

The sky was dark; Lightning burst out in phases, illuminating momentarily, the sinister gray clouds. The summer rain had picked up its tempo; The sky mimicked the mood of the campus below it. I slowly walked up to the daunting dilapidated iron gates. A guard stood with his sleeves rolled up, a newspaper on his head. He rushed to open the gate for the car. That was my first date with MAMC!

I looked around the campus with expectation and I felt my heart sink. The building was coming

undong. The paint showed years of abuse. My eyes went to "MAMC" printed in recently polished brass lettering at the entrance of the anatomy block. In contrast to everything around, it was shining: A beacon of hope in an otherwise gloomy building. Maybe the inside was better, I thought and hurried inside, not wanting to be late on my first day. Fast forward one year. I ask the auto driver-"Bhaiya, Delhi Gate chaloge?".



Hg replies "Kahan par Delhi Gate mein?"

I continue to explain "Bhaiya wahan par Khooni Darwaza ke pass, Shaheed park ke opposite". I don't mention, MAMC, because my experience over the years tells me that there is a greater possibility of the auto driver knowing Khooni Darwaza than MAMC.



So, I am mighty surprised when the auto driver says, "Accha wahan par utroge jahan who bada khufiya angrezi shabd ka gate hai."

I smile, the 'M' shaped gate- my knight in shining armour.

As you walk in through the gate, still trying to decipher the code (I'm sure it would have Dan Brown captivated) you are awestruck by the rapid reformation of the MAMC campus. The Dean's Carpet wears an absolute new look. A well maintained garden adds to the beauty and the serenity of the campus. The reconstructed road on it provides a perfect promenade for couples to take their daily saat phere and aunties (who are regulars here) from far and wide to lose some of those extra kilos. The DC would be incomplete without a mention of the mysterious statue in the middle. Dr.

Vasudeva calls it 'Spandan' but hey, that would be doing injustice to the college magazine even by its standards!

The auditorium has been transformed from a dilapidated hall to a work of art. The murals in the foyer are a treat for the eyes. The new and effective sound system & the comfortable chairs brings it at par, if not better, than certain halls like Golcha; but with Bhushan at the helm, I see little chance of the venue for movie screening shifting from GFLT to the Audi.

The most appreciated addition to the college campus has been that of





the Amphitheatre and the Gazebo; with a beautiful fountain in the middle (surprisingly, there is water in the fountain only on the days when there is a lack of it in the OBH). During the day, it is sunny in the winters and shady in the summers. You can study here or just sit here and spend hours with your friends, obviously trying to unfold the mysteries of the statue. As the sun sets, however, this place turns into a deserted jungle, where creatures of the night come out of the hostels and pounce on their respective partners in various dark and



been revamped. New seats, carpeted floors, new black boards and the latest projectors have been installed much to the delight of many students. Thankfully, there are no more fans falling down from the ceiling any more, but the air conditioning system still refuses to work. I feel sad when I sit at these new desks, because all the graffiti has vanished-years of people's hard work and creativity consigned to oblivion. But at the same time it gives us a wonderful opportunity to exercise our gray matter and put it to a not so good use.

surroundings are the crown jewel of this small castle and the erstwhile MAMC- On a high parking lot, the royal garden. However, the change has brought with it mysteries of its own. For example, I doubt I will ever be able to figure out the exact purpose of the Gazebo or say that of the 'angelic' fountain in the library plaza. But hey, maybe the appeal is in the enigma. They say first impressions are lasting but I will always remember this college



Viva la MAMCIIII





dingy corners. I am in favour of setting up of a sign board outside the amphitheatre which says- 'Couple entry only. Stags will be castrated.' Or if this is too offensive 'Beware of COUPLES' will suffice for me.

The lecture theatres in both the Anatomy and the Pathology block have



Three years have passed since my first day and the college has literally become a work of art. The anatomy block and its

and its campus, not by its first impression but by the change that I saw here. The thing



that strikes me most about MAMC is its ever evolving nature. Whenever I sit here on the amphitheatre, watching the sun set over the polished brass lettering reading the name of my alma mater, a feeling of immense pride in this institution washes over me.





A Touch of Class Hima Chatterjee and her team putting the finishing

touches to the murals.

M.A.M.C, Here we come! 'Rein Man' Mr. Sarvagya Srivastava, Super Intending Engineer and his dedicated team



Will we, won't we? Mr S.K. Chatterjee (Artist), Mr R.K. Sheetal (Executive Engineer) and Mr Srivastava taking stock of the Situation



Mission Accomplished! The dynamic duo Dr J.M. Kaul and Mr. Srivastava heaving a sigh of relief !



Dreamrun Dean with his dream team at the trial run of the fountain.





M.A.M.C is grateful Mr. Sarvagya Srivastava and his team being felicitated on the inaugrual day of Golden Jubilee Celebrations.











Plans and Perpetrators: Interview with the Dean and Dr. Kaul



A courage nestled in the womb of silence; A dynamism not chained in eloquence.

His actions fragrant of his dedication; The spirit of a Maulanian, his true essence!

A briliant surgeon, committed to create; An exquisite temple, Goddess Saraswati resides wherein.

Like a fruit laden tree, bending to share its fruits; in brevity, in humility his dignified persona shines!

Once upon a time there was a college called MAMC, A frail structure with a bent spine, rusty ensembles ruminating their past.

Majestic buildings shuffling towards decline. Now the edifice gazes with proud eyes, bowing only to the woman at the helm of its renewed glory.

Benevolent but also a strict disciplinarian, she ventured to create a

beauty out of ruins. A crisp present, hand in hand with the calm of the past, To help clothe academia in a mantle of splendor, to immortalize her name in our hearts forever!!!

Ayushi Chauhan (4th Sem) speaking about our respectable Dean, Dr. A.K. Agarwal and Dr. J.M. Kaul, the masterminds behind this METAMORPHOSIS.

The SEB had the privilege of interviewing the Dean and Dr. Kaul. Here is what followed.....

SEB: Why did you feel the need for a new and completely revamped campus? We had a campus that was good, though obviously not as good as this one.

Dean Sir: Buildings are present everywhere, even we had a neat and clean one, but in life we have expectations. It was our dream to have a campus comparable to the private sector, an atmosphere like corporate houses; because you see, beautiful surroundings increase the enthusiasm to work amongst everyone, also increases the efficiency and makes a person feel happy.

Dr. Kaul: My vision was a healthy and joyful environment all around. The labs with granite flooring and proper drainage, the lecture theatres with their bright and comfortable interiors give studying a new dimension. The hostel rooms are now well lit and airy, an atmosphere conducive for studying. The common rooms have been given a fresh and bright outlook so everyone feels comfortable. Though you are not born to me but you all are my children. We want the best for you.

<u>SEB</u>: This entire work was a big project spanning the whole campus. Besides the two of you, who all were a part of this revamp?

Dean Sir: Everybody including you!

Dr. Kaul: The team of engineers and PWD staff deserve credit. All the wardens, Dr. Ingle, lecture theatre in-charges, the building maintenance committee and all those involved in the upkeeping of any part of this building.

SEB: Yes, about the maintenance. What are the plans regarding the upkeep of this beautiful campus?

Dean Sir: I am also worried about the maintenance. We cannot hire any private agencies, it's a Govt. policy. We shall be using our own staff and the PWD will be helping.

Dr. Kaul: Just 5 years back we got new toilets in the college building. But now all of them are dysfunctional. We have a serious security problem, all our fittings get stolen. I want to devise a method involving everyone living on this campus to ensure safety of our campus. Each student must develop a sense of responsibility for their home.

SEB: Every change has to face a lot of problems, right from its inception this project must have thrown up challenges. What was the driving force behind you all this time?

ean Sir: I am lucky to have a dedicated team helping me. We could not do all this earlier because we didn't have such a wonderful team. The present people understand our needs; their mindsets are similar to ours. They understand why we would like to have a nice garden with a fountain, they supported our vision fully.

Dr. Kaul: The biggest difficulty was co-ordination. Diplomacy and making everyone feel special helped them in doing their best. This institution has given me a lot, supported me at every step. Given me lots of love and encouragement; so I wanted to give something back, I wanted to leave in a way that everyone would remember me. The love and affection I see in my students' eyes eggs me on.

SEB: Was this makeover planned by some architect or someone from the college?

Dean Sir: Mostly our own efforts and resources. No interior designer from outside was involved.

SEB: Ma'am what was your inspiration?

Dr. Kaul : Extensive travelling to universities like Harvard, Duke's, and Rochester made me feel something lacking in our college. We wanted to replicate their models, but the feasibility was a big question in India. However, when I went for an inspection of Manipal University I liked their campus and took extensive photographs. The engineers made me hopeful of replicating the same here.

SEB: Who translated your vision into reality?

Dr. Kaul: No architect could be hired for various reasons. Me and Mr. Shrivastav , the chief engineer, went around Delhi and found everything from the design of the boundary wall to stones used. The main gate was my idea. Air conditioning of the auditorium and the examination hall that lay under the covers for about 15 years was finally done at a very economical price.

SEB: Ma'am what does the statue on the Dean's Carpet signify?

The statue reaches out for the sky, symbolizing our desire for excellence, our zeal to achieve the best. The lady carrying the world symbolizes the fact that Maulanians can take on the World!



SEB: What are the future plans now that most of the campus has been redone? **Dean Sir: My target is to get the hostels** renovated. However we are doing it at a slow pace to cause minimum discomfort to the students, without disrupting their studies.

SEB: And what about the boys' common room, when can we see it with all facilities? Dean Sir: You people should decide what you want. I will provide everything that my students desire. The pool table, musical instruments etc are already there.

Dr. Kaul : I want to open it as fast as

possible. I want my students to be involved in hobbies like painting and music. Dance classes are also held there. It is up to the students to decide and everything will be provided within feasible limits.

SEB: The badminton court was renovated and we have got new table tennis tables. What about the Basketball and the Tennis courts. Are they going to be renovated?

Dean Sir: I will do everything that my students want.

Dr. Kaul: Yes, but in the latter half of the year, once I get the revised estimates. All students have co-operated very well till now and I expect them to continue. **SEB:** What about the Gymnasium?

Dean Sir: The boys should decide and consult with their warden. I would like a trainer to be employed and a minimal fees for the Gym so that the students take responsibility.

I would also like a saloon to be opened for students.

SEB: Finally, sir what is you mantra for success and any stress busting tips for the students?

Dean Sir: The success of a major depends on his lieutenants. If I justify the work I do in one day, I sleep well that night.

To the students I would like to say, sleep well and adequately. Be truthful to yourself and your work. Never commit to what you cannot yourself do.

SEB: And what about you ma'am?

Dr. Kaul: I can work only in a stressful environment. If I don't have work then only will I be stressed.

I would just like to say to all the students that they should have a sense of attachment to this college. Even if a chair is out of its place, correct it. All the students must develop trust in the faculty members. Everyone is here for their own good.

SEB: We thank you both for sparing your valuable time for us.

Kendriya Pustakalya

Truly the heart of MAMC, CENTRALLY located and an indispensable part of our college, so it would be rather surprising if this hallowed structure were to be left untouched by all the refurbishment going all around.

Stories about this overnight transition from a dilapidated building to an uber cool structure with a medicinal garden will be told to our grandchildren.

The change is visible even before entering the library compound. Newly painted fences separate this knowledge hub from the surrounding structures. One is captivated by the manicured lawns that greet us on both the entrances. The tiled pathway is both brighter and cleaner than the plain concrete present earlier.

give it a leisurely look.



college authorities.

There is always a scramble to get hold of one of those big red chairs to sit on. Sometimes I feel they are more coveted than an Oscar trophy. I remember Karan coming to me and saying "Aaj main badi wali red chair pe baitha". Little things that matter so much to many of us.



If you are looking for a place to relax, look no further. The recently installed benches, the stairs, the fountains and the swings

An ideal place to sit and chat in the evenings; the installation of the lighting system makes this place usable even at night. (Much to the dismay of a certain section of MAMC)

The entrance of the main library is transformed into the gen next look -the glazed tiles, automatic doors and an effective air conditioning system. The new windows add to the ambience of the place.

The bathrooms are definitely the cherry on the cake with automatic cleaning system and granite flooring; they are no less than world class restrooms.

A black spot on this otherwise impeccable structure is the first floor reading room. With half-working air conditioning system, poor ventilation, dysfunctional tube lights, broken chairs and poorly painted walls, much is desired from the





When our forefathers established this great institution, they visualised a place that would be the lifeline of MAMC, and thus our very own old boys hostel (OBH) came into being. A structure that remained untouched since its inception, (probably a tribute to all those who helped build this place). Just when everyone thought that it was destined to become a museum, a fairy godmother came and blessed our hostel with a new lease of life. And so, OBH was reincarnated in a spanking new 'pink' avatar. However, unlike fairy tales, our home was blessed with eternal beauty (eternity here depends on the kind of work the contractor does and of course on our deeds!)



There was a time when the exterior of OBH was crumbling, weather beaten and neglected. But now we have a brilliantly done up façade, hiding all the scars of the past under the fresh coats of paint. As I write this article all the different aspects of the ancient building are being whitewashed to look as good as new.

The interiors also tell the story of rejuvenation, restoration work undertaken at breakneck speed. The flooring has been changed from cement to stone, spotless and shining. Our rooms have finally become inhabitable, with plaster staying on the walls and the cupboards thankfuly getting handles. The mess is all shining and bright with the same gloomy servers and the same poisonous food. The bathrooms, god they look marvellous! With granite flooring and PLASTIC fittings,





we've got 5 star facilities. Even the sports facilities are getting a face lift. The badminton court is now

second to none and the renovation of the basket-ball and lawn tennis courts is on the cards.

Then here again, we mustn't forget about the dedication we have for our predecessors, some things never change. The corridors are cleaned once

a week, the bathrooms once a fortnight!!! The corridors and balconies still flood when it rains, the lights seldom give light. The pipes continue to leak, the dogs still disturb at night. We've got two water coolers to quench the thirst of more than 400 students, and they too, spit water with worms

writhing in it. One thing I am unable to understand though, is how are we expected to live in a hostel with everything except potable water?????







worse. Eat little, sleep sound as the Iranian proverb goes has definitely found an ardent supporter in the form of Ajay(mess wallah) who is hell bent on giving the Maulanians their daily dose of beauty sleep. Dyspepsia they say is the remorse of a guilty mind. I refute, in MAMC, I guess it's more to do with the food served at the ICH. Run by the three brothers who are very ably supported by the zombie waiters (who light up 'bidis' in the kitchen and do without bathing for weeks, to say the least), despite its shortcomings, ICH is a hit amongst the 'kanjoos' MAMC crowd. From getting your daily bite of Cholla samosa after posting, to waiting for your Rajma rice at lunch or for that matter your paranthas at ungodly hours at night, they are always present, working 'hard' to satisfy your satiety centre.



This round of renovation gave to MAMC the Amul Cafe and the CD Express. With the Amul Cafe came a lot of milk (pun definitely not intended) and also the 8th wonder of the world. I wonder how many of you know his name. Go, run, find out today!!!! Around Amul are a couple of swings and tables and chairs tied in chains. (Even the college authorities fear Zeeshan Hussain.) And the blessed couples, Oh god even here!!! Get a room people. Much to the delight of the caffeine addicts and the chronic inhabitants of the reading room and much to the dismay of every birthday boy a CCD was set up in the library plaza. Labelled as the MAMC hotspot, it provides a caffeine boost to the survivors, struggling to make inroads into the territory of Harrisons, K.D.T or B.D.C. And at the stroke of midnight this place often turns into a vulture's paradise with people like RG, digging into the wallets of unsuspecting birthday boys like Hans besides the Chocolate Fantasy.

The new cafes in the campus definitely give plenty of options to a Maulanian. And with the cholla kulcha wallah, the neembu soda wallah, the patty and the juice shop I can see quite a few bellies swelling. However, there are a few who are still cribbing. Pranav Ish, for one is often complaining that if it wasn't for the so many outlets in the campus he would have lost a lot of weight, saved time and used that in studying, then topped the 2^{nd} proff, and maybe get lucky in the 'End of Season Sale' and get a girlfriend for



The belly my dear friends rules the mind. Not surprisingly the recent renovation undertaken by the college authorities made a sincere effort to upgrade the food counters in the campus.

After what seemed an eternity the mess of the Old Boys' Hostel was opened to the students. New tiles, painted walls, working fans give a new life to the hall. But much to the dismay of my stomach, and I'm sure even yours, that is where all good things come to an end. The water cooler dispenses putrid water thanks to



the R.O system breaking down every alternate day and the food is as inedible as before if not

Nescafe has long been a place for the studious among the starving. With the development of the Gazebo and the Amphitheatre, much of the traffic has been diverted; and much to the dismay of the workers there, nesci is no longer flooded with love birds cooing away till the death knell strikes at 11pm. The 4th sem (read Gadre and his band of merry women) gossip away to glory dawn to dusk.

The frappe, the ice tea and the croissant are still the same but dearer to your pocket now. We do however miss the familiar face of Dheeraj (the 'china-man'; more than him I guess we miss his gossip)



himself.

All I can say Pranav, Happy Eating!!!







Behold!! There is nothing old about the 'Old Girls Hostel' anymore!

Everything from the restrooms to the mess has been revamped. The once sordid and weatherbeaten exterior has been tactfully masked with layers of pink. Not to mention the botanically ornamented gateway...and the amphitheater decorated with the resident couples. The mess has undergone a complete make over,

with its bright new orange walls and serving table (and the brand new mess fee)...even



the R.O. system finally seems to be happy enough to start spouting cholera free water. The hostel inmates are not complaining...with the five star rooms...all equipped with bulletin boards and dressing tables with full length mirrors, though the glistening floors would have served the purpose just as well. The tv room, with its new foam and muslin furnishings, is

attracting crowds from far and wide. This my dear friends, is the effect of the METAMORPHOSIS on the OGH, which now 'brightly' teases all onlookers to take peak inside! SE







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<u>Tête-à -tête with Dr. Iagdish Chandra</u>

SEB: What is it that drives you to come to the hospital every morning??

JC: Most of the patients who come to us not only have no access to hi-tech surgery but also need basic medical care. The very fact that you can treat and help an underprivileged individual free of cost is satisfying and a driving force in itself.

SEB: A lot of people look up to you for inspiration....but whom do you look up to??

JC: Its impossible and also unfair to name one individual. Back when I was trained in the All India Institute of Medical Sciences I admired a lot of my professors. These people were literally working for a pittance while they could have earned a ton of money elsewhere. One of my primary school teachers had been awarded by the President...All of them were a source of Inspiration.



Dr. Jagdish Chandra Professor of Surgery **SEB:** You've been associated with this college for a long time...What changes have you noticed Not only in terms of the infrastructure but also, concerning the attitude of the students??

JC: Our students have always been very bright, hardworking and focussed but it's very tragic to notice the trend that most of them want to settle down abroad. Of course they excel in their respective fields and do us proud but I think their expertise is much more required here rather than abroad, where the system is highly conducive and hurdle-free.

SEB: But there are a lot of incentives for going abroad....plenty of attractive offers in the USA... **JC:** Definitely...but there are plenty of constraints upon a foreign national too....You cannot escape the fact that you are 2nd class citizen, there is subtle but sure discrimination....and the pay is good in India as well and the medical infrastructure is better than ever.

SEB: What do you think sets MAMC apart from the other medical colleges in Delhi or for that matter, India?

JC: One can argue on many fronts but personally I feel that we train and teach a large numbers of individuals (180 UGs and many residents), without compromising on quality. One can have a college with very few students who may be excellent doctors but as a workforce we must be one of the largest contributors to the pool of highly qualified, superbly trained medical personnel in the country.

SEB: If there was one thing you could change about yourself, what would it be?

JC: (laughs)...Well....A surgeon's job is very exhausting and at the end of the day I find myself wishing to be more physically strong (smiles)...I am also very impatient. I want to complete certain tasks within a time frame and if I am unable, I get jittery and irritable!

SEB: What do you feel is your greatest strength?

JC: From my childhood, I have always had this capability to go against the public opinion. I always defend my views and have been proved right on many occasions. It's always important to take a stand and defend it against the heaviest of odds.

SEB: What are the qualities you admire in a medical student? JC: I admire the focus and dedication of our students. But a quality I really hold in great esteem is their strength of character and also their levels of endurance: physical, emotional and psychological. But I definitely feel the institution should have more classes on personality development.

SEB: How do you think a student should respond to failure? JC: In the medical field, where selections are made of one among the best one has to learn to take failure in his stride. One has to be very realistic; even the brightest Medical Officers often have to work in dispensaries. Success will come to those who wait for it....patience and perseverance hold the key.

SEB: If not a Doctor.....

JC: I always wanted to go into the administrative services....However, my father wanted me to be a Doctor....After a while I realized while you're in it, might as well enjoy it!!

SEB: What do you like to do in your free time? JC: Being a Surgeon is very draining physically...and at the end of the day your free time is best spent with your family. Unfortunately this medical profession never permitted me to be truly at leisure and have free time to pursue any hobbies!!

SEB: Favourite Movie/Music?? interest me.....

SEB: Favourite Sport? JC: Never really indulged in any sports per se....Though enjoy watching cricket and tennis from time to time...

SEB: Favourite cuisine? JC: Not very fussy in that regard (smiles).... Homemade food is good for me...

SEB: Favourite part of the college? JC: The Library Lawn has been renovated really well..... I feel it was long overdue... Its now very relaxing to enjoy a quiet stroll in the evenings in the campus...

SEB: If you ever wrote an autobiography, what would you name it? JC: Well I've come a long way from my landlocked underprivileged state to this metro with is hot climate...So "A Long Journey" just about sums it up....(smiles)

SEB: If you ever held a World Record, which one would you prefer? JC: Well obviously it would have to be the "maximum varieties of surgeries done"...

SEB: If you were made the Cabinet Minister, which portfolio would you like to hold? JC: Its not much of a choice, is it? Definitely it would have to be The Health Minister. The entire health setup of the country needs to be revamped. Starting from the grassroots, the entire gamut of problems ranging from facilities for the poor, medical education need to be corrected...

SEB: Any words for our readers..

JC: Well one thing I would definitely like to say is that our students should feel a sense of belonging towards their alma mater....A sense of pride should be inculcated...look at the IITs...Their ex- students are contributing so much towards their institution....We too need a boost in that regard!

JC: Not really that into movies...though I still enjoy a few comedies from time to time...And Historical movies always

As told to Zeeshan Hussain

HOR(R)O(R)SCOPES....

ज्रम्भू 100 म.स. (CAPRI-कौन)

For those of you aspiring for a future in the civil services, eating 'karelas' might prove advantageous. Your (e)x might want to know '(wh)y?'. Your lucky day was yesterday, we apologize for the delay. LFT (Lucky Fashion Tip): Wear your shirts inside-out for an unexpected increase in popularity.

ACUARJUS: (Akhua-RHEUS)

Treat the Joint Editor for an instant upsurge in your luck during the months of April-June. Avoid wearing high heels to minimize brain damage (vaise avoid reading this article also). LFT: Wear a yellow shirt and red trousers for your vivas to achieve acad excellence.

PISCES: (piss-kiss)

Offering round pieces of bread to your fellow mates would yield rich dividends for you and your partner in USMLE this year. For Valentine's Day, think beyond the ICH, a break up is on the cards otherwise. You'll have a bad hair day all through the year. LFT: Wearing a cap to hide your baldness might increase your life span.

ARIES: (a-rice)

Wear cleaner lab-coats to avoid alien abduction in the near future. For people with shorter partners, beware of his/ her high heels while on the dance floor to avoid a prolonged stay in the orthopaedics ward. LFT: Clean clothes are 'in' this year, do get your old ones washed when you go home (provided you still wanna remain a part of the society!)

TAURUS: (taw-roos)

The year ahead does not bode well for you. You'll be dumped again... again...& again; (but when you don't succeed, remove all evidence that you tried) And by the by, you'll be dumped again. Buy yourself some self respect when you go to the market next time, your stars show you as losing whatever is left of it. LFT: Grow your left li'l finger nail to remain in vogue.

GEMINI: (JAI-mini)

Balance two volumes of Harrison's on your left middle finger to literally get medicine 'on your tips' this year. While going out to meet your partner, rotate in circles till you're dizzy to avoid getting on his nerves. LFT: Apply 'multani mitti' on your face and hair to repel snakes and 'chep' 4th Sem students.

3AGITTARJUS: (Yeh nahin hoga tujh se- rehne de) 'active' love life. LFT: Grow your hair to knee length for a 'prolonged' stay in this college.

<u>зсояРГО:</u>(kaenkda)

Shave half your face for most favourable results in your vivas this winter. For people in long-distance relationships, avoid air travel, a hijack threat looms large. LFT: Try changing your clothes each day, body odour will block your beautiful aura.

We recommend desperate singles to feed dogs and join salsa classes for an immediate change in 'fortunes'. Drink water from the dolphin's mouth for an unexpected academic gain in the coming year. LFT: Think 'supermanly' this year. (free to interpret)

CANCER: (Kane-KAR)

To understand the virtues of patience and perseverance, try getting change of a 1000 bucks from the Amul guy, you'll need it this year. LFT: Break all mirrors to avoid signs of premature aging. We recommend splashing ink on all your clothes for sure shot success in all your viva-voce this year (and alienation from your partner).



Listen to Himeshhhh Reshamiya songs for a better understanding of E.N.T this fall. Read Sidney Sheldon novels for an

IIBRA: (LEE-^#*)

Cover your Prashant Patel in aluminium foil to pass with distinction. Sit at Nescafe with your laptops to attract mosquitoes; multiple stings a day keep multiple supplees' away. For extra luck in your pre and para clinical subjects, start studying rather than gossiping in the library; even then you'll require all the luck in the world to scrape through. LFT: Never appear in public without a pink bandana, you're in danger of being hit by a fat colleague.

⊖:(BHAR-go)

Pharmacology will be a pain during the coming summer... but then again, when is it not? For all the first year couples, a break up is on the cards, so get your back-ups ready. LFT: Eat mess food to regain your lost 'figure'.

Rohit, Pavneet & Zeeshan











Special to Spandan : In conversation with

Sh. Sanat Kumar Chatteriee









One of the last living pioneers of the orient arts (Bengal School) Sanat Chatterjee is an artist, sculptor and is known for his exceptional detailing abilities and ambrosial compositions. Diploma in Fine Arts from the Government College of Arts and Crafts in Lucknow was followed by rigorous training under Asit Haldar and Khitinder Nath Majumdar. He is an accomplished and energetic artist having to his credit a rich work of over ten thousand paintings and eleven hundred sculptures. He specialises in long paintings and holds the distinction of making some of the world's longest paintings. He has done four gigantic scroll paintings measuring 75ftx5ft, 90ftx8ft, 92ftx9ft and 100ftx11ft the last of which has earned him a place in Guinness Book of World Records and Limca Book of World Records. Many of his famous Sculptures are installed at Himachal Bhavan, Delhi and H.P. Secretariat, Shimla. He is a recipient of U.P. State Lalit Kala Academy Award and U.P. Artist Association Award.

- **NV**: Guruji, I greet you on behalf of M.A.M.C and the Spandan Team. I consider it a privilege to interview a renowned artist of international repute.
- SKC: Thank you, I feel honored and humbled.
- NV: Your paintings adorn the walls of the conference room. How did you conceptualise the idea of these paintings?
- **SKC**: I wanted the medical students to know about the status of medical sciences starting from the Vedic period till date through my paintings.
- NV: What precisely, do these fourteen paintings convey?
- **SKC**: They depict the first successful head transplantation of Lord Ganesha, healing touch for body and spirit, traditional pain management techniques, disease and certainty of death.
- NV: Guruji, after having won accolades and being featured in the various world records, how does it feel doing this artwork for a medical college?
- **SKC**: It was a pleasure doing this work for M.AM.C. I would like to thank the dean, Dr. A.K. Agarwal, Dr. J.M. Kaul and Mr. Sarvagya Srivastava for providing me a platform to interact with medical students through the medium of art. NV: Do you feel medical sciences and art can be integrated?
- SKC: Yes, Yes, Yes!

NV:

SKC:

NV:

SKC:

- Please tell us, how?
- **SKC**: Medical sciences and art both embody life, journey of life and death; each adds its own dimension to the other making it holistic and a perfect whole. The ideology of both is one.
- NV: Can a medical student pursue his studies and painting simultan eously?
 - Colors, abstract, tone, balance, texture, proportions, symbol, simile and Anatomy are the pillars which are vital to making a sketch; this is what a medical student also learns. He learns Anatomy in great detail and just needs to flesh it out by paying attention to the other aspects I have talked about. The barrier is in the mind; if he can fine tune his time management, he can surely pursue both simultaneously and with aplomb!

Will it be possible to organise a few workshops for students of M.AM.C? I am eveready to do it; interaction with youngsters keeps one alert and alive.

Dr. J.M. Kaul did mention it while I was doing these paintings, let us see when it materialises. Summer is a bit of a problem, because I like to spend it here in Shimla but winter time is fine by me. I invite you all to come to Shimla and visit the Art gallery and Museum set up by me. You can also attend art classes here.

Guruji, it was a pleasure talking to you about science, philosophy, art, their amalgamation and off shoots.

SKC: Have some tea! Convey my regards and best wishes to Dr. A.K. Agarwal and Dr. J.M. Kaul. Convey to all students of M.A.M.C that whenever they come to Shimla they are most welcome to visit me. Here's my card, please direct them to this address. God bless all of you. Thank you.

NV:



ROCK!!!! U thought u knew.....

Rock... the definition may call it a rhythmical culmination of guitars, bass and drums. So that's rock huh?? The definition forgets the most important word about rock - "passion". It's actually that passion which adds the true flavor to it... Do bands work for money?? I dare say yes, but far more important to them is their loyal fan base. The one's they work for, trying to get their appreciation for the product they create. That's the passion which drives them, fuels them to create new stuff and that's the thing most pleasing about rock!

Just the chemistry that exists between the band members is overwhelming. They gel together as a unit and just that feeling, that yearning to succeed and prove themselves to their fans is what drives them to give 110% of what they are capable of, and as the finale of it all u get something known as rock.

The disgust and anger of losing someone from the band are some of the feelings that make rock music what it is, believe me! Songs like "empty apartment" by "yellowcard" and "empty hole" are just some of the music dedicated to these unified feelings which exist in the greatest bands of the world.

Yeah, drugs and alcohol may be inseparable components of rock, but they're mostly done just to get in the groove of the music they create, just to enhance the feeling behind the music. And yeah we lose many of these magic men cause of drugs and all that, again highlighting that even life is secondary to the madness associated with rock. Kurt Cobain maybe a junky, but people still remember him as the front man of Nirvana cause that's what he lived for and probably died for. The guy lived on roadsides even when he had all the riches in the world, killed himself when he was at the top so no one would ever see his downfall. His life was secondary to his obsession. People call it "sadistic"; I call it "passion"...

This passion lies within each and every one of us. If it wasn't there, we wouldn't be tapping our feet to the music. Head banging may be the harder variant, but it is, in fact, nothing but sheer passion. Yeah, people may blast it off, calling it crazy and all that but those are the ones who seemingly don't have any fascination in their life. Those who display their passion are labeled as "RoCk FaNs".

What is it that makes me a fan?? The awesome, untamed power which these songs exude is the most important thing that gets me into it. Be it Slipknot's anger against the world. Marilyn Manson's drug antics or Korn's call against this grotesque world, the fact is that everything's uninhibited, uncensored and raw. There are no second thoughts. If they are against something, it doesn't matter if the world labels them as crazy or anything, they stand as a unit for what they are fighting for, come what may. Quite frankly, though drums, bass and guitar don't matter much, just the "Aura" does!

If you still believe rock is hype, then all I can say is "Believe the hype".

Himanshu Sharma (6th Sem)

WHISPERS INTO THE UNKNOWN

"Don't you think I'll win this time?" Smiling, fat, bald middle aged guy. But nothing more than a child really. How can you even hope to win? Just the sheer numbers. "Been taking one ticket everyday for 10 yrs now." That's what I am talking about. Around 3650 tickets. Zero wins. I hate buses because I have to sit next to such people. This guy has a 10 digit number on his lottery. There are 0.9 x 10¹⁰ or 9 billion such numbers. If they have a ticket for all these numbers, think of his chances. Near impossible. They obviously don't have these many tickets, because there aren't so many people in this world. Only 6.5 billion Homo sapiens to go around. Even then how many tickets to have a decent chance? Not 3650.4000? Or 5000? Or 10,000? "See the number adds up to 3. My lucky number." Don't I have an expression that I am not interested? But he's the type of guy who wouldn't notice. Nothing in the line of stranger anxiety. Sure, many of his other tickets must have added up to 3 as well. But they weren't so lucky. "With God's grace, I'll buy a car." That's a happy thought. All irritating people should get their own cars, or some form of private vehicle and be banned from public transport. But he won't get there, because God will have to do it for him. It would be pure chance if he wins, or if a cricket ball hits him on the head while walking home, or if he trips and falls on the stairs. But God will take the credit or the infamy, mostly the former. But I shouldn't play a deterministic messiah; Must be myself. And I am a Believer in Chance and a Practitioner of Observation. There's a perfectly nondescript guy standing up front. With an equally nondescript suit case. Why is he going wherever he's going? Maybe just getting home from work. Maybe getting to work. Maybe looking for work. Maybe he doesn't want to get anywhere. What are the odds he has a bomb in that case? He must be waiting for the end then. Or would he get down before it went off. The passengers next to him would be practically vapourised. 'Pink mist' is what explosives experts call that kind of decimation. As the blast wave travels, others around would be hit in their own little ways. Eventually each of them ending with their own peculiar set of injuries.

- "It's him?"
- "It's him."
- "A bomb.Who would have thought."
- "How many others?"
- "13 dead. 40 injured."
- "How was it done?"
- "A bomb in a suitcase, they say."

"How did you identify him?"

So it is a bomb after all. Long shot. But it hit. That's the funny thing with chance. Very improbable events are very real. Miracles happen. I feel sorry for this guy now. To see him being torn apart. Life being knocked out of him. The way it will affect those close to him. Eventually he'll be just another figure in the statistics of human warfare. For they keep good count of their mistakes.

"Lottery ticket in his pocket. Always has one."

When the dice of evolution was first thrown there was little chance that humans will ever be. But still they came. And are now busy frittering away their hour on the stage. It's sad having to watch them do so. In the end, it'll all come down to chance. And miracles happen

Dr. Ajeesh Sankaran Intern.



Sipping Vodka

A new priest, at his first mass was so nervous, he could hardly speak. After the mass, he asked a monsignor how he had done.

The monsignor replied, "When I am worried about getting nervous on the dais, I put a glass of vodka next to the glass of water. If I start getting nervous, I take a sip."

So next time he took the advice. At the beginning of the sermon, he got nervous and took a drink. He proceeded to talk up a storm. Upon his return to his office after the mass, he found the following note on the door:

- 1. Sip the vodka, don't gulp it.
- 2. There are 10 commandments, not 12.
- 3. There are 12 disciples, not 10.
- 4. Jesus was consecrated, not constipated.
- 5. Jacob wagered his donkey, he did not bet his ass.
- 6. We do not refer to Jesus Christ as the late J.C.
- 7. The father, son and Holy Spirit are not referred to as Daddy, Junior and the Spook.
- 8. David slew a goliath; he did not kick the shit out of him.
- 9. When David was hit by a rock and was knocked off his donkey, don't say he was stoned off his ass.
- 10. We do not refer to the cross as the "Big T".
- 11. When Jesus broke the bread at the last supper, he said, "Take this and eat it for it is my body." He did not say "Bite me."
- 12 The Virgin Mary is not called 'Mary with a Cherry'.
- 13. The recommended grace before a meal is not; Rub-a-dub-dub thanks for the grub, yeah god.

14.Next Sunday there will be a Taffy pulling contest at St. Peters, not a Peter pulling contest at St. Taffy's.

Drink safely.

Nivedita Arora (4th Sem)

Life- A rollercoaster

A life to cherish, a life to behold With many mysteries yet to unfold Awaits, with arms reached out Yet we embrace with million doubts.

Fear of failure, fear of disaster Fear of others running faster Life remains an experience no more Turns into a task to reach the shore.

Bitterness of failure makes success sweeter Shackles of darkness make light seem brighter Adversities are necessities of life Impel us to toil and strive.

Do not shy away from a gloomy day It is not forever to stay From the ashes of despair and sorrow Will always emerge a happier tomorrow.

Bhawani Shekhar, 4th sem.

He-Zu: Advice Anonymous....

Dear Agony Uncle (AU),

I don't mean to be rude (which makes it perfectly clear that I actually do!) but why does the petite young man at the Amul Counter at MAMC appear so forlorn and unresponsive. He is very slow to get the orders and excruciatingly slow to count and return the change. ("For God's sake, keep it", I have to shout on countless occasions). What to do?

Dear XYZ, (Not for anonymity, I really don't care!)

This question is often put to us. It has been observed from experiments conducted in the campus that his response time is independent of the loudness and frequency of your voice. He is equally redundant to English, Hindi, French, German or Hebrew and other ambient stimulation (Though he does shiver when poked in the stomach). He is up against the likes of Brahmanjot Singh (who have to be given a lesson in mathematics), Cankit Ahodda (Who takes an hour to decide what to eat as he fiddles with his hair) and Nikit Harsh (who constantly seeks to cheat, loot and plunder). So give the guy a break!

Dear AU,

I am new in this college and was wondering which toilets are the cleanest in the Old Boys Hostel? The seniors when asked start laughing hysterically or get nostalgic, with tears welling up as they look towards the horizon. Please help! (It's bloody urgent!)

Dear XYZ, (This guy requested anonymity for obvious reasons!)

The toilets have been subjected to various inspections over the past year. All results have produced a unanimous solution: Use them at night, and wear a surgeon's mask. There's a reason why we haven't got electricity in them smarty pants. Do the math.

Now let's take a moment to honor the memory of those who ventured into the bowels of our hostel (literally) in full daylight without any aids. God rest their souls in stench free heavens.



"Oh no! Hugo's tried snorting Pimms"







Dear AU,

PSM lectures are occasionally held in the 3rd floor LT. at least twice during this period a noxious, inhumanely suffocating odor spreads amongst our midst. I suspect a certain fatso has a stomach problem. Please aid my nostrils!

Dear mundane medico, (fan of alliteration? No?)

The smell is most likely to be emanating from the biochemistry lab functioning further down the hall. They've always had experiments involving mixing chemicals to produce a gas with the smell of rotten eggs. We suspect it's an attempt to asphyxiate students. (can't think of any other reason....any suggestions??) Anyways, try giving your partner some Ranitidine; I'm sure he'll get the message.

Dear AU.

Ever since I joined this college, the amount of sweat and other secretions

produced by my body has decreased drastically. I fear it might have something to do with my ANS. Please help as I fear I have the classical symptoms of the MMS (Maulanian Medicos Stress) Syndrome.

Dear 'Overly Enthusiastic 3rd Yr Med Student',

All these symptoms point to the fact that your

body is absolutely normal and is adapting to life in this college. Since

ancient times, our college has followed a strict protocol with regard to training future doctors for all kinds of stress. As part of this process, students are denied water in the college premises and given putrid water in the hostels so as to make them accustomed to working in Sub-Saharan Africa.

However, if you feel that you just might be able to find greener pastures for yourself, start asking your parents for a drinking water allowance.

The author requested Anonymity and the SEB, being an honorable and understanding institution readily obliged. So here's a pseudonym:

Heeshan Zussain.

(You'll never be able to guess!)



The Perennial Medical Mystery

I am presenting a case of a patient named Dant Manjan, A 22 year old gentlemen, resident of OBH, final year MBBS student in MAMC. He presented to the medical OPD two days back with complaints of 1. Tendency to make friends - since 14 days

2. Making false promises-since 12 days 3. Wishing everyone "hi yaar!!" Since two months

Patient was apparently well two months ago when he started saying "hi yaar" to everyone. This tendency was progressive and sudden in onset. It was accompanied by a sudden change in dressing sense. trousers and black leather shoes)

He also complains of a tendency to make new friends since 14 days which was also sudden in onset and highly progressive in nature. His attendant says that he has made around 200 friends of who he regularly hugs and says just one thing to, "yaar, dhayan rakhna" (vote ke live). He also complains of making false promises like" this year synapse will be much bigger sponsors will be excellent etc. Etc. And etc.

Personal history: Patient is a final year MBBS student at MAMC and standing for President. There is no history of tobacco or any drug abuse. However, he is a chronic alcoholic.

Past history: Patient suffered similar symptoms two years ago, when he was standing for Joint Secretary. However, back then symptoms were mild and for a shorter duration. They were relieved promptly after losing the elections. It was followed by a state of depression which was treated by SSRIs (Second Proff Supple Reminding Inducers).





Earlier he used to wear only casuals but now it appears that he takes a regular bath and wears complete formals (shirt,



Drug history: He has been on amphetamines for the last three days as he goes from room to room in hostels asking forvotes

Physical examination: Patient is conscious, co-operative and comfortably lying on the bed. He is well oriented to time, place and person. He is constantly saying, "Vote, support, Elect Dant Manjan for the post of President.

Vitals:

Pulse rate: >120 bpm (suspected Pre election Supra vote Tachycardia [PSVT]) <u>**Temperature:**</u> 103.5 F(Pyrexia due to known opponent[not PUO]) **BP:** 190/140 mm of Hg

No Differential Diagnosis needed.

Final Diagnosis: ELECTION FEVER

Treatment: Tab. VOTE, single dose on day of election.

View Points!!!!! They do make a difference. Question: Why did the chicken cross the road???

Answers:

George W. Bush: We don't care why the chicken crossed the road. We just want to know if the chicken is on our side of the road or not. The chicken is either for us or against us! There is no middle ground.

Tony Blair: I agree with George.

Dr. Zeuss: Did the chicken cross the road? Did it cross the toad? Yes, the chicken crossed the road, but why it crossed I've not been told.

Albert Einstein: Did the chicken really cross the road, or did the road move beneath the chicken?

Grandpa: In my day, we didn't ask why the chicken crossed the road. Somebody told us that the chicken crossed the road, and it was good enough for us.

A Quick Guide To Doing Well In Exams

because he/she can't read it.

Worst case scenario: you'll be called to clarify!!(Prayers are known to help!)

content...chances are that you'll be given marks on the presumption that the answer is somewhere in that pile of junk.

Strong Contacts

Having good relations with everyone sitting around you in the examination hall helps; whether you get them through Nescafe treats, long gossips or even bribery shall prove worthwhile if you can obtain the final part of the answer.

'Moreover': a magic word!

Any answer began with the word 'moreover' always gives the impression that an earlier page has been misplaced. Rather than admit to the loss of the paper, the teachers often award good marks.

<u>Inventions</u>

Try to invent new information like reactions, drug names, imaginary nerve supplies, daydreamt treatments and even nightmarish diseases. Can't convince them, confuse them!!

<u>Good Boy Attire</u>

Especially helpful at the viva. Over-oiled sissy hair, medieval clothing and a constipated , long suffering look on your face can do wonders. Reply in a weak voice and think deeply before answering (even when they ask you your name!).

Teacher's Pet

Constantly build up an image of an obedient, sugary wimp. Be extremely polite, stand up at the professor's entry, fetch markers and get a geekier than thou image!!



This is a tried and tested method. Its success stems from the fact that a normal teacher is unable to give a poor grade simply



FUTURE'S HANDS

She was not a superstitious person. She did not faint when a black cat crossed her path, and the only thing that bothered her about broken glass was that it needed cleaning up. In short an ideal match for her scientist husband who considered the supernatural as his personal enemy.

Yet, Mrs. Surbhi Kapoor had one habit that bothered her husband very much. She relied on the words of a certain fortuneteller to run her entire life. This belief and dependence had caused much strife between husband and wife, till finally Mr. Kapoor had started to feign deafness every time she came up with the subject. So strong was her belief that she did not even consider it a matter of rational argument but treated it as a fact of life!

It was her habit to visit this Swami Bhawishyanath every Saturday. Now, this was not a sage who believed in social



service or charity. He was a man who was very generous with his fee demands, taking a thousand rupees per "consultation", the reason why Mr. Kapoor called him the "the saffron clad thief". Today was Saturday and like all other Saturdays it was the day Mrs. Kapoor found out what the future held for her. She reached the ashram of Swami Bhawashiyanath at exactly 11 am. As always, the sage sat on an elevated platform gazing into the open room as if appreciating some invisible strains of wisdom that lesser mortals were incapable of seeing. "Come in Mrs. Kąpoor, I

"I do not make mistakes you foolish lady. Go now and make the most of your remaining time. And yes do not forget my dakshana."

a ghost she dumped herself on the sofa.

When her husband entered and saw his wife in such a state of shock, he rushed to her side and inquired about her health.

However, when she narrated the whole incidence to Mr. Kapoor he stared laughing madly. "That guy's a good for nothing fella dear, you know that. The only future he's building is his own and that too by looting people like us. Wait, let me get you a glass of water." The phone bell rang just then and denied Mrs. Kapoor a well rehearsed rebuttal. Apparently a close friend who was to arrive in the city had reached the railway station but couldn't find a transport due to the bad weather. "Well we'll just have to pick him up... Come on Surbhi get in the car fast. The poor guy will die from cold out there!!" "No we can't go...this is it!! This is what'll end my life!! Don't you wanna see me alive?" "Come on Surbhi there's no time for arguments. Get in the car!!" Reluctantly, Mrs. Kapoor strapped herself in. She kept on reciting the Gayatri Mantra under her breath as the car moved into the city with the rain now coming down as bullets from the sky. Suddenly, as they reached the highway, out of nowhere a Maruti Esteem swerved in front of the car. The tyres skidded on the wet road; the car went out of control. The brakes were ineffective against the frictionless surface. Just then the Esteem, approaching from the opposite side, collided with the Kapoors' Maruti 800 head on!! The Maruti skidded and hit the side rail, and the esteem toppled backwards and rammed into the water below. The rain stopped and all was silent for a while. Then the clouds moved away and the sun shone with all its brightness. Destiny had been fulfilled. The headline next day read...

"Major accident on Sea Road. Two injured and a fortuneteller dead"

Divyanshu Mohananey6th Sem

foresaw your visit." said the sage wisely, an accomplishment that he managed every Saturday.

"Sit and let me have a look at the lines on your palm. They hold the key to everything, past present and future...all nothing more than scratches on the human body!!"

He took her hand and stared and it intently, coaxing the palm to reveal the future of the plump lady sitting in front of him. Suddenly his expressionless face became grim.

"Oh my, the future looks dark..." said he, as if making the weekly weather forecast.

"There is danger in your life. Yes I see it clearly. You are in mortal danger. You do not have much longer to live. I see a road accident, a fatal one. Oh my! I can't do on."

"No Swami, you must be wrong. I don't even drive, or go out, except to see you. Please, Oh wise one read the lines adain", pleaded Mrs. Kapoor



- Mrs. Kapoor got out of the Ashram, walking slowly, tears flowing freely down her face. She was thinking about how her son was still to be married and who would take care of her husband when she wasn't there! She sat in the car and told the surprised driver, who had never seen the jovial plump woman sad, to head back home.
- By the time she reached home, it had started raining very hard, the black clouds almost as dark as her future. The lighting cracked and roared, but Mrs. Kapoor's ears heard nothing more than an echo of the Swami's words. White as

7 secrets I found in my hostel room.....

1. Roof said: Aim high. 2. Fan said: Be cool. 3. Clock said: Every minute is precious. 4. Mirror said: Reflect before you act. 5. Window said: See the world. 6. Calendar said: Be up-to date. 7. Door said: Push harder to achieve your goals.

Shilpa Daniel, 6th Sem