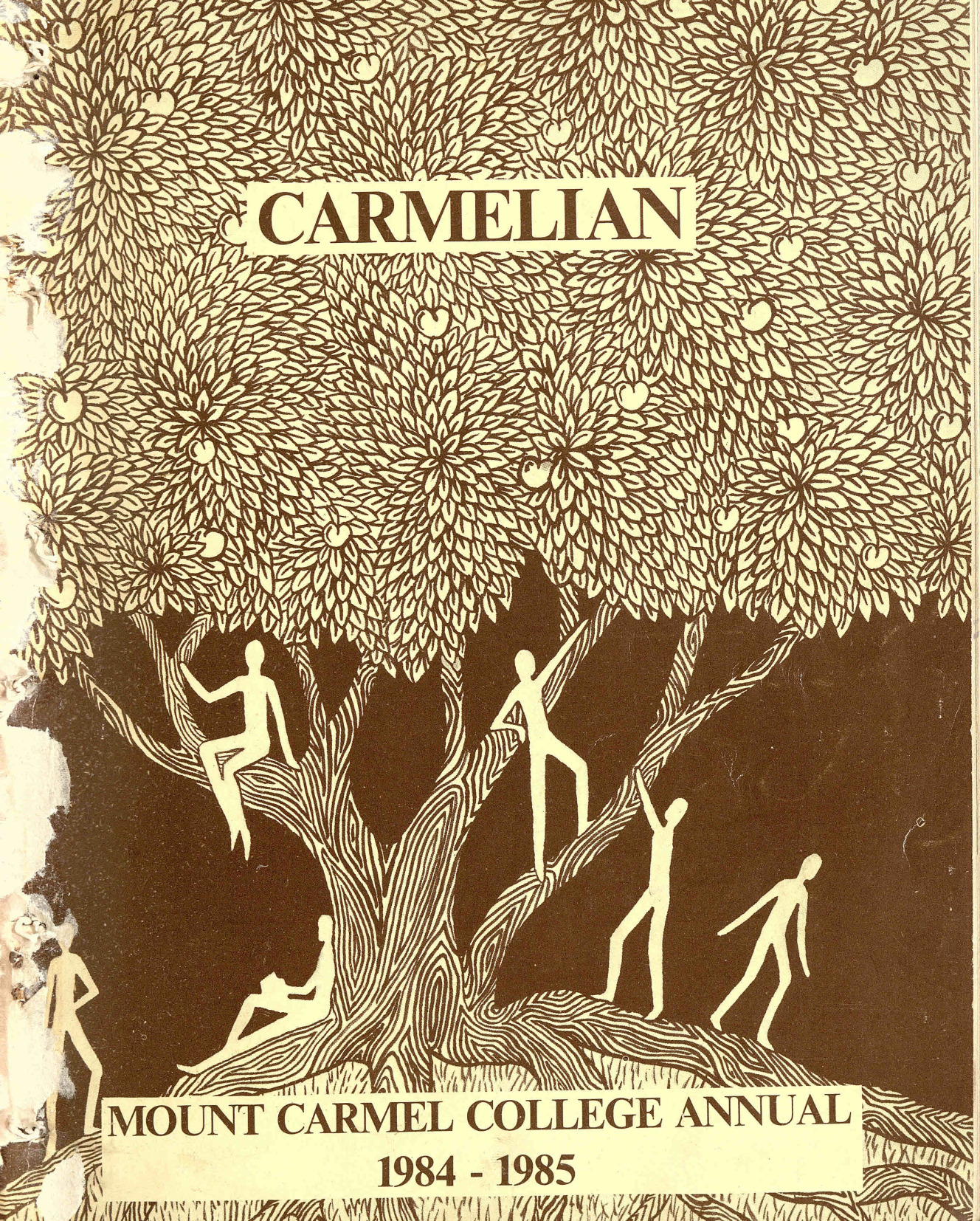


CARMELIAN

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE ANNUAL

1984 - 1985

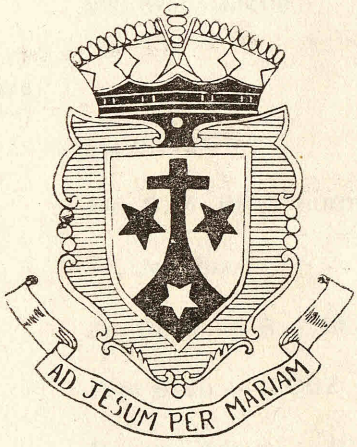
Cover Theme : The Tree of Knowledge :
Growth & Development

Cover Design : Rita Basu

"I saw two maidens in the spring of life in the full bloom of youth. I wondered why every plant, every tree in nature, blooms every year, bears fruit every year and renews itself every year. Why not the tree of life ? Why does it bloom only once, bear fruit only once and then grow old and die ?"

Vimala Unny
II PUC (PCMB II)

CARMELIAN



Mount Carmel College Annual

1984—85

CARMELIAN

Mount Carmel College Annual

1984—85

Editorial Board

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Ms. Mary Jacob

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Hindi : Ms. S. R. Bhusunurmath

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Artists : Biju Paul, Maya R.

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To Mary, Mother of God

we entrust

the youth confided to our care.

IN HOMAGE



INDIRA PRIYADARSHINI

Late Prime Minister of India

1917 – 1984

Editorial

M.C.C. survived 1984 unperturbed. The world outside has not been quite so fortunate. George Orwell's prophecy of regimentation doing away with every human freedom has come to naught. Freedom, the primal birthright of the human spirit has remained indomitable. In 1985 we are all the more conscious of its price. No freedom, however, can be meaningful if it is not accompanied by responsibility. MCC has in the years past striven towards the goal of imparting the right attitudes towards freedom. This year, the International Year of Youth, is no different. The tree of knowledge has its roots deeply embedded in the learning of the ages ; with each passing year its branches spread out to embrace diverse realms of thought. This year, very specially, MCC renews her pledge to provide direction, determination and discipline for the growth and development of the youth entrusted to Her care.

While the Bard may think a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, we decided to provide a name for our Annual in order to represent our aims, ideals — in short, to symbolize the spirit of Mount Carmel College. It is our desire that with the CARMELIAN we will usher in an era of greater perfection and higher standards in the presentation of our Annual, thereby contributing our mite towards the pursuit of perfection.

Student Editorial

It is strange how the higher the branches of a tree aspire, the deeper the roots delve. At the outset, we reached out into virgin innovative areas to mould our magazine but we soon discovered that we were only unearthing what was already there, the buried sensibility and latent talent of every Carmelite.

One cannot forget the endless hamburgers and thums-ups consumed to aid us in the search for inspiration ; the creating, recreating, editing, re-editing and re-re-editing . . . . and of course the general air of bonhomie that prevailed as the staff advisers and all of us budding scribes toiled cheerfully to add leaf by single leaf between these covers.

Jayalakshmi R.



Our Principal : Sr. Jesuine Marie

Collegiate Tournament, beating all the teams by convincing margins. Jayvanthi was selected to Captain the State Women's team for the Basketball nationals and Women's Festival. Two other players — Ashalatha S. C. and Niveditha Kalvadi represented the State while four of our players — Evangeline Singh, Ashalatha S.C., Prabha Chacko and Melissa Arulappan represented Bangalore University.

Chess : Our Chess player Sayeda Ghazala stood second in the Bangalore University Inter-collegiate and NMKRV tournaments.

Hockey : Though our College does not field a hockey team, four of our players — Praveen Pooviah, Gloria Woolger, Aruna C and Karen Marcar — were chosen to represent the State at the Senior Hockey nationals and the Women's festival.

Kho—Kho : It was a trophy debut year for our Kho-Kho team which created history by winning the State Kho-Kho Tournament for the first time. The team added another feather to their cap when they won the Anantrangachar Memorial Tournament conducted by APS College. Geetha Sagar, a crafty player and captain of the team won the Best player award. Vrinda H was selected to represent the University.

Softball : The softball team did well to win the state level Narayana Rao Memorial Tournament conducted by SNIFERS Club and they are well prepared to play the Bangalore University Inter-collegiate Tournament next week. Devaki K has been adjudged the best pitcher of the state and Dipti Thippaiah, the best catcher.

Tennikoit : Words fail short of describing the superlative performance put in by Vrinda N in the State Tennikoit Championship. She created a sensational upset when she disposed of India's Number One and Two stars to become the new state champion. The College team also won the state olympic games and the Bangalore University Inter-collegiate Tournament. Vrinda N, Gayathri M. R. and Geetha Pinto were selected to represent the state.

Tennis : Our Tennis team were declared the overall champions of the Bangalore University for the twelfth year in succession.

Throwball : Our star-studded team under the dynamic captaincy of Nirmala and able assistance of four state stars — Kalavathi, Vidhya Acharya, Rekha Srinivas and M. R Gayathri — won the State level trophy at Hassan in addition to the Bangalore University Inter-Collegiate and V.V.S. Silver Jubilee Tournaments.

Volleyball : Fielding a relatively new but well-coordinated and balanced team and aided by the penetrating smashes of International Spiker Anitha Iyer, the team became the champions of Bangalore University for the ninth consecutive year. Prathika S was selected to represent the University.

The growing achievement of all our events is that Mount Carmel College has bagged the Bangalore University all-round championship for the thirteenth year in succession.

Our girls with all the encouragement they receive, have displayed a tremendous spirit of sportsmanship on and off the field. May M.C.C. always be a force.

Social Service

Our College aims at imparting an education which creates social awareness and stresses every individuals contribution to the betterment of society.

Our students have been actively involved in the functioning of the Mount Carmel Charity Dispensary in which our doctors, friends and other interested ladies have given us invaluable help and encouragement. Our Sisters, postulants and hostelites have conducted classes in Remedial Education for the poor children of Vasanthnagar 3 times a week. In addition to this, they have been teaching the non-school going children of Vasanthnagar twice a week.

N. S. S. activities

The members of the N S.S. along with their Officer, Mrs. Zakia Sira attended a ten-day camp (20th-29th January) at Thattuguppe, a village 30 kms. from Bangalore adopted by the College. There they conducted programmes which included adult education, Hygiene, Dental Camps, General check-ups, Instruction on the natural mode of Family Planning Immunisation, care of cattle, tree planting and Parthenium eradication. This year our N.S.S. Students have worked every Saturday at the Half Way Home and Al-Ameen Hospital.

The encouraging response to the Blood Donation Camp organised in the College proved a fitting finale to the year's activities.

Student Welfare Services

The student Government have executed their responsibilities efficiently and have shown great initiative in organising the students' queue for the buses and the purchase of a water-cooler. Their 'gastronomical' interests have led to greater variety in the College Canteen menu. They have also donated a rolling

Trophy — for the best teachers ! All this has been in addition to taking up the challenge of the many inter-collegiate competitions, the results of which are listed below :

Salient Achievements

Visweswaraya Museum Technological Institute Lecture Contest :

Pamela Venkatesh — I

Shalini Mathias — III

Rotary club of Bangalore South Intercollegiate Extempore debate :

Clementia D'Souza — II

Pamela Venkatesh — III

AICUF unit of Bangalore Inter-collegiate debate :

Mary Thomas — I

Lizzy Thomas — III

The team won the Rolling Trophy

Lions' club of Bangalore Central Elocution Competition :

Pamela Venkatesh — I

Clementia D'Souza — II

The team won the Rolling Trophy.

Jaycees on-the-spot painting competition :

Priya Rau bagged the M. R. Narayan Rao Rolling Trophy for outstanding Oil Painting.

Rita Basu — Consolation prize

' Pick and speak ' organised by Sri Sathya Sai Trust :

Pamela Venkatesh — II

Interact Club of Bangalore Indiranagar Painting Competition :

Priya Rau — II

Ovation — St. Joseph's College Intercollegiate contests

Western Music : Carol Machado — Best Vocalist
Marlene Gonsalves, Susan Fernandes, Amrita Bedi — III
Carol Machado — Theme song — I
The Western Music overall Trophy was won by our students

Indian Music : Light music vocal — Anuradha M., Chandrika S and Hema Sunderesan — II
Classical Solo — Chitra — III

Y.M.C.A. Kannada debate

Satyavathi — II
The team bagged the trophy

Rotary Club of Bangalore

Pamela Venkatesh — I

The team Pamela and Jugta Kahai won the Yadolam Shetty Memorial Shield

H. K. V. S. Junior College debate

Clementia D'Souza II
Aruna C — III

The College team won the rolling shield

Roger Memorial Debate — Dharmaram College

Deborah D'Souza — I
Clementia D'Souza — III

Ambedkar College debate

Clementia D'Souza — I
Pamela Venkatesh — II

All Mysore English Debate, National College, Basavangudi

Malika Subba Rao — I

The team Malika and Shalini Mathias won the rolling shield

Agarwal Samaj contests

Indian group dance — College group — II

Vocal Solo classical — III

Jnanothsava '84

Indian light Music — Anuradha M — III

Western Vocal solo — Nayana Lobo — III

Instrumental solo — Charlotte Fernandes — III

Vocal group — Carol Machado, Sonal Machado, Charlotte Fernandes, Veronica Gonsalves and Romilla Mohanraj — I

Western group — Charlotte Fernandes, Romilla Mohanraj, Carol Machado and Elfreda Lobo — I

Western Music overall trophy was won by our students

V.V.S. College Rajajinagar — Hindi debate

Richa Vinod — Special prize

'Kala Yatra', Jyothi Nivas College

Indian Dance — Sujatha N.K. — I

Debate — Malika Subbarao — I

The team Malika and Pamela Venkatesh won the rolling shield.

Elocution — Jugta Kahai — III

Flower arrangement — Maya Gonsalves — I

Collage — Geetha Kamath — I

Sketching — Rita Basu — II

Poetry — Jayalakshmi R — I

Western Music group overall — College Team — III

Drama — Shalini Mathias and Malika Subbarao — III

Photography — Suparna C — I

Shipwreck — Latika Baliga — III

V.V.S. College Commerce debate

Geetha Kamath — I

The team Geetha and Aruna C won the rolling shield

Al. Ameen Arts, Science and Commerce College, English debate

Shalini Mathias — I

The College team Shalini and Ashrafi Antia won the rolling shield

Pre-University 'Fest

Elocution — Jugta Kahai — I

Overall trophy was won by our team

Hat debate — Clementia D'souza — II

Western Music Instrumental solo — Charlotte Fernandes — I

Group Instrumental — Charlotte, Carol Machado, Sonal Machado, Romilla Mohanraj and Veronica Gonsalves — I

Group vocal — Charlotte, Carol, Sonal, Romilla, and Veronica Gonsalves — I

Vocal Solo — Nayana Lobo — II

The team won the overall trophy for Western Music

Indian Music : Vocal Solo — Anjana Sridhar — II

Instrumental Solo — Chandrika S — II

Vocal group — Anitha Murthy, Anjana Sreedhar, Harini S

Anita S, Nirmala S, Mamta — I

The PU team won the overall trophy

Mirage '84 — St. Joseph's College PUC Contests

Debate — Jugta Kahai — I

Jam — Latika Baliga — I

Sketching — Maya R — I

What's the good word — Mala Dhawan, Jugta Kahai — I

Dumb Charades — Manju Rau — I

The team won the rolling shield.

Manifest

Extempore debate — Clementia D'Souza — III
Sketching — Maria Charles — III
Folk dance — Swetha Mehta and group III PCM — I
Indian classical Solo — Sujatha N. K. — I

Mardi Gras All India Festival I. I. T. Madras

Light Instrumental — Anuradha M — I

Ad-Nausean — Kumuda Rao and Luxmi Sounderaj — II

Sketching — Maya Ramaswamy and Kumuda — Special mention

Western Music — Carol Machado — Special mention

Creative writing — Priya K — Special mention

Elocution — Shalini Mathias — Special mention

Best Interjector — Priya S

Informal Games — 5 prizes won by our students

Vibrations I. I.Sc. All India Festival

Extempore debate — Clementia D'Souza — II
Elocution — Shalini Mathias — II
Indian Classical dance .... Sharmila M — II
Play — Glass Menagerie final PyEE — III
Western Music — Overall — II
Instrumental Solo — III

Jyothi Nivas College

Hindi Poetry Recitation Competition : Participants — Divya Prasad, Richa Vinod, Manjula T. K.

The team won the rolling shield

Indian Institute of Science

Hindi debate: Richa Vinod — III Prize

The team — Richa and Rekha Bajaj — won the II place

V. V. S. College

Hindi Debate: Richa Vinod — Special Prize

HOSTEL

The Mother Mary Memorial Hostel accommodates 165 students. The enthusiasm with which our hostelites and their wardens have organised their many activities — social functions, games, fashion shows, debates — is ample proof of the fact that to them hostel spells a home away from home! Their general health has been good.

EXCURSIONS & TOURS

Our College lays great stress on the educational importance of excursions and tours. There were two tours organised this year — one to Delhi and Kashmir, the other to Calcutta, Darjeeling and Nepal.

The Final year Botany students went on a 'study and plant-collection' tour to Ooty and places nearby.

DEVELOPMENT AND EXPENDITURE

Financial aid given to students

Scholarships & Fee Concessions	No. of students benefitted	Total amount spent Rs.	P.
Central Government Scholarships	40	29,641	00
State Government Scholarships	150	90,611	00
Scholarships given by the College	31	11,550	00
Other Scholarships	6	5,486	00
Free studentships	30	4,212	00
Help towards book, free meals, mess fees special fees, examination fees, education excursions etc., provided from the College Poor Students' Fund	150	12,720	00

Books and Equipment

1546 volumes were added to the Library bringing the total number to 37,833. Laboratory equipment was also purchased.

		Rs.	P.
Expenditure on books	....	43,138	47
Expenditure on Laboratory equipment	....	31,699	65
Total	....	74,838	12

Looking back on our activities of the year and the success we have had in ever so many fields, we cannot but raise our hearts in gratitude to God for the blessings He has showered on us throughout the year and the strength and comfort of His abiding presence, without which we would have achieved nothing. However, we do not wish to rest on our laurels, but will ever move forward to meet those challenges which we must meet in life to realise a meaningful existence.

Yours in Service
SISTER JESUINE MARIE
Principal for Management

PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE YEAR 1983-84

HOSTEL PRIZE

Deborah D'Souza

RELIGION

I P.U.C.	....	Lima John
II P.U.C.	....	Mary Immaculate
I DEG.	....	Deepa George
II DEG.	....	Louella Abreo
III DEG.	....	Ramona Nazareth

MORAL SCIENCE

I P.U.C.	....	Amulya Jayaprabhu
II P.U.C.	....	Dakshayani Unni
I DEG.	....	Radha S
II DEG.	....	Prathima Iyengar
III DEG.	....	Rita V

PART I — LANGUAGES

ENGLISH

I P.U.C.	....	Gita Devaiah
II P.U.C.	....	Manju Rao
I DEG.	....	Meera S
II DEG.	....	Rashmi Adaval

SANSKRIT

I P.U.C.	....	Radha K
II P.U.C.	....	Usha Rani
I DEG.	....	Shamitha S
II DEG.	....	Shoba Prasad

KANNADA

I P.U.C.	....	Anupama
II P.U.C.	....	Rama S
I DEG.	....	Nivedita M.M.
II DEG.	....	Rohini K Desai

TAMIL

I P.U.C.	....	Uma Maheswari
II P.U.C.	....	Jayanthi Srinivasan
I DEG.	....	Lourdu Mary J
II DEG.	....	Chitra V

HINDI

I P.U.C.	....	Asma Naveen
II P.U.C.	....	Nepa V Mehta
I DEG.	....	Divya Kumari Prasad
II DEG.	....	Rashmi H

FRENCH

I P.U.C.	....	Sujatha Raghavan
II P.U.C.	....	Mamatha V
I DEG.	....	Rita Basu
II DEG.	....	Jayalakshmi Rao

PART II — OPTIONAL SUBJECTS

ARTS

I P.U.C.	....	Anita Elizabeth Ninan
II P.U.C.	....	Dakshayini Unni
I DEG.	....	Meera S
II DEG.	....	Asha Kiran Shetty
III DEG.	....	Mahima Chandra Mouli

SCIENCE

I P.U.C.	....	Chandrika Kasturi
II P.U.C.	....	Prabha Sadasivan
I DEG.	....	Leela Janaki
II DEG.	....	Anila Prabhu
III DEG.	....	Rohini Balakrishnan

HOME SCIENCE

I P.U.C.	....	Ashrafi J Antia
II P.U.C.	....	Savitha S
I DEG.	....	Usha Rani C
II DEG.	....	Meera Gopal
III DEG.	....	Meena G. P.

COMMERCE

I P.U.C.	....	Meenaxi S & Vidya Ramakrishna Sharma
II P.U.C.	....	Rama S
I DEG.	....	Sunanda P
II DEG.	....	Chenthamarai V

FOR AN OUTSTANDING STUDENT AT UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS

MALA NARASIMHAN

Principal's prize for Best Student	....	Pamela Venkatesh III B.A.
Principal's prize for Best Prefect	....	Anila Prabhu II B.Sc.
Principal's prize for Best Sports-woman	....	Vrinda Narayan III B.Sc.
Dr. B. D. Laroia prize for Public Speaking	....	Clementia D'Souza II P.U.C.

OUR GALAXY OF STARS

List of Gold Medals and Prizes awarded to the candidates of the B.A. & B.Sc. faculties at the XX Convocation in 1985.

1. President John F Kennedy Memorial Gold Medal awarded for securing the highest marks in psychology.

   Mala Narasimhan — *82% — I Class* & *Hema Sundaresan* — *82% — I Class*

2. Sri. Ananthachar Memorial Gold Medal awarded for Securing highest marks in the aggregate of all three years

   Mala Narasimhan
   76.2% — I Class

3. Sri. N. Channappa & Subbamma prize awarded to the best students of the B.A. Degree examination.

   Mala Narasimhan — *82% — I Class* & *Hema Sundaresan* — *82% — I Class*

4. M, E. S. College Silver Jubilee prize awarded for obtaining the highest marks in aggregate including languages.

   Mala Narasimhan

5. Mary Kodanda Rao prize awarded for securing the highest marks in English.

   Suparna Rajaram
   70.75% — I Class

6. Chinnaswamy Mudaliar prize awarded for securing the highest marks in Tamil of the I & II year B.A. Courses.

   Mary Aruna K
   68.5% — I Class

7. Sri. M. Srinivasa Iyengar & Smt. Doroshallamma Gold Medal awarded for securing the highest marks in Pol. Science and Economics.

   Nandita Swaroop : Economics — 73.5% — I Class
   Pol. Science — 69% — I Class

8. Prof. Narayana Rao's Memorial Gold Medal awarded for having secured the highest marks in Botany.

   Bhanumathi Krishna Rao
   78.7% — I Class

9. Major A. T. Sethu Narayan prize awarded for having secured the highest marks in Tamil of the I & II B.Sc. Courses.

   Nirmala S.
   73% — I Calss

SCALING GOLDEN HEIGHTS

PRE-UNIVERSITY	*Name*	*Rank*
II Year Commerce	Priya Rau	VI
	Rama S	X
II. P.U.C. HEPyS	Dakshayani Unni	X

DEGREE		
B.A.	Mala Narasimhan	I
—do—	Hema Sundaresan	III
—do—	Mahima Chandra Mouli	IV
—do—	Suparna Rajaram	VI
—do—	Maya Gonsalves	VII
—do—	Suneeta A. Makhija	IX
—do—	Melissa Arulappan	X
B.Sc.	Kalpana Iyengar	X

The Old Order Changeth . . . . Giving Way to the New



Our Chief Guest



The college on their shoulders : Louella Andrade, Geetha Kamath, Louella Abreo, Rajasree Punjabi, Jugta Kahai, Ramola and Arlene



**Bound down by a silken sash and no escape—
but Louella (President) loves the feeling !**



**Lighting the flame of dedication—
Rajashree (Secretary)**



A solemn moment of promises to keep—
Geetha Kamath (Cultural Secretary)



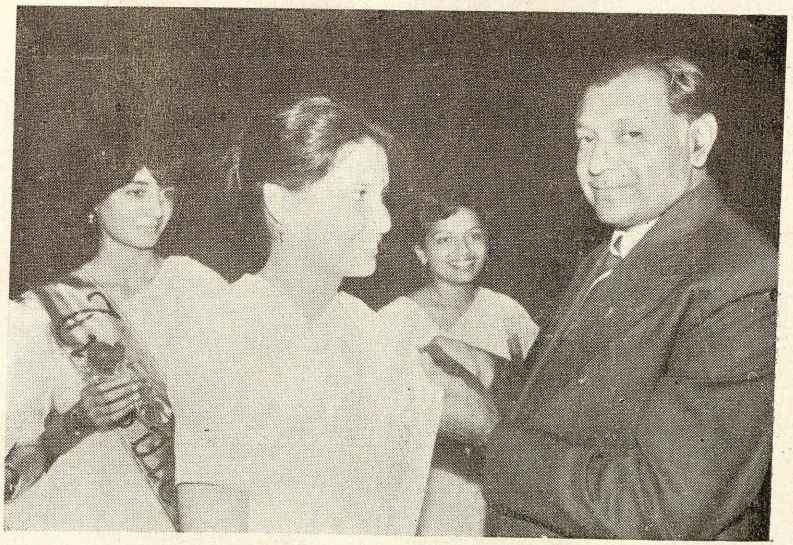
Dedication writ large on her face
Louella Abreo (Assistant Cultural Secretary)



A smiling Parul (Treasurer)—
' The key to the strongbox at my disposal !'

The youngest of the flock — Arlene and Ramola





SCHOLARSHIPS AWARDED DURING 1983-84

1. Sister M. Candida Memorial Scholarship.
   Capital value Rs. 3,000/-.

2. Sister M. Dorothy Golden Jubilee Memorial Scholarship—
   Capital value Rs. 3,000/–

3. The P. A. Nazareth Memorial Scholarship for an outstanding Catholic Student. Capital value Rs. 3,000/–.

4. T. P. K. Nayar Scholarship for a deserving student —
   Capital value Rs. 3,000/-.

MY PRAYER

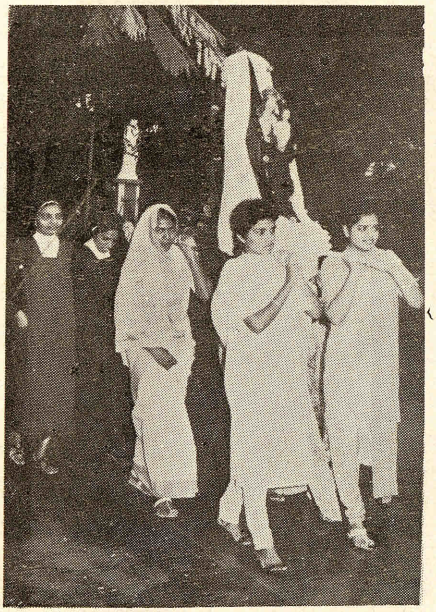
As once on the Sea of Galilee
you stilled the stormy waves,
Rise again, O Master
and speak the Word that saves.

Restore to our great Country
its unity and peace ;
Give us a sense of brotherhood,
bid all contentions cease.

May India keep her place among
the great lands of world,
Because 'tolerance' and 'peace' are writ
on our Flag when 'tis unfurled.

Sister M. Antoinette, C.S.S.T.
Nov. 3, 1984

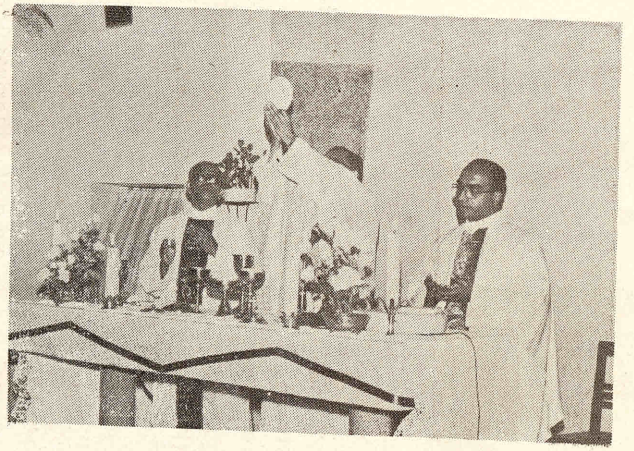
The Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel College and Convent, Bangalore



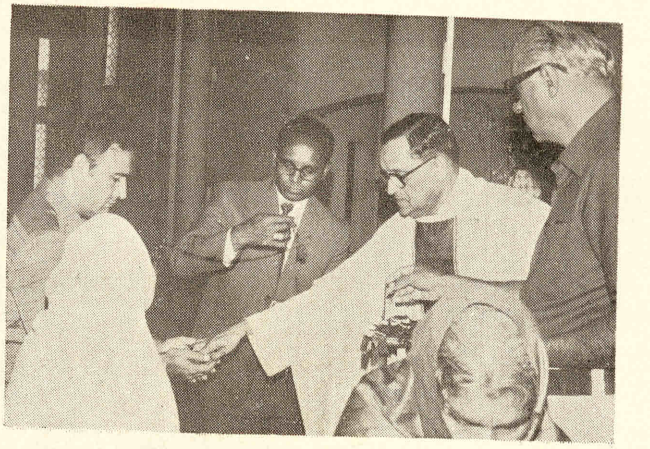
A light but persistent drizzle obliged the large crowd of people who had arrived on time for the procession in honour of Our Lady to take shelter in the Chapel and sing the Litany of Loretto there. One felt that it was perhaps the Will of Jesus to honour His Mother more, as one heard the moving response 'Mary Pray for us', to each invocation of the litany sung by the people, before the sacrifice of the Mass commenced.

The Mass was concelebrated by Rev. Fr. Ignatius Pinto, Parish Priest of Saint Francis Xavier's Cathedral, Bangalore (former C. B. C. I. Secretary for Medical Education, St. John's Medical College) with several other priests — Diocesan and Religious. Rev. Fr. Ignatius Pinto gave a brief but clear and moving instruction on the place of the Brown Scapular of Carmel in the Church. The Order of Carmel specially dedicated to Mary, Mother of God, traces its

Feast of Mount Carmel



In our Chapel : Fr. Ignatious Pinto



Distribution of Scapulars



In the Auditorium ; Tableau ' The Holy Family '



Tableau : Mary, Mother of the Church

origin back to St. Elias, prophet of the Old Testament. The preacher quoted Pope St. Benedict IX, one of the many Supreme Pontiffs who had approved and urged the use of the Scapular : 'Let all of us have a common language and a common armour; the language, the sentences of the Gospel; the common armour, the Scapular of the Virgin of Carmel . . .' (Benedict IX). Very many persons were enrolled in the Brown Scapular confraternity after the Gospel was read.

After light refreshments in the College Hall a well planned and meaningful cultural was presented in the auditorium, the theme of which was 'The Family of Man', from his creation and fall to his restoration to Grace, through Christ the Redeemer who became incarnate through the Virgin Mary, the New Eve. Impressive scenes were the Garden of Eden showing Adam and Eve and the Trinity above them; a tableau of 'The Holy Family' (the perfect family), and , Mary Mother of the Church' were presented, the latter to the singing of 'Salve Mater Misericordiae' (ancient Carmelite hymn). This tableau was preceded by a talk given by the Chief Guest Rev. Fr. Joseph D'Silva, Parish Priest, St. Mary's Basilica, Bangalore, on the theme 'The Christian Family — Unity in Diversity' where the speaker stressed the need more than ever today despite differences in culture, language, nationality etc. — Unity in Christ and His Church. The tableau 'Mary, Mother of the Church', displayed Mary, Mother of Carmel with St. Elias, St. John of the Cross, St. Theresa, St. Terese, St. Dominic and St. Bernadette, Saints of the Scapular and Rosary. Crowding the stage before Her stood various members of the Church of various ages and groups in varied attire — both East and West — all wearing the Brown Scapular and holding the rosary aloft. Other suitable hymns were sung during the programme and relevant passages read from Genesis and Pope Paul VI. The Papal Anthem joyously sung by the assembly brought the inspiring function to a close.

Earlier the Principal, Sister Jesuine Marie welcomed the guests. Suitable acknowledgements were made to the clergy, guests and members of the Blue Army by the Superior, Sister Stella Maris.

'Peace' : Go pale wraith and stand by men with fearful hearts and women with furrowed brows.

The First Lady of Space



The rocket hustled out of the heavens and crashed into the Atlantic Ocean at a speed of 10,000 miles per hour. The first American space flight had ended with a big splash and NASA was celebrating its Silver Jubilee. Miss Baker had come out alive and had become the first lady of space. As a result of space lag she ate and caught up on some much needed beauty sleep.

She boldly went where no man had gone before and now at 27, she is still enjoying the life of a super space star at the Space and Rocket Museum, Huntsvile, Alabama. Miss Baker is none other than a one-pound squirrel monkey from Iquito, Peru.

Miss Baker was monitored electronically throughout the flight to note down her psychological state. Her only reaction was a slight start at take-off.

A leaf from the personal life of this delicate monkey says that she dislikes living alone and always has a mate. She was accompanied on her tour by a large Rhesus monkey who died a few days after the return.

She lives with her second husband, Norman, in Alabama and their home is specially equipped with air conditioning and heating units and other comforts. She is, after all, 'The first Lady in Space'.

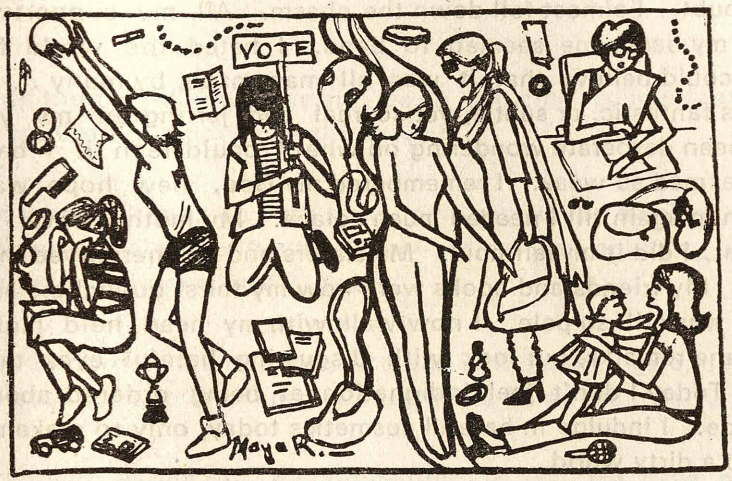
On Miss Baker's 25th birthday, she was presented a collection of photographs autographed by Neil Armstrong, who needs no introduction.

Even today Miss Baker receives fan mail from children who have read about her fantastic journey. She enjoys her life on earth too !

Mary Susan George
II B.Com.

Transition from Teenage to Adulthood

II Prize : Essay Competition



The passage yawned before me. I still had far to go. To climb those great many stairs was, in the beginning, easy, so easy that with childish vivacity I had run up them. True, a few of those falls had been painful. I still have the scars.

I still remember the first time a man on the road leered, 'Hi, baby!' at me. I had been stunned with the realisation that I was now old enough . . . that was yesterday. Mummy had yelled at me to do the dishes; she had sweetly related anecdotes about her younger days, and also reprimanded me for being so difficult. She was taller, I had to look up to her in everything though there had been times when I had, with my peers, stood on an elevated area and thought myself very tall and superior to all older people. There were those times too when I'd felt there was nothing more to look forward to in life. I had grown up, was attractive, was able to look after myself . . . or so, I thought!

The stairs were harder to climb now, in my trance-like state, I was painfully sensitive to the hurting pieces of stones below though quite oblivious to its after effects on my personality. The elders were all watching from below, unsolicited advice wafted upwards and their laws and traditions built a compact prison around my freedom-loving yearning body. Yet, I had climbed the stairs with a stately air knowing that. I still had many more to go and had done quite well so far. I had trusted the sturdiness of the bannister and the solidity of the foundation. But that was yesterday . . . .

Last night, as I climbed higher, the bannister shook under my palm. The woodwork was faded and some pieces had fallen away. I had become painfully aware that there was little I could trust now. The things I had been taught at school and around which I had built my dreams and ideals — were all subject to doubt. I almost fell down the chasm. All my supports seemed to break away, my backbone seemed to bend. I hated the world for teaching untruths. I could believe that it was all man-made, by many . . . incomplete men! It was fantastic, or subtle, yet so real and jarring on my young trust. Oh! I had been desperate wondering on what I could lean if I became tired. Everything seemed so weak. I remembered my God, new hope was instilled, but I forgot him again till I needed much solace. My mother never told me to do this or that, I did it myself now. My sisters and brothers lived in their own new worlds. My friends and books were now my thirst quenchers and nourishment. Yet I was still so pale. I now walk with my head held high and guys don't yell inane remarks, but look with disgusting hateful eyes that seem to devour me. Today I don't feel indignation at being ordered about — only a wounded pride. I indulge in hateful cosmetics today, only to make myself more acceptable to a dirty world.

I have yet to wait for tomorrow, I still have a few months of this age to pass through. The stairs seem wobbly and the building looks derelict. I know I have to climb and climb till many, many days later I might float into oblivion. I now have to fortify myself to climb, whatever come! Oh! it is so needless! I don't understand why I should do it. But really, it is exciting too. The views are sometimes so beautiful, so very beautiful depending on how I see them.

My mother depends on my help in the house but the day is yet to come when I can manage all by myself. I will then have greater strength and probably a motive too, to climb the stairs.

Thareshwari
II PyEE

A gay and gregarious giraffe
Once committed a disastrous gaffe
He thought it'd be sanguine
Playing with a porcupine
And you can imagine who had the last laffe!

Kumuda Rao
III PyEE

The Drive

Traipse through the forbidding gates and *voila* you find yourself at the nerve center of Mount Carmel College — the Drive !

Lined with tall trees on both sides, our long curved sloping drive tends to look a mile too stately. But have no fear—scarce does anything of so serious a nature occur, but of importance ? Yes !

Its paved borders are rarely unoccupied in the mornings and at noon it is packed. The scourge of all freshers, it happens to be a favourite ragging spot.

The choice venue for electioneering parties, we have here a large number of posters, banners, vociferous shouting and campaigning. I am inclined to think that elections are fought and won on the basis of popularity on the drive.

Our stately drive resounds with adam-teasing notes when any flashy dandy confidently ventures forth. He is greeted by 'puss-calls', bawdy comments and sniggers, and rest assured he will swear his last visit to MCC.

The bright array of smart girls, chic clothes, the laughter, the cries, the bunking, 'the wiles', a Carmelite's debut and depart — the soul of Mount Carmel — it's the drive.

Saira Srinivasan
II PyEE

Teenage was a vulnerable phase of my life when my heart occupied a special importance in the vehicle of life. The head had become idle while the heart used to soar to Himalayan heights.

GETTING THERE

Frilled frocks
Replaced by
Occidental thoughts, words and deeds, not forgetting
Mills and Boons !

Tumultous turmoil ;
Enraged hearts of cool ladies.
Envious of the cooler still —
Never forgetting that so important poise, but
Always letting slip something, but remembering the
Good old . . . 'not a fault of the mind!'
Erasing bad and ensconcing good with gold !

Till temper and profanities give way to age —
Old wisdom and sadness, tinged with silver thoughts.

Avarice giving in to contentment —
Deeply aware of what is which, and which is not
Under all the onus of responsibility ;
Lingering to think back of 'good old days'
The teenage days, days (amidst tension and anxious sighs) —
Hovering around
Oh and
Oh, waiting for the
Day when you can exercise 'Adult Franchise !'

Anita M.
I PCM

A Visit from a Historical Character

I looked at my bedside clock, it was past twelve. I yawned and put away the book I was reading, entitled 'Antony and Cleopatra', it was an enthralling book and I was at a most interesting part when I dozed off.

At first I could feel a mist around me but soon the mist cleared and as I opened my eyes, there, in front of me stood a wonderful figure. The figure was decked with precious stones and wore cloth spun of gold, a beautiful face along with a superbly moulded body gave it a divine glow. However, the face was not clear, but soon the mist vanished completely and there, in front of me, stood the great and legendary figure of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt in all her regal splendour. From the top of her black shining hair to the tip of her delicately rose tipped toes she was breathtaking. Her splendid eyes radiated a mystic fire and her famous nose was in perfect harmony with her haughty face.

The first glance from her hypnotic eyes, made me her slave forever. As if in a trance I heard her imperious voice commanding me to obey her. She commanded me to show her this modern and strange world which she had graciously decided to visit from her eternal home in the underground tomb set in the deserts of Egypt. As I rose from my bed she bid me hold her hand and show her what the twentieth century had done for this world which she had left behind centuries ago. She wanted to know if the whispering of the palms in her desert home were true and that women had at last gained equality and could boldly live their lives like men or was it still hell for them as it had been during her lifetime.

This and many other were the queries which she made as we walked down the staircase, but before I had a chance to even reply she spotted the television set. Seeing it she was very curious and wanted to know what happened if you pressed the various knobs on it. It must have flashed across her mind that it was the entrance to a secret tunnel or passage and enthusiastically she pressed the knob for turning on the set. A commentator's face soon came into facus. Seeing this the brave queen who had faced such critical moments in her brave and famous reign held on to me for support and asked in a quivering voice as to how a human could be imprisoned within such a small box. She was further shocked when suddenly a football game came into

vision, and screaming that the world had become a nightmare full of black magic, ran into the kitchen. And I ran after her hoping she would not come to any harm.

However, when I reached the kitchen I saw that I had come too late and that she was already engrossed in switching on the coffee percolator. I watched with dumb fascination as Cleopatra, seeing the percolator going round and round at a dizzy speed, put her hand into it, thinking perhaps that it was a magical whirlpool. Before I could switch it off she gave a cry of pain and withdrew her hand which was bruised and battered. Seeing this I quickly rushed her out and opened the garage to take out my Suvega on which I thought I could rush her to the doctor. However, in spite of her agony she refused to ride on it saying that she had never ridden a mechanical horse before and would not start now.

After a lot of pleading and on a firm promise that no harm would come to her beautiful person I persuaded her to get on it and drove off. As we passed the tall buildings, busy roads and the crowded pavement, Cleopatra clung on desperately to me and shuddered, asking me when her nightmarish journey would come to an end. Before I could finish a smile which had just started on my lips I got a shock and my smile froze.

I had left one thing out of the bargain and that was the carnival. It was carnival week in our town and huge floats with historical characters and fairy tale figures were going past. Suddenly, Cleopatra spotted a Mark Antony on one of the floats . . . thinking that it was her legendary lover, plunged desperately from the Suvega right into his arms. And hey presto before I knew what was happening my Suvega ran into the float and there was a blinding flash.

I awoke to see my mother splashing cold water on my eyes and asking me what was wrong as she had heard my screams from next door. I sheepishly nodded my head and saying 'an encounter with the past' promptly fell asleep. The last words that my sleepy ears caught were my mother muttering 'this mushy historical trash' and I fell into a dreamless stupor.

Chaiti Sarkar
I DEG

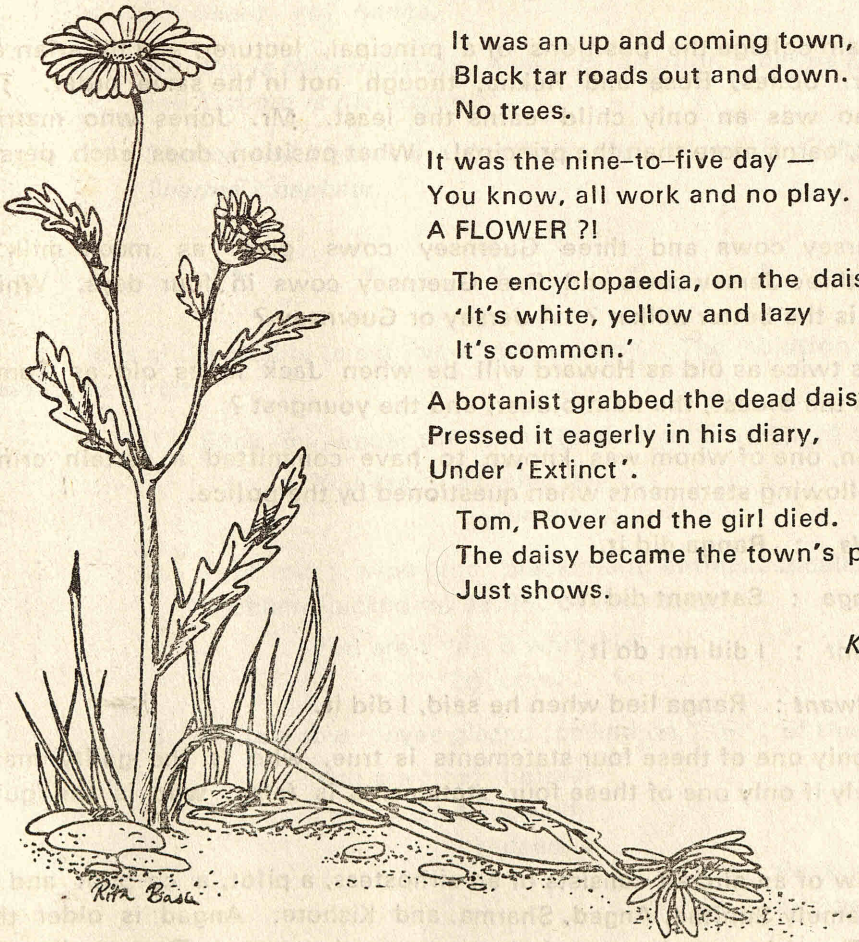
AN ODE TO A DEAD DAISY

IInd Prize : Poetry

A daisy on the roadside
Grew up once — and died.
Big deal.

Its petals were run over
By Tom chasing Rover ;
That's all.

A girl picked it up.
She said, 'Hey, daisy pulp'
And laughed.



It was an up and coming town,
Black tar roads out and down.
No trees.

It was the nine-to-five day —
You know, all work and no play.
A FLOWER ?!

The encyclopaedia, on the daisy:
'It's white, yellow and lazy
It's common.'

A botanist grabbed the dead daisy,
Pressed it eagerly in his diary,
Under 'Extinct'.

Tom, Rover and the girl died.
The daisy became the town's pride,
Just shows.

Kumuda Rao
III PyEE

Puzzles

Puzzles of a purely logical nature are distinguished from riddles, on the one hand, by the fact that they involve no play on words, no deliberately deceptive statements, no guessing — in short, no 'catches' of any kind. They differ from quizzes and most mathematical puzzles, on the other hand, in that thought rather than memory, that is, native mental ingenuity rather than a store of acquired information, is the key to the solution. So here's some pleasant puzzling to rack your logical power right away.

1. In a certain college the positions of a principal, lecturer, and librarian are held by Mr. Jones, Rose and Rekha, though not in the same order. The librarian who was an only child earns the least. Mr. Jones who married Rose's sister, earns more than the principal. What position does each person fill ?

2. Four Jersey cows and three Guernsey cows give as much milk in five days as three Jersey cows and five Guernsey cows in four days. Which kind of cow is the better milker ? A Jersey or Guernsey ?

3. If Tom is twice as old as Howard will be when Jack is as old as Tom is now, who is the oldest, the next oldest, and the youngest ?

4. Four men, one of whom was known to have committed a certain crime, made the following statements when questioned by the police.

Billa : Ranga did it.

Ranga : Satwant did it.

Beant : I did not do it.

Satwant : Ranga lied when he said, I did it.

If only one of these four statements is true, who is the guilty man ? Or conversely if only one of these four statements is false, who is the guilty man?

5. The crew of an aircraft consists of an airhostess, a pilot, a co-pilot and an engineer, namely Sunitha, Angad, Sharma, and Kishore. Angad is older than Sunitha. The airhostess has no relatives among the crew. The co-pilot and

the engineer are brothers. Angad is Sharma's nephew. The engineer is not the pilot's uncle, and the pilot is not the co-pilot's uncle. What position does each person hold, and what is their relation to one another ?

Solutions :

1. *Rose is the principal.*

   Mr. Jones is the lecturer.

   Rekha is the librarian.

2. *Guernsey is the better milker.*

3. *Tom is the oldest, Jack is the next and the youngest is Howard.*

4. *(a) Beant (b) Ranga.*

5. *Sunitha is the airhostess, Angad is the pilot, Sharma is the co-pilot and Kishore is the engineer.*

   Sharma and Kishore are brothers and Angad is Kishore's son and Sharma's nephew.

* * * * *

It is still possible to survive a maths class. The solution lies in your seating position.

1. Back row, under the tables (picked on 54.06% of the time).

   You are : a) chicken
   b) smart

2. First row ; wipe the blackboard enthusiastically after each problem (picked on 38.9% of the time).

   You are : a) a whiz-kid
   b) crazy

3. Middle row : eyes glazed (picked on 7.04% of the time).

   You are : a) normal
   b) bored
   c) dead

Q.E.D.

From : Bananas
Eds. : Kumuda & Luxmi S.
III PyEE

Making Waves . . . Setting the Trend . . .



'Hey look! Peacocks among crows.'

'They'll be exhausting India's supply of lipstick, rouge and mascara.'

'My, what fun! Let's help them.'

While the 'freshies' gaped and the la-di-da ladies of the drive turned up their noses scornfully—a group of girls straight out of the Vogue magazine (?) strolled around the college campus.

'Lead to fashion' was the glaring proclamation on the sweater of a 'smart chick' heading the group while a gladiolus perched upright on her hair, showed the banner of fashion flying high.

In a bid to look different an entire class had dressed to kill (literally) with orange lipstick, dirty green eyeshadow and beads of all the possible shades under the sun. A gold jacket found favour with one of the 'ultra-hep' while another girl's hair decided to go on an 'anti-gravity spree' causing Mrs. Ronita to remark, 'How does it stay up?' She was given an overdose of the concept of it suffering an 'apparent loss in weight' (ref: Archimedes principle) till finally, portions of a six-inches long bamboo shoot, tied to give it support, along with a jingle placed prominently on top revealed the secret. (You guessed right. It was Tahseen's idea of a 'weirdo' hairdo.) Worried looks about getting into trouble with the teachers were countered with a cheerful 'We'll tell them to go water the plants', with an indication to the profusion of flowers and ferns growing on their heads.

As the group made its way to the canteen, its appearance near the Physics lab. sent frissions of alarm (reason — the electrifying colours). The canteen cat however refused to comment, turned up her whiskers disdainfully and proceeded to wash her face — interrupting her chore by looking hopefully at the group wondering when they would follow her example.

While Sister Juanita was ecstatic and insisted on a photograph with the group, Louise D'costa coined the name 'Grease III'. The 'punky town' group made a conspicuous entry into the auditorium and an equally conspicuous exit during the course of the drama competition. Much to their chagrin, they were questioned on the success of their play — what with a few misled girls thinking that the 'dressing up' was for the benefit of the 'dramatics association'.

Their 'fun-filled' day came to an end with Mrs. Kanak Seshadri delivering her parting shot with her characteristic brand of humour. 'Girls', she said, 'you just look your normal sweet selves — PUNKS!' before beating a hasty retreat in her car leaving the girls waving fists and screaming 'Just you wait... every weirdo has his day !'

Rashmi Adaval
III HSc.

Under the effect of laudanum
Latent in the Onam payasum
We quote as we could
We wrote as we should
This our OPUS MAGNUM.

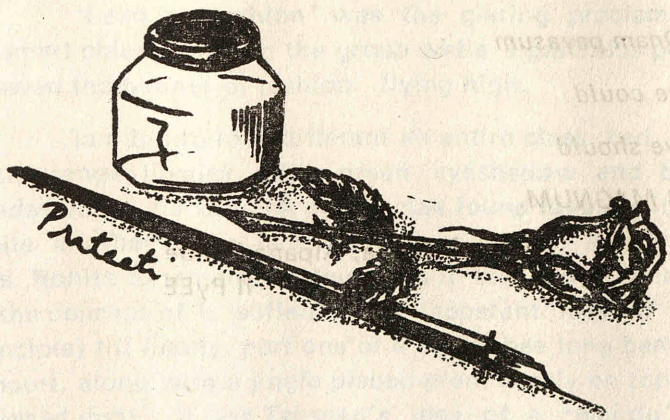
Prateeti Punja, Alpana Pande
II PyEE

A FREIZE

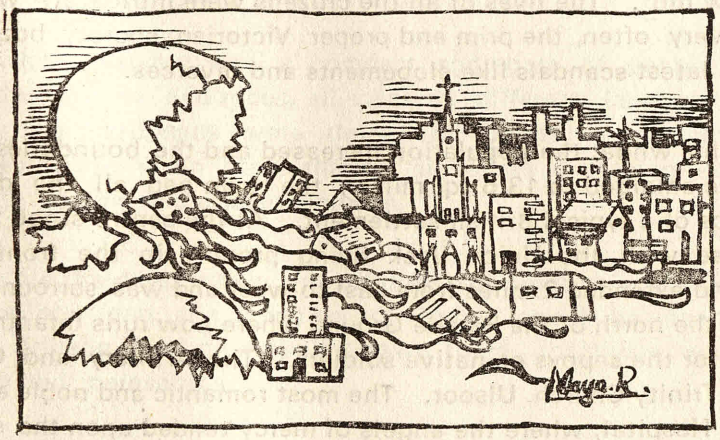
A cold November morning :
A silver prickle of rain
Slices through layers
Of atmosphere.

Grey clouds, grey puddles
form an opaque screen
against which a rose bush
is sharply etched.
The delicate tracery
of leaves and stems
is undisturbed,
the warmth and essence
of a single red rose
blazes forth.

Anuradha Das
I HEE



The Birth of a City



The cosmopolitan facade of Bangalore Cantonment hides a city with an intriguing past, which, though it seems far removed from today's life, nevertheless blends into it . . . .

Commissariat wagons drawn by bullocks slithered across the swarmy roads one bright morning in 1809. Cauvery island was no longer fit for white man's inhabitation. The swamps had caused disaster. The British army was withdrawn from Seringapatnam ; and leaving the shimmering minarets of the magnificent Masjid-e-Ala behind they struck towards Bangalore.

At first, barracks were built promiscuously in the vacant lands round Halsoor, watched by the tower of the famous Bomeshwara Temple. Gradually streets appeared across the virgin lands; then came the shops, the churches, the temples and the mosques. Fruit merchants began their exchange with the opulent Europeans. The rapidly increasing trade and commerce drew more *ayahs, malis* and bearers to this bustling little town. The coming into existence of the British Commission gave an added impetus to the growth of population as well as to an expansion in the area of the Assigned Tract of Bangalore.

Thus was born Bangalore Cantonment, a first of British imperialism. Bangalore's invigorating climate resembled greatly that of Nice, the famous holiday resort on the Mediterranean coast. It attracted people from all walks

of life — armymen, pensioners, homesteaders, as well as young ladies seeking matrimonial alliances. The swinging English life became the fashion of the day. The nights were enlivened by ballroom dances with couples swirling to the orchestra music. Brigade Road was the centre of social activity with a number of bars, taverns and public houses like the 'Adelphi Shades', 'Elysium' and 'The New Inn'. The lives of all the citizens were intricately woven into a tight web. Very often, the prim and proper Victorian society buzzed with the gossip of the latest scandals like elopements and divorces.

All this while, the population increased and the boundaries of the Cantonment were enlarged to 13.5 sq. miles ; the town had all the distinguishing characteristics of a typical British settlement. At the centre stood the Commissioner's house with the Union Jack flying proudly in the front of it. The Parade Ground extended 2 miles from east to west and was surrounded by a ride or Mall. To the north of the Parade Ground where now runs Infantry Road, were the barracks for the sepoys or native soldiers. The Artillery and Cavalry were housed near Trinity Church, Ulsoor. The most romantic and noble establishment was the City Hospital, where the angels of mercy tended upon the sick and the wounded.

The Rotton Row of the station was forever bustling with military activity. Bangalore Cantonment was the proud owner of the only railway line in the state, linking it to Jolarpet and thus facilitating the import of foreign goods from Madras.

Sir Mark Cubbon was appointed sole Commissioner in 1814. His long rule which ended in 1862, saw peace and economic prosperity. Among many reforms he also erected telegraph lines in 1853, constructed roads and introduced Sunday weekly holidays. The Cubbon Park was laid in his honour, as well as Cubbonpet and an equestrian statue, which was installed in front of the Public Buildings.

Lewin Bentham Bowring followed his predecessor's footsteps and did his utmost to raise the economic importance of Bangalore. At this time, many Christian missions rendered yeoman service to the people by opening schools and hospitals. The first public dispensary had been opened in 1835 in the Fort area, where free medical aid was administered.

For 38 years the State Department had been housed in Tippu Sultan's palace. On his arrival, Bowring found the palace in a state of total dilapidation.

So he had constructed the Public Offices of Attara Kacheri, for a sum of Rs. 4.5 lakh. It was much later that the ex-Chief Minister had built the splendid Vidhana Soudha at the cost of Rs. 2 crore. Tippu's palace, Bowring's Attara Kacheri and the Vidhana Soudha mark the three stages of the Mysore administration.

The whole society was a compact aggregate of people of different religions, castes, creeds and races, all speaking different languages. Both the Indians and the Europeans were united by bonds of common economic interest. They were often seen sharing elevenses or facing each other in friendly soccer, hockey and cricket matches.

Gone are the days, when, on 'off duty' the soldiers of Her Majesty, the Queen of England and the Empress of India, could be seen sauntering smartly along Brigade Road or shopping down town, for those were the days of burrasahibs and memsahibs . . . .

Yasmin Celestine
II PU HEPyS

PLAIN STONED

(Topic I with a touch of Topic V)



Oh my mama can't rock
Or roll that's 'fluous

But she cooks my meals
Mends my clothes innocurious

Going to get my eye-tooth chromed
O man plain stoned.

Oh my papa drives a city van
So what he keep us

Gets home a quarter of eight
Sunday holiday whacks Gus

Yesterday the old girl phoned
O man plain stoned.

Oh I'm due for three assignments
But that's no fuss

Party tonight at the disc-o-tek
Hitting the floor some bonus

Crashed into fire untoned
O ma-an plain stoned.

Lakshmi R.
III PyEE

That Man Behind $E=mc^2$

Albert Einstein, the theoretical physicist famous for his Theory of Relativity was born on March 14, 1879, at Ulm, Germany to parents of German Jewish descent. His early education at first in Munich and later in Switzerland, did not mark him out as any kind of genius at all. He found the pedantic methods of the German education system totally uninteresting, and he often used to miss lessons to indulge in his voracious appetite for reading.

In 1905 he received his doctorate in physics from the University of Zurich. That year saw the publication of three of his papers, any one of which would have earned him a doctorate. But unfortunately many of his ideas were intelligible only to a small minority of physicists and recognition did not come immediately.

In each of these papers, however, Einstein had managed to combine the principle of sound empirical science — that any explanation must make as few unproven assumptions as possible — with an acute insight into new ideas. One of these papers was on the Special Theory of Relativity, which was to appear in its final form in 1915 as his General Theory of Relativity. It literally overturned the then accepted basis of physics. Experiments measuring the speed of light had shown its speed to be exactly the same whether the source was moving away from or towards the observer. This was, however, a contradiction of Newtonian mechanics.

This paradox was resolved by Einstein's Special Theory. It involved, however, a new interpretation of mechanics, which resulted in the essential equivalence of mass and energy. Matter, said Einstein, was a form of energy and energy a form of matter with their interrelationship expressed by the famous equation, $E=mc^2$, where $E=$ energy, $m=$ mass and $c=$ the square of the speed of light. When a miniscule amount of mass is annihilated, it is replaced by an immense amount of energy ; this is the principle behind atomic energy.

The other papers published in 1905 dealt with his explanation of the photo-electric effect, for which he was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1922 and of Brownian motion. The former was a turning point in physics. It not only

provided the first clear and qualitative account of the ionization of metal by a beam of light, but it also showed that light came in discrete 'packets' which he called photons. Light was therefore shown to be 'quantized' just as matter was known to be. The stage was now set for the development of the Quantum Theory. Relativity and the Quantum Theory are two of the most important contributions to twentieth century physics.

Brownian motion, the small zigzagging movements executed by dust particles immersed in a fluid, had baffled scientists since its discovery by the Scottish botanist Robert Brown in the nineteenth century. Einstein explained it in terms of the millions of collisions that take place between the molecules of the fluid and immersed microscopic particles. This also had important ramifications for the advancement of physics, for it was the first occasion when the atomic theory was shown capable of producing explanations of observed phenomena.

Einstein spent the following years working through his conceptions of space and time supporting himself and his family in a number of teaching posts in various universities in Europe. After teaching at the University of Berne he moved, in 1909, to the University of Zurich and in 1910 to the German University of Prague, returning to the Swiss Polytechnic in Zurich in 1912. Finally, in 1913, he settled in Berlin to become a Professor at the University of Berlin and a member of the research institute, the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences, as well as a Director of the prestigious Kaisser Wilhelm Institute. While there his General Theory of Relativity was published. This work, of enormous intellectual and philosophical elegance, developed the concepts he had outlined in the Special Theory into a new interpretation of the universe. In it, the laws of physics were rendered to those of geometry of a space-time continum. It related gravitation with electromagnetics, two fundamental forces of the universe that had been hitherto treated as distinct entities.

In his personal attitudes Einstein reflected the growing realisation within the scientific community that the scientist, by virtue of both his intellect and the nature of his discoveries has a special responsibility towards society. World War I affected him deeply, and made him very conscious of the outside world and the social injustice and folly that abounds there. Yet he was too much of a genius to ever live completely outside the rarefied atmosphere of his own mind. He was notoriously absent minded and anecdotes about him are to be found in abundance in his biographies. One day, for example, a student pointed out to him that he had forgotten to put on any socks. Einstein observed that, since he had not noticed it beforehand, socks must be a quite expendable article of clothing. From that day he is supposed never to have worn socks.

In 1921, he visited America to speak on behalf of the Zionist cause, and in 1922 he was appointed to the Intellectual Cooperation arm of the League of Nations. When it became known in 1939 that German scientists were working on the fission process which would lead to the construction of an A-bomb he wrote his now famous letter to President Roosevelt. As a result of this, the Manhattan Project was set up, which resulted in the development of the A-bomb by the Americans before the Germans. He was deeply involved throughout the war in organisations providing relief for refugees from war-torn Europe. He died at Princeton, New Jersey in 1955.

Perhaps the best epitaph for him is the German proverb he was often fond of quoting to express his own convictions about the world, 'God is subtle, but he is not malicious.'

B. S. Umarani
II PU PCMB

The grey silent night turns into soft daylight. The sky grey and bleak from yesterday's activities is slowly eaten by the orange flames of a new day, filled with fresh gifts. The morning star twinkles through a small gap in the greyness. The air itself awed by the mystery of it all, remains unmoved.

Nabeena Prasad
II BSc. PCM

POWER

This morning at an early hour,
plunged in darkness were we,
because of the cutting of Power
by the Board of Electricity.

With candle or small torch,
to the Chapel we groped our way,
happy there at length to arrive
and in semi-darkness to pray.

On a sudden, I sensed
that darkness was growing lighter —
the sun had perhaps, begun to rise
and very soon it would be brighter.

* *'My heart leaps up' with joy, as I muse —*
'who can deprive us of the Light of Nature —
Sun, Moon or Star —
made for Himself and us, by the Creator,
empowering each from near and from afar !'

Sr. M. Antoinette, CSST.

* William Wordsworth, ' Recollections of Early Childhood '.

Eternity

II Prize : Short Story Competition

'Do I dare
Disturb the Universe ?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse . . . .'

Her soft voice hardly rose over the constant hum of the distant traffic. The harsh light of the street lamps spewed grudgingly over the quiet residential area. The gate of her tiny compound gently creaked together with the crickets. The rocking chair in the verandah where she now sat silently rocked in rhythm with the verse she recited to herself. The drumstick leaves dropped, and the moon-light filtered through them, drenching the garden.

She continued reading in a monotone, unconsciously dropping her 'articles' — the dead give-away to the people of her kind. The mongrels born in the midst of the glorious Raj, the people in the middle of nowhere.

She liked to believe that her mother was the daughter of a nobleman. But she was never to know that she was brought forth into the world with feelings of shame and guilt. The product of a relationship between an English soldier and a money-lender's only daughter. Not that she cared of course. She was adopted by an elderly Anglo-Indian couple who were childless.

She seemed ageless — lifeless. She'd passed through the age of frothy frilly gowns with their floppy hats. She'd live through the translucent tea parties. The white bows of Sundays.

She wasn't moved by the passing away of her foster parents. She lived on her father's pension — rather, her maid servant did.

She read. She gardened. She sewed. She knitted. And in the evenings when the scent of the jasmines pervaded the house, she rocked in her chair reading aloud to herself — Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson and most of all, Eliot.

'I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled . . .'

I watched her from my window. Her slight figure framed in between the leafy tendrils of the climbing antigonan. She never stopped intriguing me — the product of the new, free generation. I think I'm neurotic or paranoid alternately, and spend sleepless nights at the thought of tomorrow. But tonight as I watched her, something clinched in me and I suddenly realised what was meant by 'today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday'. That woman down there had no such things as a yesterday, today or tomorrow in her life. She lived life as it came without complicating it further by compartmentalising it. She had the timeless, spaceless capacity in her to be absorbed in the mainstream of life itself while me and the members of my generation caused havoc in our lives by trying to pry into the future . . . .

'Till human voices wake us
and we drown.'

The lights were switched off and she went inside. But I stayed up staring at her rocking chair, and only the intermittent dripping of the open tap stayed with me.

Kumuda Rao
III PyEE

Calling all Pumpkin Lovers: *In a few months the thriving creeper under Hall B, already bursting into yellow flower should bring forth a harvest of pumpkins. It'll be pumpkin pie and pumpkin fritters; pumpkin seeds to feed the critters; pumpkin halva, pumpkin palya . . . any takers ?*

Kumuda Rao
III PyEE

A Cry For Help!



The patient was hardly more than a boy, seventeen years old but he looked younger. He was pale and thin with a curious uncertain quality to his face, as if someone had thought better about creating him and tried to erase his features but had only succeeded in smudging them, He was dressed in a rather careless and sloppy way and sat in a listless manner, arms crossed, eyes vague. His movements were tight and restricted and when he came to rest he was slumped over and passive.

The therapist glanced at his watch surreptitiously, grateful that the hour had come to an end and he forced a smile. 'That's all then, till tomorrow.'

'What tomorrow?' retorted the boy.' Don't you worry about tomorrow, I'm sure not going to be around after tonight.'

At the door the therapist said, 'Now come on, John. You've threatened suicide every week for the past six months . . . .' The boy just looked at him dully and left. But the therapist stood watching — uncertainly. He was filled with an uneasiness that grew worse. Something about the boy bothered him, was it the way he talked ? His threat of suicide was not uncommon . . . . Why was this threat any different ?

Uneasily, the therapist cast his mind back over the last hour. He sought consolation in the concealed tape-recorder but there was no hint nor trace of anything different or unusual . . . . Yet why the dread ?

His dread grew. Somehow a message had come across during the session. Finally, half annoyed at himself and half relieved, he pulled on his coat and fled to John's house only to reach in time to save him from swallowing a whole bottle of pills. This was a turning point in the boy's therapy. Progress went uphill after that.

On being questioned later, the therapist said. 'He signalled me but I don't know how — maybe it was his face, his eyes, his hands . . . .'

The empty face, listless hands and posture spelled out his intentions. Words were but to no avail any longer and so he had to fall back on a more basic way of conveying his message.

Sanober Mody
III PyEE

PAPA



Time was
When I was a child three feet tall
And Papa, you were too great and big and strong.

When you swooped me up,
Threw me high in the air —
and caught me again — just in time,
Our laughter filled the air
And those magic days suspended in time forever.

When dark nights came
And the terror of unknown monsters,
You scared them away with a more display of fists
And sat by me all through the night
And dried my silver tears
While I lay, cocooned in the warm safety of your arms.
In the kingdom of my childhood
Papa, you were my only Hero.

Papa
I have watched you over the years
And seen time slowly creep over you.
Today,
I see you, a little bent
I see the silver grey hair of your many years
And dim eyes that peer vacantly behind bi-focals.

And yet,
In the firm set of your mouth
And in the lines that mark your face
I see the values you have stood by so absolutely.
I see
The long road you have travelled by
And the weariness of your life-long battle
With the daily drudgery, they call 'Life'.

I see you sit in the fading light
And hear you sigh — lonely and forlorn
My childhood Hero —
A little older, a little weaker
Perhaps in need of me . . . .

Papa,
I shall stand by you
In this lonely winter night
For you still are
My HERO.

Praxy
II BA

TO PAPA WITH LOVE

Everything these days seems a void,
with you and only you in sight,
beckoning with your open arms,
that are to me a soothing balm.

To have that wondrous utopia
one never gets to feel,
until mortality relaxes,
its raw deal.

But I, weakened by human bonds,
and deep inside very fond,
of going through the joys and pains
that you said will come my way.

Death is like changing clothes you said,
yet thinking of the fate you met,
fury courses through my head,
No Building can destroy your soul,
that kindred human, fulsome, whole.

Old age was not destined for you,
Nor failing sight nor grey hairs few,
A splendid shooting star your life,
A flame that lit the world one night.
Extinguished suddenly–with no more light.

But the happiness that it left us with,
is no fable, folklore, or myth,
to guide us through life's tortuous track,
when unseen forces push us back.

How meaningless existence seems,
when faced with issues such as these,
Yet I will never let you down,
but will endeavour to bring renown,
your unseen presence makes resistance melt
to nothingness, that's how I felt.

Oh ! of what use
will philosophy be ?
Now that you are
no more with me.

Sangeetha Medappa
II PyEE

What is Worthwhile

Only one life to live! We all want to do our best with it. How can we get hold of it? With all the energies and powers at our disposal how can we achieve the best ? What is worthwhile ? We all ask ourselves this question when we leave our College — class rooms. The early years are bound to be anxious, unsatisfactory, disappointing. Time flies fast in making preparations, in experiment, in useless or misdirected efforts. The world does not prove to be the same that it seemed to be in the quiet college surroundings. Life is harder to handle than we thought. Life is large. One cannot get the whole of it in the few years that we have to live. Let us ask ourselves the questions, what is significant, what is essential, and what may we profitably let go ?

There are four things that we can very profitably let go — pretence, worry, discontent, and self-seeking.

It is clear that the false selves that we have developed around us is like a garment that can fall away. What we really are, let us be — in all fearlessness. What we are not, let us stop trying to become. Nothing gives such upstanding dignity to our personality as this conciousness.

We may drop worry. The eternal life is serene. It is not careworn. Can we not inculcate in us the large spirit of serenity and cheer ? Because only the serene soul is strong. Worry every passing moment weakens the soul for its daily chores. Worry is an infirmity — there is no good in it. In truth if we can examine our lives, there is no experience of life over which one has a right to worry. Ruskin says 'God gives us always strength enough and sense enough, for everything he wants us to do'. Yes, *sense enough* is the key word. It is not the lack of ability that often worries us; it is the lack of a little *savoir faire*. It is not our failures that distress us so much as our idiocies.

We may let go discontent. In life we find two things that make for discontent. One is lackof amity with one's opportunities. The other is dissatisfaction with one's opportunities.

One's environment may be very unpleasant. It may bring constant hurts of hearts, mortification, tears, angry rebellion and wounded pride. To be strong one needs to fight something — overcome something. A great part of the strength of life lies in the extent with which we get into harmony with

our environment. The best way to get into harmony with one's environment is to try to understand it first and then to adapt ourselves to it, as far as possible.

As for our opportunities we can make the best of it, whatever is set before us to work with or upon.

We may let go self-seeking. In true life, there is no place for greed. There are no 'mine' or 'thine' — all things are for all. The richest experiences of life never come to those who try to win them selfishly. But blessings are for those who forget self, try to be helpful to the world and who spend their lives in loving deeds.

Pretence, worry, discontent and self seeking — these are things that we may let go. Now, what are the things in life that are worthwhile — that we may take hold of, keep, guard and use ?

It is worthwhile to be wise in the use of time. It is with time we buy every thing that life can offer. It is by the good use of time that we become competent. The most reckless spend-thrift in the world is the one who squanders time. Money lost may be regained, friendship broken may be mended, houses and buildings burnt down may be built again. But, what power can bring back the moment that has passed, the day whose sun has set, the year that has gone into history ?

The question of life is not, how much time we have — for in each day, each one of us has exactly the same amount. The argument is — what shall we do with it ? Shall we let this priceless gift slip away from us in careless deeds, or shall we choose some plan of saving and systematic use of it ? We are spending time well when a duty is done; a friend is won; a book is written; a child is consoled or a house is set in order.

In all our lives, though time is given us to eat, drink, sleep, work and play, there is no moment given to us to throw away. We have to encounter this question of wise use of time, not only as individuals, but also as a group. We are creating history and the world is looking unto us to see what we will do with our college-trained lives, now that we have them. We cannot manage to lose a moment of usefulness. Suppose we resolve not to waste a single minute, then, what energy there would be in our lives ! What strength ! What noble purpose ! What grand results !

Let us lay hold of work. There can be no happy life without hard unremitting work in it — work which involves mind, body and soul. But what kind of work can we do ? This is one of the arguments that meets us when we leave college. We are afraid to make a wrong decision. We do not want to throw our powers away ; to build walls of sand when we might have built monuments more lasting than bronze. There are three questions that we may ask before we decide to take up work. Is it legitimate ? Is it individual ? Is it vital ?

It is legitimate as long as it does not conflict with any present known duty. But if there is a conflict and we

accept it then we are leaving our duty undone — we become busybodys. It is individual when the work belongs to us, alone. It is a wonderful truth, that all of us are gifted to do a special type of work. Emerson says. 'Nature arms each man with some faculty which enables him to do easily some feat impossible to any other'. How true this is !

Is the work vital ? Is it of ever-lasting interest, either in strengthening one's own character or inspiring others or helping the world ? — then the work is worth doing.

Let us not run away from work nor shirk it. Let us not fail to see it. As long as we live we have a work to do. Again this work of ours, whatever it may be, will never pass away. We are a part of the great world-energy. No atom of its force is ever lost.

Let us lay hold of happiness today. We go through life blindly, thinking that some fair tomorrow will bring us the gift we miss today. Today it is given to us to be patient, to be unselfish, to be purposeful.

To be purposeful, to be stronger, sager and to work mightily ! If this is done we are moving towards happiness. It is not often there is a certain fall in temperature — bringing cool winds and fresh air. It is not a question of kind words said about one's self or of success in some trifle of one's business. One is happy when he has done his duty, be the skies dark or fair, be men kind or unkind, just or base.

Let us lay hold of friendship. Friend-ship means happiness but it also means discipline. Whatever it may be, we may never find a find without faults, imperfections, traits, and ways that vex, grieve, annoy us. Strive as we will, we ouselves can never fully fulfil the ideal of us that is in our friend's mind ; we inevitably fall short of it. To have a friend is to have one of the sweetest gifts that life can bring. A friend gives us confidence in life. A friend remem-bers us when we have forgotten our-selves, or neglected ourselves. He takes loving heed of our health, our work, aims and our plans. It takes great courage to be a true friend — a large, catholic, steadfast and loving spirit. One must forgive much, forget much, forbear much. There is no true friendship without self-abnegation, self-sacrifice. So let us not give up friend-ships.

Let us be true to our friends. True love never nags ; it trusts. Love does not have to be tethered, either in time or eternity.

We Carmelites, when we leave our Alma Mater, let us go forth into the world with confidence and fearlessness. Let our motto be 'Life is for living and Love is for giving.'

Sharmila Bai Pushpanaden
II PU PCMB

We Limerize

III PyEE's in a fix
It's mind's in a terrible mix
Shaw sounds like Keats
And Eliot like Yeats
While Snow could well be Asterix !

I Prize : Limericks Contest

There was a man called Fry
Who decided to give comedy a try
His humour in fiction
And ridiculous diction
Could make a 'Phoenix too frequent' ly cry

Ravina Kohli
II Prize

Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley
Left us a legacy so silly —
But as we SCALP each ode,
In their haloed abode
They're writing 'lyrical Bald Heads' posthumously

III Prize

'Where is your vehicle pass ?'
Said he with a voice so crass
Till a girl in bright yellow
Yelled — 'Be quiet, old fellow'
Now mopeds drive in en masse ! !

The Zoo lab was as busy as a hive
With everyone doing a vigorous jive !
For the frog select,
Which they had to dissect,
Had jumped out of its skin alive !

Anita M.
I PCM.

Cottage Stay



Homescience Punksters

Girls ! Please . . . .' The voice of the lecturer wavered and was drowned in another upsurge of noise. 'Maid . . . assistant maid . . . maid . . . assistant maid . . . I can't cook !' chanted a rapt final year student, gesticulating wildly. 'Nandu ! I'm in your batch. Yahoo !' shrieks another girl exercising her vocal cords to the maximum. ''You cook for me and I'll do your notes for you—right !' In yet another corner names are being picked — Hindi films being the chief source of inspiration. As the noise reaches alarming decibels a lecturer pops in. 'What on earth . . . ' she starts but hearing a chorus of voices, 'Miss, you're in our batch', beats a hasty retreat. The reason for this ruckus during class hours (not that it's very quiet otherwise) is none other than the highlight of the Homescience syllabus — 'Cottage Stay'.

The 'cottage' — a three-bedroomed flat, remains at the disposal of the Homescience department. Final-year students are expected to try out their potentialities as home-makers during their stay there. The objective as the department states it is 'to learn the practical application of certain principles of Home Management' — grandiose terms for so enjoyable a stay.

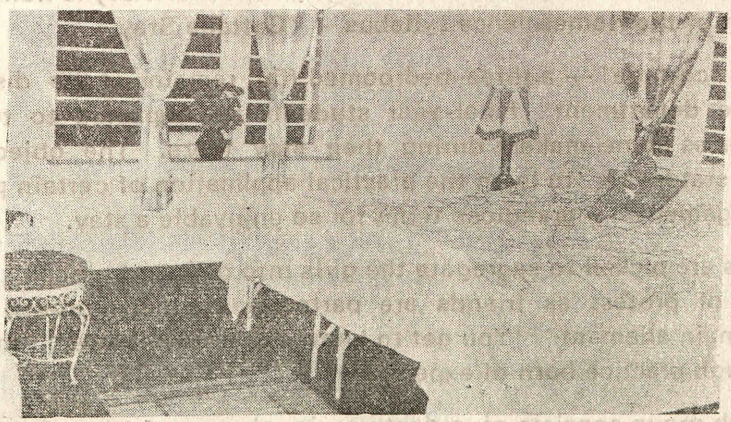
Lots are picked to segregate the girls into different groups, This system elicits a lot of protest as friends are parted and groups broken up but the lecturers remain adamant. 'You get to know each other better', they proclaim wisely through practice born of experience.

Each group consists of a lecturer in charge of about six girls. The duration of their stay comprises ten days, with an additional two for moving in

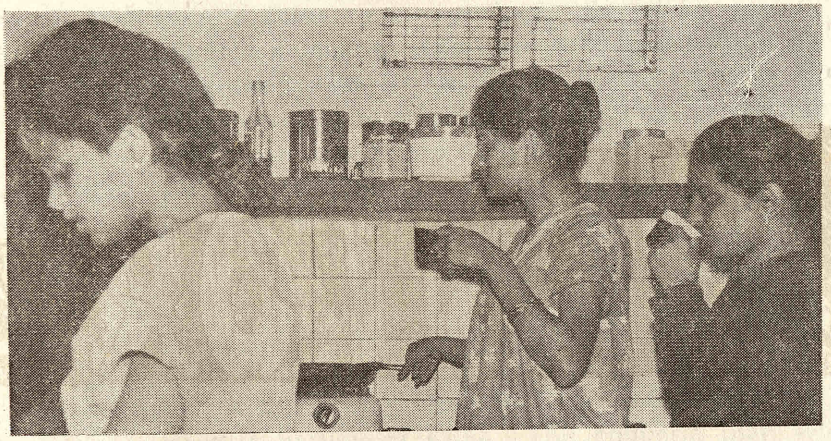
and moving out. Meetings are held, menus planned, names for the cottage picked and charts made — in fact everything is thr own out of gear and chaos prevails for a few days. Three charts have to be made: a time chart showing the distribution of time and a schedule which is so rarely adhered to because of 'record work'; a rotation chart according to which girls are assigned like those of hostess, housekeeper, cook, assistant cook, maid and assistant maid; and a menu chart showing the menu card for the day. As each group consists of a few 'smart alec' thinkers ideas are tossed about till finally something concrete is decided upon and then deft fingers set to work, creating astonishing results for the bulletin board.

Girls arrive with necessary belongings, including books and accessories for the cottage interior. Furniture is shifted, flower arrangements made and the whole place gains the appearance of having been hit by a 'force-10' gale. Eventually things calm down and girls go about their respective duties. A budget of eighty rupees per head, sees them through financially. The culinary efforts of the girls who can cook are usually relied upon heavily. The house-keeper undertakes shopping for ingredients from Vasanthnagar, while the maids look to the general cleaning — a thankless job since the entire class keeps marching in with muddy feet and remarking on the cleanliness of the floor.

Any grumbles? 'Sure, plenty!' cries the harried cook, wading in ankle deep water. (Now you can guess how the term 'red faced cook' originated.) Most girls love to elaborate on the kitchen drainage system which floods the place, once too often. As a result plates are licked clean and not a scrap of food is allowed to go waste in the sink.



To sleep, perchance to Dream



Good Morning

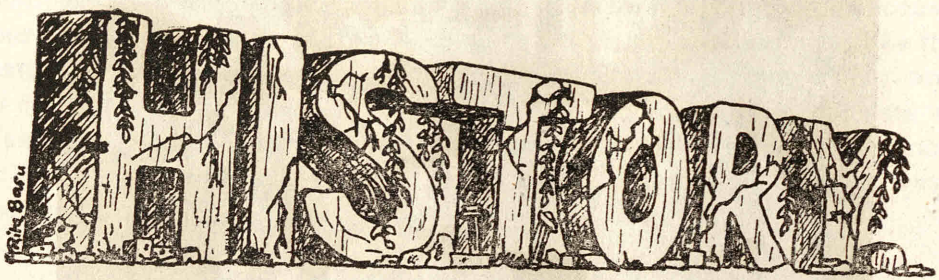
There are two 'Visitors' days' and one 'Party day'. 'Open house' is declared on an afternoon during the lunch break and visitors can have a peek around the college. For the party, a group of usually forty-five to fifty guests are invited to high tea. They are the homescience lecturers, sisters from the convent and the parents and guardians of the students. Confusion reigns once again as the cottage routine goes haywire as the girls try cleaning up, redecorating, making invitations, organising games and cooking.

With the party over, everyone heaves a sigh of relief and the idea of 'enjoying themselves' gains predominance. For their entertainment, the girls usually 'freak it out' with music and dancing, midnight punk parties, going to the movies and eating out. The 'gurkha' (watchman) turns out to be the most popular person since girls can walk in late with no questions asked. As a result, he is fed with the choicest delicacies (?) prepared by the girls. (After all they do say that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach.)

Then of course, there is a lighter side of every undertaking such as the time when the girls hit upon a novel way to keep the cottage tidy — drape the study tables with white bedsheets upto their legs and push everything under and safely out of sight, or the time when there was a power failure on 'Visitors' day', and whole cardamoms were discovered in the 'kheer' which were subsequently fished out, peeled, crushed and readded.

Most lecturers in charge emerge unscathed from the rigours of 'Cottage Stay' saying 'three cheers for the resourcefulness of our home scientists !'

Nevina D'Souza (III H Sc.)
Rashmi Adavai (III H Sc.)



The peanut–walla, who should really be awarded the first prize in any 'waste to wealth' contest, is a mine of 'historical' information. As you know, his cones are made of paper, text–book paper — and, usually, history text–book paper. Standing at the street–corner, he vehemently declares : ' To me history is the most useful subject! Who was that kook who said that history has no value for the man in the street ?'

Historians seem to learn all the wrong things from history. In fact, those gray-heads actually learn history from history — dates and wars and causes and consequences. The people to whom history should be of real value are the eye-doctor, the gardener, the cake-maker.

It's well-known that love makes one blind. But, according to history, so does nearness. Its is only those of you removed from events and epochs, who have real vision, 'historical' insight. The others just can't trust their own eyes.

Everyone knows that the first archaeologist was just a spade-digger. The gardener should be acquainted with his prospects in old age. Just as every executive becomes a 'consultant' every gardener can choose archaeology as his retirement profession. With a little hind-sight, he should bury a few chicken–bones in the back-yard early in life and dig his gold mine at the 'historical' moment. He can then ask his imaginative grandson, who should then be about five, to arrange a tale around the bones which would form the substance of his meals and lectures for years to come.

History is of infinite value to cake–makers. Somehow history makers always choose such delicious names to make their treaties and fight their wars with. Those who don't know the importance of Black Forest in the history of Napoleon should read the history of Napoleon. But for those in the oven trade all that is needed is to sit down on a nice dreamy afternoon, with a volume of history (either your own or borrowed). Just let the words drift by, turn the pages lazily. You're sure to pick out a name, such an utterly creamy mellifluous name that you've had your cake for the day. For an instance of truly divine cake–poetry, Cake Caviar has a bonne flavour.

Hoteliers seem to be bred on geography. Hence, there's never been a historical' food-festival. A Clive Day, for instance and successive dishes named after the successive battles of Clive. The common man will really digest his history.

For the pen–wielders, history is of immense camouflage–value. The usual 'boy–meets–girl' tale, when transported to Victorian and Elizabethan times, acquires 'historical' dimensions, literary value. The secret is to have a plentiful sprinkling of strange words — in terms of dress, food, interior decorations, landscape . . . .

History is the stuff of poetry, ballads, epic poems, and song. But, to me, the poem with the greatest merit, 'historically' speaking, is

So-and–so the great,

Born in a plate

in the year , . . .

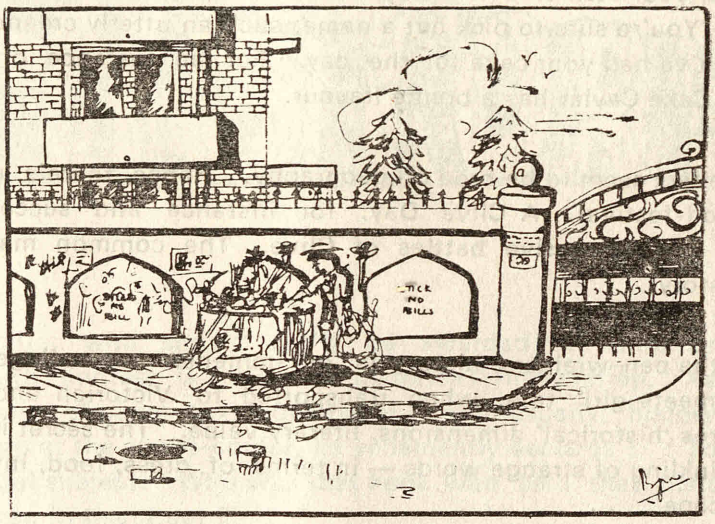
which is a veritable summing–up of history.

Bhuvana S.

I HEE

Oh Bangalore, Our Bangalore

I Prize : Essay Competition



I saw it every day — the land of wide roads which dwindled into obscure lanes. I watched the people whose feet flew by on sandalled feet enclosed in sleek silk stockings, followed by bare feet, chapped and dry, which left small red stains on the searing footwalks. I watched the buses creep by like tired centipedes and cars go like animated beetles. I looked towards the baskets of flowers placed near the roads. They wilted under the gaze of the passers-by. At noon the acrid tang of the soft grass, the exotic odours of incence grew synonymous with the stench of decaying debris and sweating people.

I wached the beggars — poor wretches who stood by with darkly glowing, hopeful eyes, waiting, just waiting for someone to realise that they lived. Close to them stretched out lay their dogs, succumbing to endless lassitude. The two groups seemed so closely linked. By what, I half wondered. By hunger perhaps ? Or the security of not having a future ? Who can tell . . . .

I watched the favoured ones — tall men and elegant women, short ones, fair and dark — a heterogeneous mixture of beauty and wealth, culture and religion, sandal paste and anklets, trousers, jewels, cigars, cars. They had an aura about them as if of hymeaneal confidence, harmony, grace, and supercilious pride.

I shrugged and closed my eyes. I listened. From some shop I heard the lilting melody of a flute. I listened to the scraping pace of the bullock carts, the crack of whips, the occasional curse. I heard the tinkle of glassware in the cafe behind me. I heard the waiter's swift calls. I heard gurgling laughter, a baby cry and the screech of wheels. I looked. Everything was not quite alright. I heard the persuasive voice of a newspaper boy and the cajoling call of a fruit vendor. What magic his murmur held. I heard the symphony of drums and shrill pipes vie with the blaring horns and clang of doors. Ah variety !

I looked into the shop windows — brassware and china, clay bowls and Persian carpets, records and clothes, food and tinsel. My senses entranced, I stood staring as though immobilised. Ah, what fairy-tale realms were these ! Soft candlelight glowed in velvet recesses and throbbing music beckoned. But I walked on letting my eyes fall on carpets of green with flowers like quilts. And fountains danced gaily in their midst.

I laughed as I saw tourists trudge with heavy limbs, with cameras and sunshades and guide books. What have they to see here . . . ?

Dusk came quickly and yes, the whole city seemed changed . . . as when a lovely woman clothes herself for a ball. Studded with lights and glowing with an ethereal hue, it flaunted itself before us — the people who were still there to wait and see. Neon lights flashed, dances opened and oh! all was a flurry of music and tapping heels. Where was the somnolescence of the morn ? Over the din of laughing, gaily pushing forms, came the faint splutter of roasting corn and the crunch of ice cream cones. Smiling faces all around instilled in me a sense of camaraderie.

I went away for a long time and then I saw new faces and new lands, new customs, new reactions. None touched my heart, I could still mock. And one day I returned. As I alighted from the train, brushing the coal dust off my shirt, I saw the rays of the sun, like long fingers, grasp a pile of huddled bricks in the middle of the road. An open pothole smiled toothlessly at me. From far away came the chant of prayers, a temple bell tolled, a milkman rang a bell as he cycled furiously by. A cow watched me critically as it meditatively chewed somebody's rose plants.

And then something entirely unexpected happened. I found I couldn't see clearly and my lips were atremble. Hey ! I was actually glad to be back !

Oh Bangalore of mine — of tropical suns and lush trees — what charm hast thou ?

Jayanti R.
II PCM

PEACE

III Prize : Poetry Competition

The deep furrows that Nature etches
Mark the ravages of time,
The finer tones the Artist sketches
Makes a human face sublime ;

The orb–lights dim to circles ashen
Stamped by every fleeting year,
Flecks gouged out by every passion
Tempered by both smile and tear.

And when the voice emits a plea
For muted breath — some say decease —
The silv'ry lights shine forth with glee
Unfettered, in empyrean peace.

Jayalakshmi R.
III PyEE

PSALM

I Prize : Poetry Competition

At first
a stone, jagged, rough and worn
a crude graphite,
but hope despite
my self denuded, torn.

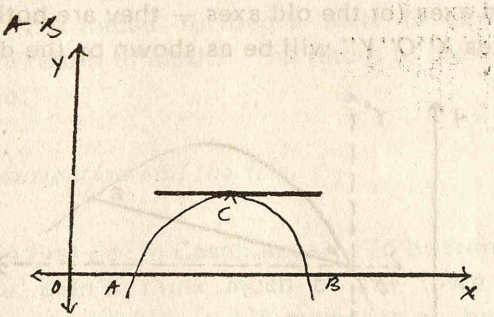
Then an urbane mundane brick
Civilization's hopeful wick
For labour, scour and sweaty toil
Still I'm debris in the soil.

Dream I
of elegance soothing
the rubble and pray that the
Lord God will make me
a pebble . . . .

Jayalakshmi R.
III PyEE

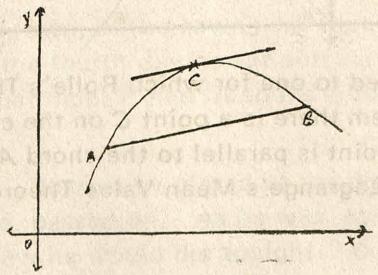
Lagrange's Mean Value Theorem Proved : The Easy Way

It is a well-known fact (and quite obvious too) that when a smooth, continuous curve $y = f(x)$ crosses the x-axis at two points A and B, the tangent at which point is horizontal or parallel to the chord AB.



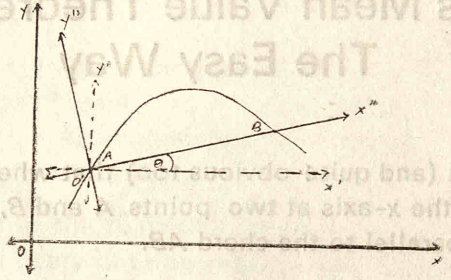
This is what Rolle's Theorem is all about.

Something not so obvious is Lagrange's Mean Value Theorem, which in reality is only a generalised case of Rolle's Theorem. According to LMVT, when a smooth, continuous curve passes through any two points A and B (not necessarily lying on the x-axis), there exists a point C on the curve lying between A and B, the tangent at which point is parallel to the chord AB. This is shown in the figure.

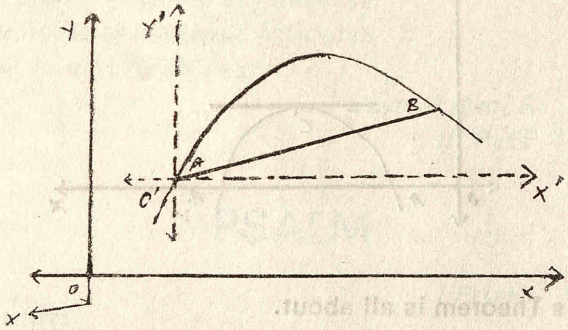


LMVT can be proved in the following way :

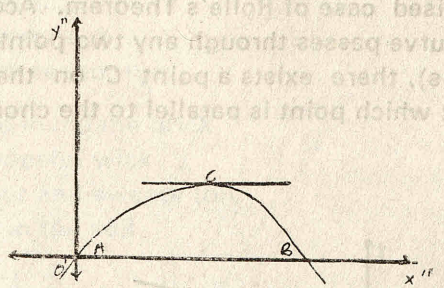
Step 1. Translate the origin to the point *A*. The transformed axes will be as shown by the dotted line *X'O'Y'*:



Step 2. Now rotate the axes through the angle *θ* which *AB* makes with the transformed axes (or the old axes — they are both the same), so that the new axes *X''O''Y''* will be as shown by the darkened lines.



Now, the axes are like this :



The curve has been reduced to one for which Rolle's Theorem is applicable.

By Rolle's Theorem there is a point *C* on the curve lying between *A* and *B*, the tangent at which point is parallel to the chord *AB*.

We have proved Lagrange's Mean Value Theorem.

Rajashree Rani Mohan
III BSc (PCM)

The Last Laugh

III Prize : Short Story Competition

The tramp walked on and on. There seemed to be no end to his restlessness. Was he in search of something ? Or was he primarily concerned with the sordid business of keeping himself alive ? It was a question which he himself had not satifactorily resolved. For days he could wander without food — then always, he would be forced to beg a little to carry on. But he felt it demeaned him. The return to earth. The return to brass tacks. The fact that a man must eat to live.

I am the resurrection and the life.

This was his first day in Casablanca. To be frank, he didn't think much of the town. He didn't think much of any town anymore. The impersonal prosperity frightened him in his moments of hunger — otherwise, it disgusted him.

He had still not reached that level of divine indifference for which half his soul craved.

The road from Tangier had been long. Apart from occasional lifts, he had tramped the whole way. But it had its moments of love and kindness, and therefore of insecurity ? He could not survive alone. Or be left to die alone. Common man simply stepped in with charity.

But now in the town, in the town ; he thought carelessly ; they might let me alone. And on the fourth day he sat outside a small mosque and started to feel hunger. And that night it had filled his whole being.

Please, a coin. Passers by glared at the dirty fair face in curiosity, and as they are prone to do, passed on. As he was spurned by each, his exaltation grew. And he knew he would die tonight. But

A swarthy young woman hesitated and dropped a flash of metal in front of him.

Oh my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

The weather grew hotter and he turned to Marralech, leaving the coast. And he wandered in the growing heat. Yet resisted the temptation to beg. If people would only leave him alone now. And his mind slowly lost its bearings and merged with the universal.

* * *

'Darling, how disgusting. A man lying dead by the roadside. This country. . . . !'

* * *

Notice in the Gazette — 'Impoverished English Peer expired due to starvation early last week.' Her ladyship commented. 'He was always weak you know. Papa used to say he'll end up badly . . . .'

The words of the prophet were fulfilled.

And the writer put down his pen and laughed.

Luxshmi S.
III PyEE

The Golden Dawn : *The grey silent night turns into soft daylight. The sky grey and bleak from yesterday's activities is slowly eaten by the orange flames of a new day filled with fresh gifts. The morning star twinkles through a small gap in the greyness. The air itself, awed by the mystery of it all, remains unmoved."*

Nabeena Prasad
II BSc. P.C.M.

The College Dispensary

The time — 4 o'clock on a March evening, this year. The scene — the main road near Palace Grounds' level crossing. An emaciated woman, stranded in the middle of the road, and evidently in great agony, is trying to escape to safety by dragging herself along. Her leg is swollen and festering with sores. The traffic moves past unheeding, while she tries to dodge speeding vehicles. And then ... voila! A good samaritan in the guise of a gallivanting hostelite appears on the scene, stops and helps the suffering woman get across to the kerb. The samaritan then makes headway for college and runs frantically up to the convent in search of help. The nuns are in retreat. She waits near the convent door and has almost given up hope when she spies Sr. Genevieve, exhaustion writ upon her face after a long, weary day, scurrying up the path to join in with the retreat. After a brief conference, the dynamic duo are seen making a beeline for the College Dispensary.

Moments later, they are in action on the roadside, cleaning and dressing the gangrenous wound on the woman's leg. First-aid over, she is put into an auto and brought to college. Sister collects funds from the Dispensary and the woman is soon on her way to a hospital.

That's the spirit of our Dispensary for you.

A little about the Dispensary itself. Inaugurated on the 4th of August '83 with financial aid from Rev. Bishop Victor Sanmiguel, Mrs. Sudha Reddy and our Convent, this Dispensary is run under the able guidance of Sr. M. Genevieve, Dean of Student Welfare. The establishment is 'charitable' in the complete sense of the word, as free treatment and medical advice are given to the poverty-stricken population of the neighbouring slums. Dr. Saroj Bala Khedar, Dr. Hemlata, and Dr. Usha Thomas, paediatricians; and Dr. Vimala — a gynaecologist, are the medical experts whose endeavours are largely responsible for making the venture a success.

The patients stream in and one sees the doctors and assistants reaching out to them, treating them with a kindness and personal concern that

defies description. The assistants are a stalwart bunch of enthusiasts comprising staff-members, postulants and students who help in maintaining records, keeping the place clean, conveying equipment and dispensing medication — with a smile.

The Dispensary's stocks of medicine are sustained by donations from the College staff, students, pharmaceutical firms, physicians' samples and medical institutions.

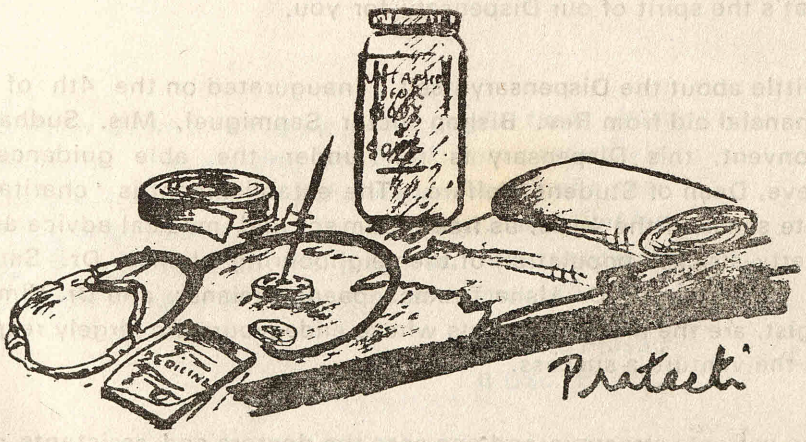
The influx of patients is increased by those from college — both day-scholars and hostelites who come for treatment of everything from the obsequious flu to a bruised knee, and pay a nominal fee. The Dispensary is open 4 days a week for about 2 hours each day on a flexible basis — the working hours may be stretched from 2 to 5 p.m. if the need arises.

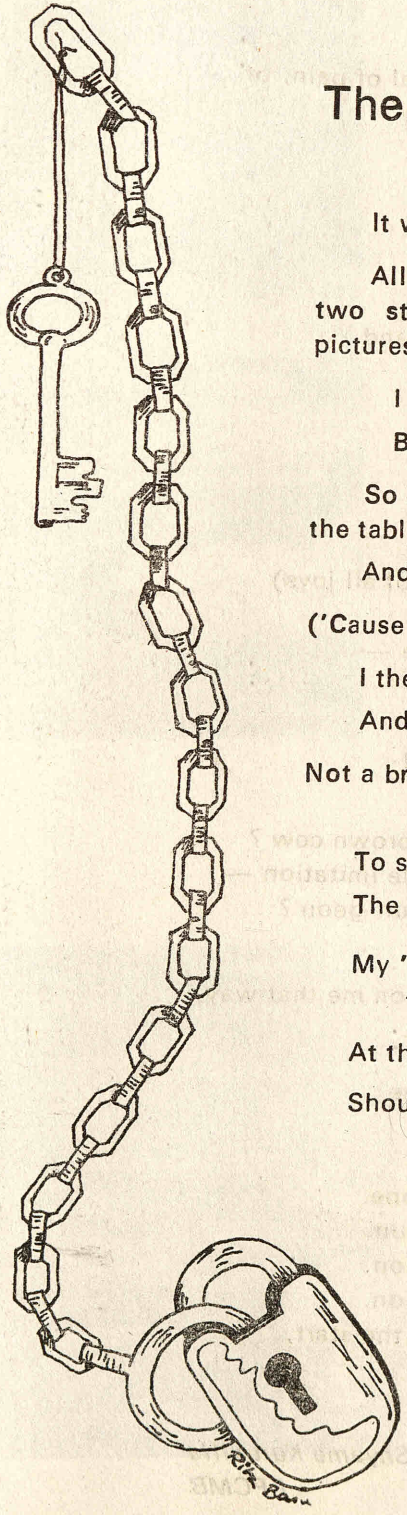
A suggestion — it would be a good idea to have the working schedule put up beside the board that says 'Mount Carmel College Dispensary' — in order that no person is caught unawares by a lock on the door to relief .

Navina — II HSc.

Anjali Bannerji — II PECA

Chitra — II PECA





The Lock and Chain

(and Key of course)

It was the day of the creative writing contest.

All the topics were laid out on the desk. A brick, two stones and an old stop clock — And a very picturesque chain and lock !

I gazed all around me for some inspiration —

But none could I find to my desperation.

So in spite of curious looks and glares, I went to the table — (pushing each chair)

And gazed adoringly at the chain and lock.

('Cause I was not fascinated by the silly old clock.)

I then realised that the lock had a key.

And horror of horrors ! What else did I see ?

Not a brand name, but in letters bold —

MT. CARMELS ! !

To say the least, I was utterly shocked!

The organisers were rebels or absolutely rocked ! !

My ' innocent mind ' was filled with many

' Naughty Ideas '

At this suggestive item —

Should I or shouldn't I reveal them ?

(I've given in to temptation. I will ! An ode . . . .)

Oh Mount Carmel's ! You fill me with fear

Every day with you is full of drear.

From morning to night (almost) I sit within your gate.

'Cause it seems to be my most unfortunate fate.

I am bound to you by a lock and chain

That can only be opened with a great deal of pain, or
else with a key — (there's only one)
The magical key of Room Forty One !

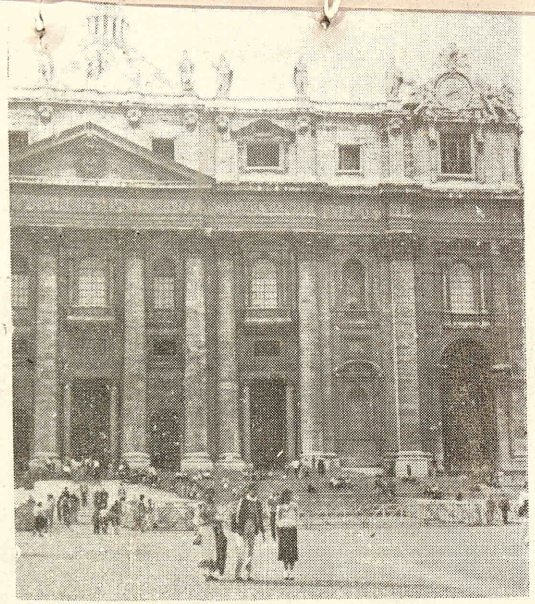
This key is guarded night and day —
By Malika who (try as I may)
From her duty will ne'er go astray.
And so Mt. Carmels here I stand !
Burdened and dejected in this forsaken land.
Bound by my honour (and the chain).
To study and study and study in pain.
To gaze at the teachers,
Pore over readers —
Do tons of home work — and —
All sorts of other work.
Cycle to college every day — (Then joy of all joys)
Cycle back home all the way.
To get up next morning and do the same —
Oh! will I ever be free again ?
If only Malika would give me the key !
(But Dear Reader — this is ne'er to be.)

Oh freedom where art thou ?
Did you run away with my uncle's brown cow ?
Am I, forever to be in this believable imitation —
of a haunted, gloomy and dark dun-geon ?

Oh save me freedom ! freedom ! . . .
Hey ! Mount Carmel's don't frown on me that way.

I've loved you from the very third day.
It was those organisers who instilled the
Naughty poetic idea in me.
Ungrateful to you I never will be
I thank you so much for all you have done.
Your wisdom, truth shine out like the sun.
You are helping me to reach my ambition.
And to go through life without deception.
Dear Mount Carmels' I've known from the start,
Thar you would have a very special
place – in my heart !

Shyama Kuruvilla
I PCMB



Dwarfed to insignificance at the Vatican



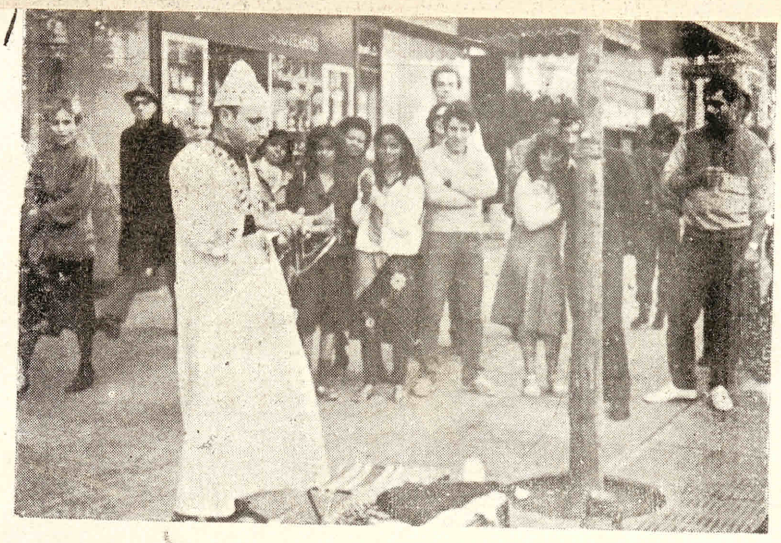
'The Pope's almost for real!'
— Sr. Jesuine Marie and Sr. Genevieve
at the Wax Museum, London







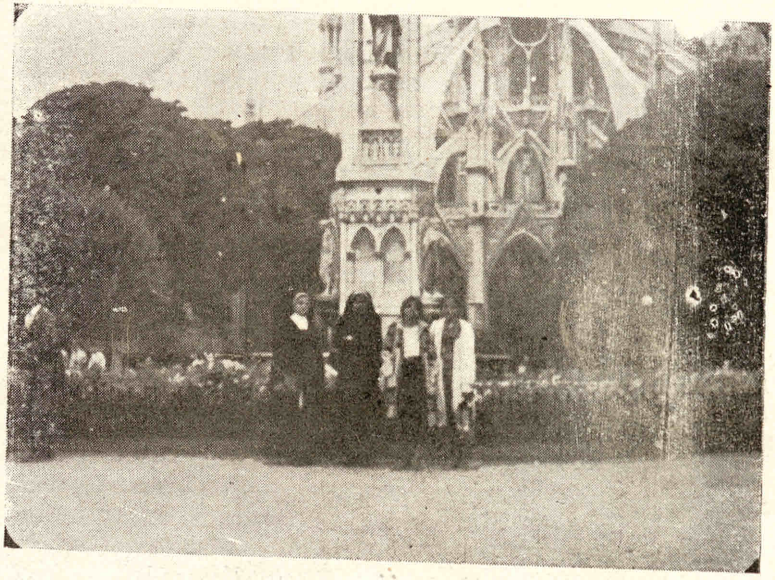
An imposing edifice of the era of gladiators — The Colosseum, Rome



A street performer in Geneva



Exchanging words with a London bobby, Buckingham Palace



Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris

Travelogue

August '84 hummed with whispers and murmurs of a promise, of an idea so fantastic that it was spoken of only in hushed tones. The humming became a buzzing, the buzzing grew to a gushing and the gushing thundered into a roar, of delight in MCC, Bangalore. The dream became a tangible reality on October 10th when 40 radiant girls prepared to course through generations of civilizations, customs and traditions of Europe for three weeks, thanks to the tireless efforts of Mrs. Leena Lobo.

The excursions began at 'the dainty foot in the azure Mediterranean' where we bid a 'Bon Journe' to an ancient land of many masks, a place where the Metropolis mated with the splendour and fantasy of timelessness — Rome. What being can resist the sensuous magnificence of her fountains and plazas, the grandeur of her basilica and foras or the intricate details of the animals and gods frozen into stone as they embellish monuments of classical antiquity? Italy had more to offer — Pisa and Milan, a manifestation of romance, old Florence of cobble-stones and tombs where Machiavelli, Rossini and Michaelangelo lie side by side, and Venice with her gliding gondolas insinuating into narrow canals where the slick waters lap against a labyrinth of medieval walls. Even as our eyes feasted on these delights our baser instincts were satiated by lasagne, cappuccino and pizzas — an unforgettable gastronomic experience.

Geneva was brisk with the fresh Alpine air, a haven of parts and modern trappings embracing a lake. The solemnity of the visit to the UNO building and the Eaux-vives, the cruise and the long long walks along the lake will remain etched in our memory for a long time.

Then came Paris versatile in her charms whether it be the elegant Tour Eiffel or the architects' delights of Notredame Louvre and the seemingly ingenious yet grotesque planning of George Pompidou. If Paris by day was charming. by night she was exquisite. The solemn and sombre Cathedral of Lourdes was graced by a chosen few in our group who revelled in the sanct while some others indulged in the scant! What we remember most is the unfailing habit we had of taking a metro going in the opposite direction and of course, of our wild attempts at Dumb Charades and miming when we got hopelessly lost.

London! What a relief to understand and be understood by all! We pleated ourselves into the last pages of our school history book and relived the days of the British Raj, for half the population in London is comprised of Indians. (The lunch at the Indian Restaurant added the spice.) For the more

practical ones among us it was a paradise measuring a mile (the length of Oxford St. !) where all the starving paid off and they came back laden with shopping much to the despair of Pietro. (God bless his patience which persisted despite his very Italian temperament !)

'The clatter of feet on the cobble stones, the rustle of lace . . . .' Brussels. the haven of old market places and lace shops flanked against concrete monstrosities of many storeys.

Amsterdam, the cursed land (?) defied the appellation. We regret not having drunk in the beauty of the tulip fields (they were out of season). The rule that read — 'museums / shops (as the case may be) are closed because it is a' — (the day of the week on which we were visiting !) — lived up to its name.

Frankfurt saw us in all our splendour. Most of us were dressed in saris and churidars to celebrate Divali, topping it with dinner at an Indian Restaurant ! The splendour of Goethe House or the array of shoppers' delights at Kaufhalle— Germany was a no-nonsense place with a lot to offer.

A lovely drive to Austria was made more so by George Michael. 'The Lucky One' and other airs which had become synonymous with our drives in Piazzolibus (our home for 21 days). Then came Innsbruck nestling in the icy arms of lofty ranges, vivacious yet pristine. A whipping mountain air greeted us on our morning stroll and one could think of Alm Uncle and Heidi living in harmony in this quaint village.

Every day was an eternity but there was something in us yearning for the 'comfortable rut of old habit' (not to mention papads, rasam, pickle, etc. etc.). A 'Tanti Auguri' to Pietro on his birthday, a thank you to Mr. Ajit Narula our travel agent for being there when we needed him and back we came with not three weeks but a whole chapter of our lives pressed between the leaves of our memory . . . .

Jayalakshmi R.
III PyEE

Sojourn

I Prize : Short Story Competition



The tramp walked on and on. There seemed to be no end to his restlessness. At regular intervals, he wiped away with the back of his hand the angry tears that seemed to well up continuously in his red-rimmed, bloodshot eyes. The tears were more of self-reproach than self-pity. He wished fervently that the day before yesterday had never occurred and come to haunt his otherwise carefree life.

He had, that day, had a lot to drink of that glorious, frothy liquid that they sold in a shack' well-hidden from view, on the outskirts of the slum. He did't know why, but whenever the toddy went burning down his throat, he felt he had used his money for a good cause, for what better bliss could a tramp like him experience than that of insensitivity to his own presence. He had walked out, feeling light-hearted and musical, only to be stopped in his fantasy, by a small, skinny boy who clung to his baggy trousers. The little fellow, who seemed to be little more than a baby, had cried out between stifling sobs that when some boys beat him up, he had pointed to the tramp in the shack to be his father, and so had come to him for help. This unpleasant break in his

euphoria had made him kick with passion at the baby boy and send him reeling across the dust path. The boy had called him by the name of father several times, but he walked away, grumbling loudly, to be followed by the sounds of the boy getting yet another thrashing.

Somehow, the little fellow's face had kept flashing before his eyes as he walked away. He suddenly set up a loud wailing, telling passers-by that he was not a father. The people sneered and spat, wondering what immoral act had led to his declaring such funny things out in the streets. But then, he was a tramp and not a human, thereby, they thought.

After a fitful sleep in a roadside gutter, the tramp had awakened with a rather disturbed mind, racalling something unpleasant. Bit by bit, the episode of the previous night joined up before him and he suddenly exclaimed brokenly. He had actually kicked a child, and that too when it had called him 'father'. Why, he longed to cuddle a child and longed for one to trot beside him on its short legs. Something suddenly seemed to happen within his brains. It was one of the historical moments in the history of man when he realises what he really is. A feeling creative.

He picked up his patched cloth bag, put his much-much-dented begging bowl into it, tied the laces of the two different canvas shoes he wore tighter, and set off resolutely in search of that one miserable little boy who had roused some pleasant, hidden feelings in him.

Now, he remembered, it was two days since he had started the search, and to no avail. He cried whenever he thought of what he had let go in a moment of madness. His best dreams had always been of being a father and actually possessing a child. It was true that he had been the laughing stock of his companions-in-trade, whenever he showed a soft spot for children.

He walked on for more than an hour before he reached the large dustbin which was generally never used by people. A small foot showed from behind where a scrawny dog stood licking something vigorously. Out of instinct, he walked behind and beheld one of the most beautiful sights in the world. A small baby-faced boy, dressed only in a pair of large loose khakhi shorts, with a hollow chest and dirt streaked face sat leaning his little back on the bin, while a dog stood licking his cheeks, savouring the salty flavour he found there. The boy looked up with large melancholy eyes at the big man who stood looking at him with a funny expression on his face.

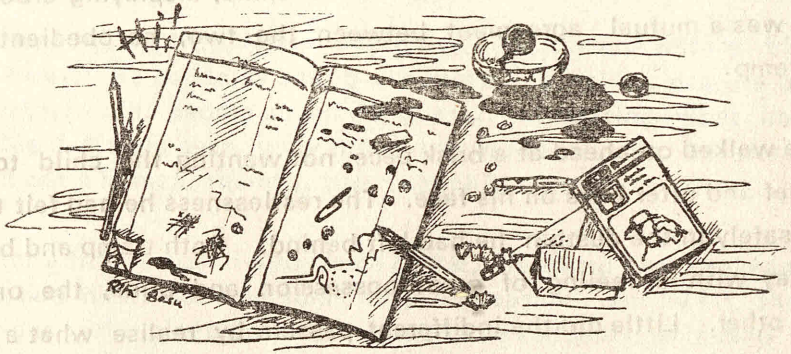
He suddenly pulled the boy roughly to his feet and slapped him soundly on both cheeks. 'How dare you run away from your father?', he shouted glowering at the boy. The little fellow at first stared up in stunned silence and then slowly there appeared on his face, a sweet smile, displaying crooked teeth, As if there was a mutual agreement between the two, he obediently trotted after the tramp.

He walked on ahead at a brisk pace, not wanting the child to see the look of relief and utter bliss on his face. The restlessness he had felt these past days were safely in the dustbin he had left behind. Both tramp and baby tramp walked away with a feeling of great possession and pride, the one having gained the other. Little did the indifferent passers–by realise what a wealth of emotions had passed them by on the street that morning.

Sujaya Nair
I HEE

Is this IInd B.Com. ?

Before reading this, remember : 'No offence meant.'



As the day dawned the sun rose filling the IInd B.Com. class with light. As 10 a.m. approached nearer and nearer, one by one the famous class gathers. One girl comes in shouting. 'Hey, girls did you see the National Programme on TV yesterday ?' Another girl : 'You know something ! ! ! Remember that guy we met, when we bunked and went to a movie. Well ! I saw him dashing away on a mobike while coming now ! ! ' When suddenly, RRRIIINNN GGG ! !

Five minutes later, in walks a teacher. Neatly dressed from top to toe, looking 'chic' she starts in a resounding tone,

'Take dowwwnnn ! X and Y are partners sharing . . . . '

Before she can continue a voice pleads, 'M i i s s s ! ! Please, we haven't even started.' After a few more false starts the class goes on 'calmly', some talking about what they saw on TV, some discussing recipes, some writing letters to each other (not concerning the lesson), and of course a few '*trying*' to work the sum out.

The bell brings the next teacher in. In she comes, tall, and elegant, but with a glare to this side and another glare to the other. She comes and stands facing the class with a glare (meant to silence every girl) but, the noise continues, the animated talk continues, the steady buzz continues, and she continues to glare. Well, by the end of the lesson we are quietly writing notes, though not all of us.

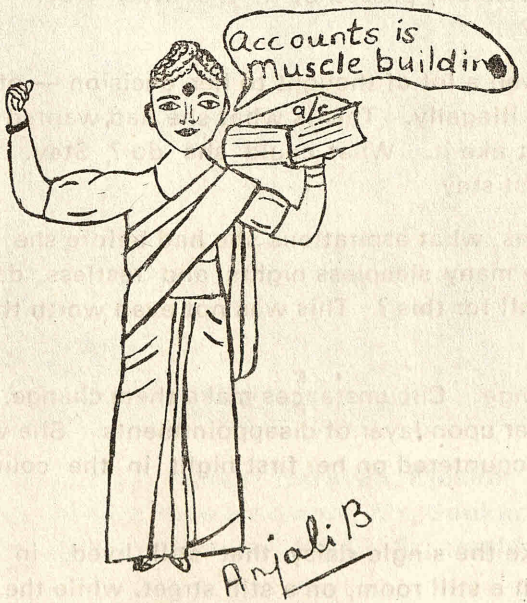
The next hour is supposed to be our 'relaxation' class, at least in our opinion. So when the small and petite teacher walks in, she is met with,

'Please Miss, Free Period !', another, 'Only today Miss!', yet another, 'Enough Miss, we are tired after the previous lesson'. But, all in vain. The little lady calmly smiles, nods her head, takes the book, lifts dashing eyebrows, and starts, 'Page 237, Act, I Scene 3'. Well, that drags us into the torture chamber of Shakespeare, his fancy speeches, heroes, killings, beautiful girls, and not to forget the lovers. BAH ! BAH ! BAH !

After a paradisical lunch time back we shuffle into class, dragging our feet behind us. The last teacher who has the 'honour' of entering our class comes in with a determined look. Very tall and elegant and looking right down at us, she takes out her precious notes. A deep groan is heard. One bright student tries to distract her attention. 'Miss, what's special ? You're looking nice !' The rest of the class are quick to take it up. 'Whom are you meeting, Miss ?' One seriously asks. 'Miss, Are you engaged ?' But, BAH ! BAH ! What a flop! She simply takes up her notes. smiles and starts. 'The secretarial duties concerning the . . .'

Well, after one long tedious, back bending, neck aching, gruesome hour of writing notes, one girl, as a last resort, plaintively. 'Miiisss ! !' What about attendance ? ? ?' That does the trick. She calls out attendance while we try to answer it in the noise and clamour going on, and suddenly the 'heaven sent' RRRRRIIIINNNNGGGG !!!!. 'The bell, hhheeeyyy !!!!' and the curtain falls on the unforgettable, great IInd year B.Com. class.

Sheela M. Kohlhoff
II B.Com.



Can Today Be the Tomorrow She Worried About Yesterday?

She sat at the window of the fast food restaurant, on a red plastic fabrication — a bucket chair. The street was dimly lit, a neon sign loomed in the background. The sound of the highway, restless, could be heard clearly. This was America! Her dream and destination. She had made it, crossing the border from Mexico. Illegal immigrant. What a vulgar term for such kind eyes as hers!

A man, inebriated with liquor, staggered past. Rushed footsteps entered the room, the glass and chrome door creaked unabashedly. Outside, the sudden screech of tyres, the smell of burning rubber, in the car two glowing cigarette tips. She looked at all these people, wonder-struck at their very attitude. This behaviour was no facade, it was reality.

She picked up her coat, payed the bill and walked out. The 24 hour super-market — where vegetables and fruits survived the day and night. Workers there changed shifts, green overalls, as easily as their smiles. The air-conditioning and the vacuum cleaner groaned. The cashier clenched and unclenched his fists. She just walked on, no longer starry eyed about America. A midnight air flight noisily passed by in the alley way. She saw a cat (in pursuit of a mouse ?).

She had given a lot of thought to her decision — of just coming away to a foreign land — illegally. This is what she had wanted after all. She had it now. But did not like it. What could she do ? Stay. That was her only alternative (?). Just stay.

What dreams, what aspirations she had before she arrived here to see them shatter. How many sleepless nights and restless days, tension, worry, hope, despair, and all for this ? This was not even worth the worry. This was total disaster.

People change. Circumstances make them change. They accept, give in. Layer upon layer upon layer of disappointments. She was like any of the other people she encountered on her first night in the country. No facade, a reality, almost.

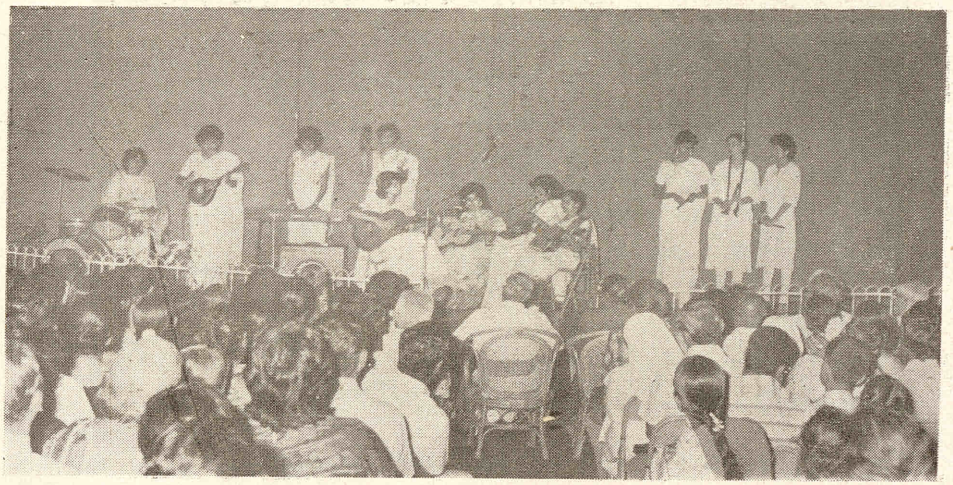
She was like the single daisy that still lived, in a tall, black, long necked still vase, in a still room, on a still street, while the rest just perished.



His Grace The Archbishop of Bangalore
with our Chief Guest Dr. D. Shankar Narayan,
V. C., Bangalore University



Sr. Jesuine Marie, Mrs. Sankar Narayan, Mother Digna
(Mother General), Bishop Arokiaswamy, Mr. Sankar Narayan,
Sr. Stella Maris (Superior, MCC), Sr. Imelda



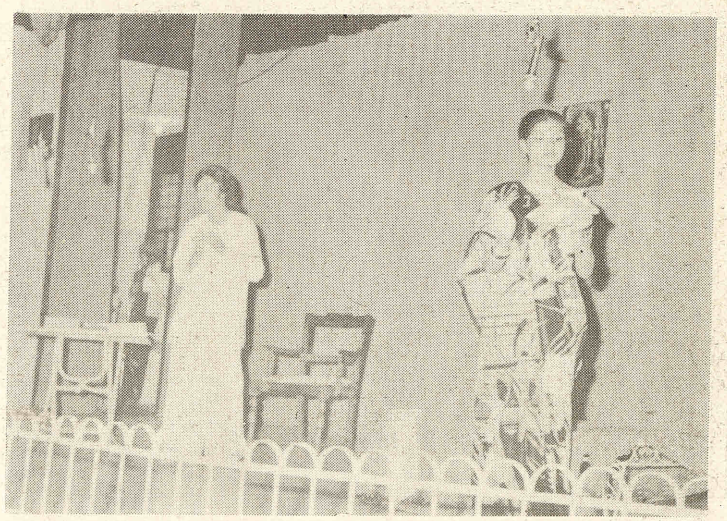
College band



Classical melodies



A take-off on Shakespeare's 'Hamlet'



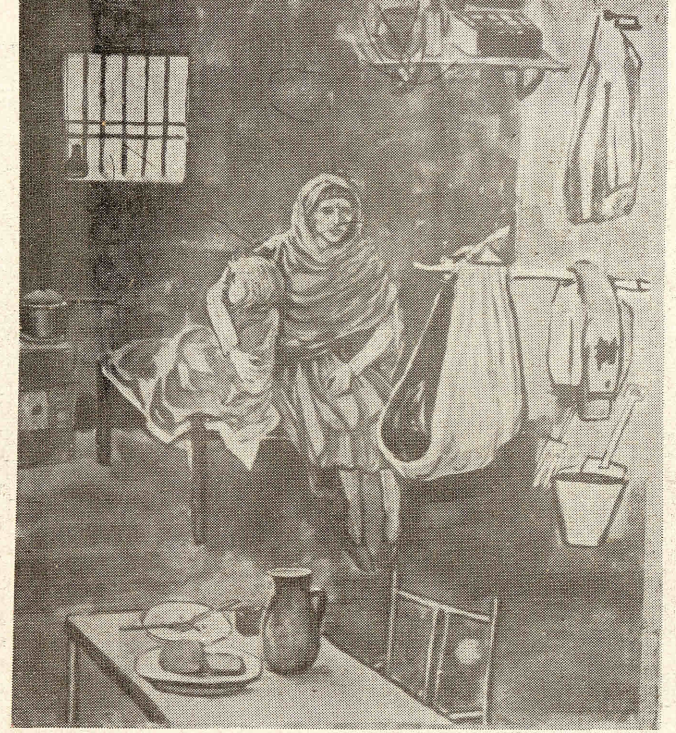
'Akhbaari Vigyaapan'—Hindi play



Minstresl in angelic garb—MCC choir



Scaling glorious heights—Mala Narasimhan, I Rank holder, B.A. receiving her prize



Togetherness in a yawning emptyness —
an entry for the Painting Competition



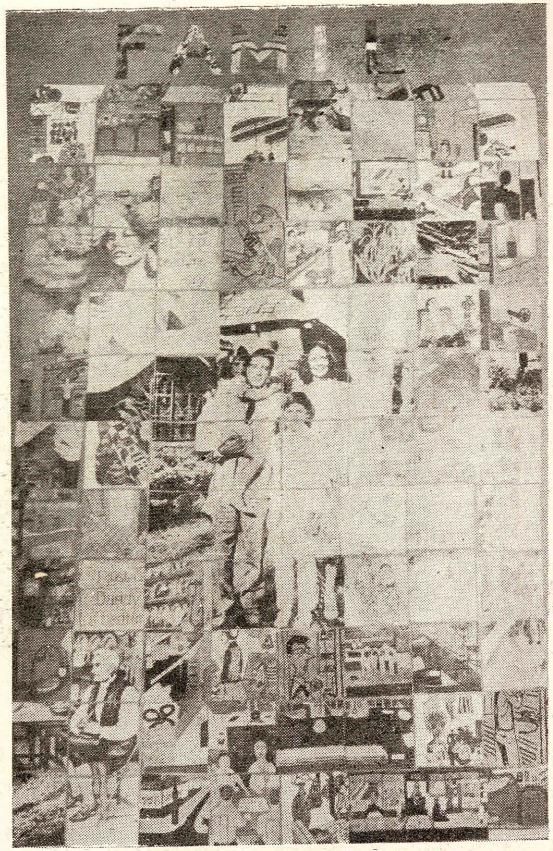
'What serious reflections traverse
that young mind?' — an entry at the



Despair—Clay Modelling



Genesis to the present day—
Collage Competition

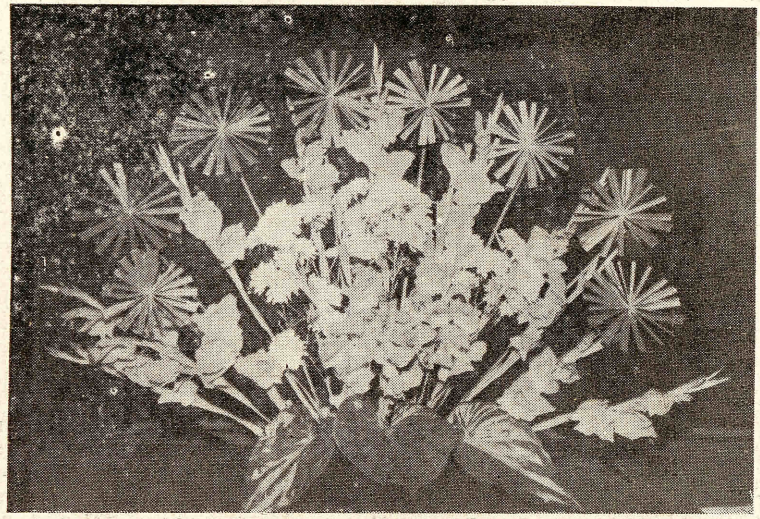


The world in a nutshell—
Collage Competition

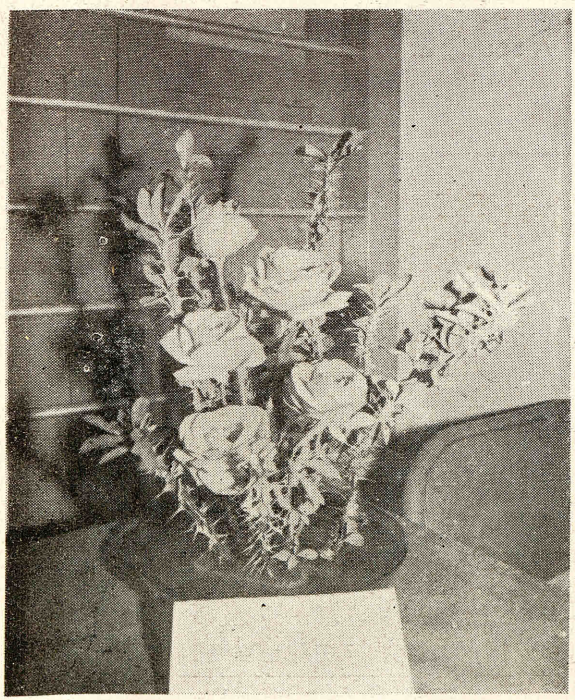


'The Old Man'—First prize in Clay Modelling

Carmelites in Bloom



A many splendoured array



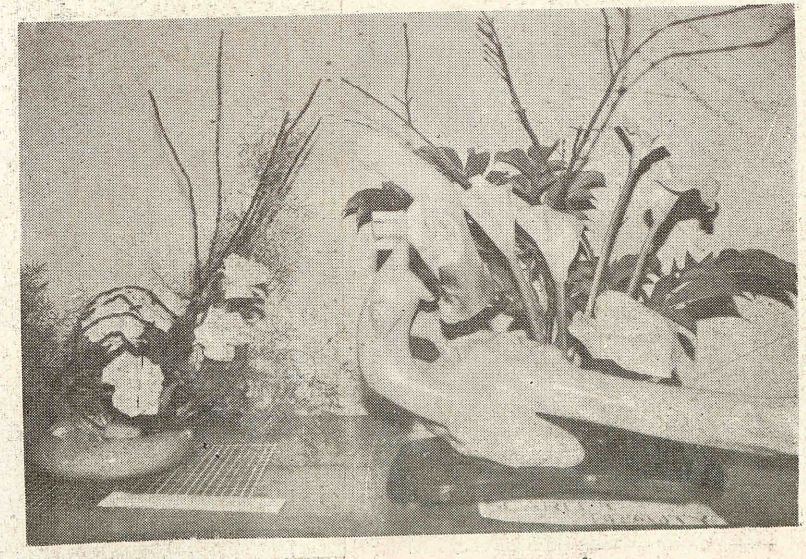
'A rose is a rose by any other name'



Exotica



Wood, fern, flower : A study in elegance

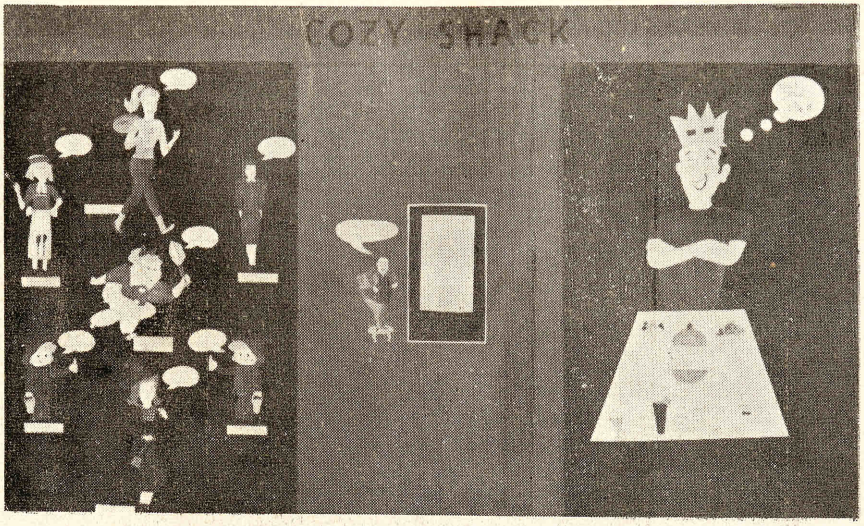


' Sunlight and laughter '

COTTAGE STAY — H.Sc.. Girls



A world of our own



Promises and plans



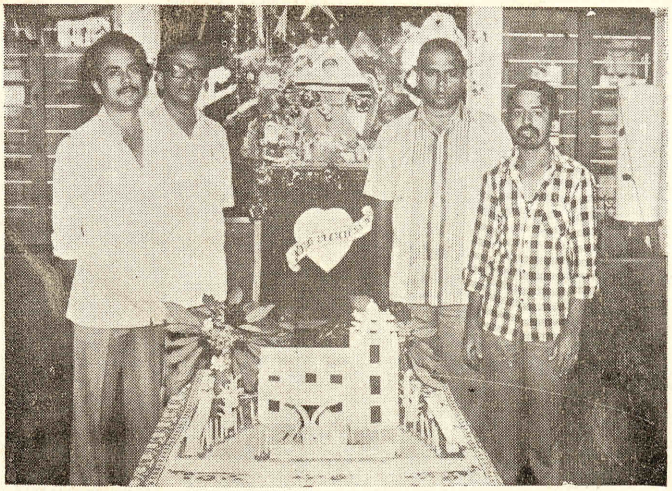
What a spread !



' By the flickering firelight '



Christmas time is here again . . .



Our bankmen in the Christmas spirit



Silent night ; holy night . . .



When is Santa giving us our gifts ?

'For Our First Teachers'

The evening rays slanted on an unusually full auditorium on 26th of September, a day on which we received our first teachers — our parents. Elegant young ladies in churidars and sarees led the proud parents into the 'audi' for an evening of quiet entertainment where the parents were reassured that their daughters were getting *the best* of college life.

Sister Principal awed the gathering by reading an annual report which was as always a string of laurels. The prize distribution only proved that this year's haul was no less than all the years that have seen Mount Carmel grow to its magnificence today. This was heightened by the list of prize winners ending gloriously with the ten rank-holders in the university exams headed by Mala Narasiman (in Arts).

Academics is only one facet of our College, the parents soon learned, for what followed was a scintillating exravaganza of play (a spoof on Hamlet and 'Akhbaari Vigyaapan' in Hindi) a dance ballet representing the Dashavatara, English and vernacular songs and a host of other talents. The night closed in and the evening too, with the lusty chorus of the National Anthem not to mention the triumphant song in everyone's heart.

Information : *Jayalakshmi R.*
III PyEE

In the Beginning there Was . . .

A day of inspiration, of strengthening our vows — a day to remind us of our convictions and ambitions — a day when we dedicate the coming year into the hands of our Maker — Inauguration day.

All hearts in the auditorium were pervaded with this feeling of respect and awe. The almost ethereal invocation sealed this atmposphere. The Prinpal addressed all present with one of her brief but thought-provoking speeches, after which she introduced us to the Chief Guest — who is connected to M.C.C. in many ways. His short and overly flattering speech, added mirth and goodwill to the mixture of emotions floating in the air.

As our choir sang the College and University songs we realised once again that we could gain wisdom, servitude, peace and honour if only we would try. They also sang — 'Lay your troubles on my shoulder' — taking the words out of our teachers' mouths — right ?

The College band — playing a catchy spirited tune and the sisters who did the traditional Bharatanatyam dances showed MCC's range of culture.

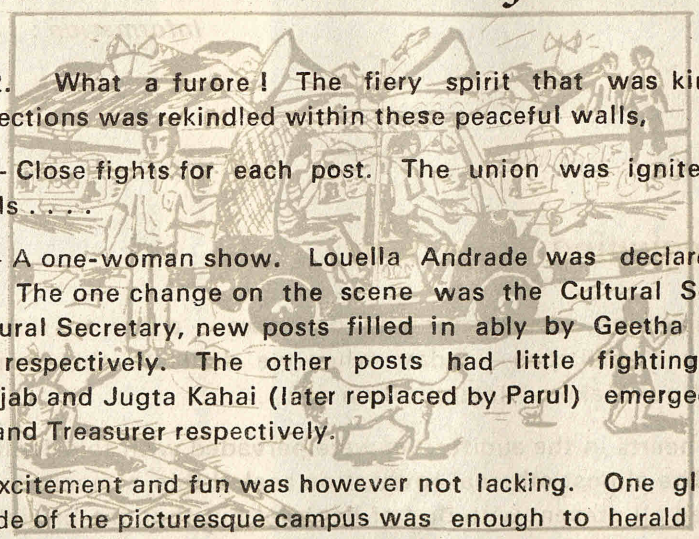
Each member of the College Union lit a wick on a lamp and promised to serve to the best of their ability, instilling in us a desire to improve ourselves so that we may one day beget the honours MCC could bestow on us.

There was a sumptuous tea spread out for the visiting collegiates, our class prefects, Union, and the Association Secretaries after the ceremony,

And as we filed out of the auditorium, our hearts were filled with this one thought — 'Thank you Mount Carmel'.

Information : Shyama Kuruvilla
I PCMB II

Consider, Re-consider and Consider Again . . .



Elections '82. What a furore ! The fiery spirit that was kindled during the famous elections was rekindled within these peaceful walls,

'83 — Close fights for each post. The union was ignited with new aims and ideals . . . .

'84 — A one-woman show. Louella Andrade was declared President unanimously. The one change on the scene was the Cultural Secretary and Assistant Cultural Secretary, new posts filled in ably by Geetha Kamath and Louella Abreo respectively. The other posts had little fighting over them. Rajashree Punjab and Jugta Kahai (later replaced by Parul) emerged victorious as Secretary and Treasurer respectively.

The excitement and fun was however not lacking. One glance at the colourful facade of the picturesque campus was enough to herald the student elections to a bewildered stranger. The grounds were littered with gay streamers, posters and motifs — all in all a festive air prevailed. The innumerable adjectives looking out at one would have put Charles Dickens to shame.

Creative geniuses set to work on lilting melodies and modern rock enthusiasts, intent only on creating maximum noise, gave of their best for their candidate's campaigning. Eyecatching posters, some bordering on the ridiculous, wer placed at strategic points of the campus. So and so *'Is a Donkey and will work like one' Rakesh Sharma is in Space : We want someone down to Earth, Let the Music Flow into your discordant lives with so and so.* etc, etc. Passers–by were mesmerised by the clanging of symbols, tooting of horns, blaring of trumpets and booming drums. Even the staff were infected with the over–whelming enthusiasm and zeal of the students and looked around with a bemused, nostalgic air. The students could be classified into three groups — the ones who looked on at the whole affair and its participants with cool disdain, those who went just wild with the election fever and those who just needed a little prodding before their initial plunge into the elections.

The election speeches were nothing unusual, with the smiling candidates (Anila Prabhu, Louella Andrade, Mridula Suri for President ; Louella Abreo, Tah–seen, Geetha Kamath and Hema Myer for Cultural Secretary which had been decided upon instead of Vice President; Sangeetha Medappa, Rajashree Punjabi and Satyavati for Secretary ; Parul Mehta, Charlotte Fernandes and Jugta Kahai for Treasurer,) being booed and cheered alternately except for Jugta who comman–ded an awed silence in the auditorium. Deafening applause accompanied the announcement of results. Demands for the proverbial holiday could only be satisfied with a half day off, and with it came the end of one of the most exciting times of the year ! When loyalties are at stake, promises are revoked, treats given and classes bunked.

Information: *Sangeeta Medappa*
II PyEE

Taking Charge

The swearing–in ceremony of the newly elected Students Union of the College took place within the hallowed precincts of the Auditorium. The Chief Guests for the occasion were Brigadier and Mrs. Pais. After the Choir rendered the College song the ceremony commenced with speeches by the President and the Secretary on the improvements they intended to bring about in the course of the next year.

The next speech was that of the Chief Guest's which was short and humorous; qualities essential for any good speech. The actual ceremony was conducted with due solemnity, each office bearer lighting the lamp, taking the oath and then being presented with a sash and a single rose. Entertainment was provided in the form of a solo sung by Louella Abreo and two Bharatanatyam dance items by Sarita and Sangeete Hegde. The function ended with the National Anthem which was followed by tea in the Fatima Hall for the guests and teachers.

Information : Kaveri Ponnappa
II PyEE

Participation rather than Winning

There they were, heads bent, minds racing furiously, looking feverish with effort, occasionally glancing away with a grimace, sometimes almost one of disgust.

I sat quietly watching the painting competition in progress. It occurred to me that to the vast number of girls present, who had to paint either on the theme of 'Family' or anything they chose, the fact that they had participated in the competition was more important than winning.

A prominent feature in this competition was the absence of pictures to copy from, to help prepare for inter-collegiate competitions.

At the end of the three long hours the tired artists strolled around peering into the other pictures, and walked out tired but happy, knowing that this was their first competition of the year, and that there were many more challenging and exciting ones waiting for them.

The winners were Rita Basu, Malini P. and Sheila Srinath Ullal, and Alice C.G. and Rajeswari A. the special mentions in the general topic.

Priya Rao, Kumuda Rao and Kavitha Sharma were the winners of the Family topic.

Information : Jugta K. Kahai

A Fiesta of Melodies

The Western Music contests are traditionally greeted with much audience anticipation. The 'audi' gets filled long before the starting time, with girls anxiously bagging seats, either by physically claiming them or leaving some sign of 'tenancy' — a book or bag, for example. Some who decide 'music is food' actually skip lunch rather than miss listening to the velvet voices of the crooners.

The competitions started with the Instrumental Solo, where a variety of musical instruments were played with great verve. The discerning judges were Mrs. Francis Lynn, Mrs. Louisa Pinto, Mr. Shyam Sunder and Fr. Pereira, who sat listening patiently to the varied and subtle strains of the violin, piano, mandolin and the rhythmic beat of the drums, echoing through the auditorium.

In the Junior Section (PUC), the winners in this category were Smrithi George (1st) and Romilla Mohanraj (2nd). In the Degree Section, Pearl and Prateeti bagged the first and second prizes respectively and the piano reigned supreme.

The audience did not seem to relish the instrumentals as much as the vocals. Perhaps, this is because the words count as much as the tune to the average music buff, and it is the melodious combination of poetry and a rich, gifted voice that a modern Piper of Hamlyn would use. After all, music, like love, is 'poetry of the soul.'

The participation was also restricted in number. The bigger each group, the lesser the number of groups – so I guess it follows why all four made it to the finals, where Charlotte's Group proved their superiority, the II Degree French Group coming next, and Carmen and group a close third.

The strumming of the gold-tipped fingers were like the first buds of spring, mere indicators of the vocal fiesta to come. It was then that Carmels truly came alive with music, as the lusciousness of voices, metallic and husky, mezzo or soprano penetrated beyond the confines of the hall.

The numbers varied, the themes ranging from nostalgia (Memories) to aggressiveness (Female Wrestler). An entertaining afternoon, the audience getting their time's worth and the participants real competition. For, the solo prelims was flooded with entries. Apparently many a potential Usha Uthup is on the campus, just biding her time to burst into the international pop scene. Out of the 35 to 40 entries, 13 seniors and 7 juniors made it to the finals.

The next day, the prelims of the vocal group were held. The crowd found itself with hands clapping, feet tapping to the insistent rhythm of, 'A 100,000 Years Ago' rendered by the entire III B.Com. The preference was on the whole, towards the romantic and nostalgic and the audience blues were crooned away by lines like 'Blue tome is happiness' (Machado sisters). Charlotte and group's presentation of 'Spring Time (the movie's theme song) was really lovely–it won the first prize. Katoni and Evangeline with their beautiful number, 'Man of Galilee' enraptured one and all (Second). Louise and Romilla were placed third with their soft lilting melody 'Jesus said Come to the waters'.

The finals of the vocal solo where the creamiest of creamy voices assembled, were a grand finale for MCC's 'affair with music'.

In the P.U. section Radhika Kumar bagged the first place with 'Sometimes when we touch'. Sonal Machado, true to family tradition, came second with' 'On my honour I will try'. Priscilla's lilting voice evoked spiritual and sentimental stirrings with her 'You gave me love'. She was placed third. The fresh young voices were a delight to the music gourmet. A canine fan, ambled up to the stage to get closer to the object to his admiration, Kavery, who was crooning 'Down, down by the sea' assuring us that appreciation of music has not gone to the dogs. She tied with Carol Machado for the first place ('Don't turn my brown eyes blue'). Louella Abreo lived up to expectations with 'Little flowers never worry' (Second) and Naina Lobo ('Put your hand in the hand of the man') came third.

The audience departed strumming 'Thank You for the Music' on their heart strings.

Information: *Pavithra Punitha (I B.Com)*
Mary Susan George (II B Com)
Anitha B.D.
Anjali Banerjee (II PECA)
Sindur Nagaraj (I CBH)
Roopa Prabhu (II PES)

Jest a Minute

For those irrepressible jesters in college (jabber mouths included) there comes once a year appreciation and acknowledgment of their jargon.

The semi-finals, an amusing two hours for all those who cared to 'bunk' classes, included topics like 'Shut up means shirts up'.

The final round held in the auditorium had just six participants : Jayalakshmi, Chandrika, Meenakshi, Susan, Shalini and Soyna. The results showed that Meenakshi, Soyna and Susan with their remarkable jesting abilities had reigned supreme.

Information : *Arati Rao*

Aircr . . . . ash!

'Shipwreck' — 'No! Aircrash' Sorry, 'shipwreck again. Arguments prevailed over the exact name of the competition till a large wooden model of an airplane on stage, decided the matter. The competition 'in spite of its name' was held very much on *terra firma* and participants had their feet planted firmly on the ground. They argued for the only parachute to transport them back safely to Mother Earth. Piloted by Captain Toshar (a brave man, Captain Toshar, out to solve a problem which all the learned and unlearned men of the human race have not dared to tackle before) and conducted on an informal note, it gave our debators a chance to try out their prowess in a totally different manner.

'Save me Captain, and I'll give you a sumptuous last supper,' cried out the cook. 'If you don't allow me to return, I'll sweep you off your feet,' cried another (tut-tut! poor Captain), in the bargain keeping the audience in splits of laughter. The latter encouraged the petrified meat-carver with shouts of 'Butcher him'.

Shalini Mathias as an actress managed to get the parachute to go and cheer up the world. Louella (III B.Com.), a mother of ten children (whither Family Planning !) and Shonali — the gasman (in Captain Toshar's words 'A crude gasser') came second and third. With these three taking care of the major problems of the world — here's to a new beginning !

Information : Anjali Banerjee
II PECA

Twinkling feet



'Only participants allowed ! So scram !' cried Louella aggressively barricading the sanctum of the participants — the green room. Consequently the amount of confusion that prevailed backstage was reduced and this year's Indian dance competition went off rather smoothly.

Participants struggled valiantly despite the merciless booing and failing music (courtesy–our incredible sound system. College authorities, please note). The only novelty in the programme was that curtains were not pulled down after every item — the word 'novelty' being used to describe the experience of seeing some hapless victim's legs stuck midway backstage while the show bravely went on (she had fainted from exhaustion after a particularly vigorous gidda).

Dances ranged from the traditional Kolattam, Garba, Bhangra, Onam dances to a few set to popular Hindi film songs. The latter drew maximum audience participation in that, all pent-up desire to boo was thoroughly satiated and, sad to say, justified.

As the quantity of carbon dioxide reached alarming proportions–what with the auditorium packed to its maximal capacity — the competition drew to a close. I B.Com., II H Sc., and II PyEE bagged the first three prizes, while III B.Com was awarded the special mention. A beeline for the door and fresh air, signalled the end of this event which though enjoyable, taxes one mentally, physically and . . . .

Information : Rashmi Adaval III H Sc.
Arathi Rao I PCMB.

Holding Forth

A notice on the board declared, 'Topic for the degree debate — Is Doordarshan Nearsighted ?' Protests were triggered off in the wake of this announcement. 'Ugh ! What a lousy topic !' groaned one ardent debator. 'Question invalid !' quipped another, 'since Doordarshan is not near sighted but totally blind'.

Once again the 'idiot box' had found itself in the midst of a controversy as twenty-three anxious participants, eager to exhibit their debating prowess ventured forth to the auditorium along with their morale boosters.

Kumuda Rao's concise confident and convincing speech prompted the judges Miss Indu Sridhar, Miss Protima Rao and Miss Vijaya Ramachandran to unanimously declare her the best speaker. Shalini Mathias drew upon her remarkable dramatic ability and walked away with the second prize. 'The topic loses credibility because of the very name implying distant vision' defended Mukta, winning herself the third prize.

The absence of repartee, counter attacks and heated arguments was conspicuous probably as a result of more participants and less time.

Anyway, three cheers to Doordarshan — at least it gave us something to talk about.

Information : Devika D. Nambiar III B.Com.
Tabassum Khan II PyEE

Silence Isn't 'Dumb'

The name of the game is 'effective communication' — implying the maximum of rapport, an ability to manufacture evocative gestures and to transmute them into precise words in the minimum of time — time, measured not in minutes but in seconds, infinitesmally precious seconds. The winners: the team which totes up the score closest to zero.

Seventeen enthusiastic teams participated in the semi-finals out of which ten managed the finals. In the process, the COSIP Lab. was rocked between gasps and laughter, what with the girls at their wildest, freest, most uninhibited moods, their expressions displaying the whole gamut of emotions from a happy 'That's it', to a beseeching 'Come on' and finally, either a triumphant 'Ooph! at last' or 'Comic despair' . . . In fact, Dumb Charades is as much 'reading faces' as anything else.

If one didn't actually watch the whole thing, one would call that finals a 'one-team show' — judging by the scoreboard. If L.A. was a Hollywood-style 'show biz', so was this — but back in the silent era . . .

The semifinals were composed of two rounds — films and books. The finals, three: films, books and a third revolving round 'personalities' — the last being anybody's guess. Szabo and Connors rating six action-packed seconds each, Lata coming a close second . . . and P. T. Usha meriting the bronze. Kirmani took the cake — as usual, he managed to make all around double-up helplessly — for the silent, gesticulating participant, Louise was no cricket fan and did not know that he keeps wicket nor did she emphasize his bald pate. Louise also had to contend with a team equally ignorant cricket-wise. There were some stunners-like 'Return of the Seacuss Seven' (16 secs)— it seems Jayalakshmi (Jaila) III PyEE and associates, Nandini II CBZ and Jaya-shree II B.Com. actually knew the meaning, let alone the spelling. They topped with 45 points *a credit* . . . Chandrika's (III HES) 'Racing with the moon' certainly put her team (Urmila aad Deepti) in the race, but she was grounded in the 'Descent from Xanadu'. She '400-m hurdled' through the third round to come second with 177 points . . . Namitha literally crooned her (Swapna and Maria) way to third place, albeit silently, chalking up 227 points . . .

Lathika, like a pro handled the job smoothly and efficiently, really showing the 'Degs' the stuff 'P.Us' are made of . . .

An entertaining time — for those in and out of the fray . . .

Information : Bhuvana Shankaranarayanan
I HEE

Imagination Run Riot

To an artist's mind, 'the desks became trees once more, the chalk turned to cliffs' and the rather prim and professional COSIP Lab. was transformed into a world of wonder and creation. A considerable number of our artists had gathered on the 2nd of August to make the sketching competition a roaring success. The theme (optional) being 'Family', the Van Goghs of Carmel exploited every aspect of it, ranging from abstract innuendos to the 'We two, Our two' cliches. The successful ones were — Anything of your choice. First : Uma N. (II CBZ) ; second : P. N. Anitha Murthy (I PCM); third : Sri Shaila (I PUC CBPyH). Special mention : Mridul Bhapat (III PCM), Bency Mathai (II PCMB). Family — First : Biju Paul (II MECA) ; second : Tahseen Banu (II HSc) and Deepa S. K. (III B.Com.). Special mention : Geetha Kamath (II B.Com).

Information : *Rita Basu*
Jayalakshmi R.

' No Longer Freshies '

The day dawned with its usual glare and dazzle in the eastern sky ; but it was a very special day–long awaited and eagerly anticipated. It was the 10th of August, and the socials were to be held that evening. The 'freshers' were heaving sighs of relief as the ragging was finally over. They were no longer 'freshies' ; no more were they at the beck and call of their seniors. Today they would be welcomed into the big happy hostel family and be accepted as a part of it.

Floating on Cloud Nine, dusk saw the 'no–longer freshies', dressed in soiree specials, hair immaculately coiffured (grace a le saloon down Vasanth-nagar) picking their way towards Fatima Hall, for an evening of dinner and dance. But yet another hurdle lay in the path of these intrepid girls, 'dressed to kill'. This was the piece de resistance of the day. All 73 of them had to go up on stage, and entertain the seniors by modelling for one commodity — themselves.

After the initial round of modelling 12 semi–finalists were selected for the second round. This time they had also to answer two questions. Some of the questions were inane, the others preposterous, but the girls had to be at their wittiest best when dealing with them. The three girls who emerged triumphant were Eliza Albuquerque (I HSc) as the Freshie Queen, Rimi Gohain (I CBZ) the first Runner up and Suneetha the second Runner up. The prizes for the winners were very attractive— The Queen's prize was lunch for two at 'Princes' while the princesses graced 'Rice Bowl' and 'Oasis'.

The judges were three trendy youngsters of Bangalore city, Judith Roby, an ex Mount Carmelite who had come along with Narayan and Ashish Kotari—identity and profession are just 'Knock Out' disco.

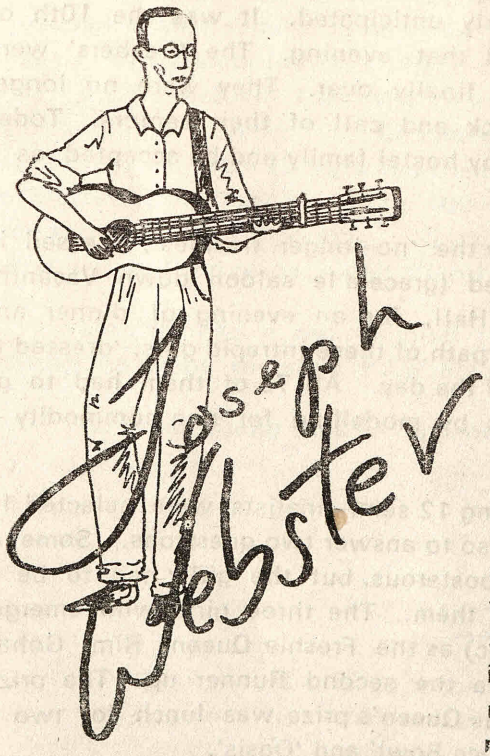
After all this excitement came the gourmet's turn (should we say gourmand ?). The senior hostelites, donning aprons over their finery, had taken great pains in preparing a sumptuous dinner and deserve all accolades for such an entertaining evening.

The girls after stuffing themselves with pizzas, soup and Black Forest cakes, rushed towards the dance hall and wriggled away vigorously under the psychedelic lights to promptly shed any excess weight which would be the inevitable result of the hearty meal.

The evening trilled to an end (Ref. the inevitable hostel bell) and at the clap of the warden's hands we snuggled into our beds for a good night's sleep.

Information : *Tabbassum Khan*
II PYEE

A date with Joseph Webster



The notice board said it in unexciting terms, word was passed around casually during the class hours and the girls wonered who this person was and whether it was worth missing the 4 o'clock bus for 'A musical show by Joseph Webster'. By the end of the penultimate period, it became known that he was an American and therefore a good singer.

A fairly large troop of girls filed into the auditorium. The object of their combined curiosity then started his repertoire with 'Just 36 hours ago', a song composed by himself. The first three or four lines sent ripples of surprise and distaste through the audience, for if there was anything like unmelodious music this was it. By the end of that rendition, quite a few were politely

slinking out. The next number, (again his composition) boasted of the title, 'India'. Ah we thought, this might be good. But, no, besides a chorus of 'India-a-a-a, India-a-a-a-a . . , ' after every three lines, the 'song' had neither melody nor rhythm not to mention the fact that it consisted, for the most part, of lines plagiarized from other songs. A classic example . , . 'India, with your golden hair, . . . ' (sounds more like Anglo India, Ms Rachel commented). But I, caught on with the girls who started clapping in tune with him. He was delighted and revealed that he was recording that song particularly as a demonstration tape to be sent to the EMI Recording Company. We were too speechless with shock to say anything.

The rest of the 'musical show' consisted of re-runs of India (punctuated with appropriate audience noise), alternating with a few lines from different songs. He evidently loved the song and already visualized it at the 'Top of the Pop' charts.

By his own admission, he revealed that he had sung on Canadian radio and had met with an enthusiastic response. Enquiries later revealed that he was trying to sing his way back home. Judging by the meagre donations, one wonders when he will ever reach his destination !

Information : Kavery Ponappa
II PyEE

Enchanting Hues and Shapes

The COSIP Lab was the scene of casual disarray and unhurried work. The girls sat or stood around the tables, strewn with colourful paraphernalia. The general air was a friendly one, although it was a competition — in poster-making.

The themes were — 'Woman', 'Campus Life' and 'Any Other Choice' The posters on women were visually very attractive, though a large number opted for 'Campus life'. One poster managed to depict the whole system of education, another the college — past, present and future. An environmentally minded poster-maker depicted the rubbish strewn carelessly around college.

A general spirit of *joie de vivre* pervaded the Lab, transmitting itself into the enchanting hues and shapes in the posters and in the ring of laughter encircling the place.

Geeta Kamath of II B.Com. came first, Prateeti and Alpana (II PyEE) second and Kavitha Sharma (II CBZ) third.

Information : Kavery Ponappa
II PyEE

Method in the Madness

KG Cardboard, pictures, streamers, mud, stones, leaves, crayons, gum and scissors were all scattered around in colourful disarray amidst the enthusiastic young girls all set for a manifestation of their artistic talents at the Collage competition. Judging from the number of pictures of cherubic babes, necking couples and laughing youngsters on kg cardboard, the themes were obviously 'Family' and 'Campus Scene'. Every loose bit and piece was painstakingly put together in the 3 hours allotted. Groans of disgust (at a bottle of gum which decided to explore the room) and oohs and ahs of ecstasy at a perfect combination of ideas wafted around. The judges sifted out the winners who were as follows. 3D : 1st Prize : II B,Sc.; II Prize : I H.Sc.; III Prize : II PCM. 2D : 1st : III PyEE ; 2nd: II B.Com. (Geetha Kamath) ; 3rd: II B.Com Special Mention : II HEPyS. Miniatures of their *chefs d'oeuvre* grace this worthy tome.

Information : Sangeetha Medappa
II PyEE

Ingenious Versification

In stark contrast to last year's event which was a resounding success, the Limerick contest held this year was a lacklustre one. A handful of novices trudged into the workshop very solemnly while a few seasoned veterans

sauntered in, looking as cool as the proverbial cucumber, at 10 a.m. on a Monday morn and awaited the green signal to set their creative genius to work.

No one could come up with a good suggestion regarding the topic — the theme 'Campus' having been declared as stale, repetitive and redundant. Hence Organiser Mallika decided to leave the subject 'open'. 'Oh no — if the subject is kept open my brains are sure to remain closed' groaned one of the participants. Another summed it up later : 'In spite of the uninspiring atmosphere we tried to limerize.' Bravo, and a clarion call to all budding poetesses to evince more interest and zeal for this brand of humorous poetry next year.

Information : Devika Nambiar
III B.Com.

From Mud Pies to Works of Art

Thumps, screeches and war cries emanating from the workshop revealed a group of young enthusiasts grappling with a huge mound of clay. After the initial reactions of 'What next ?' and 'Let's make mud pies', most of our young down to work with all the verve and enthusiasm they possessed. Indeed, it was so infectious that even the organisers joined in. A bunch of final years (devoted to the idea of 'enjoying themselves') strolled in, contributed to the general hubbub, spattered clay about and strolled out.

Results announced at the end of the week revealed that the entry 'The Old Man' by Najam Pasha had won the first prize. Maya Ramaswamy bagged the second prize with her entry 'Dawn'. 'Quicksand', one of Jayalakshmi's amateurish attempts (her own words, mind you) was awarded the third while 'Pixie Clad in Leaves' by Seema Siddiq won a special mention.

Information : Rashmi Adaval
III H.Sc.

Teachers Take the Stage

The claps and cheers of excited Carmelites rent the air in the auditorium as the teachers walked in. It was Teachers' Day — September the 5th, 1984.

This year the final year students undertook to entertain the teachers with an enjoyable programme which commenced with the presentation of mementos to the heads of all the departments. Final PCM gave a solemn recital of *Guru Sthothum* followed by a delightful song 'To Teachers with Love' by Louise. Tahaseen Banu's rib-tickling version of Zola Budd's tripping encounter with Mary Decker in the recently concluded Olympics had the audience in splits. The remaining items consisted of a skit, a dance, songs and a veena recital.

The teachers also played their part in the entertainment. Sporting Miss Nagaratna delighted the students with a witty impromptu poem. In reply to the encores she sang another of her popular creations. Mrs. Kanak Seshadri's histrionic talent held the audience spellbound.

The programme concluded on a happy note as teachers and students filed out of the auditorium, the bond between them strengthened.

Chitra S. Narayanan
II P.U.C. (P.E.C.A.)

The Good — The Bad — The Right Word!

The word-hunt was on. The hounds, the lexiconites of M. C. C., chased through mental bogs, in search of the word, good or bad, but the right word.

There was inspiring participation from 'vocab' conscious Carmelites and Moderator Mallika Rao (the Sabira Merchant of the day) (wo) manned six batches of enthusiatic 'word masters' . . . ,

With 15 seconds allotted in which to produce a suitable synonym as first clue (sans miming), a maximum limit of 2 clues per person, participants had to conjure up Websterian genius . . . . The finals were even more testing, with the clues being singular, in number and quality.

Jayalakshmi R. and Prateeti with their superb rapport easily secured the first place. Alpana and Dorothy D'Souza retained the second position that they secured last year while Geetha and Achala ranked third, The participants mirrored their feelings very expressively, sporting looks of discovering the 'good' word or wearing expressions of abject misery on having raised wrong objections.

Quite a few enthusiasts gobbled up their lunch and settled down to watch the proceedings. Alas! the participants in their utter involvement mumbled their clues and responses thus exasperating the audience. Said one disgruntled spectator, 'What a sheer waste of my lunch time!' (Food for thought ?)

Information : Devika Nambiar (III B.Com.)

Pavitra Punitha (I B.Com.)

They 'Sew a Fine Seam . . .'

(Report on M.C.C.'s First Ever Embroidery Contest)

The COSIP Lab was successively the scene of a flood, a quake and a partial emigration. The flood was one of embroidery enthusiasts, armed with needle and thread . . . They put the Pres. in pretty much the same spot as the housewife faced with 20 extra guests for dinner , . . She coped . . . And the quake of disappointment proved very low on the Richter Scale . . . In fact, a transitory one. She arranged that the ones who had not registered previously come the next day. And, thus, half the lot quit the room for, 'Tomorrow Tomorrow . . .'

The question-papers (patterns) were doled out in strict examination tradition, after the answer sheets (cream coloured cloth). The rules were announced — pattern placement, time alloted, and so on . . , The last one brought a gasp-that the names and number of the different stitches used should be written at the end . . . The threadlers, apparently felt out of depth when it came to 'theory' . . .

The pattern looked as if 'twould fit the corner of a handkerchief. And it was meant to. The hankies to be surprise Christmas gifts for..... ..... (Well, that's a secret !)

The axioms of embroidery, as gleaned from the observation of 'practical sessions' in the lab, are :

—— the smaller the pattern, the more difficult it is to trace

—— the smaller the pattern, the longer it takes to fill it

—— one does not know what it is to be painstaking, unless one embroiders.

'Not a stitch astray' seemed one 'universal motto'. Another was begin with 'green' and 'roses should be red'. Embroidering minds (those present) seem but of one school. Where are the impressionists and surrealists of embroidery ? . , . Whither contemporary embroidery ? Or traditional ethnic embroidery ? (Rajasthani folk embroidery, for instance.) . . . Why, for God's sake, embroider two flowers and a bud — again and again–in green and red ? The imagination of the organisers seemed as restricted as that of the participants.

The second day saw a refreshing change — Jayanthi P.C.'s velvet stitch. There's a different kind of needle (that doesn't look like a needle) needed for this stitch — You just poke it in and out, and the whole cloth takes on a magic velvety sheen. It seems to have had its effect on the judges too, for this I P.U.C. girl won the first prize . . . Anna Ferros came second, Rani M. came third and Shanta Maria got a special mention. The 'back' of the cloth counts as much as the 'front' . . . One girl seemed to think it counted more, for, she said displaying her work, 'the back is nicer' . . . This group complained of the pattern being 'big' and 'too many leaves', while the other had complained of it being 'too small' — both looked pretty much the same, to the untrained eye . . .

Retreading memory lane, one only wishes that this skilful clan would develop a distaste for the stereotype . .

Information : *Bhuvana Sankaranarayanan*
I H.E.E.

'Killing us Softly'

But for the actual eight finalists picked out of forty odd competitors, the music proved 'heavy hearing' (we mean in the sense of being painful to the ears) and as someone commented in the auditorium 'a mass murder of melodies'. Any deviant note or miscalculation in the octave resulted in merciless booing by an unsympathetic audience.

The chosen eight were the life savers of the competition and were a welcome treat. Numbers ranged from the mild and soothing to Tahseen's rollicking one which carried the crowd along.

The judges — Mr. Murthy, Usha R. and Anita Kudva agreed on Poonam Singh, Tahseen Banu and Kanakamani as the best followed by Padma Ramaswamy and then Shubha Gautam.

Information : Saira Srinivasan II PyEE
Sangeetha Medappa II PyEE

Free for All

'. . . er . . . Who knows it ?' Pin drop silence prevailed and it was probably this characteristic reaction of Carmelites that prompted the inclusion of this event. Held for the first time it drew quite a large number of curious spectators (curious to discover the nature of the college song).

The mikes were conspicuous in their absence though it didn't make much of a difference to III B.Com. who sang lustily, and bagged the first prize, II PCMB sang for the second place while II HEPyS was awarded the third prize probably for the colourful front they put up,

Information : Sindur Nagaraj
II CBZH

An Anticlimax



Fun IIM Style

'The Mt. Carmelites have been invited — by the students of the Indian Institute of Management to spend a day of fun and frolic with them.' Oh, it is just a rumour and the hot news was dismissed as plain fantasy. Mt. Carmelites did not believe in doing the unexpected. Our motto was to trudge in the familiar grooves created by our predecessors, but then we had not as yet reckoned with the new Students Union. The rumour soon subsided and was buried, perhaps with a tinge of regret—what if it was reality? Then it surfaced once again. This time backed solidly by our Union and under the kind concession of our Principal.

Now it was up to us to take the plunge into the unexplored realms of the IIM, the invitation was extended only to a hundred girls, but the turn-out fell short of this small number.

Amidst hurried decisions of to go or not to go, and the all important question of what to wear and the last but not the least, what to expect from this highly scholastic and elite institution.

The great day came and along with it the big bus which was to bear us to the place of excitment, or so we thought. After a long ride we reached the sandy wastes and the incomplete portals of the IIM. The first tentative steps from the bus brought us to the scene where the action was to take place. The only hitch was, we later realised that we had to provide the action. The music from the derelict stereo transported us easily a decade into the past. The notes of Beatles, ABBA, and Boney M., favourites of the previous generation, set the pace for the day.

Apprehensively we surveyed our surroundings, we were here in the middle of nowhere and with no possible means of returning home. At that moment that indomitable spirit of our girls came to the rescue. We were here, and we were going to make the most of the day. No matter if our hosts were not going to be entertaining companions. Those staid gentlemen with highly scholastic preferences were not the ideal companions for our young fun-loving coltish crowd. Soon the hosts blended into the wall paper and the guests dominated the scene. The girls, relaxed and resigned, gave themselves to the joy of music, which now at their request, or should I say order, played the latest pulsating numbers.

A few games had been organised by the boys, and we took part with all enthusiasm and fervour which evoked a little life even in our sober companions.

It was with the same zest we proceeded— no ! charged toward the lunch hall, which for many of us was the high point of the day. All this while, our hosts nervous and uncertain hovered in the background, wondering and asking themselves 'what hell' they had cordially invited to visit them.

The lunch, like everything else fell short of our expectation. But by now, with enough practice, we had reached that state of equanimity, when nothing ruffled our cool and we had learnad to take everything in our stride. Now the only thing to look forward to was our departure. It will be unfair not to mention that our hosts also eagerly anticipated the moment.



Information : Tabassum Kean
II PyEE

Happily Ever After

An air of nostalgia prevailed as everybody was transported into those halcyon days of childhood, its bauble-like fantasies and utopian-like existence. The Literary Pageant with 'Fairy Tales' as its theme opened with a flourish. The first entry—'The Emperor's New Clothes' raised quite a few eyebrows but (un?) fortunately they did nothing drastically eye boggling. The voices which rose with the Emperor's undressing gradually built up to a crescendo when the Prince entered the Sleeping Beauty's chamber. The cackle of a witch was delightedly echoed in unison by the particularly perspicuous audience, who greeted bearded characters with choice nicknames and a deafening uproar.

The music was impressive and the props imaginative. A whole gamut of tales were explored right from Cinderella to Hansel and Gretel and Sleeping Beauty. Rapunzel's tresses (a length of rope !) evoked a lot of amusement. Nevertheless the fact that painstaking effort was put in remains undisputed. The judges Veda Mohan, Mary Jacob and Revathy Murthy spent quite some time deciding on the winners, marks being given on the basis of costumes and special effects. The dashing prince and ravishing princess from III HSc. won their class the first prize for their entry 'Sleeping Beauty'. I PyEE stood second for 'Alladin and the Wonderful Lamp' (authentic costumes). I CBZH stood third for their superb enacting of Cinderella. 'Snow White' in her glass coffin fetched I HEP a special mention.

Information : Sangeetha Medappa
Saira Srinivasan (II PyEE)

Creative Genius at Work . . .

If you see a girl peering anxiously at a key, a chain and a padlock or a clock ticking away contentedly, you needn't worry about rushing her to the nearest clinic for an antidote against sunstroke. That's just the Literary Association's unique way of announcing their topics for a competition.

Creative writing definitely earned it's name as one had to gaze at something as uninspiring as a couple of bricks with some rubble, a stopclock, not to mention a lock, key and a chain. Two other topics given to pacify the not very

imaginative were 'Oh Bangalore — our Bangalore' and 'The Transition from Teenage to Adulthood'. The best entry was 'Oh Bangalore — our Bangalore' — a unanimous decision in favour of Jayanti (II PCMB), a regular contributer to our magazine. Thareshwari (II PyEE) climbed the ladder of fame with her 'Transition from Teenage to Adulthood'. Shyama (II PCMB — 2) coming in next represented that section of the majority who were flummoxed by the choices given and we proudly present those syllables of distress and bewilderment, within the pages of this magazine.

The favourite theme for the short story competition appeared to be 'The Tramp . . .' with Sujaya Nair II HEE and Luxshmi (III PyEE) winning the first and third prizes. (Amazing how easily we identify with tramps!) Kumuda Rao (III PyEE) with her philosophic 'Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday' came in second.

When it came to the poetry competition, the PyEE section once again reigned supreme routing the field completely and bagging all the three prizes, 'Psalm' and 'Peace', both by Jayalakshmi ('heavy stuff' being the rather unpoetic description she gives it) got the first and third prizes. 'Ode to a dead daisy, by Kumuda Rao proved to be the final feather in the cap, for their class.

Information : Rashmi Adaval
III HSc.

Thinking International

'The Olympic games succeeded in improving international understanding' — was the not-so stimulating topic for the PUC inter – class debate which nevertheless got a very good response.

Confident youngsters put on their thinking caps and came up with quite a few gems of wisdom ranging from the militant 'It is a battlefield where political battles are fought and cold blooded massacres take place' to the peaceful 'It is a place where peace, brotherhood and fraternity are prompted'. Some went a step further to say. 'Ban the Olympics — it's going to cause the third world war'. (We'd be interested in knowing how — would our renowned political thnkers enlighten us ?)

The judges Mrs. Murthy and Mrs. Pais adjudged Meenakshi and Shonali as the best followed by Pamela and Sandhya who got the second and third places respectively.

Information : Padmaja B. Seshadri.
Anjali Banerjee (II PECA.)

Fiesta Carmelite

To be or not to be at Fiesta Carmelite was not the dilemma of the day. All roads led to Mount Carmel's on Jan. 19th and 20th. B'loreans came, saw and were conquered.



For the girls, the fete had begun long before when red and green *shamianas* had first begun camping on the college grounds. When military vans loaded with wooden chairs and tables had begun rumbling down the drive. When ghost stalls began to provide novel squatting space for those with nothing to do.

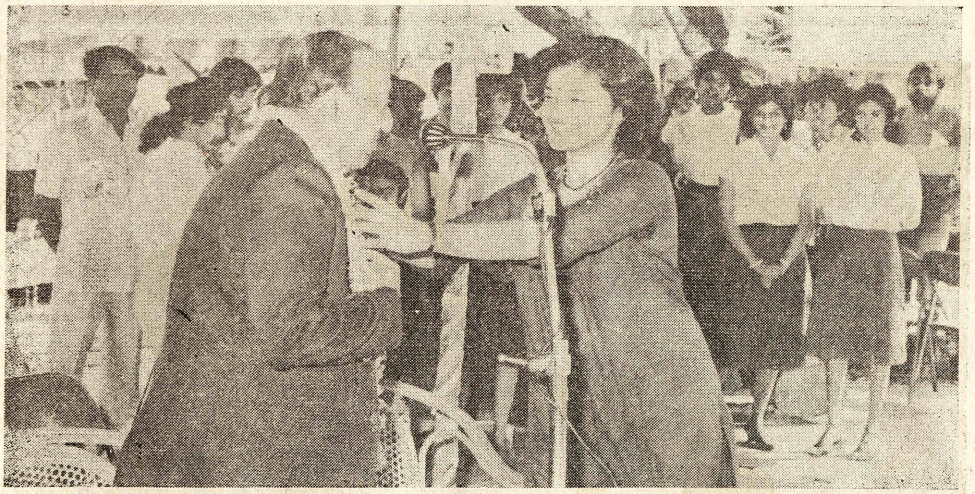
At 3 o'clock, Jan. 19th, a ribbon was cut, a speech made. The Fiest was now official! Balloons floated into space, clowns romped on the grounds. A special theme song composed for the unique occasion, conveyed promise of the gaiety to come. And the promises were not belied.



'A ribbon was cut . . .'

Down grub street, haunting smells arose from varying ('cooking') ranges. 'Chaat' hit the top of the charts. Desi dosai patriots vied with continental pizza fans. Both converted to each other's camps, the end-result being the proclamation of a universal food religion. Mughlai biriyani, with a *nawabi* touch, raked in royal proceeds. Icing melted in many mouths and burnt holes in several pockets. *Kababs* scotched eggs, *jalebis*, coffee . . . .

Louella (Abreo)'s brainchild, the supra-giant of all ceremonies, extended his benign steel arms to car-loads of screeching adults and took them on a rumble-tumble spin of the world. Then the customary paraphernalia of a fair —— a jumble sale to rummage in, a lucky dip stall for the lucky angler, an all-male 'Fish the Beer' stall for the adept 'hooker', a mini Lalbagh for the green thumbed. And, finally, a chance of a life-time to avenge yourself on your secret enemy . . . let latent hostilities surface . . . let the macabre in you take over: THE JAIL. In keeping with the motivating spirit of the Fiesta, the computer parlour had pride of place.



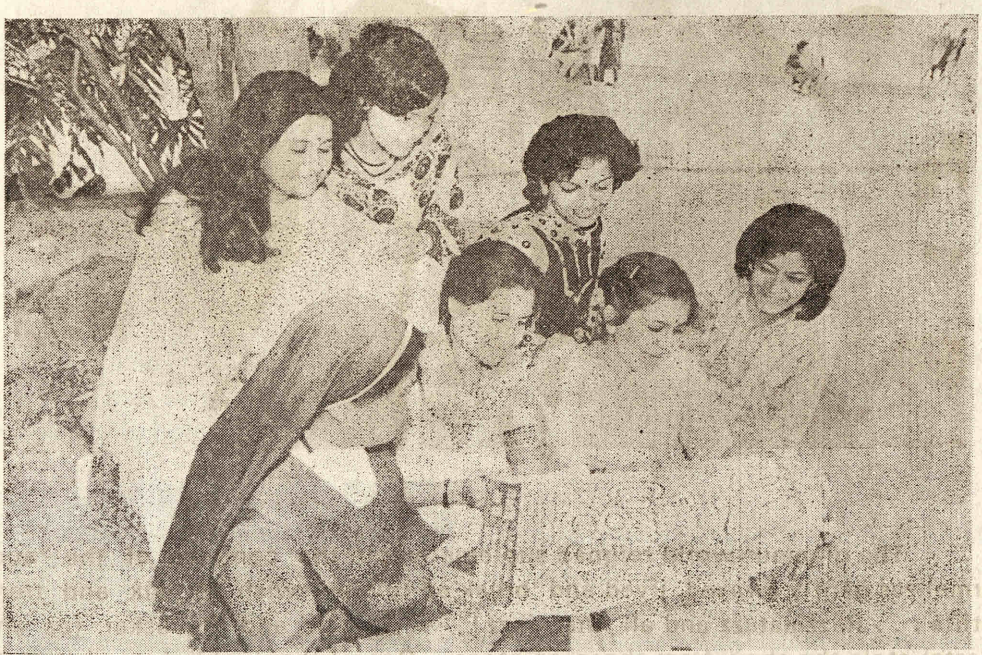
The glamour-world reigned supreme within the confines of the 'audi'. Carmelites gently swayed, jived and 'break'ed to the swish of silk and trendy outfits . . . Razzmatazz and all that jazz! —— Shastri and Gavaskar (as chief guests) stole the show from those on stage. One of the highlights of the fair was their heavily escorted, much anticipated entree in a limousine. Shastri specially had the impressionable female half of the audience totally bowled over by his charm.

With the threat of being overwhelmed by the sheer intensity of the numbers who wished to partake of the Fiesta's spirit, the gates had to be firmly but kindly closed. The show drew to a harmonious close on Sunday night with the announcement of the spectacular raffle prizes. The colour TV went to a Carmel hostelite and Sr. Jesuine Marie was not far behind in collecting a red-hot iron Viva la Fiesta !

In Retrospect

The Fiesta seems to have been many things to many people. Thus goes a random survey taken on the drive.

To Chetana Bhatt, it was primarily 'Chance' personified. Chance with a capital C: 'It was nice working for it. A Chance to get away from class and get attendance. A Chance to do something to make yourself useful. A kind of experience. It's not everyday that you get an opportunity (read 'Chance') to *do* something.'



For Sujaya Nair, behind the cake stall, pride seems to have been the passion of the day. 'I thought no end of myself, displaying a volunteer's badge and having people recognize me for a Carmelite, involved with the work.' She prefers to keep mum about the 'disappearing' cakes.

Ravina Kohli certainly believes in talking in three's. 'Wow! Wow! Wow!' she began, starting a trend of playing-for-time. She also initiated the trendy response : 'It was fab, fun and more fun !' This Razzmatazz model seems to be a trend-setter in every sense of the word.

Raji Unni will probably (long after the time of writing) be 'still thinking about it'. We never quite got a glimpse into the secret depths of her mind.

Devaki K. was the most descriptive of the lot. 'It made me high, real high', she said. This sports-woman had gallantly consumed 2 Dixies in 30 seconds and got 12 extra coupons. 'The shooting bit was good-shot ; the ping-pong ball . . . I didn't like the pail. I got high on Dixie. On the whole, good fun . . , Enjoyed myself — had a whale of a time.'



'Balloons floated into space . . .'

Rose Ruth gave a highly adjectival response. 'Fantastic. Fabulous. Well-organised. A great success.'

Jayashree Pishe, a stolid — 'it was okay.'

Anita Agarwal, a highly original, 'Jail was fantastic ! I enjoyed being in jail for sometime. Met lots of new people.'

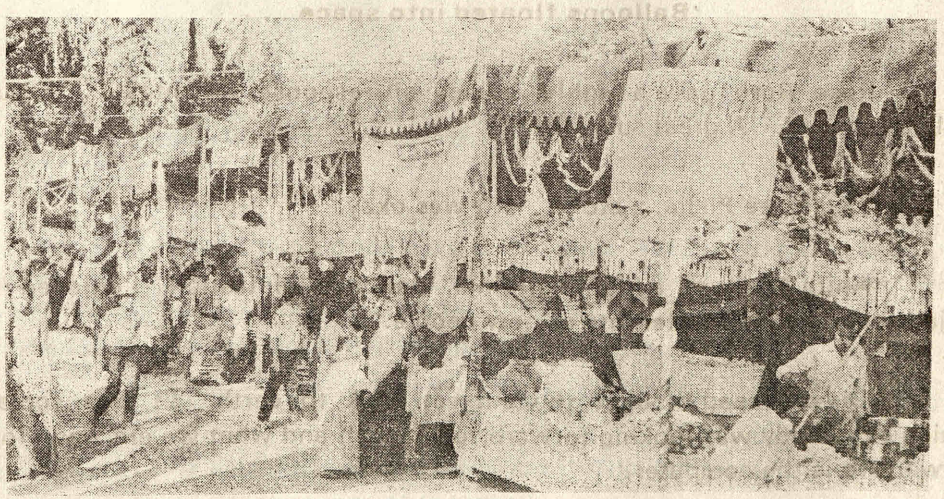
Divya Prasad brought the subject back to earth. 'It was something which everybody was looking forward to so much and what we are now looking forward to is the computer.'

Chaya Basappa was highly delighted at being interviewed. She called all her friends round her, and being satisfied at having acquired a rapt audience, she proceeded to issue her expert comments. 'The giant-wheel, they should have had more rides. Nice on the whole. Too many boys. For the girls who-were there, it was good. Biriyani was good. That's about all I think.'



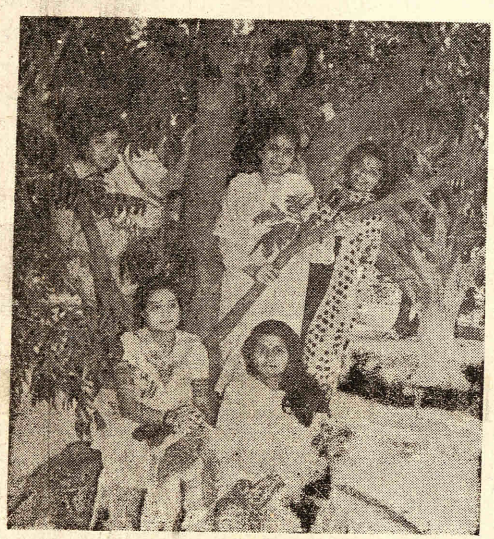
' Clowns romped on the grounds . . .'

Khuteja seemed to have just emerged from a highly-charged moral science class. 'Good recreation for the people' and while she waxed eloquent on the merits of co–operation, Chaya interjected. 'It made us help around, but the problem is we didn't do a thing.' Khuteja now adopted a poetic stance. 'On the giant wheel you could see the dusk rising.' Chaya ; 'Write some nice things about us.' Khuteja : 'Best thing about the fete was Khuteja's helpfulness.'



' Down grub street . . .'

Manju, Gloria and Chandrika when approached added a fourth name (their friend Aarthi was elsewhere on the campus). 'Such a big success. They should've allowed us to ride the giant-wheel with ID cards. Fashion show — super — for our college females it was pretty good.'



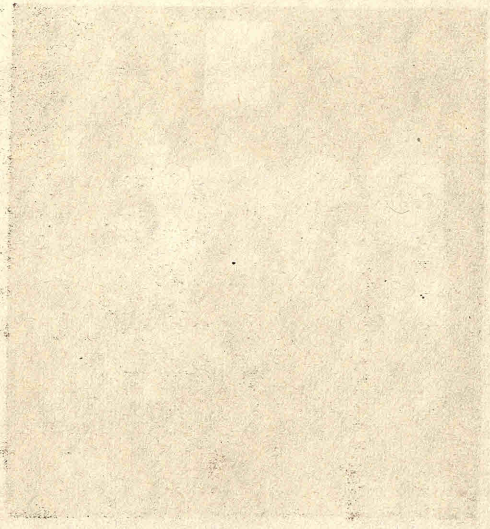
To get a lecturer's point of view, we approached the cool-and collected Jessie Matthews Verghese. ' Nice change from the normal routine. There was a lot of involvement from the students and the staff, an opportunity to work together with the students on something non-curricular, refreshing change to see students from different colleges and people from different walks of life on the campus. For a change it was nice. Probably get stale if it becomes a yearly affair.

A comprehensive sum-up would be well-high impossible. The word due was repeated in so many inteviews that the tired hand of this scribe just refused to take it down. The choice of interviews was too random to be called a 'representative' random choice! But we did manage to corner three who'd really worked for it. In Chetana's expressive words. 'Died on Monday. My spirit is walking around now.' The spirit of the fair seems to have counted more than the aim. The word computer' was referred to but once, and that too universel grumble — the insufficient turns the giant wheel took in the air. The fiesta certainy lived up to its name — a Carmelite festival-of-fud.





ASSOCIATION REPORTS



Quiz Association Report

Intelligence, versatile reading and an eye for rare detail have never been scarce commodities among Mount Carmelites. Yet, an Association to foster interest in these areas was formally launched only this academic year. The Quiz Association came into being in July 1984 with Poornima Kini (III B.A. — HEP) as Association Secretary and Mrs. Annie Mathew Chandy as the lecturer-in-charge

To begin with, weekly quizzes were held — informal in basis, conducted by a particular class and open to all. This gave those among us who have nurtured secret ambitions to become 'quizzing' geniuses a unique two-in-one opportunity : to develop our skills at both conducting and participating (answering) in quiz programmes.

We are not as yet affiliated to any organisation outside college, but the Quiz Foundation of Bangalore responded to our request to conduct two of our contests. The first of these was the Team Quiz Contest held on 6th September, 1984. The overwhelming number of entries made us decide in favour of two rounds. Fifteen teams consisting of four members each participated in the preliminary round and of these six teams were chosen for the final round. A wide range of topics like general knowledge, history, geography, politics, science and current affairs were covered in both rounds to prove the many-sided talent of the contestants. Besides, there were audio and visual ounds as well. The gruelling competition came to an end with 'Phi-theta being declared the winning team; members of the team were Mallika Subba Rao. Mrudul Bapat, Poornima Kini and Vidya Philar. The 'Innominates' (Alpana Pande, Dorothy D'Souza, Nina Dhruve and Prateeti) won the second place, and the third ranking went to the 'Questionable Characters' led by Meenakshi S.

The Annual Quiz Queen Contest held on 6th September was the other contest conducted with the help of the Quiz Foundation. The elimination rounds for this had been held in August and fifteen contestants had emerged with heads held high. The semi-finals took place on the day of the finals itself and after further 'weeding out' there were just six quizzers in the clear : Alpana Pande, Dorothy D'Souza, Luxshmi S., Nina Dhruve, Poornima Kini and Vidya Subramaniam. A keenly fought battle of the wits ensued and finally Vidya Subramaniam staked her claim to the Quiz Queen crown, Alpana Pande was adjudged the first runner-up.

We have made our mark outside the gates of Mount Carmel as well Despite our relative inexperience we made our presence felt at a number of inter-collegiate competitions. On the 16th of September the Nita Raj-Vasanthi

Ramaswamy-Vidya Subramaniam combine was placed second in the Wildlife Quiz held at the SJASC. The very next day the team of Luxshmi S., Nina Dhruve and Poornima Kini found themselves adjudged third in an inter-collegiate quiz held by the Rotary Club. The 21st of September saw Dorothy D'Souza, Vidya Philar and Vidya Subramaniam securing the third place in the quiz held at Renaissance-84, the student festival at the FCI.

Spreading our young wings still further, and emboldened by our successes this far, we ventured forth into more challenging teritory later in the year. Alpana Pande, Dorothy D'Souza and Vidya Subramaniam were sent by the Quiz Foundation of Bangalore to participate in an all India level quiz. And our girls proved their worth when they got the second prize.

Judging by the enthusiastic response to it in its very first year of existence the Quiz Association is bound to grow and see new horizons in the coming year. May it continue to grow and thereby foster the growth of the college too.

Poornima Kini
III B.A. HEP

History Department

(Report of the activities for the year 1983-84)



Our Principal : Cutting through barriers in time.

The activities of the History Department were directed towards inculcating in the students a keen interest in history and culture. Seminars and quizprogrammeswere conducted in all classes. Various films on the French Revolution, Mughal Rule, Industrial Revolution and the Architectural Heritage of Karnataka were shown.

The History Museum has at last become a reality. It was inaugurated by Sister Jesuine Marie. The museum houses many rare and valuable copper and silver coins dating from the 12th century. These include coins of the time of Rajaraja Chola, the Vijayanagar dynasty, and coins minted by the Dutch and French in India. The museum also has photostat copies of valuable documents which include a 'firman' issued by Aurangzeb, documents pertaining to the rule of Tippu Sultan and of the freedom movement in India.



Copper and silver coins belonging to the 12th century

Literary Association

Our literary club commenced its activities with a bang, and it also ended the year with a bang. Our events this year commenced with two debates — for the PUC and Degree students respectively. The topics were 'Do the Olympic games promote international peace and understanding ?' and 'Is Doordarshan near-sighted ?' The response was overwhelming and a lot of new talent surfaced.

The semi-finals of the 'What's the good word' competition drew an enthusiastic crowd and the finals were very keenly contested. In comparison, the turnout for the Elocution competition was rather poor though the standard was very high.

In addition the 'Poetry writing', 'Short Story' and 'Creative Writing' competitions were highly successful. Our most exciting project for this year was the 'Literary Pageant' wherein our whole auditorium was transported into the fairy tale world of Cinderellas, and other enchanting characters.

Psychology Department

The science of psychology is important for us to comprehend various phenomena such as human thought, feeling and behaviour. It is a subject which cannot be confined to the four walls of a class room, hence in order to promote and instill a sense of interest and involvement amongst our students, we undertook particular projects to give a practical illustration of the same.

Our department organized a lecture competition for the PUC and Degree students respectively on certain topics of psychology.

At the Degree level, clever and confident Kumuda Rao of III PyEE walked away with the 1st place followed by Neena Ram and Roshini M. of III and II PyEE respectively.

At the PUC level Halima Kaiser of II PUC HEPys and Kalpana Nadig of I PUC CBPyH emerged triumphant followed closely by Sunita Sadanand of I PUC HEPyS. Some of the mysteries surrounding Transactional Analysis were unravelled by Dr. Gopal Valecha who gave us a very informative talk. Moreover a film show on 'Transactional Analysis' was also organized by the department in collaboration with Leo Club of Bangalore, Jayamahal.

A group of our psychology students along with their teachers attended a one-day seminar on 'Social integration of mentally retarded children' organized by Navjyothi trust, Bangalore.

Some of our students, eager for more practical work, visit NIMHANS regularly and hence have gained valuable experience and insight into the troubled mind.

. . . a tinkle, tinkle, tinkle . . . Wedding bells were given no rest this year, as they were constantly pealing out joyful notes. Three of our staff colleagues, the graceful and pretty Miss Varghese, the elegant Miss Chacko and the stately Miss Rao decided to take the plunge, and now they seem to be brimming over with happiness, for they are burdened with nothing heavier than rings.

The Homescience Association

The dawn of the new academic year 1984, had instilled in the students of H.Sc. enthusiasm and eagerness to make the year a real success in every respect. Accordingly, on the 12th of July '84 the nomination of office bearers of the Association took place. The Principal, Sr. Jesuine Marie is the ex-officio President, Mrs. Usha Rao the Vice President, Naheed Aziz the Secretary and Hemalatha G. the Class Representative.

At the outset, on the 26th of July, Mrs. Lakshmi from the Family Planning Association lectured on the history of the same, population development and the problems of over population, followed by a film show. The talk and the film were much appreciated by the II and III year students for whose benefit it was conducted.

With the advent of August 1984, a demonstration by Mrs. Taneja from Camlin Paints Ltd. was conducted for all the Degree students of H.Sc. She showed the different ways in which fabric paints could be used for best results.

Again in September 1984, a competition in constructing wall hangings was held which was open to all the H.Sc students. This was to spot hidden talents and promote creativity. The participants came out with a variety of ideas and Vanitha (I H.Sc), Sonia (I H.Sc), Geethanjali (I PUC), Naheed (III H.Sc), Lakshmi (I PUC) and Geetha (III H.Sc) bagged the prize.

On November 20th, the Family Planning Association organised a film show on 'Human Reproduction' for the II and III year Home Science students followed by a brief talk on the above mentioned topic by Mrs. Rukmini.

Next was a lecture by Miss Manjula Narasimhan, a Programme Development Officer, who spoke on 'Mother and child health'. The lecture, besides being informative, was also able to clear out doubts.

Towards the end of November, Miss Shobhana, an ex-student of Mount Carmel College, demonstrated a variety of intricate vegetable carvings. The demonstration was viewed with great interest by the degree students who also tried their hand at acquiring the skill.

In 1985 the Association hopes to hold other competitions like cookery, etc, and extension work at the village is the next part of our curriculum.

Naheed Aziz
III H.Sc.

Commerce Association

The Commerce Association formally began functioning on 20th August 1984 with Sr. Jesuine Marie as the ex-officio President, Dr. (Miss) Lily Alva as the Vice President and Hema Myer as the Secretary.

The activities started off under the guidance of Miss Lily Alva who had innumerable ideas and suggestions. The Association held its meeting which was very well attended and the Vice President and Secretary briefly explained the activities they had planned for this academic year. The volunteers were divided into groups of three each and they were asked to write an article on current matters of commercial interest. This was displayed on the notice board every week. This not only provided invaluable information to the students but also gave an opportunity to the girls to make an independent study of the current trends in the commercial world.

A visit to the ITI factory was planned for the final B.Com. students, as the subject 'Factory Administration' forms an integral part of our syllabus. This, however, is scheduled to be undertaken in the month of January, after a majority of the syllabus is covered so that the students are more familiar with the subject.

In the second term, the quiz and essay competitions were held. The quiz competition was a great success with a record total of 52 teams who eagerly participated. The PUC winners were Meenakshi and Geetha (II MECA) and the team which came second were Sonali and Anupama (II PECA). Among the Degree winners, Amala and Jolly (III B.Com) stood first and Mamtha and Karen (III B.Com.) bagged the second place. Special mention however, must be made of Ashwani and Anjali (I PECA) and Jayasree and Pramila (II B.Com) who lost the second place by a very narrow margin.

The essay competition was held in December and it was well attended. The topics for the competition were 'Foreign collaborations with Indian companies in the recent past' or 'The impact of advertising in today's world'.

A debate competition and a visual aided presentation on 'Are Computers necessary for Commerce' is scheduled for the next term, which we are eagerly looking forward to.

Hema Myer
II B Com.

N.C.C. Association



Sgt. Sudha H. K. in hallowed company

Keeping to the tradition that our college has established over the years, 1984–85 too was an active one for our NCC Association. Numerous camps and varied activities which gave our cadets opportunities to make their mark in different fields, were held throughtout the year. Our cadets kept the college flag flying high by proving their mettle in every instance, whether it was first-aid, home nursing, trekking, para training, sailing, boat putting, gliding, cross-country running, horse riding, tree planting or any kind of social service. The list could go on . . . but first, a blow-by-blow account of the achievements of our girls.

The activities of the Association kicked off to a vigorous start early in the year with the enrolment of 80 cadets led by Senior Under Officer Ashwini T. and Secretary Sayeeda Ghazala. Once we had got off the ground it was activities galore, with the three wings — Army, Navy and Air Force — vying with each other for honours and the attainment of goals.

We did ourselves proud at the very first camp held this year — the All-India Leadership Camp at Satara in May — attended by four of our cadets. Sgt. Clementia D'Souza won the Best Cadet award at this camp. L/Cpt Nanda S. C.

and Cpt. Sowdamini T. attended the All India Basic Leadership Camp held at Nagercoil and they worked their way to the first place in the First-Aid and Home Nursing Competition.

The Hospital Attachment Course at Bangalore for 12 days, the Annual Training Camp for senior wing girls at Maharani's College, the mini camps at Belgaum, the trekking and rock climbing camps at Gwalior, the para training course at Agra in November — our cadets participated in all these, and more.

Mount Carmel navy cadets who form a majority among all the navy cadets of the state, showed their versatility in sailing, boat punting, ship modelling, etc. Four of them attended the Navy Camp at Bombay in March '84.

As for the kudos to the credit of our air wing, Sgt. Sudha H. K. and Cdt. Bharathi K. C. were members of the victorious Republic Day Karnataka Contingent which bagged the Prime Minister's Banner for the fourth time in succession. Further, Sgt. Sudha H. K. won the gold medal in the All India Glides Pilot Competition (Girls). Cdt. Bhararhi was awarded the bronze medal for cross-country running.

On the occasion of the 38th anniversary of the NCC in November '84, six of our cadets took part in the activities organised at the Brigade Parade Grounds. The Independence Day celebrations and Republic Day celebration, which were also held at the same venue saw our cadets participating with enthusiasm and in large numbers.

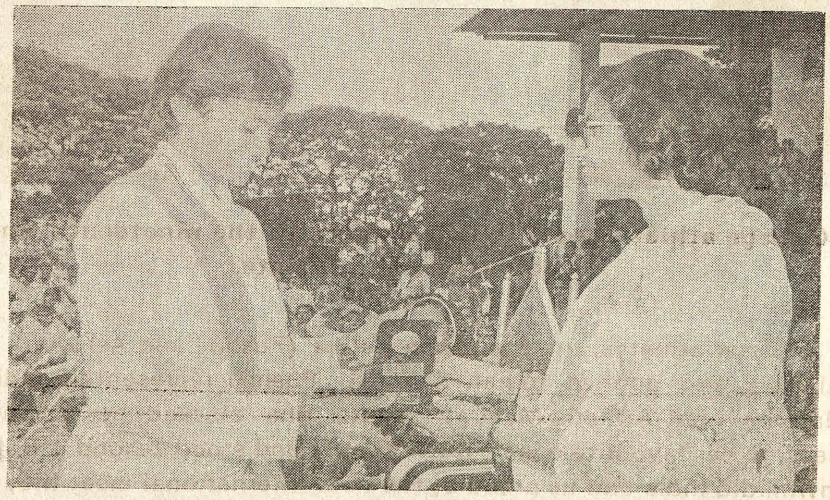
Our cadets were not far behind in the area of social service either. Some of them donated blood at the Blood Donation Gamps held by the Red Cross in December and at our college by St. John's Hospital in February. They assisted tha NSS volunteers in their tree planting scheme and planted sapling in Vidyanagar in September. And closer home, they helped keep the college campus clean in their spare time.

As per the new rules the first years were not allowed to take up the exams. and so only six cadets could appear for the 'C' Certlficate Examination and eight cadets for the 'B' Certificate Examination.

And now we look forward to another action-packed, achievement oriented year with many more Mount Carmelites opting in favour of our Association.



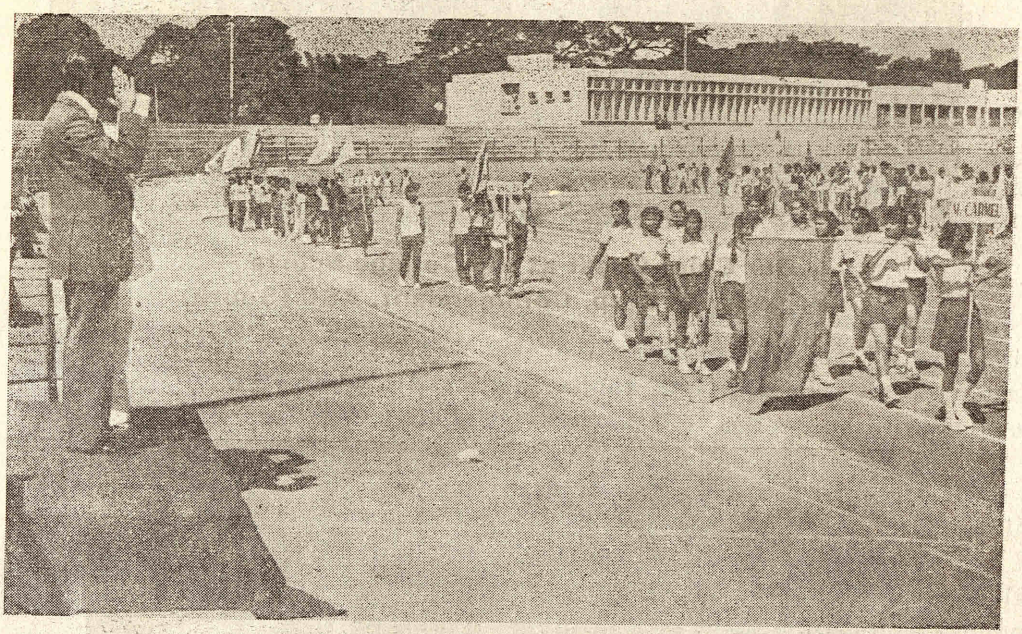
**Our Chief Guest at the College Sports —
Brigadier Pratap, Commandant, ASC (South)**



**Mrs. Pratap handing over the Best All Rounder Shield
to K. Devaki**

Games and Sports

1984–85 has been a year of unique distinctions for Mount Carmel in the field of Games and Sports. Our girls have once again proved their supremacy in various events out on the field and we may be legitimately proud of the laurels they have won for themselves and the college.



College athletic team which topped for the nineteenth time at the Inter-collegiate.

Our star athletes, the Nachappa sisters (Pushpa and Ashwini) made the national mark and donned Indian colours. Pushpa represented India at the Junior International Athletic Meet at Seoul. She clocked her career best of 55.09 secs. in her favourite event, the 400 mts. and stood second. Both Pushpa and Ashwini did India and us proud at the next international meet they attended — the South Asian Federation Games at Kathmandu, Nepal Pushpa was placed second in the 400 mts., and as members of the 4 x 100 mts relay team, they helped the Indian team secure the first place.



Sr. Principal addressing the gathering



The mentors—(Mr. Vaidyanathan and Mrs. Poovamma)
with our star athletes

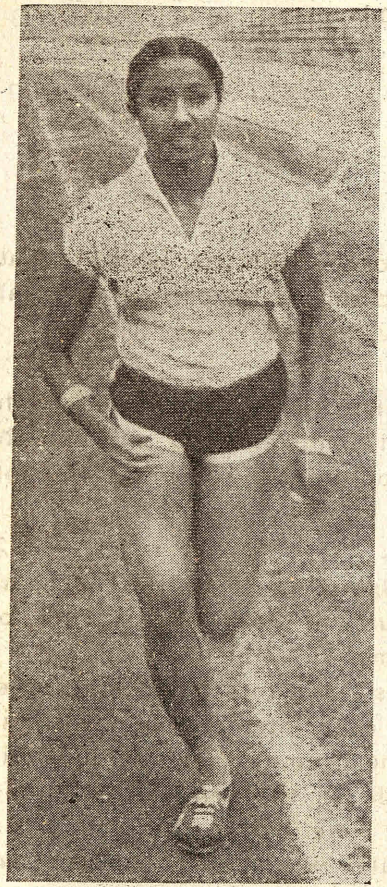


The staff too in a 'sporty' spirit



' Slowly does it '

The 20th Inter-Collegiate of Bangalore University saw the Nachappa sisters in fine mettle once again, literally running from victory to victory. Ashwini won the individual championship with 15 points overall, after having been adjudged the winner in three events — 100 mts.. 100 mts. hurdles, and broad jump. Even more creditworthy is the fact that she set new records in all three events, wiping the slate clean as it were, and surging ahead of former record-holders Nirmala Uthaiah, Anita Sood and Irene Saldhana. Her timings were as follows : 100 mts. – 11.9 secs (old record 12.1 secs.) ; 100 mt. hurdles — 15.6 secs (old record 16.6 secs) ; broad jump– 5.45 mts (old record 5.31 mts). Ashwini's record-breaking performance shines forth more luminously when it is seen as a break–through after 13 years — the previous records had been created in 1971 !



Ashwini Nachappa

Pushpa was not far behind her sister in breaking existing records and creating new ones. She outshone Nirmala Uthaiah's record 200 mts. run in 25.1 secs in 1971 by making the same distance collapse to a time limit of 24.9 secs. In the 400 mts. she was competing with her own 1983 achieve–ment of 57.2 secs. — she bettered her effort with a timing of 57.1 secs.

The Nachappa sisters lent their athletic prowess to the college team efforts in the relay event, and along with Hema Venkataraman and Shiela Kohloff, ran to a record win in 49.4 secs. The State record, it might be noted, is only 49.9 secs.

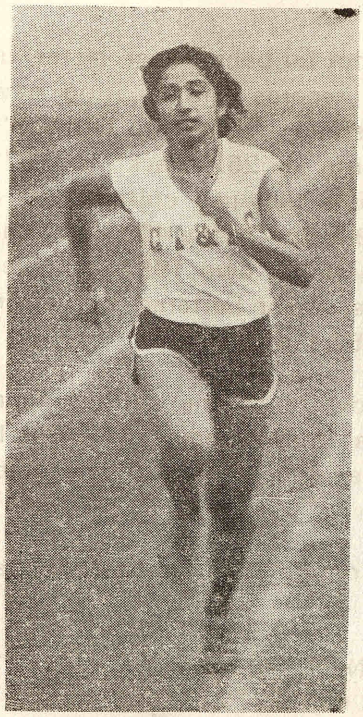
The other athletes who contributed to our outstanding performance at the inter–collegiate meet were :

Shiela Kohloff	—	II in long jump —	5.33 N. R.
Devaki K.	—	I in Discus —	32.08 mts
		I in Shot put —	9.40 mts
		II in High jump —	1.38 mts

Hema Venkataraman — II in 100 mts
II in 200 mts
Jayanthi N. — I in High Jump — 1.41 mts
Gloria Woolger — II in 100 mts
Geeta Pinto — III in 800 mts
Vinita Shekar — III in Hurdles
Ameena Banu — III in Discus

The college won the team championship for the 19th year with 71 points in all ; cheers for all our athletes who participated and made certain not only that traditions were kept up, but chalked up new victories !

At the State Olympic Meet held at Bhagalkot, Ashwini was adjudged the fastest women, having won the first place in the 100 mts and 200 mts and the third place in the 100 mts hurdles. Pushpa ran to the finish line in the 400 mts and was placed second in the 100 and 200 mts.

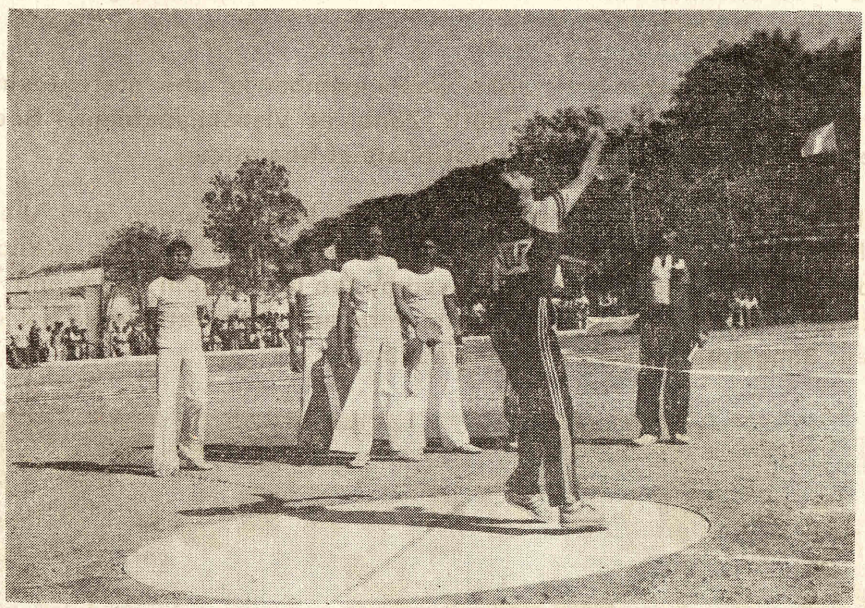


Puspha Nachappa

The Annual Sports Meet of the college has always been a source of great pleasure for our athletes, and no matter what the magnitude of their achievements at the inter-collegiate, inter-state, national or even international levels may be, they look on their home grounds with justified affection and pride as the venue at which their solid foundations were built. This year was no exception to the rule. Brigadier J. Pratap, Commandant, ASC Centre (South) was the chief guest and Mrs. Pratap distributed the prizes.

Pushpa and Ashwini were away representing India at the international meets and therefore could not participate. Hema Venkataraman claimed the Senior Championship, winning the 100 mts, 200 mts and 400 mts. Gloria Woolger staked her claim to the Junior Championship winning three sprint events and being placed third in the broad jump. The state discus record holder and the college Student Sports Secretary K. Devaki won the Best All Rounder shield for the third time.

Other athletic events at which our girls have shone are the Dasara meet at Mysore where Hema Venkataraman, representing Bangalore City, won the 100 mts and 200 mts event and Jayanthi N. the I place in high jump ; and the Chickmagalur meet to finalise the state contingent for the women's festival (which was later postponed) at which again Hema stole the show by being placed first in the 100 mts and 200 mts.



Devaki K. — Student Sports Secretary, All Round Athlete and Softball Player

In the field of games our achievements were by no means devoid of excellence.

Badminton Shuttle : Lack of facilities in this game in our college did not deter our enterprising players from winning the inter-collegiate tournament. Nishita Bojigowda's performance ensured that she was selected to represent the University.

Basketball : The College team held pride of place at the match conducted by the old students of Sophia High School and 'home they brought the Campa Cola Shield !' We emerged the best team again at the Bangalore University tournament, and participated in the All India Invitation Tournament at Calicut to be placed second. Jayavanthi was the proud winner of the Best Player cup at Calicut.

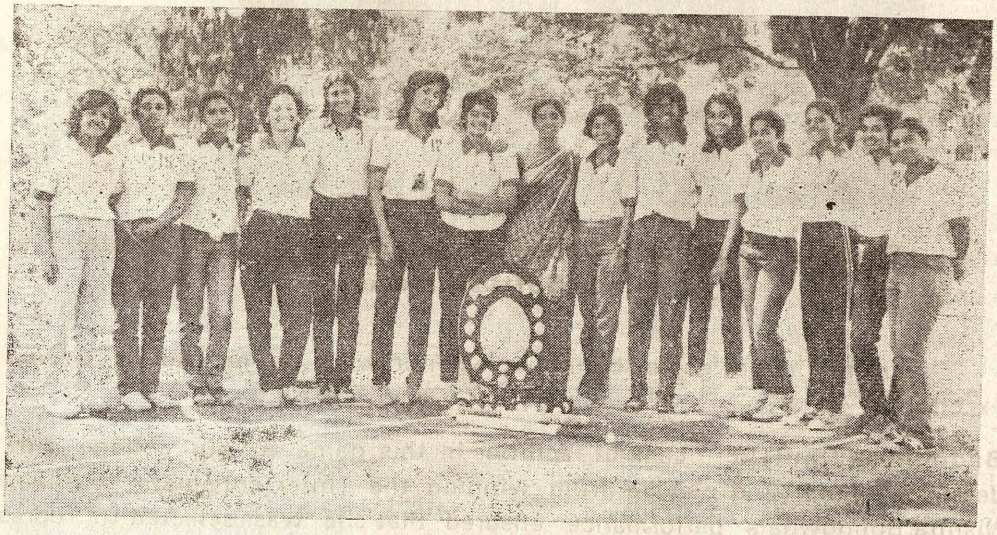
Ashalata S.C. was selected to captain the Bangalore University team, with Jayavanthi N.S., Sharon Mechenez and Prabha Chacko providing her able support as members of the team.

Jayavanthi N.S., Sharon M., Ashalata S C., Nivedita K., Rekha Mallick and Prabha Chacko represented the state in the Nationals held at Cuttack.

Cricket : To Shahnaz Ahisha went the honour of attending the All- India coaching camp at Delhi.

Handball : The stalwart Usha John was a member of the state team which won the championship in the South Zone at Vishakhapatnam. She further represented the state in the Junior Nationals at Bharathpur.

Kho-Kho : Our team made a valiant effort at Wilson Garden and the Bangalore University Inter-collegiate tournament—but they had to acknowledge the superior stamina and energy displayed by the teams from Kolar and Tumkur respectively. The trio Shantala M, Usha John and Satyavathi were selected to represent Bangalore University at Saurashtra.



Softball team which won the All-India International Tournament at Nainital (U.P.)

Softball : In their first ever trip outside Karnataka, to the hilly northen township of Nainital for the All-India Invitation Tournament (part of the Sharadotsav festival) our team made a mark that cannot be easily forgotten. They bagged the prize for the best team, beating the holders Bombay by an

innings and 11 runs. Skipper K. Devaki was awarded Best All-Rounder and Pushpa Nayar adjudged the Best Bats(wo)man. Susan Louise impressed at her debut innings by holding valuable catches. The finances for the trip, it might be mentioned, was organised by our girls themselves, by collecting advertisements, Elaine Fernandez being the brain behind the show.

Devaki K. continued her winning spree when she was awarded the Best All Rounder prize at the South Zone tournament in Mysore. She and Deepti Tippaiah were there as members of the victorious state team.

Swimming : Our water nymphs matched the feats of their 'sporting' counterparts in their own 'terrain'. The college team represented by Neeta Kalappa, Chetana Bhat and Riti Somesh won the inter-collegiate swimming competition scoring 48 points. Neeta won the Individual Championship with 20 points, and with aplomb went on to represent the state in the Nationals at Calcutta.

Throwball : Though treading virgin territory, our new college team nevertheless managed to be placed third in the State Knock-out Championship. Vidya N. V. and Kalavathi M. O. represented Bangalore City at the Dasara Meet in Mysore.

Volleyball : The ball cleared the net in this event too and our team came second in the inter-collegiate. Roopa V. and Deepa V. were chosen to represent Bangalore University.

A la library : Enter the sacrosanct portals of the library and you stop short at the sight of the welcoming Library fold, the warm-hearted Saroja whose bark is worse than her bite, the genial, benign Mr. Murthy, ever helpful Alice and cheery Sr. Rosemary.

But dare you break the all-prevading serenity and calm by a decibel, you might as well wish yourself in Timbuctoo ; for fire and brimstone flashes out at you from 4 pairs of ginlet eyes.

Portrait of a Teacher



The Age of Computers or the Computer Age

The second half of this century is characterised by the rapid acceleration of scientific and technical achievements. Many remarkable advances have been made ; e.g., in nuclear physics, biochemistry, medicine, electronics communication, as well as in industrial production and business organisation, Some of these stand out more than the others — man's first footsteps in space have caught the imagination of the public, potentially turning fiction into face. Yet each achievement is dependent upon continued progress in other related fields ; for instance, advancement in the aerospace industry requires the concerted exploitation of success in many other fields.

The general purpose computer is a tool which has a vital position in all these matters, and it assumes increasing importance. Yet computers are continually misunderstood by many people who may have to use them. If economic progress is not to be hampered, the mystique surrounding the computer has to be removed ; and we must all learn to use them in the same way that one uses a typewriter or an automobile.

Foreseeing the increasing importance and use of computers in the field of education the Mount Carmel College Student Union organised a three month course, which would teach the students Automatic Data Processing Concepts, Programming Logic and Techniques and the BASIC language, at NIIT, who are considered the numero uno institute among computer training and software vendors.

The course which started on 28 September has been successfully completed by most of the students who had joined. NIIT has also contributed an article for the college magazine titled 'Are Computers Necessary for Survival ?'

Hema Myer
III B.Com.

Are Computers Necessary for Survival ?

Today the world is on the cutting edge of the greatest force for change since the development of the steam engine . Born of the union of the calculator, the transistor, and the silicon chip, microelectronics is affecting your life even as you read these words — and will alter the world almost beyond recognition in the coming decades.

What is so special about the computer that has made it the number one topic for discussions across the world ?

We first consider some of the attributes of the computer. There are four quantitative attributes of computers :

(a) Increase in computing speeds

(b) Reduced sizes

(c) Reduced energy consumption

(d) Reduced costs

In addition to the quantitative attributes, there is one qualitative attribute which is far more significant in terms of its likely impact on mankind — the amplification of human intelligence !

While the technology appears promising in itself, its real impact would depend entirely on its integration into the environment. So any investment from the national viewpoint should be aimed at benefitting the millions — at least in the ultimate analysis.

Unlike most types of production machines which have pre-defined, well-specified functions that cannot change, the computer is capable of executing a variety of changing tasks, thanks to its changeable set of instructions called SOFTWARE. Some areas where computers could do useful work are :

energy conservation, bioengineering, genetics, space research, education, national planning, health care, food production, entertainment and employment.

There are many problems if we computerise, and many more if we do not. One perceived threat is that computers create unemployment ! The crux of this matter is that the choice of the computer application alone would determine the impact on employment. If we concentrate on computerising only those applications that help in optimising resourse utilisation, the impact would be positive, for employment as well as the economy.

While the introduction of computers requires caution, there are a number of reasons that would become threats in the absence of computerisation.

Today the wealth of a nation is money, or oil. Tomorrow it will be 'Information'. And to reach that tomorrow will take a systematic, intensive internalisation of computers into the economic infrastructure. Losing this opportunity will cause a chasm between the 'Information Rich' and the 'Information Poor'. Lack of attention to emerging technologies can cause large-scale unemployment. If we do not start learning and indigenising these technologies now, it is a matter of time before we feel the presence of other advanced nations in these areas.

The computer is a natural evolution in man's eternal quest to creat artifacts that remove constraints that he is born with. Should he attempt to slow down this evolution? This new technology is coming straight at us. We can either take it head-on, bring it under our control to exploit it to our advantage, or we can step aside and let it pass by. Would we be in a position to handle the dislocations that this 'bypassing' will cause ?

National Institute of Information Technology
Bangalore

During the 10 minute breaks, all the classes set to work with determined gusto. Some demolish their afternoon face in the twinkling of an eye, while others skim with dedicated relish over the pages of some romantic nonsense, while yet a few others animatedly climb their family trees, discuss fashion, or draw out skeletons from their cupboards.

LANGUAGES

पुष्प की आत्मकथा

रूपा, बी. बोरा, प्रथम पी.यू.सी, पी.ई.सी.ए

आत्मकथा महापुरुषों की लिखी जाती है। साहित्य से जीवन बनता है। इस कारण से महापुरुषों की आत्मकथाओं से अपने जीवन में उनकी कुछ सुवास आती है, लेकिन मैं तो ठहरा एक छोटा-सा पुष्प; मेरी आत्मकथा क्या हो सकती है? मेरा जीवन ही अल्प-आयु का है, फिर भी मेरे जीवन से अगर मनुष्य कुछ शिक्षा पा सकता है तो मुझे बडी खुशी होगी।

पुष्पों का घनिष्ठ संबंध मनुष्यों के साथ है, इस भूमिका पर अगर मैं पुष्पों की तुलना मनुष्यों के साथ करूँ तो आप बुरा न मानिये....पुष्प अपनी जगह छोडकर प्रचार करने के लिए कहीं भी नहीं जाता। उनके आसपास सुगंध लेनेवाला कोई हो या न हो, यह चिंता पुष्प नहीं करता। पुष्प की देह नश्वर है, शाम होते ही उनकी कलियाँ गिर पडती हैं। लेकिन पुष्प का पुष्पत्व अविनाशी है, यह है पुष्पों के जीवन की छोटी सी रूप रेखा।

आपको सुनकर बड़ा दुःख होगा कि मेरा जन्म, मेरे दो भाइओं के साथ गुलाब के परिवार में ३१ अक्टूबर १९८४ के दिन हुआ। दुःख इसलिए कि इसी दिन एक महान विभूति की मृत्यु हुई।

आपके परिवार में जब बालक का जन्म होता है, तो उसे तुरंत स्नान कराया जाता है, मेरा जन्म हुआ तब बेंगलूर में बरसात थी और इस बरसात में मेरा पहला स्नान हुआ। थोडी देर में मैंने सूर्य के दर्शन किये और मेरे रंग रूप खिल उठे।

मैंने आसपास नजर डाली तो चारों ओर मेरे जैसे बहुत से गुलाब खिले हुए थे। इस दृश्य को देखकर मेरा जीवन धन्य बन गया। हम तीनों भाई मगरूरी से झूलने लगे। हमारे जीवन में प्रसन्नता के भाव छाने लगे। ऐसी सुंदर पृथ्वी पर जन्म लेकर हम धन्य हो गये।

लेकिन तब हमें मालूम नहीं था कि हमारा जीवन अल्प है। थोडी ही देर में मनुष्य के परिवार का एक आदमी जिसे आप माली कहते है, हमारे पास आया और एक एक पुष्पों की गरदन पकडकर हमारी माता-डाली पर से हमें अलग कर दिया गया। अरे! जन्म लेते ही यह दुःख कहाँ से आया? हमें इतनी जल्दी

हमारी माता से अलग कर दिया गया। हमने तो सुना था कि जब मनुष्य का जन्म होता है तो उनकी माता उनका पालन पोषण वर्षों तक करती है, और उसी मनुष्य ने हमें, हमारी माता से इतनी जल्दी अलग कर दिया? फिर भी हमें एक समाधान था कि हम तीनों भाई एक ही साथ थे।

लेकिन यह भरोसा भी थोडे समय का रहा; उस माली ने तीन बडी मालाएँ बनायीं और तीनों मालाओं में हम तीनों भाइयों को रखा गया। हम तीनों अपने भविष्य के बारे में सोच रहे थे! इतने में एक महाराज आये और एक माला खरीदी। महाराज की बात सुनकर मुझे मालुम हुआ कि जिस माला में मेरा एक भाई था वह माला मंदिर में भगवान के गले का हार बननेवाला है, अब हम दो भाई एक दूसरे की ओर दु:ख से देखने लगे।

"यह माला कितने की है?" मैंने एक आवाज सुनी। उन लोगों की बात पर ध्यान देते हुए मुझे मालुम हुआ कि वह माला एक दुल्हन के लिए खरीदी जा रही है। मेरे इस भाई का नसीब भी बडा था। थोडी ही देर में मेरा भाई एक टोकरी में बैठकर मुझसे दिदा लेते हुए चला गया। जन्म होते ही माता बिछडी, अब दोनों भाई भी छूट गये।

अब में अकेला एक बडी माला में बैठे हुए, अपने भविष्य के बारे में सोच रहा था कि तीन चार जवान आये और मैं जिस हार में मैं बैठा था, उसे उठाकर पूछा। "इसका क्या मूल्य है?" मेरे बोस, माली ने उसका मूल्य रु. १०० बताया। जवान ने उस हार को रु. ६६ में माँगा। माली ने कहा, "भाई आप इस हार को रु. ६६ में क्यों खरीदना चाहते है?"

एक जवान ने दु:ख भरी आवाज में कहा "आज मेरी माता की मृत्यु हुई, उस पर चढाना है।" इस बात को सुनकर मैं बड़ा दु:खी हो गया....देखो, कैसा है मेरा भाग्य? मेरा एक भाई भगवान के गले का हार बना और मैं अभागा एक मरी हुई औरत के गले का हार बननेवाला हूँ।

लेकिन मेरा दु:ख, दर्द दूर हो गया जब मैंने उनकी बात आगे सुनी .... माली ने कहा "यह तो दु:ख की बात है, लेकिन उस हार को रु. ६६ में मांगने की वजह क्या है?" उस जवान ने कहा "भाई, मेरी माता और भारतमाता, इंदिराजी की आज मृत्यु हुई है, उनकी उम्र ६६ वर्ष की थी, इसलिए मैंने उस हार का मूल्य रु. ६६ कहा।"

माली रोने लगा .... "अरे इँदिराजी तो हम सबकी माता हैं। आप इस हार को बिना मूल्य ही ले जाइये और मेरी तरफ से वंदन करके इस हार को देवी पर चढा देना।" माली ने बडी ही अच्छी तरह से बांध कर उस जवान के हाथ में दे दिया। तब मैंने सोचा कि मैं जगत की एक

सबसे महान महिला की मृत्यु शैया पर उनके साथ, उनके शरीर पर, पुष्पांजलि के रूप से अर्पित होनेवाला हूँ।

और मेरी मुसाफरी शुरु हुई ..... मुझे हवाई जहाज में रखा गया। बेंगलूर से मैं दिल्ली चला। मेरा जन्म हुआ ३१ अक्टूबर और पहली नवम्बर को मैं दिल्ली, तीनमूर्ति भवन में पहुँचा।

मेरा जीवन धन्य हो गया। मैंने इंदिराजी के शरीर पर रहकर क्या देखा? जो आपने अपनी पूरी जिंदगी में नहीं देखा होगा, वह मैंने अपने दो दिन की आयु में ही देख लिया।

लाखों लोग इंदिराजी के दर्शन के लिए आते थे .... रोते थे .... श्रद्धांजलि अर्पित करते थे। मैंने तीन दिन में तीनमूर्ति भवन में जगत के कई बड़े बड़े नेताओं को देखा। मैंने श्री राजीव गांधी और अमिताभ्चन को भी बहुत नज़दीक से देखा।

उसके बाद आया शनिवार का दिन .... इंदिराजी की श्मशान-यात्रा शुरु हुई। मैं भी साथ हो लिया। यात्रा में जब इतनी बड़ी लाखों की भीड़ अपने देश की प्रधानमंत्री के अंतिम दर्शन के लिये देखी, तो मुझे महसूस हुआ कि इंदिराजी कितनी महान थीं। अपनी जिंदगी, अपना जीवन, अपना सबकुछ उन्होंने देश के लिए त्याग दिया। उनका जीवन भी हम पुष्पों के जीवन जैसा था।

उनका जीवन सुगंधमय था। इस जगत रूपी बाग में कई तरह के पुष्प खिलते हैं और मुरझा जाते हैं। इंदिराजी भी एक ऐसा ही पुष्प थीं जिन्होंने अपना जीवन मानव कल्याण पर फना कर दिया; और मैं भी उस शनिवार की शाम को, इस महान आत्मा के साथ जल गया .... मेरा जीवन भी अमर हो गया।

सूक्ति – संचय

जो प्रेम असहिष्णु हो, जो दूसरों के मनोभावों का ज़रा भी विचार न करे, जो मिथ्या कलंक आरोपण करने में संकोच न करे, वह उन्माद है, प्रेम नहीं।

— प्रेमचंद

कायर मृत्यु के पूर्व अनेक बार मरते हैं, किन्तु वीर एक ही बार मरते हैं।

— शेक्सपियर

मानव का दानव होना उस की हार है, मानव

का महामानव होना उसका चमत्कार है और मनुष्य का मानव होना उसकी अति है।

— डा. राधाकृष्णन

यदि मनुष्य सीखना चाहे तो उसकी प्रत्येक भूल उसे कुछ न कुछ शिक्षा दे सकती है।

— डिकेंस

नसीहत बर्फ के सदृश है, जितनी धीरे-धीरे गिरती है उतनी ही अधिक स्थायी होती है और उतनी ही गहराई से मन में प्रवेश करती है।

— कोलरिज

काँटा चुभा कर काँटे का ज्ञान तो संसार दे ही देगा, पर कलाकार, बिना काँटा चुभाने की पीड़ा दिए हुए ही उसकी कसक की तीव्र मधुर अनुभूति दूसरे तक पहुँचाने में समर्थ है।

— महादेवी वर्मा

अगर औरत स्वयं आत्मत्याग और पवित्रता की मूर्ति नहीं तो वह कुछ भी नहीं है।

— महात्मा गाँधी

सीख का कदाचित ही स्वागत होता है। जिन को इनकी आवश्यकता है, वे ही इसे सबसे कम पसंद करते हैं।

— जॉनसनाँ

सद्गुणी स्त्री जहाँ कहीं भी मिलती है, वह आपको आनंद मिलता है। उसकी चितवन में बहुत सुन्दर उद्यान है और उसका मन सर्वश्रेष्ठ ज्ञानी पुस्तक है।

— काउले

सुनीता मेनन, बी.ए. प्रथम एच.ई.पी.

ये हिन्दी वाले

"ये हिन्दी वाले तो सचमुच एक बला हैं, इन्हे न अंग्रेजी बोलना, न खाना, न कपड़े पहनना आता है, न तहजीब (manners) ही। उँह! अजीब लोग हैं ये। चलिए जरा सभ्य समाज में चला जाय।" ये हैं हमारे आजकल शिक्षित समाज के विचार जो खुले आम बिना टिकट बिना दाम 'सर्वत्र' मिलते हैं। चौंकिए नहीं शिक्षित समाज मे मतलब हम सभी पढे-लिखे लोगों से है जिनमें अंग्रेजी पढ़ने वाले तथा हिन्दी पढ़ने वाले दोनों ही शामिल हैं।

थोड़ी गहराई में जाइये 'ये हिन्दी वाले' ऐसा कहकर वर्ग विशेष के बनने वाले महानुभाव कोई विलायत के नहीं, ठोस भारतीय हैं, जिनमें से

बहुतों के घर की पुश्तैनी पीढियों तक ने कभी किसी अंग्रेज का सामना नहीं किया होगा, यदि किया भी होगा तो केवल 'यस–यस', 'नो–नो' कहकर ही, पर आज उन्ही के वंशधरों को यदि अंग्रेजी की कक्षाओं में नाम लिखाने को (अध्ययन करने का नहीं,) अवसर मिल जाय तो सारे बाज़ार ढोल पीटते दिखते है, "ये हिन्दी वाले ....।"

हाँ तो, हिन्दी वालों को तो अंग्रेजी बोलना ही नही आता, पर इनकी अंग्रेजी में क्या गति है इस पर भी मुलहजा फरमाइयों अंग्रेजी बोलने के नाम पर एक हिन्दी वाक्य में तीन–चार अंग्रेजी शब्दों का प्रयोग, हिन्दी शब्दों की तोड़–मरोड़ तथा आवाज़ की लचक ही काफी है भले ही एक सुशिक्षित अंग्रजी जानने वाले व्यक्ति के लिए इनके वाक्यों से दिल बहलाव का अच्छा खासा समान मिल जाय एक अंग्रजी शब्द या वाक्य बोलकर उसका चट हिन्दी अनुवाद करना इनके भाषण कौशल एवम् इनकी भद्रता का विशेष अंग है। जैसे "Thank you धन्यवाद" "मैं कहना चाहता हूँ "I mean to say" इत्यादि यदि कोई इनसे एक ही भाषा में बोलने का निवेदन करे तो बेचारे बडी ही विनम्रता से कहते हैं, "क्या करूँ यार? This is my habbit यह मेरी आदत है।" बच्चे भी आजकल अंग्रजी बोलने की होड़ में पीछे नहीं हैं। नित्य सुना जाता है, "माँ Give me तैलिया I want to साफ करो the भेज"

जहाँ तक कपडे पहनने का प्रश्न है, कोई भी बेढंगी पोशाक पहनकर निकल जाना इनके लिए साधारण सी बात है, साथ ही नए फैशन का चिन्ह भारतीय लिबास के प्रतिपूर्ण श्रद्धा रखते हुए भी आराम के ख्याल से विदेशी लिबास ही इन्हें अधिक रुचिकर प्रतीत होता है, भले ही वस्त्र धारण करने के उद्देश्य की पूर्ति उसमें होती हो या न हो।

खाने के नाम पर किसी भी भोज की मेज पर इनसे मुख से रटी रटाई भोज्य वस्तुओं की नामावली तथा उसके बनाने का सर्वोत्तम ढंग इनसे भी सुन लीजिए, यह बात दूसरी है कि स्वयं उन्होने उन वस्तुओं को असलियत में कभी खाया न हो। खाद्य वस्तुएँ छुरी–काँटो से खाई जाने वाली हों या न हों पर उन वस्तुओं पर भी इन छुरी–काँटों का प्रयोग वस्तुओं की दुर्गति तथा खाने के इनके ढंडे भोंग का परिचय अवश्य दे देगी।

गप तथा बेसिर–पेर की बातों का एक न खतम होने वाला काफिला भी इनके पास मौजूद रहता है जिसका वर्णन ये अपनी तथा अपने परिवार के अनुभवों के माध्यम से इस कुशलता से करते हैं कि श्रोता को न चाहकर भी प्रत्येक तथ्य को सत्य मानने के लिए मजबूरन 'हाँ' करना पड़ता है तथा धैर्य धारण करके उसके समाप्त होने की प्रतीक्षा करनी पड़ती है, भले ही उनके धाराप्रवाह वक्तव्य को सुनकर 'एस्प्रिन' कि शरण लेने पडे।

तहजीब का दम भरने पर भी आए दिन अनुशासनहीनता, मर्यादाहीनता तथा बडो के प्रति सम्मान न रखने की इनकी जो शिकायतें मिलतीं रहतीं हैं उसमें भी इस वर्ग की तहजीब का अच्छा-खासा अन्दाजा लगाया जा सकता है।

जहाँ तक सौन्दर्य तत्व, मूल्य निर्धारण, देश भक्ति का प्रश्न है, इन महान् व्यक्तियों से मौखिक बकवास काफी सुनी जा सकती है, साथ ही इन विचारधाराओं से सम्बन्धित विचारकों के नाम बहुधा ये लेते हैं, भले ही इन विचारों की तह में ये पहुँचते हों या नहीं, इनकी अपनी सुरूची या भावना का कोई आधार हो या नहीं।

पर भारतीय संस्कृति से आप इन लोगों को अलग नहीं कर सकते क्योंकि 'संस्कृति' पर ये एक सुन्दर वक्तव्य दे सकते हैं और इस वक्तव्य की विशेषता होगी कि वेद, पुराण, महाकाव्य कालिदास आदि का उल्लेख करते हुए ये इतने गद्‌गद् हो जाऐंगे कि इनकी वाणी अवरूद्ध होने लगेगी। यदि कोई बीच में अज्ञानवश इन में कुछ पंक्तियाँ उदाहरण के रूप में बताने को कहदे तो उसमें बडी ही भद्रता से गम्भीर मुद्रा में वे कहेंगे, "देखिए मुझे तो याद नहीं. इसे 'हिन्दी वालों' से पूछिए।"

जाहिर है 'ये हिन्दी वाले' कहने वाले ये महानुभाव भारतीय संस्कृति का मूल्य समझकर भी पाश्चात्य सभ्यता की चमक-चमक 'टिप-टाप' से इतना चौंधिया गए हैं कि इनको उस चौंधियाहट में अपना-पराया भी नहीं सूझता। 'अपने ही स्वजनों को अपने ही भाँति बेढंगी बकवास करते न देखकर ये उनको 'ये सिद्धान्त वाले' कहकर अपने मन की कुंठित भावनाओं, आत्महीनता की प्रवृत्ति का उन्नयनीकरण करते फिरते हैं।

अपनी अल्पज्ञता के कारण, उपयुक्त शब्दों का ज्ञान न होने से 'हिन्दी' शब्द को ही इन्होंने मन की भड़ास निकालने का एक उपयुक्त माध्यम मान रखा है। अपने ही समाज में जो कुछ इनकी समझा में न आए वह सब हिन्दी का, जो कुछ इनके खाने-पहनने, उठने-बैठने के ढंग से मेल न खाए वह सब हिन्दी का, जो कुछ इनकी स्थूल बुद्धि में न आए वह सब हिन्दी का है। हिन्दुस्तान में जन्म लेकर, हिन्दुस्तानी बोलकर भी "ये हिन्दी वाले....."कहकर स्वयं को हिन्दी वालों से पृथक समझने वाला यह वर्ग आपने को किस कोटि में गिनता है, संभव है पूछे जाने पर इसका उत्तर वे स्वयं न दे सकेंगे।

कु. ऋचा विनोद, द्वितीय पी.यू.सी. एच ई पी वाई ई एस.

फुहार

अमिता अग्रवाल, द्वितीय पी.यू.सी (एम्.ई.सी.ए)

एक मित्र : अब पुलिस के हाथों में ऐसी मशीन आ गई है, जो तुरंत झूठ को पकड़ लेती है।

दूसरा मित्र : मेरे पास तो पहले से ही ऐसी मशीन है।

पहला : सच? मुझे दिखाना।

दूसरा मित्र : अरे तुमने मेरी पत्नी को नहीं देखा।

"मेमसाहब, तीन सौ रुपये में यह कुत्ता बहुत सस्ता पडेगा, देख लीजिए" कुत्ता बेचने वाले ने जब शीला से आग्रह किया तो वह कुछ सोचते हुए बोली" कुत्ता तो मुझे भी पसंद है। पर मेरे पति नाराज़ हो जाऐंगे"।

"मेमसाहब, पति को मारिए गोली, पति तो आपको दूसरा मिल जाएगा लेकिन इतना अच्छा और वफादार कुत्ता ढूँढने से भी नहीं मिलेगा" विक्रेता ने लापरवाही से कहा।

एक मित्र : अरे भाई परेशान क्यों हो?

दूसरा मित्र : कुछ पूछो मत, मैने स्वप्न में देखा कि मुझे कहीं से बीस हज़ार रुपये मिले हैं।

पहला मित्र : अरे इससे क्या हुआ स्वप्न की बातें झूठी होती हैं।

दूसरा मित्र : सुनो तो, जब मैंने अपनी पत्नी को बताया तो उसने कहा कि नींद खुलने से पहले तुमने उन रुपयों को बैंक में क्यों नहीं जमा करवा दिया। तभी से मैं पछता रहा हूँ।

एक दोस्त दूसरे दोस्त से—क्या अमेरिका में आपका बेटा अच्छी तरह कमा रहा है?

दूसरा दोस्त—यह तो मैं नही जानता, लेकिन पुलिस ने उसके बारे में पता देने वाले को 25,000 डालर देने की घोषणा की है।

विद्यार्थी और फैशन

लक्ष्मी रानी, बी.एस.सी (द्वि.) गृह विज्ञान

जीवन के चार आश्रमों में ब्रह्मचर्य आश्रम प्रथम है। इसे ही विद्यार्थी जीवन भी कहा करते हैं। विद्यार्थी शब्द का अर्थ है–विद्या प्राप्ति का अभिलाषी व्यक्ति। विद्यार्थी जीवन विद्याध्ययन, चरित्र–निर्माण तथा शारीरिक और मानसिक शक्तियों के विकास के लिए होता है। प्रत्येक व्यक्ति के जीवन में विद्यार्थी जीवन सर्वश्रेष्ठ माना जाता है।

विद्यार्थी का मुख्य कर्तव्य अपनी समस्त शक्ति और समस्त वृत्तियों को विद्याध्ययन में लगाना है। विद्याध्ययन के काल में भौतिक सुखों की इच्छा विघ्न बनकर आती है। इसलिए कहा जाता है कि—

सुखार्थी चेत् त्यजेत् विद्या,
विद्यार्थी चेत् त्यजेत सुखम्।

अर्थात्, सुख चाहने वाले को विद्या की चाह करनी नहीं चाहिए। उसे अनेक प्रकार की इच्छाओं स्वाद, शृंगार, कौतुक आदि से दूर रहना चाहिए। उसे चरित्र-निर्माण पर ही मुख्य ध्यान देना चाहिए, जो व्यक्ति का वास्तविक सौंदर्य होता है।

किन्तु यह दुःख की बात है कि आज का विद्यार्थी चरित्र निर्माण और स्वाथ्य की चिन्ता न करके पूर्णतः "सुखार्थी" हो गया है। वह अब विद्या का अर्थी–ज्ञान प्राप्ति का अभिलाषी न होकर–"विद्या की अर्थी ढोने वाला हो गया है। आज उसे इस बात की चिन्ता नहीं कि वह सरल रहन–सहन और उच्च विचारों वाला हो, या लोग उसे आदर्श छात्र कहें। वह तो चाहता है कि सहपाठी और अन्य व्यक्ति उसे सुन्दर और चुस्त (स्मार्ट) कहें। इसके लिए वह फैशन की ओर दौड़ता है।

फैशन क्या है? यही कि पुरानी वेष–भूषा को त्यागकर नया–सा पहनावा पहनना और बोल चाल, उठना–बैठना आदि में नवीनता को अपनाकर अपने को अन्यों से कुछ भिन्न दिखाना ही फैशन है। आज वैसे तो सभी तरुण वर्ग पर फैशन का भूत सवार है, पर छात्र वर्ग इसका अधिक ही दिवाना हो गया है। आज के छात्र को अपने स्वस्थ दीखने की इतनी चिन्ता नहीं, जितनी फैशन बाल दीखने की।

अपने बालों को नए से नए ढंग से संवारने की, तरह तरह के सुगन्धित तेल लगाने की, क्रीम, पाउडर व शैम्पू के प्रयोग की, बढिया चमकदार और बहुमूल्य वस्त्रों को विशेष "काट" से बनाकर पहनने की, या यूरोपी वेष भूषा धारण करने की, छात्रों से होड़ से लग गई है। न केवल छात्र, अपितु छात्राएँ भी फैशन में पीछे नहीं। वे तो फैशन की पुतली बनकर ही कालेज के अंदर-बाहर मँडराती फिरती हैं। अब तो विभिन्न फैशन के वस्त्रों के धारण के साथ ही शरीर का नग्न प्रदर्दन भी फैशन बन गया है। इसके साथ ही सिगरेट पीना, मादक द्रव्यों का सेवन करना, हिप्पियों के से बाल रखना क्लब-घरों में या नृत्य गृहों में जाना भी विद्यार्थियों के फैशन का अंग हो गया है। देखा जाए तो आज छात्रों का अधिकांश समय इस समय परस्ती में ही नष्ट हो जाता है।

यह सब चलचित्र और बुरा साहित्य का ही परिणाम है, जो कि आधुनिक युवक के जीवन का अंग बन गया है। वे सदा अपने प्रिय नायक व नायिका के बारे में जानकारी रखने हेतु फिल्मी पत्रिकाओं के शिकार में रहते हैं। बहुत से छात्र, छात्रायें नये फैशन के बारे में जानने के लिए ही पत्रिका देखते हैं। विद्यार्थियों में स्वादिष्ट वस्तुओं की लालसा के कारण कुछ अपने विद्यार्थियों की वर्दियों पहने तो कुछ महा-विद्यालयों के छात्र-छात्राएँ अपनी पुस्तकें हाथों में लिए बाजारों में, भोजनालयों में और कुछ सड़क के किनारे इष्टान्न खाते हुए पाए जाते हैं। कुछ छवि-गृहों के बाहर ब्लैक में टिकट खरीदते मिलते हैं। आजकल, इस प्रकार का व्यवहार विद्यार्थियों में इतना पाया जाता है, कि विद्यालय में पढ़कर सीधे घर जाने वाले विद्यार्थियों की अवहेलना भी होती रहती है। छात्रों में बढ़ती हुई इस प्रवृत्ति के होने वाले अनेक दुष्परिणामों में से अध्ययन के स्थान पर बढ़ते हुए यौन आकर्षण, अहंकार व हल्कापन और नष्ट होते हुए नैतिकता के भाव प्रमुख है।

इसमें विद्याध्ययन में निश्चित ही बाधा आ रही है। इतना ही नहीं, इस प्रकार की वेष-भूषा जब बच्चे पहनते है जिन के घरों के वृद्ध उसे न पसंद करते हों उन घरों में तनाव उत्पन्न हो जाता है, शान्ति भी भंग होती है। शृंगार में समय न बिताते के कारण हम पढ़ाई में अधिक मन लगाकर अच्छे अंक प्राप्त करके अपने अध्यापकगण के आदर पात्र हो सकते हैं। ऐसा न करने से बहुत से दुष्परिणामों को भोगना होगा। अच्छी तरह मन लगाकर न पढ़ने के कारण अनुत्तीर्ण होने या तृतीय श्रेणी में उत्तीर्ण होना पड़ता है, जिसका प्रभाव माता पिता पर भी पड़ता है। उनका व्ययभार अनावश्यक रूप से बढ़ जाता है।

विद्याध्ययन एक कठोर तप है, जिसके लिए कठिन परिश्रम-त्याग और सहिष्णुता की आवश्यकता पड़ती है। विद्याध्ययन में सुखाभिलाषी,

विलासिता और फैशन बाधक होते हैं और सरल जीवन व उच्चविचार सहायक हैं।

यदि छात्रों को इस प्रकार की परिस्थिति से छुटकारा पाना है, तो उन्हें फैशन का मोह त्याग ना पड़ेगा और चल-चित्र और फिल्मी पुस्तकों पर भी नियंत्रण धारण करना होगा। घरों के वातावरण में भी सादगी लानी होगी वरना पतन निश्चित है।

कल और आज

आज मिला है हमें जिन्दगी का पता,
सरक गई आज राहों से वो काली-काली घटा।

खोए रहते थे हम,
तलाश थी किसी की।
अश्क ही थे आँखों में,
कहीं झलक ना थी हँसी की॥

आज सीखा है मुस्कुराना हमने,
जब देख के हमें फिर देखा तुमने।
आज सीखा है जीना हमने,
जब देख के हमें मुस्कुराया तुमने॥

तेरी एक नज़र ने जिन्दगी देदी,
तेरे एक लव्ज़ ने मौत।
तेरी एक मुस्कुराहट से मिला जीने का बहाना,
तेरे एक मुँह फेरलेने ने किया दुश्वार जीना।

कैसी तेरी बहशत है,
कैसा तेरा प्यार,
बता-तू है दुश्मन मेरा,
या है तू मेरा यार?!

नहीद अजीज, तृतीय एच.एस.सी.

सबसे श्रेष्ठ और महान

माधुरी हरिराम, द्वितीय पी.यू सी. एमईसीए.

धरती से महान कौन है? — माता।
सबसे श्रेष्ठ किताब कौन-सी है। — अनुभव।
सबसे श्रेष्ठ दवा क्या है। — हँसी।
सबसे श्रेष्ठ धर्म क्या है? — मनुष्यता।
सबसे श्रेष्ठ बन्धन क्या है? — प्यार।
आदमी को कौन जिन्दा मारता है? —चिन्ता।
सुखी जीवन के लिए क्या त्याज्य है—लालच।
भगवान को कौन प्यारा है? — जनसेवी।
सबसे श्रेष्ठ धन क्या है — विद्या।

जेबकतरा

सुनील पसीने से तर इधर से उधर घूम रहा था। इतना नर्वस तो वह पहले कभी नहीं हुआ था। सभी उम्मीदवार उसे ही घूरे जा रहे थे। सुनील के मन में यह प्रश्न बार-बार उठ रहा था "यदि यह नौकरी उसे ना मिली तो"? यही सोच-सोच कर उसके हाथ-पाँव ठंडे हुए जा रहे थे।

सुनील, एक गरीब परीवार का होनहार लड़का था। दो बहनों का अकेला भाई, माँ-बाप की आँखों का तारा, सुनील, अपने परिवार वालों को वह प्रत्येक सुख देना चाहता था, जिसकी आशा किसी भी माँ-बाप को अपनी संतान से होती है। दो साल पहले, जब पिता जी रिटायर हुए तो सुनील ने अपनी पढ़ाई छोड़कर नौकरी करने का फैसला कर लिया। परन्तु पिता जी ने उसे आज्ञा नहीं दी। वे चाहते थे कि वह एम. एस. सी. करके ही नौकरी करे। अपनी पेंशन के तीन सौ रुपये और कुछ बैंक बैलेंस से उसकी पढ़ाई का खर्चा उठाया। सुनील ने दिन-रात जी तोड़ मेहनत की और एक तारीख को जब परिणाम घोषित हुआ तो किसी की खुशी की सीमा न रही। सारी यूनिवर्सिटी

में सुनील ने प्रथम स्थान प्राप्त किया था। कॉलेज से लौटते समय वह दो तीन कम्पनियों के फार्म भी लेता आया। सभी फार्म भर कर दे दिये। पिछले दो इण्टरवयू में तो सिफारिश से किसी और को नौकरी दी गई थी। आज तीसरा इण्टरवयू था।

अचानक चपरासी से अपना नाम सुनकर वह चौंक पड़ा और टाई ठीक करता हुआ अंदर दाखिल हो गया। उससे तीन-चार प्रश्न उसके विषय से सम्बन्धित पूछे गये। उसके बाद एक वृद्ध व्यक्ति ने उससे पूछा कि नौकरी करने का उ-का प्रथम उद्देश्य क्या है? सुनील ने कहा- मेरे माँ-बाप ने अपना पेट काटकर मुझे किसी लायक बनाया है और अब मैं हरेक तरह से उन्हें सुखी देखना चाहता हूँ।

बाहर आने के पश्चात् दो घंटे तक वह परिणाम की प्रतीक्षा करता रहा। चपरासी ने आकर जब उसे अंदर जाने को कहा तो वह डरता हुआ अंदर चला गया। बाहर आया तो उसकी आँखों में एक चमक थी। उस वृद्ध व्यक्ति ने उसे उसका अपायंटमैंट लैटर देते हुए कहा था-"जाओ बेटा और अपने माता-पिता की जी-जान से सेवा करो जिन्होंने अपना सारा जीवन तुम्हें कुछ बनाने में लगा दिया।" महीने में मिलने वाले अठारह सौ रुपयों का सोचकर उसने ना जाने कितने सपने देख डाले।

अगले दिन से सुनील काम पर जाने लगा। पूरे माह उसने मेहनत से काम किया। उसके हँसमुख स्वभाव से सभी कर्मचारी प्रसन्न थे। कभी किसी को उससे कोई शिकायत नहीं हुई। महीने के अंत में उसी वृद्ध व्यक्ति ने उसे आशीर्वाद देते हुए तनख्वाह पकड़ाई।

पैसे पिछली जेब में डालकर वह ऑफिस से बाहर आ गया। पाँव तो जैसे जमीन पर ही नहीं पड रहे थे। बस स्टाप पर बस का इंतज़ार करना कठिन हो रहा था। एक बार सोचा कि टैक्सी से चला जाए मगर फिर सोचा कि नहीं, आज तो पूरा वेतन वह माँ के हाथ में पकड़ायेगा। बस आ गई। रोज़ की तरह ठसाठस भरी हुई। कब आधे घंटे का रास्ता कट गया, पता ही नहीं चला। बस से उतर कर वह तेज़ कदमों से अपने घर की ओर चल पडा। दूर से ही मां, पिताजी और दोनों बहनों को उसने दरवाजे पर खडे देखा। माँ को साथ लेकर अंदर पहुँचा। पैसे निकालने के लिये उसने हाथ पीछे किया मगर यह क्या, उसकी जेब ही वहाँ नहीं थी। कोई जेबकतरा पैसों के साथ-साथ जेब भी उड़ा कर ले गया था। सुनील कुछ देर तक आंखें फाड़-फाड़ कर देखता रहा और फिर जोर से चीख कर बोला, "माँ मेरी जेब कट गई, माँ मेरी, ...। इससे आगे कुछ कहने से पहले ही वह मूर्छित होकर ज़मीन पर गिर पड़ा। डाक्टर बुलाया गया मगर सुनील तो इस सदमे को सहन न कर पाने के कारण दुनिया छोड़ कर जा चुका था। इतनी

छोटी उम्र में, हार्ट अटैक से मृत्यु होने पर, उसने डाक्टरों के इस तथ्य को, कि "हार्ट अटैक चालीस वर्ष से बड़ी उम्र वालों को ही होता है" झुठला दिया था। सारे घर में कोहराम मच गया। टेबल पर, प्लेट में रखी हुई मिठाई जैसे सबका उपहास कर रही थी।

वही जेबकतरा, सुनील की मौत का जिम्मेदार शराब पीकर घर पहुँचा। पत्नी से गाली-गलौज की और गुस्से में उसके सिर पर शराब की बोतल दे मारी। पत्नी पछाड़ खाकर नीचे गिर गई।

सड़क पर दोनों तरफ से दो अर्थियाँ आ रहीं थीं। एक तरफ से रोते-कलपते सुनील के घरवाले और दूसरी तरफ था वही जेबकतरा, फुलिस वालों की निगरानी में अपनी पत्नी का अंतिम संस्कार के लिये जाता हुआ। जब उसे मालूम हुआ कि दूसरी अर्थी उसी व्यक्ति की है जिसकी आज वह जेब काटकर आया था, तो उसे बहुत ग्लानि हुई। वह अपने बाल नोच कर, चीखते हुए कहने लगा—"इंस्पैक्टर साहब, मैं हत्यारा हूँ, मैंने एक नहीं दो हत्याएँ की हैं, मैं हत्यारा हूँ, मैं.... " इसके आगे वह कुछ ना कह सका। वह सुनील और अपनी पत्नी के पास जा कर उनसे क्षमा याचना करने के लिये अपनी यात्रा के लिये निकल पड़ा था।

वन्दना शर्मा, प्रथम वर्ष बी एस सी.

गजल

अपनी मुस्कुराहट आँचल में छुपाया न करो,
इन रेतों से मेरा नाम मिटाया न करो,
आँखें सच बोलती हैं, इनको रुलाया न करो,
मेरे दिलकी बातें कहलवाया न करो,
तमन्नायें तो हैं मनमें बसी, और संग यादें भी,
ऐसी गहरी नींदों से मुझे जगाया न करो,
गर यह सपना टूट गया तो
डरता हूँ कहीं तुमको खो न बैठूँ।
तुमको खो दिया तो डर है,
कहीं जिंदगी से हाथ धो न बैठूँ।

राजश्री, पंजाबी द्वितीय सी.बी.जेड्.

सूरत और सीरत

काजल चाँदे, द्वितीय बी.एस.सी

भागे चलो भागे चलो
सब उसके पीछे चले चलो
क्या लचक, क्या मटक हैं, उसकी
खूबसूरत हैं, अति खूबसूरत।

चाल-ढाल भी तो कुछ कम नहीं हैं।
लोगों की भीड़, भी तो बढ़ती जा रही हैं।
उनमें से एक भी ऐसा नहीं जो सोचे
कि यह तो माया हैं, सुन्दरता की माया।

उसको तो देखो, जिसके गुण दिखाई नहीं देते
परदा, जरा सा हटा के तो देखो
एक से बढ़कर एक दिखाई देगे
क्या शील, क्या विनय क्या नज़ाकत!

पर आपको फुरसत ही कहाँ?
बस एक नज़र खूबसूरती पर गई,
और हाँफते हाँफते भागे चले
ए-ए-भाई ज़रा रुकिये तो

वह आँख क्या, जो रोती नहीं
वह गीत क्या, जो रुलाता नहीं
वह दिल क्या जो टूटता नहीं
वह प्यार क्या जिसमें जुदाई नहीं।

आत्महत्या

आत्महत्या! आत्महत्या! आत्महत्या! कितना भयानक शब्द है, जिसे सुनकर रोम खडे हो जाते हैं। इस शब्द को सुन कर कई रोचक किस्से याद आ जाते हैं। किस्सों को तो सुनकर डर भी लगने लगता है। कहते हैं, कि जो आत्महत्या करता है उसकी आत्मा भटकती है और लोगों को तंग करती है। खैर हम तो इस शब्द को दूसरे दृष्टिकोण से लेंगे, एक मनोरंजक ढंग से।

चन्द दिन हुए एक साहब रोते-रोते अपने दोस्त के यहाँ आए। दोस्त ने कविता के ढंग से पूछा-"हजरत! काहे नीर बहाये।" साहब बोले—"आत्महत्या करना चाहता हूँ।" "कर डालिए। इसमें पूछने की क्या बात है, नेकी कर पूछ पूछ।" यह सुनकर वे और भी जोर से रोने लगे तो दोस्त ने पूछा—"आप रोते क्यों हैं। रोने का काम रिश्तेदारों पर छोड़ दीजिए।"

लेकिन वे जैसे फरियाद करने लगे—"रोना तो यही है कि रिश्तेदारों को रुलाने का चांस पैदा नहीं हो रहा है। दो तीन बार आत्महत्या का प्रयास किया, पर फेल हो गया। हीरे की अँगूठी चाटी लेकिन नकली निकली। कुतुब-मीनार से छलांग लगाई, पर एक बेरोज़गार ग्रेजूएट के ऊपर जा गिरा' परिणाम यह हुआ कि मेरे मरने के बजाय वह बेचारा मर गया।"

बात असल में यह थी कि ये साहब कविता फरमाते थे। कविता में लोकप्रिय होने का समय आया तो माँ-बाप ने उनका विवाह कर दिया। इधर विवाह हुआ तो उधर कविता छूट गई। ज्योंही वे कविता लिखने बैठते, तो पत्नी नून तेल लकड़ी की माँग लेकर आ जाती। इसलिए घर के झंझटों से तंग आकर, बीवी की बक-बक एवं उसकी नोक-झोंक से बचने के लिए, उन्होंने आत्महत्या की ठानी।

इसी प्रकार कई ऐसे कारण होते हैं जिससे मनुष्य आत्महत्या करने के लिए तुल जाता है। कई ऐसी बहुएँ हैं, जो सास के कठोर व्यवहार से आत्महत्या करती हैं, पति के भी बुरे सलूक से आत्महत्या होती हैं, हांलाँकि छात्र-छात्राएँ भी ऐसा करते हैं। एक बार पता, लगा कि नदी के किनारे पुलिस खड़ी थी, क्योंकि उस दिन 'स्टूडेन्टस डे' था यानी कि विद्यार्थियों का वार्षिक रिजल्ट निकलने का दिन था। कोई असफल विद्यार्थी आत्महत्या करने की कोशिश न करे, इसलिए पुलिस खडी थी।

एक बार कोई बाबूसाहब अपनी जवान बेटी के लिए दहेज़ का प्रबंध न कर सके और मंगनी टूटने के डर से आत्महत्या करने की सोची। लेकिन जब इन्सान को मरना है वह तभी मरता है; सो वही हुआ: जब वे बाबू साहब दफ़्तर की पाँचवी मंजिल से कूदने लगे तो उन्हें बचाने की कोशिश में एक महोदय स्वयं नीचे गिर पडे और इन महाशय की आत्महत्या रुक गई।

आजकल तो नए युग में आत्महत्या करना बहुत कठिन हो गया है। किसी चीज़ पर भरोसा नहीं रहा। ज़हर में मिलावट हो गई है। चुल्लू भर पानी भी डूब मरने के लिए प्राप्त नहीं होता क्योंकि वाटर-सप्लाई सिस्टेम बदल गया है। नदी पर पुलिस के पहरे हैं। मिनारों के नीचे बेरोजगार नौजवान लेटे रहते हैं। कोई किस भरोसे पर आत्महत्या करने जाए?

मॉडर्न लोगों ने कट मरने के लिए रेल की पटरियाँ बनाई थी। मगर फिर रेलगाडियाँ भी लेट होने लगी। इसलिए एक महोदय, पास में डबलरोटी रखे, रेल की पटरी पर सर धेर लेटे हुए थे। जब उससे पूछा गया कि यह डबलरोटी किसलिए? तो कहने लगे—"मान लीजिए, गाडी लेट हो जाए तो क्या भूखा मर जाऊँ?"

पढ़ने-वालों से मेरा निवेदन है कि वे इन बातों का अपने ऊपर एक्सपेरिमेंट न करें।

मनप्रीत रीन, प्रथम बी.एस.सी. (सी.बी.जेड्)

दीप्ती एम. धवडा, प्रथम पी.यू.सी, पी.इ.सी.ए

नेपोलियन का जन्म 1760 में हुआ था।
हिट्लर का जन्म 1889 में हुआ था।
(129 बरस का अंतर)

नेपोलियन का चुनाव 1804 में हुआ।
हिट्लर का चुनाव 1933 में हुआ।
(129 बरस का अंतर)

नेपोलियन ने 1809 में वियेन्ना पर कब्ज़ा किया।
हिट्लर ने 1938 में वियेन्ना पर कब्ज़ा किया।
(129 बरस का अंतर)

नेपोलियन ने 1812 में यु.एस.एस.आर पर हमला किया।

हिट्लर ने 1941 में यु.एस.एस. आर पर हमला किया। (129 बरस का अंतर)

नेपोलियन 1816 में हार बैंठे।
हिट्लर 1945 में हार बठे।
(129 बरस का अंतर) आधार

अब्राहम लिंकन और जान.एफ. केनेडी

अब्राहम लिंकन और जान.एफ. केनेडी दोनो अमेरिका के राष्ट्रपति थे। दोनों में सात साम्यताएँ है।

अब्राहम लिंकन 1860 में राष्ट्रपति बने थे।
जॉन एफ. केनेडी 1960 में राष्ट्रपति बने थे।

लिंकन के मंत्री का नाम केनेडी और केनेडी के मंत्री का नाम लिंकन था।

लिंकन के मंत्री ने लिंकन को रंगमंच में जाने की मनाही की जहाँ लिन्कन को मारा गया।

केनेडी के मंत्री ने केनेडी को दरुलास में जाने की मनाही की जहाँ केनेडी की हत्या की गयी।

लिंकन को जिस आदमी ने रंगमंच में मारा वो आदमी गोदाम में जाकर छिपा।

केनेडी को जिस आदमी ने गोदाम में से मारा वो आदमी रंगमंच में जाकर छिपा।

लिंकन की हत्या शुकवार को हुई।
केनेडी हत्या भी शुक्रवार को हुई।

ऐंड्रू जॉनसन लिन्कन की गद्दी पर बैंठे।
लिन्कन जॉनसन केनेडी की गद्दी पर बैंठे।

ऐंड्रू जॉनसन का जन्म 1808 में हुआ।
लिन्कन जॉनसन का जन्म 1908 में हुआ।
(आधार)

उजडा सुहाग

अंजू अग्रवाल, प्रथम पी.यू.सी, पी.इ.सी.ए

बीना अपने बाबा की इकलौती संतान है। आज उसके बाबा कितने मजबूर हैं, चाहते हुए भी, अपनी लाड से पाली, इस नाजुक कली के लिए कुछ नहीं कर सकते। बीना की आँखों से बहती आँसू की धारा यूँ मालूम होती है जैसे विधाता ने सदा के लिए उसके गालों पर लकीर खींच दी हो।

पिछले वर्ष ही बाबा ने बीना का व्याह रंजन बाबू से बडी धूम-धाम से किया था। रंजन जैसा नेक पति पाकर बीना फूली नहीं समाती थी। यूँ लगता मानों खुशियों के फूल हर तरफ बिखर गए है। मगर किसे पता था कि ये खुशियाँ सिर्फ दो पल की हैं।

रंजन बाबू सेना में कप्तान थे। विवाह के चंद दिनों बाद ही उनका विमान दुर्घटना का शिकार हो गया। दुर्घटना इतनी भयंकर थी कि उनका शव भी नहीं मिल सका। उसी दिन से बावली सी घूमती रहती बीना। बाबा के दुःख का भी ठिकाना न था। मगर बिना माँ की उस बच्ची को धीरज बँधानेवाले एक वे ही थे। हर पल वे अपनी बेटी के लिए जरा सी मुस्कान की खोज में रहते।

आज बसंत-पंचमी का दिन था। पास के गाँव में बहुत बडा मेला लगा था। बाबा सुबह से ही मीना को मना रहे थे। आखिर वह मान ही गई। शाम के समय दोनों मेले में गये। अनमने से दोनों एक दूसरे के साथ चले जा रहे थे। मेला तो हर साल की तरह सुंदर था लेकिन बीना के मन का चित्रकार न जाने अपनी तूलिका कहाँ छोड़ आया था।

अरे, यह क्या ! मछियारों की बडी टोली भी वहाँ आई हुई थी वे लोग बहुत झूम-झूम कर खुशिय मना रहे थे। पूछने पर पता चला कि आज ही उनके सरदार की लड़की का व्याह हुआ है। उसी समय सरदार की बेटी चंपा अपने पति का हाथ खींचती हुई वहाँ आई। "गोरा बाबू चलो न, हम झूले पर बैठेंगे" वह आग्रह कर रही थी। पल-फर के लिए बीना को अपना अतीत याद आ गया। वह भी कभी इसी प्यार के नशे में डूबी हुई थी। ज्यूँ ही

चंपा का पति पलट कर जाने लगा तो मानो बिजली गिरी हो बीना पर। यह तो रंजन है, एक पल के लिए वह तो जड़ ही हो गई। खुशी के मारे आँसू निकल पड़े। "रंजन, मेरे रंजन, कहाँ थे तुम इतने दिनों से ..... " न जाने क्या-क्या कह गई वह। लेकिन रंजन ने कुछ सुना ही नहीं। वह हैरान सा उसे देखता रहा। लगता था जैसे वह बीना की भाषा ही नहीं समझता। चंपा भी चुप-चाप देखती रही, फिर बोली, "गोरा बाबू चलो न, हम झूला झूलेंगे।" चली गई चंपा, साथ गया रंजन रह गई बीना, उन पद चिह्नों को देखती जितकी धूल वह कभी अपनी माँग में सजाया करती थी। रंजन दुर्घटना में अपनी याददाश्त खो चुका था।

वर्तमान भारत और युवा पीढी

वर्तमान युग प्रगति का युग है। प्राचीन परम्पराए एवं व्यवस्थाएँ जीर्ण शीर्ण होकर नष्ट हो जा रही हैं। उनके स्थान पर नयी मान्यताएँ जन्म ले रही हैं। जीवन के प्राय: सभी क्षेत्रों में कुछ न कुछ नवीनता का भाव परिलक्षित हो रहा है। सत् और असत् का विवेक देश के सामने चुनौती लिए खड़ा है। युवा पीढी असमंजस के वातावरण के क्षणिक आलोक को जीवन की वास्तविकता समझने लगी है।

स्वतंत्रता प्राप्ति के पूर्व अंग्रेज वायसराय ने लोकमान्य बाल गंगाधर तिलक से प्रश्न किया था—

क्या स्वतन्त्रता प्राजि के पश्चात आप सुखी हो जाएंगे? लोकमान्य तिलक का सटीक उत्तर था—

"सुखी तो आज भी हैं; परन्तु ऐसा सुख हमे नहीं चाहिए। स्वतन्त्र होने के पश्चात हमारे सामने समस्याएँ ही समस्याएँ होंगी। उन्हें सुलशाने मे हमसे भूलें भी होंगी; पर उससे हम अनुभवी बनेंगे। अपनी कठिनाईयों को दूर करने के प्रयास से ही हमारा पौरुष शिक्षित होगा।"

तिलक के ये दूरदार्शितापूर्ण विचार वर्तमान परिप्रेक्ष्य में अक्षरश: सत्य है।

वर्तमान भारत की समीक्षा करने से लगता है आज हमारी जानकारी बढी है। जीवन के

विविध क्षेत्रों में हमारा ज्ञान बढ़ा है किन्तु विवेक एवं सद्गुणो मे विकास होना तो दूर, चारित्रिक पतन हुआ है। आज का भारतीय सामान्य रूप से जातिवादी है, भाषावादी है, जिलावादी, प्रान्तवादी है, समाजवादी है, यह सब कुछ है परन्तु राष्ट्रवादी नहीं हैं। स्वार्थ के कारण आज हमारे देश की एकता की डोर डगमगा गयी है।

सांस्कृतिक क्षेत्र में देश ने प्रगति की ओर कदम बढ़ाए है। धर्मों के अंधविश्वास अपेक्षाकृत कम हुए हैं। कुछ नए सम्प्रदायों के प्रति लोगों की आस्था बढी है। इसके साथ ही ईश्वर का अस्तित्व आज भी युवा पीढी के सामने कभी कभी प्रश्न चिन्ह बन कर आता है। वस्तुतः जब मनुष्य को परीस्थितियां विवश करती हैं और उस पर संकट आते हैं, तब विवशता का सद्भाव ईश्वर के अस्तित्व को केवल मानता ही नहीं, वरन् उसकी आराधना में अपना सर्वस्व तक अर्पित करने लगता है।

भारत अनेक संप्रदायों की आवास भूमि है। इनकी पारस्परिक एकता राष्ट्रीय अखण्डता का मूल है। छोटी छोटी बातों को लेकर होने वाले सांप्रदायिक संघर्ष छिद्र मनेवृत्ति के प्रतीक है। इनके बढ़ने से देश की एकता एवं प्रगति पर आँच आती है।

भारतीय जीवन धर्म के साथ जुड़ा हुआ है। सामाजिक व्यवस्था में भी धर्म की महत्वपूर्ण भूमिका है। आज की युवा पीढी सामाजिक रीति रिवाजों के संकुचित भावों की परिधि से ऊपर उठी है। शिक्षा के क्षेत्र में नए वैज्ञनिक अविष्कारों से ज्ञान के द्वार खुले हैं। संसार के साधनों ने देशों की दूरी बहुत बहुत कम कर दी है। इनके होते हुए भारत में शिक्षा एवं शिक्षित बेरोजगारी एक बडी समस्या बन गयी है। शिक्षित युवक कुंठाग्रस्त होकर विदेशों के भौतिक उपादानों की ओर ललचाई हुई दृष्टि से देखते हैं। यही कारण है भारत का उर्वर मस्तिष्क अपने देश को उर्वरता न देकर विदेशों की प्रगति में महत्वपूर्ण भूमिका निभार हा है।

आर्थिक दृष्टि से सामान्य भारतवासी का जीवन स्तर बढ़ा है। दैनिक उपभोग की चीजें प्रचुरमात्रा में निर्मित होने लगी है। राष्ट्रीय प्रगति के उन्नायक अनेक कारखाने व देश की सुरक्षा के लिए बनने वाले आयुधों के निर्माण मे भी भारत ने प्रगति की है। कभी कभी हमारे कार्य के प्रति हमारी उदासीनता तथा हड़ताल की प्रवृत्ति इसमें बाधक बन जाती है। आपसी झगडे एवं आर्थिक भ्रष्टाचार के कारण देश विश्वमें उपयुक्त स्थान प्राप्त करने में असमर्थ है।

देश की युवा पीढी के सामने आज उत्तरदायित्वों का पर्वत है। वर्तमान परिप्रेक्ष्य मे उसे यह सोचने की आवश्यकता नहीं है कि

उसका देश उसके लिए क्या कर सकता है ; उसे तो यह सोचना है कि वह अपने देश के लिए क्या कर सकता है। कोई भी युवती व युवक मौलिक रूप से बुरे नही होते। उनका समुचित मार्ग–दर्शन उनकी शक्ति को देश के लिए उपयोगी बनाता है।

आशा अमर है ; उसकी आराधना कभी निष्फल नहीं होती, हमारी युवा पीढी प्रबुद्ध है। हमारा विश्वास है कि वह वर्तमान भारत को सफलता के क्षितिज पर ले जाकर विश्व के सामने उदाहरण के रूप मे प्रस्तुत करेगी।

रेखा बजाज, द्वितीय पी.यू.सी. पीसीएमबी

ಸಮಾಜದಲ್ಲಿ ಉದ್ಯೋಗಸ್ಥ ಮಹಿಳೆ

ಅಂದು ನಾನು ಬಸ್ ನಿಲ್ದಾಣದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಂತಿರುವಾಗ ನನ್ನ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದ ಇಬ್ಬರು ಮಹಿಳೆಯರ ಸಂಭಾಷಣೆ ನನ್ನ ಕಿವಿಗೆ ಬಿತ್ತು. ಒಬ್ಬ ಯುವಕನ ಜೊತೆ ಒಬ್ಬ ಯುವತಿಯು ಮಾತನಾಡುತ್ತಾ ನಿಂತಿರುವ ಕಡೆ ಕೈ ತೋರಿಸಿ ಒಬ್ಬ ಧಡೂತಿ ಹೆಂಗಸು ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬ ಹೆಂಗಸಿಗೆ ಹೀಗೆ ಹೇಳಿದಳು.

'' ನೋಡ್ರೀ, ಆ ಹುಡುಗೀನೇ ನಮ್ಮ ಪಕ್ಕದ ಮನೆಯವಳು. ಮೊದಲು ತುಂಬಾ ನಾಚುತ್ತಿದ ಹುಡುಗಿ, ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ಸೇರಿದ ಮೇಲೆ ಹೇಗೆ ಆ ಹುಡುಗನ ಜೊತೆ ನಿಂತು ವಯ್ಯಾರದಿಂದ ಮಾತನಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಳೆ.''

'' ಹೌದ್ರೀ.... ಈ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ಸೇರಿದ ಹೆಂಗಸರ ಹಣೇಬರಹವೇ ಇಷ್ಟು. ಸಿಕ್ಕ, ಸಿಕ್ಕ ಗಂಡಸರೊಂದಿಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ತಿರುಗುತ್ತಾರೆ. ನಾಚಿಕೆಗೆಟ್ಟೋವು....'' ಎಂದಳು ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬ ಹೆಂಗಸು.

ಆಗ ಧಡೂತಿ ಹೆಂಗಸು ''ನನ್ಮಗಳೂ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗುತ್ತೀನಿ ಅಂದಳು. ಅವ್ಳೂ ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಟ್ಟು ಹಾಳಾಗಿ ಹೋಗ್ತಾಳೋ ಅಂತ ನಾನೇ ಕಳಿಸ್ಲಿಲ್ಲರೀ'' ಎಂದರು ಮಹಾಕಾರ್ಯ ನಡೆಸಿದವರಂತೆ.

'' ಹೌದಾ.... ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದೇ ಆಯ್ತು ಬಿಡಿ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ಸೇರಿ ನಡತೆ ಹಾಳು ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳೋದಕ್ಕಿಂತಾ ಮನೇಲಿರೋದೇವಾಸಿ.'' ಎಂದಳು ಆ ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬ ಹೆಂಗಸು.

ಹೀಗೇ ನಡೆದಿತ್ತು ಆ ಈರ್ವರ ಸಂಭಾಷಣೆ. ಆ 'ಹಿರಿಯರ' ಅಜ್ಞಾನವನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಮರುಗಿದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಈರೀತಿಯ ಅಜ್ಞಾನವೇ ತುಂಬಿಕೊಂಡಂತಹ ಅನೇಕ ಮಹಿಳೆಯರು ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಅನೇಕ. ಒಂದು ''ಜೀವ ಕೋಶದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ನ್ಯೂಕ್ಲಿಯಸ್'' ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ತಮಗೆ ತಾವೇ ನಿರ್ಮಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಂತಹ ಆವರಣದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಬಾಳಿ ತೃಪ್ತಿಪಡುವಂತಹ ಮಹಿಳೆಯರು, ತಮ್ಮ ಆವರಣದ ಹೊರಗೆ ಏನು ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದೆ ? ಎಂಬುದರ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಇಣುಕಿ ನೋಡುವಂತಹ ಸಾಹಸವನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿಯಾರೆ ? ಇದರಿಂದ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಹೆಣ್ಣನ್ನೇ ಉನ್ನತ ಮಟ್ಟದಿಂದ ಹೀನಮಟ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ತುಳಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಳೆ. ಹೆಣ್ಣೇ ಹೆಣ್ಣಿನ ಜೀವನಕ್ಕೆ ಮುಳ್ಳಿಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಳೆ.

ಯಾವುದೇ ಒಂದು ಕಛೇರಿಯೂ ಬರೀ ಮಹಿಳೆಯರಿಗೆಂದೇ ಸೀಮಿತವಾಗಿರಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವೇ ? ಒಂದು ಕಛೇರಿಯಿಂದ ಮೇಲೆ ಹೆಣ್ಣು, ಗಂಡುಗಳೆಲ್ಲಾ ಒಟ್ಟಾಗಿ ದುಡಿಯಲೇಬೇಕು. ದುಡಿಯಬೇಕೆಂದು ಹೊರ ಇಟ್ಟ ದಿಟ್ಟ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆಯನ್ನು ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಹಿಂತಗಿಯದೆ, ಆಕೆ ಗಂಡು, ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಎಂಬ ಭೇದವಿಲ್ಲದೆ, ಎಲ್ಲರೊಂದಿಗೂ ಸಮಾನರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಇದನ್ನೇ ಅಪಾರ್ಥ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವಂತಹ ಜನರಿಗೆ ಮೂಢರೆಂದರೂ ತಪ್ಪಾಗಲಾರದು.

ಉದ್ಯೋಗಸ್ಥ ಮಹಿಳೆಯರನ್ನು ಮದುವೆ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಆಕೆಯಿಂದ ಬರುವಂತಹ ಸಂಬಳದಿಂದಲೇ ತಾನು ಜೀವನ ನಡೆಸಿ, ಆಕೆಯ ಮೇಲೆಯೇ ದೌರ್ಜನ್ಯ ನಡೆಸುವಂತಹ ವ್ಯಾಪಾರೀ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯ ಯುವಕರೂ ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಅನೇಕ.

ಒಬ್ಬ ಮಹಿಳೆಯು ದುಡಿಯಲು ಹೊರಗೆ ಹೋದಾಗ, ಒಬ್ಬ ಮೇಲಧಿಕಾರಿಯ ಕೆಟ್ಟ ದೃಷ್ಟಿ ಆಕೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಬಿದ್ದಾಗ, ಆಕೆ ಆತನ ಇಚ್ಛೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಮಣಿಯದಿದ್ದಾಗ ಆಕೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಕಳ್ಳತನದ ಅಪವಾದ ಹೊರೆಸಿ, ಆಕೆಯನ್ನು ಕೆಲಸದಿಂದಲೆ ತೆಗೆದು ಹಾಕಿದಂತಹ ಪ್ರಸಂಗಗಳೂ ಅನೇಕ. ಹೀಗೆ ಕೆಲಸದಿಂದ ಹೊರ ಬಂದ ಆ ಮಹಿಳೆ ಈಗ ಸಮಾಜದ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬ "ಅಪರಾಧಿ" ಎನ್ನಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕಾಯಿತು. ಸ್ವಾಭಿಮಾನಿಯಾದ ಆ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಅಪಮಾನ ತಾಳದೆ, ಜೀವ ತೊರೆದಳು. ಆಕೆಯನ್ನೇ ಅವಲಂಬಿಸಿದ್ದ ಮುದಿ ತಂದೆ – ತಾಯಿಯರ ಗತಿಯೇನು ? ಆಕೆಯ ಎಳೆಯ ತಮ್ಮ – ತಂಗಿಯರ ಭವಿಷ್ಯವೇನಾಯಿತು ? ಹೀಗೆ ಗಂಡಿನ ದೌರ್ಜನ್ಯದಿಂದಾಗಿ, ಆಕೆಯ ಸಂಸಾರ ಒಡೆದ ಮುತ್ತಿನಂತಾಯಿತ್ತಲ್ಲವೇ ?

ಇಂತಹ ಪ್ರಸಂಗಗಳನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ತಿಳಿದಂತಹ ಅನೇಕ ತಂದೆ – ತಾಯಿಯರು ತಮ್ಮ ಮಕ್ಕಳನ್ನು ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ಸೇರಿಸುವ ವಿಷಯದಿಂದ ಬಹು ದೂರವೇ ಉಳಿಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಇಂತಹ ಶೋಷಣೆಗಳನ್ನು ತಡೆಯಬೇಕು.

ಹಿಂದೆ ಮಹಿಳೆಯು ಸಂಸಾರಕ್ಕಷ್ಟೇ ಸೀಮಿತಳಾಗಿದ್ದಳು. ಆಗ ಆಕೆ ತನ್ನ ಶಕ್ತಿ–ಸಾಮರ್ಥ್ಯವನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಸಂಸಾರದ ಕೆಲಸಗಳಿಗೇ ಸೀಮಿತವಾಗಿರಿಸಿದ್ದಳು. ಆದರೆ, ಇಂದು ಅದೇ ಮಹಿಳೆ ಹೊರಗೂ ದುಡಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಳೆ. ಮಕ್ಕಳ ಆರೈಕೆ, ಗಂಡನ ಪೂರೈಕೆಗಳೊಂದಿಗೆ ಹೊರಗಿನ ಕೆಲಸದಲ್ಲೂ ದುಡಿಯುವ ಹೆಣ್ಣು, ಮಾನಸಿಕವಾಗಿಯೂ, ದೈಹಿಕವಾಗಿಯೂ ಕುಗ್ಗುವುದ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ. ಇಂತಹ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಆಕೆಯ ಕುಟುಂಬದವರೂ ಆಕೆಯೊಡನೆ ಸಂಯಮದಿಂದ ಸಹಕರಿಸಿ, ನಡೆದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಸಾರ ಸುಗಮ.

ತಿಳಿಯಾದಂತಹ ನೀರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಕಲ್ಲನ್ನು ಎಸೆದಾಗ ಅಲೆಗಳು ಉಂಟಾಗಿ ನೀರು ಕಲ್ಮಶಗೊಳ್ಳುವಂತೆ, ಸಮಾಜವು ಕಲ್ಲಿನ ರೂಪ ತಾಳದೆ, ಆಕೆಯ ಜೀವನ ತಿಳಿಯಾದ ನೀರಿನಂತೆ ನಡೆಯಲು ಪ್ರೋತ್ಸಾಹ ನೀಡಬೇಕು. ಹೆಣ್ಣಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ನಡೆಯುವ ದೌರ್ಜನ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹತ್ತಿಕ್ಕಬೇಕು. ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರು ಒಗ್ಗಟ್ಟಾಗಬೇಕು. ಆಗ ಮಹಿಳೆಯು ''ನದಿಯು ಸಾಗರವನ್ನು ಸೇರುವಂತೆ,'' ಇಟ್ಟ ದಿಟ್ಟ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆಯನ್ನು ಹಿಂದಿಡದೆ, ತನ್ನ ಗುರಿ ಸಾಧಿಸಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯ.

ಕಬ್ಬಿಣವು ಇದ್ದಲ್ಲೇ ಇದ್ದರೆ, ತುಕ್ಕು ಹಿಡಿಯದಿರಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವೇ ? ಹಾಗೆಯೇ, ಹೆಣ್ಣು ತನ್ನ ಸಂಸಾರಕ್ಕೇ ಸೀಮಿತಗೊಂಡು, ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದರೆ, ಆಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಯೂ ತುಕ್ಕು ಹಿಡಿಯದೆ ? ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರೂ ಕೂಡ ತಮ್ಮ ಮೇಲೆ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿರುವ ದೌರ್ಜನ್ಯವನ್ನು ಮೆಟ್ಟಿ, ಹಿಂದೆ ಸರಿಯದೆ, ಯಾವುದೇ ಕಾಯಕಕ್ಕೂ ತಾವು ಸಿದ್ಧರು ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸಿಕೊಡಲು ಮುಂದೆ ಬರಬೇಕು.

ಸಂವಿಧಾನ ಕೂಡ, ಸ್ತ್ರೀ–ಪುರುಷರಿಗೆ ಯಾವುದೇ ವರ್ಣದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಕೂಡ ಸಮಾನಸ್ಥಾನವನ್ನು ನೀಡಿದೆ. ಆದುದರಿಂದ ಮಹಿಳೆಯು ನಿಂತ ಕೊಳದಂತೆ ಇರದೆ, ಹರಿಯುವ ನದಿಯಂತಾಗಿ, ತಾನೂ ಯಾವುದೇ ಉದ್ಯೋಗಸ್ಥ ಪುರುಷನಿಗಿಂತ ಕಡಿಮೆ ಇಲ್ಲ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸಬೇಕು.

ಹಿಂದೆ ಸಮಾಜದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರಿಗಿದ್ದ ಕೀಳು ಸ್ಥಾನ ಈಗ ಇಲ್ಲವಾಗಿದೆ. ಮುಂದೆಯೂ ಇದೇ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಉದ್ಯೋಗಸ್ಥ ಮಹಿಳೆಯ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಗತಿಗಳು ಸಮಾಜದಲ್ಲಿ ಇನ್ನೂ ಉತ್ತಮಗೊಳ್ಳಬಹುದಲ್ಲವೇ ?

— ಎಂ. ಸುಮನ್
II BSc (CBZ)

ಅಕಟಾ ! ಕಾರ್ಮೋಡ ಕವಿಯಿತೆ ನಮ್ಮಿಬ್ಬರಾ ಮಧ್ಯೆ

ಸಂಧ್ಯೆ ನಿದ್ರಿಸುವ ವೇಳೆ ;
ಗ್ರಾಮದ, ಸಂತೆ ಕೊನೆಗಾಣುವ ವೇಳೆ ;
ಓ ಗಳತಿ, ನನ್ನ ಆನುರಾಗ ಗೆಳತಿ
ನೀನೇತಕೀ ಹಾದಿಯೊಳು ಬಂದೆ ?
ಎನಗೇತಕಿದನ್ನು ಕೊಡಲೆಂದು ಬಂದೆ ?

ಕಾಡು ಹಂಸಗಳು ಸಂಗಾತಿಯ ಹುಡುಕುತಿರೆ,
ಸರೋವರ ತೀರದಲಿ ;
ಖಾಲಿ ದೋಣಿಗಳು ಜನರ ಹತ್ತಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತಿರೆ,
ಸಾಗರ ತೀರದಲಿ ;
ಏಕಾಂತತೆಯಲಿ ಎನ್ನ ಮನ ದುಃಖಿಸುತಿರೆ,
ನಿನ್ನಾ ಕಣ್ಣೀರು ಎನಗೆ ಕಾಣಿಕೆಯೇ ?

ಕೋಗಿತಿ, ಚಕೋರಿಗಳು, ಗಿಣಿಗಳು ಮರದಡಿಯಲಿ
ಕೂಡಿರೆ ಕಾತರ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳಿಂದ
ನಿನ್ನಾ ಮನಸಿನೊಳು ಮುಚ್ಚಿಟ್ಟ ಮಣಿಯೇನೋ ?
ನಿನ್ನಾ ಕನಸಿನೊಳು ನೀಕಂಡ ಪೌರುಷವೇನೋ ?
ಸಿದ್ಧಳಾಗಿ ಬರುವ ಸುಂದರಿಯೇ — ಗೆಳತಿ
ನಿನ್ನಾ ಮೌನವೇ ನಿನ್ನ ದೆನಗೆ ಉತ್ತರವೋ ?

K. Savitha
I PUC PCMB

ಕನ್ನಡ ಮಾತೆ

ಕನ್ನಡಮ್ಮನ ದುಃಖವನು ಏನೆಂದು ಹೇಳಲಿ ?
ಅದನ್ನು ನೀಗಲು ನಾ ಯಾರನು ಕೇಳಲಿ ?
ಕನ್ನಡಮ್ಮನನ್ನು ಧನ್ಯಳು ಎಂದು ಎಷ್ಟು ಮಂದಿ ಹೊಗಳಲಿಲ್ಲ ?
ಆಕೆ ದರಿದ್ರಳು ಎಂದು ಎಷ್ಟು ಮಂದಿ ತೆಗಳಲಿಲ್ಲ ?

ಹಾಗದರೆ ನಾ ಹೊಗಳಲೇ ಅಥವಾ ತೆಗಳಲೇ ?

ಉತ್ತರ ಬೇಕೇ ನಿನಗೆ ?
ನಿನ್ನೀ ಬಿಡಿಸಲಾರದ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗೆ,
ಕನ್ನಡ ಮಾತೆಯ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಆರಿಯುವ ಮುನ್ನ,
ನಿನ್ನ ವಿಷಯ ತಿಳಿದುಕೊ ಚಿನ್ನ.

ನೀ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯವನಾದರೆ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯವರು ನಿನಗೆ
ನೀ ನಿನ್ನವರಿತರೆ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಒಂದೇ ನಿನಗೆ
ಮೇಲಿನದಾಗಿರಲು ನಿನ್ನಯ ಉತ್ತರ
ನಿನಗಿನ್ನೇತಕೆ ಕಾತರ ?

ಮರೆಯಲು ನಿನ್ನಯ ಸುಖವ
ನೋಡುವೆ ಪರರ ದುಃಖವ
ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗಾಗಿ ದುಡಿಯಲು ನೀ ; ದೇಶವು ಬರುವುದು ಮುಂದೆ

ಬಿಡದು ನಿನ್ನನು ಹಿಂದೆ.

ದೇಶವು ಆಗಲು ಸುಖಿಮಯ, ನೀನಾಗುವೆ ತನ್ಮಯ
"ಹೊಗಳಲೇ, ತೆಗಳಲೇ" ಈ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಯು ನಿನ್ನದಾಗಿರಲು
ಉತ್ತರ ತಿಳಿಸಿರುವುದು ನಿನ್ನ ಪರಿಹಾರವಾಗಲು

ನಿನ್ನ ಉತ್ತರವು "ನೀ ಹೊಗಳು"

ನಿನ್ನ ಸುಖಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ನೀ ದುಡಿಯುವುದಾದರೆ ನಿನ್ನ ಪರಿಹಾರ
"ನೀ ತೆಗಳು" ಇದಾಗುವುದು ನಿನ್ನಯ ಉತ್ತರ.

— ಫ್ಲೋವಿಯಾ ಡಿಸಿಲ್ವಾ
1ನೇ ವಾಣಿಜ್ಯ ವಿಭಾಗ.

'ಹಸುರು ಹೊನ್ನು' – ಒಂದು ಅನಿಸಿಕೆ

'ಹಸುರು ಹೊನ್ನು' ಕೃತಿ ಸಸ್ಯಲೋಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಚಾರ ಮಾಡಿದಾಗಲೂ ದೊರಕದಿರುವಂತಹ ಆನಂದದ ರಸಬುಗ್ಗೆ. ಇದರ ಕರ್ತೃ ಶ್ರೀ ಬಿ. ಜಿ. ಎಲ್. ಸ್ವಾಮಿಯವರು. ಅವರು ತಾವೇ ತಮ್ಮ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳೊಡನೆ ಸಸ್ಯಸಂಗ್ರಹಣ ಪ್ರವಾಸಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊರಟಾಗ ಅವರಿಗಾದ ಅನುಭವಗಳನ್ನು ಕುರಿತ ನಿರೂಪಣೆಯೇ ಇದರ ಮುಖ್ಯವಿಷಯ. ಪ್ರೊ. ಬಿ. ಜಿ. ಎಲ್. ಸ್ವಾಮಿಯವರು ಮದರಾಸಿನ ಪ್ರೆಸಿಡೆನ್ಸಿ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಸಸ್ಯಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ ಪ್ರಾಧ್ಯಾಪಕರಾಗಿದ್ದು, ಅನಂತರ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ಪ್ರಾಂಶುಪಾಲರೂ ಆಗಿ, ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳ ಗೌರವಾದರಗಳನ್ನು ಪಡೆದಿದ್ದರು. ಇವರಿಗೆ ಸಸ್ಯಶಾಸ್ತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಪರಿಶ್ರಮವಿತ್ತಲ್ಲದೆ, ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ, ಸಂಗೀತ ಇವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಆಸಕ್ತಿ ಇತ್ತು. ಇದರ ಫಲವಾಗಿ ಮೂಡಿಬಂದ 'ಕಾಲೇಜು ರಂಗ', 'ಕಾಲೇಜು ತರಂಗ', 'ಪ್ರಾಧ್ಯಾಪಕನ ಪೀಠದಲ್ಲಿ', 'ಅಮೆರಿಕಾದಲ್ಲಿ ನಾನು' ಮುಂತಾದ ಕೃತಿಗಳು ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಭಿನ್ನ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಾಗಿ ಅಮೂಲ್ಯ ಜ್ಞಾನ ಸಂಚಯಗಳಾಗಿ ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧವಾಗಿವೆ.

'ಹಸುರು ಹೊನ್ನು' ಕೃತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಲೇಖಕರು ತಮ್ಮ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳೊಡನೆ ಹೋದ ಪ್ರವಾಸಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಗ್ರಹಿಸಿದ ಸಸ್ಯಗಳ ಕಿರುಪರಿಚಯ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಇವುಗಳನ್ನು ಪರಿಚಯಿಸಿರುವ ರೀತಿ ಮಾತ್ರ ಅನ್ಯಾದೃಶವಾದದ್ದು. ಪರಿಚಯಕ್ಕೆ ಮೊದಲು ಒಂದು ವಿನೋದದ ವಾತಾವರಣವನ್ನು ಇವರು ಕಲ್ಪಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಇಂಥ ಪರಿಸರದಲ್ಲಿ ಗಿಡಮರಬಳ್ಳಿಗಳ ಕಥೆ ಸಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ಕಥನ ರೀತಿ ಒಮ್ಮೊಮ್ಮೆ ಸಮಗ್ರ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯನ್ನು ತಾಳಿ — ಉದಾಹರಣೆಗೆ, ಮಾವಿನ ಚಿತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ — ಅತ್ಯುಚ್ಚ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಗೇರುತ್ತದೆ. ಸಸ್ಯಶಾಸ್ತ್ರವನ್ನು ಅರಿಯದವರೂ ಅವುಗಳ ಪರಿಚಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಆಸಕ್ತಿ ತಳೆಯುವಂತೆ ಸರಳವಾಗಿ ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ವರ್ಣಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಅವುಗಳ ಔಷಧೀಯ ಗುಣಗಳನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸಿ, ತಮಿಳು ಕವಿಗಳು ಅವುಗಳಿಗೆ ಮಾರು ಹೋದ ಬಗೆಯನ್ನು ವಿವರಿಸಿ, ಕನ್ನಡ ಕವಿಗಳು ಪಂಪನಿಂದ ಇಂದಿನವರೆಗೆ, ಹೇಗೆ ಅದರಿಂದ ಪ್ರಭಾವಿತರಾದರೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ವಿಮರ್ಶಿಸುವ ವೇಳೆಗೆ ನಾವು ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿ ಕಾವ್ಯಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿ ತಲ್ಲೀನರಾಗುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವೂ, ವಿಜ್ಞಾನವೂ ಸಮಕ್ಕೆಯಾಗಿ ಸಾಗುವ ಪ್ರಕರಣಗಳು ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ ಹಲವಾರಿವೆ. ಪುಸ್ತಕದ ತುಂಬಾ ಲೇಖಕರೇ ಬರೆದ ವಿಪುಲ ಚಿತ್ರಗಳು ನಮ್ಮ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಸೂರೆಗೊಳ್ಳುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸಫಲವಾಗಿವೆ.

ಈ ಕೃತಿಯ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಮುಖ್ಯ ಲಕ್ಷಣವೆಂದರೆ, ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾಸು ಹೊಕ್ಕಾಗಿರುವ ತಿಳಿಹಾಸ್ಯ. ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿ ಮತ್ತು ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿನಿಯರಲ್ಲಿ ಆಗಾಗ ನಡೆಯುವ ಕಚ್ಚಾಟ, ಒಬ್ಬರು ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬರೆಡೆ ಬೇಕೆಂದೇ ಬೀರುವ ವ್ಯಂಗ್ಯ ಅಜ್ಞಾನದಿಂದಾಗಿ ತಮ್ಮನ್ನು ತಾವೇ ಅಪಾಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಿಲುಕಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಅವರ ಮೂರ್ಖತನ, ಕಾಡಿನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಅವರಿಗಿರುವ ಭಯ – ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ಲೇಖಕರು ಎಷ್ಟು ಸೊಗಸಾಗಿ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಕಟ್ಟುವಂತೆ ಚಿತ್ರಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆಂದರೆ, ಅದು ಓದುಗನಿಗೆ ಎಂದೂ ಮರೆಯಲಾಗದಂತಹ ರಸದೌತಣವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ ಉದಾಹರಣೆಗೆ,

ಕಲ್ಪಕಂ ಮತ್ತಿತರರು ಆನೆಹಳ್ಳಕ್ಕೆ ಬಿದ್ದದ್ದು, ಶಿಂಗ ಚಿದಂಬರರ ವಾಗ್ವಾದಗಳು, ವರದರಾಜ ತಂಗವೇಲುವಿನ ಬಸ್ ಪ್ರಯಾಣ, ಡೈಸಿ ಅಥವಾ ಕೇಜೇಯ ಬೇಜವಾಬ್ದಾರಿತನ — ಇವೇ ಮೊದಲಾದ ಪ್ರಸಂಗಗಳನ್ನು ಓದಿದ ಯಾರೇ ಆಗಲಿ, ನಗುವನ್ನು ತಡೆಯಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ.

ಈ ಕೃತಿಯ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಮುಖ — ತಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರನ್ನು ಕುರಿತ ಟೀಕೆ, ಅವರ ಅನವಶ್ಯಕ ಮಧ್ಯಪ್ರವೇಶ, ಸರ್ಕಾರದ ಕಾರ್ಯವಿಧಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಆಗುವ ವಿಳಂಬ, ರೆಡ್ ಟೇಪುಗಳ ವಿಡಂಬನೆ. ಇವರ ಪ್ರಾಂಶುಪಾಲರು "ದಿನಗೂಲಿಯ ಮೊತ್ತವನ್ನು ಪ್ರತಿ ವರ್ಷ ಸಂದಾಯ ಮಾಡುವುದರಿಂದ ಸರ್ಕಾರಕ್ಕೆ ವೆಚ್ಚ ಅಧಿಕವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ ; ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಒಂದು ಜತೆ ಕತ್ತೆಗಳನ್ನು ಖರೀದಿಸಿ" ಎನ್ನುವ ಮನುಷ್ಯ. ಆದರೆ ಆದರಿಂದ ಉದ್ಭವಿಸುವ ತೊಂದರೆಗಳನ್ನು ಮುಂದಾಲೋಚಿಸಲು ಆತನಿಗೆ ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಹಾಗಾಗಿ ಅದರಿಂದ ಉಂಟಾಗುವ ನಗೆಪಾಟಲು ಸನ್ನಿವೇಶಗಳನ್ನು ಲೇಖಕರು ಸವಿಸ್ತಾರವಾಗಿ, ನವಿರು ವ್ಯಂಗ್ಯ ಲೇಪಿಸಿ ವಿವರಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ ; ನಗೆಯ ಹೊನಲನ್ನು ಉಕ್ಕಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

ಸ್ವಾಮಿಯವರು ಈ ಕೃತಿಗೆ ಕೇಂದ್ರ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಅಕಾಡೆಮಿ ಪ್ರಶಸ್ತಿ ದೊರಕಿದೆ. ಈ ಕೃತಿ ಆದ್ದಕ್ಕೆ ನಿಜವಾಗಿಯೂ ಅರ್ಹವಾಗಿದೆ. ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಇಂತಹ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಗ್ರಂಥಗಳ ಅವಶ್ಯಕತೆ ಬಹಳವಾಗಿದ್ದ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ಕೃತಿ ಬಂದು ಆ ಕೊರತೆಯನ್ನು ತಕ್ಕ ಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ನೀಗಿದೆ. ಹಾಸ್ಯದ ಲೇಪನದಲ್ಲಿ, ಬೆರಗುಪಡಿಸುವ ಸಸ್ಯಲೋಕವನ್ನು, ಬೆರಗುಗೊಳಿಸುವಷ್ಟು ಸರಳವಾಗಿ ವಿವರಿಸಿರುವ ಈ ಕೃತಿ ಲೇಖಕರ ಅನೂಹ್ಯ ಬುದ್ಧಿಮತ್ತೆಗೆ ಕೈಗನ್ನಡಿಯಾಗಿದೆ.

Anupama Y.J.
II PCM B

L'insomnie

La nuit semble impénétrable,
épaisse comme le goudron,
lourde avec le silence
de la jour dormante.
Dans mon lit
j'essaie de m'endormir . . .
Je ferme les yeux mais
les images effroyables
envahissent mon imagination.
lex yeux ouvrent avec la peur
de ma mémoire.
Je cherche dans le ciel pour
une étincelle
mais les êtoiles se cachent.
Comme la nuit est longue !
Le noir m'engloutit.
Je m'efforce de me libérer.
le temps semble infini.
Étendant les bras au ciel
j'accueille l'aube . . .
Sommeil m'inonde
enfin.

Rita Basu
II CBZ

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

Sister Jesuine Marie

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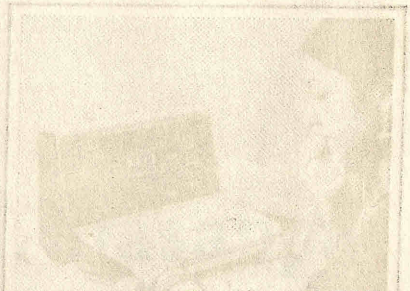
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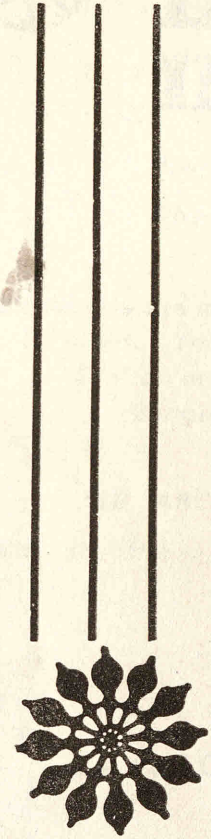
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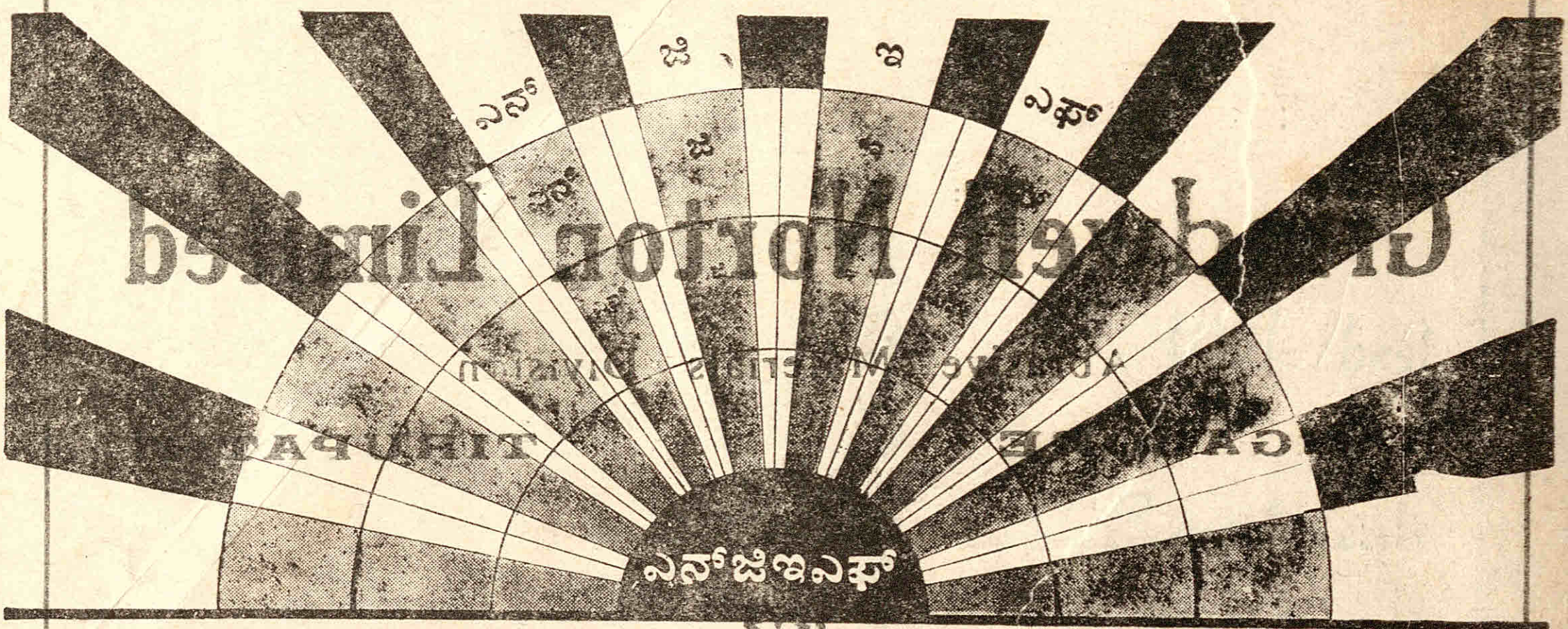
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