

ST. AGNES COLLEGE MAGAZINE

1967

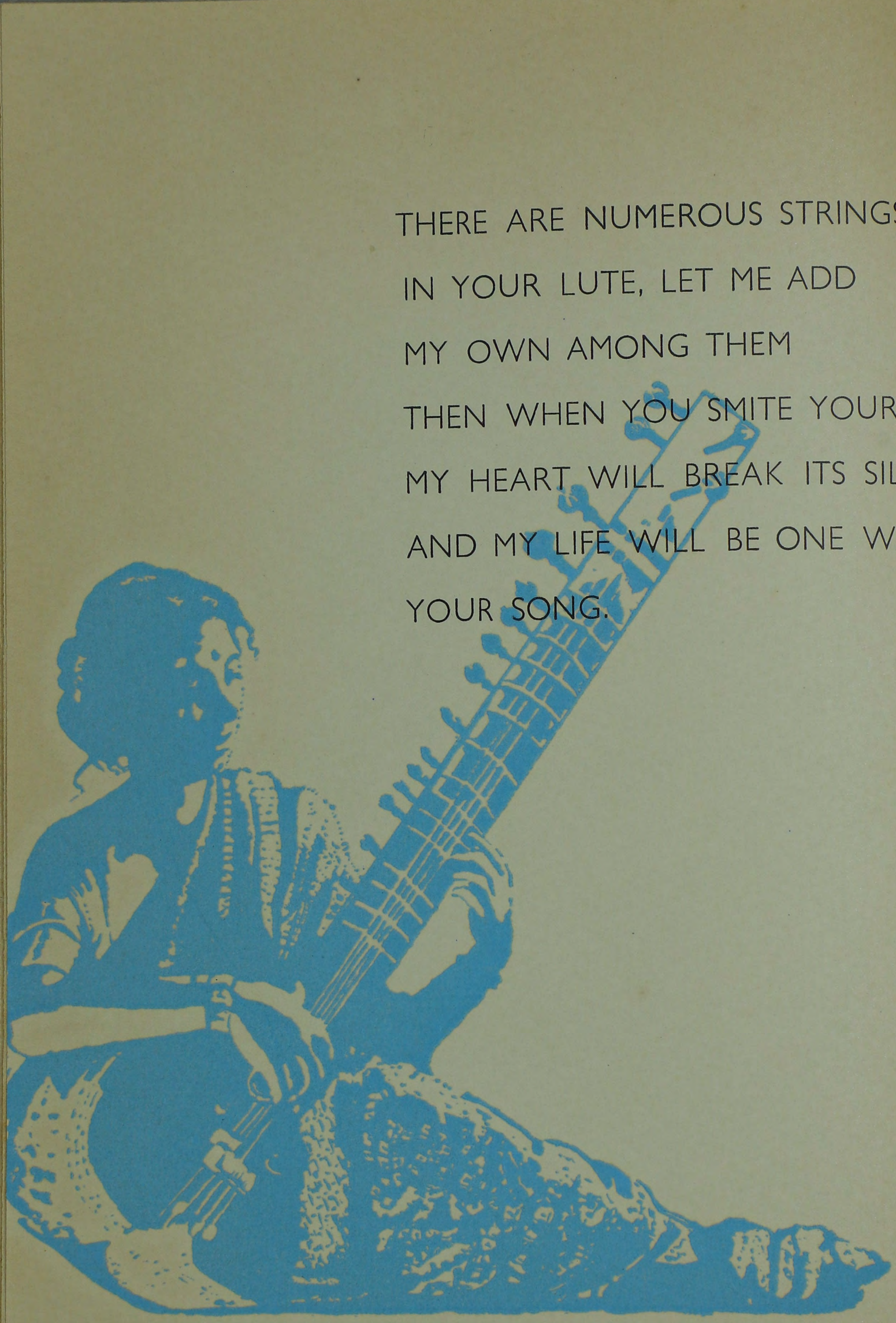
47th Year

THE APOSTOLIC CARMEL, MANGALORE



THERE ARE NUMEROUS STRINGS
IN YOUR LUTE, LET ME ADD
MY OWN AMONG THEM
THEN WHEN YOU SMITE YOUR CHORDS
MY HEART WILL BREAK ITS SILENCE
AND MY LIFE WILL BE ONE WITH
YOUR SONG.

(*Tagore*)



Drawing by **Jayashree Alva**

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- ಆ ಯುಗಮಹರ್ಷಿ !
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Section I

Activities and Education

Editori

Editorial

The soft hushed notes of Peace sounded in 1966 must need burst forth into Harmony in 1967.

On the College campus in June 1966, however, it did indeed seem "all mixed up" as Alice in Wonderland would have conveyed her notions of want of Harmony, for it was swamped by an unprecedented number of P.U.C. admissions. For almost half a century, we had styled ourselves a small college with a sizeable student population. We had tried to provide a variety of optionals but had refused to be enamoured of numbers. But now we had to welcome them, and reopened in June with a big question mark. Would the freshers, now more than half the College, pose a problem to the peaceful and intimate association of staff and students? Would they fail to live up to the traditions of St. Agnes?

Baseless our fears for we saw them blend together and swing gaily and happily to the harmonic rhythm of College life to which the seniors were attuned. Yes indeed the College had switched on to a major key and the change was simple: it was Harmony that kept the pace of the thousand odd students.

And this note of Harmony our students carried with them as they participated in the Golden Jubilee celebration of our University, for whether in theatricals, song, dance, painting or sports they worked to secure the highest prizes for our College, for union in endeavour is Harmony as well as strength.

Echoes of discord in other spheres did sound at times alarmingly loud and long, but whether they were occasioned by "student indiscipline" elsewhere, or by the pangs of Bharat Mata in the throes of the national elections, the even tenor of our College life remained undisturbed, while the Congress returned to leadership. And all along, while the sad wail of want, of hunger and starvation struck its strident notes, the sensitive hearts of our students answered in hearty refrains, donating not the extras of their superfluity but the paises collected by restraint of lawful pleasures, each a note of harmonious love for our poor brothers and sisters.

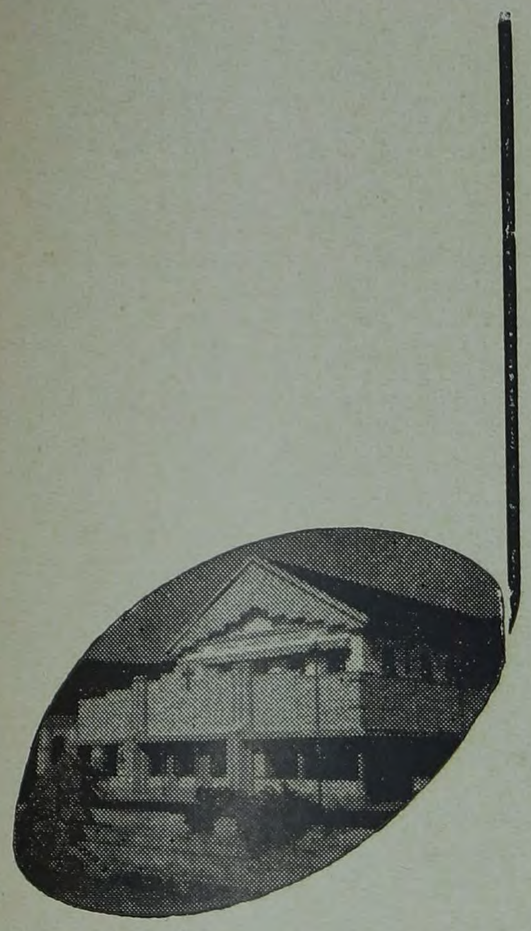
With wisdom as a guiding force and joy and laughter as handmaids, our magazine does present in verse and prose, Harmony in the various spheres of life!

Thou Lord! art the Father of Music,
Sweet sounds are a whisper from Thee;
Thou hast made Thy creation all anthems
Though it singeth them silently.

But I guess by the stir of this Music
What rapture in Heaven can be
Where the sound is Thy marvellous stillness
And the Music is light out of Thee.

F. W. FABER

College

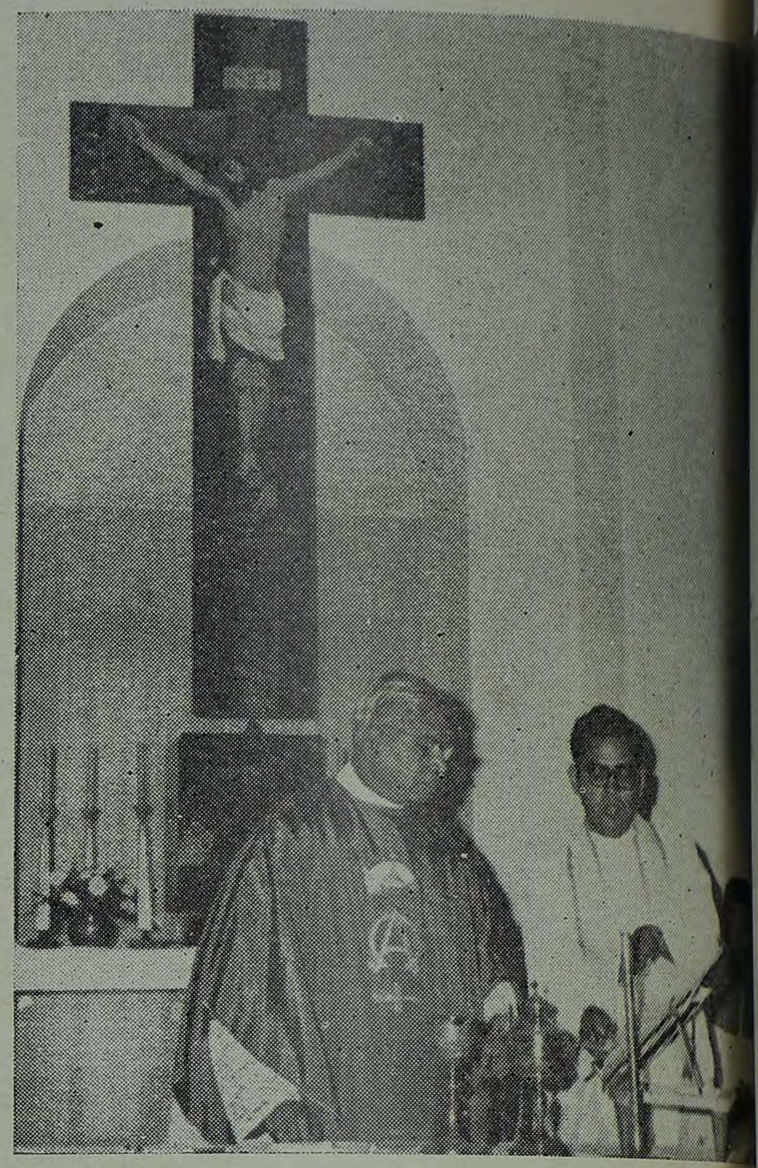


Union

Committee







At Holy Mass in our Cha



The Cardinal in Town

n our Hall

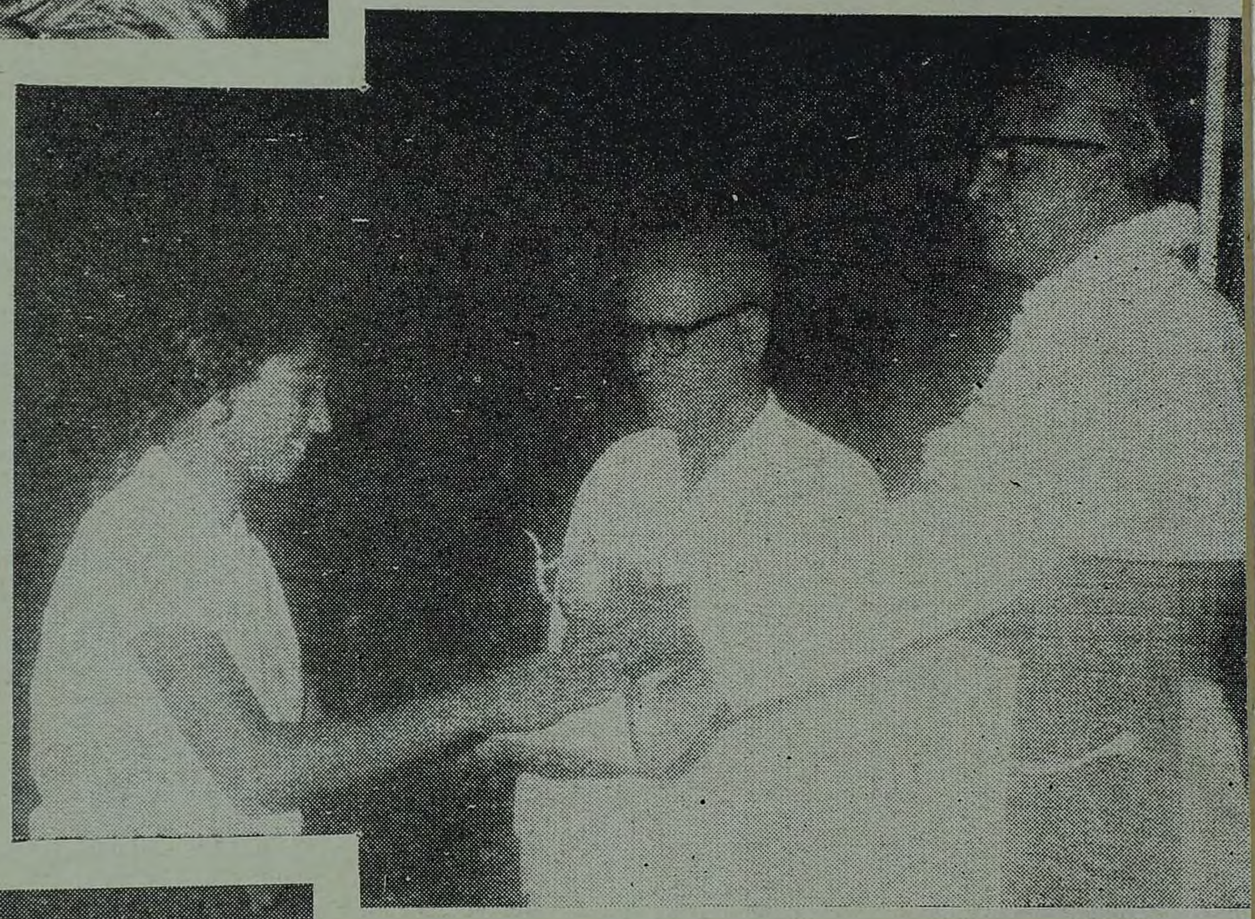
With our Bishop, and Mother General



After the Concert at



At the Youth Rally
Gulobi Rasquinha
receives her prize

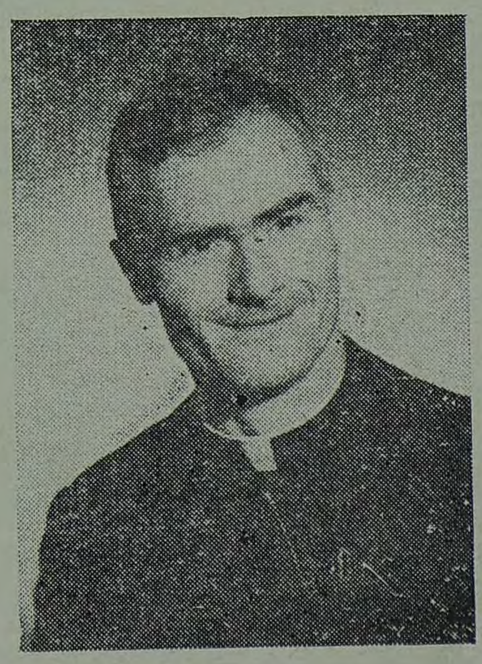


At the
Mangalore Municipality
Centenary Sports
Ameetha Rao receives
the Cup for the
Individual Championship



COLLEGE DAY—B. Nagaveni receives her prize from the President of the Day—Dt. Judge, Papa Reddy

And other distinguished Guests



Canon G. Lepoutre, International Federation of Catholic Universities

Distinguished Students



ydia Fernandes
Winner of the
Jniversity Gold Medal
or Politics



Harriet Farias
I class, II in the
University in
English



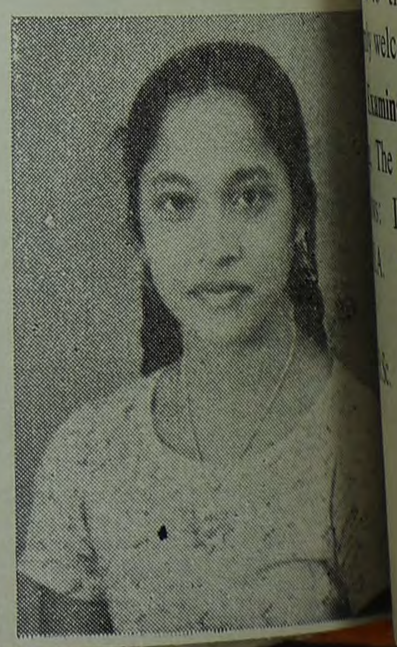
Chitralekha Rao
Winner of the
University Gold Medal
or Classical Dancing
t the University &
nter-University Levels



Jayashree Alva
Winner of the
University Gold Medal
for Drawing



Prathibha Shetty
First in the Univers
Part IV



Mary Kattakayam,
P. U. C.
Winner of the Silver
Medal in Religion in
the Inter-Collegiate
Religion
Examination

COLLEGE REPORT, 1966-67

COLLEGE DAY, JANUARY 30TH, 1967

It is the happy privilege of our College to have the District and Sessions Judge, Mr. S. V. Papa Reddy, B.A., LL.B., in the presidental chair this evening, and ere the New Year grows old, to have a chance of meeting the parents of our students, our benefactors and well-wishers, not merely to greet them for the New Year, but also to place before them the achievements of the year under review and our plans for the future.

Strength: We started the academic year with 1066 students on the rolls. A shortage of lecture halls, laboratories and hostel accommodation obliged us to keep down admissions. Yet we have 300 more on our rolls, and new ways and means of approach had to be devised which have necessitated much duplication of effort but which has been bravely faced to keep up better contacts with students.

Courses of Study: This Session, we have offered one more group combination to Degree students, by re-introducing Mathematics as a major subject.

Staff: The efficient working of our College is largely due to the large-hearted cooperation of our devoted staff of 41 members from whom we have received an almost dedicated service. While we express our grateful thanks to those who had to leave us we warmly welcome the new.

Examination Results: have been gratifying. The percentage of passes has been as follows: In the Final Year:

B.A.	Politics/Psychology group	:	95
	History/Economics ,,	:	62
B.Sc.	Physics/Chemistry ,,	:	67
	Botany/Zoology ,,	:	72

Lydia Fernandez was awarded the **K. R. Purna Maharaja's College Centenary Gold Medal** for **Politics.**

In the I Examination

Part I—	English	:	71
Part II—	Kannada	:	100
	Hindi	:	78
	French	:	100
Part III—	Minor Politics	:	86
	,, English	:	83
	,, Chemistry	:	97
	,, Mathematics	:	84
Part IV—	General Science	:	98
	Social Science	:	99

Harriet Farias won the II place in the University in English, Pratibha Shetty the I place in Part IV General Science and nine other students secured the first seven ranks.

P.U.C.: Arts: 55%, with 1 in the I Class and 28 in the II Class.

Science: 57%, with 18 in the I Class and 37 in the II class.

College Activities: Knowing that mere book lore gained within lecture halls is very limited indeed, we have done all we could to foster and encourage extra-curricular activities within the College, and in Inter-College contacts, and are happy to present a satisfying record of the year's doings.

Events of note like Independence Day, Teachers' Day, UNESCO Day, Principal's Day, Human Rights Day were welcomed as so many incentives to draw out the talents of our students. Distinguished speakers who could broaden our vision were heard with pleasure: Miss Ellen Mills of Australia, who spoke of the YCW movement, Dr. A. V. Raman Rao, Director, Bureau of Labour and

Industrial Relations Services, Bombay, who solved the puzzle of "Collective Bargaining", Dr. Adiga, M.L.C., Mr. Bhavani Rao, Co-ordinator of the Extension Services Department, and Mrs. Winnie D'Souza, an old student, who expatiated on the important role of teachers in life; Dr. G. D. Veliath, Chairman, Federation of Welfare Agencies, Mangalore; Mr. Rama Rao and Sr. M. Fidelis, A.C., Vice-Principal of the St. Ann's Training College, who in the blaze of the Deepavali lights illumined for us many a secret of light and joy in life; Mrs. Octavia Albuquerque, another old student, whose spirited talk on Independence Day, was certainly a fillip to our students' patriotism, and Mrs. G. Modayil who interested us in the "Family Agency Centre". We are specially thankful to the Fathers of St. Aloysius College who in their weekly talks to our students, in Konkani and English, deepened our knowledge of the Decrees of Vatican Council II.

Besides taking active part in College intellectual programmes like quizzes in General Knowledge and a debate on The Devaluation of the Rupee, our students have co-operated in Inter-College functions. At the Kasturba Medical College Elocution Competition, our team won the trophy, our speaker, Cecy Kuruvilla, carrying away the I prize; at the debate at the Engineering College at Suratkal, it was again the same speaker who won the I prize. Similar success marked our attempts in the field of fine arts. At the K.M.C. Inter-Collegiate Music Competition, conducted at the Town Hall, our students carried away three first prizes and a Rolling-Shield.

In the field of fine arts, it was specially at the Mysore University Golden Jubilee Youth Festival that our College made its mark. Our group item, the play, "Triveni Sangham" secured the Silver Medal for the II place. Gold Medals and I places were awarded to Jayashree Alva's drawing exhibit, "Glad to See You", and Chitralekha Rao's beautiful performance of a Classical Solo Dance. She was selected for participation in the Inter-University Festival, and here again, secured a Gold Medal.

Not only at university level have we competed, but we have also heartily cooperated in social events nearer home, and thus made our College active in community endeavour. We were happy to contribute the following items: to the Municipal Centenary Celebrations, a song and a play; to the Conference of Doctors at the visit of His Eminence, Padma Vibhushan, Valerian Cardinal Gracias one evening's cultural programme with a dance, an action song and a Kannada play.

At the Youth Rally Competitions, Gulobi Rasquinha was awarded the I prize for her Konkani elocution, while Cecy Kuruvilla and Jean Gonsalves secured the I & II prizes respectively, for their English delivery. The I prize for the English essay was won by Irene Noronha. The I prize for vocal music was awarded to Audrey and Annette Machado for their duet, and II prize to Maureen Lewis.

The Horticultural Show in the Town Hall met a hearty response from our students who gained the following awards: I prizes for flower decoration both basket presentation and puja flower arrangement; II prizes for vase arrangement and for cut flowers; I prizes for head-wear designs in flowers and for hair styles with flowers; I prize for table arrangement, western style, and I and II prizes for table arrangement, Indian style.

Not in music and fine arts alone did our students put forth their efforts but also in the more important "Freedom from Hunger Campaign". Besides the III B.A. vegetable gardens under the guidance of the Economics lecturer, several of our lecturers ventured on vegetable produce, turning over the fruit of their labour to the workers of the Institution.

Social Service: A right bias to our students' efforts in this field was given, when last May, some of them attended the Social Service Week at Madras in the School of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind. Besides the visits to hospitals and collection of food and toys for distribution among child centres, our students made a college-wise effort, every student contributing in kind towards a dinner which they themselves not only cooked but served out to the lepers in Father Muller's Institution and the inmates of the Cheshire and Damien Homes entertaining them with vocal and instrumental music, and brightening them up with welcome little gifts. A second big endeavour in this line went towards an orphanage in Kemmanu.

The N. C. C.: is appreciated by our students, for 118 of them undergo the course and seem to draw profit from the same. Two of them attended the All India Summer Training Camp at Dharmsala, Punjab, and three others at Horsley Hills, Andhra, while during the Dasara holidays, a batch of 45 cadets attended the Annual Training Camp at K. R. Nagar, Mysore. Besides the weekly parades and lectures, our cadets participated in the Independence Day parade and also contributed 2 special items: a Continuity March and a P. T. Demonstration which were appreciated by the public. N.C.C. Day was celebrated on November 26, with a March Past. The Principal took the salute and inspected the contingent.

Field Activities this year, in spite of the rising numbers, have shown a marked improvement. In the Dasara Meet, the performance of our athletes was noteworthy. Amitha Rao won the Individual Championship in Open Women's Section at the City Level, and in the College Girls' Section at the Divisional Level; at the City Level, she broke the earlier State Dasara Meet record of 28.4 seconds in the 200 metres race.

At the M. G. S. Inter-Collegiate tournaments, we were the University winners in Volley Ball and Tenniquoit, and were runners-up in Soft Ball. At the Zonals in Mercara, we secured the Team Championship. While in most of the events our students won all the three I places, Margaret Saldanha and Sunanda Rai created new zonal records in High Jump and Javelin Throw, respectively. All our 8 athletes were declared qualified for the finals, Amitha Rao and Henny D'Souza being selected as 2 of the 5 women athletes to represent the Mysore University at the Inter-Varsity sports at Patiala. Sunanda Rai was selected to represent Mysore University at the Inter-University Kho-Kho Tournament at Indore. She is the first and only student from S. Kanara selected at the University Level for Kho-Kho.

The same excellence was shown by our competitors at the Mangalore Municipal Centenary Sports. Not only did our athletes again secure the first three places in almost all events, and our two relay teams, the I and II places, our team surpassing the previous record of 60 seconds with a better timing of 57.2 seconds, but we also won the Team Championship, and Amitha Rao the Individual Championship. Sheelavathy created a a new District record in Javelin Throw; Shakunthala Mala was the winner in Tenniquoit Singles.

Our Objectives: As educational values seem to be losing their place in the present-day scurry for admissions into college, it was thought worthwhile to stress them, by choosing for demonstration on Principal's Day, in song, dance, debate and discussion, the aims of the Kothari Commission. While the arts students proved that education is meaningful if related to life and oriented towards productivity and a healthy democracy, which in turn could help in social and political integration, the science students showed how education could accelerate technology and thereby help industrialisation. Attention

was specially focussed on cultural, moral and spiritual values. While educators now place special stress on them as a remedy for all that is wanting in the young, our College, aware of the role these play, always realised their worth and has devoted not less than a half-hour, 4 times a week to religious and moral instruction to Catholics and non-Catholics respectively. Though optional, these lessons are appreciated and faithfully attended, while the term tests in both are well prepared for and carefully answered.

Our College prepares the Catholic students for the Inter-Collegiate Religion Examination organised by the Xavier Board of Higher Education. Our results at the last test were as follows: Degree Class pass percentage was 95 with 16, I Classes and 17, II classes; the Pre-University pass percentage was 89 with 13, I Classes and 3, II Classes. In the P. U. C. General Contest, Mary Kattakayam was awarded a Silver Medal while in the P. U. C. Regional Contest, Celestine Coutinha won the Silver Medal.

The Legion of Mary continues to function, contributing in its own way to the spiritual formation and development of its members by its double programme of prayer and apostolic works. The College Sodality members have been increasingly encouraged to join parish sodalities, thus to focus on their own parishes their love and cooperation and foster the lay-apostolate.

C. S. U. Activities: Ere the College Session began in June, several of our students attended the Camps held during the May holidays: The C. S. U. Social Work Camp at Anjengo, Kerala; the National Leadership Camp at Changanacherry, Kerala; and the National Study Week at Bombay. Fired by the enthusiasm of the students who returned from these Camps, the C. S. U. leaders were determined to make their Association live its name. They therefore took up their activities, spiritual, intellectual and social, with zest, and put in added interest in their own study circles. Fresh spirit was injected into the Association by other Camps organised during the Dasara holidays: the Joint S.C.M. and A.I.C.U.F. Famine Relief Work Camp with its Orientation Conference at Bangalore, and its Women's Work Camp at Kastur and secondly, the Regional Leadership Camp which took place about the same time in Bangalore.

Regular working papers were discussed at the weekly meetings of the leaders; social services were undertaken by the members and active cooperation with other C.S.U. groups was maintained. In the Inter-Collegiate competition in connection with the Christ King Rally, Celine Correa distinguished herself in the debate; Annette and Audrey Machado won the I prize for vocal music and secured for our unit the Rolling Cup for the best party of musicians. Our unit had the distinction of sending one of its members, Moira Albuquerque, as one of the representatives from India at the International Session of the WUCWO at Paris, last November.

We are happy also that 9 students with a higher inspired call dedicated themselves to God in the Religious life.

It has been our pleasure to place on record the achievements of the year which you parents, benefactors, and well-wishers have also sponsored and encouraged. While we thank you all for your past cooperation, the array of friendly faces before us prompts us to voice our need for financial assistance for putting up much-needed extensions to house the rising numbers of our students. Whatever you give will be welcome and gratefully accepted. We close with renewed thanks to all for their presence here, to benefactors and to those who have generously contributed to our Prize Fund and especially to the President of today who has so readily consented to preside over this function.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION—MARCH 1966

		Presented	Icl.	IIcl.	IIIcl.	Passed	Failed	Failed in the aggregate	Percentage
III B.A.	Politics	19				19			100%
	Psychology	19				19			100%
Group	Politics/Psy.	19	—	1	17	18	—	1	94.7%
	History	37				28	9		75.7%
	Economics	37				31	6		83.8%
Group	Hist./Econs.	37	—	3	20	23	—	14	62.1%
Total	B.A.	56	—	4	37	41	—	15	73.2%
III B.Sc.	Physics	9				9			100%
	Chemistry	9				6	3	3	66.6%
Group	Phys./Chem.	9	3	3	—	—	—	—	66.6%
	Botany	36				27	9	—	75%
	Zoology	36				31	5		86.1%
Group	Botany/Zool.	36		10	16	26	—	10	72.2%
Total	B.Sc.	45	3	13	16	32	—	13	71.1%
II Year									
Part I	English—Science	52	—	4	33	37	15		71.1%
	Arts	65	1	5	40	46	19		70%
Total		117	1	9	73	83	34		70.9%
Part II	Kannada—Science	34	2	17	15	34	—		100%
	Arts	41	1	15	25	41	—		100%
Total		75	3	32	40	75	—		100%
	Hindi—Science	17	2	4	9	15	2		88.2%
	Arts	24	—	1	16	17	7		70.8%
Total		41	2	5	25	32	9		77.5%
	French	3	1	1	1	3	—		100%
Part III	Chemistry Minor	33	4	10	18	32	1		97%
	Maths Minor	19	7	6	3	16	3		84.2%
	Politics Minor	37	1	16	15	32	5		86.4%
	English Minor	30	—	2	23	25	5		83.3%
Part IV	Social Science	52	3	8	40	51	1		98.7%
	General Science	66	23	19	23	65	1		98.4%
PUC									
	P.C.B.	125	6	22	39	67	58		53.6%
	P.C.M.	45	12	9	9	30	15		66.6%
	P.U. Science	170	18	31	48	97	73		57%
	P.U. Arts	150	1	28	53	82	68		54.6%
		320	19	59	101	179	141		56%

University Ranks:

B.A.	Harriet Farias	II in the University in English–Part I.
,,	Prathibha Shetty	I in the University in General Sc.–Part IV.
,,	Letitia Monteiro	II in the University in General Sc. ,,
,,	Connie D'Souza	III in the University in General Sc. ,,
,,	Bernadette Sequeira	III in the University in General Sc. ,,
,,	Joan Mascarenhas	IV in the University in General Sc. ,,
,,	Jean Rasquinha	V in the University in General Sc. ,,
,,	Pushpa	VI in the University in General Sc. ,,
,,	Angeline Mathias	VII in the University in General Sc. ,,
,,	Gulobi Rasquinha	VII in the University in General Sc. ,,
,,	Sheila D'Souza	VII in the University in General Sc. ,,

AWARD OF PRIZES

UNIVERSITY LEVEL

The K. R. Purna Maharaja's College Centenary **Gold Medal** for **Politics** awarded to **Lydia Fernandes.**

XAVIER BOARD OF HIGHER EDUCATION

Inter-Collegiate Examination in Religion
All India Contest: Silver Medal awarded to Mary Kattakayam
Regional Silver Medal awarded to Celestine Cutinha.

COLLEGE DAY

III YEAR

Good Conduct B.A.	—Lorna Rodrigues
B.Sc.	—B. Nagaveni & N. A. Nirmala
Christian Doctrine	—Gulobi Rasquinha
Moral Science	—A. Vasanthi
College Activities	—Pamela D'Souza
Theatricals	—Pamela D'Souza & Malini Pai
Games	—Blanche Pinto & Sheelavathi
Hostel	—Matilda Sequeira & M. P. Ponnamma
Physics	—M. P. Ponnamma
Chemistry	—M. P. Ponnamma
Botany	—B. Nagaveni
Zoology	—G. Malini Pai
History	—Matilda Sequeira
Economics	—Gulobi Rasquinha
Politics	—Pamela D'Souza
Psychology	—Pamela D'Souza

II YEAR

Christian Doctrine	—Jean Gonsalves
Moral Science	—N. G. Parameshwari
English	—Lily Kamath
Kannada	—K. Prabha
Hindi	—Cynthia P. Pinto
Physics	—B. B. Saroja
Chemistry	—Carmel C. Pinto
Botany	—Cynthia P. Pinto
Zoology	—N. K. Vijayalakshmi
History	—Irene P. F. Noronha
Economics	—Irene P. F. Noronha
Politics	—Colleen M. Rebello & Lily M. Kamath
Psychology	—Meenakshi Alva

I YEAR

Christian Doctrine	(a)	—Patricia Fernandes
	(b)	—Lavinia Gonsalves
Moral Science		—Gita Ramakrishnan
English		—U. Shalini Nayak
Kannada		—N. Ormilla & U. Veena
Hindi		—Lalitha Bai
Mathematics		—Juliet Britto
Physics		—K. Prema Bai
Chemistry		—K. Prema Bai
Botany		—M. Malathi Pai
Zoology		—Suvasini
History		—N. Ormilla
Economics		—K. Namitha
Politics		—U. Shalini Nayak
Psychology		—U. Shalini Nayak
Games		—Amitha Rao

P.U.C.

Christian Doctrine	(a)	—Olivia Noronha
	(b)	—Bina Naik & Olga Noronha
	(c)	—Mariette Peris
Moral Science:	Science	—Elizabeth Eapen
	Arts	—B. Mallika
English—Science	(a)	—Amrith Noronha
	(b)	—Elizabeth Eapen
	(c)	—U. Sudha Nayak
—Arts	(a)	—B. Mallika & Olivia Noronha
	(b)	—Olga Noronha

Kannada—Science		—B. Chandravathi
—Arts		—Olivia Noronha
Hindi		—Gladys D'Souza
French		—Elizabeth Eapen
Physics, Chemistry, Biology	(a)	—B. Meera
	(b)	—Mariette Peris
Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics		—Iris Coelho
History, Economics, Logic	(a)	—Olivia Noronha
	(b)	—Bina Naik
SSLC prize for General Proficiency (founded)		—Mariette Peris
Best N.C.C. Cadet		—Enid Fernandes, II B.Sc.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

UNIVERSITY AWARDS

1. MYSORE UNIVERSITY GOLDEN JUBILEE YOUTH FESTIVAL:

Inter-University Contest:

Chitralekha Rao—awarded the **Gold Medal** for Solo Classical Dance—*Bharatanatyam.*

Inter-Collegiate Contest:

1. *Dancing:*
   Chitralekha Rao—awarded the **Gold Medal** for Solo Classical Dance.
2. *Drawing:*
   Jayashree Alva—awarded the **Gold Medal** for black and white pencil sketch.
3. *One Act Play:*
   The College group composed of—Malini Pai, Agnes Pinto, Prathibha Rao, Geetha Pai, Ranjini Rao, Prabha Bhandary, Kripalini Sastri, Vanamali Hegde, Cecilia D'Souza was awarded the **Silver Medal** for the play '*Triveni Sangham*'.
   Certificates of merit were awarded to Malini Pai and Agnes Pinto.
4. *Music:*
   Sumathi Kamath—Certificate of Merit, for Classical Instrumental Music (Violin).
   Ranjini Rao—Certificate of Merit, for Light Vocal Classical Music.

OTHER CONTESTS

1. GENERAL KNOWLEDGE:

U.S.I.S. Inter-Collegiate Contest:

The College team, composed of M. P. Ponnamma, Matilda Sequeira, Jean Gonsalves, and Lily Kamath, won the First Prize.

College Contest:

Degree Section:

Physics Team—Composed of M. P. Ponnamma, Gita Prabhu and Premi Kuruvilla, won the First Prize.

Individual Prize for highest points: M. P. Ponnamma.

P.U.C. Section:

Arts Team, composed of Olga Noronha, Bina Nayak and Kripalini Shastri—won the First Prize.

Individual Prize for highest points: Olga Noronha.

2. Debates and Elocution:

K.M.C. Inter-Collegiate Debate:

Topic—'Foreign Aid is harmful to the Progress of India'. The College Team, Composed of Cecy Kuruvilla and Jean Gonsalves stood first and won the Rolling Shield.

Cecy Kuruvilla was awarded the First Prize.

K.R.E.C. Inter-Collegiate Debate:

Topic—"In the Opinion of the house, the democratic form of Government has failed in India".

Cecy Kuruvilla was awarded the First Prize.

Mangalore Diocese Youth Rally Elocution Competition:

Topic—'What is the cause of the unrest among youth in India?'

Cecy Kuruvilla	—First Prize	(English Section).
Jean Gonsalves	—Second Prize	(English Section).
Gulobi Rasquinha	—First Prize	(Konkani Section).

C.S.U. Inter-Collegiate Debate:

Topic—'The recent student unrest is a passing phenomenon'.

Celine Correa —Third Prize.

College Contest:

Topic—"Devaluation was a necessary remedy administered to a sick economy".

Jean Gonsalves	—First Prize
P. C. Prabha	—Second Prize
Irene Noronha	—Third Prize.

3. Essay Writing:

Mangalore Diocese Youth Rally Competition:

Topic—"What would I like the future society to be?"

Irene Noronha —First Prize.

4. Music:

K.M.C. Inter-Collegiate Music Contest:

Hindustani Classical Vocal: Mangala Saletore—First Prize.
Karnatak Classical Vocal: Ranjini Rao—First Prize.
Instrumental: (Violin) Sumathi Kamath—First Prize.
Tamil Sangham Rolling Shield—awarded to Ranjini Rao.

K.R.E.C. Inter-Collegiate Music Contest:

Karnatak Vocal Classical	Ranjini Rao	First Prize.
Karnatak Vocal Classical	P. Saraswathi	Second Prize
Light Vocal	Ranjini Rao	First Prize.
North Indian Classical Vocal	Mangala Saletore	Third Prize.
Bhavageetha	Geetha Pai	Third Prize.
Instrumental	Y. Sumathi	Third Prize.
Vocal Group	Ranjini Rao & Party	Second Prize.
English Solo	Audrey Machado	First Prize.

The College Team won the 2nd place.

Mangalore Diocese Youth Rally Music Contest:

English Vocal (duet)	Audrey & Annette Machado	First Prize.
English Vocal (duet)	Maureen Lewis & Companion	Second Prize.

C.S.U. Inter-Collegiate Music Contest:

The College group composed of Audrey and Annette Machado, Lovejoy Lobo and Rosemarie Fernandes, won the Rolling Cup for the best group.

Audrey & Annette Machado the First Prize for their Duet.

K.R.E.C. (C.S.U):

Audrey and Annette Machado won the First Prize for their Duet.

K.R.E.C. Inter-Collegiate—Drawing Contest:

K. Jayashree Alva—awarded the III Prize for pencil drawing.

Mangalore Municipality Centenary—Table and Flower arrangement Contests:

Dinner Table arrangement (Indian Style)	First Prize	Geetha Pai
Dinner Table arrangement (Indian Style)	Second Prize	Shubha Nayak
Dinner Table arrangement (Western Style)	First Prize	Meena Rebello
	Second Prize	Meena Pinto
Basket arrangement	First Prize	Theresiamma Thomas
	Second Prize	Kripalini Shastri
Headgear	Second Prize	Kripalini Shastri
	Certificate of Merit	Shubha Nayak
Pooja Flower arrangement	First Prize	Kripalini Shastri
	Certificate of Merit	Shubha Nayak
Hair Style and Flower arrangement	First Prize	Malini Pai
Flower Pots	First Prize	Mariette Lobo.

SPORTS

1. **City Level Dasara Sports on the Nehru Maidan—30-9-'66:**

100 metres race	Ameetha Rao	First Place
200 metres race	Ameetha Rao	Second Place
400 metres race	Henny D'Souza	Second Place
Shot Put	Jacintha Fernandes	Second Place
	Sumathi Somanna	Second Place

Ameetha Rao won the Individual Championship in the (open) Women's Section.

2. **All athletes were selected to represent the city at the Divisional level Dasara Sports at at Mysore 17th & 18th Oct. 1966:** Here the results as follows:

100 metres race	Ameetha Rao	First Place	College girl's section
100 metres race	Jacintha Fernandes	Second Place	
200 metres race	Jacintha Fernandes	First Place	
100 metres race	Ameetha Rao	Second Place	Open women's section

Ameetha Rao won the Individual Championship in the College Girls' Section.
The College Relay Team won the Second Place.

3. **State Level Dasara Sports Mysore, 21st–24th October 1966:**

200 metres race	Ameetha Rao	Stood second and broke the earlier State Dasara Meet record of 28.4 seconds.
100 metres race	Ameetha Rao	Third Place
High Jump	Jacintha Fernandes	Third Place

4. **M.G.S. Inter-Collegiate Tournaments (Finals)—At Mysore, 11th–13th November 1966:**
Volley Ball: Our College Team—won the Championship. The team was composed of Lily Kamath (Captain), K. M. Bhavani (Vice Captain), Blanche Pinto, Maureen Lewis, Jacintha Fernandes, Leonilla Farias. (Substitutes: Ameetha Rao, Margaret Saldanha, Gangamma, Kasturi Nayak, Sumathi, Somanna, Leela).

5. **M.G.S. Inter-Collegiate Athletics (Zonals)—Mercara, 29th & 30th November 1966:**

100 metres	Ameetha Rao	First Place
	Jacintha Fernandes	Second Place
	Winnie D'Cruz	Third Place
200 metres	Ameetha Rao	First Place
	Henny D'Souza	Second Place
	Jacintha Fernandes	Third Place
High Jump	Margaret Saldanha	First Place
	Jacintha Fernandes	Second Place
	Connie D'Souza	Third Place
Long Jump	Ameetha Rao	Second Place
	Sheelavathy	Third Place
Shot put	Ameetha Rao	Third Place
Discus Throw	Blanche Pinto	Second Place
Javelin Throw	Sunanda Rai	First Place
	Sheelavathy	Second Place

4×100 metres Relay: The College team stood First.
The College Team won the Championship.

6. **M.G.S. Athletics Finals and Selection trials for participation in the Inter-University Athletic Meet:**

100 metres	Ameetha Rao	First Place
100 metres	Jacintha Fernandes	Third Place
200 metres	Ameetha Rao	First Place
200 metres	Jacintha Fernandes	Third Place

Long Jump	Henny D'Souza	First Place
Long Jump	Ameetha Rao	Second Place
High Jump	Jacintha Fernandes	First Place
High Jump	Connie D'Souza	Second Place
80 metres hurdles	Jacintha Fernandes	First Place
80 metres hurdles	Winnie D'Cruz	Second Place
Discus throw	Blanche Pinto	Second Place
Javelin throw	Sheelavathy	First Place

7. Among the five Women Athletes selected to represent the Mysore University at the Inter-University Sports meet at Patiala were Ameetha Rao and Henny D'Souza.

8. Sunanda Rai was selected to represent the Mysore University at the Inter-University Sports Meet Kho-Kho Tournament. She was the first and only student from South Kanara to have been selected so far to participate in Kho-Kho at the Inter-University level.

9. **Mangalore Municipality Centenary Sports, Nehru Maidan—13th–15th January 1967:**

100 metres race	Ameetha Rao	First Place
	Jacintha Fernandes	Second Place
	Winnie D'Cruz	Third Place
200 metres race	Ameetha Rao	First Place
	Jacintha Fernandes	Second Place
Long Jump	Ameetha Rao	First Place
	Winnie D'Cruz	Second Place
	Henny D'Souza	Third Place
High Jump	Margaret Saldanha	First Place
	Jacintha Fernandes	Second Place
	Connie D'Souza	Third Place
Javelin throw	Sheelavathy	First Place
	(She created a new district record)	
	Sunanda Rai	Second Place
Discus throw	Blanche Pinto	Second Place
Shot Put	Blanche Pinto	Second Place
	Ameetha Rao	Third Place
4 × 100 metres relay	College 'A' Team	First Place
	College 'B' Team	Second Place
Slow Cycle Race	Margaret Saldanha	Second Place

10. **Team Games:** Tenniquoit Singles: Winner—Sakuntala Mala. We were unable to participate in the other team games owing to other activities.

11. **Mysore University Golden Jubilee Sports Meet at Mysore: (31st Jan.–2nd Feb. 1967):**

Javelin throw	Sheelavathy	First Place (awarded the Gold Medal).
Discus throw	Blanche Pinto	First Place (awarded the Gold Medal).
High Jump	Margaret Saldanha	First Place (awarded the Gold Medal).
	Conney D'Souza	Second Place (awarded the Silver Medal).
100 metre race	Ameetha Rao	Third place
200 metre race	Ameetha Rao	Second Place (awarded the Silver Medal).

The Golden Jubilee of a University

KRIPALINI SASTRI, P. U. C.

The glorious land where the great scholar, philosopher and politician Vidyaranya was born, where great poets like Pampa, Ranna and Muddanna flowered, the land where the demon of ignorance Mahishasura was slain by the goddess of learning Shri Chamundi, in this princely state of Mysore, five decades ago was born the Vidyapita or the University of Mysore. It was born to dispel ignorance and spread knowledge among the people of this great land.

The banner of the Mysore University flies high with our late and beloved Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru's great ideal "A University stands for humanism for tolerance and for reason; a university stands for the adventure of ideas and for the search of truth".

July 17, 1916 was a great day in the history of education in Mysore state. The State Legislative Council unanimously adopted a Bill introduced for the establishment of a separate university for Mysore state. Thus came into existence the University of Mysore.

The building up of this university was no easy task. It needed the co-operative endeavour of many intelligent heads and many a helping hand. We may mention a few of them here. The untiring and enthusiastic work of Dr. M. Visveswaraya stands as an eternal monument to his memory. The plan was chalked out by him. He was assisted by Sri C. R. Reddy and Mr. Thomas Denham



who went abroad and collected valuable reports which were then discussed with the educational experts of the Government of India, in particular with Mr. Sharp the Educational Adviser to the Government. The scheme was pushed through against heavy odds. Opportune help was received at this critical time from His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore, Sri Krishnaraja Wadiyar who was the first Chancellor of the University.

Soon arrangements were made for the progress of the new institution. Mysore was favourably chosen to be the headquarters of the University. Sir H. V. Nanjundaiah was selected as the first Vice-Chancellor and Mr. Thomas Denham as the Registrar. The Senate and the University Council were also formed. Addressing the first meeting He acknowledged the debt owed to the Madras

University in these words: "Our University may fitly be compared to a child which reaches years of discretion and leaves the parental home to establish one of its own, with grateful memory of its happy childhood." He also placed stress on the importance of developing Kannada Literature and Culture at this seat of learning.

What has the University achieved in these 50 years? In what way have the students benefited from it? These may be the common questions in the minds of the people and the University.

The University of Mysore had an unostentatious start with only two faculties for science and arts. It gradually developed and expanded. In 1917 the Government Engineering College was started. In 1924 the medical faculty was added by the opening of a medical college. The University set up extension and publication departments to carry the fruits of University education to remote parts. The first batch of graduates passed out in 1916. In 1933 an Academic Council was constituted to see to the academic organisation of the University. The Senate was enlarged so as to make it more representative of popular interests.

As time passed on, the University grew from strength to strength. Many colleges sprang up not only in the cities and towns but even in remote villages. As many of these private colleges were affiliated to the University, it gradually began to take on the features of the older universities. A fresh impetus to growth was provided when governmental control was eliminated, and the University became an autonomous institution.

After the re-organization of states the University took into its fold a large number of Colleges in South Kanara, which were previously affiliated to the Madras University, among which this college was one.

A remarkable event in its career of progress was the separation of undergraduate teaching from the post graduate, in 1960. Under the direct control of the university, a beautiful campus of the different post-graduate departments called Manasa Gangotri (Fountain of Knowledge) has sprung into existence. Situated amid beautiful surroundings and artistically laid out, it is truly a paradise to the eye and the mind. It was the first effort to bring together all the post-graduate departments in the humanities, sciences, commerce and education under one campus.

While the number of colleges in the university has risen, it has also introduced new courses of study, like the degree course in Music, the Masters Degree courses in Food Technology and Chemical Engineering; Correspondence Courses to overcome the drawbacks in teacher education, degree courses in Library Science, Diploma Courses in Foreign Languages, etc.

Yet another important event in its history was the creation of the separate University for Bangalore in 1964. As a result, the university lost some colleges. Nevertheless, the University of Mysore rejoices over its progress, "as a fond mother rejoices over the progress of a daughter, who having come of age must needs leave the parental home to establish one of her own." Inspite of this severance, the university still nurtures 56 colleges and about 50,000 students spread over 36,000 square miles.

Among the students of this university there have been several who have rendered or are rendering eminent service to the nation in some field or other. Among these we may mention Sri Jayachamaraja Wadiyar. Sri H.V.R. Iyengar, Sri R.K. Narayanan, Sri T. Shivashanker, Sri S.V. Krishnamoorthy, riS A.S. Krishnaswamy, etc. Two Ex-vice-chancellors, Dr. K.V. Puttappa & Professor Nikam were products of the University. Others have played an important part in the struggle for India's freedom. Still others like Chief Minister Sri C.S. Nijalingappa and

K. Hanumanthaiah have, as distinguished members of the Cabinet, Parliament and Legislature sacrificed themselves in the service of the nation.

Among the renowned personalities that have been on the staff were Dr. Radhakrishnan, Dr. M.H. Krishna, Dr. S. Subba Rao and several others famed for their high standards of excellence.

Famous personalities have likewise visited the University, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Arnold Sommerfield, Sir James Jeans, Sir Arthur Eddington, Dr. Otto, Professor Hottiling & Dr. C.F. Andrews who have appreciated this Institution. The University has likewise honoured several great men like Lord Irwin, Rajaji, Jawaharlal Nehru, Rajendra Prasad, Dr. Radhakrishnan, Dr. M. Viswesvaraya, C.V. Raman, etc. by conferring Honorary Degrees on them.

The University, providing education to about half a lakh students in different fields, is striving to mould great men and women for tomorrow, who would be ready to work selflessly for their mother country, by holding before them as a shining light, the motto of the University "ನಹಿಜ್ಞಾನೇನ ಸದೃಶಂ" taken from the Bhagavad Gita.

Fifty years have passed, the uncharted longer future lies ahead and holds up challenges to us. There is much to be done. Keeping our ideals high we have to work hard to keep the University marching along the path of progress and make it achieve what we want it to achieve.

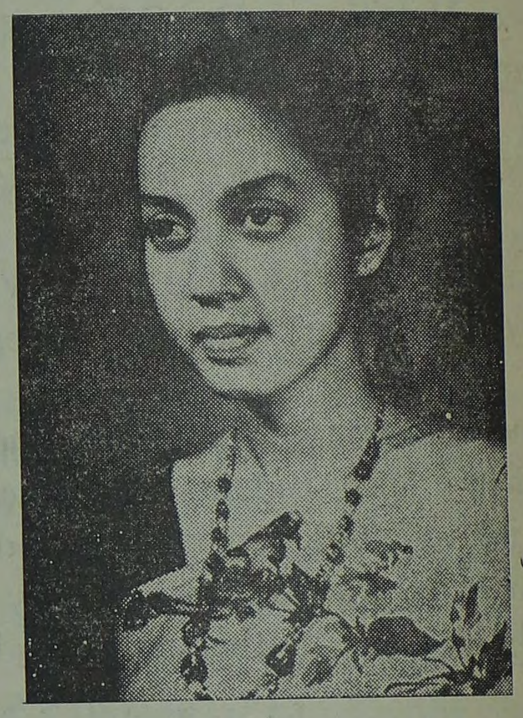
We pray God that this flaming torch of the Mysore University may illumine the rising generation and grow brighter day by day in its brilliance. Let us today as the students of this great University pledge ourselves thus "With the knowledge that we have gained from this University we shall serve our motherland to the best of our ability. We shall stand together to fight against all enemies. We shall impart this knowledge to as many of our countrymen as possible. We shall live honestly the noble life of sacrifice and service." May the Lord protect us from all vices and ignorance and keep us on the path of virtue, courage and wisdom. God prosper the University!



At the University Golden Jubilee Youth Festival

Student President's Diary

PAMELA D'SOUZA, III B. A.



The 22nd of June–an unforgettable day! The II and III year Degree students streamed once more into the portals of the college. Indeed, a day of rejoicing. Our dear Principal would henceforth play a dual role of both Mother and Principal. Congratulations dear Mother, we hail this great step in your life! The day commenced as the students assembled for the Federation prayer and pledge. The College President then welcomed the Principal with the all-embracing term 'Mother', after which Mother addressed the students urging them to do their best and bring honour to the college in the forthcoming year, bearing in mind our motto "God is our strength".

At 11.45 a.m. the same day, Miss Ellen Mills of Australia addressed the students on the Y.C.W. Movement, she herself being a Y.C.W. Extension Worker.

"God Bless Our Pope–The Great, The Good!"–A short celebration was held in our hall in honour of 'Pope's Day'. The same evening, the 3rd June, the economists of our College together with their friends assembled in the hall as Dr. A.V. Raman Rao, M.A, M.P.A, Ph.D. (Harvard), Director of the Bureau of Labour and Industrial Services and Adviser of Industrial Relations Services, addressed them on collective Bargaining.

The 1st of July—indeed an eventful day–for the college campus was filled with over a thousand Agnesians! The academic year for the P.U.C's and the I year degree students had commenced. An inspiring ceremony befitting the beginning of one's college career was held for the P.U.C's, after which Mother Scholastica addressed the students, putting them into the way of the college, and urging them to follow the traditions set before them by living up to the ideals of their dear Alma Mater.

The academic year brought in many new lecturers, who like the rest, with courage and perseverance would dedicate themselves to their noble profession. Welcome dear lecturers!

On the following Monday after class, the P.U.C. students prayerfully entered the chapel to hear Mass and beg God's blessings during their academic year in College.

Vana Mahotsava was fittingly yet inter-

estingly celebrated on the 14th of July. Ten students gave speeches in ten different languages on 'Trees' and 'The Value of Forest Preservation'. The students then moved on to the college grounds where they witnessed a Tree Planting Ceremony of teak plants, by the speakers.

After class, the next day, the Degree students assembled in the Chapel to hear Mass in honour of the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and to ask God's blessings on them and their studies. May Our Lady of Mt. Carmel always keep us safe beneath her mantle!

Every Thursday, commencing on the 21st of July, a series of talks on the Decrees of the Vatican Council were held in the college Hall at the Religion hour for the Catholic students by the St. Aloysius College Fathers. We sincerely thank Rev. Fr. Rector, Rev. Father Rasquinha, S.J. and Rev. Fr. Stany Coelho, S.J. for their enlightening and inspiring talks on the Decrees.

The election of the class representatives being over, the College Union Committee was constituted on the 22nd of July, the members of which were as follows:–

College Union President—Pamela D'Souza

Vice President—Nagaveni Shetty

Class Representatives:–

III B.A.–Psychology	–Pratibha Shetty
III B.A.	–Matilda Sequeira
III B.Sc.	–N.A. Nirmala
II B.A.–Psychology	–Cecy Kurvilla
II B.A.–H. E. P.	–Jean Gonsalves
II B.Sc.	–Carmel Pinto
I B.A.–Psychology	–Geeta Pai
I B.A.–H. E. P.	–Shoba Shetty
I B.Sc.–Maths	–Audrey Cutinha
I B.Sc.–Biology	–Geeta Ramakrishnan
P.U.C. –Arts (A)	–Olivia Noronha
P.U.C. –Arts (B)	–Kripalani Shastry
P.U.C. Sc. (1)	–Norma Saldanha
P.U.C. Sc. (2)	–Mariette Peres
P.U.C. Sc. (3)	–Edna D'Souza
P.U.C. Sc. (4)	–Amrith Noronha

The 29th of July cast a gloom over the College as Joseph our electrician left for his eternal abode. May his departed soul rest in peace!

August–our traditional month of debates and competitions, ushered in activities in full swing. Mother Scholastica handed over the prizes to Jean Gonsalves, P.C. Prabha and Irene Noronha, the proud winners of the college elocution competition held on August 1st on the proposition "Devaluation was a necessary remedy administered to a sick economy." The next two evenings found the hall packed with students thoroughly enjoying the interesting yet educative film shows.

'The College Inaugural'—sounds entertaining–and entertaining it was! The 5th & 6th of August found the P.U.C. & Degree students respectively, all in their 'Sunday Best', streaming into the hall. A musical introduction followed by a social, were the highlights of the day.

The C.S.U. Inaugural which followed soon after and presided over by Rev. Fr. Angolletto proved to be entertaining and interesting, prayerful and inspiring.

God Bless our Motherland! After the Independence Day Parade and Umbrella Drill at the Central Maidan in which our N.C.C. Cadets took part, the History and Politics Associations College held an Independence Hour, beginning with t he hoisting of our National Flag by Mrs. O. Albuquerque, a talk on The 19 Years of Freedom, by Ona Nazareth was one of the many items. A short pageant was put up to show the spirit of patriotism. The highlight of the Independence Day Celebrations was the Inter-Collegiate Elocution Competition held at the K.M.C. Auditorium. Didn't the Agnesians hold their heads high as Cecy Kurvilla won the Ist prize and Jean Gonsalves and Cecy bagged the Rolling Shield among the various

colleges which competed, with the proposition "Foreign Aid is Detrimental to the Progress of India."

Competitions and speeches, cups and shields did not end the Independence activities, for the members of our Social Service League. 'Thank-you' dear students for your generous contribution of potatoes, chillies, sugar, wheat, oil etc. which enabled us to prepare chips and payasam for the lepers and thereafter to entertain them at the Kankanady Hospital and at the Cheshire Home. As part of the Independence Day Celebration a Music Competition was held on the 16th evening in the Town Hall. Once again an event of honour for the Agnesians as Mangala Saletore won the 1st prize for Hindustani Classical Vocal & Ranjini Rao won the 1st prize for Carnatic Vocal. The 1st prize for Instrumental music (violin) was carried away by Sumathi Y. and the climax was attained as Miss Ranjini Rao was presented with the Tamil Sangham Rolling Shield.

There was undoubtedly great satisfaction expressed at the General Assembly the next day. Yes, the shouts of joy were great, thanks to the efforts of our orators and nightingales.

On the following Friday some of our students attended a lecture by a Professor on "Foreign Aid" at St. Aloysius College.

The 24th of August, once more found the college hall packed with degree students who spent an enjoyable evening witnessing The Brains Trust Competition. The Physics Team won, thanks to Premy, Gita and Ponamma. Our congrats specially to M. P. Ponamma who carried away the individual Price. Three days later a General knowledge Quiz was held for the P.U.C. students. Our congrats to the Arts B. Team comprising of Olga, Bina and Kripa and to Olga Noronha for winning the individual cup.

September dawned with the tension of the approaching exams. On Friday the 2nd, our girls played a friendly throw-ball match on our college grounds with the girls of the K. M. C. The winners?–Undoubtedly St. Agnes!

'Teachers' Day' came round once again on the 5th of September. Three talks were given–the first by a teacher, Mr. Bhavani Rao, then by a mother, Mrs Winnie D'Souza and finally by a student, Miss Pratibha Shetty. Mr. Adiga graced the occasion with his presence. All our lecturers have been true guides and sources of inspiration to us. With courage and perseverance, complete dedication and tireless efforts they have endeavoured to see to the all round development of our education and our personalities. We sincerely thank each one of you for all you have done for us, not only in our studies but also for all the help rendered us in our extra-curricular activities.

The Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary was prayerfully kept up by offering to God the greatest sacrifice—Holy Mass.

The students once more were deeply engrossed in their books, as the 1st Terminal Examinations commenced together with the University Supplementary Examinations, on Wednesday, 14th September. Sighs of relief were loud and clear when the examination ended as the 24th dawned.

October brought in with it the long awaited Dasara Holidays. In a holiday mood with a flair for enjoyment our Cadets attended the N.C.C. Camp while some of our students participated in the C.S.U. Regional Leadership Camp at Bangalore, while still others went for the Joint S.C.M. and C.S.U. Famine Relief Camp at Kastur.

The Dasara Sports at the Divisional Level were held at Mysore on the 17th and the 18th. Congratulations Ameeta for winning the individual championship for the entire region in the College Girl's Section.

Back again to college came the girls on the 28th, and the Feast of the Kingship of Christ was celebrated in addition to having a Bible Service at the Religion Hour. In

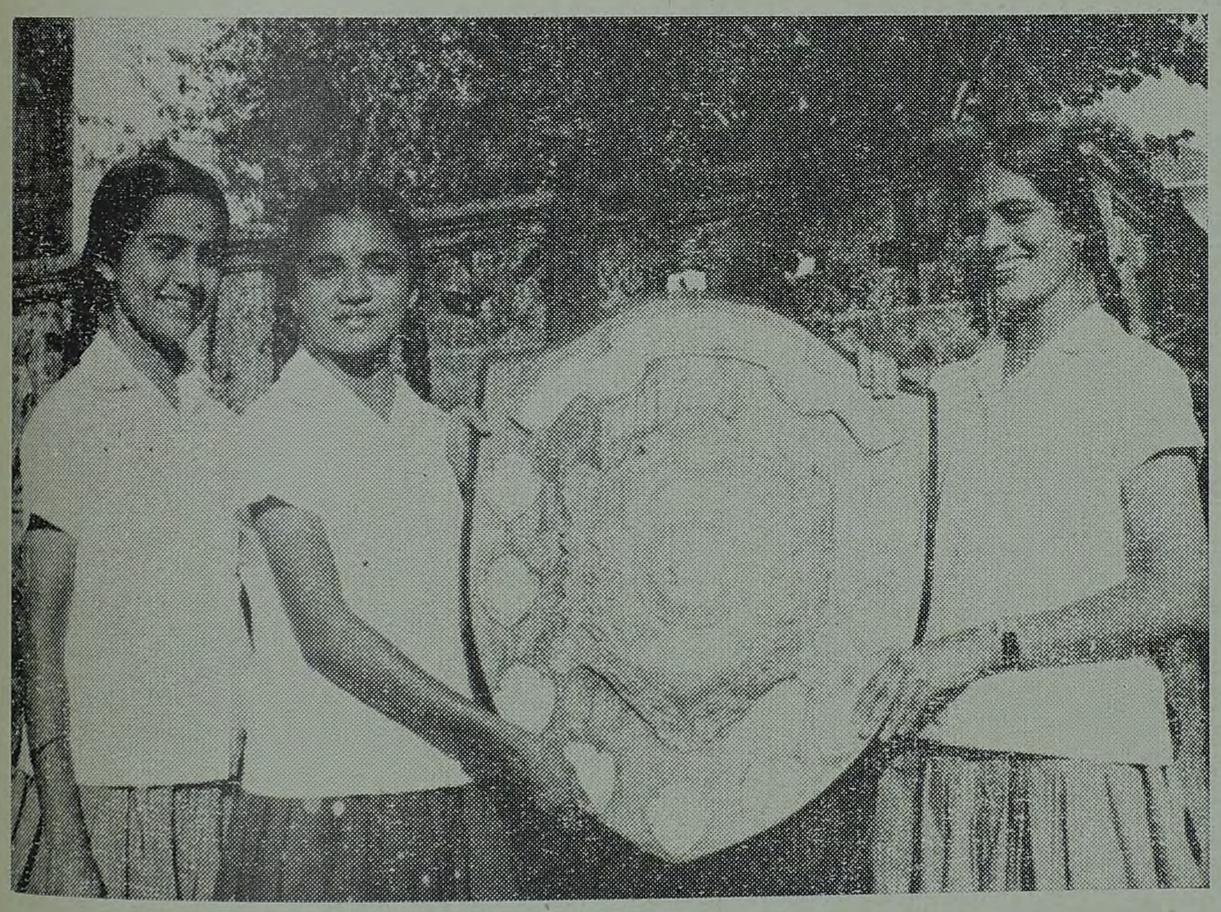
Our Games Committee





Volley Ball Champions
University Level

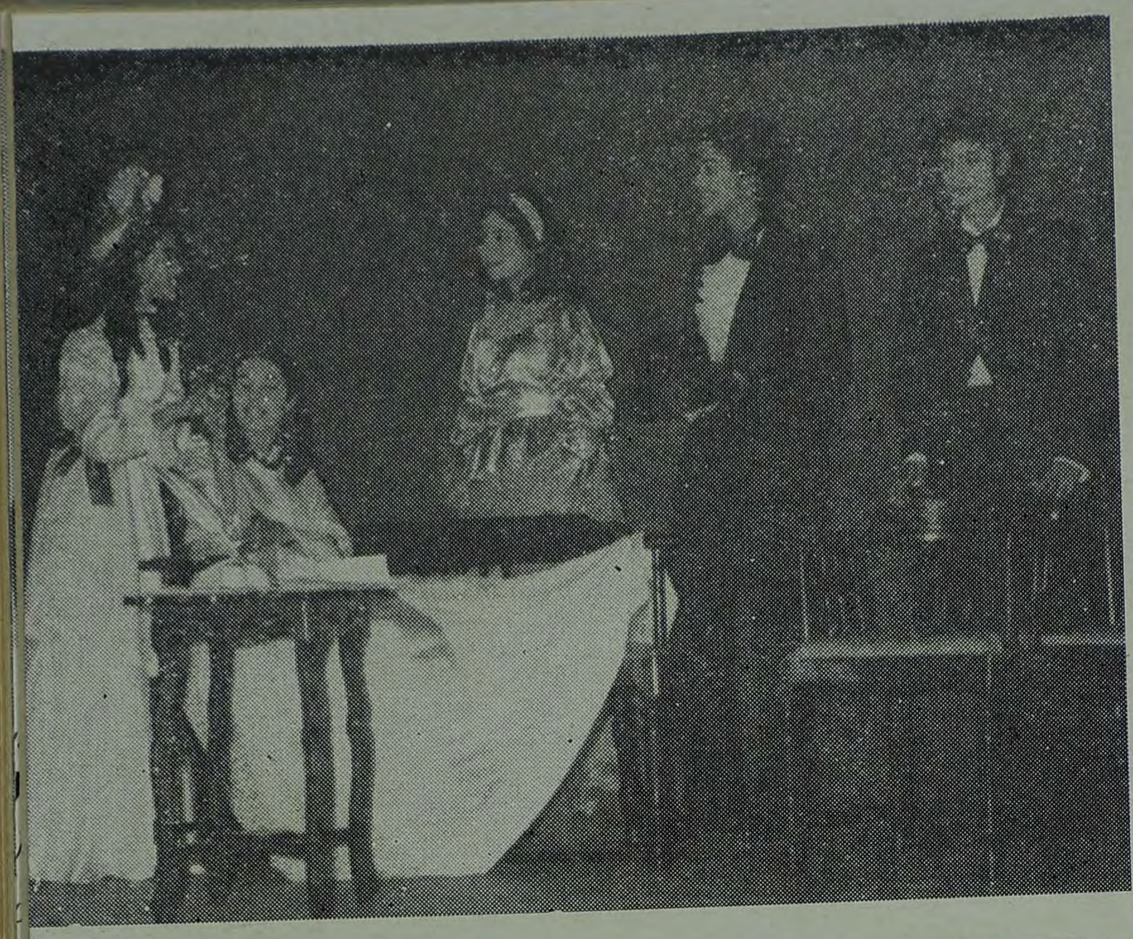
Sports



Tenniquoit Champions
University Level

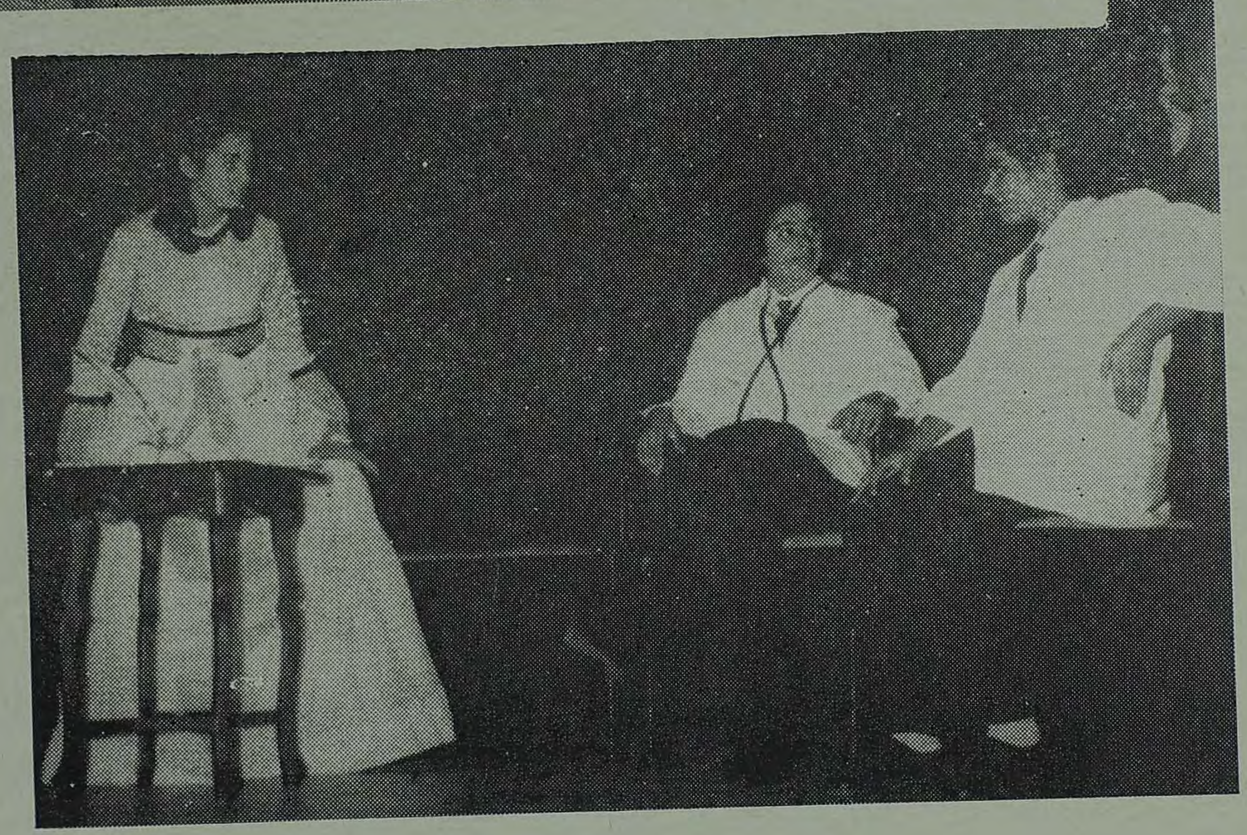


Athletic
Champions





The Barretts of Wimpole Street
Principal's D

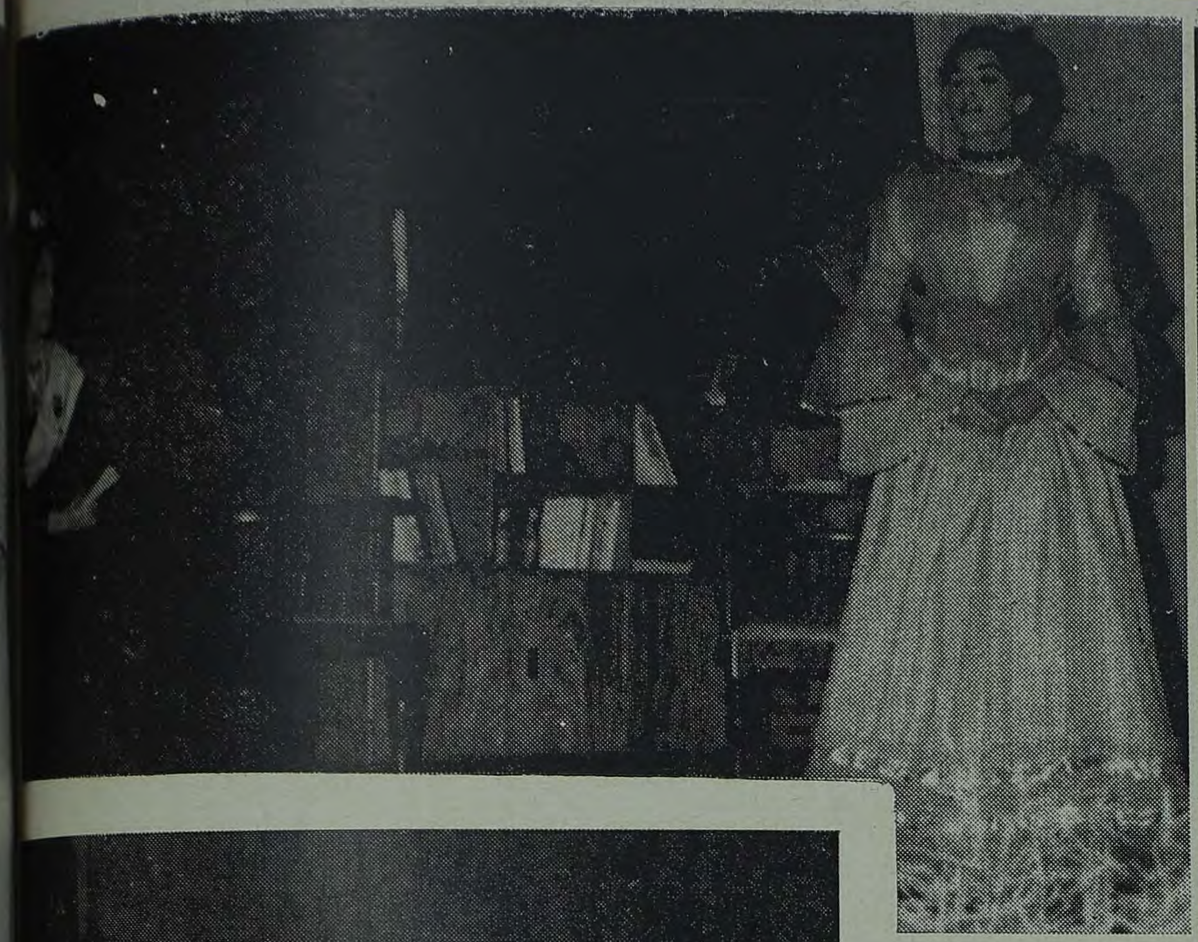


College Screen

"Triveni
ngham"

at
the
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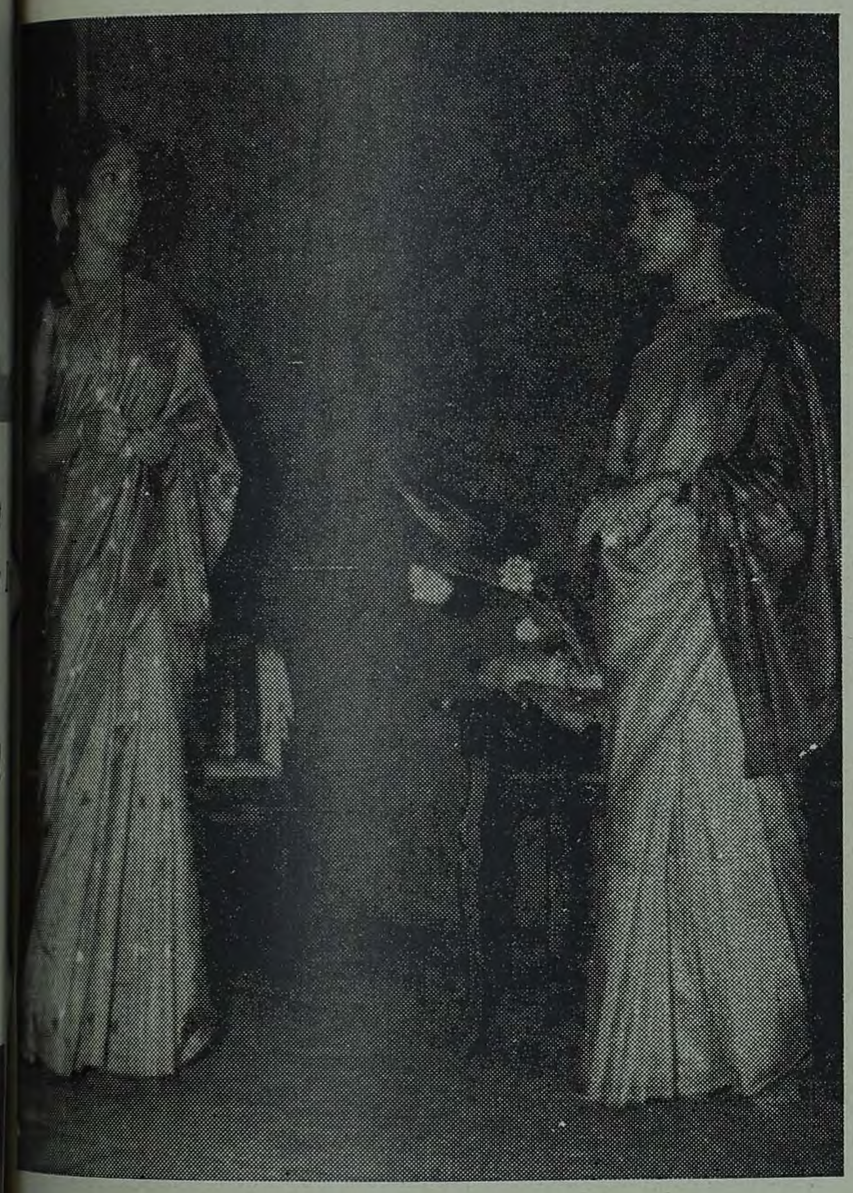




Anastasia — College Day

College Screen

"Boomerang"
Principal's Day







MOSES at the DON BOSCO HA

Ranjini Rao



Mangala Saletore



Audrey
&
Annette Machado



Rose Marie Fernandes & Lovejoy Lobo



Song of Life

Our lives are songs, God writes the words
And we set them to music at pleasure
And the song grows sad or merry or glad
As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the music, whatever the song
Whatever its rhyme or metre
And if it be sad we can make it glad
And if sweet we can make it sweeter.

honour of the celebration of the 10th Anniversary of the State of Mysore the 1st of November was a holiday. U.N. Day was celebrated on the 3rd by a short lecture on the U.N. followed by a Cultural Programme of dances.

"The Recent Student unrest is a Passing Phenomenon" was the debating topic at the C.S.U. Inter Collegiate Debate at which Celine Correa won the 3rd prize.

Principal's Day!—Wednesday the 9th found the Agnesians all in a festive mood as they warmly greeted the Principal with a shower of sincere words and bouquets of flowers. The programme that followed the greetings was staged to depict our love, loyalty and gratitude to our dear Principal. The Kannada Farce, Gujarati Dance, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and the Folk Dance followed by the Finale proved to be highly entertaining by its variety. Class items were held the next day depicting the different Aims of Education.

'Children's Day' came round bringing us fond memories of our late Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru. Extempore talks were given at the Assembly by Mariette Peres, Purnima, Jean Gonsalves and Pamela D' Souza, after which two baby dolls were taken round as symbols of children and the students contributed generously by means of eatables, toys and even cash which enabled us to give joy to the numerous children at the St. Anthony's Poor Homes as well as in three hospitals and an orphanage.

The following Friday found the 1050 students once more gathered together on the college grounds in a gay, festive mood with our dear Principal in their midst. The morning athletics and the team games in the noon, followed by a social during which our cadets put up a short programme, was indeed entertaining. It brought to a close the 'Principal's Day Celebrations'.

A series of competitions commenced on the 22nd of November with the Inter-Collegiate Debate at the K.R.E.C; at which Cecy won the 1st prize. A quiz followed next and then Jayashree excelled in her art at the Inter Collegiate Drawing Competition. Our musicians once more brought us honour by standing 2nd among the various colleges winning several 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes.

Deepavali was just over and Christmas was yet to come. Rev. Sr. Fidelis, A.C. presided at a beautiful ceremony which was held to keep up the Festivals of Lights. Mr. Rama Rao gave a speech on Deepavali and Dr. Veliath's speech on Christmas was followed by the concluding song. The same day a small batch of Psychology students together with Rev. Sr.Aloysius, A.C., left for an excursion to Bangalore to visit the Institute of Mental Health and the Mental Hospital. The trip was real fun but at the same time educative.

The M.G.S. Athletics were held at Mercara. Congratulations to our athletes for winning the Team Championship at the Intercollegiate Zonals.

December brought in its wake the selection and the II Quarterly Examinations. Just before the girls broke up for their vacation wishing each other a 'Happy Christmas', the news that Miss Lydia Fernandes was awarded the Gold Medal for Politics at the University Convocation, filled the air. Congratulations Lydia!

Mysore University—the Jubilarian celebrated its Golden Jubilee in the Christmas Holidays. Three cheers for our team which won the silver medal for the drama in addition to winning 2 gold medals and two third places plus an honourable mention for good acting. At the Inter-University Festival held at the end of the month Chitralekha won the gold medal.

"A Happy New Year to you", was heard all round the college as the students returned to college for their last term.

A good beginning for a new year–several 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes were won by our students at the Garden Show and the Flower and Table arrangement competitions at the Town Hall. May this triumph usher in many more successes in the new year! Human Rights Day was celebrated on Tuesday 10th. A small exhibition was held depicting the History of Human Rights. An interesting yet instructive programme was staged—the highlight of which was the Dress Parade and the Biographies of 10 Champions of Freedom.

Rev. Mother General's Day followed next. We were indeed sorry as we were unable to have her in our midst in St. Agnes. Nevertheless a few of us representing the rest went to Maryhill and spent an enjoyable evening with her after having greeted her in verse and flowers.

The Mangalore Municipality Celebrations were the talk of the town. Our college team won the 'Team Championship' at the sports that were held as part of the celebrations. Two records were broken and Ameetha Rao was presented the cup for Individual Championship. Mangalore was indeed privileged with the visit of Cardinal Gracias. At an entertainment in Don Bosco's Hall at which the Cardinal presided, our college excelled itself in the Dance Drama 'Moses'.

We welcome you to St. Agnes! 'College Day' was celebrated with much eclat as parents, friends and well-wishers met together to review the activities of the year, and to applaud the accomplishments of the deserving students at the Prize Distribution. Mr. Papa Reddy, B.A.LL.B., District and Session's Judge presided. The performance which included an Orchestra, Handel's Halleluiah chorus, 'Anastasia', 'Triveni Sangam' and 'On Mount Sinai' was indeed excellent and I am sure the parents were proud that their children were students of a noteworthy college.

A prayerful, meditative and reflective atmosphere prevailed for the next three days as the students commenced their Annual Retreat. The Retreat was fruitful and refreshing both to body and soul—thanks to Rev. Fr. Stany Coelho, S.J. and Rev. Fr. John Menezes, S.J., A day of Recollection was also held for the Moral-Science students.

February commenced with just a month ahead before the end of another college year. Very soon several students would step into the wide world into different walks of life, choosing different careers and vocations. The Pre-Marriage talks given by a Sister of Charity, Dr. Veliath and Miss Benson will prove to be a great help to the greater number of students who would soon choose the married life as a vocation.

The students affectionately greeted Mother Scholastica on 'Mother Superior's Day'. It was just a small symbol of our deep and sincere gratitude for being a real 'Mother' to us. Mother, you have earned our undying loyalty. Your greatest reward will be to see each one of us carry the stamp of St. Agnes College with us wherever we go!

Y do U think
V R so gay?
Y do U think
Y R here 2 day?!

The answer is simple—Student's Day—how exciting! After the hoisting of the College Flag by the College President, the morning Programme went off beautifully as all were in a mood for enjoyment. The Staff Badminton Match was indeed very interesting and so too the Net Ball and Soft Ball Matches. The College grounds did look colourful as the students thoroughly enjoyed themselves at the social in the evening. The tug-of-war, the fancy dress parade, the class items and the staff game of musical chairs proved very entertaining.

The 15th of February dawned all too soon: The College Valedictory Function was something we seniors were not anxiously

looking forward to. The farewell the juniors gave us was indeed touching. The imitation was interesting. The handing over ceremony by the President after her last farewell speech was an effective one. At the end of the evening's function, with heavy hearts we attentively listened to the last parting advice of our dear Mother Principal.

Sunday next brought the Final Year Religion class to college to pen their answers at the Inter-Collegiate Religion Examination.

'The Art of Living' was the topic of a lively group discussion on the 23rd, in which all the 1st year students took part.

March dawned all too soon, bringing in it's wake the much dreaded Public Examination. Yes the examinations dawned bringing to an end another academic year—a year which will always remain fresh in my memory —a year which has widened our horizons, and equipped us with knowledge, moulded and shaped our character, helping us to build up our personality both spiritually and intellectually. We have received much under the sheltered roof of our college, and much is expected of us. We now go out of this college fired with a new zeal determined to carry the flame of St. Agnes College always in our hearts. Farewell dear Alma Mater—Farewell!

Pamela D'Souza *III B.A.*

Social Service League

The Social Service League has been very active this year. The members stitched garments worth over Rs. 700/- for women and children and distributed them to the poor. On August 15th, the members collected contributions in kind such as potatoes, rolong, tapioca, chillies, cocoanuts and also tome money, prepared refreshments themselves in the College and distributed the same so 150 patients of the Kankanady Leprosy Hospital, the Damien Home and the Cheshire Home. The members entertained the inmates with music and song and served out the refreshments themselves.

Early in the year all cooperated in a drive for collecting funds out of small sacrifices for famine relief. The proceeds were forwarded for famine relief in the north.

During the year, the members regularly visited the Lady Goschen, the Wenlock, and the Kankanady Hospital as well as the Home for the Aged.

On Children's Day, the College students prepared two tastefully decorated dolls to represent poor children and collected biscuits, sweets, toys, etc. from the staff and students for little children. Generous contributions poured in. The children of the 3 hospitals, St. Anthony's Poor Homes, and the Jeppoo Orphanage were happy to receive the same, from the students who visited them in the course of the week with the gifts.

On January 30th, World Leprosy Day, fruit was distributed to the patients by the members.

The Members of the League took part in the Annual Day Celebrations of the Federation of Social Welfare Agencies in Mangalore. Shalini Nayak of I B.A. spoke on 'Leprosy and the Modern Youth".

Free medical aid was given in the course of the year to workers.

12 College students participated in a Social Work Camp near the Bunder in the first week of April.

The last event was the celebration of Workers Day on May 1st, when all the workers of the institution were entertained with music and a treat.

N.C.C. Report 1966–1967

Our College has a senior division N.C.C. troop with a strength of 118 cadets and 1 officer. During the year Wednesdays and Fridays have been scheduled to be our NCC days. At 15.25 hrs. sharp the whistle blows and all the cadets fall in for the parade on the grounds which goes till 17.50 hrs. The subjects taught include First Aid, Nursing, Map reading, Signals, Weapon Training and Drills.

In April 1966 three of our cadets Sgt. Nona Rego, Cprl Rosemarie Saldanha, and Cprl Eveline D'Souza were selected for the All India Summer Training Camp at Horsely Hills, Andhra Pradesh. In June 1966 two of our cadets, Joyce Pais, and Pamela D'Silva were selected for the All India Summer Training Camp at Dharmasala.

The first participation of the troop in a public function this year was on August 15th, 1966. 31 cadets and 1 officer took part in the march past at a massive parade held at Nehru Maidan to celebrate Independence Day. A highly commended parasol display was also given by the cadets.

During the Dusserah holidays 45 cadets and 1 officer attended the Senior division Annual Training Camp held at K. R. Nagar. Mysore Camp life was enjoyable. Throughout the year the troop took a very active part in the many activities and functions of the college. NCC day was celebrated on November 26th, with a March past. The principal took the salute and inspected the contingent. After this we had our refreshments and entertainments.

30 Cadets and 1 Officer took part in the March past at an impressive combined ceremonial parade at Nehru Maidan held on the 26th of January 1967 to commemorate Republic Day. A highly commended P.T. display was also given by the cadets which was appreciated by the public. All the third year cadets appeared for the GII examination and all the second year cadets appeared for the GI examination. In May 1967 two of our cadets CSUO Enid Fernandes and Cadet Rita Joshi attended the All India Summer Training Camp at Mercara.

True to the aims of the NCC the troop has been doing its very best to uphold its highest traditions under the able guidance of 2/Lt. Aileen Lobo, and under the patronage of the Principal. Thanks are also due to the OC, 6 Mys. BN NCC to whom this troop is attached. It is hoped that the encouragement given by all concerned and the interest evinced by the cadets themselves will continue to be so in the future too.

Cadet Enid Fernandes

C. S. U. Report

GULOBI RASQUINHA
President.
AND
MATILDA SEQUIERA
Secretary.

On June 22nd the College was once again astir with life. The seniors who were back in College began the year with the recitation of the Federation prayer and pledge. The same evening we invited Miss Ellen Mills, an Australian Y.C.W. Worker to speak to us on the Y.C.W., and discovered how close this organisation was to the C.S.U.

The following day, our delegates to the National Study Week, the National Leadership Camp and the Social Work Camp for girls gave us some glimpses of the same and informed us about the resolutions taken. Having discussed them, we also resolved to make a study of the Decrees of the Vatican Council this year and revive the morning meditation. Both resolutions were carried on from the following week, and the St. Aloysius College Fathers generously agreed to give us weekly lectures on the Decrees. A highlight of the first week in College was the Celebration of the Pope's Day—with a programme of lecutres, verses and hymns.

Meanwhile the weekly meetings of leaders and class representatives with the Gospel and Liturgy Discussion and Social Enquiry, commenced. At one of these it was decided to start a College Wall magazine to develop the talents of the students.

The first Community Mass was celebrated on July 15th, the eve of the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. That morning we also had a Bible Service in preparation for the Feast.



The formal Inaugural Function of the unit was celebrated on August 14th. Rev. Agnoletto presided and preached the homily on 'The use of our Talents' at the Bible Service which opened the programme for the day. There followed entertainment and refreshments. A noteworthy feature was that some of the items like "Falling in Love with Christ" were composed entirely by the students. Another item 'How it happened' showed how the New Testament came to play an important role in the lives of the Trapp Family Singers. The function closed with the C.S.U. anthem. The month of August also saw a drive for subscriptions to a good Catholic magazine. It was quite successful.

"Christ and the Hungry Ones" which was received from the AICUF headquarters about this time was welcomed as a very useful booklet for our weekly discussions

during the next two months. We invited other friends to join the circle and they readily responded. The discussions ended each week with a practical resolution. In fact during the week following our first discussion, it was interesting to see students, with spade, shovel and scythe etc. clearing the ground for a vegetable garden, the produce of which would be given to the poor. Another week we initiated a drive for funds for the campaign against hunger and disease. A third week saw the formation of groups of students to visit the ailing children in the local hospitals.

The Regional Leadership Camp and the joint SCM-AICUF Famine Relief Camp at Kastur, during the Dasara vacation gave opportunities to 15 members for participation in C.S.U. activity with members of other unites outside college. Every one of them agreed that they were very fruitful and rewarding experiences.

When we returned to College after the vacation, the mission week was already half through but there was time to prepare for the Feast of Christ our King with a Bible Vigil, and to plan out a visit to the pediatric section of a hospital with gifts and food for the children to mark the Feast.

The 6th November found us participating in a joint rally of all the local units at St. Aloysius College. At the next weekly meeting we decided on some social service activity on Children's Day etc. With two puppets carried round the classes, members cooperated actively, and the drive was so successful, that the next week we were able to give a treat and gifts to more than 400 inmates of hospitals and orphanages which we visited in groups.

We had long been thinking of some joint celebration before Deepavali and Christmas, but we were able to materialize our dreams only this year on the 17th November. We called the Programme "Festivals of Light'. Sr. M. Fidelis, A.C. presided. The Programme opened by the lighting of the deepak by the president, the two speakers on the occasion, the Principal, a representative of the staff and a representative of the students. Representatives of the classes then lit their lamps from the same light and brought them to the students down the stage. Two talks followed, one by Mr. Rama Rao on 'Deepavali as a Festival of Light' and one by Dr. G. D. Veliath on 'Christmas as a Festival of Light'. The President gave her concluding words on the significance of the Light for every one of us in our daily lives. The whole programme and the speeches were so inspiring that when Christmas came round we couldn't forget what was said.

When the second term drew to a close we were already in advent. A bible service with an advent wreath helped to put us into the proper spirit of longing for the coming of Christ that marks the advent season. It helped us to celebrate Christmas more in the spirit of the Church.

January was an eventful month, and we were honoured with a visit by the Cardinal. On the 14th we had an Elocution Competition on the topic "Who is to be blamed for the Restless Youth?" Cecy Kuruvilla and Jean Gonsalves won the Ist and IInd prizes respectively in the English Contest and Gulobi Rasquinha won the Ist prize in the Konkani contest. At the singing Competitions held on the next day, Annette and Audrey Machado won the first prize for their duet and Maureen Lewis the second. Irene Noronha won the first prize in the Essay Contest on the topic "What I would like the Future Society to be".

On the 16th we participated in the youth Rally at which H. E. Cardinal Gracias presided and gave away the prizes. Musical Items were contributed by the unit for the entertainment.

On the 20th there was a Bible Vigil in preparation for the feast of St. Agnes. (The Cardinal said mass in our Chapel on St. Agnes Feast Day).

The end of the month saw the commencement of the Annual Retreat. We are indebted to Rev. Fathers Stany Coelho S.J. and John Menezes for having generously undertaken to preach the Retreats and been at our service for 3 days inspite of their many other pre-occupations. The Retreat ended with a Community Mass on the 3rd.

On the 9th of February, the 1st Year students organized a Seminar on the Decree of Ecumenism. Finally before the Seniors left for their revision holidays, the last Community mass was celebrated at the Fatima Shrine, Jeppoo.

The first years who were still in College, however, carried on their activities. On the 23rd the religion and moral science classes combined together to form 12 groups and discussed a working paper on "The Art of Living". This was followed by a General Session on the 2nd of March. The round of activities was soon interrupted by the examinations, but the summer vacation had a programme of its own. The first item was a work camp at the Kandak Locality, where a group of students, together with the help of the staff of St. Ann's and St. Agnes College, the doctors of K.M.C. and the help given us by the municipality and the health office were able to do a good deal of work. The students found it a useful experience. Another group of 15 students attended the AICUF Social Service Week at Madras, a group of 8, the Social Work Camp at Anjengo; another of 4, the Social Work Camp at Waltair; The newly elected President and Secretary participated in the National Leadership Camp at Hubli. Every participant returned from these experiences with fresh enthusiasm, and awareness of the sufferings of others, coupled with a greater desire to help them.

Matilda Sequeira
Secretary.

Camps....

My Impressions of the C. S. U. National Leadership Camp, Changanacherry

I had the rare privilege of attending the National Leadership Camp held at Changanacherry from the 18th to the 29th May, 1966. It was indeed a wonderful and unforgettable experience, for there were gathered delegates from all parts of India—North and South, East and West. Students from various universities, speaking different languages, and to a certain extent, belonging to different cultures. Unity in diversity was an outstanding feature of the Camp. Those ten days provided ample opportunities for attaining excellence intellectual pursuits and public speaking.

The eminent speakers who addressed us included Dr. Samuel Mathai, Dom Bede Griffiths, Prof. K. C. Chacko and many others. The enlightening talks given by great men on the different aspects of the general theme "Renewal for a changing World", inspired us to put in greater effort to face the task. It helped me to get my own horizons widened and ideas and opinions clarified and confirmed. I also learned to absorb and digest with critical appreciation the new ideas given to us by the elderly scholars. The speakers stressed the point that the future of India depends upon the leadership qualities of university students!

The daily group discussions showed me the great value of collective thinking and encouraged me to face contrary opinions with a serene and calm mind. We can gain more knowledge by exchanging views and sharing ideas with our fellow students.

The liturgical functions were quite symbolic and sublime. The concelebration of Holy Mass and the vigil service of Pentecost were very impressive and thought-provoking.

Holy Mass celebrated in different rites on different days was indeed a fitting example to show the unity of the Church in the midst diverse cultures.

The evening hours were rendered lively and beneficial to the poor village folk by social service. We made them happy and we lived up to the motto "we have come to serve and not to be served" and achieved true happiness in making others happy.

In just ten days we gained much spiritually, intellectually and also from the social point of view. At the end of the camp, we parted with the firm hope of fulfilling our resolutions and of helping as much as possible in the "Renewal for a Changing World".

Annie Paul, III B. SC.

The National Study Week at Bombay

22nd May, 1966 brings forth reminiscences as it was on that day that three of us, Hazel Machado, Ona Nazareth and myself were among the privileged few who attended the 6th National Study Week for Women.

Representing our College C.S.U. Unit, the three of us arrived at Sophia determined to gain the utmost from the Study Week which had "Personal Commitment" as its theme for study.

A short self-introduction followed by a get-to-know-one-another game enabled us to live as one united group, even though we were about 50 students from different colleges and from different parts of India.

At the very start Office Bearers for the week were elected. Among others who were elected Home Minister, Time keeper, Editors of our newspaper etc, I was elected Liturgical Secretary. Our time-table for the day was indeed a crowded one, having within its span, Meditation and Mass, Talks and Discussions, Bible Services and Rosaries, General Sessions and Camp Reviews.

As the theme for our study was 'Personal Commitment', the talks based on this theme were indeed instructive and inspiring. Personal Commitment in the Old Testament, in the letters of St. Paul and in the Sacrament of Penance as well as Christian Commitment in the New Theology and in the Lay and Religious States were the main topics of lively discussions.

A short course on Psychology was also held which enabled us to know ourselves better by self knowledge, self-disclosure and self acceptance. Wouldn't the world be a better place to live in if each one of us had the courage to be ourselves by removing our masks of artificiality?

It was indeed a thorough 'Study' Week but certainly not without its lighter side. Reviewing the cartoons, jokes etc. on our follow campers in our Camp Paper and Recreation at nights was something we all anxiously looked forward to. After a day of hard work and study the light entertainment, games and songs proved very refreshing. Our day's trip to Bassein which was indeed very enjoyable, enlivened our little group which became so closely knit together that it was really sad to say farewell to one another as the 3rth of May dawned.

With a firm resolution from each one know her 'real self' and to study the Decrees of the Vatican Council, our Week of study came to an end.

It was a Study Week which I'll never regret attending, thanks to the efforts of the Nuns and our Chaplain Rev. Fr. Archembeaud, S.J. We stepped out of Sophia better off than before, so friends, if you ever get an opportunity to attend one next time, don't let that opportunity slip between your fingers.

Pamela D'Souza
III B.A.

Glowing Memories of the Social Service Week at Madras

It was the 9th of May 1960, a bright and sunny day, and the gorgeous sun was rising on the eastern horizon. The train stopped at the Madras station and we jumped out eagerly on to the platform. We, the four of us, were there in order to attend the Social Service Camp which was to be held at the 'St. Joseph's School for the Deaf and Dumb' for the next eight days.

As we were looking around, a nice sister with a cheerful smile on her face came and greeted us and said that she was there to take us to the convent.

As we were walking side by side I just told her that we would like to meet Rev. Sr. Josiah as early as possible. At that she smiled and said very simply, "I'm Sr. Josiah". It was a very pleasant surprise to us, for we had never for a moment dreamt, that the head of the camp would come to receive us at the station!

We were the first to arrive, but by the evening there were forty-eight girls representing different colleges of South India. They all looked so smart and sophisticated that we felt very shy to mix with them. But just then Rev. Father Colaco, who was always very helpful, came in search of us and introduced us to the others. Immediately after that we made friends with the others and were never for a moment felt shy or lonely.

We started our camp duties from the very next day onwards, with an extremely efficient girl as our camp leader. We had to be ready for our breakfast at 7-15 A.M. and then from 7-30 to 9-30 we had to work in the slums. I feel that this was the best part of the camp, for as we move among the people of the slums, listening to their difficulties which are in fact numberless such as food and water scarcity, housing and educational problems, we open our eyes to the facts and cruelties of our modern society where the lower classes suffer deeply.

In the mornings from ten to twelve, we had either lectures or group discussions on the day-to-day problems of our modern society.

In the evenings we paid visits to the orphanages and hospitals. Once we paid a visit to a leprosy centre at Polambakam where the patients are treated by foreigners! Just imagine, some foreigners, sacrificing everything in order to serve suffering people another country.

Every night we had a cultural programme out in the moonlight with even the Sisters singing and dancing with us. It was really marvellous!

Our camp was more theoretical than practical, perhaps that was why it was called a Social Service Week. But all the same it placed before us the guiding principles which have helped us to understand clearly the facts about our society.

The eight days we spent at the camp flew like eight moments and when the time came for us to leave, it was with heavy hearts that we finally bade good-bye to each other, and to the camp.

M. Geetha Pai, I B. A.

Social Work Camp at Anjengo

We were seven students from our College in a jolly group of fourty-four, hailing from four Colleges in Kerala and Mysore State who met together at Sacred Heart Convent School, Anjengo for a 10 day Social Work Camp among the fisher-folk, from the 5th to the 15th May, 1966. His Lordship, the Bishop of Trivandrum, inaugurated the camp by the hoisting of the flag and Dr. Thangavelu, Principal of the Medical College, Trivandrum was the chief guest. In his address he gave us many tips on adapting ourselves to cope with the problems we might be faced with, in our contacts with the people.

The Catholic students had mass celebrated for them by Rev. Fr. L. L. Colaco, S.J. at 8 p.m. during which they offered their work at the Camp to God and prayed His blessings on it. In the sermon father stressed the importance of sympathy towards the fisherfolk and asked us to learn the spirit of courage, hard-work and contentment from them.

Setting up Camp that night was an exciting experience and we had soon elected officers to see to the various tasks ahead.

The next morning onwards, we set to work in right earnest, going out in pairs to the houses of the fisherfolk to study their problems, and collect information about their health and housing. After each morning's survey we returned to the Camp site where we got together to discuss the ways and means of helping these poor and hard-working people. In the evening we collected the children of the locality, taught them songs and conducted a play centre for them. As campers also needed entertainment, every night had its own cultural programme where hidden talents of the participants were brought to light.

As we got experience of the work, we varied our programme a bit to include other activities such as a handwork and flower making class for the bigger girls; the cleaning of houses, bathing of children, washing of clothes, and the cleaning of a hospital.

The afternoon sessions had variety too. There was a lively debate on one day on the topic "University Education has done much for the Uplift of the Rural Areas"; group discussions on social action on 2 days; lectures on health and nutrition, the history of Anjengo etc. and sports for children on another day. We were glad to have a visit from Fr. P. Ceyrac S.J. on the last day. He was pleased to hear of our activities.

We cannot forget our trip to Trivandrum, our visit to the Zoo, the Medical College and the Bishops' House, Where His Lordship provided us with lunch.

The Camp was really an enjoyable one, and when it ended we were indeed sad to leave each other for the genuine family spirit that reigned among us, knit us very closely together. I do not think any one of us will forget the ten happy days we spent together in that poor village of Anjengo.

Rita Mathias, III B. A.

The Famine Relief Camp at Kastur

Six of us had the privilege of attending the Famine Relief Work Camp organised by S.C.M. House Bangalore, last October. To us it was a new experience, and it would be no exaggeration to say that the camp was one of the most wonderful experiences of our lives.

As soon as we arrived at Bangalore we were given a warm welcome at the S.C.M. House, where we spent 3 days at a preparatory Orientation Conference. Dr. Kaithan impressed upon us the idea that we should not go to the villagers to advise them but to ask their pardon for taking food from them and having left them starving. Sr. Mabel gave us many tips to help us deal with the people of the village. We had other talks on Food Scarcity, Small Scale Industries, Rural Problems, Rural Survey etc. which were indeed very useful. The general theme for study and discussion during these days was "Dying we Live". Both the discussions and the general sessions were lively and interesting. We were also shown a film on village life.

On the 17th, we drove off to the Camp site about 70 or 80 miles away from the Mysore. There the people of the village had lined the roads to welcome us. We were housed in the Premalaya Ashram which was ideally situated.

Work began in right earnest the next day. The men and women of the village worked with us. They seemed to gain encouragement from our company. We helped the villagers to repair local roads and a water tank; we levelled the ground in other parts for cultivation, helped them to keep their houses clean, taught them mending and sewing, encouraged kitchen gardening and surveyed about 15 villages. We visited each and every house and the people welcomed us heartily. We also entertained them with songs. The people were hospitable but very poor. They suffered keenly from scarcity of water.

The people grow coarse grain, and mulberry trees to rear silk worms. But as most of them depended almost entirely on the monsoon, a failure of the rains meant much hardship and starvation.

On the last day we organized sports for the children and entertained them with a cultural programme, to their great glee.

The camp contributed a great deal towards the betterment of the people and our development. Living and working together at common tasks in the service of others makes us forget our selfishness. In fact we we were really sorry to come away. On the day we left it looked as though the whole village was out to bid us goodbye. They begged us to return in the next vacation.

Truly the camp was a wonderful experience. There is a world of difference between learning of the difficulties and miseries of the people from books and newspapers and from getting it first hand from living and working with them. We felt that the villages of India were beckoning us and we had a lot of work to do for them.

Doreen Coelho & Ancilla Noronha,

III B. A.

The C. S. U. Regional Leadership Camp at Bangalore

I'm sure everyone likes participating in camps, and I'am no exception! So, when we received a circular, informing us about the Regional Leadership Camp to be held in Bangalore, I was one of the first to volunteer to go. Some fun, but it turned out to be a fine example of "Work and Pleasure go together".

There were about eighty campers from the various colleges in the Zone. After formalities were done with and the ice broken, we got to know each other so well, that we felt as though we had known one another for ages!

We gained a lot of experience and gleaned much information from the various activities we took part in. As some of us were just a few months in college at the time we were able to learn a lot about the C.S.U. from the thorough discussion of the draft constitution.

We were addressed by many eminent personalities of the town. Since it was a leadership camp, all the speakers emphasized the role to be played by student leaders in the University. Rev. Dr. J. R. Chandran, Principal of the United Theological College, told us about the Challenges that a university student has to face today, and how he must face these challenges. Rev. Father Keogh, S.J., gave us a talk on "Christ the Leader", in which he related several instances from the life of Jesus, to bring clearly before us the qualities of an ideal leader. He also told us that if we wanted to grow into fine leaders, we should emulate Him in every way and always look to him as our model. Another panel of speakers told us about the part played by student leaders in the Church, the University and the Nation. So, everywhere leadership was stressed.

During the 'Workshops' too, we learnt a lot of useful things. At one of these 'Workshops' we were given a talk on Techniques for Group Leadership, and to illustrate this, a Mock Group Discussion was staged, demonstrating the mistakes generally committed when conducting group discussions. This was done so cleverly, that whenever we have group discussions now, we are able to avoid making those mistakes, At another 'Workshop' we were given a talk on 'Moulding Public Opinion'. We were also given many valuable tips on "Public Speaking".

For many of us, the concelebrated Mass was a new and wonderful experience. It made us feel as though we were active participants in the Mass.

After each day's work all of us looked forward to the entertainment programmes which we conducted, ourselves.

So, on the whole, the camp was a very enjoyable and unforgettable experience. For many of us, it was the first camp that we had attended, which makes it all the more unforgettable.

Olga Noronha, P. U. C. (Arts)

Our Work Camp at Kandak

In the life of every individual we come to hear of an unforgettable experience. The Social Service Camp held at St. Ann's B.Ed. Hostel from the 2nd to the 8th April was indeed such a unique and unforgettable one for me.

On the morning of the 2nd April, 1967 a small group of students from our College got together to spend seven memorable days at work in the Kandak locality.

After the formation of the Steering Committee, Mrs. O. Albuquerque an eminent social worker of the town, and a former student president of our College was called upon to inaugurate the camp at the nearby Badria School. She told the campers that real social service is that which helps others to themselves. She helped us drink in the spirit that should animate a true social worker.

Holy Mass was the best activity of each day. It definitely had a profound influence on us.

The next item on the programme was at the work site, Kandak locality. The campers were divided into four groups and each group was in charge of one part of the locality. The campers tried their utmost to teach the women to sign their names, assisted the lady doctors to conduct a medical inspection for women and children, organized a sewing class and also tried their very best to bring the women together for talks on mother and child care, the role of education, cleanliness etc. In the evenings different kinds of games were organised by the campers at the camp's play centre to make the children happy. This was followed by the long awaited item of the day i.e. the distribution of ladoos.

We were indeed lucky to have good speakers speak to us on useful subjects, each afternoon. All the talks were of a high intellectual standard due to the competence of speakers like Dr. Rama Rao who spoke on the Qualities of a good Social Worker and on Child Welfare, Mr. Prabhakar Rai, Labour Officer who dwelt on the Characteristics of the Mangalore Working Class Society and its Implications for Slum Work, Mrs. S. Modayil on Social Work Methods, Dr. A. F. Coelho on Leprosy and Miss V. Govindraj on Follow-up Work after a Camp.

Our Camp was definitely not 'all work and no play' for we had our own get together each night which went off with a bang!

On the final day of our camp an outing was organised for the women and children of the locality to the institutions of the town. For many of them it was the first time that they had left their homes.

Just as all good things come to an end so also did the camp. Those memorable days flew by so fast that on the 8th evening many a misty eyed camper said "I wish the camp were only beginning today".

Rosemarie Fernandes, II B. A.

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Final Year B. Sc. 1966-67



Final Year B. A. 1966–67

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Some Aspects of the Kothari Commission Report

We are in an age of giant attempts at upliftment. One such marvellous force was that world-wide conference that ran over a space of four years in its four sessions, of representatives counted by the thousands who discussed with open minds, topics as widely varied as the mystery of the Church and the media of communications.

Another such big effort nearer home was the now much-appraised Kothari Commission on Education in India. The distinguished chairman and members of this Commission had before them the tremendous task not merely of reconstruction but even of a summary revolution. The colossal work they attempted has naturally been expressed in a monumental report, which is big not merely in size, but in its comprehensive survey, ranging over almost every aspect of Indian Education. What is most striking is that the Commission has shown remarkable awareness not merely of India's imperative need for scientific and technological advancement, but it has placed in bold relief India's greater need for progress in spiritual and moral values, besides emphasizing the necessity of national integration and the strengthening of its democracy.

With lynx-eyed accuracy the Commission has put its finger on the most important and urgent reform that Education cried for, and which expressed shortly, is "to transform" it and thus to relate it to the life and needs and aspirations of the people, and thereby to attain the national goals.

It is significant that the Commission remarks: "On the quality and number of persons coming out of schools and colleges will depend our success in the great adventure of national reconstruction whose objectives are to raise substantially the standard of living of our people, to create a new social order based on the human values of the dignity of the individual, on freedom, equality and justice".

It is not surprising that economic productivity is the first question to be tackled, since self sufficiency in food is not merely the most important problem, but almost a condition for survival. Allied to it is the need for economic growth and full employment. Our per capita income is so low that only 20% of the population can afford the balanced diet recommended by the nutrition advisory committee. We have to put forth great efforts on 3 fronts: to secure a rapid rate of economic growth, to distribute income more equitably and to control the growth of population.

The problem of Social and National Integration is especially acute: Differences in wealth, religion, caste, language are threatening the very existence of our nation. Unrest, strikes, increasing lawlessness, a disregard for public property are some of the innumerable signs of social disorganisation.

The political challenges include the need to strengthen democracy, to defend the country's freedom and to meet the growing awakening of the masses. Internationally, India has to lessen the gap between our standards of living and those of the industrialized nations, and get ready to make some contribution to the eternal human endeavour to extend the frontiers of knowledge.

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The solution of these problems makes large demands on us. We need a clear focus, deeper understanding collective discipline, hard and sustained work and dedicated leadership.

What has education to do with all this? Very much indeed. Two main programmes will have to be undertaken—the development of physical resources through the modernization of agriculture and rapid industrialization, and the development of human resources through a properly organized programme of education. It is the latter programme which is the more crucial of the two. While the development of physical resources is a means to an end, that of human resources is an end in itself.

The reason for this is clear. Every programme of social betterment of which India stands in need involves changes in the knowledge, skills, interests and values of the people as a whole. For instance there can be no hope of making the country self-sufficient in food unless the farmer himself is moved out of his age-long conservation through a science-based education, becomes interested in experimentation and is ready to adopt techniques that increase yields. The same is true of industry and of economic growth. Robert Heilbroner observes that to catalyse a tradition-bound society into a modern one "nothing short of a peruasive social transformation will suffice; a wholesale metamorphosis of habits, a wrenching reorientation of values concerning ime, status, money, work; and an unweaving and reweaving of the fabric of daily existence itself".

The national system of education is the one and only instrument to achieve this change on a grand scale without violent revolution. It is a difficult instrument but a sure and tried one that can reach all the people.

This emphasis on the social purposes of education does not imply any underestimation of values for the individual. But individual fulfilment will come not through selfish and narrow loyalties to personal or group interests but through the dedication of all to the wider loyalties of national development.

It now becomes evident why the present system of education needs radical changes to meet the purposes of a modernizing democratic and socialistic society — changes in objectives, in content, in teaching methods, in programmes, in size and composition of the student body, in the selection and professional preparation of teachers and in organization—a revolution in education which in turn will set in motion the much desired social economic and cultural revolution.

This educational revolution has three main aspects:

—internal transformation so as to relate it to the life, needs and aspirations of the nation;

—qualitative improvement;

—expansion of educational facilities broadly on the basis of man power needs and with an accent on equalization of educational opportunities.

The present system is largely unrelated to life–it neglects the supreme importance of agriculture, it is too academic to increase productivity. The schools and colleges are largely *unconcerned* with the great national effort at reconstruction, unaware of its principles, uncommitted to it; it promotes divisivet endencies at times; it does not emphasize character formation and makes little effort to promote moral and spiritual values.

A transformation of education on the right lines would involve relating it to productivity, making it serve to strengthen social and national integration, to consolidate democracy as a form of government and help the country to adopt it as a way of life; to hasten the process of modernization and to build character by cultivating social, moral and spiritual values.

The Commission prescribes as a means of increasing productivity that science be a basic component of education and culture so that problem-solving and analytic skills are developed and the spirit of enquiry and experimentation is promoted. This committment to free enquiry and to the quest for truth will be a powerful dispeller of fear and superstition, fatalism and passive resignation. It insists however that the presence of mere material affluence and power would be subordinated to that of higher values and the fulfilment of the individual.

Work experience as an integral part of general education is to be the second means. It is defined as participation in productive work in school, in the home, in a workshop, on a farm, in a factory or in any other productive situation. Today the educated elite have become largely parasitical in character and the really productive workers are dissociated from education.

With the adoption of the new technology, conditions are reversed. The educated person becomes an important source of production and the uneducated person an unproductive burden on society. Work experience may be described as a redefinition of Mahatma Gandhi's basic education in terms of a society marching along the road to industrialization. This work experience can help to erase the distinction between intellectual and manual work, make employment easier, contribute to increased productivity, help social and national integration and also result in some earning for the student.

Another programme relating education to productivity is vocationalization. It is of special significance in India that secondary education have a strong vocational bias with special emphasis on agriculture and technology at the university stage. Today enrolment in the vocational courses at the secondary stage is 9 per cent and in professional courses at the university stage, 23 per cent of the total enrollment.

Last of all, productivity can be increased by improved scientific and technological education and research at the University stage with special emphasis on agriculture and allied sciences.

The closing lines of first chapter of the Report has clearly and succinctly placed before us the content and purpose of the Commission. Placed under the dire necessity of opening the doors of the minds of our youth to the study of science, we are yet to place the emphasis in our education on open-mindedness, tolerance and objectivity for fear of developing in our youth a mere secular outlook. The most important task of education is seen here: to break down the walls between the secular and the spiritual. While we strive to further scientific study let us not forget the values of the spirit but strive particularly to get them into harmony with the spirit of scientific development.

In this connection we acquiesce in the ideas so tellingly expressed by our late great Prime Minister Nehru. To his own question "Can we combine the progress of science and technology with progress of mind and spirit also?" He gives the answer: "we cannot be untrue to science because that represents the basic fact of life today. Still less can we be untrue to those essential principles for which India has stood in the past throughout the ages. Let us then pursue our path to industrial progress with all our strength and vigour and at the same time remember that material riches without toleration and compassion and wisdom may well turn to dust and ashes".

A. C.

Section II

Musically . . . .

"Music, to my mind, is the most international of all the means of communication that we have. It brings together people of different creeds and of different systems of thought on a plane where these differences are forgotten, and moods of consciousness are induced in us, which raise us above all these distinctions".

— Radhakrishnan

I WILL SING TO THE LORD

IRENE NORONHA,
II B. A.,



"Sing to the Lord a new song,
in the Lord's honour;
Let the whole earth make
melody!"

When the psalmist of yore sang this song, he was convinced that music was not the monopoly of the angels, though it was true that they vied with man in singing the praises of the Creator.

Longfellow calls music the prophetic art, one of the most magnificent of God's gifts to man. This is aptly illustrated by the following ancedote found in Vishnudharmothara. It happened that a king once begged of a sage to be taught the craft of image-making. The sage answered that he would never know the laws of image-making without a knowledge of painting. When the king asked that he be taught the laws of paining, the sage replied that he should first know the technique of dancing. The King pressed the sage to instruct him in the art of dancing, and was told he should first learn instrumental music. The king pleaded that he be taught the laws of instrumental music. To this the sage replied that the laws of instrumental music could not be learned without a deep knowledge of the art of vocal music. The king, now convinced that vocal music was the source of all arts, asked the sage to reveal to him its laws.

Music and Religion:

Our natural instinct impels us to honour and praise God for He is good and He has done wonders for love of us. Our souls yearn to offer Him all that is mot beautiful and noble in our possession. Hence it is apt that music, the art of arts, be widely made use of in our worship. We pour our hearts and souls in holy songs and melodies, and offer them to the Giver of all gifts. Thus Mary, filled with joy after the Annunciation, broke forth into that glorious canticle of the Magnificat; so did the holy old man Simeon on seeing the Christ Child express his thankful joy in the "Nunc dimittis".

In fact music is born in religion and temples of various religions have nurtured music. We know that religion has played a great role in every civilization of the world. The first thing man instinctively did was to praise God, asking His favours and blessings and thanking Him for His goodness and bounty. In India, the earliest religious chants are to be found in the Vedas. They were sung while offering sacrifices and worshipping God. The singing of "the glory of gods" helped them to win battles and gave them bountiful crops. Indian music derives its source from the Sama Veda.

Communion with the Creator:

The study of the development of religion reveals to us that the use of music in religious rites and ceremonies all over the world was not only common but necessary. All religious music is an excellent prayer, an exultant expression of man's obeisance to his creator. Worship is given a more noble form when it is celebrated in song with the priests and the people participating in it. Through this form, prayer is expressed in a more attractive way, the community nature of the participants is more openly shown, the unity of hearts is more profoundly achieved by the voices, minds are more easily raised to heavenly things by the beauty of the holy rites; and the whole celebration more clearly prefigures that heavenly celebration in the abode of God, our eternal home.

Thus we see that music enables man to worship God joyfully. It raises him to sublime heights of communion with his Creator. Indeed, religious rites and ceremonies are elaborated or rather prolonged by song, which gradually take the worshipper closer and closer to His creator to finally lock Him in His embrace. Innumerable chants and hymns—many of them coming down from times immemorial—are found in rites of every religion. In the Old Testament we have the Psalms of David praising God and asking His pardon and mercy. They are universally appreciated even today.

Happy Mind and Heart:

It is always the happy mind and heart that sings. Birds sing because they are happy, for God provides them with everything. The creator has smiled upon them and they sing the glories of their master. The river flowing at its own sweet will produces musical sounds. It has no worries or burdens. So too with us. It is because of our happiness—happiness that we are the children of a mighty God, who loves us more than an earthly parent, that we make use of the sublime art of music in the worship of our Creator.

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Poets on Music

BERNADETTE LOBO, II B. Sc.

Music is a mode of thought, a way of thinking in tones. A single tone, no matter how sensuously attractive has no real meaning in itself, but melodies or harmonies which are but combinations of tones have a value not discoverable in isolated tones. Melody has been a vehicle for the expression of man's loftiest thoughts and feelings. From the earliest times, even from the mythical days when the Sylvan god Pan played pipes of oaten reed, and Orpheus charmed all his hearers, animate and inanimate, with his magic lyre, down through the ages, of history music has been an inalienable part of man's life. Music and poetry go together and poets are but musicians in other guise, for a poet's thoughts are songs and songs are poetry set to melody.

The earliest poets were the minstrels who went all over the country from castle to castle, from fair to fair, where people used to meet in large crowds. To these audiences they sang the deeds of great heroes of old, accompanying themselves as they unfolded the tale, on their harps which were carried by attendant boys.

Sir Walter Scott sings:

"Music to me were the wildest winds' roaring,
That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the
dark ocean foam".

His poetry abounds in tales of border chivalry and he speaks of one such minstrel

in his poem "The Lay of the Last Minstrel". The minstrel was old, the last of all the bards and when he tuned his harp

"With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along".

These early minstrels were both poets and musicians.

Shakespeare calls music and poetry brother and sister in the words:

"If music and sweet poetry agree
As they must needs, the sister and the
brother
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee
and me,
Because thou lovest the one, and I the
other".

Music has always figured largely in the verses of poets evoking different emotions in each one.

Shakespeare describes music as—

"Solemn and strange music
What harmony is this?
Marvellous sweet music.
.....
Uttering such dulcet and harmonius breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song
And certain stars shot madly from
their spheres
To hear the music".

Tennyson speaks of the gentle influences of music when he says—

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from
the blissful skies". Longfellow says that—
"Music softens many hearts" and Shakespeare adds—

"The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet
sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils".

Music makes sense, sense, even in its very tones without reference to anything else. This making of sense is fundamental to the other pleasures and interests which music offers which we roughly describe as coming from the beauty of the music and from its expression of various emotions.

Thus Longfellow senses

"The ethereal spirt
That to soft music wakes the chords of
feeling
And mellows everything to beauty".

and Dryden asks—

"What passion cannot Musick raise and
quell?
When Jubal struck the corded shell
His listening brethren.....
....., on their faces fell.
To worship that celestial sound
Less than a god they thought there
could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well".

He adds—

"Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of the Lyre;
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder high'r
When to her Organ vocal breath was given,
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking Earth for Heav'n."

In "Alexander's Feast" or "The Power of Musique". Dryden describes the various effects that the singer, accompanied by his lyre produces on the hearers.

Music not only rouses happy feelings but at times mournful. Milton speaks of the joyous news of the heavenly Infant's birth, then speaking of His passion sings:

"For to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
.....
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings

Of lute, or viol still more apt for
mournful things".

Longfellow speaks of the strange power of music to bring back memories in "The Belfry of Bruges".

"Then most musical and solemn,
bringing back the olden times
What their strange unearthly changes
rang the melancholy chimes".

Shelley feels similarly that,

"Music when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory".

Sweet music once heard can never be forgotten

"When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did great
As never was by mortal finger struck
Divinely-warbled voice
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs
each heavenly close" (Milton).

The problem of the actual development of music can be solved only by speculation. Was music developed, as Darwin thought, from the love calls of our ante-human ancestors? Was it suggested by the songs of birds? Did it arise before speech? Or was it as Herbert Spencer held, a natural product of excitement arising out of, or wedding itself to the already existing expression of speech? No one knows, or can know. All primitive peoples made up chants of religion, of war, of the chase, of love or of death. That is, they associated the musical tone with the chief experiences of life.

Music was present even at the very beginning of the world Dryden tells us:

"From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
This universal frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the compass of the Notes
it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man".

And Milton speaking of the act of creation says

"Thus was the first day even and morn:
Nor pass'd uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they
beheld,
Birth-day of heaven and earth; with
joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd
And touch'd their golden harps, and
hymning praised
God and his works, creator him they
sung
Both when first evening was, and when
first morn".

When creation was complete, God

"Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd
the seventh day,
As resting on that day from all his
work,
But not in silence holy kept; the harp
Had work, and rested not; the solemn
pipe
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
And sounds on fret by string or golden
wire,
Temper'd soft tunings.
So sung they, and the empyrean rung
With halleljuahs: thus was Sabbath
kept.

Speaking of music let us not forget nature's greatest musician, the Nightingale of whom poets have sung endlessly:

Keats calls it

"The light-winged Dryad of the trees"
whose song

"Oft-times hath charm'd magic
casements
Opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands
forlorn".

Barnfield speaks of the spring when

"Everything did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone
She poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast up till a thorn,

And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity".

Mathew Arnold says—

"Hark! ah, the nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moon-lit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark—what pain."

Poets have sung of music and in music through the innumerable years, and will continue to do so till the end of time,—that music which heralded the creation of the world and the trumpet blast which will see the end.

"As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall love, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky".

THE SONGS OF SHAKESPEARE

LILY MARIE KAMATH,
II B. A.



We usually think of Shakespeare as an eminent playwright, a dramatist of supreme excellence, a most fascinating personality. But we never guess that he is one of the great masters of song, using what apparently seems light and flimsy as a consummate expression of some of his deepest thoughts. We are lost in wonderment at the conception and execution of his great tragedies and comedies but how little we realize that to their perfection has contributed not only his brilliant language, his masterly analysis of human character, but also his dexterous use of the element of song. Songs burst forth in many of his works not merely to relieve the tense atmosphere, but to add a note that only a Shakespeare could conceive of. It was he who first grasped all the possibilities of song, both for promoting action and for the interpretation of character, and of thus forming a vital third in the dramatic scheme.

In two of his earliest comedies that make use of song, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "The Merchant of Venice", his great superiority is manifested not only in the normal manner in which the songs occur,

but also in the greater advantage to which they are turned:

Who is Silvia? What is she?
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Occuring in the first of the above-mentioned blays, the song not only stirs up our interest, put also forms a connecting link between the two parts of the play. In "The Merchant of Venice"

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

rationalizes Bassanio's choice of the leaden casket. It is the only song in the comedy and serves as a device to confer a distinction to Bassanio's approach to the caskets. The lyric in its felicitous choice of a subject suitable to the occasion is one of the most charming in the whole range of the comedies. The answer to the string of queries is that fancy is of the head and that it never attains maturity. The tenor of the song is very obvious, the hint is plain: to beware that which is pleasing to the sight for it has no substance, and at best its superficial glory is transient, for when it ceases to be present to the view, it is forgotten.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" marks a very important stage in Shakespeare's song career. In it Shakespeare exhibits a great advance on his previous efforts in his use of song. The more he gained in experience, the more did he make his songs relevant to their context and the more important was their function in promoting his dramatic purposes.

Though so numerous, the songs in this play retain a charm, a beauty, a peculiar fascination all their own. We listen with sheer enchantment to the fairies, while a kaleidoscopic picture is evoked in our minds with "long-legged spiders" "ousel cock so black of hue, "the finch, the sparrow and the lark" and "the drowsy fire", while

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs be not seen,
Newts and blindworms do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen

laps us into a veritable fairyland where we share the solicitude of the fairies for their queen, and we voice their prayer

never harm,
never spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh.

If we examine the context of this song we are sure to note how easily and naturally this song springs into being, relieving the apparent awkwardness of the scene and making interesting Titania's retirement. It not only imparts to the whole play a fairy-like atmosphere, but most naturally leads up to and facilitates Oberon's little plot.

Passing on to "Twelfth night" we understand we are at the very height of gay comedy. It is Feste that does all the singing except for the few maudlin snatches by Sir Toby and Sir Andrew. This play presents to the delving student many problems for solution but none more baffling than that raised by the first song:

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

The phraseology of this little song, its histrionic quality, its sententiousness expressed in "journeys end in lovers' meeting" and "youth's a staff will not endure", its interrogation "what is love?" its defining by what it is not rather than by what it is, all proclaim the author to be none other than Shakespeare.

Appropriately enough Feste winds up this high-spirited comedy with an epilogue in the form of a song, round a popular refrain:

When that I was a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

The nonsense contained in this ditty serves as a commentary on the events of the play and a fitting corollary to the first song: "O Mistress mine". Feste sings this ditty when he is left alone on the stage and conveys to us the world's impartiality: all things proceed according to law, people must abide the consequences of their actions "for the rain it raineth every day", whose drinks with "tosspots" will get a "drunken head". Feste seems to sum up that it is a very old world and began so long ago that no change in its habits can be looked for.

Though Shakespeare's songs found their fullest expression in his comedies, they are not altogether absent from his more serious plays. By about 1600, brilliant comedy with song as a prominent feature was abandoned in favour of strong drama in the form of tragedy or of tragi-comedy. In these plays we notice the dethronement of song from its position of prominence, and its employment restricted to those occasions where it was absolutely required to convey some important effect essential to the comprehension of the situation.

In "Hamlet we have no original song. Such snatches of song as are found there, are from popular ditties of the day. Ophelia's

How should I true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.

is introduced to heighten the tragedy of Ophelia's madness. The query is intelligible when we understand that a cockle hat denotes a pilgrim, and that in such guise while pilgrimages were in vogue, love intrigues were wont to be conducted.

Passing on to "Othello" we meet Iago, the most accomplished villain in the whole range of dramatic literature and note that this man skilled in the management of his fellows and versed in the art of playing upon the strings of their feelings, makes use of a song to subvert military order by luring Cassio to a drinking bout:

And let me the canakin clink, clink:
And let me the canakin clink.
A soldier's a man
A life's but a span,
Why then let a soldier drink.

Iago succeeds in his design and Cassio joins in the round of drink.

Ere we close this drama, we come across "the Willow Song" a ballad the singing of which makes the misery of Desdemona almost unbearable:

A poor soul sat sighing under a
sycamore tree;
O Willow, Willow, Willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head
on his knee:
O Willow, Willow, Willow!
He sighed in his singing and after each groan
O Willow, Willow, Willow!
I am dead to all pleasure, my true love is gone;
O Willow, Willow, Willow!

And so the mournful song proceeds till with.

"The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones" the scene stands before us with such intense clarity that it needs but little to wring a piteous cry from our own hearts.

With a sense of relief then we turn to "Cymbeline" a play that belongs to the closing years of Shakespeare's working life. The first song in this play is a serenade or more correctly an aubade in the manner of the earlier comedies, sung by a trained musician.

Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus' gins to rise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope
their golden eyes

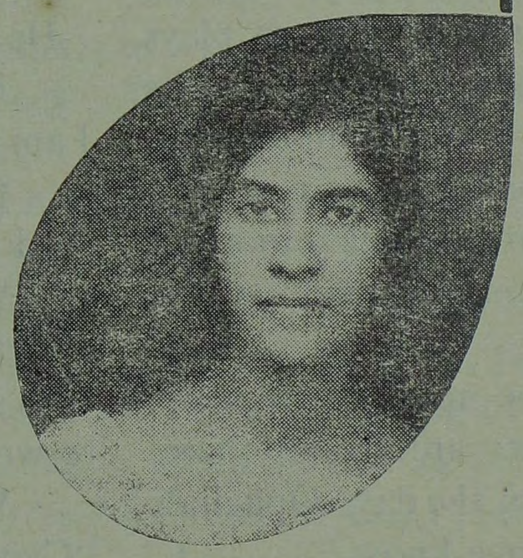
With everything that pretty is, my lady
sweet arise: arise, arise!

This aubade introduces a whiff of comedy by reason of its criticism. Just as was "Who is Sylvia?" so is "Hark, hark the lark" sung on behalf of a dull and boorish suitor, a man who "cannot take two from twenty". Consequently his demand for "a very excellent good conceited thing" to be followed by "a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it" is meant to be taken by the "judicious" in the spirit of comedy.

In all the songs of Shakespeare, what strikes us is that they are very appropriate. They are ideas and tunes which we would naturally expect to be expressed in that age and in those particular situations. Like the themes of his plays, much of the song element has been built upon ditties and roundelays known at that time. But far from being mere artificial imitation, in these songs Shakespeare has succeeded in realizing his musical genius, while in England "music lay yet in the cradle, awaiting the touch of Italy upon her strings and the touch of Germany upon her keys".

POETRY AND MUSIC

HERMIE COELHO,
II B. SC.



"When pain and sorrow
wring the brow
A ministering angel thou"

This glorious tribute paid to woman could well be applied to the sister arts of poetry and music for both have the power to soothe, to comfort to lift and raise human hearts above this weary world of strife.

Poetry and music are closely knit together for "music and sweet poetry agree" and for centuries past men have spoken of the two in the same breath. Music and poetry have manifested a high mutual regard though in the modern age of jazz and beatles one can hardly trace their likeness. The two arts have gone their different ways further and further apart. But there was a time when the two blended.

Milton's work affords a good example for this. His Poems specially the epic 'Paradise Lost' fill the imagination and transcend it and the rhythms fill the ears like the sound of the sea. He was the one, whose understanding of music is most complete and accurate.

With the passage of time music faded away from the works of the English poets. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Voltaire were outside its influence. Musical composers began to

discover a kingdom of their own, a kingdom of suite and partition of sonata and quartet of concerts and symphony from which the poet was set apart. Viewing this gradual alienation arises the relevant question — 'What is the significance of music and how is it related to the significance of poetry?'

Poetry and music have a common ground. Both the arts continually throw the attention forwards. They stimulate the mind and only when the end is reached the full effect is felt.

Another point of likeness is of tone and rhythm which are in both poetry and music, essential realities, though music would seem to have the greater advantage. Poetry gives beauty to musical sound; but music is the only art which has the power of

"Untwisting all the chains that tie,
The hidden soul of harmony".

It is said, that only music can make "out of three sounds not the fourth but a star". Rhythm is also the quality of good poetry. It describes the way in which the poem goes. The presence of rhythm in a poem can be well illustrated by passages which have none of the easily recognisable features of poetry such as rhyme and metre.

But poetry is more precise and direct than music. The entire picture falls before our minds through a few lines of verse. This can be well noticed in the epics written by Dante and Milton. The sense of vastness, an inspiring quality and majesty are visible in it. It is perfect in its own simplicity. Yet, it is not a copied phenomenon: imagination and creative faculty are characteristic of the poet. It is the faculty that mirrors or reproduces the real.

Music on the other hand though it has a reality of its own like any other art fails in the power of complete narration. The tones and the rhythms can rouse one's emotions but cannot fully specify them and our intellect is not filled and satisfied. But music conquers the mind and keeps it under its spell making one unaw are of any joy or sorrow still less of any scene or event.

This is evident when we note the difference in our reaction to a poem recited and a song that is sung. Shakespeare's poetry gives pleasure when read, but our hearts almost leap with joy when we hear the 'songs' sung in his great works. Few poets are as lyrical as Tennyson and this lyricism is best brought out when his poems are set to music. "Crossing the Bar" when sung moves us almost to tears.

A line of poetry and the sound of music, both have the magic power to transport one to a land of bliss, of joy, of happiness; both have the soothing art to heal the broken heart and fill it with peace, both have the fairy magic touch to transform earth into a paradise both have the divine art to pierce earth's shadowy veil and glimpse a reality beyond.

"Music and sweet poetry agree" for "One God is God of both", the God who filled the universe with the music of the spheres and set every poet's soul aflame with His Incarnate word.

MUSIC IN SHELLEY'S POETRY

SUMALATHA KHANDIGE,
II B. A.



Poetry, in a restricted sense, is beauty as observed by the poet in nature around and in human life. But the word "beauty" is too narrow to cover all the domain over which the poetic spirit ranges. All true literature and all genuine poetry is the direct outcome, the condensed essence of life and thought. Lyric poetry mostly is and Shelley's especially was born out of personal experience. Poetry gains solid value only when it is founded on reality.

Harmony and unity are two important aspects of poetry. These can be attained through various means, chiefly by retaining vaguely connected images in an informal pattern, floating as it were on a breeze of rhythm and music. This air-borne dance has always been recognized as one of Shelley's special achievements.

Even in childhood, Shelley found his happiness in sitting in some lonely nook reading a favourite novel or listening to the melody of winds, and watching the floating clouds. These same words would serve to describe him throughout his life. He grew in power until he could capture cloud and wind and every aspect of beautiful nature in imperishable songs.

In the short life he lived, he had followed three schools of thought: those of Lucretius, Hume and Plato. But with whatever aim he wrote, his poems were eminently and essentially lyrical. Each of his successively adopted philosophies entered into and coloured the successive stages of his poetry; but through them all his intellect and imagination remained unchanged.

We can enjoy Shelley's poems merely in an aesthetic way, taking the marvel of his suble thoughts and the magic of his melody, without scrutinizing too closely their meaning and their import. His most delicate music is usually associated with some intense feeling, abstracted from particular circumstances. And it comes to us. Unsuspected like the wandering breeze. "The Hymn of Asia" is a beautiful example of this. Those who knew Shelley best speak of the sweetness and refinement of his nature. We find this quality of his in his own words:

"I pant for music which is divine
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in silver shower
Let me drink the spirit of that sweet sound
More, O more! I am thirsting yet;
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart to stifle it;
The dissolving strain, through every vein
Passes into my heart and brain."

The sequence of events that occurred in Shelley's life resulted in voicing his know-

ledge and emotions in feverish self-expression. His enthusiasms and his dissappointments were to find wings and to dissolve themselves into showers of melody like the skylark in the heavens.

Critics are unanimous in the opinion that lyrics show an art of the highest kind. In the words of E. W. Edmunds "they sing with final felicity some of the purest moods of man. Sad generally. They never strand us in the shoals of pessimism, pained at the "long hearted-wasting show" around us, they disclose "a bright and beautiful countenance amid their tears".

Shelley himself has expressed the idea "Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thoughts" in his "Ode to the Skylark". This is true especially of his most beautiful lyric. His most beautiful and longest poem was written at the time when he was deeply grieving over the death of his child. There are few lyrics which sustain such a high level of exquisite melody throughout its length.

For it had learned all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies
Of the forest and mountains
And many-voiced fountains
The clearest echoes of the hills
The softest note of falling rills
The melodies of birds and bees
The murmuring of Summer seas.

These few lines of the all beautiful poem show that it is perfectly Shelleyean, and in lyric poetry there can be no higher praise.

When Shelley sings his lyric strains, whatever is least pleasing in him is softened down if it does not wholly disappear. Whatever is most excellent and unique in him comes out at its best—his eyes for abstract beauty, the delicate rhythm, the matchless music. These lyrics are gales of melody blown from far-off regions.

Shelley wrote the finest of his lyrics in 1821 when he was in Florence which by almost universal consent has made him the greatest lyrical poet.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken!

This is an example of those lyrics which were rich in music.

Shelley's finest lyrics are more lucid and exact than any other poetry of the same kind. Shelley gives no picture in the "Ode to the west wind" which is a stream of fancies swept along with music. It is much nearer to music than painting, being so full of sound and motion. Yet it gives us a more vivid sense of experience than we could get from any pictorial description. Shelley was a great innovator of poetry; he brought it to music than it had ever been brought before.

"Prometheus Unbound" is one of the lyrical dramas drenched with purest poetry and singing the hopes of man, the glory of love, the beauty of nature, in verses of exquisite melody that seldom cross the borderland of poetry into the realms of music.

In "Alastor" Shelley used blank verse and made his poetry swifter and more lyrical than it ever had been before. The fragment ends with a passage upon the love of nature. Human beings when surrounded by fellow men who do not sympathise with them "Will love the flowers, the grass, the water and sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring in the blue air there is then found secret correspondence with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind and a melody in the flowing broks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to a dance of breathless rapture and bring tears of mysterious tenderness".

The last four years of Shelley spent in Italy were years overflowing with music. In the words of E. W. Edmunds, "very little of this

matchless lyrical verse, continually growing deeper in thought and richer in emotion, could be spared from the temple of our poetry. Lyrics like these, delicate in thought and exquisitely finished, uniform, were produced with truly wonderful profusion in this season of his happiest fertility". A glance at the last section of Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury' shows how large a place they occupy among the permanent jewels of English literature.

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THE SCIENCE OF HARMONY

M. P. PONNAMMA,
III B. Sc.



The lantern of science, throwing its light down the long corridors of mysterious problems, turns some of them to simpler ones and finds a solution to the rest. If the question is debated as to whether the music of John Sebastian Bach is superior to that of his son, Phillip Emmanuel, science can bring nothing to the discussion. The question is purely one for artists, and it is quite conceivable, although perhaps rather improbable that they may be able to agree as to the answer. On the other hand if the question is whether the music of either Bach is superior to that produced by a chorus of cats singing on the roof, there will be little doubt as to the answer. The artists will all agree that Bach is specially pleasurable, while science is able to explain to a large extent why we find cat music specially painful. Thus harmony is a subject which lies partly within the sphere of science and partly within that of art, and the boundary between the two provinces is not always perfectly clear.

Sounds are usually divided into two classes, musical notes and noises, though there is no sharp distinction between the two. The essential difference is that the musical notes have a recognizable pitch, whilst noises have not. Pitch has been defined as that quality of musical sound which depends on frequency. Frequency is the number of vibrations made per second by a body in an excited state.

The fundamental basis of harmonious music is the existence of various degrees of consonance and dissonance, that are present when two or more notes are sounded together. It was known from the time of the Greeks that certain aliquot parts of string produced consonance, when excited. The first theory of harmony was proposed by the mathematician, Euler, in 1738. He attempted an explanation on psychological lines saying that the human mind delights in law and order and so takes pleasure in discovering

it in nature. The smaller the number of frequencies, the easier it is to discover this law and order, and so the pleasanter it is to hear the sounds in question. Such was his argument. A physical theory of harmony originated with another mathematician, d'Alembert, in 1762. It was Helmholtz in 1862, who after years of experimental work, propounded the theory of concord and discord and this gave a masterly insight into the whole question of harmonious music. The work of Helmholtz showed that discords are due to the existence of unpleasant beats and consonance is formed by the notes which do not produce such unpleasant beats. When 2 waves which are simple, harmonic and slightly different in amplitude and angular frequency, act on a particle in the same straight line, the waxing and waning of sound produced is called beats.

The acoustic phenomena of concord and discord according to Helmholtz' theory can be explained to a certain extent by the following optical analogy. Suppose a person observes a white screen on which light is projected. If the light is cut off periodically at a very slow rate, there is no irritation in the eyes of the observer. If the rate of flickering is varied, an irritation is caused in the eye when it is beyond a certain limit. Similarly in the acoustic case, a very slow beat does not produce irritation in the ear since in this case there is sufficient time for the auditory nerves to recover between successive stimuli. At a very high rate of beating there is a continuous sensation in the ear due to persistence of audition. When the rate of beat is intermediate, the ear gets fatigued during the loudest phase of the beats; while during the feeblest phase, it gets rested and its sensitiveness is restored. If at this stage the loud phase occurs again, there is a distressing sensation in the ear.

Helmholtz found that the harshest effect is produced when the number of beats is 33 and it disappears when the number of beats is 80. But later experiments show that the discord produced depends upon the following. (1) frequency of beats (2) absolute frequency of the two notes and (3) the quality of sounds. With pure notes it is found that when the frequency of one of the notes is 96 a beat frequency of 16 produces the maximum dissonance, while it disappears at a beat frequency of 41.

The degree of roughness of all the music

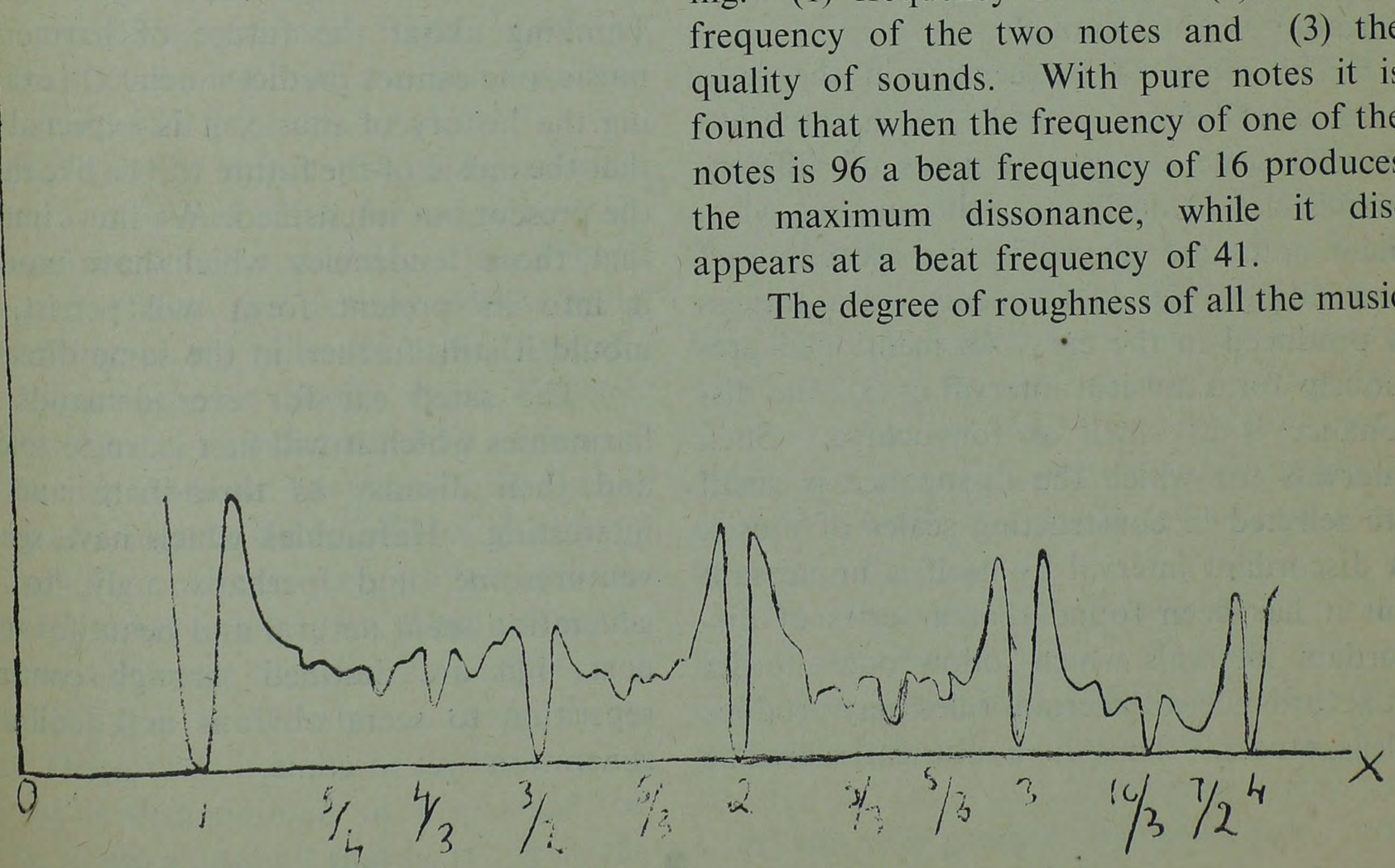


Figure – Showing Musical intervals and degrees of dissonance

at intervals in an octave can be determined by the following experiment: 2 identical violin strings are excited. One of them is made to give a steady note of say 246 cycles/sec. and the frequency of the other string is varied from a little below 264 to a value of a little greater than 1050. The degree of roughness between two notes is determined by the ear for different musical intervals existing between the two notes. The degree of dissonance is plotted against the musical intervals. Helmholtz who performed the above experiment calculated the degree of dissonance, making some reasonable assumptions and his results are represented graphically in the figure. It is seen that dissonance passes through a series of maxima and minima. The dissonance is least for unison (i.e. when the two notes have same frequency) and for frequencies in the ratio 1 : 2 and 2 : 3. For the musical intervals (the ratio of frequency to one note to the lower note is called a musical interval) 4/3, 5/4, 5/3, 6/5 and 8/5 for the frequency ratios 3 : 4, 4 : 5, 3 : 5, 5 : 6 and 5 : 8 the discord is small and the harmony is good enough.

The range of frequencies in the ratio 1 : 2 is called an octave. A harmonious musical scale consists of notes of different frequencies in an octave, chosen that when these notes are played in the ascending of descending order of frequency, pleasantness is produced in the ear. As mentioned previously for a musical interval of 3/2 the dissonance is as small as for octave. Such intervals for which the dissonance is small are selected in constructing scales of music. A discordant interval by itself is unpleasant but it has been found that a series of discordant intervals which follow one another in accordance with certain rules may produce pleasantness. Thus in a musical scale the series of notes chosen must be such that concords can be formed from them. In rendering the music either vocally or by an instrument it is usual to cover several octaves. But in each octave the same intervals chosen for a particular scale are repeated.

The eight notes forming the seven intervals are given the following names. First or the tonic or the fundamental, second or the supertonic, third or the mediant, fourth or subdominant, fifth or the dominant, sixt or the superdominant, seventh or subtonic or the leading note, and eight or the ocative. These notes forming a musical scale are called by certain names irrespective of the frequencies. The representation as Do, Ray, Me, Fah, So, Lah, Ti and Do' constitutes the Sol-fa system. In Indian music, seven svaras are recognised in an octave and are called Sa, Ri, Ga, Ma, Pa, Dha, Ni followed by Sa' of the next octave.

With the passing of years these musical scales are being modified into better scales so as to add to the harmony of music. Thinking about the future of harmonious music, one cannot predict much. On examining the history of music, it is expected that that the music of the future will be like that of the present but intensified. We must imagine that those tendencies which have moulded it into its present form will persist, and mould it still further in the same direction.

The sated ear for ever demands new harmonies which it will first learn to tolerate and then dismiss as threadbare and uninteresting. Harmonies which have seemed venturesome and perhaps ugly to one generation seem natural and beautiful to the next; but are destined through continued repetition to seem obvious and tedious to generations yet to come.

NATURE'S MUSICIANS—I

M. SALETTE, A. C., III B. SC.

"The poetry of earth is never dead" says the nature poet, John Keats. It starts with the earliest light, like hope itself; "a bird voice finding its way through the thinning darkness, from some central source of joy and ardour. Song original and sure, and then another bird song, and another, until the coming day is alive with an uplifted chorus, filling one's soul with joy or philosophic happiness." Again toward late afternoon there is an impetus to song, softer than the day-break music. And certain birds like the vesper sparrow, are drawn to sing with the coming of dusk. Others like the **Whippoorwill** are vocal only at night. Still others, most famed of them, the **Nightingale,** sing both by day and by dark.

That the song of birds is the sweetest of all melodies is felt by everyone. But whoever walks into a yard or park soon becomes aware of other tongues being spoken all around. The chattering of a **Squirrel** is an angry cry of alarm and fright, and the hysterical "chip, chip" of an adult Sparrow is the sound of a protective parent.

The piece of music played by animals has both notes and rests, for some animals communicate without sounds. Thus chemical signals from the female **Moth** bring males flying along miles of invisible trail. The delicate garden **Snails** speak through silent postures and movements to announce that the mating hour has come. The mere tensing of a mother duck tells her ducklings to crouch like rocks on the path to a stream.

Many other animals are vocal and make use of a variation of sounds. Let's start with the **Tiger** so closely associated with India. The sounds it makes are often moans, when he is disappointed or displeased, or in order to warn animals that he is approaching. He also barks sharply, to call another tiger, coughs to scare animals away from a kill and makes a hissing sound when blowing on a carcass to dislodge stinging insects. A tiger roars as though striking a base chord, to express either good spirits or anger; the two sounds are easily distinguished one bold and bugle like, the other merely peevish. His most frightening sounds are a series of insane roars which he emits when he is about to charge on a prey.

For years it has been said that the **Giraffe** is mute, that it never makes a sound, but occasionally a cow giraffe has been heard calling her calf with a low moo, and other sounds have been reported. The post mortem examination of an adult bull giraffe which had been able to groan and moo revealed that it had undeveloped, ineffective vocal chords. The sounds are presumably made by strong exhalations of air.

Woodpeckers are mostly drummers. They strike their bills rapidly against a dry resonant branch or a tin roof and often appear enraptured with the sounds they make. One Woodpecker's drumming was analysed by special recording equipment: it was found to consist of 500 to 600 bursts a day, with up to 40 rapid blows of the beak in each two-second burst. Drumming is a warning to tresspassers on the bird's "territory" and also a means of attracting a mate. Once a mate has been won, the pair communicates with each other by tapping gently on a tree trunk at a much slower rate than when drumming.

The fantastic bug, **Cicada** or "12–year locust" an inch and a half long, with a three–inch wingspread, belongs to the underground inhabitants of the insect world. For 17 years he leads a subterranean existence, emerging at a sudden, but predictable moment to rend the morning with its strange

and insistent din. The male is the performer: like many an opera tenor, fat in the middle and short of leg. But he is floated on fairy wings—a long pair in front, a shorter one behind—clear as mica, and exquisitely veined. On each side of his abdomen he has a corrugated membrane like a little drum, and powerful muscles set these vibrating. Moreover, he can amplify this noise by means of two little discs, which shine on his body like flecks of icinglass—these act as sounding boards.

In his Swedish home the great naturalist Linnaeus kept **Crickets** to send him to sleep. Scientists have studied cricket chirps with tape recorders, stroboscopic illuminators, heterodyne oscillators and other gadgets, and have come up with accurate charts of the pitch, frequency and form of the music in the grass or trees. A cricket can throw his voice as a ventroloquist does. A slight pressure of his wings against his sides makes the chirp seem to come from now here, now there, so that if you are hunting a cricket in the house, you will be more on the jump than the insect is. Furthermore, weather changes affect the song: as it grows colder the pitch drops, the tempo slows. You can thus even tell the temperature by counting the chirps. The physicist Amos E. Dolbear, working this out in 1897 with the snowy tree cricket came up with Dolbear's law: count the number of chirps in 15 seconds, and add 39, the sum is the temperature in degrees fahrenheit.

From two things, we all agree, none of us is exempt: the **Flies** buzzing at the sunny window, hovering hungrily over the dinner table, and the **Mosquitoes** singing lullabies at night, over our beds. But they don't possess a larynx as humans do. That five-notes-above-C aria comes from their vibrating wings. These insects may make other sounds but of such low frequency that they cannot be heard by the human ear.

The recent experiments in acoustics include the bat's sonar – "echo location" system used both for navigation and for locating elusive insect prey. The bats emit ultrasonic impulses which when they strike an object, send back an echo. The bat, in short, makes use of an extremely accurate system of radar, which is more sensitive and efficient than any radar or sonar device contrived by man.

Arboreal **Ants** in the tropics sing monotone from tree to tree by tapping on the bark and leaves so vigorously that it sounds like a rain shower.

Some animals communicate with one another by a kind of Morse code. When a worker **Bee** finds a flower full of nectar, it flies back to the hive and begins a waltz, to the tune of buzzing. One by one, other bees join in, and presently troop eagerly to the source of nectar.

Nature has a large Orchestra with many musicians, each with his own particular instrument, which has a definite and necessary part to play in the rendering of the whole piece. But, the greater the number and the variety of the instruments in the Orchestra, the greater the need for a conductor, who knows to unite and harmonize one instrument with the other. The conductor does not destroy the Orchestra; rather, he creates it and gives it life. "But for him, there would be only a medley of instruments, not a smoothly playing team; only a bedlam of discordant noises, not the melodious rendering of a Beethoven symphony."

How almighty and all wise this Conductor must be, who has assigned to each of these creatures a particular role in the whole scheme of things, who brings out the best in each musician by allowing each the largest possible freedom to express his originality and skill!

SONG BIRDS OF INDIA

PRABHA BHANDARI,
II B. SC.



"O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird
Or but a wandering voice?"

—*Wordsworth.*

From the earliest times, man has been attracted by the singing of birds no less than by their brilliant plumage and graceful flight. In the ancient writings of India we find many references to the song-birds of the country and birds figure prominently among the earliest hieroglyphics of the world.

Naturalists and bird lovers are never tired of warning us that some species of birds are nearing extinction while others have become extinct. Man's greed knows no bounds and our thoroughly materialistic civilization has denuded the earth of many species of fauna and flora. Here and there, better sense seems to have dawned upon man and some countries have taken steps (belated though they be) for the preservation of fast disappearing forms of wild life. But the senseless process of destruction has not yet been halted and man still continues "to mark the earth with ruin."

The American poet H. W. Longfellow has a pretty song about birds in his 'Tales of A wayside Inn.' This story, 'the Birds of Killingworth', teaches us a valuable lesson. In the struggle for existence, birds and beings depend upon each other. The citizens of Killingworth had to pay a terrible price for their folly. The destruction of birds in particular will deprive us of much of nature's music.

India, which encloses within its boundaries a vast diversity of climate and physical features, contains one of the richest and most varied air faunas on the face of the globe. It is indeed difficult to imagine a single square mile of the Indian continent entirely devoid of birds. Even in the midst of the scorching sandy Rajputana desert or amongst the high Himalayan snows, birds there are, for those who know how to find them.

Let us consider a few species of these which can be called songbirds. Everybody knows and appreciates the lovely melodious whistling song of the pied **Magpie Robin,** a trim black and white bird with cocked tail. It is one of the more familiar birds in towns and villages. The song is punctuated by upward jerks of its white fringed tail. It is also a very good mimic of other birds' calls.

Even more beautiful and varied is the performance of the **'Shama'.** This is an unmistakable cousin of the familiar Magpie Robin of the plains, with closely similar habits, but shy and retiring, normally avoid-

ing human habitation. It is one of the finest song birds we have in India, and is as highly prized for its own vocal accomplishments as for its aptitude in mimicking to perfection, the calls of other birds. The song of the male shama heard in the depth of the forest at dusk has a peculiar charm. It has a loud, clear and melodious thrush-like song, rich in notes and quality.

The grey-winged **Blackbird** of the Himalayas is probably the finest songster of all our thrushes. In the breeding season the male has a loud, rich, melodious song with perfectly mimicked calls of other birds interwoven in it. A number of its close relations, members of the thrush family, including the **Malabar Whistling Thrush,** have charming songs.

The **ground thrush** is a plump short-tailed, long-legged thrush which is found in both deciduous as well as evergreen types of jungle. It is silent in winter. as the hot weather advances and the breeding season draws near the male pours forth a clear rollicking song of several rich whistling notes into which imitations of other birds calls are clearly interwoven. The song is heard mostly in the early mornings and evenings, the singing bird taking up its position on some bare branch up in a tree. While singing, the tail is held low or depressed and the wings partly drooping at the sides. This ground thrush is much prized as a cage bird.

The **Mountain Thrush** is an exceedingly silent bird but in the breeding season, it is said to have rich, varied and far-reaching song, which never seems to have been properly described. The Rock-thrush too is mostly silent but the mate's sweet whistling song is sometimes heard just before the birds depart for their breeding grounds. It consists of three notes repeated with varying emphasis, but rather monotonously.

The **Malabar Whistling Thrush** is found practically all the entire length of the Western Ghats. The male in the breeding season has a rich and remarkably human whistling song, rambling aimlessly up and down the scale, whence the bird gets its popular name of "Idle Schoolboy". It is one of the earliest and latest diurnal bird songs.

The **Koel or kokila,** is about the size of a house crow, with a longer tail. It is silent in winter and is often recorded as absent, but becomes increasingly noisy with the advance of the hot weather and then one of the earliest bird-voices at dawn. The call begins with a low 'Kuoo', rises in scale with each successive Kuoo, until it reaches fever pitch at the seventh or eighth, and breaks off abruptly. It is soon commenced all over again. The female only utters a sharp quick repeated sound.

The common **Iora,** or **shoubugi,** is a black and yellow tit-like bird with two white wing bars. The birds keep in touch, by sweet longdrawn musical whistles, and short chirrups. It has a considerable variety of rather plaintive, weary, whistles which it repeats all through the day.

The best talker amongst Indian birds is the **Hill Myna.** It has the habit of settling on bare tops of dead trees in forest clearings at sunset and uttering its loud sharp, creaky shrieks. It is an accomplished mimic and talker, and much prized as a cage bird. The **Grey headed Myna,** while feeding keeps up incessant squabbling and chatter, varied by some pleasant musical notes. The **Black-headed Myna** has several merry creaking or chattering notes. A pleasing little song in the nature of a soliloquy is uttered in the breeding season. The **'Desi' Myna** or the common Myna, has a variety of sharp calls, and chatter.

The yellow crowned **Bulbul,** which occurs in a few residential areas and is common, along river banks, has a tremendous bubbling song,—two or three birds often perform a chorus. The very common **yellow-vented**

Bulbul has a few attractive phrases, as have one or two other members of the family. The **Red-vented Bulbul** has no song as such but its joyous notes and vivacious disposition make it a welcome vistor to every garden!

Some of the Drongos have a fine repertoire of bell-like notes and are good mimics. The **black Drongo** utters a variety of harsh scolding or challenging calls. The **racket-tailed Drongo** has a large repertoire of loud metallic calls and is a convincing mimic too. The white winged **Black Jay** also has bell like calls.

The **Babblers** are a group of mountain songsters. All these have loud cheerful whistling songs. The jungle babblers keep up a constant conversational chatter and squeaking, which at times develops into a loud discordant wrangling. The different species of Babblers like the **Yellow-eyed Babbler,** the **Quaker Babbler,** the **Spotted Babbler** etc. have their own ways of communication.

God has filled the world with myriad forms of beauty and birds are some of the most beautiful things He has created. Many a child is lost in wonder at the gorgeous colours of "the feathered tenants of the air". Many a man languishing in sickness and pain has found solace in the song of a caged canary. To Wordsworth, the cuckoo was a wandering voice, to Shelley the skylark was a cloud of fire and to Keats, the nightingale could charm "Magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas".

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GLIMPSES OF INDIAN MUSIC—I

MANGALA SALETORE, III B. A.

Music is one of God's choice gifts to humanity. It has been cultivated from the very dawn of human history. According to the Indian conception, music is the language of pure sound, the "Om" kara. Man in his ceaseless efforts to give an orderly shape to the human voice discovered different ways of expression. Starting from simple cries, denoting alarm, pain and other various emotions, the human vocal chords gradually learnt to produce imitative sounds, which were rather mechanical in their origin. "But with the development of the vocal acts, the vocal processes gradually accumulated intensity and dominance in behaviour". Thus certain vocables became fixed reactions to certain situations as well as instruments of social adoption.

Of all the fine arts, music seems to be the most intimate and the fullest expression of human nature. It is universal, and knows no barriers of caste or religion. Generally, music attracts everybody. We always notice that the attention of a new-born can easily be attracted by a strange sound. The human body itself by its respiration, beat and pulse displays that sense. No wonder, therefore, that the music produced by the harmonious blending of a variety of rhythmic notes should have universal attraction.

Indian music is the oldest. It has a long history. The extensive literature on "Gandhrava tattva" or the science of music, dates from the 4th century, B.C. India's sacred and secular literature, like the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Epics and Puranas contain valuable references to music. Like every other art, music had much to do with religion. Man worshipped God through the medium of music. Therefore we find that all

the earlier songs embody philosophical concepts, ethical and moral precepts and social critiques. Naturally, music in India developed as an adjunct to worship and the temples became the biggest repositories of music, dance and other fine arts. Indian music is relative in all its aspects. In this connection one is reminded of the words:

Ye yatha mam Prapadyante, Tanse
Tathaiva Bhajamyhum

"They think of me in the form they love: and even so do I manifest myself unto them".

Indian music has a rich repertoire. Her brilliant composers by their scholarly compositions, have contributed much to the development of music. These compositions belong to the spheres of art music, sacred music, dance music and opera. The great Indian kings like Krishnadevaraya, and the like, fostered its development. Specially during the reign of the Moghul emperors a new era in music came into existence. Akbar was a great lover of music. He gave shelter to the great musician Tansen in his own court. Before the reign of all these great musicians, great volumes like the "Sangit Ratnakar (13th century) Chatthurdandi—Prakashika of Venkatmakhi (17th C.) were written. These embody the extant knowledge and are in the nature of a codification of current theory and practice.

The most distinctive feature of Indian music is its melody. Whether it be instrumental or vocal there is an excellent blending of 'Raga' (the basis of Indian melody) and 'Tala' and 'laya', (the basis of Indian rhythm). The Raga constitutes the most unique and glorious feature of Indian music. It is the very backbone of Indian Music. Light music or classical music cannot exist without 'Raga'. In simple words 'Raga' is the melodic law or order. Scientifically it is a melody type based on a modal. The main characteristic of a 'Raga' is that it should employ at least five notes. There are innumerable Ragas, all based on 7 primary swaras (notes), of these, two—the Shadja or the tonic, and the Panchamma (the fifth), are fixed notes in the sense that they have no variations as flats or sharps as the rest of the five notes have. Each of the 4 notes Ri, Va, Dha and Ni have a "Komal" or soft variation which is lower in pitch than the original note. The remaining note 'Ma' has a lower and a sharp variety. This makes an octave or the "saptaka".

'Laya' is another feature peculiar not only to music. It is universal. It first of all regulates the movement of the notes. Secondly it gives vitality to a musical piece. Otherwise music would be like a body without bones. 'Tala' and 'Laya' are always misunderstood as being synonymous. 'Laya' is the interval which is maintained continuously. But Tala puts a limit to it by dividing the time at a certain desired interval.

There was a time when a single system of music prevailed throughout India. The division into North Indian (Hindusthani) and South Indian (Karnatic) systems, came later on and became more pronounced during the reign of the Moghul Emperors in Delhi. "Fundamentally, the two systems are similar, the same svaras and srutis being used. It is the peculiar style of singing the notes and the treatment of Ragas based on the very same svaras and srutis, that gives the distinctive colour to the two systems.

Indian music is very broadly divided into two categories: light and classical. In classical music the whole Raga is sung with due importance to appropriate notes. It is very difficult to explain what exactly classical music is. Like every other conception of an art it has to be felt and experienced. In a nutshell, it is where a singer or an instrument exhibits a particular Raga like Yaman or Bhairavi, and presents it together with proper melody, Taya and Tala. It is not a

simple admixture of all good elements of music because the most essential is the 'Rasa' or the emotional appeal. Light music on the other hand is also sung melodiously and scientifically, but not so eloborately as the classical and it is not confined to strict musical rules like the former. Generally, Indian Music is rendered with the help of some instrument supplying the drone—the basis or the fundamental note, say, a tambura, a harmonium, or even a simple ektari (a single wire device). Other forms of music like folk songs, Bhajans), devotional songs) Ghazal, Bhavageet, etc. and stage songs, are also popular in India. Classical music is supposed to be the best type of music. Because it is scientific, it makes use of 'alap' i.e. expanding and developing the Raga. The main function of alap is unfolding the Raga. The song which the singer sings is known as 'cheeza' in the case of Hindusthani style, and "kriti" in the case of Karnatic.

There are various schools of thought called "Gharanas". Literally a Gharana means a family. Each Gharana has its own style of exposition of a particular Raga. In order to constitute a Gharana it must have an ideology, and merits, powerful and outstanding enough, to establish an independent "cult". Some Gharanas are known by their regional names such as Gwalior Gharana, Agra Gharana. Some are known after their artists, such as Alladiyakhan Gharana, and so on. The style is carried on and developed by their disciples.

The salient features of a complete musical performance can be enumerated as follows: (1) the note (2) the rhythm (3) the pattern or design (4) the musical form (5) the poetical content (6) the raga (7) the presentation (8) the artist. The combination of all these lead to 'Rasa' i.e. the essential quality of Indian music which is responsible, for creating a particular emotional appeal and for giving an aesthetic pleasure. It is the "life juice" or the "content".

Music is the most abstract of all arts. Poetry has words which can be easily translated. Painting and sculpture (except modern art!) have recognizable form and shape and are approximate to visual experience. But music has to be experienced. It has the power to heal a sick person, to convert a dacoit. Scientific research has proved recently that nature too appreciates music. Even plants respond to music and cows give more milk under its influence. The power of music is actually beyond what one can think of! Truly has the bard of Avon sung: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast".

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GLIMPSES OF INDIAN MUSIC—II

RANJINI RAO, P. U. C.

In India, music happens to be among the first arts developed. We can say that Karnatic music is the face which shows the culture of our people.

Karnatic music elevates and sublimates mans emotions. Most of Karnatic music is devotional music. The three central figures in the development of modern South Indian music are Thyagaraja, Muthuswamy Dikshithar, and Shyama Shastri. They are known as the trinity in Karnatic music and by a remarkable accident of history were all born

in the same place and about the same time.

Thyagaraja is considered the most fertile and most inventive of the three. Thyagaraja was born in 1767, in a poor Telugu family. His father was a great scholar of Telugu and Sanskrit and it was from him that Thyagaraja inherited his literary skill. His maternal grandfather was a reputed musicologist. So literature and music were in the blood of Thyagaraja. As he grew up he blossomed into the most precious flower of Karnatic music. This great master of Karnatic music sang all his life the glories of God and never spoke about himself even once in any one of his songs.

In one of his kriti he has said "The life spent without swimming in the blissful ocean of musical knowledge is a burden to the earth." "The Kriti is Anandasagara-midani". According to him knowledge of music without devotion will not lead one to the righteous path.

Thyagaraja has songs in about 210 ragas. Such ragas as Todi, Shankarabarana, Panthuvaravali, Bhairavi, Kamboji and Kalyani receive elaborate treatment now-a-days. They are spoken of as common, familiar ragas. The 31 songs in Todi, 30 in Shankarabaranam, 19 in Saveri, 19 in Bhairavi, 17 in Sawrashtra, 19 in Kalyani, 15 in Madyamavathi, 13 in Atana and 12 in Kamboji flood the mind and heart with a mysterious effulgence. Thyagaraja's contribution to Karnatic music is immeasurable. The five best compositions of his (which are known as Pancha Ratnas) are composed in the ragas Nata, Gaula, Aarabi, Varali, and Sri. They are unique for their musical excellence. His compositions on the other hand are in simple language which even laymen can understand.

There are Vernas, Bhajanas etc. in Karnatic music. The different ragas of Karnatic music show different emotions of man, for e.g. Raga Hindola is considered to show the sad emotion of man. There are Ragas which should be sung at particular times.

Karnatic music is one which can be developed at any age of man. It can be sung at any place. If we master this music it is not difficult to sing or play any song or instrument.

There are thousands and thousands of songs in Karnatic music composed by different acharyas and great masters, in different ragas. These songs either praise God or describe God. Saroja-dala-Netri is one of Shyama Shastri's characteristic songs and it is in praise of the Goddess Meenakshi of the Madurai Temple. The song describes the beauty of the Goddess, her eyes (like the petals of a lotus flower) her hair (dark like the bees), her generosity, her compassion and asks her blessings. The raga of this song is one of the major ragas "Shankarabaranam".

Karnatic music is not only an art but it is a particular type of science. The smaller ragas arise from the Gana ragas.

Karnatic music takes us to the path of heaven. We can even say that every song of Karnatic music is like the flower in the garden of God. This music makes us forget our sorrows and pains. Karnatic music is a very good companion when we are alon.

As a facet of Hindu culture, Karnatic music has been regarded as an upaveda. In tune with this spirit all our Karnatic classical music composers have been holy men. Thyagaraja the greatest of them weaves philosophy into his music. The Philosophical touch in his songs has taken them to the level of Upanishads.

HISTORY OF MUSIC IN THE WEST

CHARLOTTE LEWIS, III B. A.

Most of us take music for granted as we have grown quite used to it. But rarely do we stop to inquire how music started and developed through the ages. Like any other art it has its beginning and its history.

In a sense music is unique when compared to other arts. It has an ennobling effect on the mind and can induce a sense of bliss in the heart of man. This must be so; did not the angels sing at the birth of Christ and bring peace and happiness to the wondering shepherds? Is then music eternal?

Music is a concord of sounds; of harmonies and melodies, of successions or combinations of tones. It had its origin in nature itself. Primitive man was thrilled by the noise of the rushing winds, the vibrating sounds of thunder, the swish of the waves, the ripple of little streams, the songs of birds and the murmur of leaves when the winds blew. He tried to imitate the sounds with the result that he learned how to beat time and listen to beautiful rhythms. With the dawn of History, way back between four and five thousand years before Christ people had invented drums and pipes and instruments with strings. Both along the Nile and on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates in Western Asia men were experimenting with these three kinds of instruments.

At first music was an accompaniment to poetry and dancing, and tones were sad or merry according as the mood of the people was grave or gay. It was this companionship which gave to music the beautiful thing we call "rhythm"—that exciting accent or stress that falls on regular beats. It is the delight in rhythm that makes us like to dance or march or keep time with music in any other way. But the ancient musicians had not invented a way to write out their music nor was it as fine and melodious as it later developed to be.

Different races had different thoughts to express in musical sounds, and naturally their musical languages, like their spoken words came to sound very different. The songs and chants of China and Japan are very unlike those of Europe.

It was the ancient Hebrews and the Greeks who passed the early music on to us and in doing so, did a great deal to make it more interesting and beautiful. Any one who reads the book of Exodus in the Bible can learn the words of one of the oldest songs in the world, the song of Miriam. The later Hebrews had a magnificient temple service, with four thousand singers and a large Orchestra. The chorus of men's and women's voices was divided into two great choirs. The Hebrews used drums, cymbals, flutes, harps, lyres and trumpets as their musical instruments in religious services. Besides religious music the Hebrews had many harvest and vintage songs. One of those ancient temple instruments has been used in Jewish worship down to this very day. It is a horn called the Shophar, which is blown in the Synagogue with great solemnity during the service on the day of Atonement.

The instrument that the Greeks loved most was the Lyre, used by the Egyptians.

It was the Greeks who invented the scale—but they had a number of different scales, called the "modes" and even those came about after a long, slow growth.

But the scale, as we have today is one of the later products of civilisation. large parts of the world—China, Japan and India–do not use it at all; and in its present form it did not come into common use in Europe until the 18th century.

Between 400 B.C. and 500 A.D. the Greeks did a great deal for the development of music. They developed skill in singing and invented a way of writing music down—a very important thing indeed. The early Christian Church was like a cradle in which music grew. For Church music, like all our religious ceremonies has a long history behind it. Wherever Christians met in Rome, in Greece in Asia Minor, the only music that they knew was the music the Greeks had invented. The early Church music was of the nature of melodious speaking. It followed the rise and fall of the voice.

Toward the close of the Middle ages some very beautiful music was being written, for a great deal had been learned about the art. Church music was all of the kind described, several tunes or "voices" all going together.

In the ninth and tenth centuries organs were wonderfully improved, and the big Churches and Cathedrals everywhere in Europe began to install as fine ones as could be made. For in the days that followed the great art flowered into what we call its "Golden Age".

Now it was during such a time that Henry VIII and Queen Bess sat on the throne of England. Exciting things were going on everywhere. The greatest dramatist the world has ever seen was writing plays and poetry that would make the name of Shakespeare famous for centuries to come. It was while all this was going on that music came into its golden age, its first age of perfection. Composers all tried their hand at writing Madrigals. These weresongs of love or nature or spring time, written for several separate voices without any accompaniment.

The finest madrigals were written in Italy, the country where every one seems to be born with a song on his lips. But England was a close second. Queen Elizabeth was delighted with the ones written by Byrd and Morley; and these charming songs grew so popular that they were sung everywhere. "A gentleman would take his part in a madrigal then as readily as he now takes a hand at bridge". There were many composers like Thomas Campion, Sir Philip Sidney, Edmund Spenser and Sir Walter Raleigh. No wonder it was the golden age of song! Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625) was another Englishman who wrote madrigals as well as fine Church music.

Like all the ages, the golden age too, had to pass away. So they went on inventing something new. For that is what men must be always doing if the world is to progress. A group of musicians in Florence had a chorus as part of their tragedies and comedies. The first attempt of these Italians and the very first opera ever produced, was Jacopo Peri's "Dafne" performed in the year 1597. At the Corsi palace in Florence. Another Italian named Carissimi set Bible stories to music. His compositions were just like operas except that there was no action, the whole story had to be told by the singers.

The French have always had a strong feeling for what was dramatic. They were not long in seeing how great an invention the opera was, with its orchestra, its solos, its accompanied choruses, and its thrilling situations.

For a long time they had little dramatic plays with songs and dancing, so they introduced dances or "Ballets" into their operas. We are indebted to French composers for

two of the best known modern operas: "Faust" by Gounod and 'Carmen' by Bizet.

In England too, Opera and the new forms of music found their way. In that country Henry Purcel (1958–1695), was the greatest composer of his day. The first English opera was called 'Dido' and 'Aeneas'. It is amusing even today to know that it was performed by the pupils of a boarding school of "gentle women" near London.

In Germany the exciting new music was of course getting a hearing. Then a man named Heinrich Schulze (1585–1672), a famous writer of madrigals was composing beautiful things and helping to open the way for one of the greatest composers of all time, Johann Sebastian Bach. It was clear that the Germans were going to be a music loving race during the 17th century.

Bach did something else for the progress of music which was of the greatest importance. He gave to us the modern "tempered" scale, which is the one we have used ever since his day. For among his shorter works is a little collection of preludes and fugues called "The Well-tempered Clavier".

Tchavkovsky is perhaps the greatest of all the modern composers of Russia, and one of the most composers in the world. The 'Symphonie Pathetique' is the most famous of all his works. In this symphony the melancholy and tragic despair found in many of his finest compositions rises to a new intensity. Three great names among the modern Russian composers are Sergei Prokofeiff, Igor Stravinsky and Dimitri Shostakovich. The Russians were considered at one time to be the masters of ballet.

Modernism in classical western music started with the idea of expressive arrangement of sounds. According to the modern composers musical sounds should always be pure sounds and should not have any meaning or evocative quality.

Jean Sibelius who died in 1957, was one of the greatest composers of our age. He was a romantic composer. Most famous among his compositions is the "Finlandia".

Benjamin Britten born in 1917, is Britain's foremost composer of romantic songs. Among his compositions, "Macbeth", "Ulysses" and "A Song of Songs" are famous..

In Western Music, Jazz, is very popular this day. Jazz was originally negro folk music. It is based on tradition but details were ill defined. There were two forms of Jazz—that is Jazz based on melody and that based on an aggregate of melodies. In short, Jazz afforded on amount of freedom to the composer which was unimagniable in the symphonic form of classical western music based on the principle of harmony. Jazz opened up the way for incorporation of other folkish forms of music such as Rumba from Mexico, the Calypos from the Carribbean Islands, and the Cha-cha-cha from Cuba.

The mid-century music Rock and Roll, is the logical culmination of the Jazz, and logically enough, Elvis Presley, Bill Haely, and Jerry Lewis are the heroes of the disinherited minds of the age.

One wonders what the next trends in music will be as we go on to the end of the century!

Harmony

Four students look at Harmony from the viewpoints of the Home. Harmonious relationships spell happiness.

HARMONY IN THE HOME

Pamela D'Souza, III B. A.

"Pamela D'Souza, you're wanted by the Principal!'—didn't that communication send shivers down my spine! I stopped for a second before knocking at the Principal's door. I had schemed class the previous afternoon to listen to the cricket commentary. Had she come to know about it? Was I in for a chiding? Putting all thoughts aside I entered the office room and to my great consolation I was received with a friendly smile. I felt relieved. "Well", said the Principal, "since your record has been very creditable this past year, (If she only knew!) I am giving you the privilege to address the audience at the College Day Function, a week hence, on "Harmony in the Home". My heart skipped a beat. I desperately resolved to burn the midnight oil if necessary to get through with flying colours in the coming event. A brilliant resolution bravely made, but the snag, as with all our five year plans, lay in implementing it.

After real hard labour I thought I had succeeded in preparing an excellent speech. Now to practice speaking. But my incorrigible writing which has earned such complementary epithets as 'fowl's scratch', etc. has always been the bane of my life. One look at the pages before me made my head spin. How on earth was I to decipher my writing? The bewildering script confronting me may have been Chinese for all I knew! Undaunted, I began the whole procedure again. But this repetition made me so lethargic and drowsy that Morpheus was only too obliging to kiss my eyelids!

As I lay my head upon my pillow, the tuneful notes of melodious music echoed through the serene night. I got up with a start! It gave me a brainwave for my speech! Did not a family resemble a musical instrument, the piano, for example–of which the individual members are the strings or the keys? When touched by the circumstances of daily life they produce sweet harmony, so long as they respond to the Master Artist who is God Himself, who should be allowed to control the instrument.

I got down from my bed and tiptoed across the hall and gazed down on the piano. Instinctively I played a few chords. Yes, the perfection of an instrument depends on three things: that each key sounds its note clear, distinct and pure, that each key responds promptly to the touch of the player and lastly that each note, while absolutely keeping its distinct sound, combines its own action with that of other notes in such a way as to produce harmony. Indeed, the members of a family are the keys of an instrument. The player regulating life is no other than God Himself. Each individual is distinct from the other, but while retaining one's individuality one must work harmoniously with the rest, responding cheerfully to the will of God.

Harmony in music may be defined as an agreement of sounds produced at proper intervals. Yes, the proper interval is impor-

tant. Too close approximation destroys the intervals and at once destroys harmony. The notes struck in thirds, or fifths or octaves produce a concord of sweet sounds; only rarely can two notes, quite close together, sound harmonious. So, too, in life, over familarity produces discord.

The black and white keys, thought I, symbolize sobriety and purity. Each has its distinct name representing individual gifts of mind and body calling for a difference of service. Some keys are in constant use; so too, are those who are midway in life; others are rarely touched, like those at the beginning or at the end of life. Yet, all are needed to complete the keyboard.

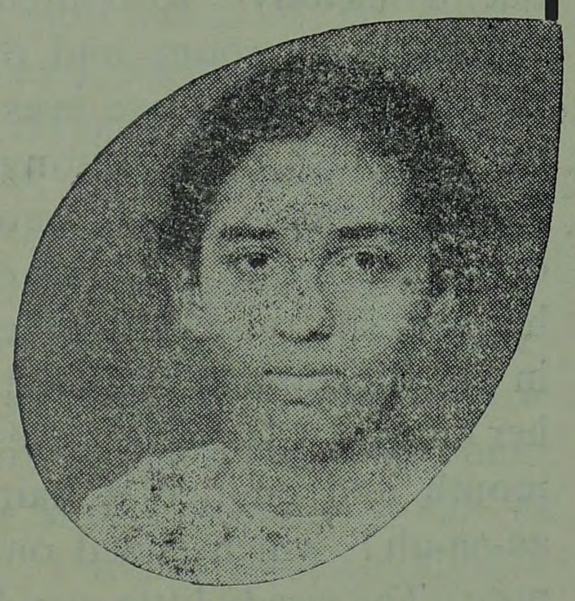
I took up my paper and pen and began to rewrite my speech. The members of a family must indeed be like the keys of a good instrument, spontaneous, ready, generous,–characterized by that faithful ingenuity of loving hearts which knows how to put others at their ease; which never thinks of self or weighs the cost of a sacrifice!....I felt a tug at my own heart-strings when the sacrifices made by father and mother flashed upon me....their simple unostentatious sacrifices that resolved into sweet harmony the discordant strains of fears and tears, of joys and sorrows, of pleasure and pain, that play across that cherished spot called HOME!..... I could not proceed any further; I was caught up in that sweet music of gurgling laughter, childish glee and youthful gaiety that make home—just sweet HOME!

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HARMONY

ELIZABETH EAPEN, P. U. C.

A Narrative Description



I shut the tin of biscuits with a snap, brushed the crumbs off my kurta, and settled down again. The train had almost reached the little village where I was to spend the holidays with Uncle Ramu, Mummy's elder brother, and his family. We had just recently moved into the neighbourhood and my parents had sent me off for a 'good, long holiday'. It would be long—no doubt. One month was as long as I wanted it—but, would it be 'good'? What were my relatives like? I was rather apprehensive for Mummy had said, "Uncle Ramu isn't a bit like me—but I hope you'll like him". When Mummy wasn't around, Daddy told me he was a 'strange bloke'. Uncle Ramu, according to my mother, was a very musical-minded, intellectual sort of person, as was his wife. I saw Daddy's tongue in his cheek. Both my

parents are not musical—definitely. I have every ounce of them in me.

I woke up from my reverie with a start, as the fat, kindly woman opposite me, who had offered to share her dinner, of stone-cold chappatis and rather nauseous-looking dal, last night, placed a hand on my knee and in a loud voice muffled by the *pan* leaf she was chewing, informed me indistinctly that we had arrived at my destination. I sprang up, grabbed my two large suitcases and leapt onto the platform, forgetting to thank my new friend. I looked around the deserted, sunbaked platform. A few villagers were squatting around, watching the train slowly steam out. The station-master lounged at his office door, and a small coffee vendor pelted alongside the train to recover a missing cup. None of them could possibly be my uncle Ramu, Aunt Poornima or either of my cousins. I sat on a bench in the sun and surveyed a large poster in which a jolly-looking man, his wide grin showing an improbable set of dentures, advised me to smoke 'Laxmi' beedies. I turned from it, anxiously scanning the horizon for any sign of my relatives and then resigned myself to a long wait. The silence beat against my ears while I slowly fried in the sun.

A sudden commotion made me glance up. I saw a uniformed man being chased by an extremely rotund lady—at least, that's what it looked like to me. It turned out to be my Aunt Poornima, pointing me out to the driver. He bore down on me, flushed and panting, saluted me and dived for my bags while the sounds of a charging baby elephant, approached. She halted before me, and letting out a squeal, enveloped me in her arms and pressed my head to her bosom. I wished she would let me off, for one of her many gold ornaments was pressed against my ear, and it hurt considerably. Then she caught my hand and dragged me to the gate still shouting instructions to the harassed chauffeur, and conducted me to a ramshakle automobile. Surprisingly, it started and we trundled off—peace reigned over the little railway station.

After a drive of about half an hour, during which Aunt Poornima and I shouted questions and answers to each other over the chugging of the engine, we drew up outside a large rambling bungalow. I followed my aunt in, and a tall, sparse-looking man with thinning hair and a pince-nez, unfolded himself from an arm-chair where he had been buried in a large, gilt-edged volume entitled 'Mozart'. He greeted me with a warm hand-clasp and a very correct and formed, "How are you?". After the overwhelming effusiveness of Aunt Poornima, I found this a little chilling but I smiled ingratiatingly.

I slept off the fatigue of the journey and woke up just after tea. The family had finished theirs; so an aged ayah brought mine to me on a silver tray. Refreshed, I went downstairs but half way down I slipped, skidded down three steps, and sat down with a bump, scared out of my wits. A toe-curling, banshee-like wail arose from the nether regions of the house. It ceased abruptly and I heard a harmonium pounding out a melody. Reassured, I went down to the living room and opening the door placed my inquistitive eyes at the aperture. On the plush carpet sitting cross-legged sat Aunt Poornima. As I watched, she took a deep breath and pressing one palm against her ear, she raised the other arm as though in supplication to the God of music to aid her efforts. Closing her eyes, she opened her mouth and emitted a hair-raising "Aa-aa-aa-aa-ah?' which ended on an interrogative note. The weedy little man beside her hastily removed the pained expression from his face when she turned to him for approval. "Well, Guruji?" she enquired.

"You are improving, no doubt—but don't you think you should—or—perhaps—

well can't you move up the scale a little?" He timidly pressed a key.

"What?" bellowed Aunt. "I'm *not* flat! Your harmonium is not tuned. Is it *my* fault? Tell me". The little man cringed and wiped his brow.

"No, no!" he said, "let's try it again", I listened for some more time until I heard a sound behind me and turning, saw Uncle regarding me from the doorway of a room, his eyes friendly. He opened his mouth, then deciding he couldn't compete with the cacophony, he shut it again and beckoned me to go into the room. I obeyed, and closing the door, he looked at me appreciatively. "Frightful din, what?" he said. I cautiously agreed. "Don't know why she tries. Instead of listening to good, classical music, she gets spineless men to teach her the war-cry of an ape. Your aunt is a wonderful woman—but she can't sing. You look very much like your father. How are they? Have you met your cousins?" We talked for a good half hour, disregarding the faint wailing we could still hear. He then proceeded to show me the records of western classical music he had. There were books, pamphlets and portraits of all the great masters. There were busts of Beethoven, Bach, Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Brahms and a host of others I couldn't identify. When he spoke of them, Uncle Ramu, a gentle, quiet man as far as I could make out, had a light in his eyes, and became very excited. He made me listen to a very sonorous tune, played on lethargic violins. He enjoyed it himself thoroughly, tapping his foot, shaking his head, or sitting absolutely still at regular intervals. I found myself stifling a yawn. I think he must have noticed it too, for he rose and excused himself for boring me. He let me out and returned to his book on Mozart and I wandered into the garden, my thoughts confused. If the parents were so musical, and yet so different, what were the children like? Infant prodigies perhaps. One probably played the bass viol; the other, the sitar.

I walked on in the sunlight towards a large, green, mango tree. I would rest beneath its welcome shade and sort out my thoughts into neat bundles before reflecting on them. As I neared it, I heard a muffled, high-pitched voice speaking, while a tabla played in the background. I stood behind the trunk and listened.....

"Oh life—what art thou?
Where art thou from?
Where goest thou?"

The tabla rolled on. It was senseless. I peeped around the trunk, and then stood stock-still in sheer amazement. Before me I saw a young man. He was dressed in a bright blue sweat-shirt and black, skin-tight trousers encased his rather spindly legs. He sported a tiny beard on the point of his chin, and his hair was wild and disarrayed. Before him was an easel with an incomplete painting of some pink apples. The rest was an unprincipled clash of colour, and the young artist was concentrating, his brow furrowed, on painting a tiny square, a gaudy, picture-postcard blue.

"Good gosh!" I ejaculated unthinkingly. He uttered a cry and spun around.

"You've ruined it! Absolutely! Look at it—smudged! Good heavens!—can you look down and bear it? The hours of labour have been futile. Ruined, ruined! Ah, me!" He dropped his head into his hands and sat silent. I ventured an apology.

"I *am* sorry—I never realized I could ruin it. Oh, please—I'm really, truly sorry". I stuttered on. The voice on the tape recorder squeaked on. Finally he rose. "Who are you? Oh, my cousin, Sheela, I suppose. Don't you have any respect for talent? Recognize a masterpiece? Or are you just a hunk of human flesh, without a soul which knows beauty? *Just* like the rest of my

family!" I apologized again, thinking that amongst the family eccentricitics, his was, perhaps, the worst. He looked at his canvas and said logically, "I suppose I may as well continue even though it won't be a masterpiece". He walked to the tape recorder and switched it off. "I don't need any inspiration. A mediocre effort will suffice".

"Do you mean you paint to your talking?" I asked.

"Reciting....yes, certainly. It induces the brain to think up fantastic colour schemes—quite beyond the normal thing, you know".

""Hmmm!" I said, doubtfully.

"If your'e looking for Kalpana, she's practising her dancing in her room at the back of the house." With these words, he dismissed me.

I wandered away from the melodramatic, young man. I was miserable. If the whole family were going to be such 'arty' folk and so contradictory to each other, what sort of holiday would I have? I supposed Kalpana would be a sloe-eyed, long-haired goddess with a graceful figure made for dancing, and an entrancing face. I pictured her, the sequins and gold-work on her costume gleaming, her dazzling jewels, her eyes flashing, her henna-dyed palms gracefully gesticulating, while the bells strapped around her ankles broke into a discordant melody of their own. Beside her, I would be a frump in my shapeless kurta, and the braces on my teeth. Oh, dear! life was hard!

I followed the ayah's quavered instructions and knocked on Kalpana's door. A low voice bade me enter. A lanky girl, unwrapping her limbs from the chair in which she had been myteriously curled, came forward. "Hi! Your'e up?" was all she said. I stared at her. She wasn't my idea of a dancer at all. She had long hair and a pleasant face, most of which was covered by a pair of large, horn-rimmed spectacles. But she too wore a kurta and had her teeth in braces. A teenager.

"Well?" she asked.

"You're different from my idea of a dancer," I explained.

"Dancing! Pshaw! I hate the thing. Mummy makes me. She's gone swadeshi' after the Pak war, I suppose. Sorry I've disappointed you. I'm a music lover all right. A jazz lover! My family would all throw fits if they knew I've got jazz records and a second-hand gramophone. I hope you're not a highbrow like my brother, Prakash. I sometimes think he's off his rocker. Say, who do you like? Beatles? or the D.C.S...?" We rambled on. "Kalpana" I said at length, "I hope you don't mind me asking—but how do you all get along together? I mean, you're so different from each other, your hobbies, mannerisms and personalities are poles apart, and I can't imagine how you all manage to keep harmony at home". "Oh, its quite simple, really", she said. "When we are together, we usually forget about each other's hobby and talk of one common hobby. I think that we all prefer it to our individual ones. I'm sure I do. Come with me and I'll show you". She led me to another room, and opening the door, ushered me in. I stood dumbfounded. It was an enormous room, the walls lined with the apparatus of all the games played in the world. Tennis and badminton rackets, cricket bats and guns, fishing lines, golf-clubs and everything else, beyond the wildest stretch of imagination. She laughted, watching my face. "Do you mean to say you play all these games?" I asked.

"Well, most of them, anyway", she said, "Do you?"

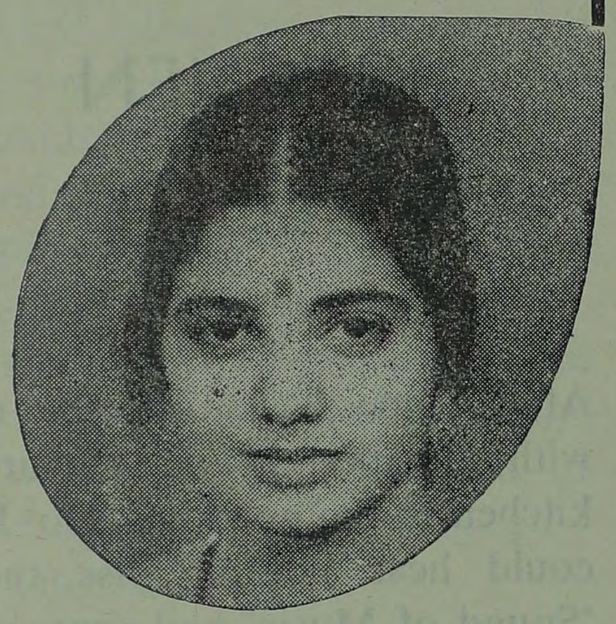
"Only cricket," I said faintly.

"Well, you'll learn. You *will* enjoy it—I promise you". And I did. Kalpana was a wonderful girl. I learned how to play golf and tennis, and we fished in a lake about

two miles away, which unfortunately contained no fish, climbed trees, ate between meals, told stories, read books, had long walks, helped the ayah, irritated Prakash and drooled over the records in Kalpana's room. I watched and listened when the family sat and discussed matches, champions and techniques. This was the only time they were in accordance. That holiday, I learnt how a family, different in every aspect of their personality, had found one common love and so lived in harmony.

HARMONY IN LIFE

P. C. PRABHA, II B. A.



Watching the sky on a summer's night is very enchanting. A thing of beauty to contemplate, something which impresses me with rare facination. What solemn quietitude! What a placid environment! A veritable bliss of harmony to which a distant sweet lilting music gives an added charm. Though not a music lover I was somehow carried away by the melody. As the cadence filled the air with all its pensive notes, it somehow called back to my memory, the tragic story of a home, broken because of the failure on the part of a couple to tune in with each other.

Sudhie and Sapna were always at logger-heads and there was no peace at home. Both were self-willed, short tempered and stood their ground at all times. Obviously, they had but hard words to hurl at each other. A sophisticated and fashion-conscious woman was Sapna, whose devotion to gay parties and all such glamour almost touched the crazy heights. Sudhie, on the other hand, had earned for himself all the attributes of a refined gentleman. He had but a limited circle of well selected friends and his disciplined activity of life remained within the confines of his office and his club. Thus, the conflicting interests of the young couple caused frequent painful ruptures which made Sudhir, feel his home was only a place of misery. To get away from such a sinister atmosphere, he spent most of his time away from home, returning in the late hours of the night. Soon, this became a daily affair and they, the husband and wife, rarely met for good or evil. There was no love lost between them and like strangers, they lived on.

But Sudhir began to seek pleasure elsewhere. And this was the last straw. Sapna

left the house for good and thus was broken the sanctity of marriage that bound man and woman to share in mutual unity, the joys and sorrows of life. This catastrophe could have been averted if Sudhir and Sapna had tried to understand one another. Unfortunately both wanted to eat the cake and have it too. Marital happiness could have been their's if only they had tried to live in harmony with the sentiments of each other.

It is indeed true that though man is said to be rational and intelligent, more often than not he acts foolishly. On contemplating nature it can obviously be seen that everything in nature is in harmony with one another. Nature would certainly not have been enchantingly beautiful if it were not so—the swaying panorama of the young shoots of rice as the calm breeze blows across, the homeward flight of the singing birds at eventide and such other myriad manifest ations of Mother Nature. She spreads before the eyes of man her beauty's exuberance in one harmonizing influence.

KITCHEN MELODY

MARIA RASQUINHA, P. U. C.



Examinations were over, the record player was on, book in hand I relaxed on the sofa when the sentence, "Wife is good, cooking is good; cooking is good, year is good", caught my sight. "After all", I thought, "cooking is very simple. Ingredients in plenty and a recipe book in hand solves the problem". I was so convinced of this that I sought my mother out and persuaded her let me prepare the lunch for the day. After some hesitation she consented; so, with her permission, I marched into the kitchen to the notes of "Do–Re–Mi.." One could hear nothing else these days; the 'Sound of Music' had captured every heart, and every ear was tuned to its lilting songs ....I listened. I sang..., I hummed the tune, and unconsciously I was extemporozing on the spot:

"Let me start at the very beginning
A very good place to start
When you sing you begin with
Do–Re–Mi
When you cook you begin with burning
everything".

I was thrilled with my success and breathlessly recalled my favourite songs from "My Fair Lady" and tried adapting them to the various processes of my own wonderful cooking. I waved the pots and pans gaily about and almost yelled across the garden to my sister:

"Do enter kitchen in the morning
Tuck-tuck your pulse will start to chime
If you ever care to
Learn some cooking
Well, get into the store in time".

My mother and sister, fearing the music had gone to my head and the lunch would never make its appearance, discreetly offered me some hints of elementary cooking which I as discreetly ignored, relying on my book and the boxes of various ingredients at hand. I smoothed out my apron, arranged the boxes in a single file, opened every one of them, noted their contents, then triumphantly planned my menu—(1) Rice—just plain, honest rice with no colours or spices added on (2) Mutton curry—delicious and piping hot (3) Brinjal fry—sliced into the daintiest shapes (4) A lovely caramel pudding for dessert . . . I couldn't keep this all to myself . . . I announced every item to my admiring sister who peeped in at the kitchen door at stated intervals . . . I knew that smiles were exchanged all round me—meaningful smiles —doubtful as to the final efforts of this grand adventure. I was out to impress them. I walked to and fro in the kitchen singing

"Idleness, Idleness,
Every morning you greet me;
Mutton and rice, caramel so nice
Will ate you now and forever.

I got down to work. I washed the rice till it sparkled clean, then I immersed the whole heap in water and placed it on a hot dish. I took up the mutton and glanced at the clock—the time was ticking out too fast. I reached out for a knife and started hacking it to bits, large and small. I washed and washed the bits till they lost all their glowing freshness and turned sickly pale in the pot. All on a sudden they were streaming with blood . . . not they . . . but my finger which I had chopped along with the meat. I rushed to my room, encircled the finger in sticking plaster and thus decorated, set the pressure cooker working and stuffed it with meat and potatoes.

It was time to turn my attention to the masala—on it depended everything—the dish, above all my reputation! . . . I opened the boxes in a frenzy, glancing at the recipe simultaneously . . . Heavens! the chillie powder flew into my face. I sneezed and sneezed. I turned my face away and pulled out a hanky. The violence of my sneeze had turned the page over . . . I was unaware of this and continued mixing the masala with the ingredients of another recipe incompatible with mutton! It was Mole. Blissfully unconscious of this catastrophe, I was gaily singing, "I could have danced all night".. yes, 'My Fair Lady' could have danced all night, and I? Well. . . .

"I could have cooked all day
I could have cooked all day
And still have begged for more"

But oh..! I turned to the mixer. It exhaled a strange aroma; I peered cautiously into it. Never were such unlikely ingredients ground into a paste before. I glanced at the book, turned over the pages, and to my horror I realized my mistake. As I stood there gazing at the mess, Dad who was passing by asked me what the curry was like. I searched desperately for an answer and blurted out, "mixed Kabab". He grinned understandingly and broke into song:

"How do you solve the problem of
Maria?
How will the Kabab come for lunch?"

Well I did not know how the kabab would taste for lunch but I knew the mutton was over-cooked. I opened the cooker . . . I saw a sea of lightbrown soup; bits of meat were sailing on it and there was no sign of the potatoes. The clock was chiming 12.30—not a solid morsel was ready for lunch. The brinjals glared at me from the shelf; I abandoned all plans of fancy shapes and cut them up into solid squares and launched

them into the boiling oil with all the pomp of Queen Elizabeth launching the latest battle-ship . . . but alas! the oil was over-heated and my bare right arm was quickly splashed with heated bubbles that made me almost cry out in pain. There she was, my sister, peeping in again, singing gaily:

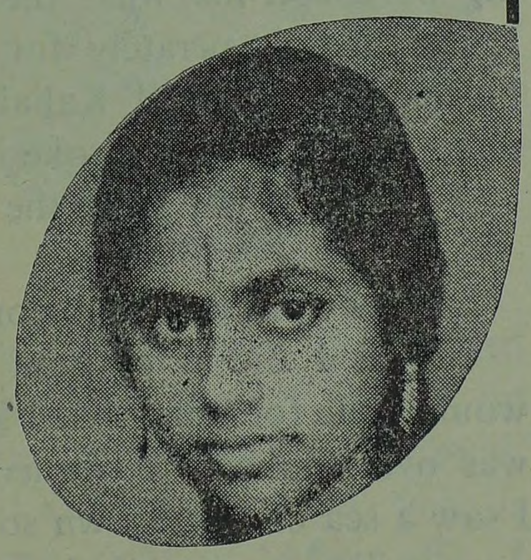
"All you wanted is to boil something
Boiled and fried and burnt everything
You thought with one recipte book
It would be loverly!"

I did not dare to look at her face, I was desperate; I deliberately turned my back on her, and with a flourish emptied a white packet into the caramel pudding . . . it was salt instead of suggar! I collapsed on the chair.

"Lunch, lunch, we are hungry!" My brothers rushed in; I straightened up, mopped my face,..set the table....It was 1.30 p.m. and all the wonderful dishes were on the table . . . they looked bizarre, exotic, —but no one would venture to sample even a morsel..every grain was left untouched, even the Alsatians could not be coaxed to sample my cooking! Never more will I venture to enter the kitchen without some knowledge of plain, honest cooking....But was it knowledge I lacked?..perhaps it was just bad luck....Well, next time I hope luck will be on my side; then Ill try again and invite you to a LUNCH—

"With a little bit of luck
With a little bit of luck
I could have ended the cooking
melodiously".

LATHA SRINIVASAN, I B. A.



A PAINFUL DISCORD

"The age of miracles is not past", said Carlyle. The coming of spring, the appearance of the rainbow, the blossoming of flowers and so many other manifestations of nature are no less than miracles. They do not cease to be marvellous because they are common.

It would have been a person very dull of soul indeed who could stand unmoved to see the river gliding along on its way to the ocean, creating music as it does so. The sound of this music, blended with the breath-taking beauty of springtime, becomes a touch of sweet harmony. The little birds proclaim the truth from tree to tree, speaking a language which touches the very depth of the heart. However different we may be in our attitude towards life and things in it, we all join in the delight of spring and its

glory. It brings us fresh life. It would make one cry out in absolute ecstasy, "These worlds of wonder are the end of Nature"!

But Kavita, her young face bathed in tears, was quite oblivious of the arrival of spring. Her large, melancholy eyes, even though wide open, saw nothing of the beauty around her; the music of the river and the song of the birds failed to rouse her from her reverie. All that she saw was the staggering figure of her drunken father, red-rimmed eyes glaring at her, and the pitiful face of her beloved mother who never seemed to give up hope in life.

They were a family of five—father, mother and three children. Kavita's elder brother, Raj, finding life impossible at home had decided to run away in search of better prospects. How long could he put up with a father who did not bother whether his wife and children were dead or alive? All that mattered to him was his bottle of alcohol and a bed to sleep on.

Kavita would help her mother to stitch garments all day long. There were days when mother and daughter would forego their only square meal, so that the father and the youngest girl Priya, might not starve. Kavita's sole joy was her little sister, Priya—a wee little almond-eyed girl, who would often waddle to her sister's lap and try to suppress the pangs in her tummy.

All day long Kavita would watch the silent tears rolling down her mother's waxen cheeks. Tears are the silent language of grief, they say. Oh! what would she not have given to wipe away those tears forever! At midnight her father would return home to thrash her mother to death, if she dared question him. Days lengthened into months and months into years, when finally a day did dawn when Kavita found her mother too weak to be up and doing.

Kavita was a very sensitive girl by nature. Appearances are deceptive, or so they say. A glance at the girl would not reveal the inner turmoil of her mind. There was a deadly volcano within her, boiling and fuming, threatening to erupt any moment. But not a word of disgust or complaint would escape her lips.

Finally, one day the sun rose to find Kavita's mother lifeless. It was the last straw. The delicate thread of Kavita's endurance snapped. Dry-eyed, she fled to the river bank, and san down on the dew-wet grass, The world crumbled around her feet; amidst the ruins she stood, alone, with not a fragment of hope left in her. For her, the sun would never rise again, or would it?

Despair doubles strength. Kavita let her eyes wander around her to absorb the splendours of nature. She realised that nature is not only a fairy godmother, not only a revelation of beauty, but a guide and a teacher. Buddha went into the forest to look for truth. He left mankind and went to nature for help. To Ruskin the love of nature was almost a religion. According to him, "It is not possible for any man to walk across so much as a rod of the natural earth with mind unagitated and rightly poised, without receiving strength and hope from stone, flower, leaf or sound". She understood it now.

BEETHOVEN THE CHILD PRODIGY IN MUSIC

HARRIET FARIAS, III B. A.

Beethoven, whose name stands out so conspicuously in the field of music, was one of the greatest musicians ever since the time of Mozart. He excelled in the field of music and a lot of credit should go to him for the art and skill that he used in handling a wide range of ideas, and the artistic conscientousness with which he presented to the world, works which exhibit perfect fusion of untranstatable dramatic emotion with every beauty of musical design and tone that have never been equalled. Beethoven was indeed the greatest musician, perhaps, the greatest artist that ever lived. He mastered music thoroughly in its range and depth, with a perfect sense of beauty and profound emotional power.

Ludwig Van Beethoven the German Musical composer was born on December 17th 1770, at Bonn. His family is traceable to a village near Louvaine in Belgium but later his grandfather moved to Bonn where he became one of the court musicians. Beethoven's father, was a tenor singer whose wage earning capacity declined with his ability to remain sober. It was the example of Mozart that impressed Beethoven's father and this let him to give his son an intense training in music especially on the violin. He was given this training from the age of 5 and a few years later at the age of 9, Van Eeden, the court organist and an old friend of his grandfather taught him the organ and the pianoforte. With his permission, Beethoven at the age of 13, published his earliest composition. It was after this that Beethoven was given the post of an cymbalist at the Bonn Theatre and he also became the official assistant of Neefe, the court organist. In the spring of 1787 Beethoven visited Vienna where he made his first acquaintance with Mozart who was astounded by his art and skill in music. He then returned to England and due to the untimely death of his mother and the irresponsibility of his father towards the family, Beethoven had to take over the task of looking after the family. It was during his first visit to Vienna that Mozart died at the age of 36 and this led to the rising fame of Beethoven who filled the place left vacant by Mozart.

After a long stay in England Beethoven returned to Vienna and settled permanently there. It was from this time onwards that he rose in fame and popularity. With the performance of the 7th symphony in 1814 Beethoven reached the summit of his fame. But there was always one thing in Beethoven's life that caused him much anxiety and that was his deafness. He began to experience signs of deafness right from the age of 28 but he concealed it from his friends and consulted physicians who proved to be of no avail. This deafness was a cause of great anxiety and inconvenience to him. It had such repercussions on him that he shut himself from the musical world and deepened his musical thought. He became absent minded and cranky and constantly complained about several things. At times he would even forget to eat; once he even went to a restaurant, sat down and mused, forgot to order and finally called for his bill. He had a violent temper and was quite capable of throwing a dish of food, gravy and all, into a waiter's face. Deafness made him increasingly suspicious. He would often accuse his friends, his publishers and a theatre manager of cheating him. The next day he would be sorry and apologize. But

at the same time he was considerate, tender and quietly kind. Once, when one of his friends lost a child, Beethoven went to call on her, said nothing, but sat down at the piano and played music of consolation for a long time.

At the beginning of 1827 Beethoven was making plans for a 10th symphony but he was not in good health. The hospitality of his brother did not include closed carriages and bedroom fires and eventually he contracted a chill which resulted in a fatal illness. This last sickness of his was made worse by his own carelessness and ignorance of the medical profession. In one month he swallowed seventy five bottles of medicine. He died on March 26th 1827 during a fierce thunderstorm, at the age of 56, leaving behind a great heritage to the world of music.

Beethoven left a very good impression on the thousands of music lovers all over the world. He may have mastered some things with difficulty but he mastered nothing incompletely. He could be both gentle and angry, capable of childlike simplicity and maturest wisdom. Though our image of him is that of a brooding, dour, deaf, solitary man, the image is not altogether true. Inspite of his unpredicatable moods, his frightful table manners, and his appearance which was so wild that a child who saw him thought he was Robinson Crusoe, his friends were always loyal and devoted to him. He produced many choral works and instrumental works which remain prominent in music. He had a supreme artistic concentration and he brought about immense changes in the range of music which have their most obvious effect in the possibilities of emotional expression. Beethoven brilliantly achieved the creation of musical forms that was were dynamically conceived on a scale that never attempted before and of an inevitability that is irresistible. He had a profound influence in music and this is definitely traceable when we see the works of later composers like Schumann and Wagner, in which Beethoven's influence is seen clearly. He had a perfect smoothness of style and his melody was filled with depth and solemnity. No doctor of music could have done better in his works than Beethoven who left behind so many works of art. It is certain that there will never be a time when Beethoven's work will not occupy the central place in a sound musical mind. His contribution to music has been large and wonderful, and music lovers all over the world will always remember Beethoven as one of the greatest composers of his time.

All musical people seem to be happy; it is to them the engrossing pursuit; almost the only innocent and unpunished passion.

—Sydney Smith.

The Songs The Letters Sing

OLGA NORONHA, P. U. C.

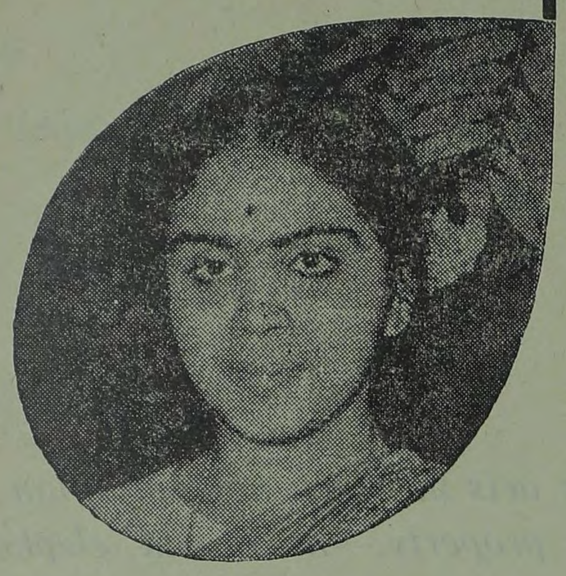


Another year is Dawning
Beyond the Sunset
So Count your Blessings
Don't worry about Me
Everything is alright
For Awhile.
Girls! Girls! Girls!
Help Me
I'll do as much for you Some day
Just walking in the Rain
Keep right on till the end of the Road.
Little Children
May the good Lord bless and keep you
Now and forever.
Here are One Dozen Roses—
Paper Roses
for the Queen of the House,
Rose.
Stand at your Window
('cause The main attraction
is Up on the roof)
singing "Viva las Vegas'." and
doing some Wishful thinking.
Don't forget X'mas,
was Yesterday!
Zulu girl.

Can you recognize these songs?

MUSIC AND THE EMOTIONS

SHALINI NAYAK, I B. A.



Music has a universal appeal. Music irrespective of all considerations can carry across to an audience its message of peace, of calm, of joy and of harmony. Music can convey to the audience, all the emotions, all the joys, all the sorrows of life, with the exact emphasis on each phase, without any fear of overdoing. It can portray, with a subtleness unique to it, all the depth of an intense sorrow gnawing at the heart, be it the anguish at separation from a loved one or the distress at the loss of a dear one. Again, good music is capable of depicting a state of absolute bliss, be it the unparalleled joy of a glorious achievement or the ecstatic joy of a reunion between dear ones. Thus, music is able to cross geographical boundaries, to bridge the gulf between cultures most unlike each other and to bring together minds and hearts in a sincere appreciation of its dulcet and soothing qualities. It appeals to the emotional nature of all individuals, and brings to the forefront the finer feelings of all men. Music plays on the mind and most effectively transports it to regions undreamt of and heights unheard of in the most unobtrusive manner, either to deep sorrow through a heart-rending piece or to extreme joy through an extremely skilful display of rare talent in the mastery of a difficult one. Music thus forms a most decisive factor in drawing closer together all music lovers regardless of all the petty factors that may divide them.

Music exerts significant influence on the various emotions which play their part in the life of man. A musician by rendering a piece with feeling can evoke feelings of deep pathos; music of the soft, touching quality, painting a picture of intense grief, will inevitably heighten the sense of deep sorrow; a piece in the gay, lilting, rythmic style can conjure up a happy-go-lucky attitude to life; music in a faster measure quickens the heart-beat and drives away the blues. It has a definite tendency to blow away gloom and depression from the mind and elicit a gay whistle from sad lips. Then we have music of the lighter variety, not too sad nor too gay. Such music at a medium pace is invariably of a softer tuneful strain, pleasing to the ear. This is most appreciated and is enjoyed by one and all. Music has thus the unique quality of being able to express human emotions in all their nuances.

This charm of music is set off to best advantage whenever plays are staged. Music, with all its variations, has been used as the most effective way to provide the correct atmosphere for the play. Slow music in scenes of sorrow; wistful music in emotional scenes and vivacious music when presenting

the brighter side of life—all serve to heighten the effect of the play. This technique has been incorporated, in modern times, into the motion picture world. Not only in the world of the stage, can it be used to brighten the impact of visual stimulus; it can dominate the field of human action.

Music thus blends the ups and downs and the curves of life and gives a most pleasing effect. Music brings out the harmony in all creation and creates a lasting impression.

Said of Music

Music is the only one of the fine arts in which not only man, but all other animals, have a common property,—mice and elephants, spiders and birds. **Richter.**

Music is a prophecy of what life is to be; the rainbow of promise translated out of seeing into hearing. **—Mrs. L. M. Child.**

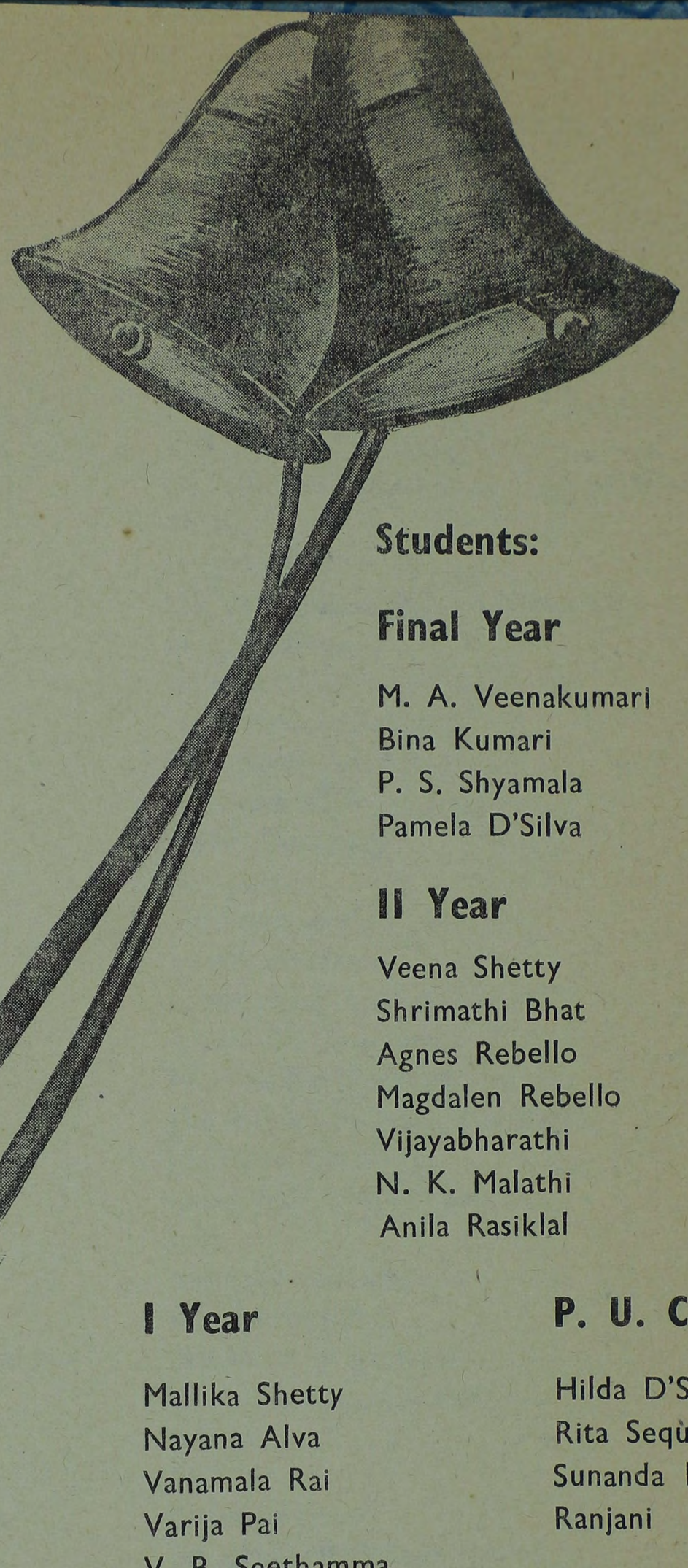
The lines of poetry, the periods of prose, and even the texts of Scripture most frequently recollected and quoted, are those which are felt to be pre-eminently musical. **—Shenstone.**

We love music for the buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings it can summon at a touch. **—L. E. London.**

Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life.
—Auerbach.

Music is a discipline, and a mistress of order and good manners, she makes the people milder and gentler, more moral and more reasonable. **—Luther.**

BELLS!



CONVENT BELLS!

l Year

Mascarenhas (Apostolic Carmel)
Fernandes ,, ,,
Furtado ,, ,,

-University Class

Colaco (Apostolic Carmel)
thia Cutinha ,, ,,
ys D'Souza ,, ,,
da Madtha ,, ,,

DDING BELLS!

ff

handraprabha
en Lobo
Keshava Rao (Ex-Staff Member)
nda Sukumaran ,,

Congratulations!

Students:

Final Year

M. A. Veenakumari
Bina Kumari
P. S. Shyamala
Pamela D'Silva

II Year

Veena Shetty
Shrimathi Bhat
Agnes Rebello
Magdalen Rebello
Vijayabharathi
N. K. Malathi
Anila Rasiklal

I Year

Mallika Shetty
Nayana Alva
Vanamala Rai
Varija Pai
V. B. Seethamma

P. U. C.

Hilda D'Souza
Rita Sequeira
Sunanda Bhandari
Ranjani

Ex-Students

Ivy Menezes
Regina Tauro
Shambavi
Latha Bhandary
Christine Lewis
P. C. Latha
U. Rajeevi
K. Meenakshi
K. M. Gouroo
Sunila Nayak
Nalini Rao
Kishori Alva
Shyamala Shetty
P. K. Amulya
Adelaide D'Souza
Nancy Fernandes
O. K. Shoba
Diana Mascarenhas
Minora D'Souza
P. C. Bojamma
Indira Shetty
Victorine Pinto
Lena D'Silva

LINKS..... WITH OUR EX-STUDENTS

Harmony

H. COLACO

The earth spins on its axis
in its orbit
silently;
The sun rises and sets
each day
in quietude;
There is no fanfare of trumpets
to announce
the dawning of the moon—
While stars fill the firmament
at night,
twinkling
soundlessly—
and yet,
there is music in this deep silence
and nature is filled
with most harmonious sounds:
The loud sonorous roll of thunder
on a stormy day,
—a clash of giant cymbals;
The patter of raindrops
now soft—
now thrumming and hard
like distant drumbeats;
The murmuring sea—
The wind rustling thro' the trees,
The midnight chirp of crickets,
The silky slither of some sinuous snake—
all, a soft, soothing lull
to tired ears
and minds
throbbing, with the discordant tones
of a hustling, mechanic age.
Ah, how sweet is the trill
of birds,
in a fragrant wood—
where the leaves whisper softly
and a brook
gurgles and chuckles
o'er its stony bed.
There is a harmony
more poignant
than the liquid and mellifluous notes
of violin,
in the song of a nightingale,
piercing the heart
with longing
for all things sublime—
And man,
born with this deep sense of rhythm,
this music of the heav'ns,
this smooth, continuous ebb and flow
of life,
of growth—
this changeless, changing harmony
in all of nature,
tries to emulate and reproduce
with wind and strings,
with paltry instruments—
the music that he hears
within his heart.
But yet,
the finest piece
he can compose
is but cacophony of sound
'midst God's creation.
His lust for power, his greed,
His lack of balance in emotion,
his hates, his loves,
make only a discordant jar—
for,
until the soul can rest
in calm content,
can listen in quietness—
all round him and within
will be
forever
disharmony—
So, calm my fretted nerves,
Still my restless spirit,
Soothe my fears,
Ease my pains,
Give me control o'er my emotions,
God—
that, in tranquility of heart
and mind,
I may hear thy voice speak to me—
a most harmonious melody!



DISCORDS IN THE HARMONY OF LIFE

A. RATNAVALLI

It is wonderful to study life in its static steady flow and to notice how that even flow is so often disturbed. In nature, light and shadow, sunshine and cloud, mark the day that with its brimful mirth and joy is rounded off by the dark night with its little hidden horrors of pain and loneliness.

We are, as it were, prepared for the sadder aspects of life even from our earliest years. The child is a blend of laughter and tears. The adolescent is bright as a lark one moment; the next, morose and moody. The grown-up, more accustomed to control feelings is not unaware that the web of life according to Shakespeare is a mingled yarn of good and ill going hand in hand.

The same discords are found quite early in the world of friends. How often when we bask in the sunshine of the goodwill of friends, do we not discover ill-intention if not positive harted? Is it strange to find that the milk of human tenderness has no place in hearts hard as stone for want of sympathy and goodwill? In the fountains of love sent up by friendship do we not often find bubbles of hostility or jealosy? And is not the sad lesson too early imparted that if love and devotion are inseparable from life, so too are envy and hatred?

Nor is this disharmony absent even from mere physical existence. Are we strangers to true tales that tell of a budding life of robust healthfulness eaten away by the cankerworm of some undiscovered cause of ailment?

And man's mind? Hope rises eternal in the human breast, but lo! What disappointments lower and darken all the horizon. Cheerful and living optimism seems to be shortlived as envious pessimism comes down with its dead weight, squeezing out all buoyancy. Early we come to realize that life is not all comedy, for tragedy raises its threatening head ever and anon. We court the clean-hearted and the true-tongued, but how often deception roosts in unlikely places! The generous and the selfless our hearts yearn for, but often we land in the regions of greed and selfishness. Indeed, too soon do we find that where in the temple of

the heart angels ought to dwell, unwanted shadows lurk, creating an atmosphere of uneasiness and mental unrest.

And in the world of human activity which God blessed with "increase and multiply" are we not baffled with the problems of stark want side by side with luxurious plenty; inhuman conditions of want side by side with wastefulness; anguish of unrelieved pain and suffering overlooked by bursting health and unreckoning enjoyment of all that life offers; heavenly virtue practised side by side with grim voice; and the dark pall of sorrow and tears where love tries to beguile a few smiles.

Let us then turn to the book of nature written by God's own hand and read there, for nature is but a mirror of life. Over a peaceful scene sweeps a terrific storm; frightful lightning flashes across the sky, the firmament rumbles, merciless sheets of water slash the earth, while the wild wind uproots trees that have withstood the buffeting of centuries. Nature indeed seems vexed and riotous, even wild and pernicious. But when the fury has abated, soft radiance steals out of the clouds, the leaves sparkle as the sun flashes on thin wet surface, and then behold,

a rainbow in the sky!

The disturbed scene changes into one of soft loveliness. Nature is now an abode of subtle tranquility purified by the joint action of wind and rain, lightning and rumbling thunder, for

God fulfils Himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt
the world.



Sunny Italy—
Dreamworld of Art

Sylvia Rasquinha,
Student President—1964-'65

On the 1st of October I said goodbye to my homeland and awaited a very exciting flight to Rome. Full of imagination I was wondering what my feelings would be when I returned in February.

Landing in Rome the very next day I jnew in a second what it was to be on foreign soil! "Buon Jorno, Chebella, Carina, Indianna" these words haunted me wherever I went. I thanked my stars for having learnt some Italian for now I could follow practically everything. A foreigner who lands in Italy without the knowledge of Italian might feel like a fish out of water.

My tour abroad was combined with

study as I was a student of the Italian Academy of Arts and Ceramics. We were students from all over the world, two representing each country. It was a great experience to be among other students to learn the history, customs, and culture of their countries. My saree was often the centre of attraction. We had regular classes every morning. After the noon siesta we used to go round Rome. A foreigner will never finish seeing Rome for everything is great, mysterious, vibrant with life. What interests us specially is the art of Italy with its explicit beauty.

The Italians make weekends an enjoyable 'fiesta', so did we. During the course of three months we covered the whole of Italy, Milan, Torino, Genoa, Florence, Venice, Bari and Naples not foregetting the Romantic isles of Capri, the Sorento and the ruins of Pompeii.

As a student of History I found Italy itself an artistic monument: a vast mosaic formed from her every brick and stone. The Colloseum in Rome, Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, the Ducal palace in Venice, the Norman palace at Palermo, The leaning tower of Pisa, The Cathedral in Milan, The Civic Palace at Sienna are only some stones and bricks of the mosiac of art which is called Italy.

As regards painting and sculpture when one has seen the Offizzi Gallery in Florence and the National Terme Museum in Rome one feels that the whole of Italy is an art gallery in which the genius of man has been at work everywhere.

The last supper of Leonardo da Vinci, the Pieta by Giovani Bellini, Danae by Titian, The excavations of Pompeii, the Pieta by Michaelangelo, The Transfiguration by Raphael, The Frescoes in the Sistine Chapel by Michaelangelo, The Madonna of Folegno by Raphael, The handing over the keys by Perugino, Sacred and Profane Love by Titian, are some of my dream sights.

I was indeed very fortunate to have a private audience with the Holy Father. Looking at the big bottu on my forehead he mistook me at first for a Hindu. He asked me about my studies etc., He was all smiles, and said "You are my own daughter in Christ", "I love my good India" he added. He asked me where I was staying and when I told him I was with Maria Bambina Sisters, he was very pleased. The Holy Father gave me a very beautiful Rosary and blessed me. Oh, what a day in my life to have met the representive of Christ on earth! I had the joy of offering him a huge cardamom garland and thanking me he said "I love your beautiful souvenir". I was also happy to have a chance of meeting Padre Pio, something I had always longed for.

After my course in Rome I went round the continent to Germany, France, Switzerland Spain, Austria, and the United Kingdom Germany today has surpassed all European countries as far as prosperity goes! I found the Germans very hardy and yet charming, but the Italians are very informal so I felt quite at home in their company. Switzerland was simply thrilling! Like a white carpet of snow the scenery from the Alps was a breathtaking sight.

Compared with India the European standard of living and per capita income is very high, and modern automatic labour and time saving devices have made them prosperous. Cleanliness, order and courtesy were remarkable everywhere in Europe.

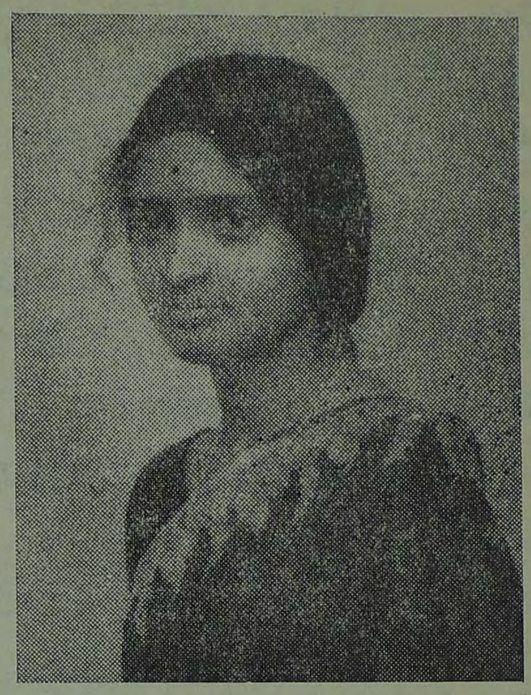
If Europe was lovely, it was still thrilling to be back again on the familiar soil of my motherland. Of course there is nothing like home even after seeing the whole of Europe!

Section III

Kannada .....

ಇಂದಿನ ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಮಹಿಳೆಯರ ಕೊಡುಗೆ

Parameshwari, N. G., II B. Sc.



ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ಜಗತ್ತಿಗೆ ಸಾರಿದ ಸಂದೇಶದ ಸಾರವಿದು. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ಜನಜೀವನದ ಕೈಗನ್ನಡಿ; ಜನ ಮನಪ್ರಗತಿಯ ಪಡಿನೆರಳು; ವಾಕ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯ ಪರಿಪೂರ್ಣತೆಯ ಫಲ; ಅನೇಕ ಕಾವ್ಯಗಳ ಸಮುದಾಯ ಧರ್ಮಾರ್ಥ ಕಾಮಮೋಕ್ಷಗಳೆಂಬ ಚತುರ್ಪುರುಷಾರ್ಥಗಳನ್ನು ಕಾಂತಾ ಸಮ್ಮಿತವಾಗಿ ಜನರಿಗೆ ಬೋಧಿಸಿ ಮುಕ್ತಿ ಮಾರ್ಗವನ್ನು ತೋರುವುದೇ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ಮುಖ್ಯೋದ್ದೇಶ.

ಇಂದಿನ ಆಧುನಿಕ ಯುಗದಲ್ಲಿ, ಎಲ್ಲಾ ರಾಜಕೀಯ, ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಹಾಗೂ ವಿದ್ಯಾರಂಗಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಪುರುಷನ ಮಟ್ಟಕ್ಕೇರಿ ನಿಲ್ಲಲು ಹೊಡೆದಾಡುತ್ತಿರುವ ಆಧುನಿಕ ನಾರೀಮಣಿಯರಲ್ಲಿ ಪೂಜ್ಯ ಕನ್ನಡ ಮಾತೆಗೆ ಸೇವೆ ಸಲ್ಲಿಸಿದವರ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ ಅತ್ಯಲ್ಪವೆಂಬ ವಿಚಾರ ವಿಷಾದ ಪಡಿಸುವಂತಹುದೇ ಸರಿ. ಆದರೂ ಕನ್ನಡಿಗಿತಿಯರ ಪ್ರತಿನಿಧಿಗಳೆನಿಸಿ, ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಾಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಗಾಗಿ ದುಡಿದ ಹಾಗೂ ದುಡಿಯುತ್ತಿರುವ ಮಹಿಳೆಯರ ಕಾರ್ಯವಂತೂ ಪ್ರಶಂಸಾರ್ಹವೇ ಸರಿ.

ಕಥೆ, ಕವಿತೆ, ಕಾದಂಬರಿ, ಹರಟೆ, ನಾಟಕ ಇವುಗಳ ಸಂಗಮವೇ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವಷ್ಟೆ. ಆಧುನಿಕ ಮಹಿಳಾ ಸಾಹಿತಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಥೆ, ಕಾದಂಬರಿ ಮತ್ತು ಹರಟೆಗಳನ್ನು ಬರೆದವರು ಅನೇಕರಿದ್ದರೂ, ಕವಿತೆ ಮತ್ತು ನಾಟಕ ರಂಗಗಳ ಮೂಲಕ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಸೇವೆಯನ್ನು ಗೈಯುವಲ್ಲಿ ರಮಣಿಯರು ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಮುತುವರ್ಜಿ ವಹಿಸಿಲ್ಲ.

ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತನೆಯ ಶತಮಾನದ ಲೇಖಕಿಯರ ಗುಂಪಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಮೊದಲನೆಯ ಸಾಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಬರುವವರೆಂದರೆ ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತೈದಕ್ಕೂ ಮಿಕ್ಕಿ ಕಾದಂಬರಿಗಳನ್ನೂ. ನಾಟಕಗಳನ್ನೂ ರಚಿಸಿದ ನಂಜನಗೂಡಿನ ತಿರುಮಲಾಂಬೆಯವರು. ಆಕೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಲೇಖನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ತನ್ನ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಎದುರಿಸಬೇಕಾದ ಸಂಕಟ ಬವಣೆ ಮತ್ತು ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳನ್ನು ಮುಖ್ಯವಾದ ವಿಷಯವಾಗಿ ಇರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾರಲ್ಲದೆ ಸಮಾಜದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರ ಸ್ಥಾನಮಾನಗಳ ಏಳಿಗೆಗಾಗಿ ದುಡಿದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. 'ಸತಿ ಹಿತೈಷಿಣಿ ಗ್ರಂಥಮಾಲೆ'ಯ ಸಂಪಾದಕಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದುದಲ್ಲದೆ 'ಸನ್ಮಾರ್ಗ ದರ್ಶಿನಿ' ಹಾಗೂ 'ಕರ್ಣಾಟಕ ನಂದಿನಿ' ಎಂಬ ಪತ್ರಿಕೆಗಳನ್ನೂ ನಡೆಸಿ ಕೀರ್ತಿವಂತರಾಗಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

'ಸರಸ್ವತಿ' ಎಂಬ ಪತ್ರಿಕೆಯನ್ನು ನಡೆಸಿ, ಜನರಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಾಭಿರುಚಿಯನ್ನು ಹುಟ್ಟಿಸಿ ಸರಸ್ವತೀ ಸೇವೆಗೈದ ಆರ್. ಕಲ್ಯಾಣಮ್ಮನವರ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆ, ಸೇವೆಗಳು ಪ್ರಶಂಸಾರ್ಹವಾದುವು. ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ 'ಇಂದಿರ', 'ಬ್ಯಾರಿಸ್ಟರ್ ರಾಮಚಂದನ್' 'ಸತಿ ಪದ್ಮಿನಿ' ಮೊದಲಾದ ಉತ್ತಮ ಕಾದಂಬರಿಗಳನ್ನೂ ಅವರು ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಅರ್ಪಿಸಿರುವರು.

ಹಿರಿಯ ಸಾಹಿತಿಗಳಾದ, ಇಂದಿನ ಕೆಲವಾರು ಕತೆಗಾರ್ತಿಯರಿಗೆ ಬರೆಯುವ ದಾರಿತೋರಿದ ಡಿ. ಚಂಪಾಬಾಯಿಯವರೂ, ಚತುರ ನಿರೂಪಣಾ ಶಕ್ತಿ, ನ್ಯಾಯಪರತೆ, ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಗಳನ್ನು ಹೊರಸೂಸುತ್ತಿರುವ 'ತಪಸ್ವಿನಿ', 'ಮಹಾಸತಿ' ಮೊದಲಾದ ಚಿರಸ್ಮರಣೀಯ ಕೃತಿಗಳನ್ನೂ, ಅನೇಕ ರಾಗಬದ್ಧವಾಗಿ ಹಾಡಬರುವ ಗೀತೆಗಳನ್ನೂ, ಕವನಗಳನ್ನೂ ರಚಿಸಿ ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧರಾಗಿರುವ ಶ್ರೀಮತಿ ತಿರುಮಲೆ ರಾಜಮ್ಮನವರೂ ಕನ್ನಡದ ಚೆಲ್ನುಡಿಯನ್ನು ಉನ್ನತಿಗೇರಿಸಲು ಸತತ ದುಡಿದವರಲ್ಲಿ ಅಗ್ರಗಣ್ಯರು. ತಿರುಮಲೆ ರಾಜಮ್ಮನವರು ತಮ್ಮ 'ತಪಸ್ವಿನಿ' ಕಾದಂಬರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಶ್ರೀರಾಮ ಪಿತೃವಾಕ್ಯ ಪರಿಪಾಲನೆಗಾಗಿ ಸತೀಸಮೇತನಾಗಿ ವನವಾಸ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಣನ ಪತ್ನಿ ಊರ್ಮಿಳೆಯು ನಡೆಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಸನ್ಯಾಸ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ಕರುಣಾಜನಕವಾಗಿ ವರ್ಣಿಸಿ, ಅವಳ ಪಾತಿವ್ರತ್ಯ, ಧರ್ಮ

ಹಾಗೂ ಉನ್ನತ ಸಾಧ್ವೀ ಗುಣಗಳನ್ನು ಎತ್ತಿಹಿಡಿದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಉಳಿದವರು ಗಣಿಸದಿದ್ದ ಊರ್ಮಿಳೆಯ ಪರವಾಗಿ ವಾದಿಸಿ, ಜಯಿಸಿ, ವಿಜಯಭೇರಿ ಹೊಡೆದಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

ಕನ್ನಡಿಗರು ಇನ್ನೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿನ, ಉತ್ತಮ, ಹೃದಯಂಗಮ ಕೃತಿಗಳನ್ನು ನಿರೀಕ್ಷಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆಯೇ ಸ್ವರ್ಗಕ್ಕೇರಿದ ಕನ್ನಡ ಸ್ತ್ರೀರತ್ನಗಳಾದ ಶ್ರೀಮತಿ ತ್ರಿವೇಣಿ, ಕೊಡಗಿನ ಬಿ. ಟಿ. ಗೌರಮ್ಮ ಮತ್ತು ಬೆಳಗೆರೆ ಜಾನಕಮ್ಮ ಇವರನ್ನು ನಾವು ಎಂದೆಂದೂ ಮರೆಯುವಂತಿಲ್ಲ. ಸರಳವೂ, ಸುಂದರವೂ, ಹೃದಯ ಸ್ಪರ್ಶಿಯೂ ಆಗಿರುವ ಕವನಗಳನ್ನು ರಚಿಸುವ ಸಾಮರ್ಥ್ಯವು ಶ್ರೀಮತಿ ಜಾನಕಮ್ಮನವರಿಗೆ ಪರಮಾತ್ಮನಿತ್ತ ವರಪ್ರಸಾದವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಗೌರಮ್ಮನವರ ಸಣ್ಣ ಕಥೆಗಳಂತೂ ಕನ್ನಡ ನಾಡಿನ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಬ್ಬನೂ ಮೆಚ್ಚುವಂತಹವು. 'ಅಪರಾಧಿ ಯಾರು' 'ಪಾಪನ ಮದುವೆ' 'ಕೌಸಲ್ಯಾ ನಂದನ' ಎನ್ನುವ ಹೃದಯಾಪಹಾರಿಗಳಾದ ಪುಟ್ಟ ಕಥೆಗಳೂ, 'ಕಂಬನಿ' ಮತ್ತು 'ಚಿಗುರು' ಎಂಬ ಕಥಾಸಂಗ್ರಹಗಳೂ ಅವರು ತಮ್ಮ ತಾಯ್ನುಡಿಯ ಪಾದಕ್ಕೆ ಅರ್ಪಿಸಿದ ದಿವ್ಯ ಉಡುಗೊರೆಗಳು. ಉತ್ತಮ ಪ್ರತಿಮಾನಿರೂಪಣೆ, ವರ್ಣನೆಗಳಂತೂ ಎಲ್ಲರ ಹೃದಯವನ್ನು ಸೂರೆಗೊಳ್ಳುವಂತಹವುಗಳು. ದಿವಂಗತ ತ್ರಿವೇಣಿಯವರ ನಾಮವಂತೂ ಪ್ರತಿದಿನ ಎಲ್ಲರ ಬಾಯಿಯಲ್ಲೂ ನಲಿಯುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಎಂತಹ ಅಪಾರ ನಷ್ಟವಾಯಿತು ಅವರ ಮರಣದಿಂದ ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಪ್ರಪಂಚಕ್ಕೆ! ಕನ್ನಡ ಲೇಖಕಿಯರಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಸರಿಗಟ್ಟುವವರು ಒಬ್ಬರೂ ಇದ್ದಿಲ್ಲ. ಹೆಣ್ಣಿನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಅಂತರಾಳವನ್ನು ಹೆಣ್ಣೇ ಅರಿಯಬಲ್ಲಳಷ್ಟೆ! ಅದು ಪುರುಷರಿಂದೆಂದೂ ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ. ಮಹಿಳೆಯರ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳು, ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ದೂರೀಕರಿಸುವ ಸಮಾಜದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಒಳ್ಳೆ ಸ್ಥಾನವನ್ನು ಕಲ್ಪಿಸುವುದು ಇದೇ ಮೊದಲಾದ ವಿಚಾರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತ್ರಿವೇಣಿಯವರ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯ ಉದಾತ್ತವಾದುದು. ಅವರ ಕಾದಂಬರಿಗಳು ಅವರ ಮನೋಭಾವಗಳನ್ನು ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ತ್ರಿವೇಣಿಯವರ ಆ ಅದ್ಭುತ ಕೌಶಲ್ಯ, ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಗಳು ಅಸಮಾನವಾದುವು. ಸರಳ ಸುಂದರ ಶೈಲಿಯ ಮೂಲಕ ಅವರು ಎಲ್ಲರ ಮನಗಳನ್ನೂ ಅಪಹರಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ತ್ರಿವೇಣಿಯವರ ನಿಜವಾದ ಹೆಸರು ಅನಸೂಯಾ ಎಂದು. 'ತ್ರಿವೇಣಿ' ಅವರ ಕಾವ್ಯನಾಮ. ಈ ಹೆಸರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರು ಬರೆದ ಕಾದಂಬರಿಗಳ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತಕ್ಕೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿದೆ ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ಮುಖ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಎರಡು ಪಂಗಡಗಳಾಗಿ ವಿಂಗಡಿಸಬಹುದು. ಅವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲವು ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕವಾದರೆ ಉಳಿದವು ಮನಃಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ಸಂಬಂಧಪಟ್ಟುವು. ಅವರು ಮಾನಸಿಕ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳನ್ನು ಮುಖ್ಯ ವಸ್ತುವಾಗಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು 'ಬೆಕ್ಕಿನ ಕಣ್ಣು', 'ದೂರದ ಬೆಟ್ಟ' 'ಶರಪಂಜರ', 'ಮುಚ್ಚಿದ ಬಾಗಿಲು' ಮುಂತಾದ ನೂತನ ತರದ ಕಾದಂಬರಿಗಳನ್ನು ಮನೋಜ್ಞವಾಗಿ ಬರೆದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ತಮ್ಮ ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಕಾದಂಬರಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳ ಕುರಿತು ಚರ್ಚಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. 'ಅಪಸ್ವರ–ಅಪಜಯ', 'ಮುಕ್ತಿ' 'ಕಂಕಣ', 'ಬೆಳ್ಳಿಯ ಮೋಡ' 'ತಾವರೆ ಕೊಳ', 'ಹೃದಯ ಗೀತ' ಇವೇ ಮೊದಲಾದುವು ತ್ರಿವೇಣಿಯವರ ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಕಾದಂಬರಿಗಳಿಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಖ್ಯವಾದುವು ಕಾದಂಬರಿಗಳು ಮಾತ್ರವಲ್ಲದೆ 'ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಯ ಮಗು' 'ಹೆಂಡತಿಯ ಹೆಸರು' 'ಮೂರನೆಯ ಕಣ್ಣು' 'ಅತಿಥಿ ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ' ಮೊದಲಾದ ಸಣ್ಣ ಕಥೆಗಳು ಹಾಗೂ ಕಥಾ ಸಂಕಲನಗಳು ತ್ರಿವೇಣಿಯವರಿಂದ ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದ ಅಪೂರ್ವ ಕಾಣಿಕೆಗಳಾಗಿವೆ. ಸ್ತ್ರೀ ಲೇಖಕಿಯರಲ್ಲಿ ತ್ರಿವೇಣಿಯವರಿಗಿರುವಷ್ಟು ಜನಾನುರಾಗ ಬೇರಾರಿಗೂ ಇಲ್ಲ. ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರ ಪ್ರಶಸ್ತಿ, ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಅಕೆಡಮಿಯ ಪ್ರಶಸ್ತಿ ಹಾಗೂ ರಾಜ್ಯ ಸರ್ಕಾರದ ಪ್ರಶಸ್ತಿಗಳು ಅವರಿಗೆ ಬಂದಿವೆ. ಇಂದಿನ ಲೇಖಕಿಯರಿಗೆ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ರಚನೆಯ ಮಾರ್ಗದರ್ಶನ ಮಾಡಿರುವ ತ್ರಿವೇಣಿಯವರಿಗೆ ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವೂ, ಕನ್ನಡಿಗರಾದ ನಾವೂ ಎಂದಿಗೂ ಋಣಿಗಳು!

ಜಯಲಕ್ಷ್ಮೀ ಆರ್. ಶ್ರೀನಿವಾಸನ್, ಎಚ್. ವಿ. ಸಾವಿತ್ರಮ್ಮ, ರಾಜಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿ ಎನ್. ರಾವ್. ರಾಜೇಶ್ವರಿ ನರಸಿಂಹ ಮೂರ್ತಿ, ಉಮಾದೇವಿ, ಗೀತಾ ಕುಲಕರ್ಣಿ, ಎಚ್, ಎಸ್. ಪಾರ್ವತಿ, ಶಾರದಾ ಜಡೆ, ಡಾ| ಅನುಪಮಾ ನಿರಂಜನ್, ಎಂ. ಸಿ. ಪದ್ಮಾ, ನೀಳಾದೇವಿ ಇವರು ಬರೆದ ಹೃದಯಂಗಮವಾದ, ಮನಮುಟ್ಟುವಂತಹ ಸಣ್ಣ ಕಥೆಗಳನ್ನು ಕನ್ನಡಿಗರು ಎಂತು ಮರೆಯಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯ? ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೊಂದು ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಚೇತನವನ್ನು ಉತ್ಪಾದಿಸಿದ ವತ್ಸಲಾ, ಮಂಗಳಾಂಬಾ, ಶ್ರೀಮತಿ ಪದ್ಮಾವತಿ ಚಿನ್ನಪ್ಪ, ಪಡುಕೋಣೆ ಸೀತಾದೇವಿಯರನ್ನೂ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ಮರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದು ನಮ್ಮ ಕರ್ತವ್ಯ ಉಷಾದೇವಿಯವರು ಮನೋವಿಜ್ಞಾನಕ್ಕೆ ಸಂಬಂಧಪಟ್ಟ 'ಧೂಮಕೇತು' 'ಮೊಗ್ಗಿನ ಜಡೆ' ಕಾದಂಬರಿಗಳನ್ನು ವಿರಚಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಶ್ರೀಮತಿ ಎಂ. ಬಿ. ರುಕ್ಮಿಣಿಯವರು ನಾಟಕರಂಗಕ್ಕೆ ಒಂದು ಪುಟ್ಟ ಕಾಣಿಕೆಯನ್ನು ಸಲ್ಲಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಎಚ್. ವಿ. ಸಾವಿತ್ರಮ್ಮ, ಎಸ್. ಅಂಬುಜಾಕ್ಷಿ, ಶ್ರೀಮತಿ ಎಂ. ಎಸ್. ಸುಲೋಚನ ಮತ್ತು ತಾಳ್ಳೂರು ಸುಬ್ಬುಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿ ಇವರು ಬೇರೆ ಭಾಷೆಗಳಿಂದ ಕಥೆ ಮತ್ತು ಕಾದಂಬರಿಗಳನ್ನು ಕನ್ನಡಕ್ಕೆ ಭಾಷಾಂತರಿಸಿ, ಇತರ ಭಾಷೆಗಳ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಪರಿ

ಚಯವನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿಕೊಟ್ಟು ಮಹದುಪಕಾರ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

ಕನ್ನಡ ಕವಯಿತ್ರಿಗಳ ಕುರಿತು ವಿಚಾರ ಮಾಡುವಾಗ ಎದ್ದು ಕಾಣುವ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಗಳೆಂದರೆ ಎಲ್. ಜಿ. ಸುಮಿತ್ರ, ಜಯದೇವಿ ತಾಯಿ ತಿಗಾಡೆ ಇವರು. ಹಾಸ್ಯಕಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪರಿಣತರಾದವರಲ್ಲಿ ತ್ರಿವೇಣಿ, ಲಲಿತಾ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಿ, ಟಿ. ಸುನಂದಮ್ಮ, ಎಂ. ಬಿ. ರುಕ್ಮಿಣಿಯವರು ಮುಖ್ಯವಾಗಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಇವರು ನಗೆನಾಟಕ, ಹರಟೆ, ಟೀಕೆ, ಹಾಸ್ಯ ಚಟಾಕಿಗಳ ಮೂಲಕ ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ದೌರ್ಬಲ್ಯತೆಗಳನ್ನು ಎತ್ತಿ ತೋರಿಸಿ ಸುಧಾರಣೆಗಾಗಿ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

ಇಂದಿನ ಜನತೆಯ ಒಲವು ಕಥೆಗಳಿಗಿಂತ ಕಾದಂಬರಿಯ ಕಡೆಗೇ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿದೆ. ಕಾದಂಬರೀ ರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ದುಡಿದ ಮಹಿಳೆಯರ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ ಸಾಕಷ್ಟು ಇದೆಯೆನ್ನಬಹುದು. ದಿವಂಗತ ತ್ರಿವೇಣಿಯವರ ಕೃತಿಗಳ ಕುರಿತು ಈ ಮೊದಲೇ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದಾಗಿದೆ. ಉಳಿದ ಕಾದಂಬರಿಗಾರ್ತಿಯರಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಖ್ಯರಾದವರೆಂದರೆ ಎಂ. ಕೆ. ಇಂದಿರಾ, ಗೀತಾ ಕುಲಕರ್ಣಿ, ಎಂ. ಕೆ. ಜಯಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿ, ಡಾ। ಅನುಪಮಾ ನಿರಂಜನ್, ಶಾಂತಾದೇವಿ ಮಾಳವಾಡ ಮತ್ತು ಶ್ರೀಮತಿ ವಾಣಿ ಇವರು. ಡಾ। ಅನುಪಮಾ ನಿರಂಜನ್‌ರವರು ತಮ್ಮ 'ಸಂಕೋಲೆಯೊಳಗಿಂದ' ಮತ್ತು 'ಶ್ವೇತಾಂಬರಿ' ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ನಾಟಕಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಣ್ಣಿನ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳ ಕುರಿತು ವಿಚಾರ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ವಾಣಿಯವರು ತಮ್ಮ 'ಚಿನ್ನದ ಪಂಜರ' ಮತ್ತು 'ಮನೆ ಮಗಳು' ಕಾದಂಬರಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಜೀವನದ ಹಲವು ಮುಖಗಳನ್ನು ಸಹಜವಾಗಿ ಸರಳ ಸುಂದರ ಶೈಲಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಚಿತ್ರಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

ಕನ್ನಡ ಮಹಿಳಾ ಸಾಹಿತಿಗಳು ತಮ್ಮ ಕೃತಿಗಳಿಗಾಗಿ ಆಯ್ದುಕೊಂಡ ರಂಗಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ವೈವಿಧ್ಯತೆಯು ಸಾಕಷ್ಟಿಲ್ಲ. ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಮತ್ತು ರಾಜಕೀಯದ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಬೇಕಾದಷ್ಟು ಕಾದಂಬರಿಗಳು ಬರೆಯಲ್ಪಟ್ಟಿದ್ದರೂ ಶಿಶುಪೋಷಣೆ, ಗೃಹವೈದ್ಯ, ಸಂಗೀತ, ನಾಟ್ಯ, ಐತಿಹಾಸಿಕ ಮತ್ತು ಧಾರ್ಮಿಕ ಇವುಗಳ ವಿಚಾರವಾಗಿ ಪುಸ್ತಕಗಳೇ ಬರೆಯಲ್ಪಟ್ಟಿಲ್ಲ ಎಂದರೂ ಅತಿಶಯೋಕ್ತಿಯಾಗಲಾರದು. ಇಂದಿನ ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ತರುಣಿಯರಿಗೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಬರೆಯಲು ಪ್ರೋತ್ಸಾಹವು ಸಾಕಷ್ಟಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದರೆ ತಪ್ಪಾಗಲಾರದು. ಆದರೆ ಸಾಧಿಸಿದರೆ ಸಬಳ ನುಂಗಬಹುದಷ್ಟೆ. ಆದುದರಿಂದ ಆಧುನಿಕ ಮಹಿಳಾಮಣಿಯರು,

"ಪ್ರತಿಭಾನಂ ಕಾವ್ಯವಿದ್ಯಾ ಪ್ರಚಯ ಪರಿಚಯಂ
ವೃದ್ಧಸೇವಾನುರಾಗಂ।
ಸತತಾಭ್ಯಾಸ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಂ ಕವಿತೆಗೆ ನಿಯತಂ ಕಾರಣಂ"

ಎಂಬ ಪದ್ಯಭಾಗವನ್ನು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ನೆನಪಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು, ಆತ್ಮವಿಶ್ವಾಸ ಧೈರ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ತಂಬಿಕೊಂಡು ಪ್ರಗತಿಯಂತ್ರ ಹಿಡಿಯಲಿ! ಉತ್ತಮ ಕೃತಿಗಳನ್ನು ರಚಿಸಿ ವಾಗ್ದೇವಿಯ ಸೇವೆಗೆ ದೀಕ್ಷೆಯನ್ನು ಕೈಗೊಳ್ಳಲಿ!! ಕನ್ನಡದ ಬೆಲ್ಲುಡಿಯನ್ನು ಉನ್ನತಿಗೇರಿಸಿ, ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ಕನ್ನಡ ಕಸ್ತೂರಿಯ ಸುವಾಸನೆಯು ಜಗದ ಮೂಲೆ ಮೂಲೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಪಸರಿಸುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿ ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಸಂತಸದ ಸುಗ್ಗಿಯನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡಲಿ!!!

ಆ ಯುಗಮಹರ್ಷಿ!

(ಗೆಳತಿಗೆ ಪತ್ರ)

Subodha Kumari, III B. A.



ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ ಗೆಳತಿ,

ನೀನು ತಿಳಿಸಿದ ಆ ನಿನ್ನ ಮನದ ಹೋರಾಟ, ಪ್ರಪಂಚದ ಮತ್ತು ಬದುಕಿನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ನೀನು ತಳೆದ ಅನಾಸಕ್ತಿಗೆ ಒಂದೇ ಒಂದು ದಿವ್ಯೌಷಧವನ್ನು ಕಂಡುಹಿಡಿದಿದ್ದೇನೆ. ಮನಸ್ಸಿಟ್ಟು ಓದುವಿ ತಾನೇ?

ಸರ್ವಸಾಧಾರಣ ನೂರು ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಹಿಂದೆ ನಮ್ಮೂ ಭರತಖಂಡದಲ್ಲಿ ಪವಿತ್ರವಾದ ಅಧ್ಯಾತ್ಮಿಕತೆಯೆಂಬ ಭವ್ಯ ಹೊನ್ನರಾಶಿಯು, ಅಜ್ಞಾನದಿಂದಲೂ, ಧಾಳಿಕಾರರ ಆಕ್ರಮಣಗಳಿಂದ ಜರ್ಜರಿತರಾದ ಜನರ ಅಸಾಮರ್ಥ್ಯ ದಿಂದಲೂ ಇತಿಹಾಸಕಾಲದ ಗರ್ಭದಲ್ಲಿ ಸದ್ದಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಅಡ ಗಿತ್ತು! ಅದರ ಇರವನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಯಲು ಶಕ್ಯರಾದವರಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ! ಹಿಂದೆ ದಿಕ್ಕು ದಿಕ್ಕುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಪಸರಿಸಿದ್ದ ಅದರ ತೇಜಸ್ಸು ಅಂದು ತೇಜಾವಿಹೀನವಾಗಿ ಹೇಳಸರಿಲ್ಲದಂತಿತ್ತು. ಭಾರತ ಮಾತೆ ಪರಕೀಯರ ಅಧರ್ಮವಾದ ಆಡಳಿತೆಯಿಂದ ತತ್ತರಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಜನಸಾಮಾನ್ಯರು ಮಾರ್ಗದರ್ಶಕ ರಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಅಲ್ಲಲ್ಲಿ ಚೆಲ್ಲಿಹೋದ ಮುತ್ತಿನಂತೆ ಬಿಡಿಬಿಡಿಯಾಗಿ ಹಂಚಿಹೋಗಿದ್ದರು. ಪವಿತ್ರವಾವ ಭಗವಂತನ ಇರವನ್ನು ಮರೆತಿದ್ದರು.

ಅಂತಹ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಅದೋ ಆ ಸುದೀರ್ಘರಾತ್ರಿ ಕೊನೆಗೊಳ್ಳುವ ಸಮಯವು ಬಂದಿತು. ಹೊಸ ಬೆಳಕೊಂದು ಮಿಂಚಿ, ಜಡವು ಸಚೇತನವಾಗುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿ. ಭಾರತ ದಾದ್ಯಂತ ಹಬ್ಬತೊಡಗಿತು. ಬಹು ಪುರಾತನ ಕಾಲದ ಗರ್ಭದಿಂದ ಹೊರಹೊಮ್ಮಿ, ಅತ್ಯುನ್ನತ ಪರ್ವತ ಶಿಖರ ಗಳಿಂದ ಮರುಧ್ವನಿಯೊಂದು ಅಲೆಅಲೆಯಾಗಿ ತೇಲಿಬಂದು, ಅರಣ್ಯಾರಣ್ಯ ಕಂದು ಕಂದರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮೊದಲು ಕ್ಷೀಣವಾಗಿ, ಬರುಬರುತ್ತಾ ಪ್ರಬಲವಾಗಿ ವಾಣಿಯೊಂಮ ತೂರಿಬಂತು! ಜಡವಾದ ನಿದ್ದೆಯಿಂದ ಮೈಮರೆತ ನಮ್ಮೀ ಪುಣ್ಯಭೂಮಿ ಯನ್ನದು ಹೊಡೆದು ಎಬ್ಬಿಸಿತು. ಜ್ಞಾನ–ಭಕ್ತಿ–ವೈರಾಗ್ಯ–ಸೇವಾತತ್ವಗಳನ್ನು ಉಚ್ಚ ಕಂಠದಿಂದ ಸಾರಿತು. ಅದಾವ ವಾಣಿಯೆಂದು ಊಹಿಸಬಲ್ಲೆಯಾ? ಗೆಳತಿ? ಅದೇ ಅದೇ ಸ್ವಾಮಿ ವಿವೇಕಾನಂದರ ಸಿಂಹವಾಣಿ! ಅಮೃತವಾಣಿ! ಆ ವಾಣಿಗಿದ್ದ ಶಕ್ತಿಯೆಷ್ಟು ಗೊತ್ತೆ? ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಮಾನವ ನಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಕಾರ್ಯೋತ್ಸಾಹ, ಸ್ಥೈರ್ಯ ಧೈರ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ಉದ್ರೇಕಿಸಿತು ಆ ವಾಣಿ! ಜಗತ್ತಿಗೇ ಭರತಖಂಡವು ಅಧ್ಯಾತ್ಮಿಕತೆಯೆಂಬ ಕಾಣಿಕೆಯನ್ನು ನೀಡಲು ಸಾಮರ್ಥ್ಯ ವನ್ನು ನೀಡಿತು.

ವಿವೇಕಾನಂದರು ಪಾಶ್ಚಾತ್ಯ ನಾಗರಿಕತೆಗೆ ನೆಲೆ ವೀಡಾದ ಅಮೇರಿಕಾ ದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಸನಾತನ ಹಿಂದೂ ಧರ್ಮದ ಸುಗಂಧವನ್ನು ಪಸರಿಸಿದರು. ಗತಕಾಲದ ವೈಭವ ವನ್ನು ಮೆಲುಕು ಹಾಕುತ್ತಾ, ಕಳೆದುಹೋದುದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ದುಃಖಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಕಾಲಕಳೆಯದೆ ಅವುಗಳನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಮೊರಿಸಿ ಧೈರ್ಯದಿಂದ ನಿಲ್ಲುವಂತೆ ಭಾರತೀಯರ ಹೃದಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಆಶಾಕಿರಣವನ್ನು ಬೀರಿದರು. ಮಾನವನು ಬರಿಯ ಹುಲುಮಾನವನಲ್ಲ, ಅವನಲ್ಲಿ ಅಗಣಿತವಾದ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಯೊಂದಿದೆ ಎಂದು ಸಿಂಹ ಗರ್ಜನೆಯಿಂದ ಸಾರಿದರು. ಭಾರತೀಯನ ಹೃದಯವೀಣೆಯನ್ನು ಮೊಟಿ ಸುಮಧುರ ನಾದ ಅಲೆಅಲೆಯಾಗಿ ಹೊರಹೊಮ್ಮುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿದರು. ಬರಿಯ ಉಪದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಲಕಳೆಯದೆ, ದೇಶದೇಶಗಳನ್ನು ಪರ್ಯಟನೆ ಮಾಡಿ ಭಾರತೀಯ ವೇದಾಂತವನ್ನು ಸಾರಿ ದರಂ. ಕ್ರಿಸ್ತನ ಪವಿತ್ರ ಸುಂದರ ಜೀವನ ಚರಿತ್ರೆಯನ್ನು ಬಹುವಾಗಿ ಮೆಚ್ಚಿದ ಅವರು ಅಮೇರಿಕದ ಜನತೆಗೆ ಅವರ ಧರ್ಮಕ್ಕನುಗುಣವಾಗಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಜ್ಞಾನ ಸುಧೆಯನ್ನು ಉಣಿಸಿ ದರು. ಆ ವಾಣಿಯನ್ನೇ ಅಮೇರಿಕದ ಜನತೆ ಆಲಿಸಿತು. ಸದ್ದಿಲ್ಲದೆ! ಆಲಿಸಿದ್ದು ಮಾತ್ರವೇ ಅದನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನ ದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂಡಾ ಅಳವಡಿಸಿಕೊಂಡರು.!

ಅವರ ಲೋಕಬೋಧನೆಯು ಅವರ ಆಂತರಿಕ ಅನುಭವದಿಂದ, ಭಗವಂತನ ಸಾಕ್ಷಾತ್ಕಾರದ ಪರಿಣಾಮದಿಂದ ಉಂಟಾದುದು. ಅದು ವೇದಗಳನ್ನು ಓದಿ ಉಂಟಾದ ಜ್ಞಾನವಲ್ಲ. ಅವರ ಬೋಧನೆಯು ಮರವು ಸ್ವಾಭಾವಿಕವಾಗಿ ಹೂ ಹಣ್ಣುಗಳನ್ನು ಬಿಡುವಂತೆ ಜನ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯರಿಗೆ ಅರ್ಥಮಾಡಲು ಅಸಾಧ್ಯವಾದ ವೇದಾಂತ ತತ್ವವನ್ನು ಬಿಡಿಸಿ ಸರಳವಾಗಿ ಪರಿವರ್ತಿಸಿ ಅದರ ರುಚಿಯನ್ನು ಸವಿಯುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿದರು.

ವಿವೇಕಾನಂದರ ಜೀವನವೆಂಬ ಪುಸ್ತಕದ ಪುಟಗಳನ್ನು ನಾವು ಇಣಿಕಿದರೆ, ಅವರು ವೇದಾಂತ ತತ್ವದ ಪುನರುಜ್ಜೀವನಕ್ಕಾಗಿಯೇ ಜನ್ಮತಾಳಿದರೆಂದು ಭಾಸವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಪ್ರಿಯ ಗೆಳತೀ, ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವಿದೆ ತಿಳಿಸಲೇ? ವಿವೇಕಾನಂದರು ಸನ್ಯಾಸಿಯಾಗದಿರುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ ಬಹುದೊಡ್ಡ ನ್ಯಾಯಾಧೀಶರಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರಂತೆ! ಏನಾಶ್ಚರ್ಯ! ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯ ಜೀವನ ಗತಿಯು ದೇವನ ಇಚ್ಛೆಯಿದ್ದರೆ ಹೇಗೆ ಬದಲಾಗುತ್ತವೆ ನೋಡು!

ನಿನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಅನೇಕ ಹೋರಾಟಗಳಾಗುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತವೆ, ಅವನ್ನೆದುರಿಸಲು ನಿನಗೆ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಸಾಲದು, ನಿಸ್ಸಾರವಾಗಿ ವಾಗಿ ಕಾಣುತ್ತದೆ ಎಂದು ನಿನ್ನ ಪತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ತಿಳಿಸಿರುವಿಯಲ್ಲವೇ? ಇದೋ ಗೆಳತಿ ನಾನು ಅಲ್ಲಲ್ಲಿ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿದಾಗ ಬಹುಜಾಗ್ರತೆಯಾಗಿ ಒಟ್ಟುಗೂಡಿಸಿರುವ ವಿವೇಕಾನಂದರ ಅಮೃತವಾಣಿಯನ್ನು ಬರೆಯುವೆನು. ಓದಿ ನೋಡು. ಜೀವನದ ಜಂಜಾಟದಿಂದ ಜ್ವಲಿಸುತ್ತಿರುವ ನಿನ್ನ ಹೃದಯಕ್ಕೆ ನಿಜಕ್ಕೂ ಅವು ತಣ್ಪನ್ನೀಯುವುದು.

ಈ ಜಗತ್ತು ಭಗವಂತನದು; ಇದರ ಜೀವನವು ಭಗವಂತನದು; ಆದ ಕಾರಣ ಬದುಕಿನ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಅದರ ಗೌರವಗಳಿರಬೇಕು; ಬದುಕು ಕೆಡುಕೆನ್ನದಿರಿ; ಪೌರುಷದಿಂದ ಬದುಕಿರಿ, ತೇಜಸ್ಸಿನಿಂದ ಬದುಕಿರಿ, ನಗುಮುಖದಿಂದ ಬದುಕಿರಿ.

ದೌರ್ಬಲ್ಯವೇ ದುಃಖಕ್ಕೆ ಮೂಲ ಕಾರಣ. ನಾವು ದುರ್ಬಲರಾದುದರಿಂದ ದುಃಖಭಾಗಿಗಳಾಗುವೆವು. ನಾವು ದುರ್ಬಲರಾದುದರಿಂದ ಸಂಳ್ಳು ಹೇಳುವೆವು, ಕಳುವೆವೂ, ಕೊಲ್ಲುವೆವು, ಉಳಿದ ಹೀನ ಕೆಲಸವನ್ನು ಮಾಡುವೆವು. ನಾವು ದುರ್ಬಲರಾದುದರಿಂದ ಕಷ್ಟಪಡುವೆವು. ನಾವು ದುರ್ಬಲರಾದುದರಿಂದ ಸಾಯುವೆವು. ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಯಾವುದೂ ದುರ್ಬಲರನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡದೇ ಇದ್ದರೆ ಸಾವಿಲ್ಲ, ಸಂಕಟವಿಲ್ಲ.

ಎದ್ದು ನಿಲ್ಲಿ. ಧೀರರಾಗಿ, ಬಲಾಢ್ಯರಾಗಿ ಜವಾಬ್ದಾರಿಯನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ನೀವೇ ವಹಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಿ. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಭವಿಷ್ಯ ನಿರ್ಮಾಪಕರು ನೀವೇ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ಅರಿಯಿರಿ. ನಿಮಗೆ ಬೇಕಾದ ಸಹಾಯವೆಲ್ಲ ಆಗಲೇ ನಿಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿದೆ. ಆದ ಕಾರಣ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಭವಿಷ್ಯವನ್ನು ನೀವೇ ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಿ.

ರೋಗಿಗಳು ನಾವು ಎಂದು ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ ಗುಣಮುಖರಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಔಷಧ ಬೇಕು. ದುರ್ಬಲತೆಯನ್ನೇ ನೆನೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಸಹಾಯಕವಾಗದು. ಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ನೀಡಿ ದುರ್ಬಲತೆಯ ಆಲೋಚನೆಯನ್ನು ಮೆಲ್ಲುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಬರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ದುರ್ಬಲತೆಗೆ ಚಿಕಿತ್ಸೆ ದುರ್ಬಲತೆಯನ್ನೇ ಕುರಿತು ಚಿಂತಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನೇ ಕುರಿತು ಚಿಂತಿಸುವುದು.

ಮೇಲಿನ ಕಿಡಿನುಡಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾನವ ಪ್ರಾಣಿ ಅದೆಷ್ಟು ಶ್ರೇಷ್ಠವೆಂದು ನಿನಗೆ ತಿಳಿಯಿತೇ? ಆದುದರಿಂದ ಬದುಕು ನಿಸ್ಸಾರವೆನಬೇಡ. ಈ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ನಿನ್ನ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ತೇಯಲು ಸಿದ್ಧಳಾಗು. ಇಷ್ಟರ ವರೆಗೆ ನೀನು ವಿದ್ಯೆಯ ಬೆಂಬತ್ತಿ ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ವೈರಾಗ್ಯ ತಾಳಿ ಹಿಮ್ಮುಖಳಾದರೆ ಏನು ಪ್ರಯೋಜನವಾಯಿತು? ವಿವೇಕಾನಂದರು ಭಾರತದ ತರುಣ ತರುಣಿಯರಲ್ಲಿ ಏನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಅಗತ್ಯ ಗುಣಗಳು ಇರಬೇಕೆಂದು ತಮ್ಮ ಅಮೃತವಾಣಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ತಿಳಿಸಿರುವರು.

ನಮ್ಮ ದೇಶಕ್ಕೆ ಬೇಕಾಗಿರುವುದು ಇಂದು ಕಬ್ಬಿಣದಂತಹ ಮಾಂಸಖಂಡ, ಉಕ್ಕಿನಂತಹ ನರ, ಎದುರಿಸುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಅಸದಳವಾದ ವಿಶ್ವದ ರಹಸ್ಯದಂತರಾಳವನ್ನು ಭೇದಿಸಿ, ಸಮಯ ಬಂದರೆ, ಕಡಲಾಳಕ್ಕೆ ನುಗ್ಗಿ ಮೃತ್ಯುವನ್ನು ಎದುರಿಸಿ, ತಮ್ಮ ಇಚ್ಛೆಯನ್ನು ಜಯಪ್ರದವಾಗಿ ಈಡೇರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬಲ್ಲ ಪ್ರಚಂಡ ಇಚ್ಛಾಶಕ್ತಿ.

ನಾವು ಬಹಳ ಕಾಲ ಅತ್ತಿರುವೆವು. ಇನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಅಳಕೂಡದು. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಕಾಲ ಮೇಲೆ ನಿಂತು ಮನುಷ್ಯರಾಗಿ, ನಮಗಿಂದು ಪುರುಷಸಿಂಹರನ್ನು ಮಾಡುವ ಧರ್ಮ ಬೇಕು. ಪುರುಷಸಿಂಹರನ್ನು ಮಾಡುವ ಸರ್ವತೋಮುಖಗಳನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡುವ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸ ಬೇಕು. ಯಾವುದು ನಿಮ್ಮನ್ನು ದೈಹಿಕವಾಗಿ ಆಗಲಿ, ದುರ್ಬಲರನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡುವುದೋ ಅದನ್ನು ವಿಷದಂತೆ ತ್ಯಜಿಸಿ. ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ಚೇತನವಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದು ಸತ್ಯವಾಗಿರಲಾರದು. ಸತ್ಯಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಕೊಡಬೇಕು. ಬೆಳಕನ್ನು ತರಬೇಕು. ಹೊಸ ಚೇತನವನ್ನು ತುಂಬಬೇಕು.

ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರು ತಮ್ಮ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳನ್ನು ತಾವೇ ಬಗೆಹರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಗೆ ಬರಬೇಕು. ಉಳಿದವರಿಗೆ ಇದು ಸಾಧ್ಯವೂ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಅವರು ಇದನ್ನು ಸಾಧಿಸುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿ ಇತರರಿಗೆ ಇರುವಷ್ಟೆ ಸಾಮಾರ್ಥ್ಯವಿದೆ. ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿ ಶುಭದ ದಾರಿ ಕಡಿದು ಕಾಡುಮೇಡುಗಳಿಂದ

ತುಂಬಿದೆ. ಸಾವಿರಾರು ವೇಳೆ ಎಡವಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಶೀಲವನ್ನು ತಿದ್ದಬೇಕಾಗಿದೆ.

ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸವೆಂದರೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಮೆದುಳಿನೊಳಗೆ ಸಂಗ್ರಹಿಸಿದ ವಿಷಯ ಸಂಗ್ರಹವಲ್ಲ. ಅವು ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಕೊಳೆತು ನಾರಿ ಇಡೀ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲೇ ಜೀರ್ಣವಾಗದೆ ಇರುವುದು. ನಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನಾಭ್ಯುದಯಕ್ಕೆ ಸಹಾಯ ಮಾಡಬೇಕು. ನಾವು ವೀರ ಪುರುಷಸಿಂಹರಾಗಬೇಕು. ಚಾರಿತ್ರ ಶುದ್ಧರಾಗಬೇಕು. ಭಾವನೆಯನ್ನು ರಕ್ತಗತ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸ ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಸಹಾಯವಾಗಬೇಕು.

ಅದಂತಿರಲಿ ಗೆಳತಿ, ನಿನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಹೋರಾಟಗಳ ಯುದ್ಧ ಭೂಮಿಯಾಗಿದೆಯಲ್ಲವೆ? ಇದಕ್ಕೇನು ಮಾಡಲಿ? ಅದಾವುದೋ ಬಲಹೀನತೆ ನಿನ್ನಲ್ಲಿರಬೇಕು. ಅದನ್ನು ಕಿತ್ತು ಬಹುದೂರ ಒಯ್ಯು. ಇದೋ ಈ ವಿವೇಕಾನಂದರ ಬಿಡಿನುಡಿಗಳು ನಿನ್ನ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಕ್ಕೆ ಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನೀಯಲಿ.

ಜಾಗ್ರತರಾಗಿ. ಚಕ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಹೆಗಲನ್ನು ಕೊಡಿ. ಈ ಜೀವವಿರುವುದು ಏತಕ್ಕೆ? ನೀನು ಈ ಪ್ರಪಂಚಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದ ಮೇಲೆ ನಿನ್ನ ಜಿಹ್ವೆಯನ್ನೇನಾದರೂ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಬಿಡು. ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ಇದ್ದರೆ ನಿನಗೂ, ಗಿಡಮರಗಳಿಗೂ, ಕಲ್ಲಿಗೂ ಏನು ವ್ಯತ್ಯಾಸ. ಅವೂ ಪ್ರಪಂಚಕ್ಕೆ ಬರುವುವು, ಕ್ಷಯಿಸುವುವು, ಸಾಯುವುವು.

ಯಾರು ತಮ್ಮ ಇಂದ್ರಿಯ ನಿಗ್ರಹವನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿರುವರೋ ಅವರು ಯಾವ ಹೊರಗಿನ ಪ್ರಭಾವಕ್ಕೂ ಬೀಳುವುದಿಲ್ಲ, ಆತ್ಮನಿಗೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ಬಂಧನವಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವನ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರವಾಗಿರುವುದು. ಅಂತಹವನು ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿ ಬಾಳಲು ಅರ್ಹನು.

ನಾವು ಎಷ್ಟು ಶಾಂತಚಿತ್ತರಾಗಿದ್ದು, ಉದ್ವೇಗವಶರಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೋ ಅಷ್ಟೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಪ್ರೀತಿಸಬಲ್ಲೆವು. ನಮ್ಮ ಕರ್ಮವೂ ಅಷ್ಟು ಉತ್ತಮವಾಗುವುದು.

ರಹಸ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬನನ್ನು ದೂರುವುದು ಪಾಪ. ಇದನ್ನು ನೀವು ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣ ತ್ಯಜಿಸಬೇಕು. ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಎಷ್ಟೋ ವಿಷಯಗಳು ಹೊಳೆಯಂಬಹುದು. ಆದರೆ ಅದನ್ನೇ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಪಡಿಸುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಿದರೆ ಹುತ್ತ ಒಂದು ಬೆಟ್ಟವಾಗುವುದು. ನೀವು ಕ್ಷಮಿಸಿ ಮರೆತು ಬಿಟ್ಟರೆ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೇ ಕೊನೆಗಾಣುವುದು.

ನಿರುತ್ಸಾಹ ಧರ್ಮವಲ್ಲ. ಅದು ಮತ್ತೆ ಏನಾದರೂ ಆಗಿರಬಹುದು. ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಮಂದಹಾಸದಿಂದ ಸಂತೋಷವಾಗಿದ್ದರೆ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥನೆಗಳಿಗಿಂತ ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಭಗವಂತನ ಸಮೀಪಕ್ಕೆ ಕರೆದೊಯ್ಯುವುದು.

ನಿಗ್ರಹಿಸದೆ ಇರುವ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಎಂದೆಂದಿಗೂ ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಅಧೋಗತಿಗೆ ಒಯ್ಯುವುದು. ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಕೊಲ್ಲುವುದು. ನಿಗ್ರಹಿಸಿದ ಮನಸ್ಸು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ರಕ್ಷಿಸುವುದು. ಮುಕ್ತರನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡುವುದು.

ಏನನ್ನೂ ಕೇಳಬೇಡಿ. ಹಿಂದಿರುಗಿ ಏನನ್ನೂ ಆಶಿಸಬೇಡಿ. ಕೇವಲ ಕೊಡುವುದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ನಿಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಏನಿರುವುದೋ ಅದನ್ನು ಕೊಡಿ! ಅದು ನಿಮಗೆ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಿ ಬರುವುದು. ಆದರೆ ಅದನ್ನು ಕುರಿತು ಈಗ ಆಲೋಚಿಸಬೇಡಿ. ಅದು ಸಾವಿರ ಪಾಲು ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ನಮಗೆ ಬರುವುದು. ಆದರೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಗಮನ ಅದರ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಇರಕೂಡದು.

ಹೆಸರು ಯಾರಿಗೆ ಬೇಕು? ಅದು ತೊಲಗಲಿ. ಉಪವಾಸದಿಂದ ನರಳುತ್ತಿರುವವರಿಗೆ ಅನ್ನ ಒದಗಿಸುವ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿನ್ನ ಕೀರ್ತಿ, ಐಶ್ವರ್ಯವೆಲ್ಲಾ ನಾಶವಾದರೂ ನೀನು ಧನ್ಯ. ಹೃದಯ ಹೃದಯವನ್ನು ಗೆಲ್ಲುವುದು. ಮೆದುಳನ್ನಲ್ಲ. ಪಾಂಡಿತ್ಯ, ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತಿಗೆ, ಯೋಗಾಭ್ಯಾಸ ಜ್ಞಾನ ಇವೆಲ್ಲ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯೊಂದಿಗೆ ಹೋಲಿಸಿದಾಗ ಧೂಳಿಗೆ ಸಮಾನ.

ವಿಧೇಯತೆ ಎಂಬ ಸದ್ಗುಣವನ್ನು ಅಭ್ಯಾಸಮಾಡು. ಹಿರಿಯರಿಗೆ ವಿಧೇಯತೆ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ಇದ್ದರೆ ಯಾವ ಕೇಂದ್ರೀಕರಣವೂ ಅಸಾಧ್ಯ. ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಗಳ ಸಾಮರ್ಥ್ಯವನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಕೇಂದ್ರೀಕರಿಸುವ ವರೆಗೆ ಯಾವ ಮಹತ್ಕಾರ್ಯವನ್ನೂ ಮಾಡಲಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ.

ಅಯ್ಯೋ ನಾವು ದರಿದ್ರರು, ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ಯೋಚಿಸಬೇಡಿ. ಹಣ ಮನುಷ್ಯನನ್ನು ನಿರ್ಮಾಣಮಾಡುವುದನ್ನು ಯಾರಾದರೂ ನೋಡಿರುವಿರಾ? ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಹಣವನ್ನು ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಸುವುದು. ಮಾನವ ತನ್ನ ಶಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ, ಸಾಮರ್ಥ್ಯದಿಂದ, ಉತ್ಸಾಹದಿಂದ ಶ್ರದ್ಧಾಬಲದಿಂದ ಪ್ರಪಂಚವನ್ನು ವಿರಚಿಸುವನು.

ಮಹಾಪುರುಷನಾಗು. ತ್ಯಾಗವಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಯಾವ ಮಹಾಕಾರ್ಯವನ್ನೂ ಸಾಧಿಸಲಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಪುರುಷನೇ ಪ್ರಪಂಚ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಗೆ ತನ್ನನ್ನೇ ತ್ಯಾಗ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡನು. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಅನುಕೂಲ ಸುಖ, ಹೆಸರು, ಕೀರ್ತಿ, ಅಧಿಕಾರ ಇಲ್ಲ. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ಅರ್ಪಿಸಿ ಒಂದು ಮಾನವ ಸೇತುವೆಯನ್ನು ನಿರ್ಮಿಸಿ, ಇದರ ಮೇಲೆ ಕೋಟ್ಯಂತರ ಜನ ಭವಸಾಗರವನ್ನು ದಾಟುವರು. ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಒಟ್ಟುಗೂಡಿಸಿ, ಯಾವ ಹೆಸರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನೀವು ಮುಂದುವರಿಯುತ್ತೀರೋ ಅದನ್ನು ಲಕ್ಷಿಸಬೇಡಿ. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಬಣ್ಣ ಕೆಂಪೆ, ಕಂದೆ, ನೀಲಿಯೇ ಅದನ್ನು ಗಮನಿಸಬೇಡಿ. ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಬಣ್ಣವನ್ನೂ ಒಟ್ಟುಗೂಡಿಸಿ, ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಎಂಬ ಕೋರೈಸುವ ಶ್ವೇತಕಾಂತಿಯನ್ನು ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಸಿ, ನಮ್ಮ

ಕರ್ತವ್ಯ ಕೆಲಸಮಾಡುವುದು. ಫಲ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ತಾನು ನೋಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದು.

ಪ್ರಿಯ ಗೆಳತೀ, ಪತ್ರವು ದೀರ್ಘವಾಯಿತಲ್ಲವೇ? ಆದರೂ ವಿವೇಕಾನಂದರಂತಹ ಯುಗಮಹರ್ಷಿಯ ಅಮೃತವಾಣಿಯನ್ನು ಆಲಿಸಿದ ನಿನಗೆ ಅವರ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಹೆಮ್ಮೆ ಯೆನಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೇ? ಅವರ ಅಲೌಕಿಕ ತೇಜೋ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವವನ್ನು ಊಹಿಸಿದಾಗ ನಿನ್ನ ನರನಾಡಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಆನಂದ ಪ್ರವಾಹ ಹರಿಯುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೇ? ಅಂತಹ ಮಹಾವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಪಡೆದ ಭಾರತಮಾತೆ ಧನ್ಯಳಲ್ಲವೆ? ಮುಗಿಸಲೇ ನನ್ನೀ ಪತ್ರವ!

ಇತಿ,

ನಿನ್ನೊಲವಿನ ಗೆಳತಿ.

●

ಸಾಧನಾ ಪಥದಲ್ಲಿ

Pushpa, III B. A.

ಎದ್ದೆವಿದೋ, ಗೆದ್ದೆವಿದೋ,.....
ಭೂಮಂಡಲವನಷ್ಟೇ ಅಲ್ಲ
ಸಪ್ತಸಾಗರಗಳನಂತೂ ಅಲ್ಲ
ನಿಸರ್ಗವೆಂಬಿದೋ ಕರತಳದಲ್ಲಿ
ದಾಟಿಹೆವು ವ್ಯೋಮಮಂಡಲವ!

ಇದೇನು!
ಸಾಧನೆಯೋ ಆರಾಧನೆಯೋ?
ಕೊನೆಯಿಲ್ಲ ಇದಕೆ ಮೊದಲೆನಿತೂ ಇಲ್ಲ;
ಗುರಿಯೆಲ್ಲಿಯೋ ಗಣವೆಯೆಲ್ಲಿಯೋ,
ಅಂತೂ ಮುಂಬರಿವೆವು ಬಹುದೂರ!

ಮತಿಲೇಖನಿಯ ದಾಳಿಗೆ
ಗತಿಯೊಂದೂ ನಿಲುಕಿಲ್ಲ
ಸಾಗಿಹೆವೆಷ್ಟೊ ಅಂತರಕೆ
ತಿಳಿವಂತೂ ಹರಿದಿಲ್ಲ!

ಇಂತು ಮುಂಬರಿಯುತಲಿ
ಪ್ರಗತಿಪರ ಪಥದಲ್ಲಿ,
ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯ ರಥದಲ್ಲಿ
ತ್ವರಿತ ಮುನ್ನಡೆಯ ಗತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ!

ತಾರೆಗಳ ತತ್ತರಿಸಿ
ಮೇಘಗಳನಬ್ಬರಿಸಿ
ತೊರೆಗಳನಲುಗಿಸಿ
ತೆರೆಗಳನುಬ್ಬರಿಸಿ!

ಬಾನನು ತಿರ್ರನೆ ತಿರುಗಿಸಿ
ನೆಲವನು ನಡುಗಿಸಿ
ಚಂದ್ರನನಾಕ್ರಮಿಸಿ,
ಸಾಧಿಹಿಹೆವದೋ ಮಹಾಕ್ರಾಂತಿಯನು!

ನೋಡಿ,—
ವಿಸ್ರವನೆ ಬಿಗಿದು
ವಿಶ್ವವನೆ ಸಿಗಿದು
ವಿಷಯದೊಗಟನ್ನು ಬಸಿದು,
ನಿಸರ್ಗವನೆ ಬಂಗಿಸಿಹೆವು.
ಆಹಾ ಇನ್ನೇನೇನು!!
ಪ್ರಳಯ ರುಧಿರಕ್ಕಿನ್ನು
ಕಾಲನ ಮಾಟಬೇಕೇನು?
ಅಣುವಿನ ಅಗ್ನಿಬಾಣವಿದೆ.
ಅದೇ ಸಾಕು ಹೊಸದೆವ್ವ!
ಓ, ಹಾಗಲ್ಲವೆ?
ಜೀವಜನ ಪ್ರಗತಿಗೆ
ಔದ್ಯಮೊದ್ಧಾರಕ್ಕೆ
ಅಣುಶಕ್ತಿ ಕಾಣೆರೆಲಾ
ನವ ಅವತಾರಾ!
ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಜೋತ್ರಗಳಿಗೆ ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲೀಗ ಬೆಲೆಯಿಲ್ಲ.
ಜಾತಿನೀತಿಗಳ ನುಡಿಯಿಲ್ಲ
ಮೇಲುಕೀಳೆಂಬ ಅಗ್ಗದ ಮಾತಿಲ್ಲ
ಮುಷ್ಕರಾಗ್ರಹಗಳೇ ನಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರಜಾತಂತ್ರದ ಸ್ಫೂರ್ತಿ
[ಶಕ್ತಿಗಳು!

ಇಂತೂ,
ನಾವಿಂದು ಕಲಿಗಳೆನ್ನಿ
ಕಾಲನಾಟಕ್ಕೆ ಹಾಕುವೆವು ಸೊಪ್ಪನ್ನ
ಅರಸುವೆವು ಸುಖ ಸುಪ್ಪತಿಗೆಯನು
ಬೆಳಗುವೆವು ನವಕಲ್ಪನೆಗಳ ಹಣತೆಯನ್ನು!
ನೆಲೆಸಿಹೆವು ಗಗನಚುಂಬಿ ಸೌಧಗಳಲಿ
ನಿಲುವೆವು ಬೆರಸುಬೇಧವ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಕೊಟಡಿಗಳು
ನೆರೆದ ಪಟ್ಟಣದೂರ್ವ ಮಹಲುಗಳಿಗೆ
ನೆರೆ–ನಾಚಿದುವೇನೋ ನಿಸರ್ಗ ಸಿರಿ!

ನೇರಿಳೆ–ಕಿತ್ತಿಳೆ, ತೆಂಗು – ಕಂಗು, ನಳಿನ–ಪುಳಿನಗಳು
ನೆಲೆಯಿಲ್ಲದೆ–ತಲೆಗೊಯ್ಸಿಕೊಂಡಿಹವು
ನಲ್ಪಪೊವಿಂಡು–ಚೆಲುವ ಗಿಳಿವಿಂಡುಗಳೂ
ನಿಲ್ಲಲೆಡೆಯಿಲ್ಲ–ಇದ್ದರೂ ವ್ಯರ್ಥ ಅವೆಲ್ಲ!

ಆರೋಗ್ಯವನೇ ನಾವು ಸೂಜಿಯಲಿ ಪಡೆಯುವೆವು
ಆಯುಷ್ಯವನಂತೆ ಇಮ್ಮಡಿಸಿಹೆವು
ಅಖಿಳ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯಾನಂದಗಳಿಗೆ–ರಜತ ಪರದೆಗಳುಂಟು
ಅಮಿತಶಾಂತಿ ಸೌಹಾರ್ದಗಳಿಗೆ–ಕಾರ್ಖಾನೆ ದಪ್ತರುಗಳುಂಟೆಮಗೆ

ನೀಲಾಂತರಿಕ್ಷದಲ್ಲಿ ಧೂಮಕೇತುಗಳಿಗೆಲ್ಲಿಯ ಸ್ಥಾನ?
ನಮ್ಮ ರಾಕೆಟುಂಗಳೋ ಉಪಗ್ರಹಗಳೋ ಸ್ಪರ್ಧಿಸುವುವು ಬಾನಗಲ
ಗಿರಣಿಕಿಂಡಿಗಳು ಸೂಸುವುವು–ಮಧುರ ಹಾಲ್ಬೆಳಕೆಮಗೆ
ತರಣಿ ಚಂದ್ರಿಕೆಯ ಬೆಳಕೇನು ಮಿಗಿಲೇ?—ವಿದ್ಯುದ್ದೀಪದಾಹ್ವಾನಕ್ಕೆ?

ಅಳಕಾರಪುರವೇನು–ನಮ್ಮ ಪಟ್ಟಣಗಳಿಗೆ ಹಿರಿದೆ?
ಅಂಗಸಂಸ್ಕಾರಗಳಲಿ–ದಿವಿಜರೆಮಗಿದಿರೆ?
ಶೃಂಗಾರ ವೈಯಾರಗಳು–ಕಿನ್ನರ ಮನ್ಮಥರು ಸಾಟಿಯೆ?
ಇಂತೂ, ನಮ್ಮ ನವನಾಗರಿಕತೆಯ ಬೆಡಗು ಬಣ್ಣಿಸಲು ಬಾರದು।

ಅಚ್ಚರಿಯ ಈ ಜಗದಲ್ಲಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಧರ್ಮವೇ ಮೆಚ್ಚು.
ಆಕ್ಷ ರೂಪದಿದು ನವಯುಗದ ಹುಚ್ಚು,
ಅದ್ಭುತ ಭಾಗ್ಯೋದಯವೇ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನದ ಸೊತ್ತು
ಅಜ್ಞಾನದುಬ್ಬರವೋ ಸುಜ್ಞಾನದಬ್ಬರವೋ—ಈ ನಚ್ಚು?

ನಮ್ಮೋ ಅವಿನಯ, ಅಹಂಕಾರಗಳಿಗೆ ಭೂತಾಯಿ ಮಣಿದಿಹಳೆ?
ಮಾತಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಹೊತ್ತುಹೊತ್ತು ಮಣ್ಣಗಳ ಪವಡಿಸಿಹಳು
ನಮ್ಮಭ್ಯುದಯದಿದಿರು–ಕಾಲಪುರುಷನೇ ತಲೆಬಾಗಿದೆನೇನೊ?
ವಿಶ್ವಭೈರವನೇನೋ ಉರುಳುತಿಹ–ತಾನು ಹೊಣೆಯಲ್ಲವೆಂಬಂತೆ।

ಆದರೂ, ಜೋಕೆ!

ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಶೂನ್ಯಶಕ್ತಿಯ ವಕ್ರದೃಷ್ಟಿಯೋ
ಕಾಲ ಭೈರವನ ಹೊಂಚು ಹಂಚಿಕೆಯೇನೋ
ತೇಲುತಿರಬಹುದೆ?—ಸೃಷ್ಟಿವೈಶಾಲ್ಯದಲಿ?
ಅಳಿಸಲೆತ್ನಿಸುತಿಹುದೇ—ನಮ್ಮ ಮರಳ ಗುಡಿಗಳನು?

ಕಾಳಗತ್ತಲೆಯ ಅಳಿವ ಈ ಅಲ್ಪತೆಯ ನೀಕ್ಷಿಸಿ
ಮೆಲ್ಲನಗು ತಲಿಹನೇನೋ ವಿಧಿಯು ಗಹಗಹಿಸಿ
ಎಲ್ಲವನರಿತಿಹೆನು–ತಿಳುಹುವೆನು ಸಮಯದಲೆಂದು
ಲೀಲಾಜಾಲಗಳನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಬೆಪ್ಪನೆ ಕುಳಿತೆಸಗುತಿಹನೇನೋ

ಬಾಳಿನುದ್ದದ ಈ ಹಾರಾಟ ಹೋರಾಟ.
ಹುಲುಜೀವದ ಈ ಮಾಯೆಯೊಡನಾಟ.
ಬದುಕು–ಸಾವಿನ ಜಂಜಾಟದಲ್ಲಿರುವ
ಕ್ರಿಮಿಮಾನವರು ನಾವು–ಕಾಲನಗೆಲಲಹುದೆ?

ನಮ್ಮ ಚೆಲುವು ಗೆಲುವುಗಳೋ
ಬಾನ್ಮುಗಿಲ ಮಹಲುಗಳೋ
ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಜ್ಞ ರೀತಿಜ್ಞರೋ?
ಗತಿಮೂರಿ ನಿಲುವಂತಿಲ್ಲ!

ಮುತ್ತಿನ ಬದುಕಾದರೋ
ಮಸಣದ ಹಸೆಮನೆನ್ನೇ ಚೆನ್ನು
ಮತ್ತೇಕೆ ಆಸೆ ಪಿಪಾಸೆಗಳು?
ಮಣ್ಣಿನೊರಸೆಗೆ ಸಲಲೇನು?

ಶ್ಯೂ! ಹಾಗೆನ್ನದಿರು,
ಕನಸೊ ನೆನಸೊ
ಕತ್ತಲೂ ಬೆಳಕೂ
ಕಡಲೂ ಕೊಳವೂ
ಕೆಬ್ಬವೊ ಗಬ್ಬವೊ—
ಬಣ್ಣದ ಜೊನ್ನಿನ ಜೊಂಪೊ
ತಬ್ಬಿದ ತಳಿರಿನ ಸೊಂಪೊ
ಬೆಟ್ಟದ ಬಿತ್ತಿಯ ಬೈಗೆಂಪೊ
ಕೆತ್ತೆಯ ರಸಿಕರ ಪೆಂಪೂ!

ವಲ್ಲವೂ

ಮಾಯೆಯ ಚೆಲುವೇನು?
ಮುದ್ದಿನಲಿತ್ತ ಸೊಗದ ಬುತ್ತಿಯನು
ಹುಸಿಯೆಂದು ಬಡಬಡಿಸುವೆಯೇಕೆ?
ಜೀವವೇ ಜೀವವನು ಗುರುತಿಸದಿರಲುಂಟೆ?
"ಜಡವೆನಿಸುತಿದೆ ವಿಶ್ವ
ಬೇಡವೆನಿಸುತಿದೆ ಭವಿಷ್ಯ"
ಬಿಡು—ಬಿಡು,—ಈ ಅಪಹಾಸ್ಯ
ಜಡವಲ್ಲವೀಜೀವ—ಸತ್ಯ
ಸಾಧಿಸಿದರೆ ತಪ್ಪೇನು?
ಶೋಧಿಸಿದರೆ—ಸಿಟ್ಟೇನು?
ಬಾಧೆಗಳನಿದಿರಿಸಿದರೆ
ಹೃದಯ ಶಕ್ತಿಯನುದ್ಗಾಟಿಸಿದರೆ
—ಕೇಡೇನು ಬಂತು?

ಬಾಳು—ನಿರಾಶಾಮನೆಯೆನಿಸಿದರೂ
ತೊಳಗುವ ಆಸೆಯ ಹೂದೋಟವಿದೆ ಬಹುದೂರ—
ಕೆಲಸಕಾರ್ಯಗಳೊಂದಿಗೇ
ಬೆಳಗುವಾತ್ಮನ ನಿರೂಪಿಸುವುದೇ — ಜೀವನದ ಸಾರ.

●

ಧರ್ಮ ಮತ್ತು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನ

Vijayalakshmi, M. K. I, B.A.

ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಗಳು ಅಪರಿಪೂರ್ಣಗಳಾಗಿವೆ ಯೆಂದು ಕೆಲವರ ಅದರಲ್ಲೂ ನವಶಿಕ್ಷಿತರ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯ ವಾಗಿದೆ. ಈಗಿನ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ನಾವು ನೋಡುತ್ತಿರುವ ಟೆಲಿಗ್ರಾಫ್, ಟೆಲಿಫೋನ್, ರೇಡಿಯೋ ಮೊದಲಾದ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯಜನಕ ಸಾಧನಗಳು ಯಾವ ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ ಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಕಂಡುಬರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಆ ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಗಳು ಮನುಷ್ಯನನ್ನು ಸುಖಸಾಮಾಗ್ರಿಗಳಿಂದ ದೊರಗೊಳಿಸಿ ಹಸಿವೆಯಿಂದ ಬಳಲಿಸಿ ಕೊಲ್ಲುವ ಮತ್ತು ಅರಣ್ಯವಾಸಿ ಗಳನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡುವವುಗಳು ಮಾತ್ರವಾಗಿವೆ. ಈಗಿನ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನದ ಮುಂದೆ ಅವುಗಳು ನಿಲ್ಲಲಾರವು. ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಗಳನ್ನು ರಚಿಸಿದವರೆಂದರೆ ಅರಣ್ಯವಾಸಿ ನಗ್ನಜನರು. ಅವರಿಂದ ನಿರ್ಮಿಸಲ್ಪಟ್ಟ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಗಳೂ ಅವರಂತೆಯೇ ನಗ್ನ ಮತ್ತು ಕಾಡು ಜನರನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡುವವುಗಳಾಗಿವೆ. ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ತಾಸ್ತ್ರಗಳ ಸಂಬಂಧದಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ರೀತಿಯ ಅಭಿ ಪ್ರಾಯವು ಪಾಶ್ಚಾತ್ಯ ವಿದ್ವಾಂಸರಲ್ಲಿ ಉಂಟಾಗುವುದು ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಭಾರತೀಯರಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಇಂತಹ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯಗಳುಂಟಾಗುತ್ತಿರುವುದು ಅತ್ಯಾಶ್ಚರ್ಯಕರ ಹಾಗೂ ಶೋಚನೀಯ.

ಈಗಿನ ಜನರ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯು ಪ್ರತ್ಯಕ್ಷವಾದದ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಆಕರ್ಷಿತವಾಗುತ್ತಿರುವುದೇ ಇಂತಹ ವಿಪರೀತ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯಗಳುಂಟಾಗುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣವಾಗಿದೆ. ಆತ್ಮವಾದದ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತೀಕ್ಷ್ಣ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯುಳ್ಳವರ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಮಾತ್ರ ಪರೋಕ್ಷವಾದದ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಹರಿಯುತ್ತದೆ. ನಾವು ಈಗಿನ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದಿರುವ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನದ ಚಮತ್ಕಾರಗಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯಗೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಸಾವಿರಾರು ಮೈಲುಗಳ ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಂಡು ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾಡಿದ ಸಂಗೀತವನ್ನು, ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾತನಾಡಿದ ಶಬ್ದಗಳನ್ನು ನಾವು ರೇಡಿಯೋ ಮೂಲಕ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಂಡೇ

ಕೇಳುವೆವು. ಒಂದು ತಾಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಅನೇಕ ನೂರು ಮೈಲುಗಳ ವರೆಗೆ ವಿಮಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾರಬಲ್ಲೆವು. ಲಂಡನ್ನಿನ ಪರೀಕ್ಷಾಗಾರದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಬೆಂಕಿಯ ಕಡ್ಡಿಯನ್ನುರಿಸಿದೊಡನೆ ದೂರದ ಅಮೇರಿಕದ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನ ಮಂದಿರದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾವಿರಾರು ಬತ್ತಿಗಳು ಒಂದೇ ಸವನೆ ಉರಿಯುತ್ತವೆ. ಅಲ್ಪ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲೇ ಪೃಥ್ವಿಯ ಒಂದು ಮೂಲೆಯಿಂದ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಮೂಲೆಗೆ ತಂತಿಯ ಸಹಾಯವಿಲ್ಲದೆ ವರ್ತಮಾನಗಳು ಕಳುಹಿಸಲ್ಪಡಂವುವು. ಸಮುಂದ್ರದ ತಳದಲ್ಲಿ ಹಡಗು ಚಲಿಸುವುದನ್ನು ಮತ್ತು ಅದರಲ್ಲಿದ್ದು ನೀರಿನ ಮೇಲಾಗುತ್ತಿರುವ ಸರ್ವ ವಿಷಯಗಳನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಯಲಾಗುವುದು. ಇವೇ ಮೊದಲಾದ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯ್ಯ ವಿಷಯಗಳನ್ನೋಡಿ ಜನರು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನದಿಂದ ಚಮತ್ಕೃತರಾಗುತ್ತಿರುವರು ಮತ್ತು ಧರ್ಮ ಶ್ರದ್ಧೆಯಿಂದ ವಿಚಲಿತರಾಗುತ್ತಿರುವರು.

ವಸ್ತುತಃ ಧರ್ಮ ಮತ್ತು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಬಹು ಅಂತರವಿದೆ. ಆತ್ಮಜ್ಞಾನವು ಧರ್ಮದ ಧ್ಯೇಯವಾದರೆ, ಇಂದ್ರಿಯ ಗ್ರಾಹ್ಯ ವಸ್ತುಗಳ ಪರಿಜ್ಞಾನವು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನದ ಧ್ಯೇಯವಾಗಿದೆ. ಅತೀಂದ್ರಿಯ ಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳಾದ ಮಹಾತ್ಮರು ಇಂದ್ರಿಯ ಗ್ರಾಹ್ಯ ವಸ್ತುಗಳನ್ನು ತತ್‌ಕ್ಷಣದಲ್ಲಿ ತಿಳಿಯುವರು. ಆದರೆ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯು ಅತೀಂದ್ರಿಯ ವಸ್ತುಗಳನ್ನೆಂದೂ ತಿಳಿಯಲಾರನು. ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ಮಹರ್ಷಿ–ಆಚಾರ್ಯರ ಧ್ಯೇಯವು ಸಂಸಾರದ ಸಿದ್ಧಿಗಳಾಗಿರದೆ ಸಾಂಸಾರಿಕ ಪದಾರ್ಥಗಳಿಂದ ದೂರವಾಗಿದ್ದು, ಆತ್ಮ ಸಾಧನ ಮಾತ್ರವಾಗಿದ್ದುದರಿಂದ ಅವರು ಸಾಂಸಾರಿಕ ಸಿದ್ಧಿಗಳನ್ನು ತಿಳಿದಿದ್ದರೂ ಅವುಗಳಿಗೆ ಯಾವ ಮಹತ್ವವನ್ನೂ ಕೊಡಲಿಲ್ಲ. ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ಚಮತ್ಕಾರಗಳಿಗೆ ಕೆಲವು ಭೌತಿಕ ಪದಾರ್ಥಗಳ ಅವಶ್ಯಕತೆಯಿದೆ. ತಪೋಧನರಾದ ಮಹರ್ಷಿಗಳು ಯಾವುದಾದರೊಂದು ಸಾಂಸಾರಿಕ ಸಿದ್ಧಿಯನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಬಯಸಿದರೆ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಯಾವ ಪದಾರ್ಥದ ಅವಶ್ಯಕತೆಯೂ ಇರಲಾರದು.

ಆತ್ಮವು ಅನಂತ ಶಕ್ತಿಯುಳ್ಳದು. ಆತ್ಮಶಕ್ತಿಯ ಮುಂದೆ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಕ್ಷುದ್ರ. ಆತ್ಮಶಕ್ತಿ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ಶಕ್ತಿಗಳ ಉತ್ಪಾದಕವೂ ಪ್ರಕಾಶವೂ ಆಗಿದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಯಾವ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ಶಕ್ತಿಯೂ ಆತ್ಮಶಕ್ತಿಯ ಉತ್ಪಾದಕವಾಗಿರಲಾರದು.

ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಪುದ್ಗಲ ಪರಮಾಣುವು ಒಂದು ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಹದಿನಾಲ್ಕು ರಜ್ಜುಗಳ ವರೆಗೆ ಹೋಗಬಲ್ಲುದೆಂದು ಪೌದ್ಗಲಿಕ ಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟವಾಗಿ ಹೇಳಿರುವರು. ಆದರೆ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ಚಮಾತ್ಕಾರಗಳಿಂದ ಪುದ್ಗಲದ ಇಷ್ಟು ಶಕ್ತಿಯು ಇಂದಿಗೂ ಸಿದ್ಧವಾಗಿರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಮಹರ್ಷಿಗಳು ಜಡ ಮತ್ತು ಭೌತಿಕ ಚಮತ್ಕಾರಗಳ ವಿಷಯವನ್ನು ಇಷ್ಟು ಮಾತ್ರವೇ ಸೂಚಿಸಿರುವರು. ಏಕೆಂದರೆ, ಸಂಸಾರಿ ಜೀವಗಳನ್ನು ಭೌತಿಕ ವಿಷಯಗಳಿಂದ ಉದ್ಧರಿಸುವುದೇ ಅವರ ಮುಖ್ಯ ಧ್ಯೇಯವಾಗಿದ್ದಿತಲ್ಲದೆ, ಜೀವಗಳನ್ನು ಭೌತಿಕ ಚಮತ್ಕಾರಗಳಿಂದ ಮರುಳು ಗೊಳಿಸಿ ಅವರಿಗೆ ದೀರ್ಘ ಸಂಸಾರವನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡುವುದಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಮಹರ್ಷಿಗಳು ಶಬ್ದವು ಪೌದ್ಗಲಿಕವೆಂದೂ, ಅದು ಹಿಡಿತಕ್ಕೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಬಲ್ಲುದೆಂದೂ ಹೇಳಿರುವರು. ಆದರೆ ಅದನ್ನು ಹೇಗೆ ಹಿಡಿಯಬಹುದು? ಅದರಿಂದ ಯಾವ ಯಾವ ಚಮತ್ಕಾರಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾಡಬಹುದು? ಎಂಬ ವಿಷಯಗಳನ್ನು ವಿವರಿಸಿದರೆ ಸಂಸಾರಿ ಜೀವರು ಅವುಗಳ ಸಾಧನೆಯಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಮಗ್ನರಾಗಿ ಆತ್ಮಧ್ಯೇಯದಿಂದ ಚ್ಯುತರಾದಾರು. ಮತ್ತದಕ್ಕೆ ತಾವೂ ಕಾರಣರಾದೇವೆಂಬ ಶಂಕೆಯಿಂದ ಆ ವಿಷಯಗಳನ್ನು ವಿವರಿಸಿರುವುದಾಗಿದೆ. ಆದ ಮಾತ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಆ ವಿಷಯಗಳೇ ತಿಳಿದಿರಲಿಲ್ಲವೆಂಬುದು ತಪ್ಪು.

ಯಾವ ವಸ್ತುವನ್ನಾದರೂ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆ ಮಾಡದೆ ಅದರ ಸ್ವೀಕಾರ ಅಥವಾ ಅಸ್ವೀಕಾರವನ್ನು ಮಾಡದಿರುವಿಕೆಯು ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ವಿಚಾರ ಪ್ರಣಾಳಿಯ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತವಾಗಿದೆ. ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರತಿಪಾದಿತ ವಾದ ವಿಷಯಗಳನ್ನು ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆ ಮಾಡದೆ ನಿರಾಕರಿಸುವುದೂ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ಪದ್ಧತಿಗೆ ವಿರುದ್ಧವಾಗಿದೆ. ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರೋಕ್ತ ವಿಷಯಗಳನ್ನೂ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆ ಮಾಡದೆಯೇ ಅವು ಅಸಂಭವ ಅಥವಾ ಸುಳ್ಳೆನ್ನುವುದೂ, ಯಾವನಾದರೊಬ್ಬ ಪಾಶ್ಚಾತ್ಯನಿಂದ ಹೇಳಲ್ಪಟ್ಟ ಮಾತನ್ನು ಪರೀಕ್ಷಿಸದೆಯೇ ಸತ್ಯವೆಂದು ನಂಬುವುದೂ, ಈಗಿನ ಕೆಲವು ಜನರ ಸ್ವಭಾವ. ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರೋಕ್ತವಾದ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ವಿಷಯಗಳೂ, ಸತ್ಯಸಿದ್ಧವಾದವುಗಳು. ಆದರೆ ಈಗಿನ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಜನರು ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ಶ್ರದ್ಧೆಯಿಂದ ಮತ್ತರಾಗಿ ಸತ್ಯಾಸತ್ಯ ವಿಷಯಗಳನ್ನು ಪರೀಕ್ಷಿಸುವುದು ಕಡಿಮೆಯಾದುದರಿಂದ, ಇಂದು ಸತ್ಯ ವಿಷಯವೂ ಅಸತ್ಯವೆಂದು ಕಾಣಲು ತೊಡಗಿದೆ.

ಜೈನ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತವು ಲೋಕದಲ್ಲಿ, ಜೀವ, ಪುದ್ಗಲ (Matter), ಧರ್ಮ (Medium of Motion), ಅಧರ್ಮ (Medium of Rest), ಆಕಾಶ (Space), ಕಾಲ (Time) ಗಳೆಂಬ ಆರು ದ್ರವ್ಯಗಳಿರುತ್ತವೆಂದು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಆಧುನಿಕ ರಾಸಾಯನ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ (Chemistry) ದೊಡನೆ ಈ ತತ್ವಗಳ ತುಲನಾತ್ಮಕ (Comparative) ವಿಚಾರವನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿದರೆ ಈ ವಿಷಯಗಳು ತಿಳಿದು ಬರುತ್ತವೆ.

ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತದಲ್ಲಿ – ದ್ರವ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ, ಜೀವ, ಅಜೀವಗಳೆಂದು ಮುಖ್ಯತಃ ಎರಡು ಭೇದಗಳಿರುತ್ತವೆಂದೂ, ಜೀವವು

ಚೇತನಾಲಕ್ಷಣವುಳ್ಳ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರ ದ್ರವ್ಯವೆಂದೂ ಉಳಿದ ಪುದ್ಗಲ, ಧರ್ಮ, ಅಧರ್ಮ, ಆಕಾಶ, ಕಾಲ, ದ್ರವ್ಯಗಳು ಅಜೀವದ ಭೇದಗಳೆಂದೂ ಹೇಳಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದರೆ ರಸಾಯನ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನವು, ಅದು ತಿಳಿದ ಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ "ಜೀವವು ಜಡದಿಂದಲೇ ಹುಟ್ಟುವುದೆಂದೂ, ಆ ಕಾರಣದಿಂದ ಅದೊಂದು ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರವಾದ ಪದಾರ್ಥವಲ್ಲವೆಂದೂ" ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಅದು ಜೀವನ ಉತ್ಪತ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಈ ರೀತಿ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದೆ:– "ಪ್ರಥಮತ ಭೂಗೋಲದಲ್ಲಿ 'ಜೀವನಾದಿರಸ' ಅಥವಾ ಜೀವನ ರಸ (Protoplasm) ವು ಉದ್ಭವಿಸಿತು. ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಖ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಇದ್ದಲಿ (Carban), ಹೈಡ್ರೊಜನ್ (ಪ್ರಾಣ ವಾಯು), ಒಕ್ಸಿಜನ್ ಮತ್ತು ನೈಟ್ರೋಜನ್‌ಗಳೆಂಬ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಧಾತುಗಳಿರುತ್ತವೆ. (Proteins=The complex combinations of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen & nitrogen) ಇಂತಹ ಜೀವನ ರಸದಿಂದಲೇ ಜೀವನ ಉತ್ಪತ್ತಿಯಾಯಿತೆಂದು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಆದರೆ 'ಜೀವನ ರಸ'ವು ಮೊದಲು ಹೇಗೆ ಹುಟ್ಟಿತು? ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ಮೇಲೆ ಬರೆದ ಧಾತುಗಳು ಎಷ್ಟೆಷ್ಟು ಪರಿಮಾಣದಲ್ಲಿವೆ? ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರು ಅರಿಯರು. ಈಗಿನ ಅನೇಕ ಪಾಶ್ಚಿಮಾತ್ಯ ವಿದ್ವಾಂಸರು, "ಜೀವವು ಪುದ್ಗಲ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿ (Matter nature) ಗಿಂತ ವಿಭಿನ್ನವಾವು ಒಂದು ದ್ರವ್ಯವೆಂದೂ, ಚೇತನವು ಅದರ ಲಕ್ಷಣವೆಂದೂ, ಮತ್ತದು ಅಖಂಡ – ಅವಿನಾಶಿಯೆಂದೂ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾರೆ.

Sir Oliver Lodge says'. "I am convinced that we ourselves are not extinguished when we die. Personality continues. We ourselves in our own real essence do not decay or wear out, we continue in a permanent existence beyond the life of the material fleshy organism." (Appeared in Bombay chronicle 22—11—'26).

'ಸರ್ ಓಲಿವರ್ ಲಾಜ'ರು ತಮ್ಮ 'ರೈ ಮಂಡ್' ಎಂಬ ಪುಸ್ತಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೀಗೆ ಬರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ:– "ಶರೀರ ಮತ್ತು ಶಕ್ತಿಯ ನಿಯಾಮಕವಾದ ಪ್ರಭಾವದ ಅಭಾವವೆ ಮರಣವು. ಮರಣದ ಬಳಿಕ ನಿಯತದಿಂದ ಹೊರಗಾದ ಶಕ್ತಿಗಳು ವಿಕ್ಷಿಪ್ತವಾಗುತ್ತವೆ. ಕೇವಲ ಜೀವನದ ಅಂತವೇ ಮರಣವಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಶರೀರದಿಂದ ಯಾವುದಾದರೊಂದು ಶಕ್ತಿಯು ಬೇರೆಯಾಗುವುದೆಂದಭಿಪ್ರಾಯವು. ಇದನ್ನೇ ನಾವು "ಯಾವುದು ಬದುಕಿಕೊಂಡಿರುತ್ತಿದ್ದಿತೋ ಅದು ಬೇರೆಯಾಯಿತು" ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಬಲ್ಲೆವು. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಮರಣವೆಂದರೆ ಶರೀರದೊಡನೆ ನಿಯಾಮತತ್ವದಿಂದಿರುವ ಪದಾರ್ಥವು ಅದರಿಂದ ಬೇರೆಯಾಗುವುದೆಂದರ್ಥ. ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಮಾತಿನಿಂದ ಹೇಳುವುದಾದರೆ, "ಆತ್ಮವು ಶರೀರದಿಂದ ಬೇರೆಯಾಗುವುದು" ಮರಣವು. ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಆತ್ಮವೆಂದರೆ ಪಶು, ವೃಕ್ಷ ಮೊದಲಾದ ಅತೀ ಸಣ್ಣ ಜಂತುಗಳೂ ಸೇರುತ್ತವೆ.

ಹೀಗೆಯೇ, (Professor T. J. Hudson) ರವರು ತಮ್ಮ "A Scientific demonstration of future life" ಎಂಬ ಪುಸ್ತಕದಲ್ಲಿ ತಿಳಿಯುವ ಶಕ್ತಿಯು ಶರೀರದಿಂದ ಭಿನ್ನವಾದ ಒಂದು ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರಸತ್ತೆಯುಳ್ಳ ಪದಾರ್ಥವೆಂದೂ, ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಮಾತಿನಿಂದ ಹೇಳುವುದಾದರೆ ಅದೇ ಆತ್ಮವೆಂದೂ (ಜೀವ) ಬರೆದಿರುವರು. ಮತ್ತು (Professor William Macdougall) ಎಂಬವರು ತಮ್ಮ Physiological Psychology (Temple Primer Series, pager 78—79) ಎಂಬ ಪುಸ್ತಕದಲ್ಲಿ:– ನನಗೂ ಮತ್ತನೇಕರಿಗೂ ತಿಳದುಬರುತ್ತದೇನೆಂದರೆ:– ಅನುಭವ ಸಂಬಂಧವಾದ ವಿಭಾಗ ಅಥವಾ ಅಂಶಗಳು ಭಿನ್ನ – ಭಿನ್ನ ಪದಾರ್ಥಗಳಲ್ಲ, ಅವು ಒಂದೇ ದ್ರವ್ಯ ಅಥವಾ ಸತ್ತೆಯ ಏಕದೇಶ ಭಾವಗಳು. ಈ ಶಕ್ತಿಯು ಯಾವ ಪೌದ್ಗಲಿಕ ಪದಾರ್ಥವೂ ಅಲ್ಲ. ದೇಹದ ಒಂದು ಭಾಗವೂ ಅಲ್ಲ. ಇದು ಪೌದ್ಗಲಿಕ ಪದಾರ್ಥಗಳಿಂದ ಸರ್ವಥಾ ಭಿನ್ನವಾದ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವ ಗುಣದಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿದ ಸಚೇತನ ಮತ್ತು ಕರ್ತವ್ಯ ಪರಾಯಣವಾದ ದ್ರವ್ಯ ಅಥವಾ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವವಾಗಿದೆ. ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಗತ ಚೇತನದಿಂದ ಅಖಂಡವಾದ ಈ ವಿಭಿನ್ನ ಸತ್ತೆಯನ್ನು ಒಪ್ಪಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ನಾವು ಬಾಧ್ಯರಾಗಿರುವೆವು. ಈ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನೇ ನಾವು ಆತ್ಮವೆಂದು ಹೇಳಬಲ್ಲೆವು" ಎಂದು ಬರೆದಿರುವರು. ಆದರೂ ಪಾಶ್ಚಾತ್ಯ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರು ಜೀವವೆಂಬುದೊಂದು ವಸ್ತುವು ಇದೆಯೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದಿರುವರು ಮಾತ್ರ, ಜೀವನ ಬಂಧ – ಮೋಕ್ಷಾದಿ ತತ್ವಗಳನ್ನು ತಿಳಿದಿರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣವೇನೆಂದರೆ:– ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರು ಪ್ರತ್ಯಕ್ಷ ಮತ್ತು ಅನುಮಾನ ಪ್ರಮಾಣಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಅನುಸರಿಸುವರಲ್ಲದೆ, ಪರೋಕ್ಷ ಮತ್ತು ಆಗಮ ಪ್ರಮಾಣಗಳು ಅವರಿಗೆ ಸಮ್ಮತವಲ್ಲ. ಅಂದರೆ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರು ಮೇಲಿನ ಎರಡು ಸಾಧನಗಳಿಂದಲೇ ಶೋಧನೆಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿ ಸತ್ಯಸ್ಥಾಪನೆ ಮಾಡುವರಲ್ಲದೇ (Verification), ಆಗಮ ಗ್ರಂಥಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹೀಗೆ ಹೇಳಿದೆ, ಎಂದ ಮಾತ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ಅದು ಸತ್ಯ–ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತವೆಂದು ಹೇಳುವುದು ಅವರ ಧರ್ಮವಲ್ಲ. ವಿಜ್ಞಾನವು ನಾಸ್ತಿಕ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತವನ್ನು ಅನುಕರಿಸುತ್ತದೆಂದು ಹೇಳಲು ಕಾರಣವಾದರೂ ಇದೇ ಇರಬಹುದು. ಪರೋಕ್ಷ ಮತ್ತು ಆಗಮ ಪ್ರಮಾಣವನ್ನು ಅನುಸರಿಸುವವರೇ ಆಸ್ತಿಕರಾಗುವರು.

ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಳಲ್ಪಟ್ಟಿರುವ ಆರು ದ್ರವ್ಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿ "ಪುದ್ಗಲ ದ್ರವ್ಯ"ವು ಒಂದಾಗಿದೆ. ಈ ಪುದ್ಗಲ ದ್ರವ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಆರು ಭೇದಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿರುವರು ("ಗೊಮ್ಮಟ ಸಾರ" ಪುಟ. ೨೨೨ ಗಾಥೆ ೬೦೨) ಇದರ ಆಶಯವು ಈ ರೀತಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ೧. ಸ್ಥೂಲ ಸ್ಥೂಲ – ಇದರ ಛೇದನ, ಭೇದನ, ಅನ್ಯತ್ರ ಪ್ರಾಪಣ (ಬೇರೆ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಒಯ್ಯುವುದು) ಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾಡಲಾಗುವುದು. ಉದಾ:– ಪೃಥ್ವಿ, ಕಲ್ಲು, ಕಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಮೊದಲಾದುವು. ೨. ಸ್ಥೂಲ – ಇದರ ಛೇದನ, ಭೇದನ ಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾಡಲಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಒಯ್ಯಲಾಗುವುದು. ಉದಾ:– ನೀರು, ಹಾಲು, ಎಣ್ಣೆ ಮೊದಲಾದುವು. ೩. ಸ್ಥೂಲ ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮ – ಇದರ ಛೇದನ, ಅನ್ಯತ್ರ ಪ್ರಾಪಣಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾಡಲಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಪರಂತು ಕಣ್ಣಿನಿಂದ ಕಾಣಬಹುದು. ಉದಾ:– ನೆರಳು, ಬಿಸಿಲು, ಬೆಳದಿಂಗಳು. ೪. ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮ ಸ್ಥೂಲ–ಇದು ನೇತ್ರೇಂದ್ರಿಯದಿಂದ ಹೊರತು ಇತರ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಇಂದ್ರಿಯಗಳಿಂದ ತಿಳಿಯಲ್ಪಡುವುದು. ಉದಾ:– ಶಬ್ದ, ರೆಸ, ಗಂಧ, ಸ್ಪರ್ಶ ಇತ್ಯಾದಿ. ೫. ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮ–ಯಾವ ಇಂದ್ರಿಯದ ಮೂಲಕವೂ ಇದರ ಗ್ರಹಣೆಯಾಗದು. ಉದಾ:– ಕರ್ಮ. ೬. ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮ ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮ – ಅವಿಭಾಗೀ ಪುದ್ಗಲ ಪರಮಾಣುಗಳಿಗೆ ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮ ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮವೆನ್ನುವರು.

ರೂಪ, ರಸ, ಗಂಧ, ಸ್ಪರ್ಶ ಗುಣಗಳಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿದುದು ಪುದ್ಗಲವು. ಆದರೆ ರಸಾಯನ ಮತ್ತು ಭೌತಿಕ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನವು– "ಯಾವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಗುರುತ್ವ (ಭಾರ) ವಿರುವುದೋ ಮತ್ತು ಯಾವುದು ಸ್ಥಳವನ್ನಾವರಿಸಿರುವುದೋ ಅದು ಪುದ್ಗಲ (Matter)" ವೆಂದು ಹೇಳುತ್ತದೆ. ವಿಜ್ಞಾನವು ಪುದ್ಗಲವನ್ನು ಮೂರು ಭೇದಗಳನ್ನಾಗಿ ವಿಭಾಗಿಸಿದೆ. ಅವು ಯಾವುವೆಂದರೆ Solid, Liquid ಮತ್ತು Gas.

ಈಗ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರ Matter ನ ಭೇದಗಳೊಡನೆ ಜೈನಧರ್ಮದ ಪುದ್ಗಲದ ಭೇದಗಳ ತುಲನೆಯನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿದರೆ, ಇವೆರಡರಲ್ಲಿ ಮೊದಲನೆ ಎರಡು ಭೇದಗಳು ಸಮಾನವಾಗಿವೆ. ಅಂದರೆ ಧರ್ಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಳಿರುವ ಸ್ಥೂಲಸ್ಥೂಲವನ್ನು ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರು Solid ಎನ್ನುವುದೂ, ಸ್ಥೂಲವನ್ನು Liquid ಎನ್ನುವುದೂ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಇವೆರಡರ (ಧರ್ಮ–ವಿಜ್ಞಾನ) ಪರಿಭಾಷೆಗಳು ಭಿನ್ನ ಭಿನ್ನವಾಗಿವೆ. (ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರ Gas ಎಂಬ Matter ನ ಮೂರನೆಯ ಭೇದವು ಧರ್ಮದ "ಸ್ಥೂಲ ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮ" ಮತ್ತು "ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮ ಸ್ಥೂಲ" ಎಂಬ ಭೇದದಲ್ಲಿ ಸೇರುತ್ತದೆ.)

ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರು Matterಗಿಂತ ಅತಿರಿಕ್ತವಾದ Energy ಎಂಬುದೊಂದು ಕಾರ್ಯನಿರ್ವಾಹಕ ಶಕ್ತಿಯಿದೆ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುವರು. ಅವರು Energy ಯನ್ನು Matter ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಅವರು ತಿಳಿದ ಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ ಗುರುತ್ವ (ಭಾರ)ವನ್ನು ಕಾಣುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಧರ್ಮವು ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿರುವ Energy (ಬಿಸಿಲು, ಪ್ರಕಾಶ ಇತ್ಯಾದಿ) ಯಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಗುರುತ್ವವಿದೆಯೆಂದೂ, ಅದು ಪುದ್ಗಲವೆಂದೂ ಸಿದ್ಧಮಾಡಿ ತಿಳಿಸಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಉದಾ– Heat ಅಂದರೆ ಬಿಸಿಲು. ಇದನ್ನವರು Energy ಎನ್ನುವರು. ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾರ್ಯನಿರ್ವಾಹಕ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಇರುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದ್ರೆ, Energy ಒಂದು ಗುಣದ ಹೆಸರು ಮತ್ತು ಭಾವವಾಚಕ ಶಬ್ದ. ಇದು ಈ ಗುಣವಿರುವ ಪದಾರ್ಥವನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಬೇರೆಯಾಗಿ ಹೇಗಿರಬಲ್ಲುದು? ಮತ್ತು ಬೇರೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದು ದೊಡ್ಡ ದೊಡ್ಡ ಕಾರ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ಹೇಗೆ ಮಾಡಬಲ್ಲದು? ಆದ ಕಾರಣ ಹೇಗೆ ಸುಂದರತೆಯು ಸುಂದರ ವಸ್ತುವಿನಿಂದ ಬೇರೆಯಾಗಿರುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೋ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ Energy ಯೂ ಆ ಶಕ್ತಿಯುಳ್ಳ ಪುದ್ಗಲವನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಬೇರೆಯಾಗಿರಲಾರದು. ಆದಕಾರಣ Energy ಯನ್ನೂ Matterನಲ್ಲಿ ಸೇರಿಸಿದರೆ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರ Matterನ ಪರಿಭಾಷೆಯು ಬದಲಿಸಿ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತದ ಪರಿಭಾಷೆಗೆ ಸಮಾನವಾಗುವುದು. ಅಂದ್ರೆ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರ ಪುದ್ಗಲ ಭೇದವೂ ಅತೀ ಆಗುವುದು. ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರು ಪರಮಾಣುವನ್ನು ಪುದ್ಗಲವೆಂದೇನೋ ಹೇಳುವರು. ಆದ್ರೆ ಅದು ಪುದ್ಗಲದ ಮೂರು ಭೇದಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸೇರುತ್ತದೆಂದು ಹೇಳುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಕರ್ಮ ವರ್ಗಣೆಗಳನ್ನು ಭೌತಿಕ ಹಾಗೂ ರಸಾಯನ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನ ತಿಳಿದಿರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಈ ಪ್ರಕಾರ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರ 'Matter' ನ ಮೂರು ಭೇದಗಳು ನ್ಯೂನತೆಯುಳ್ಳವುಗಳಾಗಿವೆ. ಆದ್ರೆ ಈ ನ್ಯೂನತೆಗಳನ್ನವರು ಸುಲಭವಾಗಿ ಒಪ್ಪಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬಹುದು. ಹೇಗೆಂದರೆ – ಅವರು ಪರಮಾಣುವಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಗುರುತ್ವ (ಭಾರ)ವನ್ನು ಕಾಣುವುದರಿಂದ ಅದು ಪುದ್ಗಲವೆಂದು ಹೇಳುವರು. ಆದರೂ ಅದನ್ನು ಪುದ್ಗಲದ ಯಾವ ಭೇದದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಸೇರಿಸರು. ಈ ನ್ಯೂನತೆಯು ಸಹಜವಾಗಿ ಒಪ್ಪಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವಂತಹುದು.

ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರು ಪರಮಾಣುವಿಗೆ Atom ಎನ್ನುವರು. ಅಂದ್ರೆ, ಪುದ್ಗಲದ ಅವಿಭಾಗೀ ಕಣವು Atom ಎಂದು ಇದರ ಪರಿಭಾಷೆಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಈ ಪರಿಭಾಷೆಯೇ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಹೇಳಿದೆ ಮತ್ತು ಒಂದು ಶಕ್ತಿ ವಿಶೇಷ "Chemical Affinity" ದಿಂದ ಪರಮಾಣುಗಳ ಬಂಧವಾಗಿ ಸ್ಕಂಧಗಳಾಗುತ್ತವೆಂದು ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರು ಹೇಳುವರು. ಸ್ಕಂಧವನ್ನು ಅವರು "Molecule" ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುವರು. ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತವು, ಪರಮಾಣುಗಳ ಬಂಧವಾಗುವುದರಿಂದ ಸ್ಕಂಧ

ಗಳಾಗುತ್ತವೆಂದೂ ಸ್ನಿಗ್ಧತ್ವ, ರೂಕ್ಷತ್ವಗಳು ಬಂಧದ ಕಾರಣಗಳೆಂದೂ ಹೇಳುತ್ತದೆ. ಇವು ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರು ಹೇಳುವ Chemical Affinity ಗೆ ಸಮಾನವಾಗಿವೆ.

ಎರಡು ಪರಮಾಣುಗಳಿಂದುಂಟಾದ ಸ್ಕಂಧಕ್ಕೆ ಧರ್ಮವು "ದ್ವ್ಯಣಿಕ ಸ್ಕಂಧ"ಕ್ಕೆ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರು "Diatomic" ಎಂದೂ, ತ್ರಿ-ಅಣಿಕ, ಚತುರಣಿಕ, ಅಸಂಖ್ಯಾತ ಅಣಿಕಗಳಿಗೆ ಕ್ರಮಶಃ Triatomic, Tetratomic ಮೊದಲಾದ ಸಂಜ್ಞೆಗಳನ್ನು ಕೊಡುವರು. ಇಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನವು ಜೈನಧರ್ಮದ ಸಮಾನತೆಯನ್ನು ಹೊಂದುತ್ತದೆ. (ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕರು ಸ್ನಿದ್ಧತ್ವ ಮತ್ತು ರೂಕ್ಷತ್ವ ಅರ್ಥಾತ್ ಬಂಧವಾಗುವುದರ ಕಾರಣವನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಯಲು ಪೇಕ್ಷಿಸುವುದಾದರೆ, ಜೈನರ "ಗೊಮ್ಮಟ ಸಾರ" ಗ್ರಂಥದ ೬೦೨ರಿಂದ ೬೧೮ರ ವರೆಗಿನ ಗಾಥೆಗಳನ್ನೂ ಮತ್ತು "ತತ್ವಾರ್ಥ ರಾಜವಾರ್ತಿಕ"ದ ೫ನೆಯ ಅಧ್ಯಾಯವನ್ನೂ ಪರಿಶೀಲಿಸಬಹುದು.

ಈ ಜೈನ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತ ಗ್ರಂಥವು ಇಂದು ನಿನ್ನೆಯದಲ್ಲ. ಋಗ್ವೇದಕ್ಕಿಂತಲೂ ಪುರಾತನವಾದುದು.

"ಧರ್ಮಾನುರಾಗಿ" ಆಧಾರದ ಮೇಲೆ.

●

ಶಾಂತಿನಾಟ್ಯ

Sharada Manai, I B.Sc.

ನೀಲಾಕಾಶದ ನರ್ತನ ರಂಗದ
ನಾಟ್ಯವ ನೋಡಲು ಬನ್ನಿರಿ
ಕಣ್ಮನ ತಣಿಸಿ, ಶಾಂತಿಯನುಣಿಸಿ,
ನರ್ತನ ನಡೆವುದು ಅಮೃತಹನಿಸಿ

ಶಾಂತಿಯ ಸುಧೆಯನು ವಿಶ್ವಕೆಹರಿಸಿ
ನಲಿವಳು ಉಷೆಯು ಚೇತನಹರಿಸಿ
ಶಾಂತಿಯ ಮೋಹನ ರೂಪವಧರಿಸಿ
ನಗುವಳು ಅರಳುವ ಹೂವಿನೊಳರಸಿ

ಪಾಟಲ ವರ್ಣದ ಪತ್ತಲವುಟ್ಟು
ಪಚ್ಚೆಯ ಭೂಮಿಗೆ ಮುತ್ತನು ಕೊಟ್ಟು
ಬಳು ಬಳುಕುತ ಮೆಲು ಮೆಲ್ಲನೆ ಸರಿದಳು
ಹೊಳಿ ಹೊಳೆಯುವ ಹೊಂಬಿಸಿಲಿನ ತೆರೆಗೆ

ಹೋಯಿತು ನಿಶೆಯ ಪರದೆಯು ಜಾರಿ
ಬಂದಳು ಉಷೆಯು ಸ್ವಾಗತಕೋರಿ
ಬಣ್ಣಿಪೆನೇನನು ವದನದ ಕಾಂತಿ
ಬಣ್ಣಿಪೆನೆಂಬುದು ಮನಸಿನ ಭ್ರಾಂತಿ

ಶಾಂತಿಯ ಕಡಲಲಿ ಲಾಸ್ಯವನಾಡಿ
ಭ್ರಾಂತಿಯ ಜನವನು ಎಚ್ಚರಗೊಳಿಸಿದ
ನೀಲನಿರ್ಮಲ ಧೀರಗಭೀರ,
ಶಾಂತ ಸುಂದರ ಮೂರುತಿ

ಮಾತೆಯ ಒಲಿವನು, ಪ್ರೇಮಿಯ ಚೆಲುವನು
ಶಾಂತಿಯ ತಂಪನು ಎರೆದಿಹೆ ದೇವಿ.
ಮಾತೆಯೆ ಪ್ರೇಮಿಯೆ ದೇವಿಯೆ ನೀನು?
ವಂದಿಪೆ ಏನಾದರೂ ಓ ನೀನು.

ಋಣಾನುಬಂಧ

Jyothi Prabha, II B.A.

B.A. ಫೈನಲ್ ತರಗತಿಗೆ ಪಾಠ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಾ ಇತ್ತು. ಅಮೇರಿಕೆಯ ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯ ಸಂಗ್ರಾಮದ ಕುರಿತು ಅಂದಿನ ಪ್ರವಚನ ಸಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಕೊನೆಯ ಬೆಂಚಿನ ಮೊದಲಿಗೆ ಕುಳಿತ ರೇಖಳ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಪಾಠದ ಮೇಲಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಾಯರು ಹೇಳುವ ಹಾಗೆ "Bodily present mentally absent" ಎಂಬಂತಾಗಿತ್ತು ಅವಳ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ. ಮನಸ್ಸೇನೋ ಅಮೇರಿಕೆಯಲ್ಲೇ ಇತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ! ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಾಯರು ಹೇಳುವ ವಿಷಯದ ಮೇಲಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅಮೇರಿಕದಲ್ಲಿಯ ತನ್ನ "ಪೆನ್‌ಫ್ರೆಂಡ್" ಮೈಕಲ್‌ನನ್ನು ಕುರಿತು ಯೋಚಿಸುತಿದ್ದಿತು. ತನ್ನ ಪತ್ರ ತಲುಪಿದ ಕೂಡಲೇ ಆತನು ಬರೆದಿದ್ದರೆ, ಇಂದು ಆತನ ಪತ್ರವು ತಲುಪಬೇಕಾಗಿದ್ದಿತು. ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಈ ಸಲದ ಪತ್ರದೊಡನೆ ತನ್ನ ಫೋಟೋ ಕಳಿಸುವೆನೆಂದು ಹಿಂದಿನ ಸಲವೇ ಬರೆದಿದ್ದನು. ಅವನ ಪತ್ರವನ್ನು ಓದುವ ಕುತೂಹಲ ಮಾತ್ರ ವಲ್ಲದೆ, ಅವನ ರೂಪವನ್ನು ಕಾಣುವ ಆತುರದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವಳ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಅಂಚೆಪೇದೆಯ ಬರವನ್ನೇ ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಪಾಠದ ಮೇಲಿರಬೇಕಾದ ಗಮನವೆಲ್ಲ ಎದುರಿಗೆ ಕಾಣುವ ಗೇಟಿನ ಮೇಲೆಯೇ ಇದ್ದಿತ್ತು. ಕಣ್ಣಿನಿಂದ ಕಣ್ಣಾರೆ ಕಾಣದಿದ್ದರೂ ಮೈಕಲನೇನೂ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಅಪರಿಚಿತನಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವನು ತನ್ನ ಎರಡು ಪತ್ರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತನ್ನ ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಪರಿಚಯವನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದನು. ತನ್ನ ಅಭಿರುಚಿಗಳನ್ನೂ ತಿಳಿಸಿದ್ದನು. ದೈವವಶಾತ್ ಇಬ್ಬರ ಅಭಿರುಚಿಗಳೂ ಒಂದೇ ಆಗಿದ್ದು ಅವಳು ಅವನನ್ನು ಬರೇ "ಪೆನ್‌ಫ್ರೆಂಡ್ ಎಂದು ಕಾಣದೆ ದೂರದ ಒಬ್ಬ ಬಂಧುವನ್ನು ಕಾಣುವಂತೆ ಆಗಿದ್ದಿತು ಅವರ ಮೈತ್ರಿ. ಮೈಕಲನು ಅಮೇರಿಕೆಯ ಕೋಟ್ಯಾಧೀಶರ ಏಕಮಾತ್ರ ಪುತ್ರನಾಗಿದ್ದು ರೇಖಳಿಗಿಂತ ಎರಡು ವರ್ಷಗಳಿಗೆ ಹಿರಿಯನಾಗಿದ್ದನು. ಅವನು ತನ್ನ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತವನ್ನೇ ಆಯ್ದು, ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತದಲ್ಲಿ ಆಳವಾದ ಅಧ್ಯಯನವನ್ನು ನಡೆಸಿ, ಭಾರತದ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯನ್ನು ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಅರ್ಥ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡ ತರುಣನಾಗಿದ್ದನು. ಭಾರತದ ಎಲ್ಲ ಮೂಲೆಮೂಲೆಗಳಲ್ಲೂ ಲೇಖನಿಯ ಮೂಲಕ ಗೆಳೆತನವನ್ನು ನಡೆಸಿದ್ದನು. ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದು ಭಾರತದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಕೆಲವು ಕಾಲ ನಿಂತು ಭಾರತದ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯನ್ನು ಇನ್ನೂ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಅಭ್ಯಸಿಸಬೇಕೆಂಬುದು ಅವನ ಅಭಿಲಾಷೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದಿತು. ಭಾರತೀಯ ಅನೇಕ ಪ್ರೇಕ್ಷಣೀಯ ಸ್ಥಳಗಳೂ ಅವನನ್ನು ಆಕರ್ಷಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದವು. ಇವು ಮಾತ್ರವಲ್ಲದೆ, ಅವನ ಹೃದಯಾಂತರಾಳದಲ್ಲಿ ಇನ್ನೂ ಒಂದು ಆಶೆಯು ಮಿನುಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಬರೇ ಲೇಖನಿಯ ಮೂಲಕ ಗೆಳೆಯರಾದವರನ್ನು ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಶಃವಾಗಿ ಕಂಡು ಅವರೊಡನೆ ಕೆಲವು ದಿನಗಳನ್ನು ಕಳೆಯಬೇಕೆಂಬುದು ಅವನ ಬಯಕೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದಿತು. ಇದಕ್ಕೆಲ್ಲ ಮುಖ್ಯವಾದ "ಹಣ"ದ ಕೊರತೆಯೇನೂ ಅವನಿಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ರೇಖಳ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಮೈಕಲನನ್ನು ಕುರಿತು ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ, ಗೇಟಿನೆಡೆಗೆ ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳಿಗೆ ಅಂಚೆ ಪೇದೆಯನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಸಂತೋಷವಾಯಿತು. ಆದರೆ ಅದೇ ಮೈಕಲನನ್ನು ಕುರಿತು ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ರೇಖಳನ್ನು ಅಧ್ಯಾಪಕರ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಯು ಹೊಡೆದೆಬ್ಬಿಸಿದಂತಾಯಿತು. "Miss Rekha from that last row, please tell me when America gained Independence?"

ಸೀರೆಯ ನೆರಿಗೆಯನ್ನು ಸರಿಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು, ಸೆರಗನ್ನು ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಹೊದ್ದು ರೇಖಾ ಮೆಲ್ಲನೆ ಎದ್ದಳು. (ಮೆಲ್ಲನೆ ಏಳುವುದರಿಂದ ಉತ್ತರ ಹುಡುಕಲು ಸಮಯ ಸಿಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು !) ಎದೆಯ ಮೇಲಿದ್ದ ಭಾರವಾದ ಜಡೆಯನ್ನು ಹಿಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಹಾಕಿ ಉತ್ತರಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ತಡಬಡಿಸತೊಡಗಿದಳು. ಹುಡುಗಿಯರ ಕಾಲೇಜಾದುದರಿಂದ ಹುಡುಗರ ಓರೆನೋಟಗಳ ಕಾಟವಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಈ ಹುಡುಗಿಯರ ತಂಟೆಗಿಂತ ಹುಡುಗರ ಓರೆನೋಟವೇ ವಾಸಿ ಎನ್ನಿಸಿತು ರೇಖಳಿಗೆ. ಅದೊಂದು ದಿನ ಹೀಗೆಯೇ ಆದಾಗ ಹುಡುಗಿಯರೆಲ್ಲ ಸೇರಿ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಏಡಿಸಿದ ರೀತಿಯನ್ನು ನೆನೆದು ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಹೆದರಿಕೆಯಾಯಿತು.

"ಯಾವ ರಾಜಕುಮಾರನ ಯೋಚ್ನೆ ಮಾಡ್ತಿದ್ದಿಯೆ?" ರಮಾಳು ಕೊಂಕು ನೋಟದಿಂದ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ತಿವಿದು ಹೇಳಿದರೆ, ವಾಣಿಯು "ಯಾವಾಗ್ನಿಂದ ಗಾಳಿಗೋಪುರ ಕಟ್ಟೋ ಅಭ್ಯಾಸವಾಯ್ತೇ?" ಎಂತ ಜಡೆಯನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದು ಎಳೆದಿದ್ದಳು. ಆಗ ಶಾಂತಿಯು (ಹೆಸರು ಶಾಂತಿ ಎಂದಿದ್ದರೂ ಅವಳಿದ್ದಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲ ಅಶಾಂತಿಯೇ ಇರುತ್ತಿತ್ತು !) ಶಶಿ ರೇಖಾ ಪರಿಣಯದ ಕುರಿತು ನಡೆದಿರ್ಬೇಕು ಯೋಚನೆ" ಎಂದು ತನ್ನ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯವನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸಿದ್ದಳು. ಇವರೆಲ್ಲ

ರಿಂದ ತಪ್ಪಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಅವಳು ಪಟ್ಟಪಾಡು ಅವಳೇ ಬಲ್ಲಳು. ಈ ಸಲವೂ ತಾನು ಸರಿಯಾದ ಉತ್ತರ ಕೊಡದಿದ್ದ ಪಕ್ಷದಲ್ಲಿ ಇವರ ಬಾಯಿಂದ ಹೇಗೆ ತಪ್ಪಿಸಿ ಕೊಳ್ಳಲಿ? ಎಂಬ ಆಲೋಚನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪಾಪ! ಉಪಾ ಧ್ಯಾಯರ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಯನ್ನೇ ಮರೆತುಬಿಟ್ಟು, ಎದುರಿಗಿದ್ದ ಬೋರ್ಡನ್ನೇ ಎಂದೂ ಕಂಡಿಲ್ಲವೋ ಎಂಬಂತೆ ನೋಡುತ್ತಾ ನಿಂತುಬಿಟ್ಟಳು. ಆದರೆ ಆ ಅಧ್ಯಾಪಕರೋ! ಒಮ್ಮೆ ಕೇಳಿದ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಯನ್ನು ಪುನರಾವರ್ತಿಸುವವರೇ ಅಲ್ಲ. ಅವರು ಒಮ್ಮೆಲೇ ಕೋಪದಿಂದ ಗರ್ಜಿಸಿದರು. "May I know what question I was asking you?" ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಾಯರ ಈ ಬಿರುನುಡಿಯಿಂದ ರೇಖ ಇನ್ನೇನು ಆಳಬೇಕೆನ್ನುವಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರಿಂದ ಏನೋ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಬಂದ ಕರೆಯು ಅವಳನ್ನು ಬಿಡುಗಡೆಗೊಳಿಸಿತು. ಒಂದು ಸಲ ತನ್ನೆದುರಿಗಿರುವ (ಆದರೆ ತಿರುಗಿ ತನ್ನನ್ನೇ ನೋಡು ತ್ತಿರುವ) ಹುಡುಗಿಯರ ಕಡೆಗೂ ಮತ್ತೊಮ್ಮೆ ಉಪಾ ಧ್ಯಾಯರೆಡೆ ನೋಡಿ "ಕ್ಷಮಿಸಿ" ಎಂದು ನುಡಿದು ಹೊರ ಗೋಡಿದಳು. ಒಂದು ದೊಡ್ಡದಾದ ಬಿಡುಗಡೆಯ ಉಸಿರನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು.

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ಅಂದು, ರೇಖಳು ಮೈಕಲನ ಪತ್ರವನ್ನು ನಿರೀಕ್ಷಿಸು ತ್ತಿದ್ದ ದಿನವೇ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಪತ್ರವು ತಲುಪಿದ್ದಿತು. ಕ್ಲಾಸಿನಿಂದ ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರ ಕೋಣೆಗೆ ಕರೆಸಿದುದರ ಕಾರಣ ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಮೈಕಲನು ಅವಳ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಿಂದ ಪೂರ್ತಿ ಮರೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದ. ಅವಳಿಗಾದ ಅವಮಾನವೇ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಸುಡುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಹೇಗೋ ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ ಎದುರಿಗೆ ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಹುಡುಗಿಯೊಬ್ಬಳ ಮೇಲೆ ಮುಗ್ಗರಿಸಿ ಬಿದ್ದು ಅವಳ ಕೆಂಗಣ್ಣನ್ನು ಎದುರಿಸಿ "ಸೋ, ವೆರಿ ಸೋರಿ" ಎಂದು ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರ ಕೋಣೆಯನ್ನು ತಲಪುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಹಾಗೇ ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿ ಪಾಲರು ಕೈಗಿತ್ತ ಪತ್ರವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ. ಅದರಲ್ಲೂ ಅದರ ಮೇಲಿನ ಕೆನಡಿಯ ಮುಖವಿದ್ದ ಅಂಚೆ ಚೀಟನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಅವಳ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಆನಂದದಿಂದ ಬಿರಿದಿತ್ತು. ಪತ್ರದೊಡನೆ ಸೀದಾ ಮನೆಗೇ ಬಂದಿದ್ದಳು. ತಾಯಿಯೊಡನೆ ತಲೆ ನೋವಿನ ನೆವಹೇಳಿ ರೂಮಿಗೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಬಾಗಿಲಿಕ್ಕಿ ಪತ್ರ ವನ್ನು ಒಡೆಯುತ್ತಿರುವಾಗ ಅದರಲ್ಲಿನ ಫೋಟೋ ಕೆಳಗೆ ಬೀಳಲು ಅದನ್ನೆತ್ತಿ ನೋಡಿದಳು. ಸುಂದರನಾದ, ಗುಂಗುರು ಕೂದಲಿನ ಯುವಕನ ಫೋಟೋ. ನೋಡಿ ದೊಡನೆಯೇ ಕೆಂಪಾದ ಮುಖವು ಅವನು ಭಾರತೀಯ ನಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟಪಡಿಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಒಂದೇ ಸವನೆ ಅದನ್ನೇ ನೋಡುತ್ತ ಕುಳಿತು ಬಿಟ್ಟಳು ರೇಖಾ. ಅವನು ಇಷ್ಟರ ವರೆಗೆ ಬರೆದ ಪತ್ರಗಳನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಈಗ ಅವನೇ ತನ್ನ ಬಾಯಿಂದ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿರುವನೋ ಎಂಬ ಭ್ರಮೆಯಾಯಿತವಳಿಗೆ. ತದೇಕ ಚಿತ್ತಳಾಗಿ ನೋಡುತ್ತಿರುವಂತೆಯೇ ಚಿತ್ತಚಾಂಚಲ್ಯವುಂಟಾ ಯಿತು. ಒಬ್ಬ ಯುವಕನ ಫೋಟೋವನ್ನು ಹೀಗೆ ನೋಡುತ್ತಿರುವುದು ಹಿಂದೂ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಗೆ ಹೀನವೆಂದು ಅವಳ ಅಂತರಾತ್ಮವು ಹೇಳತೊಡಗಿತು. ಆದರೇನಾಯಿತು? ಅವನೋ ಅಮೇರಿಕದವನು. ತಾನು ಭಾರತೀಯಳು. ದವನಿಗೂ ತನಗೂ ಯಾವುದರಲ್ಲೂ ಹೋಲಿಕೆಯೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ತಾನು ಜೀವಮಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಮ್ಮೆಯಾದರೂ ಅವನನ್ನು ನೋಡುವೆನೋ ಇಲ್ಲವೋ? ಹಾಗಿರುವಾಗ ಅವನ ಫೋಟೋ ನೋಡುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಏನೂ ಕೆಟ್ಟದಿಲ್ಲ ಎಂದು ತನ್ನನ್ನೇ ತಾನು ಸಮಾಧಾನಪಡಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಳು. ಅಷ್ಟರ ವರೆಗೆ ಪತ್ರದ ವಿಷಯ ನೆನಪಿಗೇ ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಮನಸ್ಸು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಸ್ಥಿಮಿತಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದ ತರುವಾಯ ಪತ್ರವನ್ನು ಓದತೊಡಗಿದಳು. ಆದರೆ ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಉದ್ದುದ್ದ ಪತ್ರ ಬರೆಯುವವನು ಇಂದು ಬರೇ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಗೆರೆಗಳನ್ನು ಬರೆದಿದ್ದನು. ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ತಾನು ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ ಇನ್ನು ಕೆಲವೇ ದಿನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರವಾಸಕ್ಕೆ ಬರಲಿರುವೆನೆಂದೂ, ಆ ಪ್ರಯುಕ್ತ ತಾನು ಬಹಳ ಗಡಿಬಿಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿರುವುದರಿಂದ, ಮತ್ತು ತನ್ನ ಪ್ರವಾಸದ ಕುರಿತು ಭಾರತದ ತನ್ನ ಇತರ ಗೆಳೆಯ ಗೆಳತಿ ಯರಿಗೂ ಬರೆಯಲಿರುವುದರಿಂದ ಉದ್ದ ಪತ್ರ ಬರೆಯ ಲಾಗದ್ದಕ್ಕೆ ಕ್ಷಮಿಸಬೇಕೆಂದೂ ಕೇಳಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದನು. ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕ ಬಂದಾಗ ರೇಖಳನ್ನು ಕಾಣುವೆನೆಂದೂ ಆಗ ಒಬ್ಬರನ್ನೊಬ್ಬರು ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಅರ್ಥಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬಹು ದೆಂದೂ ಬರೆದಿದ್ದನು. ಕೊನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹೀಗೆಂದು ಬರೆ ದಿದ್ದನು. "ರೇಖಾ, ಇದರೊಡನೆ ನನ್ನ ಫೋಟೋ ಕಳಿಸಿರುತ್ತೇನೆ. ಯಾಕೆಂದರೆ ನಾನು ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಬಂದಾಗ ನಿನಗೆ ನನ್ನ ವಿಷಯವಾಗಿ ಸಂಶಯ ಬರಬಾರದಲ್ಲ. ನಿನ್ನ ಫೋಟೋ ಕಳಿಸುವ ಅಗತ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ. ಹೇಗೂ ನಾನೇ ಸ್ವತಹ ಕಾಣುತ್ತೇನಲ್ಲ. ಬೇಕಾದರೆ ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ಒಟ್ಟಿಗೇ ತೆಗೆಸೋಣ. ಇಂತು ನಿನ್ನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತ ಮೈಕ್."

ಪತ್ರವನು ಓದಿ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಬಹಳ ಆನಂದವಾಯಿತು. ಅವನು ಬರೆದ ಪ್ರಕಾರ ಅವನು ಬರಲು ಇನ್ನು ಕೇವಲ ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತು ದಿನಗಳಿದ್ದುವು. ಆ ಸುಂದರಮುಖದ ಕೆಂಚು ಕೂದಲಿನ ಯುವಕನನ್ನು ತಾನು ಸ್ವತಹ ಕಾಣುವೆನೆಂಬ ಆನಂದದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವಳು ಮುಂದಿನ ದಿನಗಳನ್ನು ಕನಸು ಕಾಣುವುದರಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಕಳೆಯತೊಡಗಿದಳು. ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಇಂತಹ ಅವಕಾಶ ಲಭಿಸುವುದೆ? "ಪೆನ್‌ಫ್ರೆಂಡ್ಸ್" ಎಷ್ಟು ಜನರಿಗಿಲ್ಲ! ಆದರೆ ತನ್ನ ಮೈಕಲ್ ಮಾತ್ರ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ

ಬಂದು ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಹೋಗುತ್ತಾನೆ. ತಾನು ಭಾಗ್ಯಶಾಲಿ. "ತನ್ನ ಮೈಕಲ್" ಎಂಬ ಭಾವನೆ ಬಂದಾಗ ಮಾತ್ರ ಅವಳ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಹಿಂಸೆಯಾಯಿತು. ಅಂತೂ ಅವನೊಡನೆ ಹೇಗೆ ಮಾತನಾಡಬೇಕು. ಹೇಗೆ ವ್ಯವಹರಿಸಬೇಕು ಎಂಬ ಯೋಚನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತು ದಿನಗಳು ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತು ವರ್ಷಗಳಾದುವು. ಇಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ವಿಷಯವು ಅವಳ ಮನೆಯವರಿಗೂ, ಸಹಪಾಠಿಗಳಿಗೂ ತಿಳಿದು ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಅಭಿನಂದಿಸುವವರು ಮತ್ತು ಪ್ರೋತ್ಸಾಹಿಸುವವರೇ ಆಗಿದ್ದರು. ಮತ್ಸರಿಸಿದವರೂ ಕಡಿಮೆಯಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆ ತರಲೆ ಹುಡುಗಿ ವಾಣಿಯಂತೂ ಮೊದಲೇ ಎಚ್ಚರಿಕೆಯನ್ನಿತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. "ರೇಖಾ, ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಜಾಗ್ರತೆಯಿಂದಿರು. ಅಮೇಂಕನ್ನರು ಬಹಳ ಮುಂದುವರಿದವರಂತೆ. ಆ ಮೈಕಲ್ ನಿನ್ನಂತಹ ಸುಂದರಿಯನ್ನು ಕಂಡರೆ ಅಮೇರಿಕಕ್ಕೆ ಹಾರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋದಾನು." ಇದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ಅವಳು ಕೋಪವನ್ನು ನಟಿಸಿದರೂ ಒಳಗಿನ ಮನಸ್ಸು "ಅವಳಂದದ್ದೇ ನಿಜವಾದರೆ" ಎಂದು ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಹಾಗೂ ಹೀಗೂ ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತು ದಿನಗಳು ಸರಿದು ಮೈಕಲನ ಆಗಮನದ ದಿನವು ಹತ್ತಿರ ಬಂದಿದ್ದಿತು. ಪಾಠದ ಮೇಲಿನ ಗಮನ ಸರಿದಿತ್ತು.

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ಅಮೇರಿಕದ ಭವ್ಯವಾದ ಬಂಗಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು ರೇಖ ಒಂದೊಂದನ್ನೇ ಜ್ಞಾಪಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಳು. ಇಂದು ಅವಳು ಶ್ರೀಮತಿ ರೇಖಾ ಮೈಕಲ್. ಕೆಲವೇ ತಿಂಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ ಮೈಕಲನ ಮಗುವಿನ ತಾಯಿ. ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ಜ್ಞಾಪಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ ತನ್ನ ಮತ್ತು ಮೈಕಲನ ಪ್ರಥಮ ಭೇಟಿಯಂ ನೆನಪಾಯಿತು.

ಅಂದು, ಮೈಕಲ್ ಅವಳ ಮನೆಯನ್ನೇ ಹುಡುಕುತ್ತಾ ಬಂದು ಅವಳೊಡನೆಯೇ "ಇದು ಕೃಷ್ಣರಾಯರ ಮನೆಯೇ?" ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದ್ದನು. ಅವನು ಅವಳನ್ನು ಫೋಟೋದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಕಂಡಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಸುಂದರಿಯಾದ ರೇಖಳನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ, ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ಹೋಗಿದ್ದರೂ ಹಿಂದೂ ಮಾದರಿಯ ಪ್ರತೀಕದಂತಿದ್ದ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಅವನಿಗೆ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನ ಶಕುಂತಲೆಯ ನೆನಪು ಬಂದಿತ್ತು. ಅವಳು ನೆಟ್ಟ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳಿಂದ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ರೀತಿಯಂತೂ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಮತ್ತೂ ಮತ್ತೂ ಶಕುಂತಲೆಯನ್ನೇ ನೆನಪಿಗೆ ತಂದವು. "ಇವಳೇ ರೇಖಳಾಗಿದ್ದರೆ?" ಎಂಬ ಭಾವನೆಯೂ ಅವನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಳಿದುಹೋಯಿತು.

ಆದರೆ ರೇಖಳು ಅವನನ್ನು ಕಂಡೊಡನೆಯೇ ಅವನ ವೇಷಭೂಷಣಗಳನ್ನು ಕಂಡೇ ಅವನನ್ನು ಗುರುತಿಸಿದ್ದಳು. ಆದರೆ ಇಷ್ಟರ ವರೆಗೆ ಪರದೇಶಿಯರೊಡನೆ ಮಾತನಾಡಿಗೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲದ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಮೊದಲು ಹೇಗೆ ಆರಂಭಿಸಬೇಕೆಂದೇ ತಿಳಿಯದೆ ಅವನನ್ನು ನೆಟ್ಟಕಣ್ಣುಗಳಿಂದ ನೋಡಿದಳು. ಆ ಮೇಲೆ ಅವಳಿಗೇ ನಾಚಿಕೆಯಾಯಿತು. ತನಗೆ ರೀತಿ ನೀತಿ ಗೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ಭಾವಿಸಿಕೊಂಡನೋ ಏನೋ ಎಂದು ಕೊಂಡು ಅವನನ್ನು ಹಿಂದೂ ರೀತಿಯಂತೆ "ನಮಸ್ಕಾರ" ಹೇಳಿ ಅವನನ್ನು ಒಳಗೆ ಕುಳ್ಳಿರಿಸಿ ತನ್ನ ಪರಿಚಯವನ್ನು ತಾನೇ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಡುತ್ತಾ ಬಳಲಿದ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಕೈಕಾಲು ತೊಳೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ನೀರು ತಂದುಕೊಟ್ಟಳು. ಅಂತೂ ಭಾರತೀಯ ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯದಂತೆ ಅವನನ್ನು ಸತ್ಕರಿಸಿದಳು.

ಭಾರತೀಯ ಆಚಾರ ವಿಚಾರಗಳನ್ನು ಮೊದಲೇ ತಿಳಿದುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವೇನೂ ಆಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಬದಲು, ಅಮೇರಿಕೆಯವನಾದ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಭಾರತೀಯ ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯದಂತೆ ಸತ್ಕರಿಸಿದ ಅವಳ ಕುರಿತು ಗೌರವ ಭಾವನೆಯು ಉಂಟಾಗತೊಡಗಿತು. ಅವರ ರೂಪವಂತೂ ಅವನನ್ನು ಆಕರ್ಷಿಸಿದ್ದುವು.

ಅಂತೂ ಊರನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಅವನಿಗೆ ತೋರಿಸಿಯಾಯಿತು. ಪರಸ್ಪರ ತಮ್ಮ ಅಭಿರುಚಿ, ಜ್ಞಾನದ ಕುರಿತು ಚರ್ಚೆ ನಡೆಯಿತು. ಒಬ್ಬರನ್ನೊಬ್ಬರು ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಅರಿಯುತ್ತಾ ಹೋದಂತೆ ಇಬ್ಬರ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಒಂದಾಗತೊಡಗಿತು. ಅವನಿಗೆ ಭಾರತದಲ್ಲಿ ನೊಂಡಬೇಕಾದುದು ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಇತ್ತು. ಹೆಚ್ಚು ದಿನಗಳಿರಲು ಸಮಯವಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಅಗಲುವ ದಿನ ಬಂದಂತೆ ಇಬ್ಬರಿಗೂ ಬೇಸರ ಹೆಚ್ಚುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ರೇಖಳನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟುಹೋಗಲು ಅವನ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಒಪ್ಪುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ರೇಖಳಿಗೂ ಅವನು ಹೋಗುವ ದಿನ ಸಮೀಪಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಏನೋ ಕಾತರ, ಏನೋ ಭಯ. ಇನ್ನು "ಅವನು ಹೋದರೆ ಜೀವಮಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣುವೆನೋ ಇಲ್ಲವೋ?" ಎಂಬ ಶಂಕೆ. ಇಬ್ಬರಿಗೂ ಪರಸ್ಪರ ಬೆಸುಗೆ ಹಾಕಿದಂತಾಗಿ ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ತಮ್ಮ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯವನ್ನು ವ್ಯಕಪಡಿಸಲಾರದವರಾಗಿದ್ದರು.

ಕಡೆಗೂ ಹೋಗುವ ಹಿಂದಿನ ದಿನ ಅವನು ಮೊದಲು ತನ್ನ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯವನ್ನು ರೇಖಳೊಡನೆ ತಿಳಿಸಿದನು. ರೇಖಳು ತನ್ನ ಜೀವನ ಸಂಗಾತಿಯಾಗಬೇಕೆಂಬುದೇ ಅವನ ಬಯಕೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದಿತು. ಅವನೇ ತಿಳಿಸಿದ ಮೇಲೆ ಅವಳೂ ತನ್ನ ಒಪ್ಪಿಗೆಯ ಮುದ್ರೆಯನ್ನೊತ್ತಿದಳು. ಆದರೆ ಅವಳ ಮಾತಾಪಿತರು ಇರುವರಲ್ಲ! ಅವರೇನೋ ಮೈಕಲನನ್ನು, ಅವನ ಭಾರತದ ಮೇಲಿನ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಮತ್ತು ಅವನ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಜ್ಞಾನವನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಮೆಚ್ಚಿದರು. ಅವನೊಡನೆ ಮಗಳನ್ನು ಒಬ್ಬಳೇ ತಿರುಗಾಡಲು ಕಳುಹಿಸಿ

ಕೊಡಲು ಹಿಂಜರಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಇಷ್ಟು ಮಾತ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ಅಳಿಯನನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಲು ಒಪ್ಪುವುದು ಸಂಶಯಾಸ್ಪದವಾಗಿತ್ತು, ಕಡೆಗೆ ಧೈರ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಮೈಕಲನೇ ತನ್ನ ಮನದಾಶೆಯನ್ನು ಅವರಿಗೆ ತಿಳಿಸಿ ರೇಖಳ ಸಮ್ಮತಿಯು ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಪೂರ್ಣವಿರುವುದೆಂದು ತಿಳಿಸಿದನು ಮೊದಲು ಅವರು ಒಪ್ಪಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆ ಮೇಲೆ ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ಒತ್ತಾಯಿಸಿ ಕೇಳಿಕೊಂಡ ಮೇಲೆ ಒಂದು ಶರ್ತದ ಮೇಲೆ ಒಪ್ಪಿದರು. ಅದೇನೆಂದರೆ, "ರೇಖಳು ಅಮೇರಿಕಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋದ ಮೇಲೆ ಹಿಂದೂ ಧರ್ಮದಂತೆಯೇ ಹಿಂದೂ ಆಚಾರ ವಿಚಾರದಂತೆಯೇ ಇರತಕ್ಕದ್ದು. ಮಾಂಸ ತಿನ್ನತಕ್ಕದ್ದಲ್ಲ. ಸೀರೆಯನ್ನೇ ಉಟ್ಟುಕೊಳ್ಳತಕ್ಕುದು....." ಇತ್ಯಾದಿ ಈ ಶರ್ತಗಳಿಗೆ ಮೈಕಲನು ಸುಲಭವಾಗಿ ಒಪ್ಪಿಕೊಂಡನು. ಮಾಂಸ ಇತ್ಯಾದಿ ಅವನೇ ತಿನ್ನುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅಂತೂ ಈಗ ಯಾವ ಅಡ್ಡಿಯೂ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅಂತೇ ಎರಡು ದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿ ಬೆಳೆದ ಇವರಿಬ್ಬರು ಯಾವುದೋ ಋಣಾನುಬಂಧದಿಂದ ಒಂದಾದರು.

ಮುಂದೆ ಜೀವನ ಹೂವಿನ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯಾಯಿತು. ಭಾರತ ಉಳಿದ ಸ್ಥಳಗಳೆಲ್ಲವೂ ರೇಖಳೊಡಗೂಡಿ ಮಧುಚಂದ್ರ ವಿಹಾರವಾಯಿತು. ಮತ್ತೆ ಅಮೇರಿಕಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗುವ ದಿನವೂ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಬಂದು ಅವಳ ಕನಸ್ಸು ನನಸಾಗಿತ್ತು.

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ಇದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತ ಕುಳಿತ ರೇಖಳಿಗೆ ಸಮಯ ಹೋದುದೇ ಗೊತ್ತಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಮೈಕಲನು ಹಿಂದಿನಿಂದ ಬಂದು ಅವಳ ನೀಳವಾದ ಜಡೆಯನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದಾಗಲೇ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಎಚ್ಚರವಾದುದು. ಅವನ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿದ ಕಾಗದವನ್ನು ಎಳೆಯಲು ಅದು ಅವಳಿಗೇ ಬರೆದ ಭಾರತದಿಂದ ಬಂದ ಅವಳ ಗೆಳತಿ ವಾಣಿಯ ಪತ್ರವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಎಲ್ಲ ಗೆಳತಿಯರ ವಿಷಯಗಳನ್ನೂ ಬರೆದು ಅವಳು ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಹೀಗೆ ಬರೆದಿದ್ದಳು. "ಕಡೆಗೂ ನಾನೆಂದ ಮಾತೇ ನಿಜವಾಯಿತು. ನಿನ್ನಂತಹವಳನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಮೈಕಲನಾದರೂ ಪಾಪ! ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹೇಗೆ ಹೋಗಬಲ್ಲ! ಅದನ್ನು ನೆನೆಸಿಯೇ ನಾನು ನಿನಗೆ ಮೊದಲೇ ಎಚ್ಚರಿಕೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದೆ. ಅಂತೂ ನಾನೆಂದುದೇ ನಿಜವಾಯಿತಲ್ಲ." ಅದನ್ನು ಓದುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಅವಳ ಮುಖದ ಮೇಲೆ ಒಂದು ಮಂದಹಾಸವು ಮಿನುಗಿ ಮಾಯವಾಯಿತು. ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಕಾಲು ಚೀಲಗಳನ್ನು ಕಳಚುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಪತಿಯನ್ನು ಪ್ರೀತಿಪೂರ್ಣ ಕಂಗಳಿಂದ ನೋಡಿ, ಪತಿಯ ಊಟದ ತಯಾರಿಗಾಗಿ ಒಳನಡೆದಳು.

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ನಿರ್ಧಾರ!

N. Shalini Kudva, III B. Sc.

ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಹಕ್ಕಿಯಂತೆ ಹಾರಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಇರುವ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಸುರೇಖಳದ್ದು ಆದರೆ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿ ಮಾತ್ರ ಹಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ತನ್ನ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ನೆನಸಿ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಒಂದು ಕಡೆ ಬೇಸರವೂ, ಒಂದು ಕಡೆ ಸಂತೋಷವೂ ಎನಿಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗಿನಿಂದ ಸಂಜೆಯ ವರೆಗೆ ಒಬ್ಬಂಟಿಗಳಾಗಿ ಸಮಯವನ್ನು ಕಳೆಯಬೇಕಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ಸುರೇಖಳ ಸೌಕರ್ಯಗಳಿಗೇನು ತೊಂದರೆಯಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಪಾಸಿಸಲು ದೊಡ್ಡದಾದ ಬಂಗಲೆ, ಪ್ರೀತಿಸುವ ಗಂಡ, ಉಣ್ಣಲು, ತಿನ್ನಲು ಏನೂ ಕಡಿಮೆಯಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅಷ್ಟಿದ್ದರೂ ತನಗೆ ಸುಖವಿಲ್ಲ. ಆಲೋಚನೆಯು ಹಂತಕ್ಕೇರಿದಳು ಸುರೇಖ.

'ಟಕ್' 'ಟಕ್' ಬಾಗಿಲ ಶಬ್ದ. ರಾತ್ರಿ ಸಾಧಾರಣ 12 ಗಂಟೆಯಾಗಿರಬಹುದು.

ಸುರೇಖ, ಹೊತ್ತಾಯಿತೇ! ತುಂಬಾ! ಇದು ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ಸುರೇಶನ ಧ್ವನಿ. ಸುರೇಖ ಮಾತಾಡಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಕ್ಷಮಿಸು, ಸುರೇಖ ಇನ್ನೆಂದೂ ಹೀಗೆ ಮಾಡಲಾರೆ. ಇವತ್ತು ತುಂಬಾ ಪೇಷಂಟಿದ್ದರು. ಎಲ್ಲರನ್ನೂ ನೋಡಿ ಬರುವಾಗ ತುಂಬಾ ಹೊತ್ತಾಯಿತು.

ಇದು ಸುರೇಖಳ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಾಗುವ ದಿನನಿತ್ಯದ ರೂಢಿ.

. . . . . .

ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ಸುರೇಶ್ ಊರರೆಲ್ಲಾ ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧ ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ಆಗಿದ್ದರು. ಅವರ ಹಸ್ತಚಳಕದಿಂದ ಎಂತಹ ರೋಗಿಯಾದರೂ ಗುಣಮುಖಹೊಂದುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಅವರ ಹಸ್ತ ಗುಣವೇ ಕಾರಣವಾಗಿತ್ತೆನ್ನಬಹುದು. ಅವರನ್ನು ಹೊಗಳದ ಜನರೇ ಆ ಊರಲ್ಲಿ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆಯಿಂದ ಸಂಜೆಯವರೆಗೆ ದುಡಿಯುತ್ತಲೇ ಇರುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಒಂದು ನಿಮಿಷವೂ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಬಿಡುವೆಂದು ಇರುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೂ ತಮ್ಮ ಜೀವಮಾನವನ್ನು ಲೆಕ್ಕಿಸದೆ ದುಡಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ಸುರೇಶ್.

ಮಿಸ್ಟರ್ ಸುರೇಶ್, ನೀವು ಇಷ್ಟು ದುಡಿಯಬಾರದು ಎಂದು ಗೆಳೆಯರು ಪದೇ ಪದೇ ಅವರನ್ನು ಎಚ್ಚರಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು.

ಆದರ ಈ ಯಾವ ಮಾತುಗಳಿಗೂ ಅವರು ಕಿವಿಗೊಡುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ನೀವು ಹೇಳುವುದೇನೋ ಸರಿ, ಆದರೆ "ಜನತಾ ಸೇವೆಯೇ ಜನಾರ್ದನನ ಸೇವೆಯಲ್ಲವೇ"?

ಜನತಾ ಸೇವೆ, ಜನತಾ ಸೇವೆ ಎಂದು ಜೀವವನ್ನೇ ಬಲಿಕೂಡಬೇಕೇ ಮಹಾರಾಯ.

ಹಾಗೇನಿಲ್ಲ, ಆದರೆ ದೇವರು ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಈ ಜನ್ಮದ ಸಾರ್ಥಕತೆಯನ್ನು ಮತ್ತೆ ಹೇಗೆ ತಾನೆ ನಾನು ಮಾಡಿಯೇನು? ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿ ಮಿತ್ರರ ಮುಂದಿನ ಮಾತಿಗೂ ಕಾಯದೆ ಹೊರಟು ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಸುರೇಶ. ಸುರೇಶನ ಈ ತರದ ವರ್ತನೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಅವನ ಪತ್ನಿಗೆ ಬಹಳ ಬೇಸರವನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಇಡೀ ಊರಲ್ಲಿ ಸುರೇಖಳಿಗಿರುವಷ್ಟು ಸೌಕರ್ಯ ಮತ್ತೆ ಯಾರಿಗೂ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ಕೈಹಿಡಿದ ಸುರೇಖ ನಿಜವಾಗಿಯೂ ಪರಮ ಸುಖಿ ಎಂದು ಜನರು ಆಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಆದರೆ ಸುಖಿ ಯಾರು? ತಾನು ಸುಖಿಯೇ? ಇಲ್ಲ. ಖಂಡಿತಾ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾವ ಉದ್ಯೋಗದಲ್ಲಿರುವವನ್ನಾದರೂ ಮದುವೆಯಾಗಬಹುದು ಆದರೆ ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ಪದವಿಯೇನ್ನೇರಿದ M.B.B.S ಪದವೀಧರನಲ್ಲ ಎಂಬುವಷ್ಟು ಬೇಸರ ಸುರೇಖಳಿಗಾಯಿತು.

ಆದರೆ ತನ್ನ ಜೀವನದ ಬೇಸರವನ್ನು ಯಾರಲ್ಲೂ ಸುರೇಖಳು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಸುರೇಶನು ಇದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ತಿಳಿದವನಾಗಿದ್ದರೂ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿಯ ಒಳಗಾಗಿ ನಿರುಪಾಯನಾಗಿದ್ದನು.

ಅದೊಂದು ದಿನ ಸುರೇಶನ ಆತ್ಮ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯೋ .... ನಿರ್ಧಾರದ ಕೊನೆಯೋ .... ಎಂಬಂತೆ ಇದ್ದಕಿದ್ದ ಹಾಗೆ ಸುರೇಖಳಿಗೆ ಆಕಸ್ಮಾತ್ ಜ್ವರ ತಲೆದೋರಿತು. ಇಂದು ಜ್ವರ ನಿಲ್ಲಬಹುದು, ನಾಳೆ ನಿಲ್ಲಬಹುದು ಎಂಬ ಊಹೆಯೂ ಸುಳ್ಳಾಯಿತು. ಕೂಡಲೇ ಬೇಕಾದಷ್ಟು ಸೇವಕ, ಸೇವಕಿಯರನ್ನು ಸೇವೆಗಾಗಿ ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಲಾಯಿತು. ಎರಡು .... ಮೂರು ದಿವಸಗಳಾದವು ಆದರೂ ಜ್ವರ ಏರುತ್ತಲೇ ಇತ್ತು ವಿನಾ ಕಡಿಮೆಯಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಇನ್ನು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ ಆಸ್ಪತ್ರೆಗೆ ಸೇರಿಸಿ ಓಪರೇಶನ್ ಮಾಡದೆ ಉಪಾಯವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ.

ಮಿಸಸ್ ಸುರೇಖಳನ್ನು ಸ್ಪೆಶಲ್‌ವಾರ್ಡ್ ನಂಬರ್ 1ಕ್ಕೆ ಮರುದಿನವೇ ಸಾಗಿಸಲಾಯಿತು. ಅದರ ಮರುದಿನವೇ 6 ಗಂಟೆಗೆ ಓಪರೇಶನ್ ಎಂದು ನಿರ್ಣಯಿಸಿಯೂ ಆಯಿತು.

ಪತ್ನಿಯ ಕಣ್ಣಿನಿಂದ ಸುರಿಯುವ ಕಣ್ಣೀರನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಸುರೇಶನಿಗೆ ಅಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಯಿತು.

"ಸುರೇಖ, ದಯಮಾಡಿ ಕಣ್ಣೀರು ಸುರಿಸಬೇಡ. ಖಂಡಿತಾ ಈ ಓಪರೇಶನ್ Successful ಮಾಡುತ್ತೇನೆ.

"ನನಗಾಗಿ .... ನನಗಾಗಿ .... ಬೇಸರವಿಲ್ಲ ಸುರೇಶ್ ಆದರೆ .... ಆದರೆ ನಾನು ಉಳಿಯಲಾರೆ. ಆದರೂ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಆರೋಗ್ಯದ ಕಡೆಯಾದರೂ ನೋಡಬೇಕು ನನಗಾಗಿ."

"ಇಲ್ಲ, ಇಲ್ಲ ಸುರೇಖ್, ಖಂಡಿತಾ ನೀನು ಉಳಿಯುವೆ." ಎಲ್ಲಾ ರೋಗಿಗಳನ್ನು ಗುಣಪಡಿಸುವ ಡಾ. ಸುರೇಶ್ ತನ್ನ ಪತ್ನಿಯನ್ನು ಗುಣಪಡಿಸಲಾರನೇ? ಖಂಡಿತಾ ನಿನ್ನ ಓಪರೇಶನನ್ನು ನಾನೇ ಮಾಡುತ್ತೇನೆ.

ಸುರೇಶನು ಎಷ್ಟು ಸಮಾಧಾನ ಹೇಳಿದರೂ ಸುರೇಖಳಿಗೆ ಧೈರ್ಯವಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಯಾವುದೋ ಹೇಳಲಾರದ ಅಧೈರ್ಯವು ಅವಳ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ವ್ಯಾಪಿಸಿತ್ತು.

ಖಂಡಿ .... ಖಂಡಿತಾ .... ಓಪರೇಶನ್ ಸಮಯ ನೀವೆ .... ಬರುತ್ತಿರಷ್ಟೆ ....?

ಛೆ ಎಂತಹ ಮಾತು ಸುರೇಖ! ಎಲ್ಲಾದರೂ ಉಂಟೆ? ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಮಾತಿಗೆ ಎಂದಿಗಾದರೂ ನಾನು ತಪ್ಪುತ್ತೇನೆಯೇ? ಇನ್ನು ಮಾತನಾಡಿ ಆಯಾಸಗೊಳ್ಳಬೇಡ ಸುರೇಖ ಈಗ .... ಬರುವೆ. ಮತ್ತೆ ವಾರ್ಡಿಗೆ ರೋಗಿಗಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಹೋದರೆ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಇಹಲೋಕದ ಅರಿವೇಯೇ ಇರುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಇತ್ತ ಸುರೇಖ ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ತನ್ನ ಗಂಡನಿಗೆ ತನ್ನ ಮೇಲೆ ಏನೂ ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಇಲ್ಲವೇ? ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ತನಗೆ ಸುಖವೇ ಇಲ್ಲವೇ? ಇದು ಇವನ ಬರಿಯ ನಾಟಕವೇ? ಇಡೀ ಲೋಕವನ್ನೇ ಗುಣಪಡಿಸುವವನಾದರೂ ತನ್ನ ಮನೆಯನ್ನು ತನಗೇ ನೋಡಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲವೇ? ಅಯ್ಯೋ ... ತಾನೆಂತಹ ಅಭಾಗ್ಯೆ.

ಇಲ್ಲ ಇಲ್ಲ, ನೀನು ಹೇಗೆ ತಾನೆ ಅಭಾಗ್ಯೆ ಜೀವವನ್ನೇ ಉಳಿಸುವ ಶಕ್ತಿ ದೇವರು ಅವನಿಗೆ ದಯಪಾಲಿಸಿರುವಾಗ ತಾನು ಅವನಿಗೆ ಬೇಸರವನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲ ಖಂಡಿತಾ ಇಲ್ಲ.

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ಮರುದಿವಸ 6 ಗಂಟೆಗೆ ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆ ಸುರೇಖಳಿಗೆ ಓಪರೇಶನ್.

ಹಲೋ ಸುರೇಶ್ wish you best of Success ಗೆಳೆಯರಿಂದಲೂ, ನರ್ಸುಗಳಿಂದಲೂ, ಸಾಕಷ್ಟು ಅಭಿನಂದನೆ

ಗಳನ್ನು ಪಡಕೊಂಡು ನಗುತ್ತಾ "Thank you, Thank you" ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಸುರೇಶ್.

ಸುರೇಶನ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಧೃಡವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಖಂಡಿತಾ ಸುರೇಖಳು ಸೌಖ್ಯವಾಗುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ಖಂಡಿತಾ ತನ್ನ ಆತ್ಮ ವಿಶ್ವಾಸವು ಸುರೇಖಳನ್ನು ಕಾಯುತ್ತದೆ.

ಆತ್ಮ ವಿಶ್ವಾಸವೊಂದೇ ಮನುಷ್ಯನನ್ನು ಕಾಪಾಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ಜೀವನ ಮಾರ್ಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಯಾಣ ಸುಖಕರವಾಗಿ ನಡೆಯಬೇಕೆಂದಿದ್ದರೂ, ಏನಾದರೊಂದು ಸಾಧಿಸಬೇಕೆಂದಿದ್ದರೂ ತನ್ನ ಮೇಲೆ ತನಗೆ ವಿಶ್ವಾಸವಿರಬೇಕು. ಆ ವಿಶ್ವಾಸವನ್ನು ಅಳವಡಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ದೇವರ ದಯೆಯು ಬೇಕು. ಆ ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣ ವಿಶ್ವಾಸ ಸುರೇಶನಲ್ಲಿತ್ತು.

ಆದುದರಿಂದ ಆತನಂ ನಗುಮುಖದಿಂದಲೇ ಎಲ್ಲರನ್ನು ಸ್ವಾಗತಿಸಿದ.

6 ಗಂಟೆಗೆ ಹತ್ತು ನಿಮಿಷವಿತ್ತು. ಓಪರೇಶನ್‌ಗೆ ಬೇಕಾದ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಉಪಕರಣಗಳೆಲ್ಲವೂ ಸಿದ್ಧವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ Serious ಆಗಿದ್ದರು. ಯಾರೂ ಮಾತನಾಡುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಎಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲೂ ನಿಶಬ್ದತೆಯೇ ತಾಂಡವವಾಡುತ್ತಿತ್ತು.

"ಯಾರೂ ಮಾತನಾಡಬೇಡಿ. ಮಿಸಸ್ ಸುರೇಖಳಿಗೆ ಓಪರೇಶನ್."

ತಕ್ಷಣ ಈ ಮಾತು ಕೇಳಿ ಸುರೇಶ್ ಹೇಳಿದ, ಮಾತನಾಡಲು ಬಿಡು. ಓಪರೇಶನ್ ಎಂದರೆ ಇಷ್ಟೊಂದು ಹೆದರಬೇಕೆ? ನಗು ನಗುತ್ತಲೇ ಇರಬೇಕು. ಅಲ್ಲವೇ ಸುರೇಖ."

ಆದರೆ ಸುರೇಖಳಿಗೆ ಇದ್ಯಾವುದರ ಪರಿವೆಯೇ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವಳಿಗೆ ನೆನಪು ಡಾಕ್ಟರನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದ್ದು ಮಾತ್ರ. ಸುರೇಶನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಅವಳು ಸಮಾಧಾನದ ನಿಟ್ಟುಸಿರು ಬಿಟ್ಟಳು. ಇನ್ನೇನು .... ಓಪರೇಶನ್ ಸುರುಮಾಡಬೇಕು .... ಅನ್ನುವಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ "ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್, ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್, ಸಿರೀಯಸ್ ಕೇಸ್" ಹೊರಗಿನಿಂದ ಯಾವುದೇ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯ ಚೀತ್ಕಾರ.

"ಹೋಗು ಹೋಗಮ್ಮಾ, ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಗಲಾಟೆ ಮಾಡಬೇಡ. ಒಳಗಡೆ ಅವರ ಪತ್ನಿಗೇ ಓಪರೇಶನ್ ಆಗುತ್ತಾ ಇದೆ."

ಆದರೆ ಈ ಮಾತೇ ಆ ಹೆಂಗಸಿಗೆ ಕೇಳುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

"ಇಲ್ಲ, ಇಲ್ಲಾ ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ಸುರೇಶ್, ದಯಮಾಡಿ, ದಯಮಾಡಿ ಈ ನನ್ನ ಮಾಂಗಲ್ಯ ಭಾಗ್ಯ ಉಳಿಸಿ ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್"

"ಛೇ, ಇದೇನು ಗಲಾಟೆ, ಸುರೇಶ್ ಈ ಮಾತುಗಳನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿದ.

ಸುರೇಶನಷ್ಟು ಸ್ಪೆಶಲಿಸ್ಟ್ ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ಆ ಊರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದುದರಿಂದಲೇ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಅವನನ್ನೇ ಬರ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು.

ಸುರೇಶನ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಗಲಿಬಿಲಿಗೊಂಡಿತು. ಇಲ್ಲ, ಇಲ್ಲ ಖಂಡಿತಾ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಹೇಗೆ ತಾನೇ ನಾನು ಹೋಗಲಿ ?

ಆದರೆ ಸುರೇಶ್ ಒಂದು ಮಾಂಗಲ್ಯ ಭಾಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ಉಳಿಸಲಾರೆಯಾ? ಸುರೇಶ ಮನಸ್ಸಲ್ಲೇ ಇಮ್ಮನಸ್ಕನಾಗಿ ಹೊಯ್ದಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ.

ಹೇಗೆ ತಾನೇ ಹೋಗಲಿ ಪತ್ನಿಗೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಭಾಷೆಯನ್ನೇ ತೊರೆದು ಹೋಗಲೇ? ಇಲ್ಲ, ಇಲ್ಲ ಖಂಡಿತಾ ಇಲ್ಲ ಹೋಗಲಾರೆ.

ಕೂಡಲೇ ಹೊರಬಂದ ಸುರೇಶ. "ಇಲ್ಲಮ್ಮಾ, ದಯಮಾಡಿ, ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕ್ಷಮಿಸು. ಬೇರೆಯಾವುದಾದರೂ ಡಾಕ್ಟರನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ. ಇಲ್ಲೊಂದು ಬೇರೆ ಕೇಸಿದೆ."

ಆದರೆ ಕಷ್ಟದಲ್ಲಿರುವವರು ತಮ್ಮ ಕಷ್ಟವನ್ನೇ ನೋಡುತ್ತಾರೆಯೇ ವಿನಾ ಬೇರೆಯವರ ಕಷ್ಟ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಎಂದಿಗೂ ಅರ್ಥವಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿಯೂ ಒದಗಿತ್ತು.

"ಇಲ್ಲ ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ಹಾಗೆನ್ನಬೇಡಿ. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಉಪಕಾರವನ್ನು ಎಂದಿಗೂ ಮರೆಯಲಾರೆ. ದೇವರು ನಿಮಗೂ, ನಿಮ್ಮ ಹೆಂಡತಿ, ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಗೂ ಆಯುಷ್ಯ, ಆರೋಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕೊಡುತ್ತಾನೆ."

ರಕ್ತದಂತೆ ಬೀಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಕಣ್ಣೀರ ಹನಿಗಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಅಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಯ್ತು. ರಕ್ತದ ಕಾಲುವೆಯನ್ನೇ ಬತ್ತಿಸಬಹುದು. ಆದರೆ ಕಣ್ಣೀರಿನ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಕಂಬನಿಯನ್ನು ಬತ್ತಿಸುವುದು ಕಷ್ಟ.

ಅಯ್ಯೋ, ದೇವರೇ, ಎಂತಹ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯನ್ನು ತಂದೊಡ್ಡಿದೆ? ತ್ರಿಶಂಕು ಸ್ವರ್ಗದಂತೆ ತನ್ನ ಗತಿಯಾಯಿತಲ್ಲವೇ? ಏನು ಮಾಡಲಿ? ಇತ್ತ ಪತ್ನಿ; ಅತ್ತ ಜೀವಿ.

ಪತ್ನಿಗಾಗಿ ಜೀವವನ್ನು ಬಲಿಗೊಡಲೇ? ತನ್ನನ್ನೇ ನಂಬಿಕೊಂಡಿರುವ ಬಾಲೆಯ ಕುಂಕುಮ ಭಾಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ಅಳಿಸಲೇ?

"ಪತ್ನಿಗಾಗಿ ರೋಗಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡದೆ ಹೋದ" ಎಂಬ ಅಪವಾದಕ್ಕೆ ಒಳಗಾಗಲೇ?

"ಅಯ್ಯೆ .... ನೋವು .... ನೋವು .... ತಡೆಯಲಾರೆ .... ಸುರೇಶ್ .... ಸಂ ರೇ ಶ್.

ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಸುರೇಶ್, ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಬಲಪಡಿಸಿದ. ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಕಡೆಯ "**ನಿರ್ಧಾರ**"ಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದ. ಏನೇ ಆಗಲಿ ರಮೇಶ್ ನನಗೋಸ್ಕರ ದಯಮಾಡಿ

ಸುರೇಖಳ ಓಪರೇಶನನ್ನು ನೀನು ಪೂರ್ತಿಗೊಳಿಸು ...ಬಂದೆ.

ಒಂದೇ ಸವನೇ ಓಡಿದ ಸುರೇಶ್, ಓಪರೇಶನ್ ಪೂರ್ತಿಯೂ ಗೊಳಿಸಿದ. ಅಮ್ಮಾ, ನೀನು ಪುಣ್ಯವಂತೆ. ನೀವು ಸೌಭಾಗ್ಯವತಿಯರು.

ತುಂಬಾ ಥಾಂಕ್ಸ್ ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಉಪಕಾರ ಸ್ಮರಣೆ ಎಂದೂ ಮರೆಯಲಾರೆವು. ಕೃತಜ್ಞತೆಯ ಸಂಕೇತವಾಗಿ ನೂರಾರು ಕೈಗಳು ಮುಂದೊಡ್ಡಿದವು.

ಆದರೆ ಇದಾವುದನ್ನೂ ಅಂಗೀಕರಿಸಲು ಸುರೇಶನಿಗೆ ಸಮಯವಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಇದಾವುದರ ಗಮನವೂ ಆ ಜನಗಳಿಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

"ಸ್ಪೆಶಲ್ ವಾರ್ಡ್ ನಂಬರ್ 1. ಓಡೋಡಿ ಬಂದ ಸುರೇಶ್. ಆದರೆ . . . ನೋಡುದೇನು . . . ?

"I am very sorry Dr. Suresh. Pl. excuse . . . me. ಗದ್ಗದ ಕಂಠದಿಂದ ಹೇಳಿದ ರಮೇಶ. ಆದರೆ ಈ ಧ್ವನಿಯೂ ಸುರೇಶನಿಗೆ ಕೇಳಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲ.

"ಸುರೇಖ . . . ಸುರೇಖ . . . ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಈ ಪಾಪಿಯನ್ನು ದಯಮಾಡಿ ಕ್ಷಮಿಸು ಸುರೇಖ ನನ್ನ **"ನಿರ್ಧಾರ"** ನನ್ನನ್ನೇ ಬಲಿತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡಿತು.

●

B. Vani

ಮಾತೃಪ್ರೇಮ

"ಮಗೂ, ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ."

"ಏನಮ್ಮಾ?."

ಏನಾದರೂ ನಿರ್ಧಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದಿದ್ದಿಯೇನು? ನೀನು ನನಗೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಒಂದು ವಾರದ ಅವಧಿ ಮುಗಿಯಿತಲ್ಲವೆ?."

"ಇಲ್ಲಮ್ಮಾ, ನನಗೇನೂ ತೋಚುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಇನ್ನೂ ನನಗೆ ಕೆಲದಿನಗಳ ಅವಧಿ ಕೊಡು. ಅಷ್ಟರೊಳಗೆ ನಿನಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಅಂತಿಮ ನಿಷ್ಕರ್ಷೆಯನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸುತ್ತೇನೆ."

"ಸರಿ."

ಮೇಲಿನ ಸಂಭಾಷಣೆ ತಾಯಿ ಮತ್ತು ಮಗ, ಅಂದರೆ ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿ ಮತ್ತು ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರರೊಳಗೆ ನಡೆದಿತ್ತು. ರಾಮಪುರದ ಜಹಗೀರುದಾರರೆಂದರೆ ರಾಮಪುರದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಅಲ್ಲ. ಅದರ ಸುತ್ತು ಮುತ್ತಲಿನ ಹಳ್ಳಿಯಲ್ಲೂ ಅವರ ಅಭಿದಾನ ವಿಶ್ರುತಿಗೊಂಡಿತ್ತು. ಜನಹಿತಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ದುಡಿದವರು. ಆಜಾನುಬಾಹು. ಸುಂದರ ರೂಪು. ರೂಪಿಗೆ ತಕ್ಕಂತಹ ಗುಣ. ಅವರ ಮಡದಿಯೇ ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿ. ಪತಿಯಂತೆಯೇ ಸತಿ. ಅವರ ಸರಳ, ಸಹಜ, ಆತ್ಮೀಯತೆಗೆ ಮಾರುಹೋಗದವರು ರಾಮಪುರದಲ್ಲಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದರೆ ತಪ್ಪಾಗಲಾರದು.

ತನಗೆ ಸಂತಾನ ಭಾಗ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ಕೊರಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಜಹಗೀರುದಾರರಿಗೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಮೂವತ್ತೈದನೆಯ ವಯಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಪುತ್ರರತ್ನವು ಲಭಿಸಿತು. ಆ ಮಗುವೇ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ. ಜಹಗೀರುದಾರರು ತಮ್ಮ ಐವತ್ತನೆಯ ವಯಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರನಿಗೆ ಹದಿನೈದು ತುಂಬಿದಾಗಲೇ ಪರಂಧಾಮವನ್ನೈದಿದರು. ಆದರೆ ಅವರ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವದ ಅಸಾಧಾರಣವಾದ ಸ್ಪಯಂಪ್ರಕಾಶಕ್ಕೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ತಲೆಬಾಗುವ ಜನರಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿ ಗಂಡನ ಮರಣಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಶೋಕಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೂ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರನನ್ನು ಕಂಡಾಗಲೆಲ್ಲಿ ಶೋಕದ ಏರಿಕೆ ತಗ್ಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ದೇವತಾರ್ಚನೆಗಾಗಿಟ್ಟ ಹೂ ನಾಳೆ ಬಾಡದೆ ಹೋಗಲಿಕ್ಕಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಅದರ ಸುಮಧುರ, ಸುವಾಸನೆ ದೇವನಿಗೊಬ್ಬನಿಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತಲ್ಲ. ಅರ್ಪಿಸಿದ ಅರ್ಚಕನಿಗೂ ಗೊತ್ತು.

ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರನಿಗೆ ತಾಯಿಯೆಂದರೆ ಪ್ರಾಣ. ಮಾತೆಯೇ ಆತನಿಗೆ ದೇವರು. ಎಲ್ಲಿಗಾದರೂ ಹೊರಗೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಬಂದಾಗ, ಮನೆಯಂಗಳಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾಲಿಟ್ಟಾಗಲೇ "ಅಮ್ಮ" ಎಂದು ಕರೆಯಬೇಕು. ಪತಿಯ ಮನೋಭಾವ, ತ್ಯಾಗ ಪೂರ್ಣ ಹೃದಯ, ಸತಿಯಲ್ಲಿಯೂ, ಸತಿಯ ಸದ್ಗುಣಗಳು ಮಗನಲ್ಲಿಯೂ, ನೆಲೆಮೂಡಿ ಅವರ ಸಂಸಾರ ಜೇನು ಸಕ್ಕರೆಯಂತಿತ್ತು.

ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ಮ್ಯಾಟ್ರಿಕ್ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತೇರ್ಗಡೆಯಾದ. ಮುಂದಿನ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸಕ್ಕೆ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರನಿಗೆ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ಹೋಗಬಹುದಿತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ತಾಯಿಯನ್ನು ಅಗಲಿ, ಪರವೂರ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸವನ್ನು ಪಡೆಯಲು ಆತನ ಮನ ಕೇಳಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅಂತೇ ತಾಯಿಯ ಸಲಹೆಯಂತೆ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಹೊಸ ಪುಸ್ತಕಗಳನ್ನು ಕೊಂಡುಕೊಂಡು ಜ್ಞಾನಾರ್ಜನೆಯನ್ನು ವರ್ಧಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ.

ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರನು ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತರ ಗಡಿ ದಾಟಿದಾಗಲೇ ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿ ಆತನ ಮದುವೆಯ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನವನ್ನು ಮಾಡ ಹತ್ತಿದರು. ಆದರೆ ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ಅಷ್ಟೊಂದು

ಮನಸ್ಸು ಕೊಡುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ತನಗೆ ಮದುವೆಯ ವಯಸ್ಸು ಆಗಲಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದೇ ಸಮಯವನ್ನು ಮುಂದೂಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಆದರೆ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತನಾಲ್ಕರ ಗಡಿದಾಟಿದಾಗ ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿ ಆತನನ್ನು ಒತ್ತಾಯಪಡಿಸಲಾರಂಭಿಸಿದರು. ತಾಯಿಯ ಮನ ಕೆದಕಬಾರದೆಂದು ಅರಿತಿದ್ದ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ, ಮಾತನಾಡಲು ಬಾಯಿ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ, ಒಂದು ವಾರದ ಅವಧಿ ಪಡಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದ. ಆ ಅವಧಿಯೊಡನೆ ಹಿಂದೆ ಬಿದ್ದ ನಿನ್ನೆಯಂತೆ, ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಅವಧಿಯೂ ಕಳೆಯಿತು.

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"ಮಗೂ, ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ."

"ಏನಮ್ಮಾ?."

"ನಿನ್ನ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ವಾರದ ಅವಧಿಯೂ ಮುಗಿಯಿತು. ನಿನ್ನಿಂದೇನು ಒಪ್ಪಿಗೆಯೂ ಕಾಣುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಏನು? ಹೇಳಲು ನಾಚಿಗೆಯೇ."

"ಇಲ್ಲಮ್ಮಾ. ಈ ಬಾರಿ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಯೋಚಿಸಿದ್ದೇನೆ. ನಾನು ಮದುವೆಯಾಗಲಾರೆ. ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕ್ಷಮಿಸು. ಮದುವೆಯಾದಲ್ಲಿ ನಮ್ಮೀ ಬಾಂಧವ್ಯದ ನಡುವೆ ಅಡ್ಡ ಗೋಡೆಯೊಂದು ಬಿದ್ದು ಬಾಳು ಮಸಣವಾದೀತೆಂದು ನಾನು ಭಯಗೊಂಡಿದ್ದೇನೆ. ಈ ಜಗತ್ತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡಿದರೂ, ಜನರು ಮಡದಿ, ಮಕ್ಕಳು ಎಂಬ ವ್ಯಾಮೋಹದಿಂದಾಗಿ ಅಸ್ಥಿರವಾದ ಸಂಸಾರ ಬಂಧನದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಿಲುಕಿ, ಕೈಗೆ ನಿಲುಕದ ಫಲಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಹಾತೊರೆಯುತ್ತಾ ಹಾಸಿ ಹೊದ್ದು ಕೊಳ್ಳುವಷ್ಟು ತಾಪತ್ರಯಗಳಿಗೆ ತುತ್ತಾಗಿ ಬಳಲುತ್ತಿರುವರು. ನನಗೆ ಹೆದರಿಕೆಯಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ನನ್ನ ಅಂತರಾತ್ಮವು "ನೀನು ಈ ಬಯಕೆಯನ್ನು ಹೊರತಳ್ಳು, ನಲವು ಕ್ಷಣಿಕ, ನೋವು ಶಾಶ್ವತ ಎಂದು ಸಾರಿ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದೆ."

"ಇಲ್ಲ ಮಗೂ, ನೀನು ಹಾಗೆಲ್ಲ ಯೋಚಿಸಬಾರದು. ನಿನ್ನ ಅಂತರಾತ್ಮವು ಒಡನುಡಿಯುವುದೆಂಬುದು ಅದೊಂದು ತರಹದ ಭ್ರಮೆ. ಸೊಸೆಯೊಬ್ಬಳನ್ನು ಮನೆಗೆ ಕರೆತಂದು, ಮನೆದೀಪವನ್ನು ಬೆಳಗಿಸಬೇಕೆಂಬ ನನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಆಶೆಯನ್ನು ನಿರಾಸೆಪಡಿಸಬೇಡ ಮಗೂ."

ತಾಯಿಯ ಬಯಕೆಯ ಆರ್ತತೆ ತುಂಬಿದ ಮೊಗವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದಾಗ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರನಿಗೆ ಹೃದಯವನ್ನು ಕಿವುಚಿದ ಹಾಗಾಯಿತು. ಮನದ ತಾಂಡವದೊಡನೆ ನಿರಾಸಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ಹೇಳಿದ. "ಸರಿ, ನಿನ್ನ ಮುಪ್ಪಿನ ಆಸೆಯನ್ನು ನಿರಾಸೆ ಪಡಿಸಲಾರೆ. ನಿನ್ನ ಬಯಕೆಯೇ ನನ್ನ ಹೆಬ್ಬಯಕೆ. ಆದರೆ ನನ್ನ ಅಂತರಾತ್ಮನ ನುಡಿ ಎಂದೂ ಸುಳ್ಳಾಗಲಾರದು. ಅದು ಹಿಂದೆಯೂ ಸುಳ್ಳಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಮುಂದೆಯೂ ಆಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ನನ್ನ ಶಾಂತಿಯು ಕಟ್ಟೆಯೊಡೆದರೂ ಚಿಂತಿಲ್ಲ. ನಿನ್ನ ಶಾಂತಿಯೇ ನನ್ನ ನಲವು."

"ಇಲ್ಲ ಮಗೂ, ನೀನಿನ್ನೂ ಶೈಶವಾವಸ್ಥೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದೀಯೆ. ನೀನು ತಿಳಿದಿಲ್ಲ. ಇದರಿಂದ ನಿನಗೂ. ನನಗೂ, ನಮಗಿಬ್ಬರಿಗೂ ಸುಖ ಶಾಂತಿಯಿದೆ. ನಿನ್ನ ತಂದೆಯ ಬಾಳನ್ನು ನೆನೆಸಿಕೊ. ನಿನ್ನ ತಂದೆ, ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಪಡೆದಂತೆಯೇ ನೀನೂ ಯೋಗ್ಯ ಕನ್ಯಾಮಣಿಯನ್ನು ಪಡೆಯುವಿ. ಇದು ನನ್ನ ಆತ್ಮಪ್ರಶಂಸೆಯಲ್ಲ. ನಿನ್ನ ಭಾವನೆಯಂತೆ ನನ್ನದೂ ಒಂದು ಭಾವನೆ."

"ಇಲ್ಲಮ್ಮಾ, ನಿನ್ನದು ಆತ್ಮಪ್ರಶಂಸೆಯಲ್ಲ. ನೀನು ಮನುಜಳಲ್ಲ, ದೇವತೆ. ಇದು ನನಗೊಬ್ಬನಿಗೆ ಮಾತ್ರವಲ್ಲ. ಈ ರಾಮಪುರವೇ ತಿಳಿದಿರುವ ವಿಷಯ ಇನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಮಾತನಾಡಬೇಡ. ನಿನ್ನ ಮಾತಿಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಒಪ್ಪಿಗೆ ಎಂದವನೇ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ತನ್ನ ನಿತ್ಯದ ಅಭ್ಯಾಸದ ಕೋಣೆಗೆ ಹೋದ.

ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರನ ಲಗ್ನ ಪ್ರತಿಮಾದೇವಿಯೊಡನೆ ಸುಸೂತ್ರವಾಗಿ ನೆರವೇರಿತು. ಪ್ರತಿಮಾದೇವಿಯ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಸರಿಗಟ್ಟುವ ಸುಂದರಿ ಈ ರಾಮಪುರದಲ್ಲೇ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದರೆ ಅತಿಶಯೋಕ್ತಿಯಾಗಲಾರದು. ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿಯ ಆನಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಪಾರವೇ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಮಗನ ಸಹೃದಯತೆಗೆ ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿಗೆ ಎರಡು ಬಿಂದು ಅಶ್ರುಧಾರೆ ಬರದಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದು ದುಃಖದ ಅಶ್ರುಧಾರೆಯಲ್ಲ, ಆನಂದದ ಪರಮಾವದಿ. ಆದರೆ ಪತಿಯನ್ನು ಸ್ಮರಿಸಿದೊಡನೆ ಇಂತಹ ಮಗನೊಡನೆ ಬಾಳುವ ದಿನವನ್ನು ದೇವರು ಅವರಿಗೆ ಕರುಣಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲವಲ್ಲಾ ಎಂದು ಕೊರಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು.

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"ಏಕೆ ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ಅಳುತ್ತಿರುವೆ? ಏನಾಯಿತು ಹೇಳು." ಅವಳ ತಲೆಯನ್ನು ನೇವರಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ಕೇಳಿದ.

"ಇನ್ನೇನು ಮಾಡಲಿ ನಗಲೆ?" ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ಕೇಳಿದಳು.

"ತಾಯಿಯೊಡನೆ ಮಾತಾಡುತ್ತಾ ನಿಂತದ್ದು ತಪ್ಪಾಯಿತೆ?."

ತಪ್ಪು ಹೇಗಾಗುತ್ತದೆ? ನಾನು ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಇರುವುದು ಮರೆತೇ ಹೋಯಿತೇನೋ?."

"ಮರೆಯಲಿಲ್ಲ."

ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ಏತಕ್ಕೆ ಹೀಗೆ ಮಾಡುತ್ತೀರಿ? ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕಂಡರೆ ಯಾರೊ ಹೊರಗಿನವರ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಇದ್ದ ಹಾಗೆ ಇರುತ್ತೀರಲ್ಲಾ. ನಾನು ನಿಮಗೆ ಅಷ್ಟು ಬೇಡವಾದವಸ್ತುವೆ?."

"ಹಾಗಲ್ಲ ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ. ಗಂಡ ಹೆಂಡತಿ ಹಕ್ಕಿಯ ಎರಡು ರೆಕ್ಕೆಗಳಂತೆ ಹೊಂದಿಕೊಂಡು ಒಬ್ಬರಿಗೊಬ್ಬರು ಎಲ್ಲಾ ವಿಧದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ನೆರವಾಗಬೇಕು. ನಮ್ಮ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಒಂದಾಗದ ಹೊರತು ಪ್ರೇಮ ಹುಟ್ಟುವುದೂ ಹೇಗೆ? ನಾನು ಮಾತೃವಾಕ್ಯ ಪರಿಪಾಲಿಸುವೆನೆಂದು ನನ್ನ ಮೇಲೆ ಕೋಪವೆ?. ನೀನು ನನಗೆ ಮೊನ್ನೆಯವಳು. ಆದರೆ ನನ್ನ ತಾಯಿ ಈಗಿನವರಲ್ಲ. ತಾಯಿಯೇ ನನ್ನ ಭಾಗದ ದೇವರು ನಾನು ಬೇರಾವ ದೇವರನ್ನೂ ಪೂಜಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ನನ್ನ ತಾಯಿಯೇ ನನಗೆ ಸರ್ವಸ್ವ. ಅವರಿಗೋಸ್ಕರ ನಾನು ಬೇಕಾದ್ದನ್ನು ಮಾಡಬಲ್ಲೆ. ನಿನ್ನ ಒಗ್ಗರಣೆಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾತ್ರ ನನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ತಂದು ನನ್ನ ಮನ ಕೆಣಕಬೇಡ."

"ಹೌದು, ನಾನು ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಬರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಇದು ಖಂಡಿತವಾಗಿಯೂ ಮಾತೃಪ್ರೇಮವಲ್ಲ. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾವ ರತಿ ಬಂದಿದ್ದಾಳೋ ಏನೊ? ನೀವು ಮೋಸವಾರರು. ಯಾರಲ್ಲಿಯೋ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಟ್ಟು ನೆಪಕ್ಕೆ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಮದುವೆ ಆದಿರಿ! ಮಾತೃಪ್ರೇಮ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿ ಏನೋ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು, ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕುಣಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದೀರಿ. ನಿಮ್ಮ 'ಪ್ರೇಮ'ಕ್ಕೆ ಅಷ್ಟು ಬೆಂಕಿ ಹಾಕಿ" ಎಂದಳು.

"ಛೀ, ಬಾಯಿ ಮುಚ್ಚು. ಅಂಥಹ ಅವಾಚ್ಯ ನುಡಿಗಳನ್ನು ಹೇಳಲು ನಾಚಿಕೆಯಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೇ ನಿನಗೆ? ಪತಿಯೆದುರು ಹೀಗೆ ಮಾತಾಡುವಷ್ಟು ಧೈರ್ಯ ಬಂತೇ ನಿನಗೆ?."

"ಯಾವಾಗ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ನನ್ನ ಮಾತು ಒಂದೂ ನಡೆಯುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ನನಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತಾಯಿತೋ, ಅಂದಿನಿಂದ ನಾನು ಧೈರ್ಯ ತಾಳುತ್ತಾ ಬಂದಿದ್ದೇನೆ. ನಾನು ಎಷ್ಟೊಂದು ತಾಳಲಿ?."

"ನಾನು ಒಂದೇ ಮಾತು ಹೇಳೋದು. ನಿನಗೆ ನನ್ನೊಡನೆ ಬಾಳಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ಇಲ್ಲಿಂದ ತೊಲಗಿ ಹೋಗು. ನನ್ನ ಮಾತಿಗೆ ತಕ್ಕಂತೆ ಜತೆಗೂಡಿ ಬಾಳಲು ಒಪ್ಪಿಗೆ ಇರುವುದಾದರೆ ಇರು. ಬೇಡವಾದರೆ ಹಾಳಾಗಿ ಹೋಗು. ನಿನ್ನ ಹಾಳು ಮುಖ ನನಗೆ ತೋರಿಸಬೇಡ. "ಎಂದವನೇ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ಎದ್ದು ಕೋಣೆಯಿಂದ ಹೊರ ಹೋದ.

ಪ್ರತಿಮಾದೇವಿಯ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯದೊಡನೆ ತಿಳಿಯದ ಅವಗುಣದ ರೇಖೆಯೊಂದು ಮೂಡಿದ್ದಿತು. ಅದೇ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರನೊಡನೆ ಆಕೆ ತೋರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಒಂದು ಬಗೆಯ ತಾತ್ಸಾರ. ತನ್ನ ಪತಿಯು 'ಮಾತೃವಾಕ್ಯ ಪರಿಪಾಲನಾ ದುರಂಧರ'ನೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದ ಕೂಡಲೇ ಮಾತ್ಸರ್ಯದ ಎಳೆಯು ಮನದಲ್ಲಿ ಹರಿಯತೊಡಗಿತು. ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ಪತಿಯ ವಶೀಕರಣಕ್ಕೆ ಹಲವು ಬಗೆಯ ಅಸ್ತ್ರಗಳನ್ನು ಹೂಡಿದಳು. ಆದರೆ ಅವೆಲ್ಲವೂ ಮಾತೃಪ್ರೇಮದಿಂದ ತುಂಬಿದ್ದ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರನ ಮುಂದೆ ನಿಷ್ಪ್ರಯೋಜಕವಾದುವು. ಅವಳ ನಲವು ಒಲವುಗಳ ವಶೀಕರಣವು ಹೆಚ್ಚಾದಂತೆ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರನ ಮನಸ್ಸು ನಿರಾಶಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ಮುದುಡ ತೊಡಗಿತು. ಇದನ್ನು ಕಂಡ ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ಅತ್ತೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಉರಿದುಬಿದ್ದಳು. ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿ ಏನಾದ್ರೂ ಕೆಲಸಕೊಟ್ಟರೆ ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ಕಳ್ಳಬೀಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಇದನ್ನು ತಿಳಿದ ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿ ಸುಮ್ಮನಿದ್ದುಬಿಟ್ಟರು. ಆದರೆ ಬರಬರುತ್ತಾ ಪ್ರತಿಮಳ ವರ್ತನೆ ಅವರಿಂದ ಸಹಿಸಲು ಕಷ್ಟವಾಗುತ್ತಾ ಬಂತು. ಒಮ್ಮೊಮ್ಮೆ ಯಾವುದಕ್ಕಾದರೂ ಹಟಹಿಡಿದು ಕೋಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು ಬಿಟ್ಟಳೆಂದರೆ ಮೊಂಡು ಭೈರಾಗಿಗಳನ್ನು ಮೀರಿಸಿಬಿಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಒಳಗಿನ ಊಟ ತಿಂಡಿಗೂ ಬರುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಯಾವ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೂ ಬರುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ತನಗೆ ಬೇಕಾದುದನ್ನು ಆಳಿನ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ತರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ತಿಂದು ತೃಪ್ತಳಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಮೊದಲು ಸೊಸೆಯ ಪಕ್ಷವನ್ನೇ ಹಿಡಿದು ವಾದಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿಗೆ ಇದು ಅಸಮಾಧಾನವನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡುತ್ತಾಬಂತು. ಇದು ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರನಿಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತಾದಾಗ ಅವಳು ದರ್ಬಾರು ಮಾಡುವುದನ್ನು ಇನ್ನೊಮ್ಮೆ ತಾನು ಕಂಡರೆ ಮರುದಿನವೇ ತವರುಮನೆಗೆ ಕಳುಹಿಸುತ್ತೆನೆಂದು ಹೇಳಿದ. ಇನ್ನು ತನಗೇನೂ ಆಡುವುದಕ್ಕಿಲ್ಲ, ಅನುಭವಿಸುವುದಕ್ಕಿಲ್ಲ ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿದ ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ಮರುದಿನವೇ ಬೇರೆ ಉಪಾಯವನ್ನು ಕೈಗೊಂಡಳು. ಮರುದಿನ ಧೈರ್ಯಮಾಡಿ, ಮೊದಲೇ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಅತ್ತು ಕಣ್ಣು ಕೆಂಪಗೆ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು, ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ಬರುತ್ತಲೂ ರಾಗವಾಗಿ ಅಳುತ್ತ ಅತ್ತೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಒಂದು ದೊಡ್ಡ ಕೋಡಿಯನ್ನು ಹೊರಿಸಿದಳು. ಆದರೆ ಇದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿದ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರನ ಕೋಪ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ತಿರುಗಿತು. ಇದು ತನ್ನ ಮೇಲೆಯೇ ಪ್ರತಿಕ್ರಿಯೆಯಾದುದನ್ನು ಕಂಡ ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ "ನಿಮ್ಮ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಕಷ್ಟಸುಖ ಹೇಳಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದೂ ಒಂದೇ, ಕಲ್ಲಮುಂದೆ ಕೂತುಕೊಂಡು ಜಜ್ಜಿಕೂಳ್ಳುವುದೂ ಒಂದೇ" ಎಂದು ಸುಮ್ಮನಾದಳು. ಕೆಲದಿನಗಳ ನಂತರ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ಗರ್ಭಿಣಿ ಎಂಬ ನೆಪದಿಂದ ತವರೂರಿಗೆ ಕಳುಹಿಸಿಬಿಟ್ಟ. ಇದನ್ನು ತಿಳಿದ ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರನಿಗೆ ಹೀಗೆ ಮಾಡುವುದಂ ಸರಿಯಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ತಿಳಿಯ ಹೇಳಿದರು. ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ಹೆತ್ತ ಮೇಲೆ ಕರೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಬರುವೆನೆಂದು ವಚನ ಕೊಟ್ಟ. ಆದರೆ ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿ ತನ್ನಿಂದಾಗಿ

ಈ ಸತಿಪತಿಗಳೊಳಗಿನ ಅಂತರ, ಸ್ನೇಹ, ವಿಶ್ವಾಸಗಳು ನಶಿಸಿ ಹೋಗಬಾರದೆಂದು ಯಾವುದೋ ಉಪಾಯವನ್ನು ಯೋಚಿಸಿದರು.

"ಮಗೂ, ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ."

"ಏನಮ್ಮಾ."

"ನಿನ್ನ ಅಂದಿನ ಮಾತು ಇಂದಿಗೆ ಸತ್ಯವಾಯಿತು ಮಗೂ, ನಿನ್ನ ಮದುವೆಯಿಂದಾಗಿ ನಿನ್ನ ಎದೆ ಭಾರವಾಯಿತು. ಆದರೆ ನನಗೆ ಸುಖಶಾಂತಿ ದೊರೆಯಲಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ಕೊರಗಬೇಡ. ನಿನಗೆ ಮದುವೆ ಮಾಡಿ ಕುಲ ದೀಪವನ್ನು ಬೆಳಗಿಸಿದೆ. ಅದುವೇ ನನ್ನ ಆತ್ಮಕ್ಕೆ ಸುಖ ಶಾಂತಿ. ಅದಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಮಿಗಿಲಾದುದನ್ನು ನಾನು ಬಯಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ." ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ನಿರುತ್ತರನಾಗಿ, ಅಧೋವದನನಾಗಿ ತಾಯಿಯ ಬಳಿ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದ.

"ಆಕೆ ತವರಿನಿಂದ ಬರುವುದರೊಳಗಾಗಿ ಈ ಮನೆಯು ಎರಡು ವಿಭಾಗವಾಗಲೇ ಬೇಕು. ಒಂದು ವಿಭಾಗದಲ್ಲಿ ನಾನು, ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ವಿಭಾಗದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಮ್ಮಿಬ್ಬರ ಸಂಸಾರ. ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ನಾನು ವಿವರಿಸಲಾರೆ. ಅರಳಿದ ಕಮಲ ಪುಷ್ಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಕ್ರಿಮಿ ಬೆರೆತಿದ್ದಿತೆಂದು ನಾನು ಎಣಿಸಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಆ ಕ್ರಿಮಿ ಇಂದಲ್ಲ ನಾಳೆ ಅಳಿದು ಹೋಗುವುದೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ನಾನು ಬಲ್ಲೆ. ಅದರ ಸಮೂಲ ನಾಶಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ನಾನು ಈ ವಿಚಾರವನ್ನು ಮಾಡಬೇಕಾಯಿತು.

ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ತಾಯಿಯ ಪಾದಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ ತನ್ನ ಶಿರವನ್ನಿಟ್ಟು ಆಕೆಯ ಕಾಲುಗಳನ್ನು ಗಟ್ಟಿಯಾಗಿ ಹಿಡಿದು ಕೊಂಡು "ಅಮ್ಮಾ, ಪ್ರತಿಮಾಳ ತಪ್ಪನ್ನು ತಿದ್ದಲು ನೀನು ಈ ವಿಚಾರವನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿರಬಹುದು. ಆದರೆ ಇದನ್ನು ಕಂಡ ಜನ ಏನು ಎಂದಾರು? ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ತಿಳಿ. 'ಮಾತೃ ದ್ರೋಹಿ' ಎಂಬ ಲೋಕಪವಾದಕ್ಕೆ ಗುರಿಯಾಗುವವನು ನಾನಲ್ಲವೆ? ಮಗನನ್ನು ರಕ್ಷಿಸಿ, ಬೆಳೆಸಿ, ರೂಪಾಂತರಗೊಳಿಸಿದ ನಿನಗೆ ಸೊಸೆಯನ್ನು ದಾರಿಗೆ ತರುವುದು ಒಂದು ಅಲ್ಪ ಕೆಲಸವಲ್ಲವೇ? ಆದುದರಿಂದ ಆ ವಿಚಾರವನ್ನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಮಾಡಬೇಡ.

"ಇಲ್ಲ ಮಗೂ, ಆ ವಿಚಾರವನ್ನು ಮಾಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಖಂಡಿತವಾಗಿ ಆ ವಿಚಾರವನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟೆ. ಆದರೆ ತೀರ್ಥಯಾತ್ರೆ ಮಾಡಬೇಕೆಂದು ನನ್ನ ಬಹು ದಿನಗಳ ಬಯಕೆ. ನಾನು ನಾಡದ್ದು ತೀರ್ಥಯಾತ್ರೆಗೆ ಹೊರಡಲೇ? ಅದಕ್ಕೂ ನಿನ್ನದು ಏನಾದ್ರೂ ಆತಂಕವಿದ್ದರೆ ತಿಳಿಸು."

"ಮಾಡಲಾರೆಯಮ್ಮಾ, ನೀನು ಖಂಡಿತವಾಗಿಯೂ ತೀರ್ಥಯಾತ್ರೆ ಮಾಡಲಾರೆ. ನಿನ್ನ ಮೊಮ್ಮಗನನ್ನು ಕಾಣುವ ಆಸೆ ನಿನಗಿಲ್ಲವೆ? ಒಂದು ವೇಳೆ ನಿನಗಾಸೆಯಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದಾದರೆ ನಾನೂ ಪತ್ನೀ ಪುತ್ರರನ್ನು ತೊರೆದು ನಿನ್ನೊಂದಿಗೆ ಹೊರಡುವೆನೆಂದು ತಿಳಿ. ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ಇನ್ನು ಕೆಲವೇ ದಿನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತನ್ನ ಮುದ್ದು ಮಗುವಿನೊಡನೆ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗುವಳು."

"ಹೌದು, ಮಾಡಲಾರೆ. ಮೊಮ್ಮಗನನ್ನು ಕಾಣಬೇಕು. ಅವನ ಬಾಲಲೀಲೆಗಳನ್ನು ಕಂಡಾದರೂ ನನ್ನ ಮನ ತಣಿಯಲಿ! ನಿನ್ನ ಮಾತು ವಿಚಾರಪೂರಿತವಾದುದು ನಿನ್ನ ಮಾತುಗಳು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಬಂಧಿಸಿವೆ. ಮಗನಂತೆಯೇ ಸೊಸೆಯು ಗುಣವಂತಳಾಗಲಿ. ಅವಳನ್ನು ತಿದ್ದುವೆ. ಒಂದಲ್ಲ ಒಂದು ದಿನ ತಿದ್ದುವೆ, ಇಲ್ಲವೇ ಅವಳೇ ತಿದ್ದಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವಳು. ಅದು ಯಾವಾಗ ಎಂದು ನಾನು ಹೇಳಲಾರೆ. ಆ ದಿನವನ್ನು ದೇವರು ಬೇಗನೆ ಕರುಣಿಸಲಿ." ಎಂದಳು ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿ. ತನ್ನ ಸಂಧಾನ ಮುರಿದು ಬಿದ್ದುದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ದೇವರ ಮೇಲೆ ಭಾರ ಹಾಕಿ ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿ ಸಮ್ಮನಿದ್ದು ಬಿಟ್ಟರು.

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ಅದೊಂದು ದಿನ, ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ಅಂದು ತವರಿನಿಂದ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗುವಳು. ಅಂದು ಅವಳು ತನ್ನ 'ಮೊದ್ದು ಮಗು'ವಿನೊಡನೆ ಅತ್ತೆ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗುವಳು. ಅಂದು ಜಹಗೀರುದಾರರ ಮನೆಯಂಗಳದಲ್ಲಿ ಊರಿಗೆ ಊರೇ ನೆರೆದಿತ್ತು. ಜಾತಿಮತ ವಿದ್ವೇಷಗಳಿಂದ ಹೊರನಿಂತು, ತಮ್ಮ ನೋವು ನಲವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದಾಗಿದ್ದ ಮಹಾ ತಾಯಿ ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿಯ ಅಂತಿಮ ದರ್ಶನಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಜನ ನೆರೆದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಹಿಂದಿನ ರಾತ್ರೆ ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿ ಹೊಸ್ತಿಲು ದಾಟುವಾಗ ಎಡಬಿ ಬಿದ್ದು ಎದೆಗೆ ಪೆಟ್ಟಾಗಿತು. ಆಕೆ ಬದುಕುವುದು ಅಸಾಧ್ಯವೆಂದು ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ತಿಳಿದಿದ್ದರು.

ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ತಾಯಿಯ ತಲೆಯನ್ನು ತೊಡೆಯ ಮೇಲಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು ಆಕೆಯ ಹಣೆಯ ಮೇಲೂ, ತಲೆಯ ಮೇಲೂ, ತನ್ನ ಕೈಯಾಡಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ.

"ಮಗೂ."

"ಏನಮ್ಮಾ."

"ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ಬಂದಳೇನು?.

'ಇಲ್ಲಮ್ಮಾ, ಬರುವ ಸಮಯವಾಯಿತು."

"ಸೊಸೆ ಮತ್ತು ಮೊಮ್ಮಗನನ್ನು ಕಾಣುವೆನೋ ಇಲ್ಲವೊ?"

"ಕಾಣುವಿಯಮ್ಮ. ನಿನ್ನ ಮೊಮ್ಮಗನೂ, ಸೊಸೆಯೂ, ಮಗನೂ ಅಷ್ಟು ಅದೃಷ್ಟಹೀನರೆಂದು ಭಾವಿಸಿದೆಯಾ?" ಭಾರವಾದ ಎದೆಯಾಳದಿಂದ ಹೊರ

ಹೊಮ್ಮಿದ ನಿಟ್ಟುಸಿರಿನೊಡನೆ ಎರಡು ತೊಟ್ಟು ಬಿಸಿ ಕಣ್ಣೀರು ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿಯ ಹಣೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಬಿತ್ತು.

"ಶಶೀ, ಅಳುವಿಯೇನು?" ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ಮೂಕನಾಗಿದ್ದ.

"ಅಳಬೇಡ ಮಗು. ಈ ದೇಹ ಶಾಶ್ವತವಲ್ಲ ಇದು ಎಂದಾದರೊಂದು ದಿನ ನಶಿಸಿ ಹೋಗಲೆ ಬೇಕು. ಹುಂ! ಅಳು. ಒಬ್ಬನು ಸತ್ತಾಗ ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬನು ದುಃಖಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಅವನಿಗೆ ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬನು ಮೋಹ, ಮಮತೆ ಎಂಬ ಪಾಶದ ಕುಣಿಕೆಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕದವರಾರು ಇಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಅತ್ತ ಹೋದವರ ಸುಂದರವಾದ ಬಾಳಿನ ಗುಣಗಳನ್ನು ಇತ್ತ ತಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಎರಕ ಹೊಯ್ದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದು ಉಳಿದವರ ಕರ್ತವ್ಯ." ಎಂದು ಕೆಮ್ಮತೊಡಗಿದರು.

ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿರುವಾಗಲೇ ಮನೆಯಂಗಳದಲ್ಲಿ ನೆರೆದಿರುವ ಜನಸಮೂಹವನ್ನು ಕಂಡ ಪ್ರತಿಮಳ ಎದೆ ಹಾರಲಾರಂಭಿಸಿತು. ಬೇಗಬೇಗನೆ ತಂದೆಯೊಡನೆ ಧಾವಿಸಿ ಬಂದಳು. ಹೊಸ್ತಿಲು ದಾಟಿ ಚಾವಡಿಗೆ ಕಾಲಿಡುವಾಗಲೇ ಮನ, ಹೃದಯ ಕರಗುವಂತಹ ದೃಶ್ಯ. ಅತ್ತೆ, ತನ್ನ ಗಂಡನ ತೊಡೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ತಲೆಯಿಟ್ಟು ಅಂತಿಮ ಸಮಯವನ್ನು ನಿರೀಕ್ಷಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಗಂಡ ಅತ್ತೆಯ ಹಣೆಯನ್ನು ನೇವರಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಕಣ್ಣೀರು ಇಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ಪ್ರತಿಮೆಯಂತಾದಳು. ಅವಳಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ದೌರ್ಬಲ್ಯದ ಚಿಹ್ನೆಗಳು ಮೆಲ್ಲ ಮೆಲ್ಲನೆ ಕರಗಿ ಮಾತೃಪ್ರೇಮದ ಅರಿವು ಉದ್ಭವಿಸತೊಡಗಿತು. ತನ್ನ ತಾಯಿ ತನ್ನ ಅಂತಿಮ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಆಡಿದ ಮಾತುಗಳು ಕಿವಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾರ್ದನಿಗೊಂಡವು. ಅತ್ತ ಗಂಡನ ದಯಾಪೂರಿತ ನೋಟ! ಆತನ ಮುಖದಲ್ಲಿ ಮೊದಲಿನ ಹೊಳಪಿಲ್ಲ. ಇತ್ತ ಅತ್ತೆ ಕನವರಿಸುತ್ತಿರುವ ನನ್ನ ಹೆಸರು. ಸುತ್ತ ನೆರೆದ ಜನರು. ಅವರ ಜಲಪೂರಿತ ಕಣ್ಣು. ಈ ದುಃಖ ತಪ್ತ ಕರುಣಾರ್ದ ನೋಟ. ಅವಳ ಚಿತ್ತ ಭಿತ್ತಿಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಅಚ್ಚೊತ್ತಿತ್ತು.

"ಏತಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಈ ಜನರೆಲ್ಲಾ ನೆರೆದಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಕಂಡೆಯಾ? ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿ ಅವರ ಜನವಲ್ಲ! ಅವರ ಮತವಲ್ಲ! ಆದರೂ ನೆರೆದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಏಕೆ? ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿಯ ಸದ್ಗುಣಗಳ ರೂಪ ಅವರ ಕಣ್ಣ ಮುಂದೆ ನಲಿಯುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಪಾಪಿ! ನೀನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಅದನ್ನರಿಯದ ಮತಿಹೀನೆಯಾದೆ!! ಹೋಗು, ಪಾಪಿ ಹೋಗು. ಕಾಲಿಗೆ ಅಡ್ಡ ಬೀಳು. ಆಶೀರ್ವಾದವನ್ನು ಪಡೆ. ಸದ್ಗುಣಗಳ ರೂಪವನ್ನು ನಿನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂದಿಸು. ಮಾತೃಪ್ರೇಮದ ಬೆಲೆಯನ್ನು ಇನ್ನಾದರೂ ಅರಿ" ಎಂದು ಅವಳ ಆತ್ಮ ಅಣಕವಾಡಿತು.

"ಅಮ್ಮಾ, ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ಬಂದಳು ನೋಡು. ಇಲ್ಲೇ ಇದ್ದಾಳೆ. ಮಗುವನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದೆತ್ತಿಕೊಂಡು ನಿಂತಿದ್ದಾಳೆ."

"ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ".

"ಅತ್ತೇ, ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕ್ಷಮಿಸು ಮಹಾತಾಯಿ. ಈ ಪಾಪಿ ನಿಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಅರಿಯದಾದಳು ತಾಯೀ." ಎಂದವಳೇ ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ, ಅತ್ತೆಯ ಬಳಿ ಮಗುವನ್ನಿಟ್ಟು, ಅತ್ತೆಯನ್ನು ಅಪ್ಪಿಕೊಂಡು ರೋಧಿಸಲಾರಂಭಿಸಿದಳು.

"ಮಂಗೂ ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ, ದುಃಖಿಸಬೇಡ. ಒಂದಲ್ಲ ಒಂದು ದಿನ ನೀನು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಯುವೆಯೆಂದೂ ನನಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಆ ಸುದಿನ ಇದಾಗಿದೆ. ನನ್ನ ಕುಲದೀಪದ ಬತ್ತಿಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಕಸವು ಇಂದು ನಶಿಸಿಹೋಯಿತು. ಇನ್ನು ಅದು ಜ್ವಾಜ್ವಲಮಾನವಾಗಿ ಉರಿಯುವುದು. ಇನ್ನು ಎಂದಿಗೂ ಅದು ಕ್ಷೀಣಿಸದು. ಮಗೂ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ, ನೋಡು. ನನ್ನ ಮಾತು ಸತ್ಯವಾಯ್ತು ವಿನಹ ನಿನ್ನದಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ನನ್ನ ಕುಲದೀಪವನ್ನು ಬೆಳಗಿಸಿದ ರಾಣಿ! ನನ್ನ ಆತ್ಮಕ್ಕೆ ಶಾಂತಿಯನ್ನಿತ್ತ ಸೊಡರು!! ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಎಬ್ಬಿಸಪ್ಪಾ. ಬಾ ಮಗೂ ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ."

ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ತಾಯಿಯನ್ನೆಬ್ಬಿಸಿ ಕೂತುಕೊಳ್ಳಿಸಿದ. ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ಮಗುವನ್ನು ಅತ್ತೆಯ ಕೈಗಿತ್ತಳು. ಶಾರದಾದೇವಿ ಮೊಮ್ಮಗನನ್ನೊಮ್ಮೆ ಕಣ್ತುಂಬ ಮನದಣಿಯೆ ನೋಡಿ, ಅಪ್ಪಿ ಅಪ್ಪಿ ಮುದ್ದಾಡಿದರು. ಪ್ರತಿಮಾಳ ತಲೆ ನೇವರಿಸಿದರು. ತಲೆ ನೇವರಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆಯೇ ಕೆಮ್ಮು ಬರತೊಡಗಿತು. ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಕೈಬಿಟ್ಟು ಮಗನ ಎದೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಒರಗಿದರು. ದೃಷ್ಟಿ ಮಗನ ಮುಖದೆಡೆಗೆ ಇತ್ತು. ಅದೇ ನೋಟ ಕಡೆದಾಯಿತು. ಅದೇ ಚೈತನ್ಯ. ಅದೇ ತೇಜಸ್ಸು, ಅದೇ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವ ಅಂದು ನಶಿಸಿ ಹೋಯಿತು. ಪ್ರಕಾಶದ ಕಿಡಿಯೊಂದು ಹೊರನಿಂತಿತು. ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರನ ಕಣ್ಮನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನರ್ತಿಸತೊಡಗಿತು.

"ಅಮ್ಮಾ" ಎಂದವನೇ ಶಶಿಚಂದ್ರ ತಾಯಿಯನ್ನು ಬಿಗಿದಪ್ಪಿಕೊಂಡ. ಪ್ರತಿಮಾ ಚಿಟ್ಟನೆ ಚೀರಿ ನಶಿಸಿಹೋದ ಮನದೊಡನೆ ಕಾಲ ಬಳಿ ಬಿದ್ದಳು. ಮಗು ಒಂದೇ ಸವನೆ ಅಳಲಾರಂಭಿಸಿತು.

ನೆರೆದ ಜನರು ತಮ್ಮ ಕೊನೆಯ ಸೇವೆಯನ್ನು ಸಲ್ಲಿಸಿದರು.

●

ಇದೂ ಒಂದು ಮದುವೆ!

B. Vathsala Kumari, II B. Sc.

ನಾನು ಕಂಡ ಮದುವೆಯ ಸ್ವಾರಸ್ಯ ವಿಷಯ ವೊಂದನ್ನು ಹೇಳಿದರೆ ಮದುವೆಯ ನೆವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಏನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಅಪಾಂತರ ಉಂಟಾಗುತ್ತದೆ ಎನ್ನುವ ಸತ್ಯಸ್ಥಿತಿ ನಿಮಗೂ ಅರಿವಾದೀತು.

ಅಂದು ಶಾಲೆಯಿಂದ ಮನೆಗೆ ಬಂದು ನನ್ನ ಕೋಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪುಸ್ತಕಗಳನ್ನು ಮೇಜಿನ ಮೇಲಿಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಅಡಿಗೆ ಕೋಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಅಕ್ಕ ಸೌಟನ್ನು ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹಿಡಿದುಕೊಂಡೇ ಬಂದು ಹೇಳಿದಳು,

'ಕೇಳಿದಿಯೇನೇ ವತ್ಸಲಾ, ನಮ್ಮ ಗೋಪಿಗೆ ಮದುವೆ ನಿಶ್ಚಯವಾಯಿತಂತೆ ಕಣೆ.'

'ಹೌದೆ? ಯಾರು ಹೇಳಿದರಕ್ಕಾ ನಿಂಗೆ'? ನಾನು ಅಚ್ಚರಿಯಿಂದ ಕೇಳಿದೆ.

'ಯಾರ್ಯಾರು ಯಾಕೆ ಹೇಳ್ತಾರೆ? ಈಗ ತಾನೇ ಬಂದು ಹೋದ ಗೋಪಿಯ ತಾಯಿ ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಮ್ಮನವರೇ ಹೇಳಿದ್ರು'.

ಗೋಪಿಗೆ ಮದುವೆ ನಿಶ್ಚಯವಾಯಿತು ಅಂದಾಗ ನನಗೆ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವಾಗಲು ಕಾರಣ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಗೋಪಿಯನ್ನು ಒಂದು ಪಕ್ಷ ನೀವೇ ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ ನನ್ನ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯ ಸತ್ಯ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ ನಿಮಗೂ ಆಗದೆ ಇರಲಾರದು.

ವಕೀಲ್ ನರಸಪ್ಪಯ್ಯನವರಿಗೆ ಗೋಪಿಯೇ ಪ್ರಥಮ ಪುತ್ರ. ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಮ್ಮನವರ ನೆಚ್ಚಿನ ಕುಮಾರ. ಆದರೆ ಕೋಗಿಲೆಯ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಗೆ ಜನ್ಮತಳೆದು ಬರುವಂತೆ ಗೋಪಿ, ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಮ್ಮನವರ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅವತಾರ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾನೆಂದು ಆ ಬಡ ತಂದೆ ನೆನೆಸಿಯೇ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಗೋಪಿ ಈ ಜಗತ್ತಿಗೆ ಕಾಲಿಡುವಾಗ ತಾಯಿತಂದೆಯನ್ನು ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣ ಮರೆತು ಬೇರೆಯೇ ಒಂದು ಹೊಸ ರೂಪವನ್ನು ಧರಿಸಿ ಬಂದಿದ್ದ. ತೊಳೆದ ಕೆಂಡದಂತಹ ಮೈ ಬಣ್ಣ. ಕಂಡರೆ ಅಣಕಿಸುತ್ತಾನೋ ಎನ್ನುವ ಹಾಗೆ ಸೊಟ್ಟ ಮೂಗು. ಗುಳಿ ಸೇರಿದ ಕಣ್ಣು. ಮೇಲ್ದುಟಿಯಿಂದ ತಪ್ಪಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೊರಗಿಣಿಕಲು ಸದಾ ಯತ್ನಿಸುತ್ತಿರುವ ಹಲ್ಲು ಸಾಲು. ಆತ ನಕ್ಕು ಬಿಟ್ಟನೆಂದರೆ ಕಂಡವರು ಮೋರೆ ತಿರುವಿಕೊಳ್ಳದೆ ಇರುವುದು ಸಾಧ್ಯವೇ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಯಾಕೋ ಗೋಪಿಯ ರೂಪಿನ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಆ ಪರಮಾತ್ಮ ಪೂರ್ಣ ಅನ್ಯಾಯ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದ.

ಗೋಪಿಗೆ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಹುಡುಕಲು ನರಸಪ್ಪಯ್ಯನವರು ಪಟ್ಟ ಪಾಡು ಅವರಿಗೇ ಗೊತ್ತು. ರೂಪಿನ ಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಗೋಪಿಗೆ ವಂಚನೆಯಾದುದೇನೋ ನಿಜ; ಹೋಗಲಿ ಚಲಾಕಿನ ಹುಡುಗನೋ? ಅದೂ ಅಲ್ಲ. S. S. L. C ಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಸಲವೂ ಲಾಗ ಹೊಡೆದು ಐದನೇ ಚಾನ್ಸ್ ಇಲ್ಲವೆಂದಾಗ ಆಸೆಯಿದ್ದರೂ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ಮೆಟ್ಟಲು ಕಾಣಲಾಗದೆ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಉಪಾಯವಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲೇ ಕೂಳು ಕತ್ತರಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಬಿದ್ದುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದ. ಬೆಳೆದು ನಿಂತ ಹುಡುಗ, ಅದು ಕೂಡಾ ಒಬ್ಬನೇ ಮಗ–ವಂಶೋದ್ಧಾರಕ. ನರಸಪ್ಪಯ್ಯನವರಲ್ಲಿರುವ ದುಡ್ಡಿನ ಗಂಟನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಯಾವ ಗತಿಗೆಟ್ಟ ತಂದೆಯೂ ತನ್ನ ಮಗಳನ್ನು ಕೊರಳಿಗೆ ಕಟ್ಟಲು ಮುಂದೆ ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಹಾಗೆಂದು ರೂಪಿಲ್ಲದ ಹೆಣ್ಣನ್ನು ತನ್ನ ಮಗಳಿಗೆ ತಂದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದು ಅವರಿಗೆ ಸುತಾರಾಂ ಇಷ್ಟವಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಈ ತೆರನಾದ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಯ ಹೊಯ್ದಾಟದಲ್ಲಿ ನರಸಪ್ಪಯ್ಯನವರು ಸೊಸೆಗಾಗಿ ತುಂಬ ಸಮಯದಿಂದ ತಿರುಗಿ ತಿರುಗಿ ಸೋತು ಸುಸ್ತಾದರು.

ಅಂತೂ ಗೋಪಿಯ ಭಾಗ್ಯದ ಬಾಗಿಲು ತೆರೆಯಿತೇನೋ. ಆತನಿಗೊಂದು ಹೆಣ್ಣು ನಿಶ್ಚಯವಾಯಿತು!

ಮದುವೆಯ ಮೊದಲು ನಾನು ನೆನೆಸಿದ್ದೆ ಗೋಪಿ ಕೈಹಿಡಿಯುವ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ರೂಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವನಂತೆಯೇ ಇರಬಹುದೆಂದು. ಆದರೆ ನನ್ನ ಊಹೆ ಸುಳ್ಳಾದುದು ಮದುವೆ ಮನೆಗೆ ಕಾಲಿಟ್ಟ ನಂತರವೇ.

ಗೋಪಿಯ ಈ ಮದುವೆಯ ದಿನವೂ ಬಂತು. ಅಕ್ಕ, ನನ್ನ ತಮ್ಮ ಸಂದೇಶ ಮತ್ತು ನಾನು ಮದುವೆಯ ಮನೆಗೆ ತೆರಳಿದಾಗ ಚಪ್ಪರ ತುಂಬ ಜನ ಕೂಡಿದರು. ನರಸಪ್ಪಯ್ಯನವರು ಕಕ್ಷಿಗಾರರಿಂದ ತಿಂದ ಹಣವನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ದಾಕ್ಷಿಣ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಖರ್ಚು ಮಾಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಅನ್ನುವುದು ಅಲ್ಲಿನ ಆಡಂಬರವನ್ನು ಕಂಡಾಗಲೇ ನನಗೆ ಅರಿವಾಯಿತು. ಅವರು ಹಾಗೆ ಖರ್ಚು ಮಾಡಲು ಕಾರಣ ಬೇರೆಯೇ ಇತ್ತೆಂದು ನಂತರ ನನಗೆ ತಿಳಿಯಿತು.

ಮಂಗಳ ವಾದ್ಯಗಳು ಮೊಳಗಿದುವು. ಸಿಂಗರಿಸಿದ ಬಣ್ಣದ ಮಂಟಪದ ಮಧ್ಯೆ ತೆರೆ ಹಿಡಿದರು. ಗಂಟ ಲೊಡೆಯುವಂತೆ ಭಟ್ಟರು ಮಂತ್ರಪಠನ ಮಾಡಿದರು. ಹೆಣ್ಣನ್ನು ಮನೆಯೊಳಗಿಂದ ಕರೆದು ತಂದರು. ತೆರೆ ಬದಿಗೆ

ಸರಿಯಿತು. ಮದುವೆಯ ಹೆಣ್ಣನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಕೂತಲ್ಲೇ ಅವಾಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಹೋದೆ.

ಬೆಳ್ಳಗಿನ ಕೋಮಲ ಶರೀರ, ತುಂಬಿದ ಸುಂದರ ಮೊಗ. ಚೂಟಿಯಾದ ಮೈಕಟ್ಟು. ಈ ಹುಡುಗಿ ಎಷ್ಟು ಮಾತ್ರಕ್ಕೂ ಆ ಒರಟು ಗೋಪಿಗೆ ಸರಿಯಾದ ಜೋಡಿಯಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ನನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಸಾವಿರಾರು ಬಾರಿ ಸಾರಿ ಸಾರಿ ಹೇಳಿತು. ಅವಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ, 'ಅಯ್ಯೋ ನಿನ್ನ ಭಾಗ್ಯವೇ' ಎಂದುಕೊಂಡೆ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲೆ. ತಾನು ಕುರೂಪಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದರೂ ಸುಂದರಿಯಾದ ಹೆಣ್ಣನ್ನೇ ಮದುವೆಯಾಗಿ ಬಿಟ್ಟೆನಲ್ಲಾ ಎಂಬ ಹೆಮ್ಮೆಯಿಂದ ಗೋಪಿ ಬಿಂಕದಿಂದ ಕುಳಿತ್ತಿದ್ದ.

ನನ್ನ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಅಕ್ಕ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಚಿವುಟಿ ಹೇಳಿದಳು.

'ನೋಡಿದಿಯೇನೇ ವತ್ಸಲಾ, ಗೋಪಿಯ ಅದೃಷ್ಟ. ರೂಪ್ಯಾ ಎರಡು ಸಾವಿರ ಕೊಟ್ಟರೂ ಚಿಂತಿಲ್ಲ; ಒಳ್ಳೆ ಚೆಲುವೆ ಹೆಣ್ಣನ್ನೇ ಹೇಗೆ ಹೊಡೆದು ಬಿಟ್ಟ.'

ಮದುವೆ ಸಾಂಗವಾಗಿ ಮುಗಿಯಿತು. 'ಶುಭ ಮಸ್ತು' ಅಂತ ಅದೆಷ್ಟು ಬಾರಿ ರಾಗ ಎಳೆದಿದ್ದರೋ? ಹೆಣ್ಣನ್ನು ಒಳಗ್ಕೊದರು. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಊಟಕ್ಕೇಳುವ ಅಣಿ ಮಾಡತೊಡಗಿದರು. ಇನ್ನೇನು ಕಾಲು ಗಂಟೆ ಕಳೆದಿರ ಬಹುದು. ಅಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾರೋ ಕರ್ಕಶವಾಗಿ ಮನೆಯ ಹಿಂದುಗಡೆಯಿಂದ ಚೀರಿದುದು ಕೇಳಿಸಿತು. ಚಪ್ಪರದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಂಗಸರು, ಗಂಡಸರು, ಮುದುಕರು, ಮಕ್ಕಳೆನ್ನದೆ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಆ ಕಡೆ ಓಡತೊಡಗಿದರು. ಆಗ ನಾನು ನೋಡಿದ್ದೇನೆ.

ಅದೇ ಮಂಟಪದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ವಧು ! ಬಚ್ಚಲುಕೊಟ್ಟಿಗೆಯ ಬಳಿ ಉರುಳಿ ಬಿದ್ದಿದ್ದಾಳೆ ! ಜ್ಞಾನ ತಪ್ಪಿದೆ ! ಬಾಯಲ್ಲೇನೋ ಬಿಳಿ ಬಿಳಿಯಾದ ನೊರೆ, ಉಸಿರಾಡುತ್ತಿದೆ ಎನ್ನುವುದು ಆಕೆಯ ಏರಿಳಿತ ಎದೆಯನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ನನಗೆ ತಿಳಿಯಿತು. ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಕ್ಷಣದಲ್ಲೇ ವಿಷಯವೇನೆಂದು ನನಗೆ ಅರ್ಥವಾಯಿತು.

ಆ ಹೆಣ್ಣಿಗೊಂದು ವಿಚಿತ್ರ ಮನೋರೋಗವಂತೆ. ಬೆಂಕಿ ಮತ್ತು ನೀರನ್ನು ಕಂಡಕೂಡಲೇ ಕಿಟಾರನೆ ಕಿರುಚಿ ಸ್ಮೃತಿ ತಪ್ಪಿ ಬೀಳುತ್ತಾಳಂತೆ. ಹೆಣ್ಣಿನ ಕಡೆಯವರು ಇದನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲವಂತೆ.

ಆಕೆಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಕೆಲವು ಮಂದಿ ತಲೆದೂಗುತ್ತಾ ಬಹಳ ತಿಳಿದವರಂತೆ 'ಹಿಸ್ಟೀರಿಯಾ' ಅಂದರು.

ವಧುವಿಗೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ಸ್ಮೃತಿ ಬಂದಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲೇ ಗಂಡಿನ ಕಡೆಯವರಿಗೂ ಹೆಣ್ಣಿನ ಕಡೆಯವರಿಗೂ "ಮಹಾ ಭಾರತ ಯುದ್ಧ" ಆರಂಭವಾಯಿತು. ನರಸಪ್ಪಯ್ಯನವರು ಮುಷ್ಠಿ ಬಿಗಿಹಿಡಿದು ಹಲ್ಲು ಕಡಿಯುತ್ತಾ ಉಗ್ರ ನರಸಿಂಹನಂತೆ ನುಡಿದರು.

'ನೀವು ಹಾಗೆ ಮಾಡೋದಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಕುತ್ತಿಗೆ ಹಿಚುಕೋದು ಒಳ್ಳೇದು. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಈ ದರಿದ್ರ ಹೆಣ್ಣನ್ನು ಅವನ ಕುತ್ತಿಗೆಗೆ ಕಟ್ಟಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಸಂಸಾರವನ್ನೇ ಹಾಳುಮಾಡ ಬೇಕೂಂತ ಹಂಚಿಕೆ ಹೂಡಿದ್ದೀರೇನು? ನೀಚರು, ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮನೆ ಹಾಳಾಗ'

ಹೆಣ್ಣಿನ ತಂದೆ ನರಸಪ್ಪಯ್ಯನವರನ್ನು ಅಣಕಿಸುವಂತೆ ಅಂದರು.

"ಹ್ಹ . . ಹ್ಹ . . ಹ್ಹ . . ಹಂಚಿಕೆ ಅಂತೆ ಹಂಚಿಕೆ. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮನ್ಮಥನಂಥಾ ಹುಡುಗನ ಕೈಹಿಡಿಯಲು ದೇವ ಲೋಕದ ಗಂಧರ್ವ ಕನ್ಯೆ ಇಳಿದು ಬರಬೇಕಿತ್ತೇನು? ನಿಮ್ಮ ಅಹಂಕಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಬೆಂಕಿ ಬೀಳ."

ನನಗೆ ಮತ್ತೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಲ್ಲಲಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅಕ್ಕನ ಬಳಿ ಸಾರಿ ಹೇಳಿದೆ, 'ಅಕ್ಕಾ ಇನ್ನೇನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಿಯಾ, ಬಾ, ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೋಗೋಣ'

ದಾರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಅಕ್ಕ ನನ್ನೊಡನೆ ಹೇಳಿದಳು,

'ನೋಡಿದಿಯೇನೇ ವತ್ಸಲಾ ಇದೂ ಒಂದು ಮದುವೆ.'

Magazines Received—1966-'67

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Ahmednagar	—Ahmednagar College Annual
	—St. Xavier's College
Amalagiri	—Lumer Bishop Kurialacherry College
Bangalore	—St. Joseph's Higher Secondary School
	—Blue & White, St. Joseph's College
	—Mount Carmel College
Bombay	—Sophia College
	—St. Xavier's College
Calicut	—Devagiri College
	—Providence Women's College
Changanacherry	—Assumption College
Cochin	—The Government College
Coondapoor	—Bhandarkars Arts & Science College
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Cranganore	—Kunhukuttan Thampuran College Chronicle
Dublin	—The Belvederian: St. Francis Xavier's College
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Kerala	—St. Joseph's Pontifical Seminary: Caritas
	—St. Berchman's College
Kotchar	—Anandashram High School, S.K.
Kottayam	—Mount Carmel Training College
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	—St. Joseph's College
Trichur	—The Marian Voice: St. Mary's College
Trivandrum	—The Mar Theophilas Training College, Bethany Hills
Vellore	—Voorhees College

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