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FOREWORD

Dear students,

Maulana Azad Medical College today exudes a new spirit of learning in the field of medical education. It is one of the best and the most prestigious medical colleges in the country and has consistently produced not only the most efficient doctors, but also great human beings for more than half a century now. This institution has always aimed at the overall development of the student be it academic excellence, brilliance in Co-curricular activities or professional competence and commitment.

SPANDAN has been an integral part of every student who has entered the hallowed portals of this temple of education. It is a reflection of the matchless spirit and the dreams and aspirations of every Maulanian.

This issue of SPANDAN reflects on 'The Great Journey' a student undertakes right from the first year till his goal of becoming a doctor is realized. It reflects MAMC as a way of life covering its academics, co-curricular activities and festivals among other every day things. The section METAMORPHOSIS is an enunciation of the rapid and astonishing reformation MAMC has experienced in the past one and a half years.

I appreciate the progress SPANDAN has been making in the past few years and this issue comes as a pleasant surprise. The magazine is beaming with enthusiasm and new creative ideas. The Spandan Editorial Board has proven its worth by giving the magazine a fresh, entirely different, new and grand look. I congratulate the Editor Vinay Baunthiyal , the Joint Ed. Rohit Malhotra and the rest of the Spandan Editorial Board for this endeavor.

I wish all students of MAMC the very best in life.

(Dr. A.K. Agarwal)

Unravelling SPANDAN

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The Magazine Committee:

President: Dr. Rakesh Kumar
Vice President: Dr. Neelam Vasudeva
Members: Dr. Shelly Khanna Chadha
 Dr. Sumit Sural
Treasurer: Dr. Nita Khurana
Editor: Vinay Baunthiyal
Jt. Editor: Rohit Malhotra

AND THE ONE AND ONLY.....



SEB: SPANDAN Ed'Board- Ntn Official About it!!!!

THE TRIUMVIRATE:

Rohit (RM)
Pavneet (PK)
Zeeshan- The Jester

'OFFICIAL' PHOTOGRAPHER & COLLAGE 'MAKER':

Nikhhar Jain

UN-OFFICIAL PIC INCHARGE: PK

OGH DOPE: Manvi

CREATIVE TEAM: RK and JK of Creative Offset

President's Musings

Welcome to another edition of **SPANDAN** from the SEB the **SPANDAN** Editorial Board. The most important thing to feel good about this year is the fact that SEB ke SEB ab tak bhi saath saath hain! This is no mean achievement in times when the best of groups are finally represented by just a couple of people. And that too in the face of the irritatingly constant presence of the Magazine Committee (represented by Dr Neelam Vasudeva, Dr Nita Khurana, Dr Sumit Sural, Dr Shelly Chadha and me, that has the delusion that it has provided valuable inputs to the SEB as and when required). Well done youngsters, keep it up!



The SEB claims that this year's **SPANDAN** is "**bolder, fresher and louder**". They also claim to have covered the college events and renovation more extensively than ever before. Now it is up to you to judge whether they are right or wrong. On my part I feel that they have experimented with the layout and presentation, and it has come of well.

Do go through their work to find out who all have made it to the list of Celebrity Alumni, who are their Style Gurus and why, who are the Achievers they have chosen and why, what has been happening in your campus, what is being renovated, who has been roaming around the country and the world and where, etc. etc. If you are the one who is fond of Puzzles and Horoscopes, there is something for you too.

Going through some of the articles of **SPANDAN** when it was in its making I realized that in the process of renovation, a lot many addas have come up within the campus. And to know that many of these happen to be around the Kendriya Pustakalaya (the name for Central Library used by the SEB!) makes me feel doubly happy, as I too had a little bit of say in it, supported by the Library Advisory Committee and Dr JM Kaul, and most importantly by our dynamic and ever supportive Dean, Dr AK Agarwal.

Finally, I think that **SPANDAN** still misses out on at least two important things. One, it does not include the special scientific/community activities carried out by various departments that are either unique to this institution or are carried out at very few institutions in our country. For this, the SEBs will have to create a simple proforma that can be given out to the various departments, right at the beginning of their tenure. It must ask why the activities mentioned are unique. Once included, I feel these activities will form an impressive list for "inspiration and applause", to quote the SEB. Two, **SPANDAN** should have more representation of the other important group of students of MAMC, the postgraduates. The modalities to include them in the best possible way can be worked out once we decide in principle to do so.

Let's leave the last bit for the next SEBs while you enjoy the creation of the present SEB. Have a great year!

Dr. Rakesh Kumar

Editorials

Bringing out this issue of SPANDAN has been quite an experience! I was elected for this post un-opposed (A fact which I have come to regret many times), as my good friend Hariom Solanky withdrew his candidature unconditionally (for which I'll never forgive him). Like me, my Jt. Ed. Rohit was also elected unopposed (guess how much people fancy being editors). We did start with all dedication, without knowing the difficult road ahead.

With people pretending to be great writers and withholding their brilliant articles, collecting articles for the magazine was a big task. Getting photographs was even tougher, but then that's how we Maulanians have always been and that's how the life of an editor has always been.

Well grievances aside, working on this magazine has indeed been a special experience with this being the golden jubilee issue. We had a great opportunity, and responsibility, to bring out an issue befitting the occasion. I hope we succeeded to some extent.

I would also take this as an opportunity to thank a lot of people associated with 'SPANDAN'08' and its making. My friend Hariom Solanky who provided me with valuable inputs time to time, my team members Rohit, Pavneet, Zeeshan, Nikhar and Manvi, who have been phenomenal and the main workforce behind Spandan-08 and also my friends, Tanush and Aniket, who were of great assistance. Also Rakshit, my junior, helped me a lot.

My sincere thanks to our wonderful faculty Ed. Board, who have been there to guide us all through this effort.

And last but not the least thanks to all my fellow Maulanians for reading upto here and maybe further in also.

Vinay Baunthiyal (Editor)

The Road to SPANdition

Man! It was one loooooooonnnnnngggg road. When I nominated myself to the post of Jt. Ed, I had absolutely no idea what an uphill task it was going to be. Right from the beginning it was so full of debacles that at many junctions I thought, "To Hell with the magazine"! However, as chance would have it, I had a great Associate Ed. (Ass Ed) Pavneet (6th Sem), who egged me on as I meandered my way through deep articles and deeper poems (None of us could understand any of it!) with the only goal of making SPANDAN 08 understandable. Throughout this journey I had constant support of SEB (SPANDAN Ed Board) though there was nothing official about it! There was Zeeshan (6th Sem), with all his crazy, over-the-top ideas and his bizarre notions of sensibility, who'd always inspire someone else. Then there was Nikhar (6th Sem), the calm one: come what may never did he panic even in times of distress when the photos were none and we had to request everyone. Lastly there was Manvi (6th Sem), who rose brilliantly to her duties whenever required. Obviously there were a couple of other members without whom I couldn't have brought this magazine, Tanush (8th Sem) & Aniket (8th Sem); I thank them from the bottom of my heart for coming to increase the volume of our group photo and being conveniently absent from all the other activities of the Ed' board.

Enough praising SEB, 'Ab meri baari'. It's difficult to start, obviously! Why else you think the magazine got delayed??? But once the journey started, our goals seemed so approachable yet they were miles away. Well begun is half done, but it was never a great beginning, trying to get fellow earthlings to dive into their 'Harry' beaten brains and come up with some non-acad articles. But unlike most, some were very forthcoming with contributions. Here I'd like to mention two people Divyanshu (6th Sem) and Nivedita (4th Sem), who came forward with articles, at times too many of them, when the contributions were merely a trickle.

Whatever the conditions in the SEB HQs had been, they made me realize one thing, never keep ur laptop without its cover in the cupboard. Let us observe a moments silence for the heavenly departed soul of my Dell Vostro.. (Fighting back tears!!) Also, the martyrdom of Zeeshan's Seinfeld Dreams in order to facilitate the timely completion of this magazine, after my lappy's demise, must be acknowledged.

It feels great though, having completed SPANDAN'08, one setback at a time. I've tried to give this issue a loud and enticing look so as to attract maximum Maulanians. The sections have been designed with great patience and perseverance. Thanks to the aged Akhil Vaid, (who is so 'high' that everything else seems petty to him) whose magazine was always there to tell us what 'Not' to do! And of course I'd sincerely like to thank the President of our Magazine Committee, Dr. Rakesh, for supporting all my ideas, no matter how wild they were!

I could answer an LQ about the salient features of this edition of SPANDAN, but then again this ain't the proffs!!! So without tiring my tiny brain further I'd just like to say, "Friends, Maulanians, MAMCites; I come here only to praise this magazine, not to be modest!" Happy Deciphering !!!!!

Rohit Malhotra (Jt. Editor)

SPANDEMONIUM

One year back when the newly appointed Jt. Ed, Rohit Malhotra contacted me, the first emotion I had was of fear and despair. Not once but twice, may be even thrice, Khundass (as he is popularly known) had lent me his Parker pen and I thought he wanted it back. I panicked because the pawn shop has been closed for ages now. On a second thought I wondered if this was the beginning of the first of the several requests/ threats for articles. So I was pleasantly surprised and relieved when he asked me to join the bandwagon. To get off the hook, I immediately named at least ten people more deserving than me. He replied, "Yes but they are all unavailable!"

Throwing caution to the wind I signed up, and yes these winds have left me bruised and battered. Not surprisingly I have often regretted the decision but as I write this editorial, I am filled with a sense of immense happiness and satisfaction of playing a part in this long and unending journey that has culminated in the Paragon of Perfection, the Magnum Opus SPANDAN 2008. The magazine would be impossible without Rohit Malhotra. His surprisingly amazing creativity and unparalleled perseverance have been instrumental in the shaping of this magazine. (All the high praise, so you know who to shower all the brickbats on) Sitting in room 230 for hours at a stretch, we only found solace in cribbing about everything in MAMC. Cribbing keeps you healthy after all! Cribbing and Chocolate actually!! Zeeshan Hussain, my good old friend, and his zany ideas added to the Spandemonium, but without him this magazine would be incomplete and not even half as much fun. His relentless ranting and matchless wit saved the day on many occasions. Manvi Singh was forever there to provide me with all the dope about the OGH matters-which included an uncensored peek into their candid pictures and the firsthand account of every girl's life. Nikhar Jain, well I guess you must all thank him for disrupting your lectures and practical labs.

Dr. Rakesh and the entire Magazine Committee have been a pillar of strength during this entire expedition and I am sure the entire SEB is grateful to him. How can I forget my 'Editor' Vinay Baunthiyal? If it weren't for him sitting in the library, socializing and trying to please everyone, I wouldn't have had the privilege of having an entire page for my thoughts. And please let us not forget the Usual Suspects- Aniket and Tanush who were instrumental in the breathtaking task of arranging the chairs for the SEB photograph. Good work boys!

I would like to thank Mahima and Viviktha who unfortunately had to be at the butt end of my relentless pestering. They, I must add, have significantly contributed in the delay of the release of this magazine. I would be castrated if I do not mention Divyanshu Mohananey, whom I have foxed into giving articles galore. And yeah dude, if you are looking for your book review and the full page photograph, turn to page 141 of this edition.

I'll be honest I did some research about how to write this editorial- people to thank, to abuse, to make tall claims of the magazine being different and being just for you...Some of those editorials...Phew!!! Akhil Vaid..tussi great ho sirjee.....I refrain from going down the same road and save you all the misery. I remember one anecdote fondly "Why speak in English, if you are fluent in Hieroglyphics?" So I have come to the conclusion if in 50 words I could highlight all the aspects of the magazine it would not be great to read the entire thing. Therefore I leave it to the reader's imagination.

What's the word that comes to my mind when i think of this issue???Guesses??

Excellence....Par Excellence...oh that's two words, but words which aptly define SPANDAN 08.

I pass the parole to the magazine, let the magazine speak for itself. Happy Reading!!!

Pavneet Kohli (Associate Editor)

The SEB Chronicle

President refuses to comment on Wi-Fi issues.

In his usual manner the Prez, Rajeev Ranjan, deftly manoeuvred all attempts of enquiry regarding Wi-Fi installation in the campus with his characteristically witty and insightful repartee- "6th sem hai bacche, Padh Le!!! Wi-Fi! Hmphh....."



Search still on for the Missing Vice President

Ashish Bijoria, 25 year old male, is still missing and has not yet been recovered. He has been reported missing since the last election results were announced. The dogs in the OBH are working overtime sniffing and howling all over the hostel in a frantic attempt to find any clue which might lead them to their missing brethren. He was last seen with his overweight club members at the Election Party. There have been sporadic reports of a figure matching his description haunting the corridors of the OBH.



Meeting to be held regarding a 0.03% increase in dust in the campus

Anuj Sharma called a meeting in the campus of all AMA members to deal with the pressing problem of dust today. After courteous greetings and warm handshakes, the meeting lasted 5 hours at the end of which the bench was nowhere near a conclusion. Further debacles...ahem...debates are awaited.....



Jt. Sec's MM\$ A Bestseller

Abhishek Gupta's homemade aerobic exercises videos remain a strong 1st on all DVD rentals. In tune with his figure they regularly feature a gourmet recipe at the end. Not much for health freaks but still.....



Imposter Apprehended in Surgery OPD.

A clean shaven decently dressed and katora cut haired chap claiming to be Gurukripa Kowlgi was immediately arrested by alert SEB personnel at the Surgery OPD. Investigations are underway....



Mut(h)ated Human sends MAMC in a tizzy

Shreyans Mutha has left MAMC speculating about his orientation after he candidly professed his love for a certain Mr. Argee during one of his stage appearances. Vivek Tiwary, a victim of his near fatal kiss, has asked the SEB officials to warn the general public of this ever jaundiced creature.



Amit and Saurabh: Will they/ Won't they??

The Sports Sec. and his deputy have vehemently denied rumours of anything more than a "strictly professional relationship" among themselves "Hum sirf acchey dost hai," reported Saurabh when contacted by the SEB reporters.

Research yields insightful results

A randomized study conducted by Cine Sec. Nishit Sud in the OBH TV room revealed startling results. Long hours in front of the tube may lead to tilting of head at 17° from the vertical and jutting of the chin...hmmm....that explains a lot....

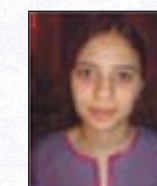


Jt. Cine Sec denies practicing Black Magic.

Sachin Kumar has vehemently dismissed all reports of practicing wizardry. Rumours of a depressing charm and a grimacing jinx have long since surrounded this AMA man of mystery. 'The Dementor' as he is popularly called, disagrees.

Woman breaks World Record.

Neha Kapoor, OGH Rep, well known for breaking glasses and sheets of marble with her voice recently broke the record for the loudest sound produced by any species...Kudos Neha!!!!



Darwin wins RC award

Much to the surprise of the general population of MAMC Darwin 'hic' Sachdeva was awarded the prestigious R C award for art direction. In a glittering event held in the corridor outside Room No75, OBH, Darwin walked hand in hand with Pradeep 'p***y' Meena. Passersby said that they were the last to leave the party in the wee hours of the morning when Darwin was heard whispering in Pradeep's ears 'Yaar, agli baar Synapse mein bottle painting contest karvayenge.'



Atul Gupta flees from OBH

Tragedy struck Atul Gupta on the 14th of February, when a romantic candle light dinner with Kushagra turned ugly. A member of the Dandiya gang, on condition of anonymity told SEB that Kushagra refused to pay for the plate of tandoori chicken and quarter bottle of 'tharra' Atul had bought earlier for the date. Both of them refuse to comment on this issue.



Embezzlement of Funds rocks MAMC

News just coming in suggests that there has been massive misappropriation of whatever little funds were made available by the college authorities for organization of Goonj. The man behind this fraud is said to be none other than the 'college rag man' Shrey Gupta. Many victims of this Asatyam Saga staged a protest march from 24H to his room but their efforts have borne no fruit yet. Post your views on this story at ladakooshrey@collegerags.com



Proclamation: Warning to general public

General public is hereby informed that a boy named Zeeshan Hussain, room 86, OBH, 22 year old, height 4' 4", 'rung gehuan', small face, heavy weight, black hair, wearing a bright red t shirt, golden jeans, kolhapuri chappal has escaped from the mental asylum with a piano in hand. Anyone who comes in close contact with this petrifying creature should wear earmuffs to protect themselves from his incessant chatter, however on physical contact do not panic..yeh chhoone se nahi failta.....



Editor accused of plagiarism.

In a shocking new development Vinay Baunthiyal, the 'Editor' of Spandan Magazine was accused of plagiarism. It was reported that the recent Spandan magazine was 'inspired' by the bundles of stained MAXIM magazines that were found in his room. When contacted by the SEB reporters he was bewildered at the accusations and defended himself saying "Maine kuch nahi kiya hai. How can you accuse me of plagiarism, when I haven't contributed a single idea let alone an article for this year's magazine???" Surprisingly, the SEB team have decided to stand with him at his hour of need. This is what they had to say, "So uninvolved was he that he refused to edit even this. Doesn't that prove his point?"



Jt. Editor lashes out at children

Rohit Malhotra's 6 months rehab stint has not made much difference. His lashing out at a 1st year a few days ago because he asked him to mark his book exemplifies his 'violent streak'. Malhotra claimed the fuccha was mocking him for not carrying a pen. Earlier he had assaulted a student in the ICH for having 'that hungry look' in his eyes.





Dr. Yash Gulati: Senior orthopaedician Apollo hospital, Padmashree Awardee. (MAMCOS)



Dr. B.K. Rao: Chairman SGRH. Padmashree awardee (MAMCOS)



Dr. A.K. Grover: HOD Ophthalmology, SGRH. Padmashree Awardee (MAMCOS)



Shruti: For grabbing the coveted 1st position in the final prof

Making M.A.M.C. Proud!!!



Nidhi: For academic excellence in the Pre-final year!



Nishtha: For making the OGH proud in the 1st year



Niket: Received a research scholarship in germany



Ankur: For winning the rat race in the second year.



Guru: Drummer of band "Overdose". 1st prize in the



Atul Batre: Topped the AIIMS-PG Entrance exam '08



Viviktha: Recipient of the prestigious KVPY scholarship. .





The Spirit of MAMC

Over the last one year, a celebration of 50 long and glorious years. The college has undergone countless changes in terms of the infrastructure; yet there is a constant and steady, the Spirit of MAMC. The undying force that binds us all together is the fact that WE are Maulanians. Here's a list of a few things that define our memories which bring a sense of belonging to the hearts of all students and alumni.

- 1) The first and foremost has to be the JCH. Originally named as Indian Coffee House, the name seems to have been lost in the sands of time but wherever we find Maulanians the first thing they'll remember is countless li'l incidences at this 'multi cuisine' canteen, innumerable anecdotes from their time all having some relation with this place.
- 2) The Reading Room in the library, the cradle of gossips, romance, a bedroom (for sleeping alone) and yes of course studies.
- 3) Walks to 245 to grab a cup of tea or a bite of the sumptuous paranthas in the middle of the night while studying or enjoying, truly har mausam ka saanthi.
- 4) Nescafe and of course with that, Dheeraj, the smiling guy who'd tell you all about the latest affairs and has a special eye for beautiful girls. Two-timers beware!
- 5) How can I miss the Dean's Carpet? The place for all our love birds.
- 6) The shops next to the mortuary, in the college lingo, 'Mulle ki dukaan'. Not everyone is a customer but all of us do know.
- 7) The general store cum book shop, where you get everything from a tooth brush to the latest volume of Harrison.
- 8) Photocopy always saves the day!
- 9) Our fetish for ellipsis..... We don't even come to know when anatomy becomes anat, biochemistry becomes BC and the ground floor lecture theatre becomes GFLT. I was shocked when someone told me we had our lecture in the PLT, took me ages to decipher!
- 10) The universal fear of Anatomy and the anat professors. Wasn't it sufficient that we had to face our seniors and a couple of dead guys on our first day in college????
- 11) In the first month here, the genuine desire to do dissection only to realise that a mere glimpse of the cadaver is sufficient for thanking the lord.
- 12) 3rd semester, designated the SONEYMOON period. The only light that keeps us going in the dark and fearful corridors of first year.
- 13) The trip at the end of 3rd sem, the actual honeymoon for the couples made over the past 6 months. Whether it is Pondicherry or Goa, we all love the beach.
- 4) Three hours during the second proff, from 9 am-12 noon, spent enjoying a hot cup of coffee while catching up with friends or more commonly spent sleeping.
- 15) Pre-proff supplis, the perennial sword hanging over the heads of all the ZIG students. C'mon man they are for our own good!!!! (Can u believe this)
- 16) The frantic search for 'kunjis' a fortnight before the proffs. From AKT to Pappu to LA to Nutshell, all of which are out of stock at the book shop.
- 17) Synapse, our college festival, synonymous with fun and frolic. (I'm not talking about synapse 2008). The time of maximum activity by our muscles and minimum by the brain.



- 18) Pulse, the festival at AJIMS, 7 days of non-stop masti equivalent to our own fest. For some it is more important than our own fest.
- 19) Goonj, the intra-college fest, seemingly more enjoyable than our inter college one.
- 20) Night-night cricket matches held in the all purpose basket court in OBS. (if you don't turn nocturnal in the first year itself you're gonna miss much more than the owl's cry... I'm saying this from personal experience)
- 21) Mess food, only LOOKS edible.
- 22) The daily 'kayams' from the innumerable mosques in and around MAMC, that give us all a sense of time whenever we are in the hostel
- 23) The sessions of PDP (Personality Development Programme) conducted specially for the 'fuchas' to make them aware of the hazards of college life, undertaken solely for the benefit of the new comers (and only at their request).
- 24) Scurrying for water to bathe during the summer months and at night trying to locate a toilet where you can actually see what you are doing. Brushing while taking a walk down the entire corridor.... Spitting in the bushes!! (ugh..)
- 25) The yearly scare of dengue, cooler cleaning drives, unsuccessful as always. I wonder why no one ever tries to repair the perennially blocked drains?
- 26) The absence of potable water all year round. (For those of you who thought drinking water was supposed to be included in the rent...)
- 27) The excitement each LS fest generates. Hopes of a rosy future and many myths shattered. It's difficult to imagine why seniors always talk about the fest when the only people there are the students and their respective partners.
- 28) The inaugural plays in all our fests, everyone beware... its open house, anyone can be attacked (particularly those associated with a certain publication called 'SPANDAN')
- 29) The tendency to celebrate and have a DP at the slightest provocation. Be it lohri or India winning a match, we just love to dance.
- 30) Unbreakable bonds of friendship forged in steel and strengthened by the vagaries of each professional exam. Friends, who stay for life, be it when u flunk an exam or when you lose your first luv!



The list seems to be endless but there are limitations to one's vocabulary and patience. My brain simply refuses to write any more in this article!!!!

Rohit Malhotra (6th Sem)

Effortless Time Travel

Past and present articles from Spandan, MAMC History and more!

Spandan.com
All about MAMC



Morning: classes, patients, histories, examinations... A little later in the day: more of classes, patients, histories, examinations... Still later: scary looking books with endless chapters (probably in Hebrew or Latin)... Even later: more Latin.....zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!!! Yes, seniors told me that final year would be a little hectic but believe me that would be the understatement of the year.

MAMC has been a roller coaster right from Day1- All the way from the cadavers and rabbit ileum to actual live patients. Studying so many subjects from so many teachers, some of who are really unforgettable. Through all the sleepless nights during sent ups and profs (and sometimes even the BC tuts in the 1st year...I wonder why...) and of course, 'SYNAPSE' and the DPs (for every possible occasion that can be celebrated, I have lost count!). From the depressing mess food and the even more depressing ICH food to the lavish conference dinners, which we, as true hostellers, religiously attended, it has been a heck of an experience. Through all the time spent aimlessly chatting and shopping and watching movies with my wonderful, fantastic, amazing friends.....making our way, sticking with each other through thick and thin.

I love MAMC!!!!!!

I love it for the rocking friends it has given me. I love it for the immense knowledge it has given me. Each day here has something new to offer. It is moulding me into a future doctor- responsible, knowledgeable, confident enough to take life and death decisions some day. We still have a long way to go though. I might complain all I want to, but at the end of the day, no matter how demanding, life in this institution has its own charm and I wouldn't miss it for the world!!!!



Sai Priya (8th Sem)

My experiences with MAMC....

To me MAMC is potpourri of fun, emotions, excitement, friendship, play and of course, exams. Every day here heralds a new beginning and a new adventure. Even lunch can turn to be a very daring expedition. Will it be Bhandari Bhaiya's chikni chicken chow mien, Nescafe's overpriced croissants, the delicacies cooked in the OBF mess or are you man enough to test your patience on the Amul counter, as the sales guy slowly wakes up from suspended animation.

Right from the heart of MAMC in the badminton court to the "plaza" outside the library where I have spent many a winter morning pretending to study while secretly gorging on chicken puffs and hot coffee, to the lecture theatre where cell phones and stupid games played on one's notebook are standard operating procedure....life in MAMC is one big joyride. Of course the theme park also has a house of horrors which appears every now and then in the form of exams.

MAMC to me means, being perennially broke and to have friends who are not. It means to cram before the night of the exam and drink on the night after it... We sink or swim together in MAMC, not because we are a team, but because no one here has a lifejacket!!!



Divyanshu Mohananey (4th Sem)



CRICKET- Dhadhkan MAMC KI



CRICKET IS RELIGION, anyone here who begs to differ can beg all he wants; he's not laying hands on my money! The 20-20 world cup is proof galore. The joy of India's victory can't be described in words (pathetic writer ain't I???)

I was jumping on the couch, my brother was punching the air...doing a Shoab Akhtar...it was pure Ecstasy....fans were crowding the streets...firecrackers dancing in the air...a billion Indians numb, overcome by feelings.

It's the only religion that can make an entire country laugh and cry together...when u r watching cricket u r not a Muslim, u r not a Hindu, Sikh or Christian.....O R A FAN!!

Anyway, I am not being paid to popularise cricket...not that it needs any more publicity in this country.

No. I'm here to tell u about a ground not so far away and a pitch not so well known...

Its wasn't always a cricket ground...rather the creators of the Old Boys Hostel had made a perfectly state-of-the-art basket ball court....but as we say..."it wasn't meant to be..."

Destiny had other plans... Like almost everywhere in this cricket crazy nation, it's now used as a cricket field. Welcome to the heart of the boys hostel...The place that witnesses more competition, profanity, fights, and emotion than a bollywood masala flick...though obviously it lacks the sexy actresses, not that anyone really misses them...the sport is far more important... (Footnote: I am perfectly heterosexual)

Every lecture that is free (read bunked)...every clinical posting, every lunch hour...this place is swarming with medicos turned pro sportsmen...

Such is the intensity of what we play that every close catch, every near run out...every stumping turns into a blood feud... No games, only sport! Teammates turn against each other when it comes to batting and I bet the pressure on our fielders is far greater than the international team has ever had to cope with...

This game has rules which any sane man can only describe as crazy...what with the umpire being the natural successor to the outgoing batsmen...and a ball hitting above the six line fetching you no runs.

As men fight it out on the concrete, all friendship is forgotten, all animosity doubled...INCREDIBLE??

Well what is more incredible is that as soon as that clock sounds 12 pm... And a lecture calls...the friendship returns... DOUBLED...and well, while the animosity doesn't really go away... we manage to stifle it till the next time we meet on the field.

And while outsiders might find this weird and amusing...only Maulanians know this is life...and it ROCKS!!

Divyanshu Mohanoney
(6th Sem)



Some say that all change is good; others would do anything to prevent it. Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder, as does change. For me venturing out of the comfortable protective cocoon I had at home and into MAMC was a change most welcome. Certainly the life of a medical student (and a hosteller, away from home for the first time) comes with its fair share of trials. But nothing can compare to those gossip sessions with friends, those one am snacks, midnight birthday parties, not to forget the celebrations every time a new couple is formed (and of course the treats thereafter). I wouldn't trade these moments for the world. Indeed change is inevitable, and when my time here must end, I know I'll cherish these memories all the more.



Nivedita Arora (4th Sem)

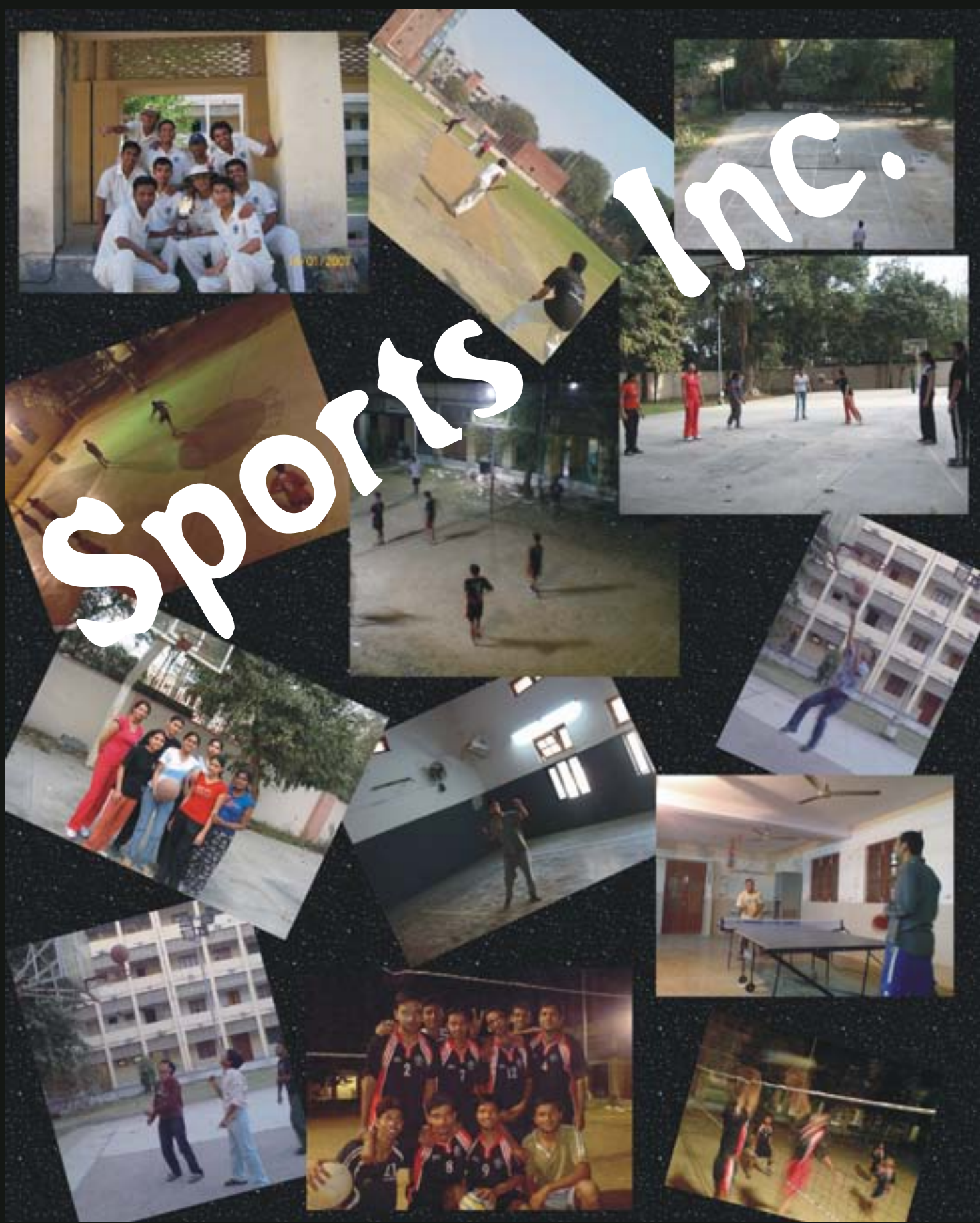
MAMC.... My Attitude..... My College!!!!

I came to MAMC expecting to find the best brains but I met the best hearts (my great friends). They were the only consoling factor when most of us high on our PMT results, birds, free from the shackles of school ended up in cages of college. It was frustrating in the beginning. The long tiresome anatomy lectures left the best of us disillusioned. And being trapped in the anat building day and night for the 1st month only compounded the problem.



But life has come a full circle. Gone are the days of misery and frustration, suddenly MAMC is fun. A wonderful campus, pocket friendly eating options, greenery, fountains, its feels good to be here. The journey to get the 'Dr' tag doesn't seem long and tiresome. MAMC has been a DREAM-at times a NIGHTMARE-more often REALITY.....a REALITY I am truly proud of. Isch leibe MAMC

Karishma Bhatia (4th Sem)



OF EXAMS, SUPERSTITIONS & SUCHLIKE.....

All of us who have had the privilege of undergoing medical education and who are willing to be a part of this elite fraternity have one thing in common: Exams! From the start of our forage into the education system of this country, till we reach that end point where we can finally arrange our books neatly on the shelf and just gloat over them (does that ever happen?!), it's a long tedious journey dotted with tests, terminals, stages, ward leavings, vivas, professionals..... whatever the terminology that we might use, they are nonetheless synonyms for the same.....EXAMINATIONS.



As per my estimates, in the first three decades of my life, I appeared for a total of 1259 tests of various kinds. That averages out to one test per every 8.7 days over thirty years! With exams forming such a major part of our life and lifestyle, its no wonder that we evolve many mechanisms to deal with the related stress. Superstitions often form an important part of our student, or shall I say 'Examination', life. I hardly know any such brave-heart who is completely devoid of exam related superstitions. I know that I myself have more than one. On every morning of every exam, I HAD to be woken up by the sound of my mother's voice. God alone knows what heavens would have fallen and where my destiny would have led me, if someone else had called out my name early on the morning when I was to sit for my entrance exam. So deep-seated was this belief, that at a time when my mother was out of the country and I had to appear for my second professional exam, I actually taped her voice and made my sister play it to me early in the morning. So my younger sibling was entrusted with the task of waking up before me and having to do this in a manner such that my slumber remains undisturbed (so no alarm clock!). Hence, my grandmother would wake up first, silently enter our room and rouse my bed-mate, who would then quietly go and press the play button on the cassette player.... My mother's voice would fill the room, sweetly asking her firstborn to rise and shine, to go out and conquer the world. Thank God for my family's concerted efforts! But for all their planning and flawless execution, I would probably have dropped out of medical college after the third year. Another superstition that I have long carried with me is to visit a particular temple on the morning before each and every exam that I undertook, starting from the 10th boards. A fairly harmless superstition, till of course, there came a point when the physical distance between my place of examination and the designated place of worship turned out to be about 30 kilometers. So, a member of my obliging family was deputed to carry out the task of carrying out a "proxy" pooja for me at the temple while I sat for my exam.

Surely, you too have some superstition that you subscribe to during your exams. During the course of my life as an extended student (24 out of the first thirty years of my life were spent as a student) and then as a teacher, I have seen many strange rituals being observed. Some are cute, others weird and some truly...ugh! Topping the list of superstitions are those involving our personal appearance and hygiene. As per my estimation, about 30% of the male members of my MBBS batch believed that either cutting their hair or shaving their facial flora would significantly reduce their knowledge base. You could actually judge the proximity of the exams by the length and quantity of the overgrowth on the scalps and faces of many of my classmates. Then, of course, is the simple superstition of wearing a particular dress or shirt that is deemed as 'LUCKY' on the day of each and every exam. No dilution on that issue! No matter how worn out, discoloured or out of shape and size the garment may be, that is the only one fit for donning in an exam. Some meticulous and homebound souls, that I know, actually wash and iron



imparts and thereby have a negative impact on one's performance. A friend of mine would wear the same Salwar-Kurta for every exam that she appeared in during her MBBS days and NEVER washed it in between (the good luck needs to be preserved!). By the time we reached the final professional, practically no one could sit near her without pinching their noses. Those who were unfortunate enough to be seated near her often carried perfumed handkerchiefs or else just grew used to it. Then, there are others who must always use the same pen for every exam or carry their lucky charm with them. I have seen people carry a variety of objects such as a peacock feather, a stuffed toy, a chewed up pencil, a tiny Ganesha There was one student who tied a string (the one we use for attaching extra sheets and tying them together) around a finger in the form of a ring. He wore this to every exam. A friend of mine had to carry a coin in his right sock, such that the coin was touching the sole of his foot. . . can you imagine! A student had the habit of tying a knot in the corner of his handkerchief which could be opened only after the exam was over. One student believed that giving a rupee to a beggar before an exam would turn his luck around. Last year, I encountered a young girl who believed that her elbows must not touch the examination table, if she was to do well. A classmate of hers had the notion that closing his pencil-box during the test could ruin it. He meticulously opened it, arranged his stuff and would shut it only after the exam was done.

Whatever the belief, whatever the superstition which one subscribes to, basically they are all psychological props that help us to believe in ourselves and in a power beyond ourselves, looking after us, taking care of us. These absurd, cute, irritating, annoying, strange, weird and yet prevalent notions and thoughts help us to get through the tough times of our medical education and are often an important aspect of the psyche of a medical student. Well, so be it, it's lucky for us, isn't it?



Shelly Khanna Chadha,
Professor of ENT



By Nikhar (6th sem)

I'm not very sure whether Dr. Bhatia Tutorial's exists or not, but for many years I have come across posters in the college, inviting students to join them for extra coaching. Subsequently I started seeing many posters of other institutes as well. Not used to the concept of coaching classes for M.B.B.S subjects or the P.G. entrance exams, as we never had these during our MBBS days, nor was a need ever felt, this was a new concept for me. On talking to students who already had or were planning to enrol into these classes by the dozen, I was further enlightened about them. The first fact being that one had to pay a huge amount (varying with years and with institutions) for admission. The amount has to be paid right at the beginning of the course. The classes are held in the evenings, weekends and holidays. And these help you in understanding medicine, Surgery etc. They also train you for your pre-PG exams. Is the age old dictum of strong foundations leading to stronger institutions and individuals no longer true? Can bricks laid upon foundations yet not made, hold on?? And those in such a hurry; wanting to hop, skip and jump rather than walking the path steadily, firmly and consistently, are missing out on the holistic pleasures of the present. Is there so little to fill our days that we spend our weekends in coaching classes for what comes years and years from now.... The increasing no. Of posters advertising coaching classes in MAMC campus, does make me feel a little sad, because of what it symbolises....It is a representation of what the MBBS training and degree has been reduced to; A degree so important, that fortunate few have been blessed with! We all need to stop for a moment, introspect and then make a decision so as to get the maximum out of it.

Dr. Vandana Roy (Professor of Pharma)



*ज़िक्र जिसका जंगे आजादी में जर्द, शहीदों का खून या ग़ालिब का दर्द
इसी गर्द में हैं वाजिद अफसाने सूरी, इन्कलाबे भगत सिंह जहांगीरी तूरी
यहाँ ज़र्रे ज़र्रे पर कहानी पुरानी, नहीं जिसका दुनिया में दूजा है सानी ।
हों गदर के लम्हें व सलाखों की जेल, वो जफ़र की सिसकी या फांसी का खेल
भगेल सिंह के घोड़े वो चाँदनी बहारें, शाहजहाँनी दौलत या गोरी सरकारें
उसी धूल से चमका मेरा मैलाना, जुबाँ नहीं थकती गाते तराना ।*

*जब आसूँ बहाता था दरवाज़ा खूनी, भड़के थे दगें सड़के थी सूनी
रोया था चुपके से मेरा मौलाना, कभी जिसने गाया था शहीदी तराना
मरहम लगाता था आँखे थी सूजी, कभी जिसने देखी थी रगें फिरोजी ।
यूँ खिला है जाके अपना मौलाना, हुआ जिसका कायल जग ये दीवाना
इसी धूल में पनपे कई सितारे, बाँटे है दुख खुशियाँ बिखारे
बरसों हज़ारों जियो तुम मौलाना, गाते रहें हम सब तेरा तराना*

Dr. Daljeet Singh
(Prof. of Neurosurgery)



Life IS.....



He's Got the LOOK!!!!



Main Khush

Cruel



GreaT



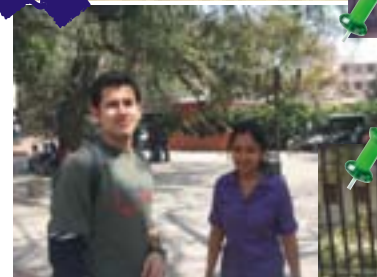
GOOD



Nach Meri bulbul tujhe paisa milega....



Hard



Homeward Bound



In Vogue :-)



Main pooraa kha jaungi!!



Thakurrrr



UnbeliEvable



Itna Sara khana????





A walk through MAMC Heritage With Dr. Daljeet.....



Dr. Daljeet Singh, Professor, Deptt of Neurosurgery is the man who gave us the marvellous compilation on the Heritage of MAMC. Thanks to him we now know the significance of structures around us. A short talk with the man himself on his journey to complete the book....

Q: Sir, Which batch did you belong to?

A: The batch of 1980...I did my MBBS, MS, MCH everything from MAMC...

Q: The making of the heritage book...Was it a team effort?

A: Of course it was a team effort.....a lot of people were involved. But 90-95% of the work was mine in terms of research, photographs, design etc...While editing I was assisted by Dr. Pooja, Pathology MAMC...

Q: How did you get the idea?

A: Actually the idea was conceived way back in 1983, when I was a third year student and we took out Spandan Silver Jubilee issue....and about 7-8 years back I wrote an article on a similar theme which was appreciated a lot.....Thus I decided to come up with a book....I did my research for 5-6 years with the last year totally dedicated to this effort.....

Q: So was the release of the book on the Golden Jubilee year planned?

A: No...it was more a matter of being at the right place at the right time....About an year prior to the golden jubilee year I proposed the idea to the Dean and he immediately responded by forming the MAMC heritage book and a museum committee....Henceforth we were able to come out with the book in the Golden Jubilee year.....

Q: From where did you accumulate such an assortment of photographs?

A: Had multiple sources actually, past newspaper microfilms from the Nehru Planetarium archives, data from various foundation stones in the campus helped us to look for the particular newspaper cuttings. 'Press Information Bureau', 'National Archives', 'Delhi Archives', Alumni, Medical Superintendents, old history books and older friends, Mamcos, journals, Gazettes etc.

Q: Which part of the book is your Favourite?

A : I liked the chapters tracing the history 'Of the journey from Firozabad to MAMC'.

Q: Sir, you've seen MAMC go through a lot of changes...Which part of MAMC is/was your favourite?

A: At our time, there was no dental block so we had a very large playground for a plethora of sports activities. We had a separate Drama Sec., A cine Sec. with a lot of activities in the Audi. Hostel night first took place in our time.....

Q: Any part you'll miss post renovation?

A: Not really, actually the renovation has given the campus a fresh and appealing look.....

Q: How did you manage your time between your hospital work and your research?

A: Assigning priorities is very important...In the hospital I did the work which my Residents couldn't...After finishing my hospital chores...I immediately used to go to the Nehru planetarium, spend 3-4 hours there...

Q: Our College has a very rich heritage...What should our students do to learn and pursue it?

A: Ours is a 'land steeped in history'.....We should have orientation sessions for the first years telling them our rich heritage, inculcating in them a sense of belonging towards their Alma Mater... That'll be a fitting tribute to our heritage.....

MAMC Archives





Founders Day

26th February, a day that'd remain etched in history for many reasons. Not only did it mark the 50th Founder's Day, but also the day when MAMC was immortalised by the release of a commemorative stamp, in the presence of Dr. Hamid Ansari, the honorable vice President of India. It also marked the release of the Heritage Book, thanks to Dr. Daljeet Singh.



MAMC... STAMPing authority!!!



Dr. Ansari & Mrs. Sheila Dixit get a taste of Maulanian heritage.



Dr. Daljeet Singh, Dr. Aggarwal and others look on as Dr. Ansari pens his thoughts.



The honorable Vice President makes his point.



Viviktha, 4th Sem, gets on with it.



The Day they all laughed!

One refreshing getaway from the boring routine of being a medical student! An age old tradition wherein the MIDCON is held in the morning and the I.S. Bal Music competition is held in the evening. The MIDCON is an event organized by the MAMCOS to felicitate the present intern batch, to make them realize how special they are and also to welcome them in the MAMCOS family. The interns finally let there hair down after working extremely hard throughout their MBBS curriculum.



The ladies looked mesmerizing in their sarees and the young men were chivalrous as ever in their tuxedos. Following this was an evening full of music and countless great performances by Maulanians, both present and past, which left the audience spellbound. The singing competition was followed by a prize distribution ceremony in which awards were



given to the deserving MAMC students for academics and sports. Then the results of the singing competition were declared. The winners were
Solo : Sushant Vattal (Song: Naina thag lenge), Batch 2003
Duet : Sushant and Sharad (Song: Ek chatur naar), Batch 2003
Group song : Batch 2005 (Song: Khoya khoya chand)



And of course, the perfect evening had the perfect ending.....FREE FOOD!!





SYNAPSE '08

For the first time in the history of MAMC, Synapse was shifted from the traditional September date to one in March, in a bid to encourage participation from a larger section of MAMC crowd. With 'Goonj' already cancelled for the year much was expected from the AMA. Much to the dismay of everyone concerned it turned out to be an abysmal catastrophe. After weeks of deliberations and confusion about the dates, posters were put in secluded places of MAMC in the wee hours of the



morning Synapse was to begin. Credit here must go to the AMA for bringing out a classic display of petty politics.

Considering the situation, it was extremely surprising that 'Synapse' started with a bang. The inaugural play 'Play Safe' and 'Bhangra' gathered and regaled a huge audience. The N2O led ably by Aniket, Sagar and Akhil did not disappoint the overflowing auditorium which shouted itself hoarse at the satire.

But with that, the best was over. What followed was a synapse which would have failed to give even an entire week of attending 8-9 a.m lectures a run for its money.

The campus bore a deserted look on most days. This however wasn't surprising since most of the

events were mostly held in some dark forlorn backyard of MAMC.

The rain dance saw a huge turnout with students from all over Delhi flocking to the basket ball court and shedding all inhibitions, and for a change leaving their medico image at home. The rest of the DPs, the less said the better. To even say they were disappointing would be an understatement. They began at 10 and just when one thought that the inhibitions were melting away and the rusty joints were starting to show some promise the DJ rounded up and the music ceased by 11 leaving the crowd betrayed and disgruntled.

And the food (wait a minute was there any at all??), perhaps the only ones who got to 'eat' were the organizers. All that was left for the lesser mortals was a 'golgappe' and a 'chaat wala' thela. The setting up of 5 stalls of Nescafe which sold only hot frappes and cold coffees still baffles me. A request for the AMA if you forget your way to the college Nescafe, have no fear because Kandi ('dark' knight in shining armour) is always there (present 24/7 with his band of merry chicklets) to direct you.

And just like that, the little crowd that had flocked MAMC in the beginning, bustling with vigor and excitement, soon faded into the darkness; consigning the mockery that Synapse was to oblivion.

Not surprisingly even the Maulanians decided to give it a miss. For the patient few who decided to stay on till the end there was a performance by the overpriced and the hyped Indian Ocean. The eternal optimists who strongly believed change would come were let down again by our college band. What was its

name???ughhhh!!!!!! I can't remember- chipper boo or something like that. This turned out to be the last straw that broke MAMC's back and the 'boo' band was showered with eggs as a token of appreciation for their troubles.

A fitting end to the disaster that Synapse '08 was.



Fucha forever

Sept 3, 2008- The official start of the 51st MBBS batch in MAMC. It was a normal summer day but the heat was on, the source being the Anatomy Lecture theatre. All the 'fuchas' were decked up in formal Indian wear, a stark contrast from the yester-years where the formal dress code was a 'waiter' like black and white. Not surprisingly, attached to each individual was an anxious wavelength which had two components. One, the fear of being ragged and the other - excitement of the thought of the fresh new life that lay ahead of us. Well, this vocabulary can be extrapolated to an overdose of physics and should thus be forgiven.



The chief guest for the occasion was Dr. Pental, the vice chancellor of the Delhi University. A melodious recital of the Saraswati vandana was followed by the age old tradition of formal introduction of the students to the Vice Chancellor, who seemed to be least interested by the proceedings. The only 'high' point in this otherwise drab ceremony was when the fuchas bent in 90 degrees as a mark of respect for their seniors, a tradition which has become an inseparable part of the MAMC community. Even Dr. Pental found this exercise highly amusing!

The monotony finally ended and the fuchas were escorted to the examination hall by the professors, much to the disappointment of lean hungry seniors eagerly waiting to pounce on their lawful prize. The scene in the examination hall was a stark contrast from the auditorium. There was a live demonstration of 'Bachna ae haseno' by two unlucky nitwits while the rest of the fucha population indulged in acts of break dance, proposals and songs much to the excitement of the older inhabitants of MAMC. In contrast to yester-years the fucha party was served packed lunch packets from not a local Daryaganj halwai but Bikanerwala

With the college authorities promising strict action against students indulging in ragging, another age old tradition was broken when the fuchas were allowed to continue with their cultural programme. Akanksha Agarwal took over the stage with a melodious violin performance, while Mitul Jain and Pulkit Mittal did justice on the guitar. The decision to host an informal Mr and Miss Fresher was a hit but could not be completed due to time issues. Kunal Chandra ended the evening with his version on the popular b.c. song titled 'mujhe paisa na mila' which had even the seniors applauding.

Also, it was this day that saw the inauguration of the newly refurbished BCR (Boys common Room). Even our professors could not resist the charm of the drums kept there!

Anika Juneja (2nd Sem)



Ballabhpur ki Roop Katha

With a view to commemorate the golden jubilee year of MAMC and bringing a flicker of smile on several lips, MAMCOS staged a play 'Ballabhpur ki Roop Katha' written by Badal Sircar and directed by Dr. Debashish Chowdhury on Feb. 3, 2008 in the MAMC auditorium



The play set in the backdrop of West Bengal of 1960s revolves around the protagonist Bhupati (played by Dr. Kale) who wants to sell his

haunted mansion to Haldar (Dr. Chowdhury). The fun begins when Haldar's daughter Chhanda (Mahima 4th sem) falls in love with the ghost of the mansion, leading to a comedy of errors. The play was very special in its own way not only because it re-iterated the genius of the playwright Badal Sircar but also because it once again brought back the same 'play team' which ruled the MAMC stage 25 years ago. It was quite a site to see these stalwarts take out time from their hectic schedules and turn up for rehearsals every evening for close to a month. The sheer love for theatre and the unparalleled bonding and chemistry between all of the members was a site to be witnessed. A special mention must be made of Mahima Aggarwal, 4th semester, a first timer on the MAMC stage, who did very well and didn't let the geniuses of Dr. Kale and Dr. Chowdhury overshadow her performance.

The perfect cast, beautiful costumes, humorous dialogues, astounding sound effects added to the directorial skills of Dr. Chowdhury perfectly and had the audience enthralled and rolling with laughter. The evening subsided with the Dean's address thanking the MAMCOS

and was followed by a lavish dinner which was enjoyed by a selected few.



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Spandan.com
All about MAMC



SPICMACAY 09 - Music for the Soul!!!

I grew up on Hindi film music, entered college with GnR and System of a Down blaring through my headphones, and it was in college that I discovered SPICMACAY... or maybe SPICMACAY discovered me, one can never be sure of such things.

Most of you scoff at the concept of classical music and turn your backs and run when you see the SPICMACAY team approaching. So I would not be surprised if you shrug me off as a mad man when I tell you that the best music I have heard in my life has been as a part of this great initiative: music that not only entertains, but has a surreal calming effect on the mind.

Organizing anything takes a lot of hard work and SPICMACAY programs even more so. But why do it, if you just have to force first years to fill up the auditorium.

It is with these mixed feeling that I took up the daunting task of coordinating the latest VIRASAT of SPICMACAY. However all my doubts were soon forced into oblivion as the list for the artists was compiled. If we could bring artists like Hari Prasad Chaurasia, Shiv Kumar Sharma and Birju Maharaj to the college, it didn't matter what we had to go through.

The Achilles heel of SPIC MACAY has always been the audience, or the lack of it. So when we started on the 16th with fifty odd people for the movie "A Throne of Blood", I was pleasantly surprised. And I was astonished to see a hundred people attend the Rajasthani folk performance on the next day. But it was when I entered the auditorium on the day of Birju Maharaj and Hari Prasad Chaurasia's performance that I was plain simple stunned. There was not an empty seat in sight in the auditorium, and people had resorted to sitting in the aisles.

The first concert in the VIRASAT was a Rajasthani Folk music performance on the 17th of February. It was a light hearted event with people singing along as Rehmat Khan Langra and his troupe sang popular tunes such as "dama dum mast kalandar" and "nimbuda". The ever jovial Rehmat Khan took no time in informing the audience that he had composed the original nimbuda, and that it had also been a favourite of Aishwarya when he had recently performed at her wedding with Abhishek (name dropping anyone??).

And then we had the event that had been on everyone's mind since the day the preparations for the VIRASAT had started. It was on the 18th of February that MAMC hosted the concert which left everybody spellbound. Birju Maharaj with his impeccable class and style touched the heart of audience. His wit and sense of humor captivated the crowd from the moment he stepped on stage. But it was his dance that sparked a ripple of unending applause which culminated in a standing ovation. I remember the Dean telling Birju Maharaj later, that in the 30 years of his attending functions in the auditorium, the stage had never before seemed this alive.

But this was only the beginning, as the world renowned Pt. Hari Prasad Chaurasia took the stage only minutes later. The 'jugalbandi' between him and Vijay Ghate kept the audience mesmerized for over an hour, as they watched the duo trying to outdo each other. But in the end the victory was of music. The spell had been cast and the magic had taken its effect. I watched



in awe as the auditorium was filled with thunderous applause. The exceptionally gifted Venkatesh Kumar came to our college on the 19th and the concert was organized in the Old girl's hostel. On the 20th we had a Madhubani Painting workshop by Smt. Shanti Devi. Again the audience response surprised me, as I watched girls from all batches struggle to complete intricate designs and paintings. Even professors had taken time out from their busy schedules, to try their hand at this art form.

By now the VIRASAT was on a roll and an exceptional ending was not only expected but justified. Pandit Shivkumar Sharma brought the entire college to a halt as he held the audience in a trance with his santoor. The mallets in his hands seemed to move as if by magic and the music that he created that day, will be something that I will never forget in my lifetime.

This might have been the end of the VIRASAT but MAMC's tryst with SPIC MACAY has just begun.

At an almost similar time last year, on the day of Saint Valentine, MAMC played host to two great maestros of Hindustani Classical Music. The extraordinary duo of Pandit Rajan Mishra and Pandit Sajan Mishra had been invited to our campus on the 14th of February 2008, along with their sons Ritesh and Rajnish Mishra and the instrumentalists Ustad Akram Khan (tabla) and Ustad Mehmood Dhaulpuri outstanding musicians in their own right.

The concert started with a huge scare for us. Pandit Rajan and Sajan Mishra had had slight taxi trouble in Hugli, from where they were scheduled to fly to Delhi. Thanks to an additional delay in flights, they reached the Girls Hostel at about 7:00 PM.

However they arrived to see a jam packed Girls Common Room, possessed by the music of Ritesh and Rajnish Mishra, who had come at the scheduled time of 5.30 and had begun playing. They had not only played for the students, but had encouraged them to interact. At one point the crowd was actually singing along with the artists. The fact that both Ritesh and Rajnish Mishra were about our age, gave them a unique ability to gel in with the predominantly college crowd.

Pandit Rajan and Sajan Mishra soon joined. Ustad Akram Khan and Ustad Mehmood Dhaulpuri took the stage and mesmerized the audience with their beautiful music. Such was their commitment to their art that they didn't even wait to change their clothes or get a glass of water to drink. The crowd, which had by now grown even more in number, soaked in their music, wanting more with every Raga they heard. Their thirst for music was as insatiable as the Musicians' ability was untiring. Amidst shouts for an encore, Pandit Rajan and Sajan Mishra weaved a web of magic into the air. Magic...that kept us enchanted, despite the fact that we could never hope to fully comprehend or understand it.

At around 8.30 pm, after playing for over 70 minutes, the musicians took a final bow. The crowd rose up to give them a well deserved standing ovation and clapping which lasted for over ten minutes.....and hence an epic performance came to an end.

Few things in this world have the power that music does, and few people have such control over this power as this incredible duo did. Never before had I heard such music, which calms the mind and fires the imagination. Such is the power of Hindustani Classical...

It fills my heart with great pride to have been part of a movement such as SPICMACAY. To see artists that are appreciated the



Background: Madhubani Painting by Parul Gupta





world over, and to be able to interact with them has been a dream come true. I will also cherish the moments that I have spent with all people who worked day and night to help make this program a success.

Divyanshu Mohanancy (6th sem)

पण्डित हरिप्रसाद चौरसिया से एक भेट...

- राघव : श्रीमान, आपकी रूचि बाँसुरी बजाने में कैसे हुई जबकि आपके पिताजी पहलवान थे?
- प0 हरिप्रसाद : रूचि तो भगवान की देन है। हमारी किस्मत में यही था। पिताजी को खुश करने के लिए कूश्ती करता था। लेकिन मेरी रूचि संगीत में ही थी।
- राघव : आपने बॉलीवुड में भी काम किया है? आपका अनुभव कैसा रहा?
- प0 हरिप्रसाद चौरसिया : बहुत अच्छा रहा। यहाँ के लोग बहुत अच्छे हैं, मिलकर काम करते हैं।
- राघव : आपको देश-विदेश में प्रस्तुति करने में कहाँ अधिक अच्छा लगा? पश्चिमी और भारतीय बाँसुरी में क्या अन्तर है?
- प0 हरिप्रसाद चौरसिया : बाहरी देशों में खाना, पीना, भाषा पहनावा, विचार सभी अलग हैं। भारत में लकड़ी की बाँसुरी है, वहाँ भगवान कृष्ण पैदा नहीं हुए। जमीन-आसमान का अन्तर है। विदेश में भी अच्छी प्रतिक्रिया मिली, अच्छा संगीत सभी को प्रभावित करता है, दिल के तार जुड़ने से सभी को पसन्द आता है।
- राघव : आपका SPICMACAY से सह-अस्तित्व कब से है?
- प0 हरिप्रसाद चौरसिया : जब से SPICMACAY का जन्म हुआ है। लगभग 30 वर्ष।
- राघव : आने वाली युवा पीढ़ी को संगीत में रूचि और जुड़ाव देखकर आपको कैसा लगता है?
- प0 हरिप्रसाद चौरसिया : बहुत अच्छा लगता है। जिस चीज़ की हमारी दुकान है, उसे अगर आने वाली पीढ़ी फेक्टरी में परिवर्तित कर दे, तो हमें बहुत खुशी होती है।
- राघव : प्राप्त बड़े सम्मानों में से आपके सबसे नज़दीक सम्मान कौन सा है?
- प0 हरिप्रसाद चौरसिया : सम्मान तो मिलते ही रहते हैं। प्रिय सम्मान तो श्रोता ही हमें देते हैं।
- राघव : श्रीमान, आपको हमारे कॉलेज आकर कैसा लगा?
- प0 हरिप्रसाद चौरसिया : अच्छा लगा। मैं यहाँ पहले भी आ चुका हूँ। नई पीढ़ी के डाक्टरों के साथ जुड़ाव सा हो गया है।

