

1993

Disha



ANNUAL MAGAZINE

SARDAR PATEL COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

BOMBAY

IN MEMORIAM



SHRI KULAPATI DR. K.M. MUNSHI

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN'S
SARDAR PATEL COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING
BOMBAY

Disha

(SARJANIKA)



ANNUAL ISSUE

1992-93

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President	:	Dr. J.V.N. Rao (Principal)
Vice-President	:	Dr. P.V. Parmeswaran
General Secretary	:	Shri Rajesh Anand B.
Cultural Secretary	:	Shri Hemang D. Raval
Magazine Secretary	:	Shri Ganesh Balamitran
Sports Secretary	:	Shri P. M. Venkatesh
Ladies' Representative	:	Kum. Deepali Baranwal

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F.E (CIVIL)	:	1) Shri Awasare Harshad Rajaram
		2) Shri Pandit Harshad Laxmikant
F.E (Mechanical)	:	1) Shri Kosambia Shailesh Ratilal
		2) Shri Sukthankar Chetan Vijay
F.E. (Electrical) (Nominated)	:	1) Shri Punjabi Sunil Keshav
		2) Shri Moondhra Dhruv Rajwardhan
S.E. (Civil)	:	1) Shri Chari Gautam Thotha
		2) Shri Rajpurkar Amit Nandkumar
S.E. (Mechanical)	:	1) Shri Dharia Shaishav Pankaj
		2) Shri Naik Siddesh Suresh
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		2) Shri Tawde Sanjyot Suresh
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		2) Shri Thakurdesai Mandar Arvind
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		2) Shri Krishnan S.V. (Nominated)
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B.E. (Civil)	:	1) Shri Chavan Prafulla Anant
		2) Shri Manuja Shyam Kashiram
B.E. (Mechanical)	:	---
B.E. (Electrical)	:	1) Shri Baghel Sundeep Panjabsingh
		2) Shri Kirve Santosh G.

THE EDITORIAL



Ganesh Balamitran T.E. (E)
Magazine Secretary

As I sit down to write my editorial and think of the year that has been, I am reminded of Rudyard Kipling's immortal words to his 12-year old son in the poem 'IF - '

" If you can dream - and not make dreams your master,
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim..."

Well, yes!! The year 1992-93 has been a year of dreams. Dreams not just seen, but transformed into reality by the hard work put in by all of us.

This year saw the launch of SPACE - 93 which turned out to be a fantastic flight for the SPACE astronauts; a stupendous success which was the result of months of hard work. Despite their efforts here, the students did very well on the academic horizon as well and also on the sports field, complementing their achievements on the cultural front.

The publication of 'Disha' is our fondest dream come true. We are aware that we have delayed the publication of this issue but then they say that the things which come last are the best and I hope it is so. As Oliver Wendell Holmes Sr. has said,

"The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving in."

'Disha' is not meant to be just a repertoire. It is in fact a reflection of the directions that we have moved in this year- the new trends and the new precedents that the SPCEites have set in this year. We intend to make these trends a tradition.

Just as we relive the cherished memories of the year that has been, we cannot afford to forget the happenings in our own beautiful Bombay. 'Disha', through its campus survey on the riots, brings to you the views of the student community on what should have happened and what shouldn't have.

We have also dealt with some other relevant social issues like the ozone layer crisis, the influence of the western media on the Indian youth, and India's sporting future. To add to our treasures we have literary gems in the form of short stories and poems, and then 'Disha' does have a sense of humour too (probably a bit whacky, though)

Not to be left behind on achievers, SPACE has its share of young celebrities to whom 'Disha' credits the limelight they deserve.

I would fall short of my duties as the magazine secretary, if I fail to thank my team of dedicated proof readers, editors and members of the staff, who diligently read, corrected and polished everything that has gone into the magazine (including this editorial!!). I also thank those who helped 'Disha' take off by soliciting advertisements and our budding illustrators who helped 'Disha' come alive. And last, but not the least, I want to thank all of you who showed faith in me and gave me this opportunity to bring out this magazine.

Here's wishing 'Disha' and its future teams newer directions toward success in the future.

The Magazine Team



First Row L-R :- Anil Bhasarkar (front cover artist), Subramaniam Iyer, Prof. D.K. Chawla (ex-officio), Mrs M.U. Gokhale, Deepa Pai, Nikhil Mhapankar, Ranbir Singh (illustrator).

Second Row L-R :- Kiran Ambre, Madan Sanglikar (illustrator), Swaraj Nandan, Ganesh Balamitran (Magazine Secretary), Divya Narayan, Kedar Bhise.
In Absentia - Hemang Raval

The Magazine Committee of SARDAR PATEL COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING wishes to thank the following SPCEites who have solicited advertisements for 'DISHA'

Mahesh Balani
Hemang Raval
Divya Narayan
Mrs M. U. Gokhale
Deepa Pai
Bagayshree Dandekar
Akshay Suryawanshi
Suneet Weling
N. B. Gondhalekar
Vijay Sawantdesai
Kshitija Chandorkar

Shirish Gogate
Kaustubh Patwardhan
Ashish Shinde
Ashish Shah
Harshad Awasare
B. V. Krishna Shastri
P. M. Venkatesh
Hemangi Pandit
Sameet Gadkari
Bhakti Arolkar
Sunil Purshöttam

THE CULTURAL SECRETARY'S REPORT.

While beginning to write this report, I remember the concluding line of the report on cultural activities in the last magazine : "Here's wishing you all the more culturally active 1992-93". I consider myself fortunate to have had the pleasure of being the cultural secretary for this year.

Truly, our college has been in one of its culturally most active phases ever. The spirit of excitement was all the time felt in the air. The first gathering of the year was Freshers' welcome, where the new juniors and their seniors, all shared moments of fun and frolic. It was an excellent start to the year's activities. Our new juniors proved, with their active participation, that they were fully qualified to join extra-curriculum along with the basic curriculum at S.P.C.E. The Teacher's Day this year was different from the normal. In place of the usual department-wise felicitations, it was nice celebrating the day together, with a panel of teachers from different departments, facing a 'mock viva' by a panel of students.

The day of Roses was as pink as ever. The roses which we saw that day were as colourful as the young hearts of S.P.C.E.ites and so were the hundreds of Rose-Day message cards exchanged that day.

After last year's stupendous success, many were waiting for the 'Technobreak'. Their long wait came to an end on the 7th of October 1992. Once again, the college entered into the season of competitions. The amateurs and the professionals (well, almost), all entered the arena of literary, fine arts and performing arts competitions. The spirit of competition was felt everywhere in the college as each class raced to acquire the top position. The best class at Technobreak this year was T.E. Mechanical, with S.E. Mechanical as runners up.

Soon after Technobreak, the aspirations to leap into SPACE grew stronger and the preparations began immediately. After the December exams, as preparations for SPACE '93 were nearing the peak, the season was just right for the traditional day. The cultural diversity of the S.P.C.E. family was a treat to watch and coupled with the musical housie, that day must have witnessed the highest number of camera clicks during the year.

And then came the climax of cultural activities-SPACE. The three days, 11th, 12th and 13th of February, were full of fun and festivity. Thanks to the untiring



Hemang Raval T.E. (M)
Cultural Secretary

efforts of every enthusiast involved in organising this inter-collegiate youth fest, SPACE '93 was the most popular intercollegiate gathering in the latter half of this academic year. More than forty colleges in and around Bombay participated in the extravaganza. The success of SPACE'93 has given us many happy moments to remember and cherish.

Students of our college took part and bagged many prizes at the following intercollegiate youth festivals.

Aarambh	Aavishkar
Ashwamedh	Mood Indigo
Euphoria	Alchemi

A lecture-cum-demonstration on hyp-

notism by expert hypnotist Mr. Arun Naik was conducted. It cleared misconceptions about this science and gave a clearer understanding about the applications of hypnosis.

The celebration of the annual day, marking the tridecennial of S.P.C.E.'S existence, began with gaiety. Inter-class Just-A-Minute Competition and 'Bhavaspandan', the Marathi entertainment programme by Marathi Vangmay Mandal marked the celebrations in the earlier part of the day. The excitement was building up, as Talent Night, the long awaited evening of cultural programmes presented by the chosen students of our college was about to begin. But just before it took off, the city was rocked by a shocking series of bomb blasts, and the programme had to be cancelled.

The year's activities concluded with the annual prize distribution (and the planning for the coming year has already begun).

We thank Shri A.S. Chavan, Shri R.M. Joshi, Shri M.M. Kulkarni and Mrs. M.U. Gokhale for all the co-operation they have extended as teachers-in-charge in the organisation of the various cultural activities during this year.

I conclude my report by thanking you, my friends, for the enthusiastic co-operation and dedicated efforts you have put in to convert all our plans into reality. Without your support, they would have remained just a dream. I am sure the enthusiasm will continue for the years to come.

So here's wishing you once again all the livelier and more culturally active years in the future!

Progress is a result of a wrong note sung by a voice that suddenly abandons the score and sings a different tune.

.... Valentino Bompiani

SPACE '93 - A REPORT.



" Shakti thi paas hamaare aur zamane ne diya sath "

Only one thing formed the basis of such a successful SPACE '93 : 'enthusiasm', more popularly known as 'enthu' and abundantly found in SPCEites.

When we started preparations for SPACE '93, we had absolutely no idea that the end would be so glorious. Soon after TECHNOBREAK, in October, we launched the drive to raise funds. We were already late due to the delayed elections and also, the December exams were fast approaching. The only thing we could do was distribute letters inviting sponsors and direct the inexperienced F.E. students to utilise their holidays in raising funds. In spite of lack of experience, they did the best they could, and that gave a boost to our confidence in them. But the actual countdown to a successful launch began after the December exams. Without asking for financial support from the college, we were fortunate to have all the support of many enthusiastic SPCEites in the fund raising campaign. Crossing the one lakh mark was an achievement in itself.

Then came the time when the chief co-ordinators enjoyed the 'pleasure' of working in two shifts. That was the phase which the main organisers from the T.E. batch, including myself, will never forget.

"21st Dec. 1992. Time 1830 hrs. : Prashant and Krishnan are sitting with me on the steps of the Shiva Temple in the Campus discussing the Schedule of events for SPACE '93. After all possible adjustments, it is decided that the inauguration will be on the 11th of Feb. at 1500 hrs. and will be followed by Antakshari elims. The Rock Show will be at 2100 hrs. on the 13th. Then we disperse.

24th Dec. 1992. It is 2100 hrs. and the co-ordinators are busy in the G.S. room, discussing options to

provide a cover for the quadrangle which is going to be the venue for all the performing arts events. We decide that the Rock Show has to be cancelled due to a combination of circumstances and to have a fashion show instead. Also, the design for the SPACE '93 publicity posters is finalised.

We learn that the parents of Ganesh Balamitran, one of the co-ordinators, have gone out of station for a long stay and have been kind enough to leave the house under our 'care'. So now we have another "SPACE Office".

4th Jan. 1993. The schedule is getting more and more hectic as the time for launch into 'SPACE' draws closer-day by day, hour by hour. The festival preparations have begun to spread and the event organisers and volunteers have fallen victims to it. Event organisers have started planning their schedules.

25th Jan. 1993. The invitation brochures and posters for SPACE '93 are in the process of being printed. It is two o'clock in the night and we are in the living room of the house under our 'care'. Venkatesh is explaining the scheme for distribution of invitation cards and posters to various colleges.

After that we have so called 'food' cooked by amateur cooks amongst us and go to sleep.

28th Jan. 1993. The publicity campaign has reached its peak. Enthusiastic SPACE messengers from S.P.C.E. have travelled all over the city conveying invitations to colleges, sticking posters and putting up banners. Now it is night time and we are at Ganesh's house. After the regular reporting of the progress made during the day, we are leaving for Andheri Station with a thick bunch of posters and bottles of glue, to spend the night sticking posters in local trains.

5th Feb. 1993. We are in the G.S. room. It is 22:00hrs. Gautam is explaining the plan of the security arrangement in the quadrangle. Ganesh has already explained the scheme of reception and the related co-ordination procedure. Now we proceed to Ganesh's house to sleep.

11th Feb. 1993. Time 1330 hrs. As I enter the college, I see a beautiful rangoli of yellow and white flowers in the centre of the main passage to which the college gate opens. A nice welcome to SPACE '93.

At 1530 hrs. Principal Dr. J.V.N. Rao has inaugurated the festival by lighting a lamp and the inauguration ceremony has started off with the notes of *suswagatam* followed by a classical dance recital and instrumental performances by SPCEites. The first competition which everyone here in SPACE is witnessing is the Antakshari. So finally we are in orbit and the SPACE '93 journey has begun. It's 1900 hrs. and the first day in SPACE is over. Now it is getting quieter as only a few volunteers remain in the quadrangle. Night has fallen. As the volunteers checked the safety of the ramp constructed for the fashion show, it was found very weak. Immediately, a special squad of volunteers from the college hostel has started working to construct a new, sturdy ramp. The other tired volunteers are watching a film on the T.V. set kept in the G.S. room and some others sleep on the stage, covering themselves with, guess what? 'SPACE '93 banners'!

12th Feb. 1993. Today the grip of SPACE mania is complete. I can see the cream from over 40 colleges all over Bombay running from Sun to Saturn and from Mercury to Mars. (the names of venues for different events). Wherever I see, I find SPACE loving guys and girls having a nice time in this galaxy of competitions. The atmosphere in SPACE is charged with excitement. The spirit of recreation and celebration has spread throughout the campus.

The biggest venue - Jupiter (the quadrangle), where the musicals are in progress, is drawing the maximum crowd. The quizzes are in progress in different classrooms and the drawing halls of this engineering college are witnessing new types of drawing skills - those shown by the participants of the fine-arts competitions. The English J.A.M. has started with a little delay and the Ad-World is scheduled to start after two hours, followed by the SPACE SPACIAL.

The day has ended with the quadrangle resounding with music and applause generated by the performances for SPACE SPACIAL. Our special guests today were Shri Sudhakar Bokade for the SPACE SPACIAL and Shri Chandramohan Khanna for the Ad-World.

Now it is midnight and we are at Ganesh's house. Swaraj and Rajesh are explaining the security arrangements for tomorrow and the changes made in the arrangement for security during the Fashion Show.

At this moment, I am just waiting for the talk to get over and to go to sleep.

13th Feb. 1993. 0900 hrs. The pictorial finals are about to start, parallel with the Antakshari finals in the quad. The journey continues. Debate, Quizzes, Geetantar, Finger-painting, Personality contest and so many more events are keeping everyone including the judges and our special guests, busy enjoying every moment in SPACE '93. Our special guests today are Miss Archana Joglekar for Geetantar and Miss Pallavi Joshi and Shri Deepak Tijori for the Fashion Show.



"... and the next contestant hoping to become Miss Universe ..."

It is 1730 hrs. The P.C. has just got over. The college now looks like a fortress with only the volunteers inside and the crowd queuing up outside for the Fashion Show. It is 1830 hrs. After gradual entry of the crowd into the quad, the fashion show has now started. Exuberance and celebration of SPACE '93 has reached the climax with cheers filling the air as the crowd watches the Bold and the Beautiful doing the catwalks. Enchanting beauties, magnificent costumes and rousing music - the perfect combination to mark the conclusion of SPACE '93.

This is Hemang Raval reporting for SPACE '93 from the SPACE campus."

We thank Shri M.M. Kulkarni for all the co-operation he has extended, in the capacity of staff member in-charge, in organising SPACE '93. We thank Mrs. M.U. Gokhale for the interest she has shown and the kind and helping hand she has offered in organising various events at SPACE '93.

We are proud of those many zealous faces which were active at the backstage all the time to make sure that all went well. It was because of their sincere efforts, that our plans have borne fruit. I thank them all, with all my heart. They deserve the credit of such a success more than anyone. Thank you friends, thanks a lot.

*Here is a List of our winners at various inter-collegiate festivals
all over Bombay in the year 1992-93.*

AARAMBH '92 (T.N.M.C.)

English Debate	: SHAISHAV DHARIA - (1st)
	GAUTAM CHARI - (3rd)
Finger painting	: RANBIR SINGH - (1st)
CASINO QUIZ	: ABHIJIT DEY, DILISH NAMBIAR, NIKHIL MHAPANKAR - (2nd)
Western Solo	: PRAVIN NATH - (3rd)
Dumb Charades	: KRISHNAN S.V., PRASHANT PRABHUDESAI, PRAVIN NATH - (3rd)
Pictionary	: KRISHNAN S.V., PRASHANT PRABHUDESAI, PRAVIN NATH - (3rd)



*Pravin Nath T.E. (M)
Star Performer in Inter-Collegiate Festivals*

ASHWAMEDH '92 (L.T.M.C.)

Sports Quiz	: KEDAR NIGUDKAR, NIKHIL MHAPANKAR, V. VENKATESH - (1st)
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AAVISHKAR '93 (G.S. Medical College).

HIEROGLYPHICS	: KRISHNAN S.V., MAHESH BALANI, PRASHANT PRABHUDESAI, PRAVIN NATH - (1st)
CHEHREN	: WAHID SHEIKH - (2nd)
English Elocution	: SHAISHAV DHARIA - (2nd)
English Extempore	: SHAISHAV DHARIA - (2nd)
English debate	: ANAND BHATIA, SHAISHAV DHARIA - (2nd)
G.K. Quiz	: ANAND BHATIA, HARSHAD AWASARE - (2nd)

EUPHORIA '93 (N.M.I.M.S.)

DUMB CHARADES	: KRISHNAN S.V., PRASHANT PRABHUDESAI, PRAVIN NATH - (1st)
JAM	: PRAVIN NATH - (2nd) P.M. VENKATESH - (3rd)
PRESS CONFERENCE	: P.M. VENKATESH - (2nd)

ALCHEMY '93 (U.D.C.T.)

CHITRAHAAR	: SHARAD SONONE - (2nd)
AUDIO VISUAL QUIZ	: KRISHNAN S.V., PRAVIN NATH RAHUL PADHYE - (1st)
PASSWORD	: PRASHANT PRABHUDESAI, GANESH BALAMITRAN - (1st)
ANTAKSHARI	: NILESH SAWANT RAHUL PADHYE - (2nd)
CONNEXIONS	: KRISHNAN S.V., PRASHANT PRABHUDESAI, PRAVIN NATH - (2nd)
HIEROGLYPHICS	: HEMANT GANDHI, KEDAR NIGUDKAR, SANTOSH IYER - (2nd)
DUMB CHARDES	: PRASHANT PRABHUDESAI, PRAVIN NATH P.M. VENKATESH - (3rd)

MOOD INDIGO '93 (I.I.T.)

DUMB CHARADES	: KRISHNAN S.V., PRASHANT PRABHUDESAI, PRAVIN NATH - (2nd)
CLUE TIME	: PRASHANT PRABHUDESAI, KRISHNAN S.V. - (3rd)

SPORTS ROUND-UP

TEAM OF ORGANIZERS 1992-93

Sports Secretary : P.M. Venkatesh

EVENT

EX-OFFICIO

CRICKET

Prof. A.S. Chavan

INDOOR GAMES

Prof. D.Y. Joshi

OUTDOOR GAMES

Prof. C.S. Nerurkar

GYMNASIUM

Prop. R.G. Bhat

SECRETARY

Shailesh Saple,
Anil Visavale

Table-Tennis :

Anuj Garg,
Francis D'Souza

Carrom :

Kiran Ghanekar
Ashish Kawde

Badminton :

Asit Karapurkar

Athletics :

Simon Serrao
Ameeta Gandhi

Volleyball :

Digesh Patel

Football :

Dolphy Dias

Shailesh Saple

"We have to start in right earnest resuming all the work left incomplete." This was the prophecy echoed by the team and we knew that we had 'miles to go' before we could sleep.

The sports activities were held in the II term and we decided to start with the most favourite game of an Indian i.e. CRICKET.

A brief resume of the events held and awards won are given below:

CRICKET:

If music be the food of love, cricket is definitely the food for SPCEites and even the professors could not resist witnessing the action!

"Defeat is the test of the great man. Your true general is not he who rides to triumph on the tide of an easy victory, but the one who, when crushed to earth, can bend himself to the task of planning methods of rising again." - P.G. Wodehouse.



P. M. Venkatesh T.E. (M)
Sports Secretary

The B.E. (Elec.) team led by the Ex-Sports Secretary Mr. Kishore Kerlikar exemplified this perfectly. A team which had lost in the first round in the last three years, struck the right chords and won the finals and finished runners-up despite match-winning performances by Rajesh Palwankar, Vishal Phulpaghar, Shailesh Saple and Abhijit Indap. The T.E. (Elec.) team finished third with some good batting and bowling performances from Vinod Pawar and Jitendra Jain.

Due to his superlative batting and bowling performance, Amit Sutha of B.E. (Elec.) was awarded the title "PLAYER OF THE TOURNAMENT." The inter-year season ball cricket tournament

was won by B.E. They defeated the F.Es by 92 runs in the finals. With 35 overs a side, the scores were:
B.E. : 224 FOR 4 (Amit.S-99, Nikhil.R-64, Nirmal.A-48)
F.E. : 132 ALL OUT.



Amit Sutha B.E. (E)
'Player of the Tournament'

Our college team was distinctly unlucky being unable to participate in the Inter-collegiate cricket tournament as the schedule clashed with the exams.

ATHLETICS :

SPCEites have always been keen athletes. The wide range of events held and the large number of participants stand testimony to this fact.

Anil Nerurkar of B.E. (Civil) was awarded the "BEST ATHLETE OF THE YEAR" prize for his performances in the 100m, 200m, 400m, 800m, 4x100m (Relay), 4x400m (Relay) and he wrested this honour from three times title-holder Jitendra Joshi of B.E. (Elec.) who could not participate owing to a foot injury. The results at a glance:

100m	200m	400m
1. Mandar Thakurdesai	1. Anil Nerurkar	1. Anil Nerurkar
2. Satej Dharia	2. Satej Dharia	2. Satej Dharia
3. Anil Nerurkar	3. Pankaj Mohite	3. Ama Paloh
800m	4x100m (Relay)	4x400m (Relay)
1. Deepak Khatri	1. Satej Dharia	1. Satej Dharia
2. Satej Dharia	Mandar Thakurdesai	Anil Nerurkar
3. Subramaniam Shastry	Anil Nerurkar	Ama Paloh
	Santosh Patil	Santosh Patil
	2. Deepak Khatri	2. Deepak Khatri
	Abhijit Indap	Sanjesh Choudhary
	Vineet Pai	Vijay Kamble
	Vijay Kamble	Vineet Pai

Long Jump : Vijay Kamble (I), Mandar Thakurdesai (II), Satish Bhatavadekar (III).

Shot Put : Ama Paloh (I), Rajiv Nambiar (II), Deepak Khatri (III)

Javelin : Ama Paloh (I), Sitek Dungkeng (II), Shailesh Saple (III).



Anil Nerurkar B.E. (C)
'Best Athlete of the year'

Volleyball : The volleyball kit was improved intra-year volleyball tournament organised, the results of which a
Winners : B.E. Runners-up

Football : The Inter-Engg. football tournament could not be held owing to t and we did not get a chance to upon our Runners-up position.

Cycling : This was held as a part of and the track used was the ground. The honours went to:

1. Anil Nerurkar
2. Narayanan R.
3. Satej Dharia

Indoor Games:

One can foretell where the markets are headed the participation in the indoor games was beyond wildest expectations. The secretaries had a to finalising the draw and the seedings.

Table-Tennis: The college table-tennis team up a spirited performance in the Inter-collegiate tournament and reached the 3rd round where by a slender margin of 3 - 2. The team consisted of Anuj Garg, Mandar Thakurdesai, Frances D'Souza, Mihir Mehta.

The results of the intra-collegiate table-tennis tournament are as follows:

SINGLES : 1. Anuj Garg

2. Francis D'Souza

DOUBLES : 1. Anuj Garg and Ameet Chaudhary

2. Mihir Mehta and Shaishav

For the first time, an inter-class table-tennis tournament



Anuj Garg T.E. (M)
Star T.T. Performer

was held. The credit for making this possible goes to Francis D'Souza, and Anuj Garg. The results:

WINNERS: T.E. (Mech.):

Anuj Garg, Ameet Chaubal, and Vineet Pai.

RUNNERS - UP : T.E. (Elec.) : Vinod Pawar, Ashish Agashe and Nilesh Joshi

Carrom: The results of the inter-collegiate carrom tournament:

MENS' SINGLES: 1. Harshad Barve,
2. Ashish Kawde

MENS' DOUBLES: 1. Makarand Kalyankar and
Mahesh Sonawane
2. Ashish Agashe and Avadhoot Sahasrabuddhe

LADIES' SINGLES: 1. Rupal Mehta
2. Ashish Agashe and
Avadhoot Sahasrabuddhe

LADIES' SINGLES: 1. Rupal Mehta
2. Anuradha Srinivasan

MIXED DOUBLES: 1. Ashish Kawde and
Rupal Mehta
2. Ashish Agashe and
Anuradha Srinivasan

Kiran Ghanekar and Ashish Kawde deserve praise for the efficient organization of the Inter-collegiate carrom tournament at SPACE '93. The carrom equipment was totally renovated, new boards purchased and the wooden stands were replaced by metal ones. Our college team also participated at the inter-collegiate

carrom tournament and gave a creditable performance. The team comprised Ashish Agashe, Avadhoot Sahasrabuddhe, Suhas Deshpande and Kiran Ghanekar.



"They're mostly for golf. This one's from the wife for staying home three weekends to paint the house!"

I am really grateful to the Ex-officios for their constant support and co-operation. I would personally like to thank all of them and also my fellow college-mates Shailesh Saple, Hemang Raval, Francis D'Souza and Anuj Garg who helped me at every turn to overcome all obstacles. But we will still suffer from the ignominy of not having been able to organize a chess and a badminton tournament, and an athletics tournament for girls. Looking at the enthusiasm and the fiercely competitive spirit of the participants, I can definitely vouch for the credo shared by SPCEites and the basket ball star 'Magic' Irwin Johnson:

"Winning isn't everything. It is the only thing!"

P.M. Venkatesh
T.E. (Mech)
Sports Secretary.

It is better to run back than to run wrong.

.... Ovid

Kanishk

CAMPUS SURVEY WHEN A CITY RAN RIOT...



6th December, 6th January... these two days will be branded on the memory of Indians forever; the hellfires that raged throughout the streets burnt out every iota of the smug security that we Indians, especially Bombayites, had enjoyed in the post-independence era. The riots sparked off discussions in every nook and corner (our college being no exception).

"I just realized how different people are from me," one of our level-headed juniors, Devangi Sheth happened to mention during another one of those heated sessions. We wondered whether people were really so different from each other. Were contrary views really prevalent in a cross-section as small as that of our college? But wait... how far had the riots really impinged upon our lives? Or were they really confined to newspaper headlines and BBC news? Weren't we dismissed as the agnostic lot, as those who had shed ancient, traditional beliefs for a more pragmatic faster life where religion, prayer, etc. had no place? Could we, then, take an intense stand on an issue which had a communal basis? We were curious to know what our fellow college-mates had to say about the entire issue. Rather than jump to armchair conclusions, we decided to ferret out thoughts...

Since these inhuman acts had been committed in the name of religion, the first thing we wanted to know was, "Does religion play a role at all in the everyday life of a SPCEite?" We did come up with some questions, but they proceeded to dampen our enthusiasm by dismissing our venture as a sheer waste of time; but of course, the response was quite heartening. 90% of the students interviewed prayed daily to help improve their concentration and attain peace of mind. Most believed that God was a supernatural force that governed the entire universe and acted as the conscience of mankind. They weren't specific about the place of worship, some did not even feel the need of an idol. Anuradha Srinivasan puts it, "An idol gives form to the abstract idea that is God. It is so tangible, especially for the common man." I practised religion as a science. She felt some restrictions like drinking boiled water, abstaining from eating underground roots, etc. had a scientific basis. Hozefa Bilaspurwala and Amit Sutha both spoke in favour of Nature. The latter opined, "Whenever I see a beautiful flower, I feel that it is God's creation." A few sheepishly admitted to seeking solace in religion in times of need, e.g. examinations. Matthew...

kunne justified his attitude. "I go to Him only in dire circumstances. As it is, He has enough people troubling Him all the time!"

The overall mood thus seemed to be anti-casteist and secular, admitting the existence of God as a divine agency, whatever each conceived Him to be. If this were the case, why did India see yet another bloody chapter of communalism? If a small cross-section of our young generation felt the way it did, how had it reacted to the crazy, gruesome massacres in the worst riot-torn winter we've ever had? We decided to probe a little further...

There were a few extreme opinions like those of Chaitanya Deshmukh and Hemang Raval who justified the riots saying that they provided an effective means of driving an important point home. They felt that the minority communities had enjoyed extra privileges and needed to be put back in their place. Prashant Prabhudesai opined that a uniform civil code could act as a deterrent to further communal hostility. What seemed reassuring was that while a sizeable few like Jayant Deshpande justified the underlying principle of the riots, they did not justify the means. However, a majority of the students were against them because they had claimed the lives of scores of innocent people and had involved unnecessary bloodshed. What rankled most was that they were part of a political gimmick that was blown out of proportions; and most students bewailed the fact that they had brought commercial life in important metropolitan cities like Bombay to a screeching halt, and drained the nation's already exhausted coffers. The most disturbing reaction came from Prashant Prabhudesai who justified the riots only half-way by remarking, "They should not have taken place as the economy was hit. Property should not have been destroyed, the killings would have been effective enough." Rather cold-blooded, isn't it?

Since there were so many contradictory opinions among our so-called educated students, we wondered if education had influenced their line of thinking in any way. Most attributed their outlook (secular or otherwise) to their upbringing or their environment. Few like Hemang and Prashant admitted that they too had succumbed to the frenzy generated by power-hungry politicians.

They had taken an extremist stand after the Ayodhya incident. Contrary to this, Hozefa felt that our education had an adverse effect on secularism, "What Shivaji did was no different from most regional leaders of that era. But Akbar governed a larger empire. His ways of administration, revenue system etc. were so efficient that they are still very much in practice even today. Yet our history textbooks devote just one chapter to Akbar while we spend two years studying Shivaji."

Whatever the cause, whatever the means, a week after the riots, Bombay, true to its spirit, tottered back to its feet. Now that people were back to their old, cosmopolitan routine, we wondered if it would ever be the same between friends, belonging to different faiths? Most felt that religion, caste, creed did not come in the way of their friendship. Anuradha was more concerned about her friends who belonged to minority communities as their lives are endangered in this unstable state of the country. Some like Jayant and Suraj Suravkar are against narrow-minded instruction; however, they have close friends of other faiths. One of the finest examples of such friendship was witnessed in our college itself, when all the boys of the S.E. Civil class pooled in to buy a bicycle for one of their friends who had lost his own in the riots.

However, Hozefa felt that the discrimination would always remain even in places of work and business, which is why he has been seriously considering emigration.

The fires have now dimmed. Public memory, they say, is short. Apart from ridiculous claims by some stubborn parties and groups for the disputed site, nothing is left of the holocaust. But the embers still glow. You might feel we are raking up the cinders. But the fact still remains that although the serpent of communalism sleeps, it may rear its ugly head any day and time. We haven't taken any definite or rigid stands in this survey, only presented you with a range of views. We leave you to judge, infer and conclude.

Deepa Pai and
Divya Narayan
S. E. (Elec)

S.P.C.E'S Believe it or Not!!

Starting coincidences are very often shrugged off as a mere quirk of fate and are not taken very seriously. But sometimes one is compelled to accept them as reality especially when they confront you thrice in a row!! It so happens that the Class Representatives of a particular Electrical Batch have shared the same roll no 22 for three consecutive years! So much so that this class has become superstitious about this particular number and is eagerly awaiting the final roll call to see who has the fateful number this year! In case you think 'Disha' made this one up, here are the gory details:

F. E. (E) : Ganesh Balamitran,
S. E. (E) : Jitendra Jain,
T. E. (E) : Asit Karapurkar



THESE HUMANS MUST BE CRAZY!

The peaceful calm of the celestial world was shattered!! One could see Devas and Apsaras commuting between the abodes of Vishnu and Shiva. Every face wore a worried look as if awaiting some terrible calamity. It was as if every being was aware of the impending doom.

All eyes were trained on a tiny speck in the Milky Way where uproarious scenes were being enacted. This was no mean mayhem. The very fate of the Gods was being decided by the earthlings and the suspense was killing them (just a figurative term). Until this fateful day, the Gods in heaven had been a jolly lot. Heaven had been truly heavenly with a lot of Nectar flowing freely. Everything had been truly right with the universe.

But with the arrival of Babris and Janmabhoomis, (writer's license) the whole of heaven turned topsy turvy. The words Ram! Ram! Ram! echoed through the three worlds. This colourful drama was being enacted in India and the bone of contention was a strip of land. A very distinguished panel was present with each member fighting for his claim over the land. The proceedings are brought to you live:

M.J. Murli, the mega-star of the Bharatiya Jhamela Party begins with an earth-shattering rendition of Har-Har Mahadev which distinctly has Lord Shiva squirming on his tiger-skin.

Atul Behari Bagpipe blows the Jhamela party trumpet and declares war on all pseudo-secularists.

If Jhamela is here can "Cankorous" be far behind?

Mr. Meera Ka Mohan Singh comes up with a brilliant solution to the issue:

Meera ka M.: Sell off Ram Janmabhoomi to the Bank of England and settle the balance of payments.

The ever dapper Devi of Dynasty fame: Disneyland is the need of the hour. This world has known only two great truths-Dynasty and Disneyland. Let's make a Disneybhoomi. (By now, it has become everyone's pet project).

Scintillating Scindia sighs: "If only our cricket team got this land, there would be no need for a Pacific Ocean. Our own Sarayu would be adequate enough."

One voice interposes: I've got a better idea. How about a Buddhist temple here?

Angry voices hush it up.

Another voice pipes up: "I have the Pawar! I need this land to play my power games."

Satish Sharma: C'mon Man, cool it! We need another "Doon" here.

Bal the Tiger: Let's build a Memorial for Godse.

Saudagar Subhash: Jaani! I need this land to show our own desi Rambo the Rambhakt.

Simmering Man: Now that I've seen this, I've seen everything. I still tell you, call the U.N and settle Ram tamasha.

ULFA (suppressing a yawn): Boy! What a bore! Call me a kidnapping or two anyway.

Vellupillai Prabhakaran: It's a Mad Mad Mad World. To think that people can actually talk!! A bomb is what you need; then we have neither a Babri nor Janmabhoomi.

Narasimha: Ram alone knows what's on. L.K. Advani to M.M.J.: Heh! Murli, have you noticed something? We happen to have Names that call for a change in strategy. Forget this Ram who's getting to be a bit of a drag; let's have a bit for "O Krishna, you are the greatest musician of this world." M.M.J.'s face lights up with a devilish gleam and he yells, "Krishna Janmabhoomi is my birthright and I shall have it. This has Tilak shuddering in his grave. Up in heaven the atmosphere is so tense, that one could have killed it with a knife. The celestials look expectantly to Ram who smiles his trademark smile and just waves with a nonchalant hand. Down on earth one tiny speck is hit by lightning and lox and behold! There is Ayodhya!! Murli is left spluttering with his clarion. Ram chuckles to himself. He's had the last laugh.

Anurag
T. E.

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE GROUP.../ARTIST.../NUMBER?

INXS : They are a bit too much.
AIR SUPPLY : They are just a lot of GAS
THE BEATLES : They bug me
AC/DC : They are shocking!
THE DOORS : They are all shut up
BLACK SABBATH : They darkened my Sunday
STING : How do you think I got this wound?

POLICE : They are out catching cro
13 AD : They are ancient
IRON MAIDEN : They are too rusty
DIRE STRAITS : They are in desperate tro
EUROPE : They are too outlandish
CREAM : It's too fattening
VANILLA ICE : He just melted
B.V. Krishna Shastry B.E.

THE GREEN HOUSE EFFECT AND THE OZONE CRISIS

Planet earth stands today on the brink of a crisis—a crisis which is popularly referred to as the 'greenhouse' effect. An uncontrollable increase in the quantity of greenhouse gases like CO₂, water vapour, methane, has resulted in the trapping of more and more of the sun's heat within the earth's atmosphere leading to global warming.

The concentration of CO₂ increased from the pre-industrial value of less than 300 ppm to 327 ppm in 1975. The total CO₂ present in the atmosphere today is estimated to be 25x10¹² tons, about 11% greater than the value before the industrial revolution. Deforestation and the burning of biomass leads to the increase of CO₂ (between 0.5 and 2.5 gigatonnes of carbon per year); deforestation in Latin America, itself, (the Amazon, for example) has been occurring at the rate of 11 million hectares per year and is expected to increase to 16 million hectares in the next hundred years.

The greenhouse effect became a policy issue in 1980 when the Government's council on Environmental Quality took serious note of reports on global warming and gained prominence in 1985 when Veerabhadran Raghavan and Ralph Cicerone announced that other gases would surpass CO₂ in contributing to an environmental disaster. The environmental Protection Association predicted a series of horrifying phenomena:

1. Rapid changes in climate would compel certain species to migrate or face extinction.
2. Crops in semi-arid regions would fail.
3. The mid-western farming belt would die out.
4. The number of days in which the daily temperature exceeds 100°F would increase from 1 day to 20 days in Canada.
5. Warming would also cause a sea-level increase of 12-20 feet by the year 2100.
6. A three feet rise could easily flood cities like Cairo and New Orleans. All the coastal areas on which half the world population lives would be subjected to flooding due to high tides and storms.

THE OZONE CRISIS :

In 1974, two chemists from the University of California, F. Sherwood Rowland and Mario Molina discovered that chlorofluorocarbons, the ubiquitous household chemicals that make up a million dollar industry worldwide

could rise slowly to the upper atmosphere and destroy the earth's fragile ozone layer which helps shield living beings from the sun's searing ultra-violet light. Chlorofluorocarbons, or CFCs are halogenated hydrocarbons which are widely used as aerosol spray propellents and refrigerants; in 1973 these were being produced at the rate of almost a million tonnes per year. The breakdown of CFCs by sunlight initiates a catalytic chain reaction in which one chlorine atom, like a monster Pacman gobbles up 10,000 or more ozone molecules turning them into impotent molecules of oxygen.



For 25 years, research efforts had not yielded anything substantial. Finally it was Joe Farman and a group of researchers, called the British Antarctic Survey Conveity who observed low ozone readings, year after year, in the Antarctic region. They were astounded to see that the sky seemed to be disappearing over the South Pole, revealing a gaping hole in the ozone layer. These readings showed a 40% loss of ozone in a period of 30 days.

The consequences of the depleting ozone layer are quite alarming. It can cause acute erythema, (sunburn) acute keratitis (snow blindness) cataract, skin cancer and other chronic ailments. The threat posed by the depleting ozone layer generated a series of government discussions and debates and finally in June 1975, Jhonson Wax, America's third largest manufacturer of aerosol sprays announced that it would stop using CFCs in its products, and in the same month Oregon became the first state to ban CFCs. In India, too, the Government has recently announced a series of replacements for the CFCs and plans to phase out CFCs by 2010.

But are these preventive measures sufficient to protect mankind from the harsh reality? Will man ever learn to protect nature and relish her worth, rather than relinquish it to meet his needs?

Iyer Subramaniam Narayanan
S. E. (Civil).

MAD-AD

On the container of a room freshener:-

Bring the clean natural fragrance of a country meadow indoors. Freshen the air with a clean, back-to-nature fragrance. As refreshing as the summer grass and fragrant flowers of a country meadow.

WARNING: Inhaling the contents can be harmful or fatal.

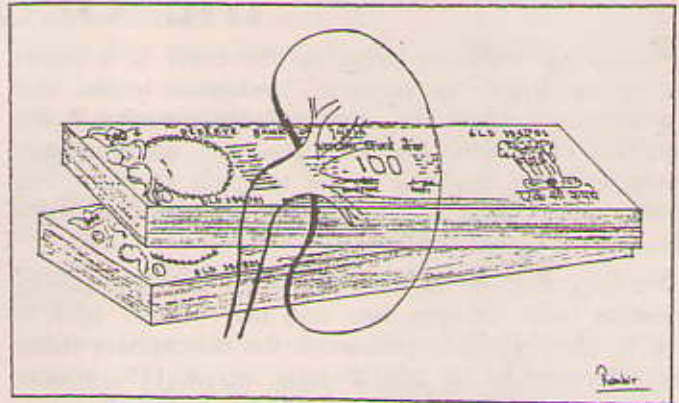
IN A QUANDARY

Ashutosh sat confused and kept staring at the ceiling above. His sister's wedding was on the cards; but the coffers were empty. After the demise of his father, he had, in a way, inherited this task. He spent sleepless nights over this complication..

One day, he packed his belongings and set out for the metropolis. Days passed and he retraced his steps. What transaction had taken place in the city, none of his family members knew, but the finances were ready: one lakh rupees. Like a responsible brother, he saw his sister's marriage through.

The very next year his mother took ill all of a sudden. The diagnosis revealed that a kidney had failed. Since there was compatibility between his mother and him, the doctors opined that his mother would survive if he could donate one of his kidneys to her. But, to the utter bewilderment of the doctors, the protagonist did not oblige! Filial love, they thought, was lacking in him. As ill-luck would have it, his mother passed away.

Some days later, Ashutosh's friend accused him of being the instrument of his mother's death. This accusation pained him. Later that night he wondered,



"If I hadn't parted with one of my kidneys to amass money for Pooja's marriage, I wouldn't have landed in such a quandary."

God forbid such occurrences, but if you were confronted with a similar one, how would you react?

G.E. Venkatesh
T.E. (Mech)

AS THE MIND FLIES.....

The sun had already set, leaving behind pitch black darkness. The girl waited restlessly at the bus stop glancing at her luminous watch dial at intervals. Her friend should have been there by now. He had promised to meet her after office hours at their regular place. Many buses came and lumbered past her. The last bus for the night still saw her waiting at the bus stop. Soon she was the only human being as far as she could strain her eyes. The minutes ticking by were long and painful. They brought fear with them. She wrapped her arms tightly around herself, ready for... for what? Ready for the bolt from the unknown!

Never before had she known such fear, but that day had been an eventful though disturbing one. At lunch, he had disclosed that he had had an argument with his superior for which he was likely to lose his job. He had been extremely upset about it, but refused to confide in her any further. The memory of their afternoon talk troubled her. She tried to picturise the sequence of events that must have taken place since he left her...

He must have gone back asking to be forgiven for his conduct earlier. But no! An apology and that too from a self-righteous person like him? Of course not!! He must have stormed into the office to justify his arguments and ended up having a worse verbal fight. They must nearly have come to blows. But, of course,

he was a person who believed in the power of words rather than physical strength. Unable to bear a show-down in front of his colleagues, he must have stormed out, conscious of every watchful and curious gaze. Stepping on the pedal, he must have driven off to get away from that accursed place, that office of his, and... must have met with an accident, driving as he was in that terrible state of mind. He could be serious, lying in a hospital, in a coma, with no doctor available to take charge of him, or he could be grievously injured, suffering from loss of blood and no blood available to match his.. as these thoughts trailed on, tears welled up in her eyes. She thought of taking a cab to the nearest hospital or police station to enquire about him.

Suddenly a cab pulled up beside her. Her eyes moist with tears, she got into it and ordered the driver, "Police station chalo". The driver asked, "Kahan?"

The voice sounded familiar. She looked up at the driver and tears streamed down her cheeks. It was he! She started to explain but her tears said everything. And he too understood!

Sonali Sheth
S. E. (Elec)

STAR STRUCK !

This article, written by Jitendra Joshi of B.E. (Elec), was published in the Nagpur Edition of the Indian Express.

Floored by the relentless onslaught of the satellite channels, the average Indian teenager finds himself exposed to an enticing world. But is it really as enticing as it seems?

Should you move around college campuses, canteens, bus stops or railway stations, you are likely to hear: "Did you watch MTV yesterday? Oh! whatta babe she was! I loved that scene."

Given that such comments are increasing day by day, one cannot help but wonder, 'Are they really interested in enjoying the music or is it the visuals that attract most viewers?' Many a reader may believe the issues raised in this write-up are meaningless. But I believe some soul-searching could do no harm.

In the impressionable age group between 10-21, the aping instinct is at its strongest. Whatever one watches or hears is imprinted on the mind and absorbed as ink by chalk. The trend nowadays, thanks to Western influences, is that our teenagers are becoming alienated from our cultural traditions, our classical art forms. They believe our own music is inferior to Western music. Do we want this kind of situation to spread like wildfire in the coming decades? This is exactly what STAR TV, especially MTV is going to do.

Given the 24 - hour bombardment by STAR TV, are we not conditioning ourselves to a Western ethos? The music being beamed constantly on MTV promotes, if I may speak blatantly, sex, violence and misogamy. The focus in most songs is on sex or violence. The Indian middle class is very stringent where its moral values are concerned. DD, I'm sure, subjects its telecast matter to elaborate censorship to suit a fair section of the Indian population. All this has been wiped off in one shot with the arrival of STAR TV.

Don't you think it has vulgarised music, which must be soothing and melodious as our music definitely is. Our music is like mathematics; one has to make an initial effort to understand it to extract real joy from it. Even before making this initial effort, teenagers (as also many others) condemn it. The demand for discos and rock music is on the rise exponentially, while classical music and dance face a steady decline. M.S. Subbalakshmi's Suprabhatam is replaced by George Michael's Too Funky.

Walk into any college festival... "Malhar", "Aarambh"... and you will find the young aping the West with considerable success whether it's Western dance, mock rock or fashion shows. Where do you think the ideas come from?

STAR TV brings into living rooms a totally unfamiliar life-style which is antithetical to our own. As a result a teenager is exposed to two different worlds - the world in which she or he must survive and another world which promises unbridled freedom.

What sort of an impression will this create on gullible and impressionable young minds? The glamour and high standard of living they see will make them more frustrated. Little wonder then that many would like to have such standards at any cost - that's important - "at any cost."

Many discussions on STAR TV - on homosexuality, rape, AIDS etc., - are painfully frank and explicit. One agrees that knowledge of these is desirable but not in young innocent children in the 10- 15 age group.

Receiving a STAR telecast at home is considered a status symbol. And if you don't watch it today, you will be the odd man out during the discussions which will take place on the morrow in various colleges and schools. A teenager today watches TV for three to four hours a day; STAR TV has further boosted his interest. With 24 hours of entertainment, peaceful moments of introspection, and a sharing of thoughts have become a thing of the past. There is lack of interest even in extra-curricular activities like sports, drawing and painting, hiking, etc., leave alone curricular activities.

It is not unusual to find playgrounds and parks - once overcrowded - sparsely occupied today. Teachers complain that children feel sleepy and lethargic in the classroom as they watch TV late into the night.

Today's children are tomorrow's citizens; tomorrow's leaders, musicians, artists, and scientists are now being shaped. If this trend continues, India will produce Michael Jacksons and Madonnas and not the likes of Bhimsen Joshi and M. S. Subbalakshmi.

I remember a lesson in class x: "Fiji - Bharat se door ek chhota Bharat." A hundred years later, the book may include another lesson: "India -US se door ek bada US."

Do we want this to happen? It's for us to decide.

*Jitendra Joshi
B.E. (Elec.)*

THE ENGLISH WE SPEAK...

The other day an elderly neighbour of mine dropped in to tell mom about how dirty our backside was!! he also wanted to know if anything could be done about this. You can very well imagine how shocked and flabbergasted she was on hearing this. It was only later, that she actually realised what he meant - namely, that the backyard of the building was in a mess!!

We Indians display a remarkable talent for misusing English words, the overall effect of which is very humorous.

There was this friend of mine, I remember, who could not figure out for the life of her, the difference between the words "bought" and "brought". So she used to go about explaining that she had 'bought' her baby and the like.

Who hasn't heard of the common phrase of "onning" and "offing" the fan? Some of these abusers of the English language even go a step further by ordering others to "open the fan". God forbid the person who takes these words as Gospel truth and actually opens the fan-he will probably electrocute himself!

And who hasn't heard of some of our friends "taking their lunch" Where they are "taking it" is anyone's guess! Is it too difficult for them to say that they are eating or having their lunch?

Then there was this friend of mine who asked me what I was doing for 'NIVEA'. Surprised, I questioned her as to what she meant. Apparently she wanted to know what I was doing for NEW YEAR. Politely, I answered and then asked her what she was going to wear for New Year. To this, she answered that her dress was to be a "strappy" affair. After hearing this, you can just imagine my state when I saw her

at the New Year Ball with a "stripped" dress and no straps whatsoever.

Then there are those who, although they get their words right, make a mess of their pronunciation. This reminds me of a joke told about us Indians. It goes like this.. What does an Indian mean when he says "his son has gone in States"? No friends, don't turn green with envy! What he simply means is that his son has failed in 'Stats' (Statistics).



"Why don't yer never get good English reports what would make your mum and I glad?"

Memories come flooding back to me, of this teacher we had in school. One day in the course of his lecture he happened to ridicule us about how easily we get "embraced" Tell me, with pronunciations like these wouldn't one get embarrassed?

Collegians have made their own contributions to the English language. In an effort to outdo our English speaking counterparts abroad, you will find quite a few of them hurling round abusive language "f's" and "b's" flowing wildly about. Hold it! There's no fight! I guess it's just their way of showing their love and affection for one another. Of course, when there is actually a fight it gets much worse. Girl students on the other

hand go to the opposite extreme of calling all and sundry their 'sweethearts', 'darlings' and the like.

Well, my friends, I really would go on and on, but my old, persistent neighbour is back, along with a plumber, and wants to do something about our backside. Since Mom isn't at home, and since he needs my help I'd better oblige-don't you think so?

Deepak Rodricks
T. E. (Elec)

FUMBLERULES:

Don't use no double negatives.

Verbs has to agree with their subjects.

Proof-read carefully to see if you any words out.

Take the bull by the hand and avoid mixed metaphors.

Never, ever use repetitive redundancies.

If I have told you once, I have told you a million times, resist Hyperbole.

If you re-read your work, you will find on re-reading that a great deal of repetition can be avoided by re-reading and editing.

Write all adverbial forms correct.

Avoid colloquial stuff.

Always check your spilling.

Last but not the least avoid cliches like the plague; seek viable alternatives.

Compiled by
Nikhil Mhapankar
S. E. (Mech)

QUALITY CULTURE IN INDIA

It is prime time for Indian producers to understand the implications of quality products. World markets are becoming more and more demanding on quality. With stiff challenges from international competitors, Indian producers must not only retain their present share in the international market, but boost exports by entering newer markets and increasing their market share. India already has the cost advantage due to its intensive low-cost labour base and ability to absorb state-of-the-art technology; if it could only vouch for quality, it could be a leader in the field.

The Japanese have taken the world by storm through their products, which guarantee quality and functional reliability to the specified standards. The products stand out in terms of reliability, adapting to consumer requirements, cost effectiveness and aesthetics. Quality control is practised in each and every activity of the manufacturing process chain. The underlying logic is not to allow any fault to be carried forward into the subsequent process chain, but to facilitate detection and rectification of faults at source, instead of the end-of-the-line detection. The product has either to be discarded or subjected to reprocessing, thereby permitting saving on precious man power, material and time. Every segment in the manufacturing process chain must regard the next segment (next user department in the process chain) as its customer, and the material passed for further processing must meet all the quality requirements and specifications of the user segment, so much so that there should be no necessity by the user segment to countercheck.

In addition to Quality Assurance described above, most of the Japanese companies have perfected the Just-in-time (JIT) inventory concept, which was first introduced by Japanese auto manufacturers. JIT calls for co-operation between suppliers and manufacturers. India was first exposed to JIT in the mid '80s, when Maruti Udyog brought in the Japanese style of manufacturing and management. The company is largely an assembly unit equipped with a press, weld, assembly and paint shops. About 75 percent of its components worth about Rs. 1000 crores are bought outs. It has brought in the JIT concept of integrating vendors with its operations and has promoted suppliers like Jai Bharat Maruti for small sheet-metal pressed components, Mart Auto for fuel tank and panel parts, Machino Plastics for bumper, grill and dashboard etc. All are located within a 15 km. radius from the Maruti factory. The company tries to synchronise supplier's

processes with its own, and the vendors are looked upon as extensions of the company's own operations. These suppliers are made to produce quality products by following Quality Assurance (QA) procedures. What is required is that such Quality consciousness and better inventory control through vendor development, must extend to other industries.

The essence of Quality control (QC) can be summarised with the help of the following points:- The first step in QC is to know the requirements of the consumers.

One cannot define quality without knowing the cost.

Anticipate potential defects and complaints.

Always consider taking appropriate action. QC not accompanied by a action is mere equivocation.

An ideal state of QC is where control no longer calls for inspection.

This quality control is a thought revolution in management. If it is implemented companywide, it can contribute to the improvement of the company's corporate health and character. If a company follows the principle of quality first, its profits will definitely increase in the long run. The managements that emphasise quality first can gain the confidence of the customers step-by-step and the company's sales will improve gradually. But if a company's emphasis is on profit first, it may attain profit in the short term, but ultimately it fails to sustain its competitiveness. If the quality of conformance improves, defects become fewer and wastage is reduced.

A major step in establishing world-wide Quality Control is ISO-9000. This is a set of clauses which provide a framework for showing customers how you test products, train employees, keep records and fix defects. All these processes lead towards Quality Assurance. Du Pont, General Electric (GE), Eastman Kodak, British Telecom and Philips Electronics are among the big-shot companies that are urging or even coercing suppliers to adopt ISO-9000. Plastic business, for instance, commanded 340 vendors to meet the standards by June 1993. In India too, many industrialists have started understanding the importance of ISO-9000 and some of them are sincerely trying to adopt and implement QA procedures and trying for accreditation of ISO-9000.

Ashish N. Shah
T. E. (Mech)

Dialogue with a Computer

To be considered literate now, it is no longer sufficient to be good at the three R's. It also requires the skill of conversing with a computer.

... A. P. Alexandrov

THE SEXIST BIAS

As the rays of the sun lit the horizon, the rose-red dawn turned gleefully into a bright sunny morning. The mellifluous chirping of the birds was lulling me back to sleep. But on seeing the saffron sky through the window, my heart was lit anew with the fresh vigour and hope of a new day - a day at S.P.C.E! Little did I know that this castle of "hope" and fresh enthusiasm would soon collapse like a pack of cards under the onslaught of the waves of reality!

Anyway, I reached my destination and soon found myself sitting for the lectures, trying to get my nomadic mind to focus on the proceedings, but in vain. Then, to make the day more dismal, the sunny morning suddenly changed into a dark, rainy afternoon. The rains lashed with all their fury at 4:30 P.M. and seemed to mock my 'umbrellaless state'!

The hopeful seniors who waited to offer a lift to the F.E. damsels were unlucky as the latter had brought their umbrellas! Soon everybody had left and I was left stranded like a sailor on a marooned ship! I thought, "Why didn't I ask for a lift? So what if they are girls? They are my classmates too!" An inner voice quipped, "Asking for protection and that too under the same umbrella? That would be construed as sexual harassment!" Yes, alas, it would. So by not asking for a lift, I had made a wise decision. Perhaps the first wise decision I had ever made!

During those days, a terrible epidemic called "RAGGING" had spread like wildfire through all the F.E. classes and had already claimed a heavy toll. It sent shivers down the spine of those who still awaited their terrible fate-I too was awaiting my turn. But... but my female counterparts were immune to this disease! What was the wonder drug? Of course! "GENDER!" How naive I had been to have underestimated their strength! Yet I was recalcitrant - to accept such a defeat would have crushed my ego! My charisma would reign supreme in areas that needed brawn. But can anyone foretell the future?

Climbing up the steps of the workshop, my chest expanded with pride; "Yes, this was the arena where sex was to my advantage! This belief, to my mind, was gospel truth. But alas, I had spoken too soon.

I started working on my job-a battle had begun, a battle with a piece of wood which resisted all my efforts to give it a change of form; and another battle with an iron piece which only raised a hue and cry in the form of a high-pitched squeak, at my attempt to give it a face-lift! I was sweating, but my destination was nowhere in sight! I refused to be crushed, mustered all my strength and began working anew. I worked feverishly, totally oblivious to my surroundings.

On raising my head, I was stunned to see my arch-rivals racing ahead of me. The sight sent shock waves through my entire body! It was baffling to see the damsels winning the war, while I was still heaving and grumbling. So I decided to keep a close watch. The mystery soon unfolded. The alacrity with which they were being aided was really amazing! Suddenly the meaning of such newspaper headlines as "Israel wins the war with American aid" became clear. We were all groping for the same treasure in a dark tunnel - but with a slight difference. They had a torch in their hands, while I didn't. I had won the battle but lost the war! From then on, the word "weak" was effaced from my memory and was replaced by "stronger". Yes, the Stronger Sex! My grey cells were getting wiser every minute - thanks to S.P.C.E! The meaning of the phrase "more equal" not to be localised in the lexicon, was discovered in the corridors of my own college!

Reflecting upon the past events, I thought, "Would have been better, if I had been a? The machauvinist within me suddenly woke up. The wounded lion rose to his feet. The ambivalence of my feelings just vanished into thin air!

Nevertheless, with a deep breath and a heavy heart I walked back to a male-dominated society. The phrase "male-dominated" lingered in my mind, with a heavy question-mark.

Chaitanya Deshmukh
T. E. (C)

Editor's Note: This magazine does not necessarily subscribe to the views of the above author. Queries, if any, should be directed to the author himself.

FINE DISTINCTIONS:

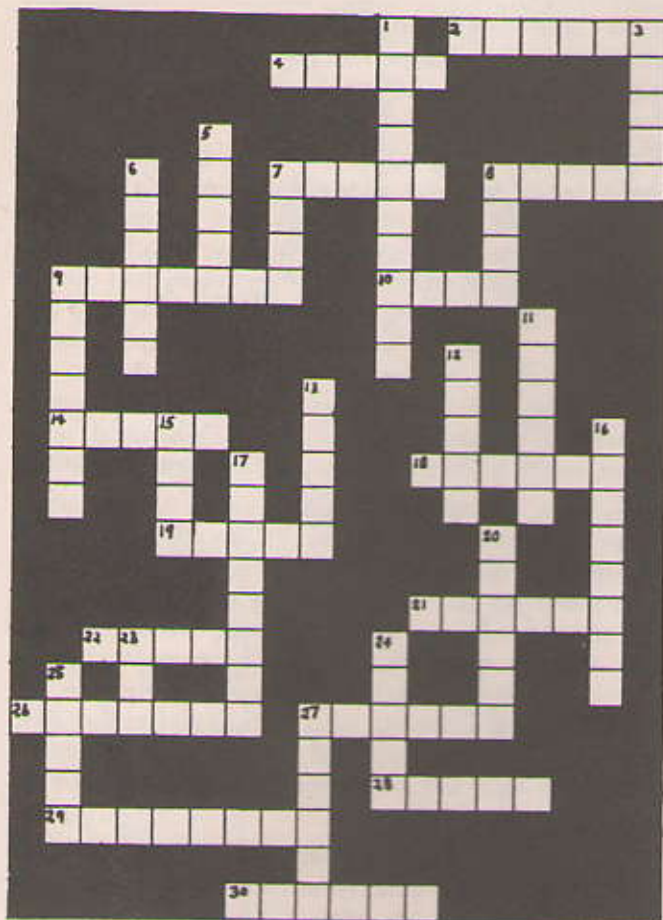
The difference between "conscious" and "conscience" is that when you are conscious you are aware of something and conscience is when you wish you weren't.

Parents spend a fortune on their children's education and another fortune on their teeth. The difference is, the kids use their teeth.

Utility is when you have one telephone; luxury is when you have two, opulence is when you have three, paradise when you have none.

LASSWORD

So you thought you knew them all, didn't you? Try cracking this "Lassword" based on the names of S.P.C.E. girls, and see for yourself !



ACROSS

2. The full moon shines for ever
4. Are you her pal?
7. Divine aid is very helpful
8. This freshe brings a mist along with her
9. Cassius Clay's punches Keep you far down.
10. Night personified, near you
14. The Dentist in Van Halen
18. In the picture!!
19. The friend from Bhai's Class!
21. See the transform of I moan.
22. No limits to the roses one can get
26. The golden girl from Bandra
27. She knocks the peace out of you
28. The luminous Volcano, has a lucky jaw, perhaps
29. The Aashiqui girl is not related to Krishna's consort
30. We are in the exuberant singing concert

DOWN

1. This lucky girl has nothing to do with the abode of snow
3. She sends you to cloud six
5. She is light in both ways
6. O'oonchi heel waali tera naam to bataa
7. The civilised goddess
8. All that glitters is not gold
9. This King's circle girl is a part of God.
11. Bachelor for twelve episodes and then...
12. If she had a M.E., what is she doing here?
13. This page is a part of the famous shopping complex
15. Bee mixed with A-ha is just electrifying
16. Some relation of the big bull, maybe?
17. Why shall I sing the best?
20. Linear Variation is a chinese cousin.
23. O, mother !!!
24. Are you number four?
25. Whose line is it anyway?
27. This fashion queen is no Lisa Ray.

Answers on page 29

Created by
Krishnan S.V., Prashant Prabhudesai
T. E. (Mech)

A woman has to work twice as hard as a man to be considered half as good. Fortunately it's not so hard.
Anon.

A MORALE BOOSTER

If you are experiencing the blues, if your spirits are in the dumps, your enthu has touched an all - time nadir, and everything is generally out of sync, then here is a quick egotrip to dispel those clouds of gloom...

Out of all the students appearing for the 10th std. exams, about 30% manage to clear them. Out of these, approximately 30% opt for the Science stream in Junior college i.e. 9% of the total take up Science. Out of these students who go on to appear for their HSC exams, about 40% clear them i.e. a small 3.6% of the total. Now only 1% of these choose Engineering i.e. a minute 0.036%. Out of these budding engineers, only 6% are lucky enough to secure admission in S.P.C.E. That makes the figure 2.16×10^{-3} out of the original sum. And you are in this miniscule group. After a few more elementary calculations, we arrive at the fact that any S.P.C.Eite is one amongst 46,300 students approximately. Now that is an achievement and you had better be proud of it! You are much luckier than 46,299 souls, definitely a heartening thought!

P.S: All figures mentioned above are approximate and not authentic (NOT total yarns either!!)

P.P.S: All complaints, queries and clarifications should be kept to yourself, please. I myself am a very confused person by now.

Nikhil Mhapankar
S. E. (Mech)

SHOULD INDIA PARTICIPATE IN MAJOR SPORTING EVENTS?

When the Russian came home, he said to his wife
"Darling, I brought you a gold medal."

When the American came home, he said to his wife,
"Darling, I brought you a silver medal."

When the German came home, he said to his wife,
"Darling, I brought you a bronze medal."

When the Indian came home, he said to his wife,
"Darling, I brought you a colour television, a VCR
and a Sony two-in-one."

The personal baggage of the 85 - member contingent was overweight by 980 kilograms. Because, inspite of their utterly pathetic performance in the Montjuic stadium, the Indian contingent had an absolute ball in the shopping plazas of Barcelona. And all at the expense of a nation of 800 million starving people.

Lost at Los Angeles, shamed in Seoul, and bust in Barcelona. It is the same old story.

Can we blame our persistent debacle in the international arena on the lack of talent and lack of opportunity? This is very hard to believe. Even a small nation like Surinam has produced swimming champions; a poor nation like Cameroon has reached starry heights in international soccer, and South Africa has, inspite of sporting isolation for 20 years, managed to give the bookies a nightmare at the World Cup Cricket Tournament. All the success stories have one common factor. A sincere, dedicated and concerted effort to reach the top not only on part of the athletes but also on the part of the concerned officials. The most important cause of our recurrent sporting disaster can be found in the stranglehold that Indian officialdom has on Indian sports. How can a nation produce champions when people who have no qualifications call the shots, when sportsmen are terrified of protesting for fear of being victimised and when the governing bodies of Indian sports are in total disarray due to internal politics?

Twenty years ago, China was in the same plight as India is in today. Its performance was dismal in the International arena and the International Bureaucratic system was in total disarray.

At this juncture, the Chinese authorities decided to take a break from all international sporting activities and just concentrated on training their sportsmen and streamlining the hackneyed bureaucratic structure. After ten years of sporting isolation, they finally had sports- persons of world calibre. What followed is history and today it is a sporting powerhouse. If China could produce such a turnaround, why can't India do the same rather than waste valuable foreign exchange on International ventures whose only contribution is to further malign Mother India's already spoiled reputation?

Today it is possible for anyone to be a part of an Indian contingent that leaves its shores. One need not meet any qualifying requirements, or for that matter need not even play that sport. All he/she needs is a benevolent uncle who is the chairman of the governing body or a favourite cousin who happens to be the national selector. To prove my point, let me cite the case of Cawas Billimoria who participated in the Judo competition in Barcelona. He lost his bout in just 30 seconds. It took the authorities more time to spell his name!

What Indian sportspersons lack the most is the international expertise to coach them and modern infrastructure. But all this costs money and it can be easily obtained if we reduce our international visits.

'Sporting laurels are like the intricate embroidery that adorns the tapestry of a nation's pride.

We do not want this pride to be tarnished.

We do not want our taxpayers to be swindled.

We do not want yet another humiliating defeat at the hands of Pakistan.

Shaishav Dharia
S.E. (Mech)

WHAT FOR?

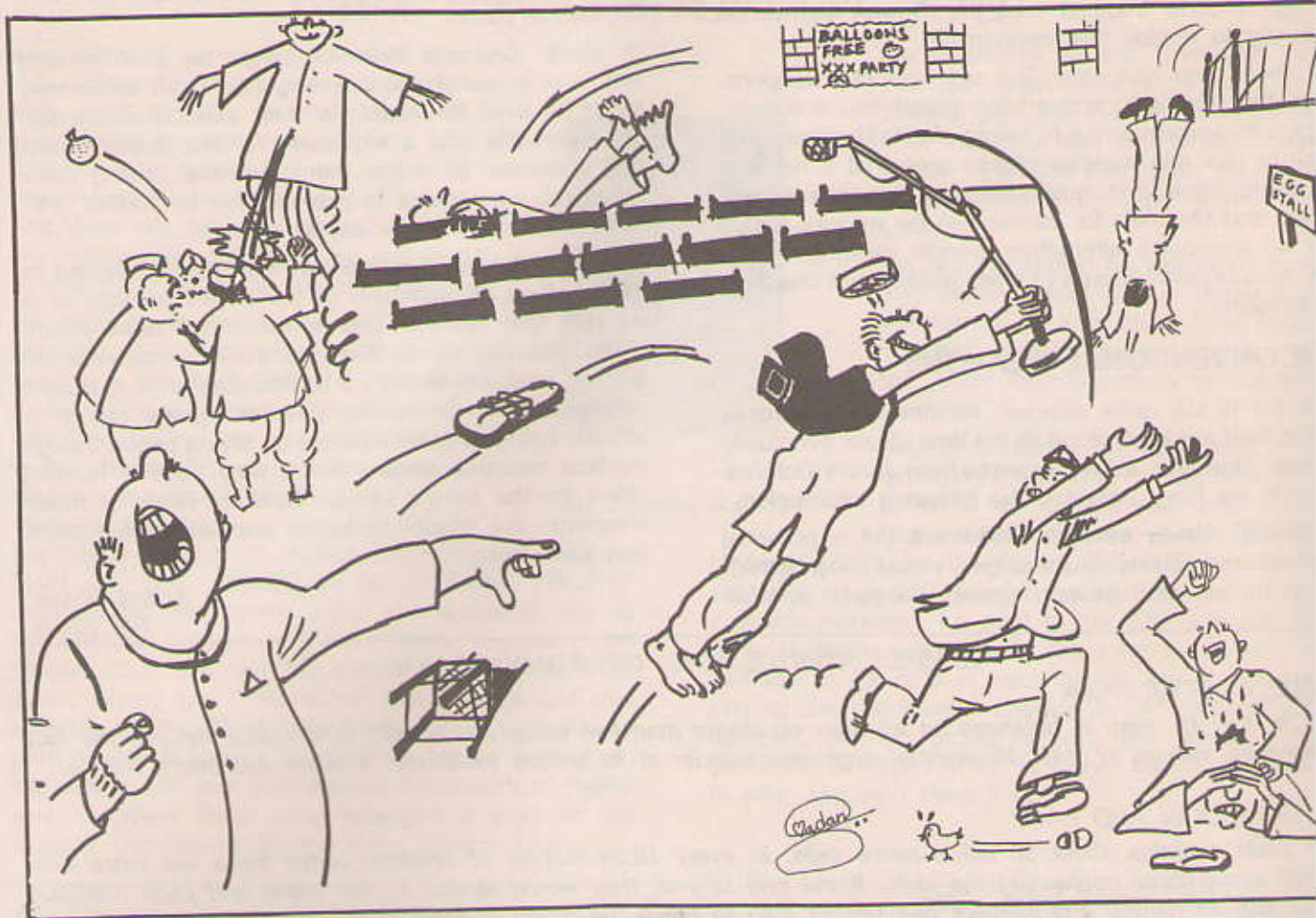
A man was resting under a tree when a friend called out to him, "Hey, why don't you go and cut some wood?"
"What for?"

"To sell it. With that money you can buy a donkey and sell firewood from house to house. You'll earn more money and buy yourself a truck, then a sawmill and a fleet of trucks. In that way you'll form an empire."
"What for?"

"To be a millionaire and be able to relax in peace."

"And what do you think I am doing now?"

OF WEAPONS AND WEAPONRY



Indian democracy is undergoing a turbulent phase. Parties clash (and clang) over issues like Ayodhya, stock scams, Bofors (yawn!!) and the rest. All this clashing (and clanging) has led to new innovations (who said that only the Japanese can innovate? Or that only the Indian cricket team invariably finds innovative ways of losing?) in the field of weaponry. Army commanders may disregard this development as a massive growth in unconventional weapons, but with an increasing number of servicemen joining the ranks of the Bhaji Pala party it might soon be introduced as a course in the school of combat. This is a science with which every Indian party whether the above mentioned Bhaji Pala Party (B.P.P. for short) or the Gone Case (I), its top rival in business is concerned. The Indian Institute of Defence and Strategies studies conducted a study on the conventional and innovative weapons of Indian democracy.

CONVENTIONAL WEAPONS.

- 1) **STICK** :- An acronym for Smash till it curve completely. (Sorry to appall your sensibilities but this is how it is mentioned in the Gone Case (I) catalog of weapons). A very versatile weapon, rarely seen Parliament (except with octagenarian M.P.s) has been used, however to devastating effect outside.
- 2) **FIST** :- An acronym for Fast-instantaneous Striking- Terror; in other words the good old fist used by movie stars in action scenes and M.P.s during dharna sessions (who says films imitate reality?)
- 3) **Microphones and Electrical Equipment** : Mikes have to date, been the preserve of South Indian politicians (A strong rumour is doing the rounds that they are often Electrical Engineers from a certain college Bombay). They wield it with a measure of authority.

to strike down others, and also to raise a racket to blast the ear-drums (note: biological warfare is soon coming to the fore). Outside the parliament and legislatures, it is a potent weapon whose effects we all know. Electrical equipment is rarely seen in action, though reports suggest that the Power Minister is planning to deploy this weapon too.

4) *Shoes and chappals*: The old favourite weapons. Here the trick is to convert the object into a missile, exploit its aerodynamics to telling effect. Members who wish to use this weapon please note that it requires a strong back and quick reflexes (to grab others' shoes and chappals for throwing in the melee). Shoes are an expensive alternative; people desiring to use this weapon are advised to wear washed out chappals to sessions.

UNCONVENTIONAL WEAPONS

This list is still quite nascent, for new developments in this field are kept secret till the time of use eventually arrives. However, taking excerpts from Jane's Defence Weekly we have collected the following information.

1) *EGGS*: Never seen in Parliament but a potential hot favourite outside (lousy singers would know better). They are an ideal weapon, cheap, compact, portable

and of a unique shape which offers least resistance and contents which ensure damage, even if target is missed (Rotten eggs are used in the form of chemical warfare). An ideal weapon for cricketers turned M.P.s; thus it would not be surprising if the Bhaji Pala Party deploys it soon.

2) *Water Balloons*: Normally might be seen around Holi time in our parliament. Might be used exclusively by M.P.s over 80 years (in their second childhood). Very versatile and a nightmare for the ladies. Plans are underway to utilize them; however, ruling party members were quick to prevent this by further worsening the city's water supply system.

3) Finally the real brahmastra- a weapon designed to lull to sleep all members of parliament in case of a rumpus (the speaker please note); the most potent sleep inducing agent. Perhaps the only cure for insomnia available today - it is Doordarshan's exclusive *Afternoon T.V. broadcast*. (Market reports say it is already being used by mothers on crying babes though medical research shows that it may have a harmful effect on the baby's mind). Thus by virtue of these weapons, the citadel of Indian democracy will stand fast and strong.

Anand Bhatia
F.E (Civil)

POUNDER AWHILE...THE CREATION OF GOD

FABULOUS FOOT-WORK

A 6 ft. 180 lb. man is balanced on an area no longer than two soles of his feet! In a man's lifetime, the foot undergoes millions of jolts. Mechanical engineers wonder at its unique resilience. It is an Architect's Artifice!

TO THE MOON AND BACK

Our brain contains about 30 billion nerve cells. In every 16.39 cu.cms of cerebral cortex there are more than 16000 nerve-fibres connecting the cells. If put end to end, they would stretch to the moon and back (768,800 kms). But its natural arrangement has helped man to reach the moon. Indeed, God's ingenious creation!

TRAVELS OF LUBB DUBB...

In 24 hours the heart spends enough energy to elevate a 150 lb. man to the height of the Empire State building (1470 ft.) In a life span of 70 years, the heart lub-dubs two and a half billion times without any overhaul or shutdown for repairs. It's an inimitable pump. A throb of Providence!

YOU ARE WORTH \$6,000,000,000,000,000!

The following is a list of some ingredients of the human body with their respective prices:
Acetate Kinase\$8,8000 per gm. Bradykinin\$12,000 per gm. Prolactin.... \$17,500,000 per gm.
Making a human being (without life, of course) from scratch would cost \$6,000 trillion (contribution of one crore rupees by every man on earth!!!). Truly the Creator's crown creation.

IN A SECOND...

In one second the Sun radiates as much energy as man has used since the dawn of civilisation. It delivers us as much heat as would be produced by burning the earth's entire oil and coal reserves including its forest wood. The Sun of God, a wonder by itself..

Akshar G. Barot
S. E. (Civil)

YOUNG CELEBRITIES... WE ARE PROUD OF YOU!

Jay Sampat, our cricketer student from S.E. (Elec), has been wielding the bat with great success on the state level ever since he was twelve years old. The following account of his career till the present is just the tip of the ice-berg and does not give the faintest clue to the tightrope of schedules he has had to walk on to reach his present position. He first made his mark in 1987-88 notching up an impressive 158 and 151 not out in the Giles Shield Tournament as a student of Maneckji Cooper Education Trust School. He was also selected in the Bombay Under-15 team which played a match at Ahmedabad. 1988-89 saw him as Vice-Captain in the Under-15 and he slammed two tons to become **MAN OF THE SERIES** in the **SATKAR TROPHY** tournaments. His career graph saw a steady rise as he went to England with the Thane Friends Union Cricket Club. He led his school team in both the Harris Shield and Giles Shield tournaments and was selected for the West Zone Under-15 in 1989-90. As part of the Bombay State Under-16 he scored an impressive 166 (not out) against Saurashtra at Rajkot and his West Zone team emerged winners at the Cuttack Tournament for the Vijay Hazare Trophy.



Jay Sampat S.E. (E)

He graduated to the Under-19 team with more trips to England and Dar-e-Salaam with the Thane Friends Union Club and was also part of the Sussex Under-19, beside playing for his college team (Mithibai College) and Kanga League.

He has maintained his reputation in the last three years as a dependable batsman at no.3 in West Zone league matches, Kanga League matches and the junior Inter-Collegiate cricket tournaments.

In spite of having his nose to the engineering grindstone, he has been fairly active in the current year and was in fact selected Captain of the Bombay Under-19 team for the Cooch Behar Trophy in the knockout stage and also for the Vijay Manjrekar - 11. Just this monsoon, he went to the U.K. with the Star Club of India and scored 385 runs in all with an average of 49 runs in each match. He is presently playing for the Kanga League in 'A' division. This batsman, we are proud to say, also sports a fine academic average, which is highly admirable. Kudos to you, Jay, and keep it up!

Suneet Weling needs no introduction. Last year "DRISHTI" had reproduced an article that had appeared in the Sunday Mail Report in February, 1992. This is just a sequel...

He has been practically living on borrowed time, trying to cope with a gruelling routine of T.E. schedule and exams, and yet managing to do us proud by taking part in the prestigious All England open at London and the French open Championships in March 1992. He also took part in the Hongkong open and Thailand open in November.

His hard work paid and he was selected to be a part of the Indian team for the European circuit this year; but unfortunately he had to forego the opportunity to be able to appear for his examinations.



Suneet Weling T.E. (E)

A slightly jaded Suneet, without much of match practice (due to his Semester V exams) or a proper coach, still did reasonably well in the 1992 Nationals by reaching the pre-quarters.

He was invited for the trials, for the world cup to be held at Delhi from September 1st to 5th, but he once again had to forego the opportunity because of the undecided schedule of his oral exams which had been indefinitely postponed.

However, he is full of enthusiasm as he looks forward to taking part in the World Airlines Games, (he recently left the Railways and joined Air India) in Singapore later this year and bringing home well-deserved laurels. He also figures as a probable candidate for the Asian Games team which will leave for Hiroshima in 1994. Wish you all the best, Suneet.

- Editor

POETRY SECTION

SOMEBODY IS ABSENT

I'm a mere tool in the hands of God,
 Fabricated for some unknown purpose.
 I twist and turn at the will of the Lord
 As the world passes into timelessness.
 If I attain some worth, my absence,
 Will be felt more than my presence.
 The life I lived will be of value immense.
 As from it, the futurists can take lessons.
 If I die a nobody on some fateful day,
 After having lived cryptonymously.
 Some survivors will have something to say,
 About how I perished tragically.
 My life stands at the crossroads.
 Bearing a confused mind, is my body.
 Towards mysterious destinations, it me goads,
 To leave behind an inscription as "somebody."

G. VENKATESH
 T. E. MECH

LIFE ...

Question One? Question Two? What do you know?
 Alpha, Beta, Theta you are a big zero.
 Work hard all night, but somebody else is the hero.
 Slog, slog all night but its the number mystery.
 After all this you feel you are nil,
 Out beckons the window sill.
 But living on hopes of glory,
 Brains from the place where you got your face,
 You stay and fight; never give up again.
 Thoughts of failure crowd your head,
 But you hammer away, it's just like this
 So it is.
 You look to the sun with guts in your eyes,
 You feel the pressure like sun on ice,
 But you stay and fight.
 You walk down the road with a stoop in your gait
 but your eyes say it all, you will fight.

BHATIA ANAND J.
 F. E. CIVIL



DEATH OF A DEER,

The jungle was dark and quiet
 The trees were rather still
 Fast approaching was twilight
 As the hunter stalked his kill
 The deer was blissfully unaware
 Of her approaching fate
 And then she neared the snare
 But instinct made her wait.
 The hunter too waited
 for the deer to make her move
 He watched with breath abated
 His rifle on the move.
 A gunshot broke the quiet
 The denizens with speed they tore
 Once again MAN won the fight
 The Deer would breathe no more

B. V. Krishna
 B. E.

THE TRUTH OF LIFE

It was a moonless night; cold and dark
The street was silent except for an occasional bark.
The lamps were shining; bright and clear,
Not a soul in sight; far or near.

I walked down the street; solemn and sad.
It had been a miserable day; it really had.
I saw the fireflies flying around,
Being chased by a miserable hound.

I cursed the day. I cursed the night
I cursed God for my plight.

Why, oh why!! did I have to face all this?
What's the use of living in a world like this?

Then with a flash came the realization;
If it weren't for troubles, what'd be civilization?
If it weren't for troubles, where would be the charm,
What would life be if there were no harm?

For troubles to bear and for troubles to solve,
And to lead life with a new resolve,
Isn't this what our saga is all about?
Isn't this what life is all about?

HARSHAD AWASARE
F. E. CIVIL

HUMOUR IN POETRY

LIMERICK

An amoeba called George and his brother
were sharing a joke with each other
They laughed and laughed till they cried
Till each split his side,
Now each of the boys is a mother.

FOOLED !

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Some poems rhyme,
This one doesn't!

Compiled and contributed by
NIKHIL MHAPANKAR
S. E. MECH

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD

ACROSS

2. POONAM
4. RUPAL
7. DIVYA
8. SMITA
9. DEEPALI
10. RENA
14. NEHAL
18. CHITRA
19. AMITA
21. MONICA
22. SEEMA
26. HEMANGI
27. SHANTI
28. UJWAL
29. ANURADHA
30. VRINDA

DOWN

1. BAGAYSHREE
3. MEGHA
5. DEEPA
6. SHEELA
7. DEVI
8. SONA
9. DEVANGI
10. YOGITA
12. MEDHA
13. PANNA
15. ABHA
16. HARSHADA
17. VAISHALI
20. RENALI
23. EMA
24. CHARU
25. REKHA
27. SONALI

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GLIMPSES 92-93



*Taking off into SPACE
Dr. J. V. N. Rao
inaugurating the function*



*"Hum Kisise Kam Nahin"
Are the freshers trying to prove
this on Freshers' Welcome?*



Hum Hindustani !-

*'Ethnic tradinationa!' is back in voguel!
Fashion Show contestants of S.P.C.E. at SPACE '93*



"All that glitterati is gold"
The SPACE Co-ordination
Committee (COCO) with
the fashion show judges.



Aapan Yaana Pahilat Ka ?
The day they went back to their roots!
Traditional day at S.P.C.E.



*Roses are red
Violets are blue
All the rose winners
get their due.*

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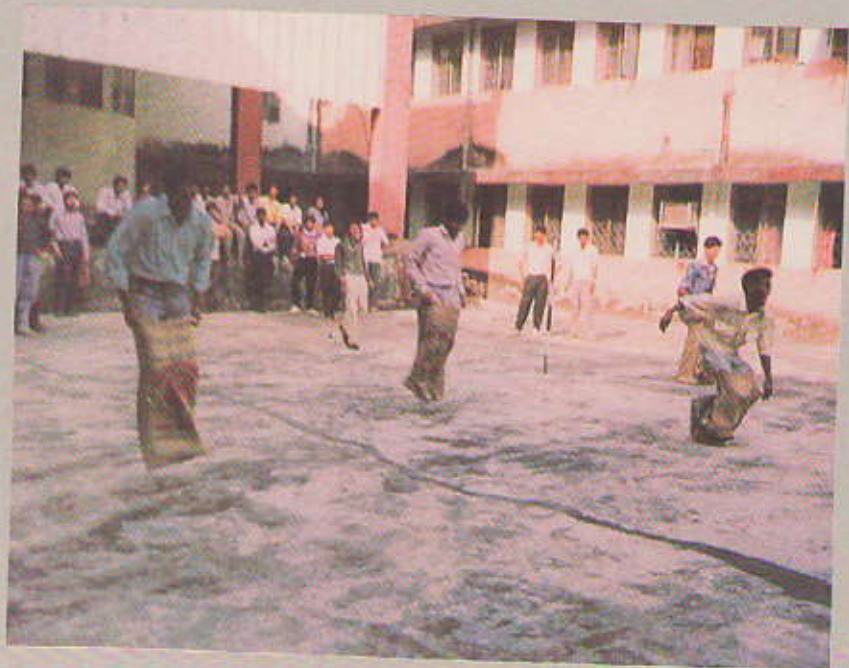


Archana Joglekar playing a different tune. Judging 'Geetantar' at SPACE.

Jumping Jacks of Technobreak



*If music be the food of love, play on!
A duo testing its chances
at "Sur Sangam".*



*The Lions Club of Bombay Airport
launched a donation scheme of
Rs.6,000/- per year to aid the
College Book Bank as a part of
their service week from 2nd October
to 8th October 1992. Lion Siddharth
Mody presided over the function.*



कृपया इसे न पढ़ें

मैं आपको एक नेक सलाह दे रहा हूँ कि यह जो कुछ भी लिखा है इसे न पढ़ें। इससे आपका वक्त ही खराब होगा। आपको कुछ मिलने वाला नहीं है। लेकिन मुझे पूरा विश्वास है कि आप मेरी बात मानेंगे नहीं और इसे जरूर पढ़ेंगे। प्रायः यही होता है कि हमें जिस काम के लिए रोका-टोका जाता है, मना किया जाता है, हम उसे जरूर करते हैं। किसी पत्र पर लिखा हो - 'अमुक व्यक्ति के लिए' या 'गोपनीय' तो हम उस पत्र को किसी न किसी तरह प्राप्त कर पढ़ना चाहेंगे; इतिहास गवाह है कि मंत्री ने राजा को जिस चीज के लिए मना किया, राजा ने ठीक वही किया। राजकुमारी को कहा गया कि छह कमरों में जाना पर सातवें में नहीं तो वह सातवें में ही सब से पहले जाती है (जहाँ राक्षस होता है)।

मैं अब भी प्रार्थना करता हूँ कि समय अनमोल है, वक्त की कीमत पहचानें, इसे न पढ़ें, इससे आप को कुछ मिलने वाला नहीं है। खैर हम पुस्तकालय में जाते हैं, लिखा होता है - 'शोर मत करो' लेकिन न मालूम क्यों हम पुस्तकालय में ही जाकर सबसे ज्यादा शोर करते हैं। जहाँ दीवारों पर लिखा होता है कि यहाँ कृपया कूड़ा-कचरा मत फेंकिये, तो हम कूड़ा-कचरा सिर्फ वहीं गिराते हैं। आप को एक और उदाहरण दे दूँ। प्रायः रेलवे स्टेशन व बस अड्डे पर लिखा होता है - 'जेबकतरों से सावधान!' और न जाने कैसे उसी जगह के आस पास ही लोगों

की जेबें कटती हैं। जनाब ! ज़रा रुकिए, क्या मैंने पहले आपसे नहीं कहा था कि यह सब बकवास है? इसे न पढ़ें? फिर भी आप हैं कि बस पढ़े ही जा रहे हैं। आप जैसा बेशर्म नहीं होगा। मैं पुनः आपसे हाथ जोड़कर प्रार्थना करता हूँ कि आप अपना समय नष्ट न करें।

हमारे सामने के फ़्लोर मिल वाले ने अपना घटिया आटा बेचने के लिए नया तरीका निकाला है। उसने स्थानीय समाचार पत्रों में विज्ञापन निकलवाया - "अच्छे गेहूँ की बाज़ार में उपलब्धता न होने के कारण ग्राहकों को ब्राण्ड 'ए' और 'बी' का आटा उपलब्ध नहीं हो पाएगा, आशा है ग्राहक सहयोग बनाए रखेंगे।" अगले ही दिन, सारे शहर की दुकानों पर उस घटिया गेहूँ (ब्राण्ड 'ए' और 'बी') का आटा सबसे ज़्यादा माँगा जा रहा था। इस लिए आप समझ गए होंगे कि विज्ञापन कौन देता है। इतनी बार मना किया कि इस लेख में कोई दम वाली बात नहीं है, लेकिन आप हैं कि पढ़े ही जा रहे हैं। तो आप नहीं मानेंगे? ठीक है मैं लिखना ही बन्द किए देता हूँ। आपको इस लेख को पढ़कर क्या मिला? कुछ नहीं ना? इसलिए चेतावनी दे रहा हूँ कि इसे दुबारा न पढ़ें।

दिनेश मूंधरा
(एफ. ई. मेक)

सर्वोत्तम सूक्तियां

युवा बने रहने का रहस्य है ईमानदारी से जीना, धीरे धीरे खाना और अपनी उम्र के बारे में कभी न सोचना।

-..... लूसिल बाल (टीवी अभिनेत्री)

मौन के क्षण ही दोस्तों के बीच की असली बातचीत होते हैं। महत्वपूर्ण बोलना नहीं है, महत्वपूर्ण तो यह है कि कभी बोलने की आवश्यकता ही न पड़े।

-..... मागरेट ली रनबेक

दूसरों से हम जो अपेक्षा रखते हैं उसी की विनम्र पहचान है सराहना।

-..... ऐमब्रोज बीयर्स (१८४२-१९१४) राजनीतिक लेखक

पुस्तकें सभ्यता की वाहक होती हैं। बिना पुस्तकों के इतिहास चुप है, साहित्य गूंगा, विज्ञान पंगु और विचार एवं अनुमान जड़।

..... राजकुमार चार्ल्स, युवराज, ब्रिटेन

काव्य - सृजन

रिहर्सल : "मैं कविता पढ़ता हूँ तुम बच्चों के साथ शोर मचाओ और 'बोर बोर' कहो ।
आज कवि सम्मेलन में कविता पाठ करना है....."



झूठ

झूठ अपनी ज़िन्दगी में जबसे शामिल हो गया,
जीना तो मुश्किल ही था, मरना भी मुश्किल हो गया ।
वो भी झूठे हैं जो कहते हैं कि हम झूठे नहीं,
और हम उनके मुकाबिल, उनसे कम झूठे नहीं ।
अब ना वो सूती ना ही रेशम उसका नाम है,
आज जिस कपड़े को देखो, उसपे झूठा काम है ।
झूठ के पुल बाँधते हैं ये नए इंजीनियर,
तुम मेरे दिल को डियर हो, तुम मेरे दिल के नियर ।
लब पे ये है, तुम बड़े नादान हो, मासूम हो,
दिल में ये है तुम हो उल्लू, और उल्लू की दुम हो ।
लब पे ये है, क्या मंगाऊँ चाय मैं गरमागरम ?
दिल में ये है, हाँ न कर दे, सच में है ये बेशरम ।
लब पे ये है, हो जाए एक-एक ठंडा,
दिल में ये है मार दूँ बस सर पे इस के डंडा ।
लब पे ये है, बैठिए साहब, बहुत दिन बाद आए !
दिल में ये है काश ये कंबख्त फ़ौरन भाग जाए ।
एक दिन जब झूठ का मतलब समझ में आएगा,
मेरा दावा है कि मेरा झूठ सच बन जाएगा ॥

-वाहिद शेख
(एस.ई. सिविल)

आपसी दुश्मनी

गुलशन में खिले दो फूल,
एक ही डाली को सजाते हुए ।
कुदरत ने हवा से करवायी भूल,
वे एक दूसरे से जुदा हो गए ।
जब तक थे साथ-साथ,
शोभा डाल की बनी रही ।
जब निकली विरह की बात,
तो डाली वीरान हो गई ।
एक था, लेकिन अकेलेपन का,
बन गया, वह शिकार ।
सौंदर्य उपवन का घट गया,
बदल गया बगीचे का आकार ।
अगर हम आपस में लड़ें,
तो देश का क्या होगा हाल ।
आज हम जिस ज़मीन पर हैं खड़े,
कल वहीं, निंदनीय कार्यों का, होगा भूचाल ।
नहीं गिरेंगे ज़हरीली हवाओं के सामने,
जब वे आएँगी हम भारतीयों को उकसाने ।

जी. वेंक
(टी.ई. मे)

सैम्पल

एक नेताजी के घर
एक साथ तीन बच्चे पैदा हुए
एक गूंगा, एक बहरा, एक अँधा
नेताजी घबरा गए
ये गाँधीजी के तीन बंदर
मेरे घर में कैसे आ गये ?
उसने कहा - हे बजरंग बली !
इन अजूबों को जन्म देने के लिए
तुम्हें और कोई जगह नहीं मिली ?
आवाज़ आई ! आज़ादी के बाद
आम आदमी को मिला है
बहरा कानून
गूंगा संविधान
और अँधी योजनाएँ
बेटे तू बेकार घबराया है
मैंने तुझे कोई
करिश्मा नहीं दिखाया है
मैंने तो बच्चों के रूप में
तेरे पास भारतवर्ष का
सिर्फ एक सैम्पल भिजवाया है।

-दिनेश मूंघरा
(एफ.ई. मेक)

हम कहाँ जा रहे हैं ?

(बम्बई में हुए बम विस्फोटों पर एक प्रतिक्रिया)

हम कहाँ जा रहे हैं
यू बेबसी से रोते हुए
हम कहाँ जा रहे हैं
मासूम शवों को ढोते हुए

इधर देखो, उधर सुनो
हर तरफ है हाहाकार
पर कोई नहीं सुन रहा
निर्दोषों की चीखपुकार

नेताओं ने भी तो देखो
कैसी खेली है ये होली
पिचकारी से निकला है खूँ
छिपे गुलाल में बम और गोली

नाज़ हमें था खुद पर कितना
दुनिया को सिखलाते थे,
राह छोड़ दी क्यों कर हमने
जो सबको दिखलाते थे

इन्सानियत को खोते हुए
हम कहाँ जा रहे हैं
बम्बई को पीड़ा में डुबोते
हुए हम कहाँ जा रहे हैं ?

-स्वराज नंदन
(टी.ई. मेक)

जनगणना के सिलसिले में गणकने पूछा, 'श्रीमतीजी, आपकी उम्र कितनी है ?'

'मेरी उम्र.....' महिला ने कुछ सोचते हुए कहा, 'देखो, जब मेरी शादी हुई थी, उस समय मैं १८ साल की थी और मेरे पति तीस साल के अब मेरे पति की उम्र ६० साल है, यानी पहलेसे दुगुनी। उसी हिसाब से मेरी उम्र हुई ३६।'

आज की सभ्यता

उस दिन की ही तो बात है,
मैं दफ्तर की ओर चला जा रहा था,
कि सामने भीड़ नज़र आई ।
पास गया तो कोलाहल मचा हुआ था ।
भीड़ को चीरता हुआ आगे बढ़ा,
सामने एक बंद संदूक नज़र आया ।
आस-पास खड़े सब अपनी अपनी हाँकने में मस्त थे,
कोई कह रहा था संदूक में चोरी का माल है,
तो कोई कह रहा था इसमें जरूर बम है ।
भय और आशंका के बादल चारों ओर नज़र आ रहे थे,
कि अचानक बड़ी बहादुरी के साथ,
उस बंद बक्से को खोलने का मैंने साहस किया ।
देखते ही देखते चारों तरफ सन्नाटा सा छा गया,
उस बक्से में एक नन्हें मुन्ने मासूम की लाश पड़ी थी ।
पल दो पल सभी उसे देखते रहे और फिर अपनी राह पकड़ ली।
मैं खड़ा सोचता रह गया कि क्या यही 'आज की सभ्यता है' ।

-दिनेश मूँधरा
(एफ.ई. मेक)

यादें

आती है याद, चाँद सी हसीन वो मुस्कान,
आती है याद, उन से मुलाकात की वो शाम ।
आती है याद, बस वही बिंदिया बड़ी सी लाल,
आते हैं याद, बालियों पर झूलते वो बाल ।
आती है याद, झील सी आँखों की वो चमक,
आती है याद, प्यार की बातों की वो चहक ।
आते हैं याद, खनखनाते वो सुरीले कंगन,
आता है याद, बाग में भँवरे का मस्त गुंजन ।
आती है याद, क्या करूँ आती है तेरी याद,
सावन की यही नम हवा, लाती है तेरी याद ।

-स्वराज नंद
(टी.ई. मेक)

- पत्नी :
१. जो हमेशा पति पर तनी रहे ।
 २. जिसके दूर रहने से दिल में दर्द होता है और पास रहने से सर में ।
 ३. जो घर को बनाती है स्वर्ग और पति को स्वर्गवासी ।

संपादकीय



किरण आंब्रे
तृतीय वर्ष (विद्युत)



केदार भिसे
तृतीय वर्ष (विद्युत)

या महाविद्यालयात प्रवेश घेतल्यावर, इथं येणाऱ्या प्रत्येक विद्यार्थ्याला वाटत असतं की या यंत्रांच्या दुनियेत काहीतरी चमत्कार करण्याची क्षमता आपल्यात येणार आहे. या यंत्रांशी बोलत असतानाच आपण कधी यंत्र होतोय हे आपल्याला समजत नाही. अशातच दूरून कुठूनतरी नादमधुर आवाज ऐकायला येतो आणि तेव्हा कळतं हा आहे सुरांचा मेळावा 'भावस्पंदन', या यंत्रांच्या आवाजापलीकडचा आवाज, शब्दांपलीकडले सूर. ही शब्दांपलीकडची भाषा बोलायला आपण आयोजित करतो आंतरमहाविद्यालयीन आनंदमेळावा 'स्पेस'. हा मेळावा बरंच काही सांगून जातो आणि मनाला माहून टाकतो कारण तिथे असतो आवाजाच्या चांदण्याचा सडा, उत्साहाची फुलं आणि आनंदाचे मोती, थोडा वेळ का होईना या विश्वात आपण रंगतो, या शब्दांपलीकडच्या सुरांमध्ये. पण ही शब्दांपलीकडची भाषा थोडीच सगळ्यांना अवगत असते, म्हणूनच मग येतं ते शब्दांचं भांडार, आपलं 'मासिक', शब्दांची भाषा जाणणाऱ्यांचं मासिक, हो ! तुम्हां आम्हां सर्वांचं मासिक, अनेक लेखकांच्या लेखण्यांनी सजवलेलं मासिक आणि हे मासिक जेव्हा तुम्ही वाचाल तेव्हा तुम्हाला जाणवेल की या शब्दांमध्येही कमालीची जादू आहे, मग ते शब्द आपल्या भावविश्वाचं रंगीत चित्रण करणाऱ्या कवीमनांचे असोत, स्वप्नाळू दृष्टीने स्वप्नांच्या दुनियेत नेणाऱ्या लेखणीचे असोत किंवा मग हॉस्टेलच्या गमती जमती सांगणाऱ्या विनोदबुद्धीचे असोत. निश्चीतच यंत्रांच्या आवाजापेक्षा वेगळा पण नादमधुर आवाज या शब्दांतून तुम्ही ऐकाल जो तुम्हाला आपलंसं करून टाकेल.

या वर्षी जरी ह्या शब्दसमुहाची लांबी जरी कमी असली तरी हे शब्द तुम्हाला जरूर खिळून ठेवतील अशी आम्ही अपेक्षा करतो. या मराठी विभागाच्या पूर्ततेकरता ज्यांनी ज्यांनी सहाय्य केलं त्यांचे आभार मानून या शब्दप्रवासाची आम्ही सुरुवात करत आहोत.

किरण आंब्रे
केदार भिसे
तृतीय वर्ष (विद्युत)

मराठी वाङ्मय मंडळ (वार्षिक अहवाल १९९२-९३)

अभियांत्रिकी महाविद्यालयामध्ये शिक्षणेतर चळवळी किंवा उपक्रम चालाविणे, त्यांच्यात सातत्य राखणे या गोष्टी अवघड व दुर्मिळ असतात. आपल्या महाविद्यालयामध्ये मराठी वाङ्मय मंडळाची देखील हीच समस्या आहे. तरीही गेल्या काही वर्षांमध्ये व विशेषतः मागील वर्षात मंडळाकडून विभिन्न प्रकारचे काही उपक्रम राबविले गेले.

या उपक्रमांची सुरुवात ऑगस्ट १९९२ मधील प्रश्नमंजुषा स्पर्धेने झाली. वाङ्मय, राजकारण, संगीत, सामान्यज्ञान इत्यादी विविध विषयांवरील प्रश्नांचा अंतर्भाव असलेल्या या स्पर्धेला स्पर्धकांचा फार उत्तम प्रतिसाद मिळाला. बावीस संघांनी स्पर्धेत सहभाग घेतला. तृतीय वर्ष (स्थापत्य) मधील हेमांगी साठे आणि श्रुतकीर्ती दिवेकर यांना प्रथम पारितोषिक मिळाले. या स्पर्धेचे संयोजन व संचालन योगेश लोढे, अमिता गांधी व माधुरी गोडबोले यांनी केले. आणखीन एक उल्लेखनीय उपक्रम म्हणजे 'मन-मोकळ' नावाचे स्फुट लेखन. कुमार जावडेकरने हे सदर गेले वर्षभर सातत्याने चालविले. मराठी वाङ्मय मंडळाच्या सूचना फलकावरील या सदरात गेले वर्षभर विविधांगी विषयांचा परामर्ष घेण्यात आला. (उदा. - हॉस्टेलमधील पाणीटंचाई, मल्लिकार्जुन मन्सूर यांच्यावरील मृत्युलेख, दंगली इत्यादी.) इतर विद्यार्थ्यांनी देखील हे सदर चालविण्यास सहकार्य करावे अशी अपेक्षा. सूचना फलकावरील इतर साहित्य म्हणजे कविता अशोक पानसारे, प्रफुल्ल चव्हाण, कुमार जावडेकर इत्यादी हे सदर उत्साहाने चालवितात. महाविद्यालयात निबंधस्पर्धा (कुमार जावडेकर) व प्रेमपत्र स्पर्धा (संयोजक विवेक वागळे) यांचे आयोजन करण्यात आले. पण या स्पर्धांना पुरेसा प्रतिसाद लाभला नाही.

या वर्षातील सर्वात उल्लेखनीय व यशस्वी उपक्रम म्हणजे 'भाव-स्पंदन' या मराठी वादयवृंदाचे आयोजन. मागील वर्षी प्रमाणेच या वर्षी दिनांक १२ मार्च १९९३ ला हा कार्यक्रम आयोजित करण्यात आला. विविध शाखांमधील अनेक विद्यार्थ्यांनी या कार्यक्रमात भाग घेतला. विशेषतः कार्यक्रमाच्या आयोजनात अशोक पानसारे, अमिता गांधी, व राहुल पाध्ये यांनी खूप परिश्रम घेतले. प्राध्यापक वर्गाकडूनही या कार्यक्रमास प्रोत्साहन मिळाले. श्री चव्हाण (यांत्रिक), श्री कुलकर्णी, श्री पेंडसे, श्री डॉ. परमेश्वरन (स्थापत्य), श्री एम. एम. शहा (विद्युत) यांनी बहुमोल सहकार्य दिले. वादयवृंद संचालन व आयोजनात जयवन्त धोडके, मिलिंद बर्वे, आशीश भट व संतोष पाटील यांचा सहभाग होता. कार्यक्रमाला जसे गायक, गायिका तसेच प्रेक्षकांचा अतिशय उत्साहवर्धक प्रतिसाद लाभला.

मराठी वाङ्मय मंडळाला प्राध्यापकांकडून नेहमीच प्रोत्साहन मिळते. नवनवीन उपक्रम नवीन विद्यार्थ्यांनी आयोजित करावेत व त्यांना प्रतिसाद द्यावा ही अपेक्षा असते व उत्तरोत्तर महाविद्यालयीन वातावरण अधिक समृद्ध करावे असा मराठी वाङ्मय मंडळाचा हेतू आहे.

अध्यक्ष
श्री. श्री. ल. पेंडसे

राहुल पाध्ये
विद्यार्थी प्रतिनीधी
मराठी वाङ्मय मंडळ

कल्पना या जलबिंदूसारख्या असतात. शब्दांच्या शिंपल्यात त्यांना साठवून ठेवले तर त्या मौक्तिकाचे अक्षय्य रूप धारण करतात; पण त्या तशाच राहिल्या तर दवबिंदूसारख्या हिरकण्यांची चमक दाखवून कायमच्या लुप्त होतात.

डॉ. सुमति क्षेत्रमाडे

कारंज्यातले पाणी कसे स्फटिकासारखे स्वच्छ असते ! पण वेगाने वाहणाऱ्या नदीच्या गढूळ पाण्याकडे पाहताना जो जिवंतपणाचा आनंद होतो तो कारंजाकडे पाहून कधी तरी होतो का ? माणसाचे आयुष्य असे जिवंत असायला हवे त्यातले हास्य, अश्रु आणि पराक्रम जिवंत असतील तर मनुष्याला जगण्याचा खरा आनंद मिळतो.

वि. स. खांडेकर

अस्सं हॉस्टेल सुरेख बाई !

‘पालोनजी सदन’ नावाच्या इमारतीच्या दरवाजावरची बेल दाबल्यावर जर तुमची अपेक्षा असेल की एखादा म्हातारा पारशी बावा हातातली काठी टेकत दार उघडायला येईल, तर तुम्हाला आश्चर्याचा सुखद धक्का मिळेल, कारण दारात एक कॉलेजकन्यका (कदाचित सुंदरही!) उभी असेल. बाकी एका लेडीज हॉस्टेलला ‘पालोनजी सदन’ नाव देणाऱ्या माणसाच्या रसिकतेला दाद द्यावी तितकी थोडीच!

उंदीर, पाली, झुरळं, कोळी, डास आणि पावसाळ्यात बेडूक, साप, खेकडे इत्यादीसह सगळ्या मुली, हो हो, मुली, सुखसमाधानाने नांदताहेत ही कल्पना करू शकता तुम्ही ? पण माझी त्या हॉस्टेलमधली काही वर्ष अगदी मनात जपून ठेवावी अशी गेलेली आहेत. गंमती जंमती तर इतक्या होतात की सांगता सोय नाही.

आमच्या खोलीच्या तावदानावर एक पालीचे पिळू नेहमी असते. सुरुवातीला तिला हाकलण्याचे खूप प्रयत्न झाले, पण ती काही पाठ (की दार?) सोडना; तेव्हा आम्ही तिचा नाद सोडला. आता कोणी नवख्या व्यक्तीने ती आम्हाला दाखवली की आम्ही प्रेमाने तिच्याकडे पहात त्यांना ‘प्रेमळ माहिती’ (काईड इन्फर्मेशन, यू सी!) देतो, “वह तो हमारेही आँगनमें पाल पोसके बड़ी हुई हैं.” तडजोडीची शिकवण ही अशी नकळत मिळते. आमच्या खोलीसमोर नेहमी पाण्याची टाकी वाहून पाणी साठतं; येण्याजाण्याची पंचाईत, पण आम्ही मात्र आपली रूम ‘नदीकिनारे’ आहे, ह्यात आनंद मानतो.

जेवणाचे तर सोडूनच द्या. सगळ्या तऱ्हेचं अन्न खाण्याची सवय झाली आहे. तशी रोजच्या जेवणात घरचे आणि मेसचे डबे मिळून विविधता असतेच. लोणच्याचे असंख्य प्रकार गेल्या तीन वर्षांत चाखले आहेत! अगदीच काही नसले तर भाताचेच नाना प्रकार करून खातो. भूक लागलेली असली की, गरमगरम सगळं मटकावलं जातं. खाण्याचे सगळे लाड इथे पोटातल्या पोटात जिरून जातात. घरी गरमागरम अन्न जरूर मिळतं, पण इथे “धंड आहे सगळ, शी !” असा विचारही मनाला शिवत नाही. गप्पांच्या ओघात बाकी सगळं वाहून जातं; नाही म्हणायला मेसचे जेवण हाही त्या गप्पांमधल्या एक भाग होतो कधीकधी! एकीकडे गप्पा रंगलेल्या असतात; समोर रिकामे डबे वाळून चाललेले असतात. काही वादग्रस्त विषयही यावेळी (खरकटया हाताने) हाताळले जातात. मधेच कोणालातरी लस्सी पिण्याची हुक्की येते मग हो-ना करताकरता ठराव सर्वसंमत झाला की धांदल, गडबड करीत सगळ्या दाराशी हजर! नंतर रमतगमत राजपूतमधली प्रसिद्ध लस्सी पिऊन तृप्त

मनाने आणि पोटाने परत येतो. लगेच काय अभ्यास? म्हणत आपोआप एक मैफील जमते, व्यंगकाव्य, विडंबन आणि सिनेमातल्या गाण्याचीच शेरशायरी यांना अगदी ऊत येतो!

कधी अस तर कधी टी. व्ही. वरच्या जाहिराती संगीत आणि प्रात्याक्षिकांसह सुरू होतात आणि मग बराच वेळ चालतात. “वेळ कसा भुरकून जातो नाही?” हे वर एकमेकींना म्हणायचं !

हया गप्पाटप्पा ‘स्टडी लीव्ह’ पर्यंतच हं! मग प्रत्येकीचे आपापले वेळापत्रक तयार होत, जे फारच कवचित पाळलं जातं. परीक्षा जवळ येऊ लागल्या, की गंभीर वातावरण जाणवू लागतं. अभ्यास करून कंटाळले की मात्र थोडा वेळ मस्ती! त्यातच एकमेकींच्या अभ्यासाची विचारपूस, हे आधीच करायला हवं होतं, अभ्यास पूर्ण होईल ना ही भीती आणि शेवटी पुढच्या सेमिस्टरला पहिल्या दिवसापासून रेग्युलर रहायच, ही प्रतिज्ञा! ती दर सेमिस्टरला करावी लागते, यात सगळं काही आलच! जास्त टाइमपास होत असेल तर एकमेकींना प्रेमळ दटावणीही मिळते.

एकमेकांना समजून घेण्याची प्रवृत्ती आपोआपच रूजते. आपले प्रश्न, अडचणी इतरांना सांगितल्या जातात. आपापल्या परीने उपाय सुचवले जातात. ज्याला जे पटेल ते त्याने कराव, पण समजाविण्याचं काम मात्र चोख पार पाडलं जातं. वैयक्तिक हेवेदावे तर माझ्या कधीच अनुभवास आले नाहीत. जिचा ज्यादिवशी पेपर असेल तिला सांभाळून घेणे, धीर देणे, पेपर वाईट गेल्यास समजूत घालणे इत्यादी बाबतीत एकेकजण हळूहळू तरबेज होतात, स्वानुभवावरून बरच काही समजतं ना ! ज्युनियर असताना काही जबाबदारी नसते, पण सिनियर झाल्यावर जबाबदारी पेलण्यास मन कचरत नाही.

परीक्षेचे दिवस पार पडल्यावर रिझल्टच्यावेळी पुन्हा चेहेरे पहाण्यासारखे होतात. पण चांगले मार्क्स मिळाल्यावर जे चेहेरे फुलून येतात, त्यांना उपमा कशाची द्यावी? विश्वास सार्थ करून दाखविल्याचा अभिमान, आपण ही झेप घेऊ शकलो याचा आत्मविश्वास आणि केलेल्या मेहनतीचे योग्य फळ मिळाल्याचे समाधान, तिथे मयुराच्या फुललेल्या पिसान्याप्रमाणे विलसणाऱ्या हास्यातून व्यक्त होत असते!

कु. राधिका द. टप्पू
तृतीय वर्ष (विद्युत)

तो परत येईल ?

तो निघाला, मैदान जिंकण्यासाठी. त्याच्याजवळ होता दुर्दम्य आशावाद, तारुण्य, त्याची तत्व आणि जबरदस्त महत्वाकांक्षा. प्रामाणिकपणाची बॅट हाती घेऊन, निर्भयतेचं हेलमेट आणि पॅडस लावून, बुद्धीमत्तेचे ग्लोव्हज घालून तो खेळपट्टीवर येऊन पोहोचला. सभोवार नजर फिरवली त्याला दिसले ते पांढऱ्या वेषातले मुरलेले खेळाडू. तो आला होता षटकार आणि चौकाशंची बरसात करायला. त्याला कुठल्याच चेंडूची काहीच कल्पना नव्हती. तरीही आत्मविश्वास त्याच्या चेहऱ्यावरून ओसंडून वाहत होता. पण मैदानातली ती माती मात्र दुःखी होती. तिला माहीत होती, पांढऱ्या वेषात वावरणाऱ्या गोलंदाजांची काळी मनं. तिला माहीत होती ती फेकलेल्या प्रत्येक चेंडूची तीव्रता. हे चेंडू होते भ्रष्टाचाराचे, असत्याचे, राजकीय चालींचे, आर्थिक घोटाळ्यांचे, अप्रामाणिकपणाचे. प्रत्येक चेंडू मैदानातल्या त्या मातीला तितकाच दुःखदायक होता. तो आला होता हे चेंडू सीमापार करण्यासाठी पण त्याच्याभोवती जाळं होतं, क्षेत्ररक्षकांच, आपल्या चेंडूला परत मिळवण्यासाठी चाललेली त्यांची धडपड पाहून तो बिथरला पण तरीही आपल्या साथीदारा समवेत तो धावा काढत राहिला. कधी एक तर कधी दोन.

येणारा प्रत्येक चेंडू त्याला आणि त्याच्या साथीदाराला जायबंदी करू शकत होता. तसेच झाले. त्याचा साथीदार अशाच एका

चेंडूला बळी पडला त्याला. परतावं लागलं, पुन्हा कधीही न येण्यासाठी. तो मात्र दुसऱ्या साथीदाराची वाट पाहत तिथेच उभा राहिला. पुन्हा एकदा चेंडू सीमापार धाडण्याच्या इशेने. पण असा किती वेळ तो लढणार होता. एकेक करून सगळे साथीदार परतत असताना तो मात्र धडपडत, चाचपडत आपल्या प्रामाणिक बॅटीने सगळे चेंडू परतवत होता. सगळ्या साथीदारांची मदत संपली होती. या सगळ्या चेंडूनी त्यांना जखडून टाकलेलं होतं. पण तरीही तो लढत होता एकटाच शेवटी व्हायचं तेच झालं. एक अनपेक्षित चेंडू आला. त्यातून सावरण्यापूर्वी त्यानं समोर पाहिलं. खेळातले सगळे नियम धाब्यावर बसवणाऱ्या अंपायरचं बोट वर होतं. त्याच्या नकळत त्याचा खेळ संपला होता, खरं म्हणजे तो संपवला गेला होता, त्याला मनात नसतानाही परताव लागलं. खेळातले डावपेचांचा तो अणखी एक बळी.

मैदानातली माती मात्र वाट पाहत होती. त्याच्यासारख्याच एखाद्या फरिश्त्याची आणि अजूनही ती वाट पाहतेय एकाच आशेने, स्वाथनि प्रत्येक चेंडूला सीमापार करणाऱ्या एका जादूगाराची. खरंच तो परत येईल?

धनश्री कुलकर्णी
तृतीय वर्ष (विद्युत)

नाती

मनगंगेच्या प्रत्येक तटावर

पहात आले नाती ॥

नाती रक्ताची, नाती मनांची

सगळीच कशी मृगजळासारखी

मनाला खेळवणारी ॥

भावनांच्या लाटांवर आरूढ होत

झालेली ही नातीही तशीच

तशीच विखरून जाणारी ॥

नाती कधी प्राण पणाला लावणारी

तर कधी भावनांशी खेळणारी

तरीही हवीशी वाटणारी ॥

अशाच नात्यांच्या जाळ्यात

मनपाखरू अडकत राहतं,

एका अनामिक, शाश्वत नात्यासाठी ॥

धनश्री कुलकर्णी
तृतीय वर्ष (विद्युत)

हरवलेले सूर

ते सूर दूर होते, सारेच भास होते

हे भाव अंतरीचे झाले उदास होते.

स्वप्नी अशाच वेड्या गुंतून राहिलो मी

हे स्वप्नही तरी का झाले अबोल होते ?

ओठांत गीत माझ्या तेव्हा तुझेच होते

तुझ्या मनी तरी का ते विस्मृतीत होते ?

तू कोण ? 'चारूकेशी'? 'आसावरी'? 'कलाश्री'?

हे सूर दूर माझ्या, अश्रूच साथ होते.

कुमार मु. जावडेकर
व्दितीय वर्ष (विद्युत)

“सौंदर्य”

तुझे ते रूप पाहुनि,
हरपून गेलो मी मनी,
तुझ्याशिवाय मला,
कोणीही दिसत नाही स्वप्नी ॥१॥

कोण होतीस तू,
कोणत्या दिशेची,
दिसत होती कशी,
जशी परी स्वर्गाची ॥२॥

तुझीच मुर्ती दिसते,
मला माझ्या स्वप्नी,
तुझ्यासारखी मला कोणी,
नाही मिळणार देखणी ॥३॥

परत वाटे माझ्या मना,
भेटावे तू या दीना,
पूरी करूनि कामना,
शांत कर माझ्या मना ॥४॥

शरद सोनाने
तृतीय वर्ष (यांत्रिक)

“जीवन तरंग”

गालांवर कढत अश्रू गाळताना,
वाटे हेच जीवनाचे सार होते,
उशीत तोंडं लपवून रडताना,
त्या अश्रूंचीच साथ होते

जीवनातला रंग विरताना
या अश्रूंचीच बरसात होते,
दिवसामागून दिवस जाताना
या अश्रूंचीच रात होते

तुझी साथ मध्येच हरवताना
या अश्रूंचीच हाक होते
रस्ता चुकून अंधारात चाचपडताना
या अश्रूंचीच वाट होते

आयुष्याची वजाबाकी करताना
या अश्रूंचीच बात होते
जुने टाकून नवीन सुरुवात करताना
या अश्रूंचीच पहाट होते

सुरज सुरावकर
तृतीय वर्ष (विद्युत)

WITH COMPLIMENTS

FROM

A WELL WISHER

पुनर्शोध

आखीव, रेखीव । अंगकांती कातीव ।
सुडौल अतीव । लोभस निःसंशय ॥
कोमल कुंद जिवणी । गाल मऊ लोणी ।
नयन निळेशार पाणी । सौंदर्य बिलगले ॥
चोरटा लघु कटाक्ष । चांदण्यांचे गवाक्ष ।
थुईथुई कारंजे लक्ष । उडती मन्मनात ॥
ओष्ठ हास्य स्फटीक । मोतियांची विस्कट ।
निनादते टकटक । घडयाळ हृदयीचे ॥
नेत्रसुखद हे दिसणे । तुझियाच मागुनि वाहणे ।
जळी-स्थळी पाषाणी । मुर्ती तुझीच ॥
तरी रूपया खर्चुनि । गुलाब-पत्र देऊनि ।
नशीब पहावे अजमावुनि । कर्तव्यच माझे ॥
पण रसभंगचि जाहला । गुलाबाचा काटा रूतला ।
मग नाईलाजे मूग गिळला । प्राक्तनच म्हणावे ॥
परि क्षणिक रोध । मनी क्वचितच बोध ।
चालू करावा पुनर्शोध । शीघ्रति शीघ्र ॥

नंदकिशोर क. जळगांवकर
व्दितीय वर्ष (विद्युत)

चलबिचल

बघता बघता संध्या झाली,
विचारातच ही रैना हरपली.
पहाट होताच मन रंगले,
घांदलीत हे दिन ही संपले.
उसंत मिळेल का मज,
घांदलीच्या या जीवनात ?
कोडे मला उमगत नाही
काय करावे समजत नाही.
जगाची ही गती,
आहे अफाट किती.
ज्याने केला विचार,
त्यांचा बुडेल संसार.
थोरांचे हे अपूर्व जीवन
अपरूब सगळ्यांच्या मनोमन,
चालूनी त्यांच्या अस्पष्ट पावले,
काय चालेल हो आपले ?
आहे सगळ्यांच्या मनी
चलबिचल ही क्षणोक्षणी
बिनकामाचा विचार कशाला
चला लागुया आपापल्या कामाला.

वाहीद शेख
व्दितीय वर्ष स्थापत्य अभियांत्रिकी

आपले जीवित हे दोन्यात ओवलेल्या फुलांप्रमाणे नाही, तर आकर्षणाच्या बलावर कक्षेत फिरणाऱ्या ग्रहांप्रमाणे आहे. हारात फुल एकमेकांना चिकटून असतात पण आकाशातल्या ग्रहांत शेकडो योजने अंतर असते.

वि. स. खांडेकर

मी योद्धा आहे. जखमांची क्षिती बाळगून मला भागायचं नाही. जन्माबरोबरच सुरू झालेले युद्ध अखेरपर्यंत मला चालवला पाहिजे. त्यातच माझ्या जीवनाच यश सामावलं आहे.

राधेय.
(रणजित देसाई)

પ્રથમ પ્રતિબિંબ

નમસ્તે મિત્રો !

આપણા ગુજરાતી સમાજમાં લેખકો અને કવિઓ ઘણા છે અને તેમને વાંચનારાં તો ઘણાં બધાં છે, પણ એમાં એવાં લોકો ઓછાં જ છે કે ઈજનેરીનો અભ્યાસ કરતાં હોય અને સાથે સાથે ગુજરાતી સાહિત્યમાં પણ રસ ધરાવતાં હોય. ઈજનેરી કોલેજમાં ભણતા ગુજરાતી બચ્ચાને પૂછો કે, "તે 'સરસ્વતીચંદ્ર' કે 'ગુજરાતનો નાથ' કે 'જય સોમનાથ' વાંચી છે ?" તો જવાબ મળશે કે, "યાર, મારે ભણવાનાં થોડાં ઓછાં છે કે હું આવી કથાઓ વાંચું ?" પણ યાર, એકવાર કોશિશ તો કરી જુઓ કે ગુજરાતી સાહિત્યનો સ્વાદ કેવો લાગે છે અને પછી જોઈ છું કે તમને આ સ્વાદનો ચસ્કો કેમ નથી લાગતો.

હા, આપણાંમાંથી પણ કેટલાંક એવાં છે કે જે ચંત્રોનો અભ્યાસ કરતાં કરતાં પણ કવિ રહી શક્યા છે. મારા તરફથી તેમને હાર્દિક અભિનંદન, કારણ કે તેઓ તેમનામાંનાં સંવેદનશીલ માનવીને જીવતો રાખી શક્યા છે. આપણે ભલે કલાત્મક સર્જન ન કરી શકીએ, પણ ઓછામાં ઓછું તેનો સ્વાદ તો જરૂર માણી શકીએ, આ યુવા કવિઓ અને લેખકોને પ્રોત્સાહન તો જરૂર પૂરું પાડી શકીએ.

એ જ ઉદ્દેશથી અહીં રજૂ થાય છે, સરદાર પટેલ ઈજનેરી મહાવિદ્યાલયની વાર્ષિક પત્રિકાનો ગુજરાતી વિભાગ.....

સાચી દિશા

આપણે ક્યાં જઈ રહ્યાં છીએ ? આ માણસ નામના પ્રાણીએ આટલી બધી પ્રગતિ કરી છે એમાં એની જિંદગીનાં સુખશાંતિ કેટલાં વધ્યાં છે ? હા, પહેલાં ભાઈસાહેબને પગપાળા કે બળદગાડામાં જવું પડતું હતું, તેના બદલે આજે આરામથી મોટરકાર કે બસમાં બેઠાં બેઠાં તે મુસાફરી કરી શકે છે. પહેલાં પાણી માટે નદીકિનારે જવું પડતું અથવા કૂવામાંથી પાણી ખેંચવું પડતું, તેના બદલે આજે ઘરમાં બેઠાં બેઠાં નળ ખોલો કે પાણી હાજર. આવાં તો કેટલાંય ઉદાહરણ આપી શકાય. પણ જિંદગી જીવવાનો આનંદ જેને કહેવાય એમાં કેટલો વધારો થયો છે ? જેટલી ભૌતિક સમૃદ્ધિ તેણે પ્રાપ્ત કરી છે એટલી જ માનસિક વ્યથા પણ તેણે ભોગવવી જ પડી છે. આનો શો અર્થ ?

ભૌતિક સુખ અને માનસિક શાંતિને સમતોલ રાખવામાં માણસ નિષ્ફળ ગયો છે. મુંબઈ જેવા શહેરમાં લાખોની સંખ્યામાં રહેતા આ માણસો મનુષ્ય કરતાં એક જંતુની જેમ વધુ જીવે છે. માનવજંતુના જીવને શાંતિ નથી.

સમજો કે તમારી પાસે બે રસ્તા છે - એક એ કે આ શહેરમાં, કે બીજે ક્યાંય, એક એન્જનિયરની ભૂમિકામાં કામ કરો, પૈસા કમાઓ અને જીવનમાં જે જોઈતું હોય તે પામવા પ્રયત્ન કરો. બીજો એ કે તમને એક એવી જમીન આપવામાં આવે કે જ્યાં તમારા માટે એક ઘર હોય, ખાઈ-પીને સુખથી રહેવાનાં બધાં સાધનો હોય. કામ તમારે કરવાનું, પણ તે એ કે તમારી ખાવા-પીવા-રહેવાની બધી જરૂરિયાતો પૂરી થાય એ પ્રમાણે ખેતર-વાડીનું ધ્યાન રાખવું. આ બેમાંથી તમે કયો રસ્તો પસંદ કરો ? આપણામાંથી મોટા ભાગના લોકો પહેલા રસ્તે જ જશે. એમાં કોઈ શંકા જ નથી, કારણ કે આપણે પહેલેથી જ એવા વાતાવરણમાં રહ્યાં છીએ અને એવી જ જિંદગી જીવી છે. આ જ કારણ છે કે માણસ હેરાન થાય છે. એ માનવજંતુની જેમ જીવવાનો બંધાણી, એટલે કે 'એડિક્ટ' થઈ ગયો છે.

જેમ છે તેમ ચાલવા દેવાની આપણાં બધાંની આદત છે. પણ મિત્રો, એક નવો રસ્તો લેવાની, જે છે તેમાં ફેરફાર કરવાની, અને સમાજને સાચી પ્રગતિના રસ્તે લઈ જવાની જવાબદારી આપણી છે, ખાસ કરીને યુવાનોની, જેમણે પોતાની જિંદગી બાબત ઘણા નિર્ણયો કરવાના છે. દુઃખ એ વાતનું છે કે યુવાનો જ આ વાત સમજતા નથી. જે સમજે છે તે આગળ આવી આ વાતનો પ્રચાર કરતા નથી.

દરેક માણસને પાછલી જિંદગીમાં વિચાર આવે છે કે, 'મેં આખી જિંદગી જીવીને પણ શું મેળવ્યું?' અને મોટા ભાગનાઓને જીવન જીવવાનો સંતોષ હોતો નથી. વડીલ પેઢીના આવા અનુભવો પરથી આપણે શીખીશું નહીં તો આપણે પણ એ જ રસ્તે જઈશું ને એ જ ફળ પામીશું. દરેક જણ ભગવાન બુદ્ધ નથી કે તેને જીવનની શરૂઆતમાં જ જ્ઞાન થઈ જાય કે જીવનનું ધ્યેય શું છે,

પણ બીજાના અનુભવ પરથી તો આપણે કાંઈ શીખી શકીએ કે નહીં ?

તમારી જાતને એક પ્રશ્ન પૂછો : "મારા જીવનનું ધ્યેય શું છે ?" થોડો વિચાર કરો, આ પ્રશ્નનો જવાબ શોધો અને પછી આગળ વાંચો. ઘણીવાર એવું બને છે કે આ પ્રશ્નના જવાબમાં આપણને જીવવાનું કોઈ ચોક્કસ ધ્યેય સૂઝતું નથી. કદાચ આ બાબત આપણે કદી વિચાર્યું જ નથી. જો કોઈ ધ્યેય હશે તો તે એમ હશે કે હું આમ કરીશ, હું તેમ કરીશ, કે હું સમાજમાં કોઈ સ્થાન પ્રાપ્ત કરીને ધન-સમૃદ્ધિ મેળવીશ, કે હું સમાજ સેવા કરીશ, કે બીજું કાંઈપણ. પણ દોસ્ત, તે જે ધ્યેય પસંદ કર્યું છે, તેને જીવનનું લક્ષ્ય બનાવવાનું કારણ ? આ સવાલનો જવાબ શોધ. આ સવાલનો જવાબ એક જ હોવાનો અને તે એ કે "મારે જીવનમાં સુખી થવું છે - એવું જીવન જીવવું છે જેમાં મને આનંદ મળે અને એટલે જ હું આમ કરવા, કે તેમ કરવા ધારું છું."

હવે વાત એમ છે કે, આ આનંદને ઓળખવામાં ઘણીવાર ભૂલ થઈ જાય છે અને અંતે તે કદી મળતો નથી. મોટાભાગના લોકો આનંદ અને સુખનો ભેદ સમજતા નથી. સુખ ભૌતિક છે, આનંદ આધ્યાત્મિક છે. સારું ખાવું, સારું પહેરવું, આરામથી રહેવું, મોજ કરવી, એ બધું સુખ છે, જ્યારે આનંદ એ છે જેની અનુભૂતિ ફક્ત હૃદય જ કરી શકે છે. નીલા આકાશમાં શ્વેત વાદળ અને જમીન પર લીલાંછમ ઘાસની વચ્ચે રંગબેરંગી ફૂલો પર નજર પડતાં મન જે લાગણી અનુભવે છે, એ છે આનંદ. ફિઝિક્સ કે મિકેનિક્સ કે ગણિતની થિયરી વાંચતાં વાંચતાં અચાનક તેમાંના નિયમનો ગૂઢ અર્થ સમજાય અને મન જે અનુભવે, તે આનંદ. એક આંધળા માણસને કે વૃદ્ધ માણસને રસ્તો ઓળંગવામાં મદદ કર્યા પછી હૃદય જે અનુભવે તે આનંદ. એટલે જીવનનું ધ્યેય એવું હોય જે કરવાથી તમને સુખ નહીં પણ આનંદ મળતો હોય તો તે ધ્યેય તમારું જીવન સાર્થક કરશે. આ ધ્યેય ભલે કાંઈપણ હોય, પણ તેને પામ્યા પછી પાછલી જિંદગીમાં તમને એવો વિચાર નહીં આવે કે "મેં આખી જિંદગી જીવીને પણ શું મેળવ્યું ?" આથી જીવનના ધ્યેય બાબત થોડો સમય ફાળવી, એકાંતમાં શાંતિથી વિચાર કરજો. યુવા પેઢી માટે આ ખરેખર મહત્ત્વની વાત છે.

મારા મિત્ર, અત્યારે આપણે યુવાનીમાં પ્રવેશ કર્યો છે. આખી જિંદગી આપણી સામે છે, આપણા હાથમાં છે. 'બી. ઈ.' ની ડિગ્રી લઈને જગતમાં જ્યાં જવું હોય ત્યાં જજે, કારકિર્દીનો જે રસ્તો લેવો હોય તે લેજે, પણ તારું ધ્યેય સ્પષ્ટ રાખજે. જે આનંદ શોધશે તે આનંદ પામશે.

— હેમાંગ રાવળ
(T. E. Mech.)

જુઓ 'લીલા' કોલેજમાં જઈ રહી છે

યુવાની મહોબ્બતના દમ લઈ રહી છે,
મને દિલની ઘડકન ખબર દઈ રહી છે,
પ્રણય રુપના રંગ જોવાને માટે,
બધાંની નજર તે તરફ થઈ રહી છે,
જુઓ 'લીલા' કોલેજમાં જઈ રહી છે.

કમળ જેવા કરમાં એ પુસ્તક ઉઠાવી,
પ્રણય ઊર્મિઓ મનની મનમાં શમાવી,
મનોભાવ મુખ પર ન દેખાય તેથી,
અદાથી જરા ડોક નીચી નમાવી,
મને અવનવી પ્રેરણા દઈ રહી છે,

જુઓ 'લીલા' કોલેજમાં

છે લાલિત્યમાં જેની લચકતી લલિતા,
ગતિ એની જાણે સરકતી સરિતા,
કલાથી વિભૂષિત કલાકાર માટે,
નવી એકાદ સુંદર બનીને કવિતા,
પ્રભુની પ્રભાની ઝલક દઈ રહી છે,

જુઓ 'લીલા' કોલેજમાં

ન સુરમો ન કાજલ ન પાવડર ન લાલી,
છતાં એની રંગત છે સૌમાં નિરાળી,
બધી ફેશનેબલ સખીઓની વચ્ચે,
છે સાદાઈમાં એની જાહોજલાલી,
શું ખાદીની સાડી મજા દઈ રહી છે,

જુઓ 'લીલા' કોલેજમાં

સરળથીય એની સરળ છે સરળતા,
નથી શબ્દ સમજાવવા કોઈ મજા,
લખું તોય લખતા લખી ન લખાવે,
શમી જાય છે ભાવ હેયે ઉછળતા,
અજબ મારા મનની દશા થઈ રહી છે,

જુઓ 'લીલા' કોલેજમાં

ભલા કોણ જાણે કે કોને રીઝવવા,
અને કોના દિલની કળીને ખિલવવા,
એ દરરોજ બેચાર સખીઓની વચ્ચે,
એ જાય છે ભણવા કે ઊંઠાં ભણાવવા,
ન સમજાય તેવી કલા થઈ રહી છે,

જુઓ 'લીલા' કોલેજમાં

મનોજ વી. મિસ્ત્રી
(S. E., Elec.)

પ્રણય

પ્રણય ખરેખર વિસ્મય !
નહીં નહીં તહીં કે અભિનય,
તહીં તો કેવલ અનુનય,
પ્રણય ખરેખર.....

નહીં નહીં તહીં કે માનસમાં દય,
તહીં તો એક જ અંતરનો લય,
પ્રણય ખરેખર.....

નહીં નહીં તહીં કે વિનય - અવિનય
તહીં તો એકલ પરિણય,
પ્રણય ખરેખર વિસ્મય !

મનોજ વી. મિસ્ત્રી
(S.E. Elec.)



શિક્ષિત બેકાર

ઊંચા મકાનની બારીમાંથી,
પડ્યો કોઈ માનવી નીચે
આપઘાત કે અકસ્માત ??
એથી અજાણ હું દોડી ગયો
નહીં રસ્તા પર નહીં ટોળા તરફ
સીધો ગયો તેની કચેરીમાં
જાણવા એની ખાલી પડેલી જગા માટે
કારણ હું છું એક શિક્ષિત બેકાર !!!

ચિન્મય પરીખ

(S.E. Mech.)

ક્યારેક.....?

ક્યારેક મંદિર તણી પાયરીઓ ચઢું,
ક્યારેક મસ્જિદમાં નમાજ પઢી લઉં
માનવ મટી ખુદા ન બની જાઉં
એટલે,
થોડા પાપ પણ કરી લઉં છું, ક્યારેક.
ક્યારેક રાહ બની રહું છું
ક્યારેક રાહી બની રહું છું
ક્યારેક મંઝિલ ન બની જાઉં
એટલે
મુસાફિર બની રહું છું.

મનોજ વી. મિસ્ત્રી

(S. E. Elec.)

મારી વ્યથાઓ

એકાંતમાં શબ્દો સાથે હું રમત રમ્યા કરું છું,
શબ્દોની રમતમાં હું આપ મનાવી' ને ખોળ્યા કરું છું,
આ બધું વ્યર્થ છે, અર્થહીન છે એમ લાગે છે,
હકીકતમાં આપની યાદોમાં હું કાગળ બગાડ્યા કરું છું.
લાગણીના શબ્દો બનાવી કાગળ પર વરસાવું છું,
હંમેશા લાગણીવશ થઈ આપનું વર્ણન કર્યા કરું છું,
જ્યારે કાગળના આકાશમાં વિચારની વીજળી ચમકારા કરે છે
ત્યારે હું એકાંતમાં મારા શબ્દોનું રુદન કર્યા કરું છું.
હું મારા એકાંતપણા પર શબ્દોનો ધ્વજ ફરકાવું છું,
આપે આપેલ ત્યાગનો કાગળ દિલને અહેસાસ કરાવું છું,
હવે તો કદાચ આ કાગળને મારા દુઃખનો ભાર લાગે છે,
માટે હવે હું તેની સંગ સંગ આપની યાદમાં રડ્યા કરું છું.

ચિન્મય પરીખ

(S.E. Mech.)

ખડખડા.....ટ

- * પત્ની : " સહેલગાહે ક્યાં ક્યાં જઈ શકાય તે જણાવતું
પુસ્તક મારી પાસે છે, તેનું નામ છે
'સહેલગાહનાં સ્થાનો'."
- પતિ : " ક્યાં ન જઈ શકાય તે જણાવતું પુસ્તક મારી
પાસે છે, તેનું નામ છે 'બેક પાસબુક'."

* એક હરીફાઈનાં ત્રણ ઈનામ :

- પહેલું ઈનામ : " તમારો એકનો કાશિમરની મુસાફરીનો
સઘળો ખર્ચ."
- બીજું ઈનામ : " પત્ની સહિત કાશિમરની મુસાફરીનો
સઘળો ખર્ચ."
- ત્રીજું ઈનામ : " સમસ્ત કુટુંબ સાથે કાશિમરની
મુસાફરીનો સઘળો ખર્ચ."

- * " ભાવની આટલી માથાકૂટ શું કરવા કરે છે ? તું ક્યાં કદી
પૈસા ચૂકવે છે ? "
- " પરંતુ એને બિચારાને જેટલી ઓછી ખોટ જાય તેટલું
સારું ને ? "

- * 'તાત્કાલિક' અગત્યના કાગળો કારકૂન નિકાલ માટે મૂકી ગયો
ત્યારે સાહેબ બહાર જોતા હતા. કલાક પછી કારકૂન કાગળ
લેવા આવ્યો ત્યારે પણ સાહેબની નજર બારી બહાર જ હતી.
કારકૂનને જોઈ તેમણે કહ્યું : "આ દેશ ક્યાંથી ઉંચો આવવાનો
હતો ? હું ક્યારનો જોઉં છું કે પેલી સડક પર કામ કરનાર
કલાકથી ઉભા ઉભા જોયા જ કરે છે. જરાય કામ કરતા
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सभासद संख्या : ७६,८६६

एकूण वीज ग्राहक : १,००,२८७

शेती वीज ग्राहक : ४०,११६

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मा. आ. श्री. भानुदास काशिनाथ मुरकुटे
मा. श्री. कोंडीराम बाबाजी उडे पा.
मा. श्री. पंडितराव मुरलीधर लहारे पा.
मा. श्री. जलीलखान करिमखान पठाण
मा. श्री. विजयकुमार वसंतराव धनवटे (कामगार प्रतिनिधी)
मा. सौ. पार्वतीबाई मोहनराज वाघ
(स्विकृत महिला सदस्य)

मा. श्री. रामदास विश्वनाथ पा. धुमाळ
मा. श्री. रावसाहेब कोंडाजी साबळे पा.
मा. श्री. प्रतापराव रामनारायण कडू पा.
मा. श्री. संपतराव बाळकृष्ण खर्डे पा.
मा. श्री. सुकदेव विश्वनाथ कुसमुडे.
मा. प्रतिनिधी, ग्रामिण विद्युतीकरण निगम,
नवी दिल्ली.

मा. प्रतिनिधी, महाराष्ट्र राज्य विद्युत मंडळ, मुंबई.

वीजेची बचत

म्हणजेच वीजेची निर्मिती

वीज बीले वेळे वर भरा

वीजेचा गैर वापर टाळा

संस्था आपलीच आहे,

तिच्या मालमत्तेचे रक्षण करा



Shaping their future!

Held captive by Engineering!



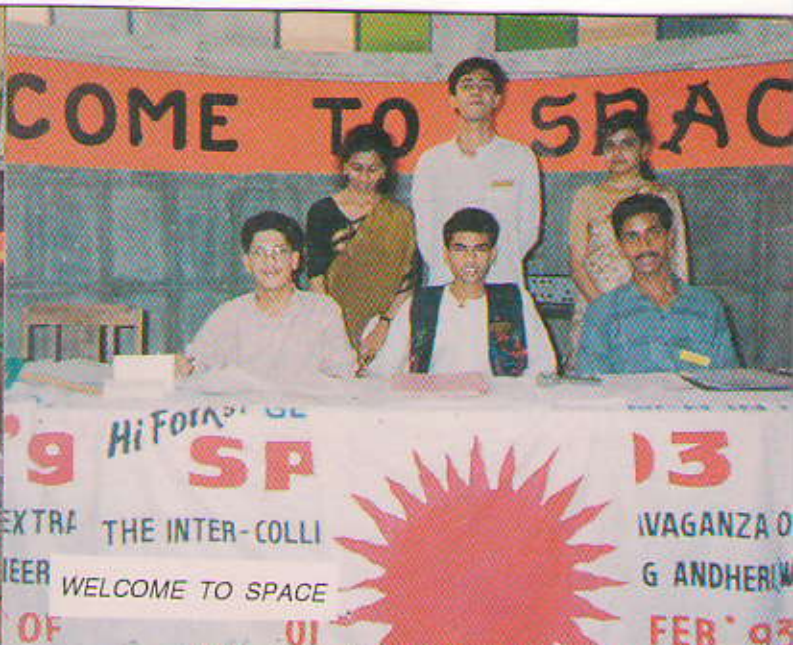
*Baaton Baaton Mein
English debate at Technobreak*

Sticky fingers!

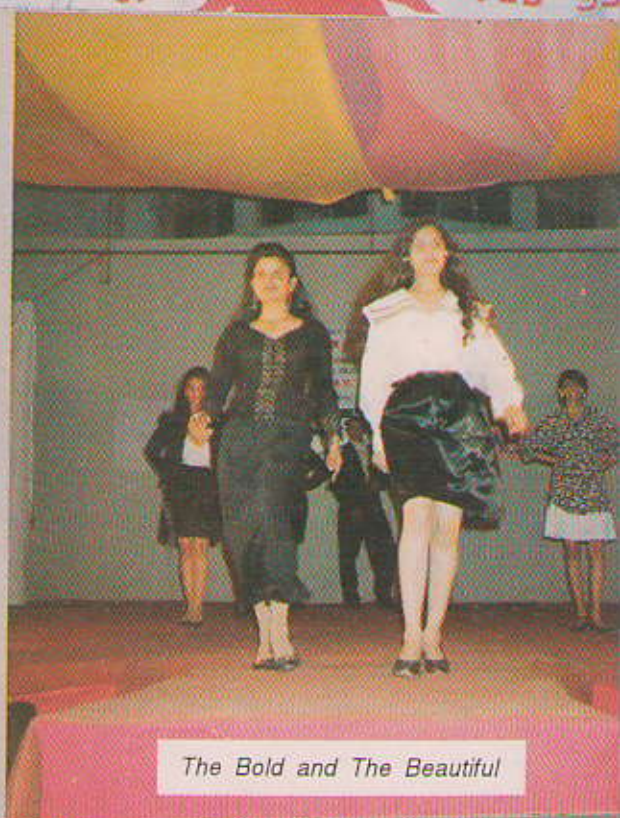




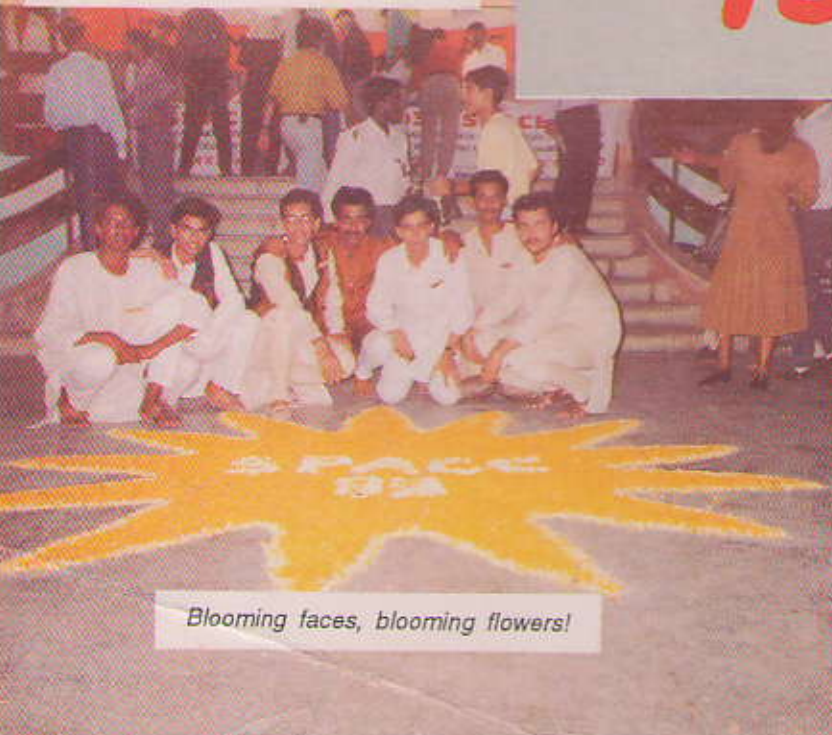
Yeh kaun chitrakaar hain?
Feverish poster making activity at SPACE



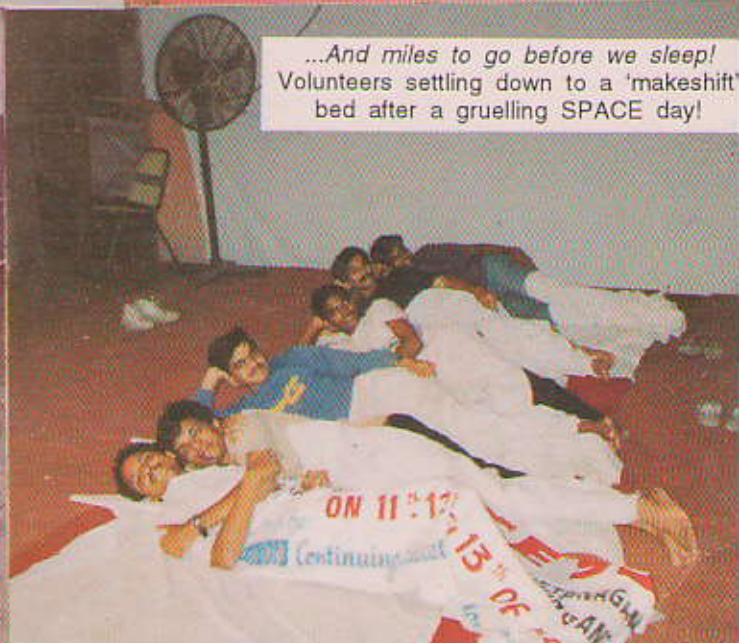
Traditional beginning
to a high-tech festival.



The Bold and The Beautiful



Blooming faces, blooming flowers!



...And miles to go before we sleep!
Volunteers settling down to a 'makeshift'
bed after a gruelling SPACE day!