमरीकी राष्ट्रपति के बाद जापान के प्रधानमंत्री भारतीय सूचना प्रौद्योगिकी और कम्प्यूटर विशेषज्ञों पर फिदा। भारतीयों को जापान आने का खुला न्योता। तो मेरा मन खिल उठा। मुझे लगा मानों सब कुछ इतना बदहाल नहीं है। तब मुझे उन सब बातों की याद आयी जिनमें मेरा देश अव्वल है। भले ही प्रगति धीमी है पर जब शुरूवात हो गयी है तो मंजिल भी अवश्य मिलेगी।

''आज हमारे कदम चल पड़े, धरती के कण कण की ओर।

सभी रहस्यों को भेदने, दिग-दिगान्तरों की ओर।।''

आज देश में सबसे ज्यादा धूम कम्प्यूटर और सूचना प्रौद्योगिकी की है। सारे विश्व में भारतीय विशेषज्ञों की पूछ है। सब हमारे देशवासियों को लुभाने की पुरजोर कोशिश कर रहे है। वही भारत जो कुछ वर्षों पूर्व तक साँप, हाथियों और अनपढ़ों का गढ माना जाता था। आज कम्प्यूटर प्रोफेशनलस् को तैयार करने का सर्वश्रेष्ठ कारखाना बन गया है। भारतीय उद्योगपति आज दुनिया के सबसे धनवान लोगों में हैं। अज़ीम प्रेमजी विश्व के धनवान लोगों में गिने जाते हैं। यह जानकर अतिगर्व होता है कि ये एक मध्यम वर्गीय परिवार के थे। जो अपनी मेहनत, लगन और आत्मविश्वास से यहाँ तक पहुँचे। यह बात कि इन्होंने यह उन्नति भारत में रहकर ही की। यही ''सोने पर सुहागा है'' क्योंकि कई प्रतिभाशाली भारतीय युवा शौहरत और पैसे की तलाश में विदेश चले जाते हैं, यह सोच कर कि यहाँ न तो उनकी तरक्की और न ही आमदनी सम्भव है। उनके लिये यह एक सर्वोत्तम उदाहरण है।

ऐसा नहीं कि पहले भारतीय इतने प्रतिभाशाली नहीं थे। पर तब उनकी प्रतिभा प्रोत्साहित नहीं की जाती थी। हमारे देश में तब न तो इतनी सुविधाएँ ही थी, ना ही सरकार को लोगों की क्षमता का अन्दाजा था। इसी कारण कई लोग भारत छोड़ने पर मजबूर हो जाते थे। और आज यही लोग विदेशों मे अपने अपने कार्यक्षेत्रों में सबसे उच्च पदों पर हैं। विदेशों में कार्यरत वैज्ञानिकों में पचास प्रतिशत से अधिक भारतीय हैं। इनमें सर्वप्रथम नाम जिस वैज्ञानिक का आता है, वे हैं ''हरगोविन्द खुराना''। जिन्हें तत्कालीन सरकार ने प्रयोग करने के लिए जरूरी सुविधाएँ प्रदान नहीं की। उन्होंने ही विदेश में ''मानवीय जेनोम'' के अपने प्रयोग के महत्व के बल पर नोबल पुरस्कार प्राप्त किया। पर आज भारतीय सरकार को अपनी भूल का अहसास हो गया है। और वह कई प्रतिभाशाली विशेषज्ञों को आवश्यक सुविधाएँ उपलब्ध करा रही है। आज हमारे देश में ऐसे कई महाविद्यालय, प्रयोगशालायें और संस्थान हैं जहाँ पर विश्व के सर्वश्रेष्ठ उपकरण और सुविधाएँ उपलब्ध हैं। ''इन्डियन इन्स्टीट्यूट ऑफ सांइस'' इसका एक उदाहरण है जिसे विश्व की दस प्रयोगशालाओं में गिना जाता है।

अब भारतीय अनपढ गँवार नहीं रह गये हैं। आजकल, प्रौढशालायें, रात्रिशालायें और अल्पकालीन आदि कार्यक्रमों से अधिक मात्रा में लोग शिक्षा प्राप्त कर रहे हैं। अब माता-पिता अपने बच्चों को विद्या दिलाने पर विशेष ध्यान देते हैं। वे भारतीय महिलायें जिन्हें संस्कारी जंजीरो में सदियों से जकड़ा गया था, अब महिला मुक्ति की बातें करती हैं। वे अब अपने गाँवों की सरपंच है। और बखूबी शिक्षा के महत्व को समझने लगी हैं। यही महिलायें साक्षरता शराबबन्दी एवं ग्रामसुधार के जटिल कार्यों को एक जुट होकर सफल बना रही हैं।

भारत ने स्वास्थ्य के क्षेत्र में भी बहुत प्रगति की है। जहाँ पहले चिकित्सकों और सही उपचार के अभाव में लोग छोटी - छोटी बिमारियों से मर जाते थे। और गम्भीर बिमारियों के लिये विदेश जाना जरूरी हो जाता था वहीं अब जटिल से जटिल ऑपरेशन भी हमारे योग्य डाक्टर सफलता से करते हैं। कैंसर जैसी प्राणघातक बिमारी का उपचार आज हमारे देश में ही संभव है। हमारी प्रयोगशालाएँ नई नई बिमारियों के उपचार ढूँढने में लगी हुइ हैं।

यह बात मैंने मान ली है कि हमारा देश इक्कीसवीं सदी का सबसे शक्तिशाली और उन्नतदेश बनकर उभरेगा। आज जब हमारी अनुमति परमाणु अप्रसार के लिये अतिआवश्यक है। हमारी राय विश्व के किसी भी घटनाक्रम को बदल सकती है। तो हमें अपनी उपलब्धियों पर खुश होकर चुप नहीं बैठना है। अभी भी ऐसे कई कार्यक्षेत्र हैं जहाँ पर तरक्की की आवश्यकता है। हमें अपनी जनसंख्या घटाने और कार्यक्षमता बढाने पर ध्यान देना होगा। गरीबी उन्मूलन कई वर्षो से अहं मुद्दा बना हुआ है। पर यदि हम शिक्षा का स्तर बढायें और लोगों के लिये रोजगार के नये मार्ग खोलें तो बेरोजगारी के साथ साथ गरीबी भी दूर हो सकती है। इसके लिये आवश्यकता है आत्मबल के साथ कड़े कदम उठाने की। कविता की कुछ पंक्तियाँ मेरे विचार से:-

वही रक्त है, वही देश है, वही साहस है, वैसा ज्ञान

वही है शाँति, वही है शक्ति, वही हम दिव्य आर्य सन्तान,

जिये तो सदा उसी के लिये, यही अभिमान रहे, यह हर्ष

न्योछावर कर दे हम सर्वस्व हमारा प्यारा भारत वर्ष।।

रचना शर्मा
II सी.बी.एम.

अहंकार

एक बार सन्त कबीर से उनके एक शिष्य ने पूछा, 'गुरुजी, मैना जब गाती है तो उसकी आवाज इतनी मीठी और भली क्यों लगती है?'

कबीरजी ने उत्तर में कहा, क्योंकि मैना जब भी बोलती है, तो कहती है 'मैं ना', अर्थात् 'मैं नहीं' परन्तु बकरी हर समय 'मैं, मैं' करती है। क्या उसका स्वर मीठा लगता है? कभी नहीं। उसका 'मैं मैं' मीठा लग ही नहीं सकता। 'मैं मैं' करने का अर्थ है अहंकार और अहंकारी सदा बुरा ही लगता है। इसलिए इन्सान को कभी अहंकारी नही होना चाहिए'।

पूजा शर्मा
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श्रेष्ठ जीवन बनाने के लिए

लेना चाहते हैं तो सबकी **दुआएँ** लीजिए।
दान करना चाहते है तो **सद्गुणों** का दान करें।
दमन करना चाहते है तो क्रोध का **दमन** कीजिए।
मारना चाहते हैं तो बुरी **इच्छाओं** को मारिए।
जीतना चाहते हैं तो पहले अपने **मन** को जीतिए।
पीना चाहते हैं तो **ज्ञानरूप** अमृत पीजिए।
पहचानना चाहते हैं तो **स्वयं** को पहचानिए।
त्याग ही करना चाहते है तो **अवगुणों** का त्याग कीजिए।
बोलना चाहते हैं तो **स्नेह** से युक्त मधुर वाणी बोलिए।
तोलना चाहते हैं तो बोलने से पहले अपने शब्दों को **तोलिए**।
धोना चाहते हैं तो **अपवित्रता** रूपी मैल धोइए।
चलना चाहते हैं तो **महापुरुषों के बताये** मार्ग पर चलिए।
चिन्तन करना चाहते हैं तो सबका **शुभ चिन्तन** कीजिए।
भूलना चाहते हैं तो दूसरों की **गलतियाँ** भूलिए।
जीना चाहते हैं तो दूसरों के **प्रेरणा स्रोत** बनकर जीएँ।

पूजा शर्मा
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हास्य रंग

चुटकुले

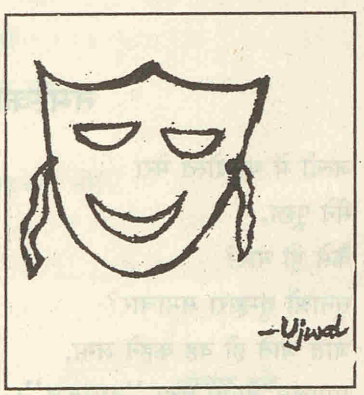
१. पोता : दादा तुम तीन तरह के चश्में क्यों रखते हो?
दादा : देखने के लिए।
पोता : वह कैसे?
दादाजी : एक चश्में से दूर का देखता हूँ दूसरे से पास का देखता हूँ और तीसरे से इन दोनों चश्मों को ढूँढता हूँ।

२. पुलिस ने चोर को पकडा तो उस वक्त पुलिस के पास हथकड़ी नहीं थी।
चोर बोला - मैं हथकड़ी लेकर आता हूँ। पुलिस वाला बोला, मुझे बेवकूफ बनाता है भागने की सोचता है, तू यहीं रुक मैं हथकड़ी लाता हूँ।

३. शिक्षक : मेहनत का फल मीठा होता है। इसका कोई उदाहरण दो।
मोहन : इम्तहान के बाद गर्मियों की छुट्टियाँ हो जाती हैं।

४. मास्टर जी : राम बताओ नेपाल दूर है या चाँद।
राम : जी नेपाल।
मास्टर जी : वह कैसे?
राम : क्योंकि चाँद तो दिखाई देता है लेकिन नेपाल यहाँ से दिखाई नहीं देता।

५. एक खूबसूरत लड़की बस स्टैण्ड पर खडी थी। एक नौजवान बोला चाँद तो रात में निकलता है, आज दिन में कैसे निकल आया? लड़की बड़ी हाजिर जवाब थी, बोली, अरे उल्लू तो रात को बोलता था, आज दिन में कैसे बोल रहा है?



६. जज (एक चोर से) - तुम्हें बार - बार अदालत में आते शर्म नहीं आती।
चोर : हुजूर मैं तो कभी - कभी अदालत में आता हूँ पर आप तो रोज आते हैं।

रजनी शर्मा, कारोलिन क्लेमेन्ट
II B.Com. "B'

कलयुग की परिभाषाएँ

१. कब्रिस्तान - दुनिया का आखिरी स्टेशन
२. चिन्ता - मनुष्य को पतला करने वाला उपाय
३. विश्व - सबसे बड़ी धर्मशाला
४. जेल - बिना भाड़े का मकान
५. विदुर - अक्ल का ठेकेदार
७. साँप - शंकर भगवान का 'हार'
८. चाय - काफी - आधुनिक युग का अमृत
९. चोर - रात का शरीफ व्यापारी
१०. मेहनत - गरिब का आभूषण
११. आतंकवादी - धरती पर मनुष्य रूपी यमराज

श्रद्धा नायर
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कलयुग की परिभाषाएँ - भाग दो

१. ताला - बिना वेतन का चौकीदार।
२. मुर्गा - गाँव की अलार्म घड़ी।
३. झगड़ा - वकील का कमाऊ बेटा।
४. पश्चाताप - अपयश धोने का साबुन।
५. आकाश - पृथ्वी का छाता।
६. विद्वान - अक्ल का थोक ऐजेन्ट।
७. चन्दा - भीख का सुधरा रूप।

नीता शनौए
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बूझो तो जाने...

१. एक कटोरा पहने झबला, उत्तर - तबला
ऊपर ओढ़े खाल,
जब जब उस पे हाथ जमाऊँ,
वह बोले तत्काल।

२. चोर नहीं डाकू नहीं, उत्तर - जीभ
नहीं कहीं की रानी,
बत्तीस सिपाही घेरे रहते,
तन मन पानी पानी।

३. एक घर में सब हैं चोर, उत्तर - माचिस
सब का मुँह काला,
एक का पैर पकड़ा घिसा,
हो गया उजाला।

४. मैं हरि; मेरे बच्चे काले, उत्तर - इलायची
मुझे छोड़; बच्चों को खाले।

नीता शनौए
II PyEJ

पद्य

एक कहानी

त्रेपन साल पुरानी है यह कहानी,
सुनी हर पीढ़ी ने बुज़ुर्गो की ज़ुबानी।
सन् सत्तावन में आज़ाद हुए-
नाते टूटे दिलों के, अपने बेगाने हुए।
हिन्दु - मुसलमान, हर इनसान
राजनीति के हाथ बटा।
खून-खराबा यहाँ हुआ, शोर-शराबा यहाँ हुआ।
हाय! देश हमारा.... साम्प्रदायिकता का शिकार हुआ।
भारत पाकिस्तान की है यह कहानी,
सुनी हर पीढ़ी ने बुज़ुर्गो की ज़ुबानी।
उन्नीसोइकहत्तर में जब बाँग्लादेश का जन्म हुआ,
फिर से एक दरार ज़िन्दगियों में आयी-
और कसैलापन दिलों में अब तक है छोड़ गया।

दो देशों की है यह कहानी,
सुनी हर पीढ़ी ने बुज़ुर्गो की ज़ुबानी।
गुज़र गए दशक कई, कहानी फिर भी न बदली।
हाय! स्थिति और बिगड़ गई,
आतंकवाद के रूप में है आई।

आज की है यह कहानी,
सुनी हर पीढ़ी ने बुज़ुर्गो की ज़ुबानी।
कश्मीर जो है भारत का अंग,
जिसे पाकिस्तान करना चाहता भंग।
हर पल, किए प्रयास उसने कई,
पर, आज स्थिति संगीन हो आई,
कारगिल मे हुए घटनाओं की दुहाई।

फिर से अपने सिपाही है आगे बढ़े,
जो कुर्बानी देने से कभी न मुँह मोड़े।
सैकड़ों देशवासियों की दुआएँ साथ उनके,
मौत है हर पल सिर पर जिनके।
पत्नि-बच्चों का मोह है छोड़ा....
परिवार से दूर उनका बसेरा,
अब तो बस है एक संदेसे का सहारा।
दिलों में इनके फर्ज़ की लहर है
आँखों में बस जीत की झलक है।
माथा इनका कभी न झुके,
कदम इनके कभी न रुके,
हौसला बुलंद है जो इनके।
इतिहास लिख जाते है यह वीर
.... कुर्बानियों से अपने।
हमें बस इतना है करना
हौसला उनका हरपल बढ़ाते रहना।
इन दिनों भी जब कोई सिपाही है शहीद होता,
हर कोई गर्व से यही है कहता-
''अपने सिपाहियों की यही है गाथा;
हर साँस, हर घड़ी है तुम को समर्पित माता।''
पचास सालों से चली आ रही यह कहानी,
आज तुम ने सुनी
कल अपने आनेवाली पीढ़ी को सुनाना
अपनी ज़ुबानी।

मधुरिमा दास
II PyES

नमस्कार

जल्दी में था दोस्त मेरा
मैंने पूछा,
कैसे हो यार?
सुनाओं तुम्हारा समाचार?
जाते जाते ही वह कहने लगा,
समाचार समाप्त हुआ ''नमस्कार''।

प्यार की प्यास

ये सारा जग है झूठा।
मूझसे है भगवान रूठा।

कोई माने न मुझे अपना।
फिर भी देखती हूँ प्यार का सपना।
कोई ना मिला वैसा,
मेरा प्यार बाँट सके ऐसा।
माँगती हूँ मैं प्यार सबसे,
खड़ी हूँ इस द्वार पर कब से।

सब के मन में हैं पैसा,
ये संसार हैं कैसा?

जैसे अमीरी चाहते है, सब गरीब,
वैसे मैं चाहती हूँ, आए कोई मेरे करीब,
मुझको है बहुत जीने की आशा
कोई ना समझा मेरे मन की भाषा।

तेजल पी. शेथ
II B.Com. (BMTT) "A'

पहचान लो!

दीपक के प्रकाश को नहीं
उसका जलना पहचान लो।
क्षितिज पर मिलते धरती आकाश को नहीं
उनकी दूरी को पहचान लो।
उन सितारों की निर्मलता को नहीं,
उनमें जलती आग को पहचान लो।
उस पतंगे के पागलपन को नहीं
उसका लौ के प्रति प्रेम पहचान लो।
भगवान के अस्तित्व को नहीं
अपने सामने खड़े मनुष्य को पहचान लो।
ये जीवन तुम्हारे सामने हैं,
चाहिये बस वह नज़र,
जिससे पहचान लो।

सोनम दूबे
I Degree, CMS

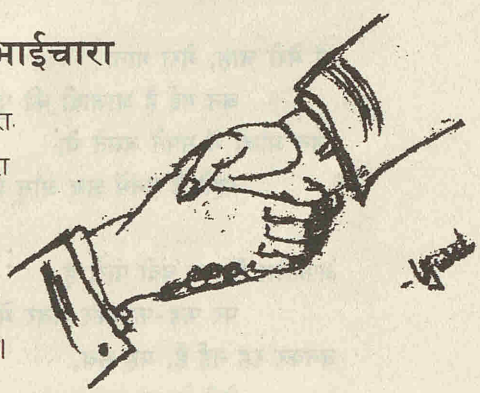
खुशी

खुशी, तू एक कविता है।
मुझसे इस कविता का वादा है;
मिलेगी मुझको।
डूबते सूरज में,
एक किरण जब चौंधिया उठे।
उस पथरीले पथ पर,
एक राह जब मंज़िल दिखाए।
रात के अँधेरों में,
शर्माते हुए सूरज में,
एक जुगनू जब टिमटिमा जाए।
मुझसे इस कविता का वादा है,
मिलेगी मुझको।

प्यासे रेगिस्तान पर,
एक बूँद जब टपक पड़े
फूल एक वृक्ष पर,
जब नवतरू खिल उठे।
अश्रु-द्विप्त स्वर में
मुर्झाई हुई आँखों में,
एक हँसी जब खिलखिला उठे
मुझसे इस कविता का वादा है,
मिलेगी मुझको।

सोनम दूबे
I Degree, CMS

बढाएँ भाईचारा



गूँज उठा है यह आज का नारा
सभी धर्मों का यही है प्यारा
इसमें न कोई भेद-भाव है,
न इसमें कोई रक्त घाव हैं
इसमें न कोई राम-रहीम है
न कोई साधु तप विलीन है।

निकली कितनी मीठी - मधुर जब आवाज़
दिल के तारों ने छेड़ा भाई - चारे का साज़
न कोई यहाँ मुस्लिम न कोई हिन्दु
चाहे हो पंजाबी, गुजराती, मराठा या सिंधु

संदेश है फैलाना जग में सारा
भाईचारे का रंग ही है यारा
ईर्ष्या, स्वार्थ, दुश्मनी को मारा
प्रेम, स्नेह, सुख को दिया सहारा

राह में आएगी मुश्किलें कई
पर हमें है खुद पर पूरा यकिन
गूँजता रहेगा सदैव यह नारा
ऐ दोस्तों चलो बढ़ाएँ भाईचारा।

प्रियंका अग्रवाल
II B.Com. 'A'

मैंने भी चाहा था

मैंने भी चाहा था, सुनहरा हो आकाश मेरा,
ठंडी, महकी पवन से महके संसार मेरा।
सूरज की धीमी गरमी से, मैं भी
सेकूँ अपने कोमल पंखों को।।

मैंने भी चाहा था, क्षितिज को छूता,
इंद्रधनुष के रंगों को ले अपने पँखों पर।
मैं भी उड़ूँ, चाँद को छू लूँ
चाँदनी झलकाता संसार पर जो।।

मैंने भी चाहा था, गाऊँ
अपनी सुरीली-मधुर वाणी में।
दूर दूर तक गूँजे गान
सभी में जगाए खुशी की लहर को।।

हाँ मेरी चाह, मेरा गाना
बन गई है आज़ादी की पुकार।
जिन आँखों में सपने बसते थे।
रहते हैं उनमें अब आँसू हजार।।

अफसोस मैं एक बंदी पंछी हूँ
पर फड़-फड़ाकर अंबर में उडता
बनकर रह गई है, यह सब,
मेरी केवल एक चाह।।

सुनों मेरी पुकार सुनो,
आओ मुझे आज़ाद करो
मेरे जीवन के कुछ पल मुझे,
अपनी चाह से जीने दो।
मुझे आजाद रहने दो।

भावना गोयल
II B.Com. 'B'

मैंने भी चाहा था....

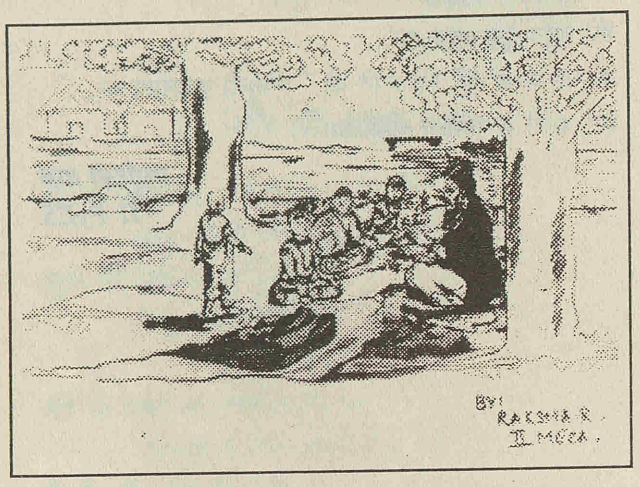
मैंने भी चाहा था....
हो कोई घर अपना;
बीवी-बच्चों के साथ जीउँ एक अनकहा सपना।
परिश्रम कर कमाउँ - रोटी, कपड़ा और मकान;
फुर्ती से चल पड़े मेरी साड़ियों की दुकान।
मैंने यह सब चाहा था....
और यारों! चाहता ही रह गया।
मैंने भी चाहा था....
बैठे हर शाम दोसतों की महफिल;
हँसी, मज़ाक, ठहाकों से गूँजे यह महफिल।
हो थोड़ी काम की बाते....
तो कभी, निकाले बाहर चुटकुलों के खाते।
कभी शायर बन जाएँ
तो कभी सबको बचपन में ले आएँ।
मैंने यह सब चाहा था....
और यारों! चाहता ही रह गया।
मैंने भी चाहा था....
रविवार की हर शाम को
समंदर किनारे ले जाउ अपने परिवार को।
रेत के महल बनाउँ, पानी में गाना गाउँ;
समंदर और साहिल के अंतर को
कही दूर छोड़ जाउँ।
मैंने यह सब चाहा था...
और यारों! चाहता ही रह गया।
मैंने भी चाहा था....
बनू एक आदर्श बेटा।
माता-पिता को हर सुख मैं दूँ,
ज़िन्दगी उनकी मैं रंगीन बना दूँ।
बस, और कुछ न चाहुँ.....
उनके आशीर्वाद की छाँव में यह ज़िन्दगी बिता दूँ।
मैंने यह सब चाहा था....
और यारों! चाहता ही रह गया।
मैंने भी चाहा था.....
एक संपूर्ण जीवन बिताना-
बनके एक आदर्श बेटा, एक अच्छा पति, एक प्यारा पिता।
बस यही नहीं, चाहत यह भी थी मेरी-
बनू एक कर्तव्यशील नागरिक।
जिस देश ने मुझे इतना दिया है सदा,

उसका त्रध्ण कर दूँ अदा।
मैंने यह सब चाहा था....
और यारों! चाहता ही रह गया।
सोचते होंगे आप
क्यों अपनी चाहतों का मैं कर रहा आलाप।
मैं करु भी तो क्या करु-
न है आज देश अपना, परिवार तो अब बस है एक सपना।
कहीं भीड़-भाड़ में खो गए - माता-पिता, पत्नी और बच्चे।
न जाने वे हैं कहाँ और क्या हैं अच्छे?
किसी और देश में मैंने ली है शरण-
मेरी तरह सैकड़ो को यहाँ करना पड़ा आगमन।
न अपने देश के हम रहे, न यहाँ भी कोई आए हमें अपनाने।
रह गए बनके बाहरवाले।
राजनैतिक चक्रव्यूह में फ़सकर ज़िन्दगी हो गई गुम।
अब तो बस एक ही चाहत है-
''मौत'' - मेरे अपने बन जाओ तुम।
मैंने बहुत कुछ चाहा था....
पर यह कभी नहीं कि अपने को ''रिफ़्यूजी कहलाना था...''
हाँ! यारों! ये कभी न चाहा था।

मधुरिमा दास
II PyES

VISIT TO A GURUKULA

Om Shantidhama..... A vedic world project embraced by the thick emerald green forests and situated on the banks of the sacred river Cauvery, stands resounding the call "Back to the Vedas" with its root firmly embedded in the vedic ideals of the Sanathana Dharma.

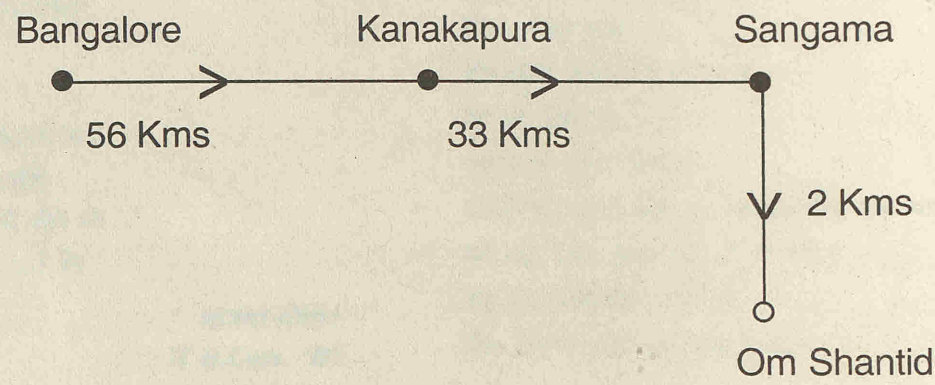


The sight of small thatched huts (Kuteers), the Gosala (Sheltering 16 cows of fine breed, which are worshipped and cared for affectionately, the Yogasala, the brickladen Bhojanasala, small Yajnasala, the expanse where the rituals Sandhyavandanam and Agnihotra are performed, the view of the students - both the Brahmacharis and the Brahmacharinis listening intently to the discourses imparted to them directly by their Acharyas; the glimpse of the young, enthusiastic, bright-faced boys clad in their 'Panche and Shalya' with a tuft and girls in their white salwar kameez and the dupattas thrown over their shoulders..... the quietude and the serenity of the environment transformed me into the age of the vedas.

Location:

Om Shantidhama, a Charitable Registered Trust established in 1991, is situated 92 kms. away from Bangalore, near Sangama (Mekedatu) Kanakapura Taluk, Bangalore District.

ROUTE MAP

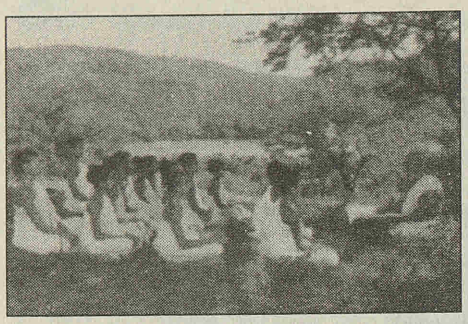


Administrative Set-up:

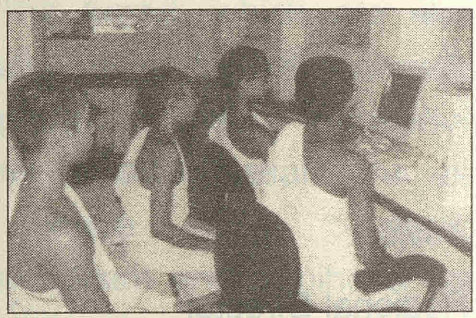
Om Shantidhama is a registered charitable trust.

Board of Trustees	:	Sri Anant G. Arya (President) Dr. R.R. Verma (Vice President) Sri. Satyarrata (Secretary) Sri. P. Ramesh (Joint Secretary) Sri. P. Krishna (Treasurer) Dr. Swami Satyam (Trustee) Dr. M.V. Sridhar (Trustee) Sri. S. Shashikumar (Trustee)
Advisor	:	Sri. K.S. Shastry
Regional Director	:	Sri. B.S. Vasudeva Rao
Administrative Office	:	Om Shantidhama No. 3371, 13th Cross Road, K.R. Road, 2nd Main, Shasthri Nagar, B'lore - 26. Ph: 6765328/6761057 E-mail: shntidhm@bgl.vsnl.net.in Website: www.omshantidhama.org
Publications Division	:	'Shanti Prabha' quarterly journal. Editor Shanti Priya.
Teaching Faculty	:	Vidwan Ganapati Joshi (Gokarna) Vidwan Pracheta (Athani) Vidwan Sheshachala Sharma (Bangalore) Vidwan Krishna Bhat (Mysore) Vidwan Rishidev (Kanakapura) Sri Anil Kulkarni (Dharwad) Kum. Nagaveni (Sirsi)
Doctors	:	Dr. S. Madhusudan M.B.B.S. Dr. N.N. Murthy (Homeopathy)

Daily Routine at the Gurukula:



The daily schedule of activities begins at 4.00 a.m. and comes to a close at 8.45 p.m. The day begins with the early morning ritual called 'Prātah Sandhya'. The students then practise yōgāsanas or vyāyāma, as it helps them to maintain sound bodies echoing the saying "शरीरमाद्यं खलु धर्मसाधनम्". They then do the daily chores like washing, mopping, and tidying the room. At 6.15 or so they participate in the general prayer service and after listening to the "संस्कृत वार्ता", they engage themselves for an hour in the general Sanskrit Studies, till the time the breakfast is served. For the next three hours they intently engage themselves in specialised vedic studies. At 12 they are served lunch which is "सात्विक" i.e., a complete and correct amalgamation of the shad rasas i.e., sour, sweet, salt, spice, bitter and astringent.



The main chef. Mr. Anil Kulkarni is no ordinary cook, he has a Masters' degree in Kannada and a Black belt in Karate to his credit! Mr. Anil also has 13 years of experience in social work having served in several oldage homes, orphanages etc. Cooking is a work he performs with great pride following the ancient rules of "पाचकशास्त्रम्".

After lunch, from 1 to 4, the students are engaged in studying the modern disciplines.... Science, Mathematics, Computers, Humanities etc. From 4 to 6 is the hour of relaxation when the students are engaged in varied activities such as gardening, playing the local sport Kabbadi or anything that interests them in particular.

At 6 in the evening they again take bath, perform the "सायम् सन्ध्या", have dinner and they along with their Acharya take a short walk called "भ्रमण" a time of contemplation and 'atmavalokana' (introspection), when the students review their actions performed during the day, contributing thus to a sound and refined personality as per the Sanskrit saying "प्रत्यहं प्रत्यवेक्षेत नरश्चरितमात्मन:". After drinking the fresh, unadulterated milk, the students chant the "शयनमन्त्रं" and retreat to the bed.

A day of sheer hard work, good and friendly deeds, hygienic and satvik food, an hour or two of relaxation and enjoyment is what makes the student healthy, tension-free and wise, thus preparing them to face the coming day with invigorating energy, high expectations and enthusiasm.

A. Unique Experiment

The creation of a vedic institution in this era of IT revolution and at the time when the computer technology has reached its zenith; poses serious questions and raises several queries in the minds of the people. I was wonderstruck when I first read an exclusive article about this vedic ashrama, which proclaimed the flexibility, adaptability and applicability of pursuing vedic studies and imparting of the supreme knowledge of the vedas through the "गुरुकुलशिक्षा" in this world where the masses are techno-crazy.

I made up my mind to visit this school, and to unravel the motive behind conducting such a unique experiment in the field of education.

The very moment I set my foot in the tranquil premises of the vedic ashrama, I began to feel, experience and at the same time guage the differences that exist between the conventional, mundane educational institutions which have now turned out to be mere information banks and large scale manufacturers of professionals or engineers by the dozen every year and this vedic school which enunciates the vedic principles and upholds the tradition of Vaidika Dharma.

On talking to Mr. P. Krishna (Treasurer), one of the masterminds behind the creation of this vedic centre, I was prompted to restructure positively the image I had before entering the vedic centre.

The thing that struck me the most was the imperturbable surroundings where only the twittering of the birds greets you and the cool shade of the trees spread over the vast expanse of the land rejuvenates energy and rekindles one's spirit. The only thing that one would miss here compared to the city is the pollution. This placid habitat has contributed immensely to the composed personalities that are evident in all the students and every other individual residing there.

Curriculum:

Mr. P. Krishna also explained how the students pursuing studies in this centre, are not only tutored in the modern disciplines but are also taught the Rg and

Yajur Vedas according to specially designed syllabi. Special attention is also paid to the study of grammar including the Maha Bhashya.

The students are also taught in depth the six Vedangas i.e., Siksha (Phonetics), Kalpa (Ritual), Vyakarana (Grammar), Niruktam (Etymology), cchandas (metrics) and Jyotisham (astrology). A knowledge of these subjects help in understanding, pronouncing, performing etc., as vedas are to be taught in a scientific way, for, the study of the vedas has to be precise. So the indepth knowledge of the vedangas (also called the limbs of the vedas) renders the students to pursue the vedic studies i.e., ''सस्वर वेद पाठ'' more efficiently.

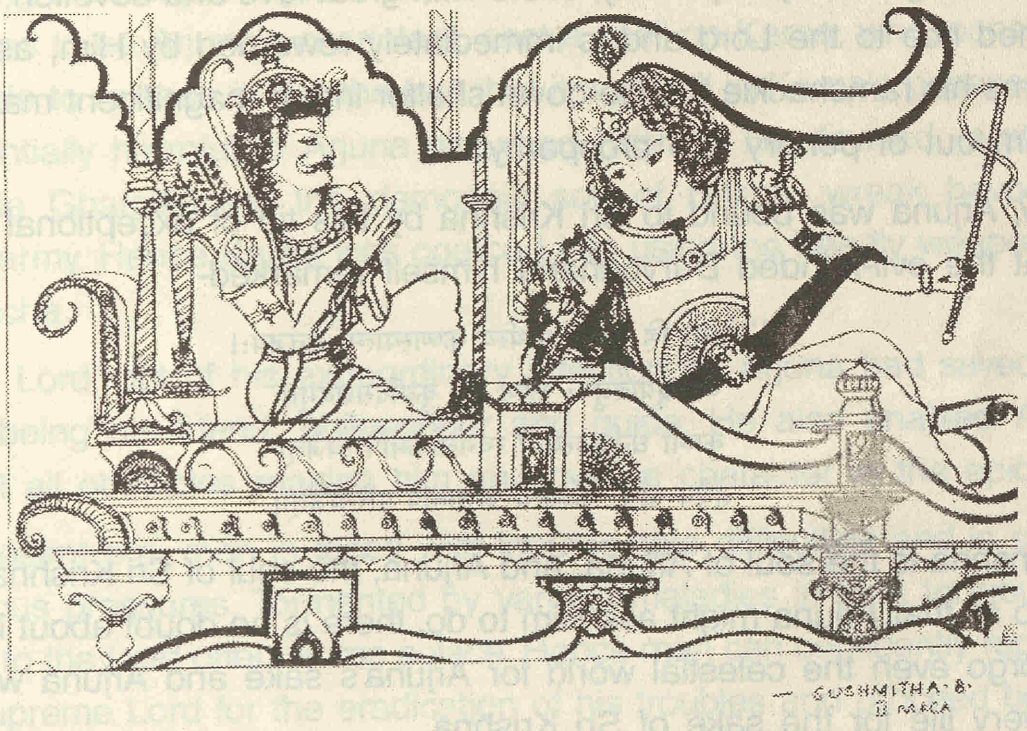
This interdisciplinarian approach towards education has succeeded in making the students brilliant performers in both the modern and traditional branches of knowledge. The only disadvantage of the possibility of outdated knowledge is overcome by teaching the latest technologies. So there is no fear at all, for the students of OM SHANTIDHAMA of being left out in this computer-savvy world.

The synthesis of Indian culture and Western education juxtaposed with Indian education succeeds in moulding a wholesome personality.

रज्जीता अर्स्
I PyEJ

ममैव त्वं तवैवाहम्....

"When troubles come your soul to try,
You love the friend who just stands by
There are times when you know your friend
Will stand by till the very end
Whose sympathy through all endures
Whose warm handclasp is always yours
and then with fervent heart you cry
'God bless the friend, who just stand by."



One of the strongest bonds that links one person to another in this diverse world is the special gift of friendship. In the ordinary course of life, we are constantly brought into contact with different people. Some of whom remain acquaintances. In certain others, we find a kindred soul where every infinitesimal chord of our emotions is in perfect harmony with theirs. However, it is only with a chosen few that we share joys and sorrows alike and seek to unburden our troubled hearts, thus allowing ourselves to be swept over by the powerful tides of human emotions, binding us for life.

A friend may be one's own self, another person or even the supreme Lord. Friendship may assume divine forms as is evident in the case of Lord Rāma and the Vānara prince Sugreeva, in the Rāmāyaña . Faced with similar predicaments, deprived of kingdom and family, they comfort and help each other bring a semblance of order in their chaotic and turbulent lives.

In the Mahābhārata and the Bhagavad Gītā, Lord Krishna has assumed multi-faceted roles; most of us are familiar with Krishna - the butter thief, Krishna - the slayer of Asuras and Krishna - the cowherd. However, many may not be aware of Krishna - the friend.

Krishna's dear friends were Sudāma, Arjuna and Uddhava to name a few. Sudāma, though in abject poverty, offers with great love and devotion, a handful of parched rice to the Lord and is immediately rewarded by Him, as the Lord transforms his ramshackle tumble-down shelter into a magnificent mansion and helps him out of penury into prosperity.

Similarly, Arjuna was bound to Sri Krishna by this tie of exceptional love. It is said that the evil-minded Duryodhana himself remarked-

"आत्मा हि कृष्णः पार्थस्य कृष्णस्यात्मा धनंजयः।
यद् ब्रूयादर्जुनः कृष्णं सर्वं कुर्यादसंशयम्।।
कृष्णो धनंजयस्यार्थे स्वर्गलोकमपि त्यजेत्।
तथैव पार्थः कृष्णार्थे प्राणानपि परित्यजेत्।।

- " Sri Krishna is the soul of Arjuna, and Arjuna, the soul of Sri Krishna. Krishna would do all that Arjuna might ask Him to do, there is no doubt about it. Krishna would forgo even the celestial world for Arjuna's sake and Arjuna would give up his very life for the sake of Sri Krishna.

Likewise, when Lord Krishna called on the Pandavas in the forest, He told Arjuna, in the course of their conversation -

"ममैव त्वं तवैवाहं ये मदीयास्तवैव ते।
यस्त्वां द्वेष्टि स मां द्वेष्टि यस्त्वामनु स मामनु।"

- "Arjuna, You are Mine and I am Yours. Those who are Mine are wholly and solely yours. Whatever is Mine belongs to You. He who is your enemy is My enemy, whoever is devoted to you, is devoted to Me."

Such was Krishna's attachment to Arjuna that He saved His dear friend's life several times.

Once, when the Nāgā missile was discharged by Karna to kill Arjuna, Lord Krishna rescued Arjuna by lowering the Earth so that only Arjuna's head gear was severed. Again when Bhāgadatta, son of Narakāsura released the Nārāyaña missile against Arjuna, the Lord received it on His chest, saving Arjuna.

Lord Krishna also protected Arjuna when Karna planned to use a lethal, infallible weapon he had received from Indra as a boon. It could be used only once and the person at whom it was hurled would surely die. However, at the time of releasing the weapon against Arjuna, on the battle field, Sri Krishna, who had volunteered to be Arjuna's charioteer, cast a spell on Karna, who, consequently was unable to release it. But the fact that it was still in Karna's possession and was potentially harmful to Arjuna disturbed Krishna. He devised a stratagem and made Ghatotkacha, the demonaic son of Bhima, wreak havoc in the Kaurava army. Hence Karna was coerced into using the deadly weapon to slay Ghatotkacha.

Thus the Lord, out of his extraordinary affection for Arjuna had saved his life, besides being his friend, philosopher and guide. He also enabled Arjuna to surmount all obstacles making him an enviable character in the epics.

In the present era, man is faced with innumerable difficulties and is subject to tremendous pressures. Tormented by various maladies in life's tortuous paths, devotion to the Lord offers some solace. Hence man can confidently repose faith in the Supreme Lord for the eradication of his troubles and proceed bravely on the path of success, with His blessings and the moral support rendered by true friends.

The characteristic features of a good friend have been aptly summed up in Bharthrhari's's Neetisastakam, in the following qúotation-

"पापान्तिवाश्यति, योजयते हिताय
गृहयं निगूहति, गुणान् प्रकटीकरोति।
आपद्गतं च न जहाति ददाति काले
सान्नित्तलक्षणमिदं प्रवदन्ति सन्तः।"

- A true, loyal friend should prevent us from doing wrong, should always encourage us to work for the welfare of oneself and others, reveal our good qualities and should never leave us in times of distress and should render help in times of need, - only such a person can be considered a true friend, one who would assist in dealing with the vicissitudes of life with equanimity.

सुष्मिता बी.
II MECA

अक्षंर संस्कृतम्

'यदिहास्ति तदन्यत्र यन्नेहास्ति न तत् क्वचित्' - What is found here may be seen elsewhere, but what is not found here will not be found anywhere else. This is said about the महाभारतम्, considered to be an encyclopaedia, and the same holds good, to a great extent with regard to the divine language, i.e., सुरभाषा or गैर्वाणी popularly known as संस्कृतम् । संस्कृतम् means सम्यक् कृतं, it is a well knit language written in देवनागरी script, containing Vedas, Āgamas, Dharmasutras, Purānas, Mahākāvyas, Champu Kāvyas, Dramas etc., in addition to many works in every branch of knowledge like Medicine, Astrology, Philosophy, Mathematics, Art and Architecture, Fine Arts etc. While the works on scientific subjects, Fine Arts, etc. provide information, the literary works aim at inculcating values, as their main objectives are enlightenment and entertainment. The language itself is most scientific and hence found suitable for use in computers. The influence of Sanskrit on Indian languages and even some foreign languages is a known fact.

As the name संस्कृतं denotes, it is a language refined and purified by a flawless grammar and intends to develop purified minds to reach the ultimate goal of self-realization. We find this absolutely necessary as we analyse the nature of human being.

पुण्यस्य फलमिच्छन्ति पुण्यं नेच्छन्ति मानवाः।
न पापफलमिच्छन्ति पापं कुर्वन्ति यत्नतः॥

'People expect to get the fruits of meritorious deeds but do not wish to do virtuous deeds. They do not wish to get the fruits of sins but take lot of effort

to commit sinful deeds'. Realising this, our ancient sages and seers decided to have enlightenment as the main objective of Sanskrit literature, making it rich in ways more than one. More over, it is this literature that Indian culture is rooted in, and it is essential for a student of Indology or Indian culture and heritage to know this language and learn its literature.

'गतः कालो न पुनरायाति' - time lost can never be regained. One aware of the value of time, even if it is a little late in lifetime, can enrich himself or herself by learning this wonderful language and its literature. Many are such organizations that strive to promote Indian culture. One such organization is 'अक्षरम्', committed to the propagation of संस्कृतम्. Some of its activities are -

1. सम्भाषणसन्देश - a magazine, the first of its kind in Sanskrit language, printed in देवनागरी script, it is a literary good samaritan for the learners as well as the learned. It is a beautiful, attractive, fascinating monthly magazine in about 70 pages, containing information about Indian culture, Philosophy, archaeological discoveries, historical events, current events of national and international significance, in addition to the regular features like stories for children, jokes, puzzles etc.
2. Many seminars, lectures and universal religious discourses on topics such as भगवद्गीता, ध्यान, योग, श्रीमद्भागवतम् etc. are conducted, some even at national and international levels.
3. There was a time when Sanskrit was termed a dead language, which could not be spoken. अक्षरम् started conducting a 10 day speaking camp called सम्भाषणशिबिरं and it has proved that Sanskrit can be spoken. Speaking camps are held all over India, and in countries like Japan, USA, Canada, etc. Mattur village in Shimoga is known as संस्कृतग्राम as everyone in the village speaks in Sanskrit.
4. Childhood days are the best days of a human being for his mental and philosophical growth. अक्षरम् has organized a small foundation for children, called बालकेन्द्रम where the children develop into individuals who understand, appreciate and preserve Indian culture.
5. For the beginners in Sanskrit, has introduced a correspondence course with exams in 4 stages - प्रवेशः, परिचयः, शिक्षा and कोविदः। By the end of this course, the beginner is well equipped for further development.

6. अक्षरम् has its own press and has published many books on Hindu philosophy, didactic fables, cultural revolution, grammar, conversational Sanskrit available with audio cassettes, short stories for children etc.

7. It has also put a step ahead in educating the mothers, who in turn will surely educate their children in order to prove that Sanskrit is simple, it can be spoken by anyone and can be used as an effective tool to reach their goals.

Moral ethics and peace can be attained only by achieving thorough knowledge. Let us all do sincere service to uplift the language that is at its downfall, so that all our ignorance diminishes, and anyone can become a member of the Sanskrit family.

अक्षरम् is situated at Girinagar-
'Aksharam', 8th Cross, II Phase,
Girinagar, Bangalore - 560 025.

उत्तिष्ठत, जाग्रत, प्राप्य वरान् निबोधत।

Arise, Awake, stop not till the goal is reached.

'जयतु संस्कृतम्, जयतु मनुकुलम्'।

सुब्बुलक्ष्मी
II HEP.

श्रीमद् भगवद्गीता।

"गीता सुगीता कर्तव्या किमन्यैः शास्त्रविस्तरैः।
या स्वयं पद्मनाभस्य मुखपद्मात् विनिस्सृता।।"

भगवद्गीता व्यासविरचितस्य महाभारतस्य भीष्मपर्वणि अन्तर्गता अस्ति। महाभारतयुद्धस्य प्रथमदिवसे अर्जुनः कौरवपक्षे स्थितान् गुरून्, पितामहान्, मित्राणि च वीक्ष्य, "कथमहं एतान् संहरिष्यामि" इति चिन्तया युद्धात् विमुखः भवति। परन्तु आध्यात्मविद्याम् उपदिशता श्रीकृष्णेन दत्तोपदेशेन विगतकल्मषः भूत्वा पुनर्नवो भवति।

भगवद्गीता प्रस्थानत्रये एका अस्ति। अस्यां गीतायां अष्टादश अध्यायाः सन्ति। अस्यां उपनिषदः "तत्वमसि" इति महावाक्यस्य विवरणं अस्ति। प्रथमाध्यायतः आषष्टाध्यायपर्यन्तं "त्वं" पदार्थस्य जीवात्मनः विवरणम् अस्ति। आसप्तमाध्यायं द्वादशध्यायपर्यन्तं "तत्" पदार्थस्य परमात्मनः विवरणं अस्ति। त्रयोदशाध्यायतः अष्टादशाध्याय पर्यन्तं "असि" पदार्थस्य जीवात्मपरमात्मनोः ऐक्यस्य विवरणं अस्ति। अस्यां गीतायां वेदानां शास्त्राणां च ज्ञानस्य सारः निहितः वर्तते। अत्र ब्रह्मज्ञानं, कर्मयोगः, सन्यासयोगः, क्षेत्रक्षेत्रविभागः गुणत्रयविभागः च निरूपिताः सन्ति। अत्र उक्तान् विषयान् साधारणसंस्कृतज्ञानेन सामान्य जनाः अपि अवगन्तुं शक्नुवन्ति।
श्रीकृष्णः निष्कामकर्मणः महत्वं प्रतिपादयन् एवं वदति-

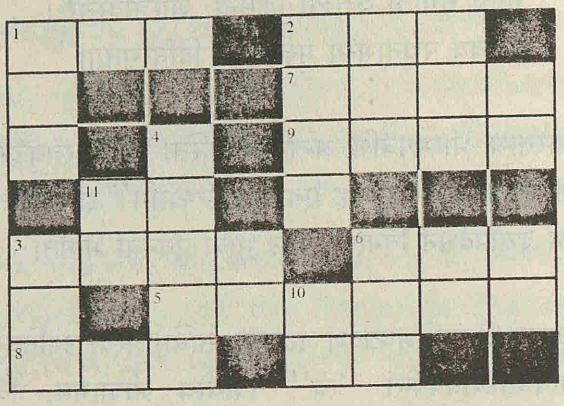
"मयि सर्वाणि कर्माणि सन्यस्याध्यात्मचेतसा।
निराशीः निर्ममो भूत्वा युद्धस्य विगतज्वरः।।"
आत्मनः लक्षणं प्रतिपादयन्-
"न जायते म्रियते वा कदाचित्
नायं भूत्वा भविता वा न भूयः।
अजो नित्यः शाश्वतोऽयं पुराणो
न हन्यते हन्यमाने शरीरे।।"
इति भगवान् वर्दात।

अतः सर्वेभ्यः मानवेभ्यः स्वकर्तव्यस्य ज्ञानं दत्वा मोक्षाय कल्पते। गीतायाः उपदेशानुकूलम् आचरणं कृत्वा सर्वैः अपि स्वजीवनस्य उद्धरणं कर्तव्यं। सुखशान्तिप्राप्त्यर्थं च अस्याः पठनं, पाठनं च नित्यं करणीयं। उक्तं हि-

"भगवद्गीता किञ्चिदधीता
गंगाजललव कणिका पीता।
सकृदपि येन मुरारि समर्चा
क्रियते तस्ययमेनव चर्चा"।।

श्रीविद्या
Ist SMCA

पदबन्धः



Across:

1. सर्वभाषाणां माता। (3)
2. वेदस्य अन्तिमभागः। (3)
3. मेघसन्देशस्य कर्ता। (4)
5. धशरथपुत्रस्य भरतस्य पत्नी। (3)
6. परीक्षित महाराजस्य माता। (3)
7. 'दण्डं ---------- स्मृतम्'। (4)
8. पद्यस्य अपरनाम। (3)
9. संस्कृत भाषां पठितुम् अयं भागः मुख्यभागः। (4)
10. अष्टलक्ष्मीषु एका। (4)
11. सत्यं वद, धर्मं ------। (2)

Down:

1. शोकस्य विरुद्धं पदम्। (3)
2. महाभारतस्य कर्ता। (4)
3. अस्मिन् मासे दीपावली पर्वः आचर्यते। (3)
4. श्रीरामकृष्णपरमहंसस्य धर्मपत्नी। (5)
6. सर्पस्य पर्यायपदम्।
10. साहसकार्यं कर्तुमिच्छन् पुरुषः।

தமிழ் பக்கங்கள்

வாழ்வின் இன்பத்தை தொலைத்து விட்டோமா?

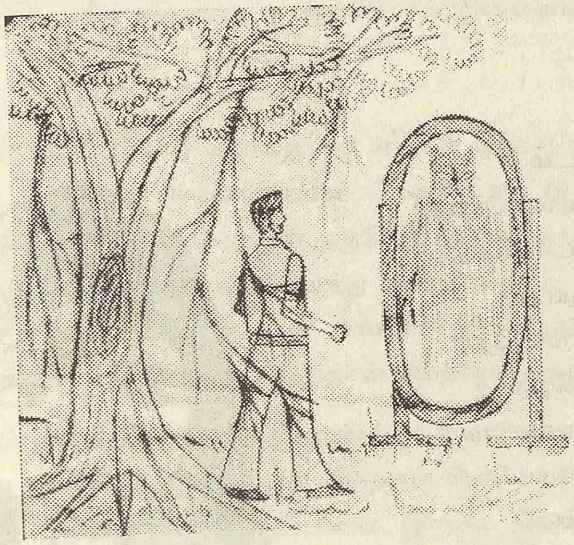
அவசரம் அவசரம் எதிலேயும், எல்லா நேரத்திலும்! மின்னல் வேகம்! கணினி (கம்ப்யூட்டர்) மனிதனை, மனித நேயத்தை அழித்து விட்டதா? எல்லா வேலைகளும் காத்திருக்காமல் குறைந்த நேரத்தில் முடித்து விடவேண்டும். பஸ்ஸுக்கு காத்திருக்கப் பொறுமையில்லை. ஆட்டோவை துரத்திப் பிடித்து போய்விட வேண்டும். இரயிலில் பிரயாணம் செய்ய உடம்பு ஒத்துக்கொள்ளவில்லை. பறக்கும் ஊர்தியில் செல்ல மனது ஏங்குகிறது. ஒரு சினிமாபடம் மூன்று மணி நேரம் உட்கார்ந்து பார்க்க முடியவில்லை. ஏன், மூன்று நிமிஷப் பாடலில் கூட மனம் லயிப்பதில்லை. செய்தித்தாளில் வரும் தலைப்புச் செய்திகளை மட்டும் பார்த்தாலே போதுமென்றாகிவிட்டது. பெரும் நாவல்களை விட்டுத்தள்ளுங்கள். சிறுகதைகள்டு கூட ஒரு பக்கம், ஒரு பத்தி இருந்தால் போதும் என்றாகிவிட்டது. சாப்பிடுவதில் கூட விரைவு உணவு என்று வந்து விட்டது. காய்கறிகள், உணவுப் பண்டங்கள் கூட முழுமையாக வேக வேண்டாம். முழுமையாக மென்றும் தின்ன வேண்டாம் என்ற நிலை. உட்கார்ந்து கூட சாப்பிடவேண்டாம். நின்று கொண்டே மிருகங்கள் போல அசைபோடலாம்.

ஏன் இந்த அவல நிலை? மனிதர்களே! கொஞ்சம் சிந்தித்துப் பாருங்கள். உங்களுக்கென்று ஒரு நாளைக்கு ஒருமணி நேரமாவது செலவிடுங்கள். பண்டிகை நாட்களில் உறவினர்களையோ. நண்பர்களையோ சென்று பார்த்து சிறிது நேரம் மனதைவிட்டுப் பேசி வாருங்கள். வாரத்தில் ஒரு முறையாவது அருகிலிருக்கும் ஆலயத்திற்குச் சென்று இறைவனை வழிபடுங்கள். உங்கள் வீட்டின் அருகிலிருக்கும் ஏழை எளியவர்களுக்கு உங்களால் இயன்ற உதவியைச் செய்யுங்கள். பணம், காசு கொடுத்துத்தான் உதவவேண்டுமென்பதில்லை. கல்வியறிவு புகட்டினாலே போதும். மாதமொரு முறையாவது நல்ல சங்கீதத்தை குறைந்தது ஒரு மணி நேரம் கேட்க வேண்டுமென்று வகுத்துக்கொள்ளுங்கள். வீட்டிலுள்ள குழந்தைகளுடனும், பெரியவர்களுடனும் சேர்ந்து உட்கார்ந்து ஏதாவது ஒரு விஷயத்தை தினமும் பகிர்ந்து கொள்ளுங்கள். எல்லோரும் குறைந்தது இரவு உணவையாவது ஒன்றாக அமர்ந்து மகிழ்ந்து உண்ணக் கற்றுக் கொள்ளுங்கள்.

வாழ்வின் இன்பம் நம் கையில்தான் இருக்கிறது. தொலைத்து விடாதீர்கள்.

R. Nalini
Lecturer
Dept. of Physics

மனிதன் என்பவன் ... !!! ???



அவன் இச்சை போல் இங்கும் அங்கும் நடக்கமுடிகிறது.
ஆஹா என்ன அதிசயம் என்றேன்!
அவன் எண்ணத்தை வெளியிட எத்தனை மொழிகள்.
அவன் அதிஷ்டசாலி என்றேன்!
அவன் கனவாய் இருந்த நிலவை அடைந்தான்,
ஆஹா என்ன அறிவு என்றேன்!
அவன் சாதுர்யம் கண்டேன்,
அவன் இணையில்லாதான் என்றேன்!
இது அவன் கொட்டும் தேள் என்று அறியாதவரை
அவன் ஜாதி மதம் என்ற நோய் கொண்டவனாம்
பிறரைக் கொல்லும் மனநோய் உடையவனாம்.
பணப் பிணத்தை தேடி அலைபவனாம்.
காட்டுத் தீயாய் உணர்வை எரிப்பவனாம்.
அழகிய மரமாய் பிறந்தேன் என்றும் பெருமிதம் கொண்டேன்,
அது ஒரு காலம்
அறிவுள்ள மானிடனாய் பிறக்கலையே, என ஏங்கினேன்,
அது ஒரு காலம்
இத்தனை கொடியவனுக்கா சுவாசம் அளிக்கிறேன், என வருந்துகிறேன்
இப்போது

Saranya
II-B.Com 'B'

சக்தி... சக்தி

பெண்ணே!
நீ சக்தியின் பிறப்பிடம் ! !
உன் சக்தி எங்கே தொலைந்தது?
சூரிய கதிர்களாய் சுடர்விட்டு
பிரகாசிக்க வேண்டிய நீ
வெளிச்சத்தின் விலாசம் தேடி
வீணாய் ஏன் அலைகிறாய்?
வானம் வசப்பட வேண்டுமா?
நிமிர்ந்து நில்!
இருட்டு வெளிகளில்
சிரித்தது போதும்!
குருட்டு நம்பிக்கையில்
குமைந்தது போதும்;
ஏணிகள் எங்கும் உண்டு!
தேடுவதே உன் வேலை!
தைரிய நெஞ்சோடு
முனைப்புடன் போராடு!
திக்குகள் உன் காலடியில்!
வெற்றி மகுடங்கள் வெகு விரைவில்!!



Sr. Jenice,
II-PCM.

அந்திய கலாச்சார ஆதிக்கப்பிடியில்...

இந்திய நாடு என்றால் எல்லோர் மனதிலும் முதலில் நினைவுக்கு வருவது பண்பாடும், கலாச்சாரமும் தான். ஆனால் வளர்ச்சி என்ற பெயரில் நம்முடைய கலாச்சாரம் இன்றைய நாளில் சிதைந்து வருகிறது என்றே தோன்றுகிறது.

இன்றைய காலகட்டத்தில் 'நாகரீகம்' என்ற சொல்லுக்கு மக்கள் ஏற்படுத்திக் கொண்டுள்ள பொருள் தவறானதாகி விட்டது. நடை, உடை, பாவனைகளில் மேலை நாட்டு முறையைப் பின்பற்றுவது மட்டுமே நாகரீகம் என்ற பெயரில் இன்று பொருள் தருகிறது. மேல் நாடுகள் நமது கலாச்சாரத்தைத் தீவிரமாகப் பின்பற்ற முடிவு செய்து இந்தியாவுக்கு வந்து கலைகளிலும், பண்பாடுகளாலும் தங்களை ஈடுபடுத்திக் கொள்கின்றனர். பரதம், இசை போன்ற கலைகள் பெருமளவில் போற்றப் படுகின்றன. ஆனால் இந்தியரோ சீர்குலைக்கும் வகையில் நடப்பதுதான் வேதனன தருவதாக உள்ளது.

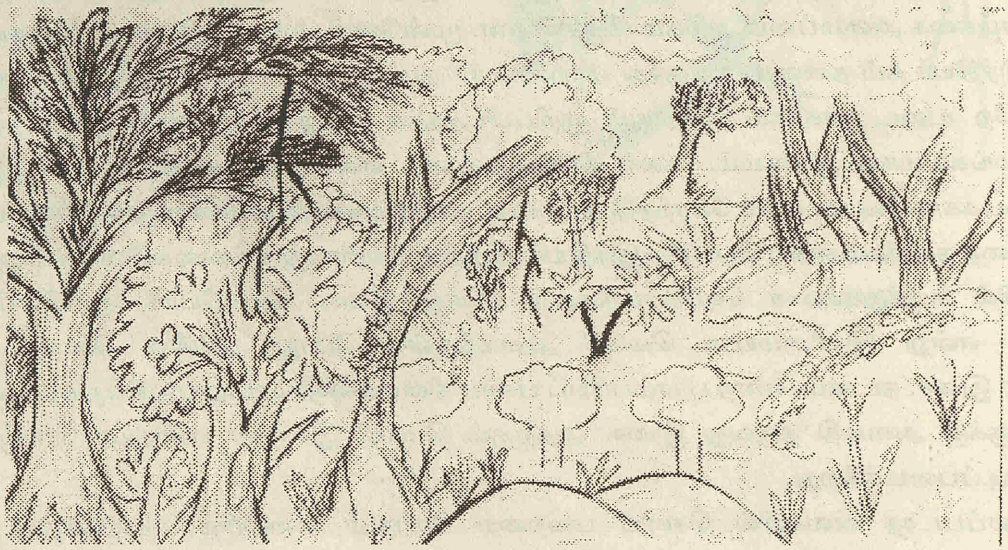
இந்திய நாடும், கலாச்சாரமும் ஒன்றோடு ஒன்று இணைந்தவை. கலைகள், விளையாட்டு, தொழில், பண்பாடு, இயல்புகள் ஆகிய எல்லாத்துறைகளிலும் இந்தியா மேலோங்கியே இருந்திருக்கிறது. அது தொடர வேண்டும் என்பதே இந்தியனின் விருப்பமாக இருக்க வேண்டும். மேலை கலாச்சாரப் போக்கில் இந்தியர்கள் இன்று மோகம் கொண்டு உள்ளனர். ஒருவனுக்கு ஒருத்தி என்ற இந்திய மண்ணில் பண்பாடு அந்திய நாட்டாரை வியக்க வைத்திருக்கிறது. பெண்மையையும், பொறுமையையும், வாழ்க்கை இயல்புகளையும் வாய்ப்புக் கிடைக்கும் போதெல்லாம் அவர்கள் போற்றுகின்றனர். ஆனால் இன்று கருத்து வேறுபாடுகள் இருபாலரிடமும் பெருகி பிரிவுத் தன்மைக்கு உட்பட்ட வாழ்க்கை அமைப்பை அதிகமாக்குகின்றன. முன்னேறி மேலும் வியக்கும் வகையில் நடக்க வேண்டிய இந்தியர் தம் தன்மையிலிருந்து மாறலாமா? அது இயல்பாகுமா? இந்தியப் பண்பாட்டில் அது போன்றே உடை நாகரீகம் என்பதும் குறிப்பிடத்தக்க ஒன்றாகும். பெண் எனில் நினைவில் தேங்குவது மங்கலமான குங்குமம், மலர், நிறைந்த உடை எனப்படும் சேலைகள்தான். இந்தியரை இந்தத் தன்மைக்காகவே மற்றவர் போற்றித் தங்களை மாற்றிக் கொள்ள முன்வரும் போது பாரம்பரிய அடையாளத்தை நாகரீகம் என்ற பெயரில் இந்தியர் மாற்றிக் கொள்வது எவ்வகையில் சரியாகும்?
தாய்மொழியில் கருத்துக்களை வெளிப்படுத்தும் போது இடை மொழியாக ஆங்கிலம் எதற்கு? அவரவருக்கு என்று இனிமையாக மொழி அமைந்துள்ள போது ஆங்கில மோகம் அறிவற்ற நிலைதானே? இசை, நடனம், என்ற பாரம்பரியப் பண்பு நிலைகளிலும் மாறுபடுகிறோம். மனம், செவி ஆகியவைகளுக்கு அமைதி தருவது இசை. அதற்கும் மொழி இல்லை எனினும் மொழி மோகம் அங்கும் ஆட்டிப்படைக்கிறது.
சொற்கள் புலப்படாத வகையில் செவிப் பறையை மோதும் வகையில் 'மேற்கத்திய இசை'க்கு முதன்மை தருகின்றனரே! வில்லுப்பாட்டு, கரகம், பரதம், கதகளி என்று வகைகள் நம்மிடமே இருக்கும் போது 'பார் டான்ஸ்' என்ற பெயரில் அன்னிய கலாச்சாரத்தை ஏற்கிறோம். உணவு முறையிலும் மாற்றம் நிகழ்ந்து அரைவயிறு, கால் வயிறு உண்டு வாய்க்குள் நுழையாத சொற்களான நோய்களுக்கு அடிமையாக வேண்டிய அவலமும் உள்ளது. விவசாயம் என்ற இயற்கைத் தொழிலை மறந்து 'பட்டணம் தேடி' வந்து பாடுபட்டு வாழ்வின் இழிநிலையை அடையும் போக்கும் உள்ளது.. முதுகெலும்பான விவசாயமோ, சிறுதொழிலோ செய்து நம் மேன்மையை உயர்த்தும் திறம் நமக்கு இருக்கும் போது இயற்கையைப் புறக்கணிக்கலாமா?
'உழைப்பு' என்ற உயர்வு மேலை நாடுகளில் இருப்பதால் அவர்கள் உயர்வு பெறகின்றனர்; உன்னதமாக வாழ்கின்றனர். பிறவற்றில் அந்நியரைப் பின்பற்றும் இந்தியர் உழைப்பு, சுறுசுறுப்பு ஆகியவற்றில்

மோகம் கொண்டால் உயர்வு பெற முடியும்! நம் கலாச்சாரத்தை அழித்து உயர்வு பெறுவதாக எண்ணிக் கொண்டு கற்பனையல் வாழ்வதைக் காட்டிலும் கலாச்சாரப் பண்பாடுகளில் மாற்றம் இன்றி உயர்வு பெற எண்ணலாமா? உயர்வு எண்ணங்களால் இந்தியர் இணைய வேண்டும் என்பதே இன்றைய இந்தியா விரும்புவது என்றால் அது மிகையில்லை.

S. Arputha Jayanthi
II-PYEE

மனிதா ! ஒவ்வொரு மரமும் போதிமரமே!

''பிறந்தோம் தொட்டில் மரத்தின் உபயம்
நடந்தோம் நடைவண்டி மரத்தின் உபயம்
எழுதினோம் பென்சில் பலகை மரத்தின் உபயம்
மணந்தோம் மாலை சந்தனம் மரத்தின் உபயம்
மரந்தான் மரந்தான் எல்லாம் மரந்தான்
மறந்தான் மறந்தான் மனிதன் மறந்தான்
மனிதா மனிதனாக வேண்டுமா? மரத்திடம் வா
ஒவ்வொரு மரமும் போதி மரம்!''



என்று கவிஞர் வைரமுத்து எழுதிய வரிகள் மரங்களின் சிறப்பையும், மனிதன் மரத்திடமிருந்து பெற வேண்டிய அறிவையும் வெளிப்படுத்துகின்றன.

மரங்களும், ஏனைய தாவரங்களும் அடர்த்தியய் மண்டிக்கிடைக்கும் இடம் காடு, கானகம், வானம், ஆரண்யம் என்று அழைக்கப்படுகிறது. தமிழ்குடி பெருமக்கள் நிலத்தை மலையும் அதனை சார்ந்த இடம் குறஞ்சி, காடும் அதனை சார்ந்த இடம் முல்லை, வயலும் அதனை சார்ந்த இடம் மருதம், கடலும் அதனை சார்ந்த இடம் நெய்தல் என்று ஐந்து வகைகளாக பகுத்தனர். காடுகளால் விளையும் பெரும் பயன்கள் எண்ணில் அடங்கா. அவை நேரடியாகவும், மறைமுகமாகவும் பயன்படுகின்றன.

மனிதன் மட்டுமல்லாமல் புள்ளினங்களும், விலங்கினங்களும் பயன் அடைகின்றன.

மரங்கள் எண்ணெய், டானின் சத்து, சாயம், மை தயாரிக்க, ரெசின், கந்தக் காப்பும், காசுக் கட்டியும், கோந்தும் பிசினும், ரப்பர், வாசனை பொருட்கள், பீடி இலைகள், பஞ்சு நார், மருந்து பொருட்கள், அரக்கு போன்றவைகளைக் தயாரிக்கப் பயன்படுகின்றன. உணவு, உடை, உறையுள் ஆகியவைகளையும் தருகின்றன். அரசு, வேம்பு, வில்வம், அசோகம், மாதுளை, பப்பாளி, நெல்லி, எலுமிச்சை, முருங்கை, அகத்தி, கறிவேப்பலை மரங்கள் மருந்துச் சக்தியை பெற்றுள்ளன. இவைகளின் பயன்களை மனிதன் அடைந்தால் மனிதன் நோய்களிலிருந்து விலகலாம். மா, பலா, கொய்யா மரங்கள் மனிதனுக்குக் கனிகளைத் தருகின்றன. வாழை, தென்னை மரங்களின் ஒவ்வொரு பகுதியும் மிகச்சிறப்பாக பயன்படுகின்றன. ஆலமரம் நிழல் தந்தும், பனைமரம் மது தயாரிக்கவும் பயன்படுகின்றன. இது தவிர மரங்கள் பறவைகள் விலங்குகளுக்கு உணவையும், இருக்க இடத்தையும் தருகின்றன. பகற்பொழுதெல்லாம் கரியமில வாயுவை உட்கொண்டு வாயுமண்டலத்தைத் தூய்மை செய்து மனிதனும் பிற உயிர்களும் பிராண வாயுவைத் தடையின்றி சுவாசித்து உயிர் வாழ மரங்கள் உதவுகின்றன. நகரங்களில் ஏற்படும் வெப்பத்தையும், ஒலியின் கொடுமையையும், ஒளியின் கடுமையையும், குறைக்கிறது.

மனிதனின் பேராசையினால் காடுகள் அழிகின்றன. மழைக் காடுகள், வெப்ப மண்டலக் காடுகள், மறையும் மாங்குரோவ் காடுகள் போன்றவைகள் அழிந்துவருகின்றன. மக்கள் தொகை அதிகரிப்பால் தங்க இடமின்றி, மக்கள் காடுகளை அழிக்கின்றனர். மரங்களை வெட்டி அதைக் கட்டிட கலைக்காகவும், ஏழைகள் விறகாகவும் பயன் படுத்திக் கொள்கின்றனர். இவ்வகையான செயல்களால் ஏற்படும் காற்று அசுத்தத்தாலும், அமில மழையாலும் இருக்கும் காடுகளுக்கும் கேடு விளைகிறது. உலகெங்கிலும் உள்ள காடுகள் ஒரு நிமிடத்திற்கு 20 ஹெக்டேர் என்ற விகிதத்தில் மறைவதாக சோவியத் விஞ்ஞானிகள் கூறுகின்றனர். ஒவ்வொரு ஆண்டும் 10 மில்லியன் டன் ஆகாய மண்டலத்திலுள்ள பிராண வாயுவின் அளவு குறைகிறது. இது காடுகள் அழிவதாலும் நீர்த் தேக்கங்களில் தண்ணீர் மாசுபடுவதாலும் ஏற்படுகின்ற நேரடி விளைவாகும். கடந்த 10 ஆண்டுகளில் ஆப்பிரிக்காவில் உள்ள புல், பூண்டு இல்லாத சகாரா பாலைவனம் ஆண்டொன்றிற்கு 10 முதல் 20 கிலோ மீட்டர் விகிதம் தெற்கு நோக்கி பரவுகிறது. சோலைவனங்கள் எல்லாம் பாலைவனமாக மாறிவருகின்றன. காடுகளின் அழிவால் ஓசோனும் பாதிப்படைந்துள்ளது. காடுகள் அழிய அழிய, அகிலத்திற்கு அழிவு அருகில் நெருங்கி வருகிறது.

இயற்கை அமைப்பின்படி உலகில் உயிரினங்கள் ஒன்றோடு ஒன்று சார்ந்திருக்கிறது. ஒன்றின் அழிவு மற்றொன்றை தாக்குகிறது இவ்வாறு இருக்கும் பொழுது மனிதன் மரங்களையும், காடுகளையும் அழித்துவிட்டு எந்தவித பாதிப்புமின்றி இருத்தல் இயலுமா? இந்த உண்மையை அறிந்து கொண்ட மனிதர், இருக்கும் காடுகளை பாதுகாத்தும், பூங்காக்களை வளர்த்தும், வன உயிர் சரணாலயங்களை உருவாக்கியும் வருகின்றனர்.

சைனா, 1950 ஆம் ஆண்டில் மொத்த நிலத்தில் 8-6 சதவீதத்திலிருந்து 12-6 சதவீதமாக, அதாவது 122 மில்லியன் ஹெக்டர் நிலத்தில் மக்களுடைய பங்கெடுப்பாலும் முறையான திட்டமிடுதலாலும் காடுகளை அதிகரித்திருக்கிறது.

நமது பாரத நாட்டிலுள்ள காடுகளின் மொத்தப் பரப்பளவில் 12 சதவீதம், மொத்த பூமியில் 3 சதவீதம் சுமார் 1,00,000 சதுர கிலோ மீட்டர் அளவில் 53 தேசியப் பூங்காக்களும் 247 வன உயிர் சரணாலயங்களும் இருக்கின்றன.

கர்நாடகாவில் உள்ள நாகரஹோல் (Nagarahole) தேசியப் பூங்காவில் உள்ள மூர்கல் (Moorkal) லில் 21 வது நூற்றாண்டு வசதிகளுடன் கூடிய முதல்வன ஓய்வு இல்லம் அமைந்திருக்கிறது.

கண்ணாடி இல்லத்தை மத்தியில் கொண்டுள்ள பெங்களூரில் உள்ள லால்பாக் தாவர இயல் பூங்கா பாரதத்தில் மிகச்சிறந்த ஒன்று இங்கு பல வகையான தாவரங்கள் பாதுகாக்கப்படுகின்றன. பார்க்கவரும் மக்களுக்கு வனப்பாதுகாப்பு உணர்வைத் தூண்டுவதாகவும் அமைந்துள்ளது, இதன் சிறப்பான தன்மையாகும்.

ஆண்டுகள் செல்லச் செல்ல இயற்கைக்குச் செய்யும் கேட்டினால் நீண்ட நிலப்பரப்பு வாழ்வதற்குத் தகுதியற்றதாகி வருகிறது. குடிநீர்ச்சுனைகள் குடிக்கத் தகுதியற்றதாகி வருகிறது. காற்று கலப்படமாகி உயிர் குடிக்கும் நஞ்சாகிறது. பேரழிவை நோக்கி இப்பிரபஞ்சம் விரைந்து சென்று கொண்டிருக்கிறது. அதனால் நாம் மரங்களையும், வனங்களையும் வளர்த்துக் காப்பாற்ற வேண்டும். மரங்களின் உபயோகத்திற்கு மாற்றுப் பொருள்களுயும் கண்டறிய வேண்டும். மரங்கள் இன்றி மனிதன் இல்லை என்ற உண்மையை உணர வேண்டும்.

K. Srividya
V. Aparna
(II-SMCA)

அடக்கம்

இவ்வுலகத்தில் எல்லாவகையிலும்
சித்தியடை வேண்டுமானால்,
புலனடக்கம் அவசியம் தேவை.

ஆசை

நமக்குள் ஆசைகள் இருக்க வேண்டும்
ஆனால் அவ்வாசைகளே நம் வாழ்கையை
நாசமடிக்கும் படி இருக்கக் கூடாது.

வாழ்க்கை

ஒரு நல்ல வாழ்க்கை
நல்ல எண்ணத்திலும்,
நல்ல செயல்களிலும் தான் அமையும்.

நான்

நான் செய்த புண்ணியம் இந்த
இடத்துக்கு கொண்டு வந்தது,
நான் செய்த பாவம் இந்த
ஜனங்களிடம் கொண்டு வந்து சேர்த்தது.

சுறுசுறுப்பு

பூக்கள் காலையில் மலர்ந்து,
மாலையில் வாடுவது போல்,
நம் சுறுசுறுப்பும் காலையில் மலர்ந்து
மலையில் வாடுகிறதோ?

சுதந்திரம்

நாம் றப்பதற்கும் சுதந்திரமில்லை,
வாழ்வதற்கும் சுதந்திரமில்லை,
இறப்பதற்கும் சுதந்திரமில்லை,
ஓடி ஆடி விளையாடவும் சுதந்திரமில்லை,
நம் விருப்பத்தின் படி செயல் படவும்
சுதந்திரமில்லை,
மொத்தத்தில் நாம் சுதந்திரமாக
இருப்பதற்கே சுதந்திரமில்லை.

பண்பாடு

காலங்கள் மாறலாம்,
பருவ காலங்கள் மாறலாம்,
ஆனால் நம் பண்பாடு மாறாது.

Abirami Valli

Il Pleut Doucement Sur La Ville

Tout le monde est triste,
Quelquefois, j'adore la pluie,
parce qu'il y a un arc-en-ciel.
après la pluie,
Je remercie mon Dieux pour ma vie
Merci !

Vidya S, II PCMB

Il pleut doucement sur la ville
Comme la chanson d'un rossignol.
Il pleut doucement sur le toit
Comme le tambour dans la ville.

Akshatha Rai, II PCME

Il pleut, Il pleut,
et guand il pleut,
hes roses sont belles,
et le paon danse.
he vent siffle auec joie.

Avani Bhograj, II PCMB

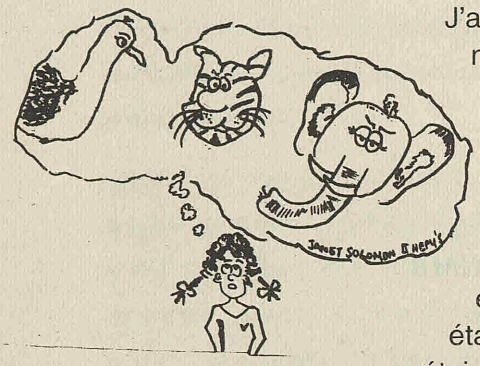
Pourquoi le soleil se reveille
quand mon coeur se couche?
Mes sentiments se perdent,
je ne les trouve jamais
Mais j'ai l'espoir, parce que
le soleil se live toujours.

Richa K, II PCMB

Ouand je regarde la pluie dehors,
il pleut dedans aussi
Mon coeur towene avec la peine,
Pourquoi les nuages tombent,
en petites pièces d'eau?

Lakshmi M, II PCMB

Mon viste au zoo



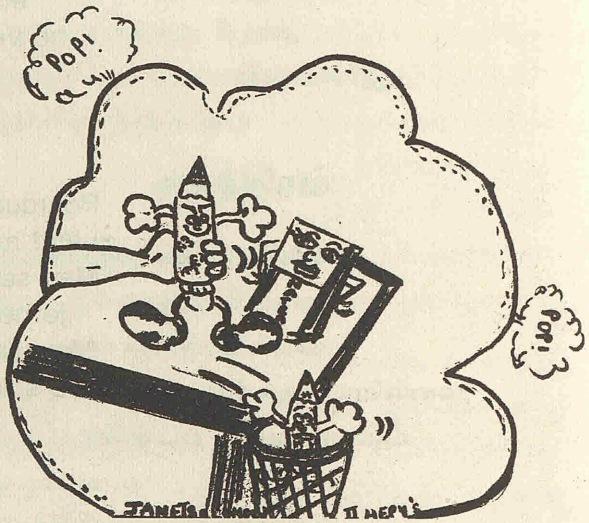
J'ai visité le zoo, le 25 Septembre. J'ai nu beancoup d' animanx mais je me rappele d'un certain animal - c'était un tigre qui était très majestueux. Le tigre vient de Canada. La couleur du tigre est blanc. Il avait deux enfants, mais je m'ai pas vu sa femme. Il a joué avec ses enfants qui étaient très petits et adorables. Ils s'amusaunt beaucoup

Après cela, j'ai vu un très gros élíphant qui était grcs. Ses défenses étaient longues. Il a monté des choses avec l'aide de son trompe. Il était énorme mais trés timide. Ses yeux étaient petits mais les orcilles étaient trés grandes.

Prés de l'éléphant, il y avait une grue qui se glissait silencieusement sans but dans un petit ruisseau. Elle avait un con très long. Elle était jolie.

An zoo, il y'a tant d'espèces d'animaux et des oiseaux, mais le grand tigre et ses enfants, l'éléphant et la grue m'a beaucoup plus impressionné que d'autres animaux. Ils étaient très agréables dans ses propres manièrs.

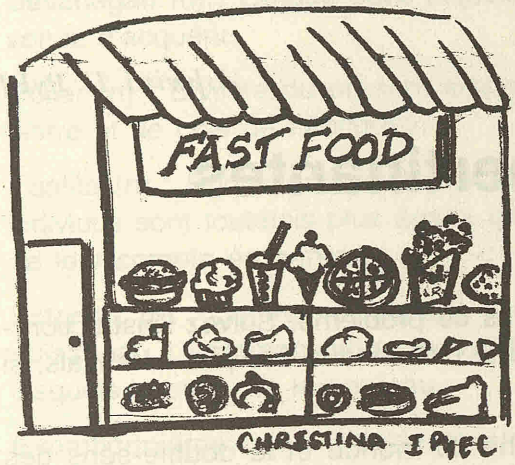
UN RÊVE



J'étais fabriqué dans une grande usine. Jétais svelte avec des lignes noires et jaunes. J'étais un nouveau crayon. Un jour un commerçant est venu à l'usine et il m'a emporté à son magasin. A la papeterie il m'a posé sur un des rayons. J'ai eu beaucoup d'amis comme les stylos, les crayons de cauleur, les règles et les autres crayons. Tous les yours j'ésperais que quel qu'un m'apercevra. Enfu, un jour, un garçon est venu à la papeterie et en regardant il a déudé de m'acheter, Le garcon s'appelait Jacques. Il m'a emporté à sa maison. J'étais très content. À la maison j'ai rencontré une belle gomme it nous sommes devenus de forts amis non maître Jacques ítais trés gentil Il m'employait beaucoup un jour il m'a emporté à son collège. J'étais tres agitée J'ai eu l'occasion de rencontrér beaucoup d'autres crayons it des amis de Jacques. Quelquefois, pendant un examen quand Jacques ítais nerveun il me grignotait et je me mettais en colère avec lui. Chaque your Jacques me taillait avec un taille - crayon it je suis devenu très petit. Jacques s'est rendu compte de çela et il a acheté un rouveau crayon. Le rouveau crayon était plus joli que moi avec des fleurs brillants. A la fin Jacques m'a jeté dars la poubelle. J'étais très triste it j'avais peur J'étais en trav de tomber quard, tout à coup ye me suis réveillée. c'était sevlement un rêve.

Patricia Paul Fernandez, II PECA

A quoi tient leur succès?



Vous avez dit fast-food? La mot américain, jusqu'alors approximativement francisé en "restauration rapicle" recourre en fait de multiples réalités. La meilleure définition du fast-food ne peut-être què 'vite préparé, vite servi, vite mangé? lette formule convient tráout le monde car le temps est très précieux et notre manière devie a aussi change.

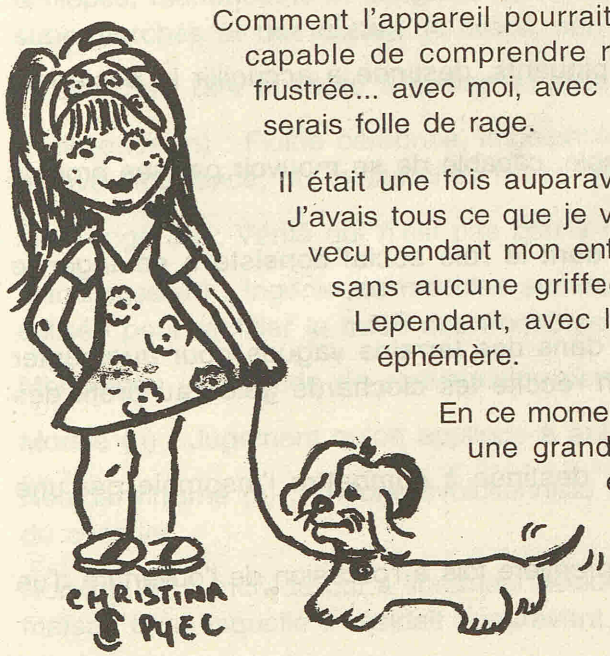
Dans cette société contemporaine où toutes les femmes travaillent et oú on se consacre de plus en plus à des loisirs, notre comportement de vie a change. Dorénavant, on préféré consommer des legumes et produits surgelés qui sont vite préfuré au lieu d'aller laborieusement concocter un menu élaboré. Leux qui travaillent ont souvent peu de temps pour déjenuner et moins encore pour faire de la cuisine. Même si on accuse le fast-food d'avoir peu de qualité nutritive, il est consommé par la plupart des travailleurs, 'Rapidité et prix' sont devenus les normes du jours.

Ainsi la popularité des fast-foods se justifie par le fait qu'lis s'intègrent bien dans notre société contemporaine. Ceux qui boudaient hier les fast-foods les fréquentent aujourd'hui et de nombreux jeunes en découvrent les délices.

Sheikha

Une Amie Muette

Bang! J'ái frappé le téléphone violemment. Le pauvre!...



Comment l'appareil pourrait-îl savoir ce que j'éprouvais? Mais je n'étais pas capable de comprendre rien à ce moment. J'étais tellement desabusée et frustrée... avec moi, avec le monde, avec toutes les choses. Je croyais que je serais folle de rage.

Il était une fois auparavant, quand j'étais <<normale>> comme les autres. J'avais tous ce que je voulais. J'avais un tas d'amis tout autour de moi. J'ai vecu pendant mon enfance et L'adolescence sans douleur, sans désespoir sans aucune griffee qui pouvait percer et détruire ma vie parfaite. Lependant, avec le passage du temps, j'ai découvert que tout était éphémère.

En ce moment' j'avais besoin d'une amie... fidèle, véritable. J'avais une grande envie d'exprimer ce que je sentais. J'avais une envie folle d'avoir une camarade pour moi... une confidante, avec qui je pourrais animer ma vie, embellir man existence négligeable... à qui je pourrais vider mon âme, verser mes sentiments-les plus profonds.

Tout à coup, une idée s'est éclairée dans ma tête. J'ai pris conscience qu'il n'y avait pas le temps de crier ou pleurer sur la morte d'amour, sur la trahison d'amitié. Le que j'avais besoin et ce qu'il était absoluement nécessaire d'avoir... c'était une amie veritable, une amie intègre.

Donc, j'ai... acheté une petite chienne !

Ashwini II PyEJ

Les Définitions Impertinantes

Auberge, brouillard, cartable, déchéance...

Les mots entendus - mais leur sens - inconnu, obscur... Pas de problème. Suivez l'instruction - 'Regardez le dictionaire français anglais si vous voulez ou le dictionnaire français - français, si vous pouviz (comprendre).

Si vous êtes un des profanes qui ne sait pas la démarche du monde et le double-sens des mots, ne vous inquiètez pas. Je vous cofererai une liste des mots, avec des explications notorieuses.

ATTENTION! Ces mots et leur sens ne conforment pas aux débutants de la langue Français.

Adulte (n) : Humain ayant atteint sa taille définitive et pouvant dorénavant pratiques divers méfaits et mal versations socialement admises en toute légalité.

Année-lumière (n) : Distance qui sépare le désir de la réalité.

Anomalie(n) : Déviation pathologique insolite. Par exemple : un banquier affable et généreux, un fonctionnaire serviable, une belle-mére charmante ou un homme politique intègre.

Assissin (n) : Élément régulateur de la population humaine, mais dont la pratique est soumise à diverses restrictions et interdictions, sauf lorsqu'il agit dans un contexte militaire ou policier.

Baguette (n) : Instrument de musique n'émettant aucun son et joué par un soliste tournant le dos au public.

Cactus (n) : Espèce de grosse courge hérisée de piquants, destinée à accueillir le postérieur des parachutistes malchanceux.

Camembert (n) : Fromage francais à géométrie variable, capable de se mouvoir par ses propres moyens.

Chirurgien (n) : Artisan jovial, armé d'un scalpel, dont le rôle social consiste à soulager le compte en banque des innocentes victimes.

Clochard (n) : Philosophe ayant décidé de resider dans des terrains vagues pour augmenter l'öffre de logements vacants. Les matins d'hiver on récolte les clochards gelés au profit des banques d'organes.

Conférence (n) : Méthode thérapeutique collective, destinée à combattre l'insomnie par une médication naturelle, violente, mais très efficace.

Cousin (n) : Illustre inconnu qui se manifeste pour la première fois à l'occasion de l'ouverture d'un testament.

Décapitation (n) : Opération instantanée servant à diminuer la hauteur total d'un individu tout en coupant court à ses arguments.

Devanâgari (n) : Langue dans laquelle est rédigé le mode d'emploi de la châine stéréo que vous venez d'acquérir.

Dollar (n) : Divinité du présent siècle, remplaçant les idoles malcommodes et encombrantes de pierre et de bois de l'Antiquité.

Egalité (n) : Equivalence des droits personnels et constitutionnels des êtres-humains. Certains individus sont toutefois plus égaux que d'autres, le degré d'égalité étant proportionnel au montant de leur compte en banque.

Estomac (n) : Centre névralgique et stratégique de l'être-humain, siège des sentiments les plus puissants. L'estomac dirige le fonctionnement de tous les centres vitaux secondaires, parmi lesquels-le coeur et le cerveau.

Evolutionnisme (n) : Théorie absurde qui présente l'homme comme étant le résultat d'une transformation du singe, alors que c'est régulièrement le contraire qui se vérifie.

Famine (n) : Option diététique d'une collectivité désireuse de figurer en vedette dans les journaux télévisés.

Foie gras (n) : Pâté très coûteux, confectionné à partir d'organes malades et hypertrophiés de volatiles gavés à l'entonnoir.

Gastronomie (n) : Science du ventre, elle revêt deux aspects, selon les régions : la gastronomie pratique et opérative (Europe, USA etc.) et la gastronomie théorique et spéculative (Rwanda, Somalie, Ethiopie etc.)

Guerre (n) : Action de supprimer physiquement ceux qui ne sont pas d'accord avec soi, pour leur apprendre à vivre.

Homme (n) : Personne de sexe masculin. Autrefois, l'homme tuait à coups de gourdin, des antilopes, mammouths et sangliers qu'il donnait en pâture à sa compagne. Depuis l'invention des supermarchés et des cartes de crédit, son statut est sérieusement remis en cause.

Insulter (v) : Dire la vérité á quelqu'un avec véhémence.

Intelligence (n) : Fluide cérébrale, impalpable, insipide et inodore dont on n'a jamais formellement prouvé l'existence, du moins chez l'être - humain.

Mensonge (n) : Vérité qui n'est pas bon à dire.

Mitrailleuse (n) : Ingénieuse machine semiautomatique desservie par un fonctionnaire en uniforme, utilisée pour rectifier le tracé des frontières nationales.

Monologue (n) : Mode de conversation permettant d'éliminer tous les contradicteurs.

Morale (n) : Jugement qu'on applique à autrui.

Neo-darwinisme (n) : Théorie évolutionniste selon laquelle l'homme ne descend plus du singe mais du cocotier.

Nomade (n) : Individu qui a librement décidé d'eternellement voyager après qu'on lui ait dérobé la maîson dans laquelle il résidait auparavant.

Oeil (n) : Fenêtre du désir

Omnivore (adj.) : Qui avale n'importe quoi pour se nourir. Il n'existe que deux espèces omnivore sur terre. L'une est le cochon et l'autre l'être humain. le qui les différencie, c'est que le second repaît du premier.

Paix (n) : Période de relâchement d'hostilités entre deux batailles durant laquelle s'elaborent les stratégies se préludant à la reprise de nouvelles hostilités et se fabriquent des armes plus perfectionnées.

Pâté (n) : Mets gélatineux, réalisé à partir des déchets non comestibles des boucheries, servant des médicaments efficace contre la contipation tenace.

Reine (n) : Femelle du roi. Elle remplace la maîtresse du toi lors des officialités.

Sans-abri (n) : Citoyen ayant opté pour la vie saine au grand-air.

Saxophone (n) : Trompette enrhumée

Software (n) : Mot utilisé pour désigner un logiciel d'ordinateur par ceux qui ne désirent pas partager leur savoir en matière informatique.

Sombrero (n) : Accessoire à tout faire des Mexicans. Il sert de parachute, l'habitation ambulante, de nénuphar artificiel, du cuvette w.c. de camping, d'assiette de Pizza, l'ovni et accessoirement de couvre-chef.

Somnifère (n) : Substance plongeant rapidement un être humain dans un sommeil proford, exemples : la matière rédactionnelle du <<Figaro Eco>>, du <<Wall Street Journal>> etc.

Squelette (n) : Aspect extérieur d'un <<top model>> dévétu.

Stangulation (n) : Technique de stimulattion des ventes, utilisée pour accélérer la signature de contrats importants.

Tombeau (n) : Seul lieu dans lequel un secret est réellement gardé.

Testament (n) : Document à valeur posthume rédige par un humoriste, servant à introduire la pagaille dans les relations familiales.

Uniforme (n) : Tenue vestimentaire des soldats, signallant à leurs adversaires qu'ils ne se trompent pas de cible.

Venice (n) : Ville dans laquelle les autorités ont décidé de remplacer les routes par des canaux afin d'éviter les manifestations de rues. Ainsi les cityens sont menés en bateau.

Water closet (W.C.) (n) : Seul endroit au monde où il était encore possible de se retirer pour prendre le temps de réfléchir sans être dérangé constamment. Le n'est plus le cas depuis l'invention de la téléphone mobile.

Week-end (n) : Période la plus fatigante d'une semaine comprenant habituellement le samedi et le dimanche. Les 5 autres jours (du lundi au vendredi) servant à récupérer des forces en vue de week-end suivant.

Zéro (n) : Chiffre symbolisant le néant et la nullité, sauf lorsqu'il est précédé d'un autre chiffre et répété en grand nombre sur un cheque bancaire.

Zoo (n) : Endroit où les gens viennent faire des grimaces pour amuser les grands singes antropoides.

