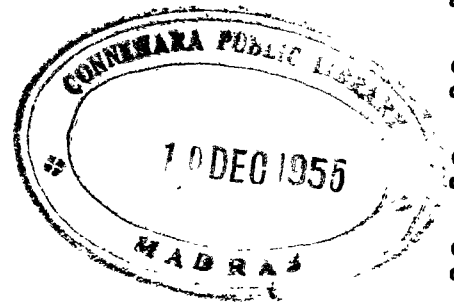


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# Swami Vivekananda\*

“The Warrior Saint of India”

THROUGHOUT history, we see how the spiritual impulses and forces of life have been periodically submerged. We call these periods “Dark Ages”. Sometimes we wonder why such arid epochs intervene in the history of man. If there is one lesson which history can teach us, it is that man is a pilgrim along the path of evolution. It is his destiny to strive, struggle, and sometimes even fail and be vanquished. A great writer and philosopher, Prof. Toynbee, speaks of the phenomenon of “Challenge and Response” in human affairs. Man struggles, creates cultures and civilisations and fills the world with his achievements. But a moment comes when all this achievement is destroyed, when the creative impulses of life dry up. Such periods of darkness are frequent in history. But it does not mean that the struggle towards perfection stops. Even when the “earth’s shadows” have completely darkened the world, “Heaven’s light” has still persisted, perhaps dim and feeble, but never utterly put out. Somehow in the midst of darkness, light has always persisted. Man is a spiritual being. He comes from God. His hunger for God-realisation, for a perfect life on earth, has been insatiable. Somewhere in the hearts of a few individuals, the light has burned, awaiting the God-given moment when it shall blaze forth into divine splendour. In the worst periods of world’s history, some men have kept alive this hunger for God.

It was during one such period of spiritual langour—the latter half of the 19th century—that our country gave birth to Ramakrishna Paramahansa and his great disciple, Swami Vivekananda. Ramakrishna provided the inspiration. He was the perennial source of true God-realisation. It is difficult to explain in terms of logic how these things happen—a great personality coming miraculously into the closest communion with the Absolute and seeing “into the life of things”. It is a miracle of the human spirit—a miracle which takes place when the human being throws himself unconditionally and unreservedly on the grace of God. We may in our scepticism question such miracles; but these miracles happen, in a more or less direct

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\* Text of the address delivered by the Principal on Swami Vivekananda Day Celebration at Sri Ramakrishna Asrama, Mangalore: 2—1—’54.

manner, in thousands of human lives in every age and country. Ramakrishna was one such personality. Unlearned and unschooled, this man was granted the vision of the Absolute. He saw the Divine principle that rules the universe as clearly as we see the material phenomena around us. Such illumination and spiritual discoveries as we see in the life of Ramakrishna happen only in the case of a few chosen personalities in human history. They are "the salt of the earth" as the Bible describes them—without whose sojourn on this earth, human life would have been just a tale "told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing". When Vivekananda came to him, drawn to him by some invisible but irresistible force, and asked him if he had seen God, Ramakrishna was able to answer him in words that ring with the power of truth and authentic realisation. Ramakrishna's life and his teaching opened up a new vista of spiritual life. A new force was released. The Paramahansa was the centre and the source of this. It enveloped and transformed the lives of his disciples. He revealed to them what they had so long sought—the effulgence and reality of God. Fortunate were these pioneering *sanyasis* who gathered round him and "bathed" in the pure and clear stream of the Divine that flowed incessantly from their Master. Ramakrishna taught them not mere doctrines or ceremonies, but something more vital. He communicated to them a hunger for God, and infused into them the ancient truths of the Vedanta. To him those truths were not mere affirmations found in books. They had been tested by living them, by intimate personal experience and *tapas*. Ramakrishna saw God everywhere. He saw the world as the playground of the Supreme. He preached and practised absolute surrender to God, in the words of the Lord's exhortation in the Gita: सर्वधर्मान्परित्यज्य मामेकं शरणं व्रज । Ramakrishna saw that all men, even sinners, were His children. What love, compassion and tolerance did he show! Ramakrishna's message was the message of the Vedas and the Upanishads. It was not a new religion; but a new, vital, and creative interpretation of those basic truths found in the Upanishads, in the Vedanta. He recognised no barrier between man and man, between religion and religion, creed and creed. This universal tolerance is one of the finest and proudest of our religious traditions. We Hindus have not surrendered it, not even when



aggressive forces tried to undermine and destroy it. God is not the monopoly of any particular religion or person. Each spiritual leader saw the Absolute in terms of his own experience and conditions of life amidst which he lived. The Vedanta is never tired of emphasising that life is a continuous striving after perfection. Each religion prescribes its own beliefs and way of life. Indeed in the House of God there are many “mansions”. This grand tolerance and breadth of outlook is the supreme thing about the Vedanta. In the words of the *Gita*:

ये यथा मां प्रपद्यन्ते तांस्तथैव भजाम्यहम् ।  
मम वर्त्मानुवर्तन्ते मनुष्याः पार्थ! सर्वशः ॥

“Whatever be the form in which men worship Me, I appear to them in that form”. In the words of Robert Browning:

All service ranks the same with God,  
With God whose puppets, best and worst are we,  
There is no last nor first.

Today the world is confronted with the big task of establishing world-peace. We speak of democracy and the ideal of “One world” incessantly. Mankind is weary of violence and hate. Old notions, beliefs, and creeds are crumbling to pieces before our very eyes. We are between “two worlds”—one dying and the other not yet born. We strive for peace when our own lives are at cross-purposes. We do not have peace within us. How can we spread peace around us when we ourselves are like the men whom a great English poet describes, Matthew Arnold, in his great poem *The Scholar Gipsy*?

Who fluctuate idly without term or scope  
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,  
And each half lives a hundred different lives?

“Sick fatigue” and “languid doubt” assail us from every side. We have lost our spiritual moorings, and masses of men have given their allegiance to some creed or other which they have invented as an escape from this “sick fatigue” and “languid doubt”. Instead of putting forth efforts to unite mankind, we

invent philosophies which still further divide the already divided humanity. An arid philosophy of history, that we are all victims of some stupendous forces which we cannot control, seems to do service for that faith in God's infinite benevolence which humanity seems to have lost or is rapidly losing. Like Arjuna in the *Gita* we seem to be suffering from spiritual fatigue or "hridaya dourbalya". Instead of thinking and acting like God's children, we lead undirected and uninspired lives. No wonder the world is in a bad way.

To my mind Swami Vivekananda's uniqueness as a prophet and teacher lies in the fact that he himself was fearless and preached and practised the gospel of fearlessness. He could do that because like a true Vedantin, he knew that life was not something to be afraid of. Again and again, he asked us to be fearless, to shake off weakness and doubt, even as Lord Krishna asked Arjuna to do. His message rings with hope and courage. It is a trumpet-call to men to regard themselves as soldiers of God. He distilled for us the clearest essence of the Upanishads. The whole of the Upanishadic teaching is a clarion-call to men to think fearlessly and act fearlessly with faith in God. The Universe is God's and we are His children. In a world which is God's "footstool" there is no cause for fatigue, doubt or despair. Annie Besant called Vivekananda "the Warrior Saint of India". He was indeed a soldier of God—fighting relentlessly the cause of God. "Man-making" was his mission. But in thus making men fearless, he also taught them to understand God and to put their trust whole-heartedly in Him. God is everywhere सर्व खल्विदं ब्रह्म. We are all portions of that glory who is God: तत्त्वमसि.

Vivekananda's message, therefore, is one of hope. उत्तिष्ठतः जाग्रतः प्राच्यवरात्रिबोधतः He was not satisfied with a religion which merely utters the name of God and does nothing. He shook us from the depths of inertia into which we had fallen. He asked us not merely to be *jnanis* and *bhaktas*, but also *Karmayogis*, for we live in a world of action and reaction. He told us that man is not subject to the slavery of forces which he cannot control; but that he is "Master of his fate" and "Captain of his soul". *Tatvamasi*, he declared again and again. He called us "children of light". He electrified three continents by his dynamic message, the message of the Vedanta. He synthesised all

that is best in the religions of the world. There lies the universality of his message. To India his was a trumpet-call to action—right action, action directed to man-making, the making of heroes, to regenerate this country and to lift it up by the inspiration of all that is best in our religion and culture. He founded institutions and trained a band of *sanyasis*, missionaries whose life was to be dedicated to the service of the poor, not in a spirit of patronising, but in love and utter humility. He established the reign of universal love and compassion and made men realise their essential divinity and therefore their essential humanity.

Today, two forces are at work in this world. One is science, with its wonderful discoveries and inventions. But mere knowledge of the physical phenomena alone cannot lead us to happiness. We all realise this tragic and frightful truth every day of our lives. The shadow of an atomic war is hovering over the world; men are filled with hatred and suspicion. The other force is Democracy. With all the urgent realisation of a necessity for world-peace which mankind feels today, we have not been able to put our affairs on the basis of love, justice and humanity. Our democracy is still a word—a word that is prostituted increasingly by individuals and nations. In a world torn by dissension and strife, in a world over which the darkening shadow of calamity is incessantly brooding, in a world where the true knowledge of God is receding from the minds and hearts of men, Vivekananda's message is urgently needed. We are bewildered by the ideologies of the world. We do not know which God is to be worshipped: कस्मै देवाय हविषा विधेम? We are asking the question which our seers asked at the dawn of history. We are trying to build up a commonwealth of nations, forgetting that no kingdom that is built on mere knowledge and ideologies, however high-sounding, can last, unless at its basis there is the recognition that the world is God's mansion and all men are His children. A house built on sand cannot last, said another great teacher who bore the sorrows of the world on his shoulders and gave up his life for mankind's salvation. We cannot have real democracy unless we recognise the sanctity and dignity of the human spirit and act accordingly. Men are not mere tools which an inscrutable power uses for some purpose of which we know very little. In each one of us, there is a spark of the undying

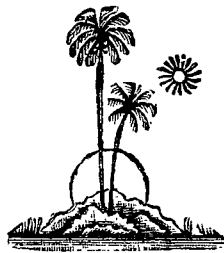
fire which is God. Once men realise this, how easy it is to reshape the world into that pattern of democracy for which the world is yearning today? Our petty quarrels, suspicions, malice, jealousies -- what are they before the stupendous destiny which God has reserved for man? The challenge is there. How are we going to meet that challenge? Vivekananda showed us how we may meet the challenge, not by running away from God, as the human spirit runs away from God in Thompson's magnificent poem *The Hound of Heaven* —but facing the Divine Being with purity, courage, unselfishness and humility and by surrendering ourselves to His divine grace. It is not by rejecting the Divine, but accepting Him as our Father, Mother and Friend, that we attain our *purushartha*. ब्रह्मसंस्थे अमृतत्वमेति । In one of Browning's most inspiring poems, the poet asks man to offer to God his highest, to fill the cup of life with the sweetest and best wine and offer it to the lips of the Maker. Vivekananda wants man to know himself, to realise his own divine nature and act spontaneously and fearlessly, whatever difficulties might beset him. To understand this message is to be without fear. There is nothing in Vivekananda's life and teaching to depress or to enfeeble us. He rouses us to a sense of what we are, to a recognition of our infinite potentialities. On this day, when we are remembering him, we can do no better than to try to make our little lives creative and purposeful—strengthened by faith in God and uplifted by our own consciousness that we are not just small specks of dust whirled about in a dust-storm in the vast spaces of the universe, but gods or, at least, gods in the making.

We need in this country such a dynamic faith today. Inheritors as we are of the deep truths of the Vedanta, it depresses any thinking man to see the pettiness which is all around us. How we quarrel, suspect each other, divide and isolate ourselves! We mouth grandiloquent phrases and yet harp on our divisions “with insatiable vivacity” as Dr. Radhakrishnan said the other day at Coimbatore. We do so because we fear our neighbour. We find no peace, because there is no peace within us. We are disunited and broken up. We widen the fissures which are already there, instead of like soldiers girding up our lions to rebuild our nation which has emerged into freedom from a long sleep of slavery and foreign domination. We find excuses for our

pettiness, and cover up our smallnesses with big phrases and ideals. We, who are the descendants of those clear-sighted and courageous seers of the Vedas and the Upanishads, those great ancestors who probed into the very mystery of life and death and faced the problems of this existence and the hereafter with a vision for which there is no parallel, we who have the rich store of spiritual experience, authentic vision of the Supreme at our disposal, are seeking today to undo that heritage by imitating the transitory excitements of an alien way of life. It is to us, more than to the western people, that Vivekananda uttered his clarion-call "Awake, Arise". Let us not in these crucial times, when we are engaged in the undoubtedly difficult task of recreating our nation into a new pattern of life and action, reject this message, Vivekananda's message. Let us realise this "purushartha", this knowledge of the Brahman. In the solemn words of the Veda:—

माहं ब्रह्म निराकुर्यां मा मा ब्रह्म निराकरोत्  
अनिराकरणमस्तु; अनिराकरणमस्तु ॥

*H. Sunder Rao, M. A.*



# Truth in History

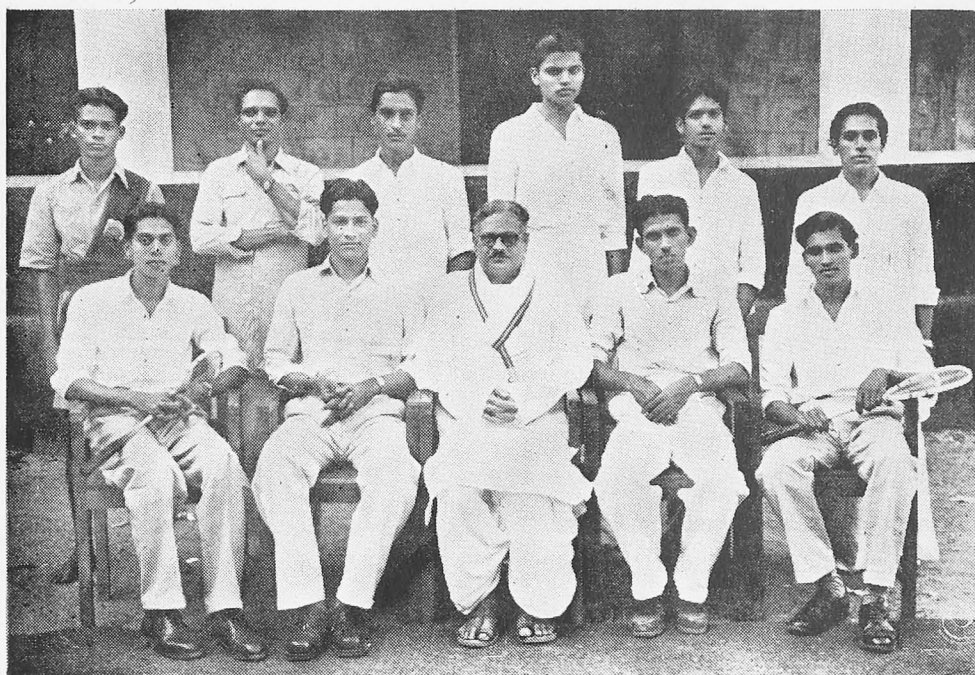
THE proper study of mankind is man. "Man is the only object of historical science" said Herodotus. Nothing is more enthralling than the unravelling of human thought in all its varied and infinite aspects. Physical Science, Philosophy, History are all engaged in the pursuit of the mysteries of the human mind and its attempts to apprehend and interpret the profound depths of the Known and the Knower. How far History can discharge the function of the interpretation of the mind of man against the background of this mysterious universe, is the subject of this brief essay.

"History maketh men wise" said Bacon; and to Valery, "History is the most dangerous product ever concocted by the chemistry of the intellect. It causes dreams, inebriates the nations, saddles them with false memories, keeps their old sores running, and induces in them megalomania. It makes them bitter, arrogant, unbearable and full of vanity". Truth must be found between these two extremes.

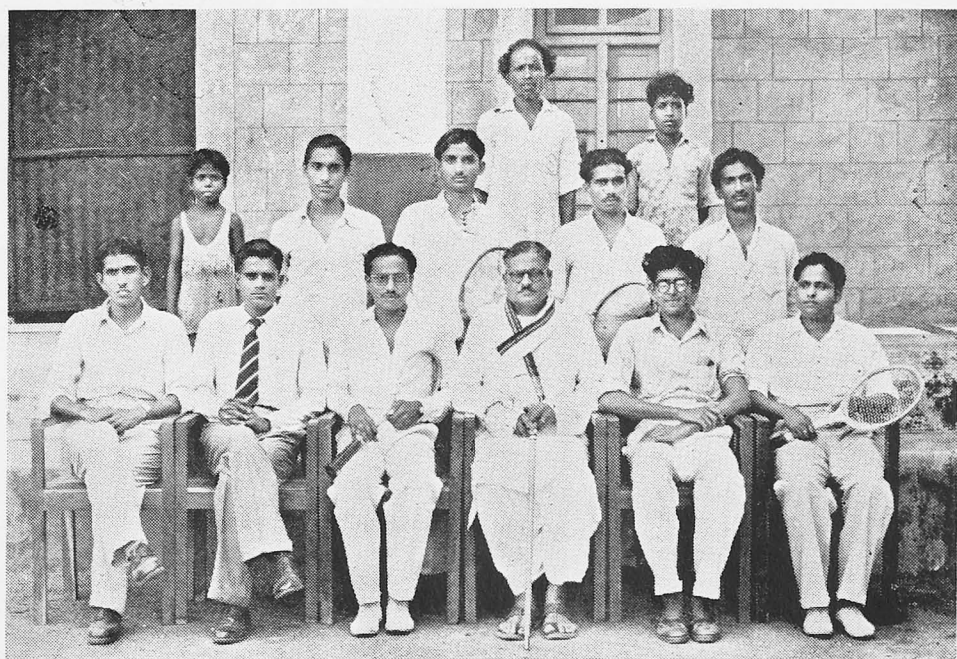
The term "History" may mean either the record of events or the events themselves. Originally, limited to enquiry and statement, its meaning has been extended to-day to denote the events themselves which form the subject of History. History is concerned with the events and their proper interpretation.

The subject matter of History is not the physical world; and its sole interest has been the protean nuances of the human intellect. History tries to unravel for us what men said and did in the living past. The intricate workings of the human intellect are baffling the best minds in their task of interpretation. A millionaire's donation for public purposes may be motivated by simple love of humanity, or vanity, or to cheat his future heirs or to escape heavy taxation. When it is almost impossible to arrive at a correct understanding of this single act, how could we properly apprehend the forces behind the public events? We accept merely the most obvious and superficial of the causes as the true cause. Again take the case of Pakistan. Patently, it was created as a safe home for the Moslems of India, free from the nightmare of Hindu domination. But a shrewd observer has noted that the wounded vanity of Jinnah was mainly responsible for the creation of Pakistan. If the Congress





Badminton Team.



The Tennis Club.



Senior Intermediate 1953-54, Arts Section.

Ministries in 1937. had taken care to placate his vanity in the formation of the Provincial Governments in 1937, perhaps he would have been mollified and would not have insisted upon a "moth-eaten and truncated Pakistan". Take another case of the American War of Independance. English taxation was no doubt one of the contributory causes. But many are not aware that Benjamin Franklin played the role of Jinnah in U. S. A. He was once insulted by the British Foreign Minister as a coward—'a man of ermine'; and he vowed that he would prove his courage by kicking England out of America. He went home and inflamed the Americans against England; and then they felt that they were oppressed by England.

Again the events themselves are ever subject to change. The whole world is ever in a flux. All things are subject to change if not to decay. Some time may intervene between the apprehension of an object and the record of that idea. So, a proper, correct interpretation of the fact is the most difficult and elusive task for a historian. It is no wonder that History appears differently to different people. To Freeman and Seely, 'History is past politics' and to Karl Marx, it was merely the story of the classes struggling for economic self-sufficiency. Hegel found in History divine guidance and purpose to B. Croce, it was but the story of human freedom; and to Rousseau it was but a bundle of agreed lies; and to Voltaire it was a record of crimes and misfortunes of mankind; but to Carlyle, History was a philosophy teaching by concrete examples.

History depends for its narration on the observed, contemporary records or later tradition, a memory of the event. A contemporary account is generally accepted as more authentic, than a later report of the same event. Now the primary task of the historian is to find out the precise amount of truth contained in the report of that eye-witness.

It is a well-known fact that one's personal apprehension of an external event is conditioned by his intellectual equipment. The same event may appear differently to different people, according to their own prejudices, idols of the cave, idols of the tribe, and other types of idols, or means of understanding. Akbar the Great was a Philosopher King to Lawrence Binyon, and

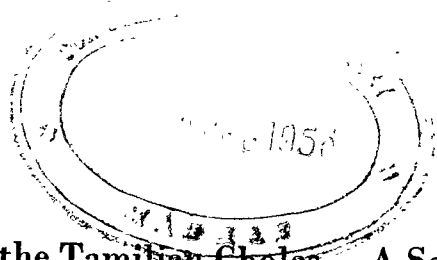
a crafty, ambitious despot to V. A. Smith. The Indian Mutiny of 1857 appeared to the English contemporaries like Lord Roberts and the Times' reporter Russell as the work of the disinherited Muslim rulers. But to the editors of the Cambridge History of India, the Mutiny was caused by the wily and ambitious Brahmins and the Muslims were the innocent sheep. For a proper appraisal of the core of truth all the different versions must be taken into account, in the interests of historic veracity.

The State papers issued by the different Governments at several intervals of time form the staple basis of our historical studies. The imprimatur of the Government gives these documents an air of unquestionable authenticity. Regarding the value of such State papers, Freeman enters a strong caveat against accepting them at their face value. Says he, "In the case of State papers and blue books, we are in the very chosen region of lies". Further comment on this is unnecessary. Contemporary testimonies are often contradictory and awkward.

A later record of an event, a tradition handed down by several generations, is more likely to contain an exaggerated account of the true facts or an attenuated version of the exact happenings. Hence, truth is more difficult to get at here than even in a contemporary narrative. Grant Duff, the historian of the Marathas narrates his difficulties in going through "the gossiping *Bhakars* (Marathi sources) and gasconading *Tawariks* (Persian sources)".

The interpretation of the relics of the archaeological efforts is most elusive, vague, undependable and unpredictable. A piece of bone, a shred of pottery, a chip of wood, or a broken chalice is expected to throw a flood of light on the dark arcana of the ancient past. Bulky tomes may be written based on these shreds of evidence, till one day they will all be blown up into the thin air. A dumb founded world may wake up to an announcement by experts that those relics were after all put up things, faked up evidences, as in the recent case of the Pilt-down man or even of the Java Pithecanthropos. Again take the inscriptions of the Indian kings. Their military achievements are indeed. pure hyperboles. A Kannadiga may take pride from them that their





Chalukyan Kings “hammered” soundly the Tamilian Cholas. A South Indian would boast as well, that the Kannadigas were never a match for their heroic Tamil kings. Our Puranas suffer from the same defect. No doubts they are fragments of true history embedded in a mass of imaginative traditions and myths. It is the task of the historian of India to pick up the few grains of truth from the bushels of myth and memory contained in them.

Again there is further difficulty. After a long, laborious search you arrive at the truth. Yet the facts are insufficient for a connected narrative. You see only the tall mountain peaks—the prominent facts of history leaving out many minor valleys of facts. It is the task of the historian to fill up those minor gaps, connect the main events so as to give them a narrative form. Here he fills up the blanks of history by his “scientific imagination”. This is again a dangerous task when imagination comes into play.

Thus, we admit that ultimate truth is very difficult to arrive at in History and truth of history is always subject to be exploded by new discoveries. So shall we despair of ever reaching our goal in history?

For a true scholar, the final result is less important than the search for it. The thrill of historic research lies in its adventure after the facts of life, lived long ago. In history the attempt, the process, is everything, and the goal is secondary. A stout heart is always in search of the unknown; and what can give man greater thrill of pleasure than the search for truth? Indeed truth is stranger than fiction and the final conclusion in history is always provisional.

“History has a great virtue of appeasement. I do not entertain the flattering thought that my solutions are definitive. History, like every discipline recorrects ceaselessly, and every scholar ought to have before him the fine motto of Fustel de Coulanges, *quaero*, I am seeking”. De La Tour. (Renier’s *History* P. 262).

V. Raghavendra Rao, M. A., B. T.

# Kalidasa's Heroes\*

SOME of the well known modern admirers of Kalidasa express their partiality for Kalidasa's women and find something or the other wanting in his men. It is because they ignore certain fundamental rules of literary criticism and also for the reason that their attitude to life has an ill conceived philosophical background.

Dusyanta and Sakuntala, the *Gandharva* lovers of Kalidasa, are sometime taken for the romantic type of lovers that we find in Western literature. Dusyanta is a romantic lover in a limited sense of the word. Kalidasa clearly describes him as a *Rajarsi*; a man of established reputation ruling benevolently over a large part of India. He is therefore a ready-made character even while he enters into the penance grove of Kanva for the first time; and he is noble, discreet and mature in his experiences not only as a king but as a lover. His characters do not grow under our eyes as that of Sakuntala whose life is depicted in the drama, from her very girlhood when she is innocent of conjugal love. In the light of these facts it is unwarranted for any critic to interpret the stanza:

असंशयं क्षत्रपरिग्रहक्षमा यदार्यमस्यामभिलाषि मे मनः

सतां हि संदेहपदेषु वस्तुषु प्रमाणमन्तःकरणप्रवृत्तयः

uttered by Dusyanta as expressing his youthful vanity, impudence and lustiness or arrogance and superciliousness. The fact that he gets all the necessary information about Sakuntala's birth, caste and condition before he finally fixes up his heart on Sakuntala is an incontrovertible evidence against such a conclusion. The stanza expresses, if rightly, interpreted, the self-confidence of a sincere and honest follower of Dharma.

It is said that the heroes of Kalidasa's dramas do not give visual evidence of their heroism on the stage. This criticism disregards the dramatic propriety of the Indian stage which prohibits the actual representation of bloody fight on the stage, which may border on *Bibhatsa* which is not a *Mitrarasa* to *Sringara* (Ed: also the Greek stage does it). In all the three dramas of Kalidasa, he gives an account of the heroism of his heroes through

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\* Gist of speech delivered in Kannada on the Kalidasa Day.

the mouth of other characters, which is sufficient for the spectators to believe that they are real heroes of matchless strength and bravery.

The supposed big disparity existing between the age of Agnimitra and that of Malavika has been made much of by some critics. No doubt Indian society has undergone a lot of change in its customs, manners and outlook since the time of Agnimitra or Kalidasa; but it is also true that it retains some of its old practices and old ways of looking at life. The husband is older than the wife even to-day and considerable disparity in age between them can be seen everywhere from the Cape to the Himalayas. An honest reader of *Malavikagnimitra* never feels that the pair Agnimitra and Malavika—is despairingly comparable to that of Dasaratha and Kaikeye—as he finds them in the *Ramayana* of Valmiki. It is therefore unjust on the part of a critic to underestimate the skill of Kalidasa and misinterpret his sense of propriety in bringing together Agnimitra and Malavika as lovers of a happy type. When psychology is yet in its infant stage of development, it is unpardonable on the part of a so-called modern critic to assume that there cannot be any happy and normal matrimonial life between a somewhat elderly male and a youthful female. Great poets and dramatists are always superior to everybody else in their knowledge of the psychology of their fellow-beings. One must, therefore, be very guarded when one goes to study the characters and situations delineated by world poets like Kalidasa or Shakespeare.

Dusyanta, Dilipa, Raghu, Shiva and such other heroes of Kalidasa's dramas and epics belong to the class of *Dhirodattas*. They are ideal and typical characters rather than real and unique ones. This is a unique feature of the Indian Classical taste. India, again, holds a *Mahakavi* with greater regard than a *Natakakara*. So Indian traditional critics pay greater homage to Kalidasa, the poet of the two great epics than to him as the author of the three dramas. There is only one comparable instance of an improbability made to appear probable—when we consider the case of Dilipa, the mighty and noble emperor accepting the task of a cowherd in obedience to the instructions of his guru—in the whole range of Indian classical works, namely, the instance of Kaurava, the great emperor of Bharat resorting to the most unbelievable crime of ordering Draupadi to be undressed in his open court,

before Bhisma, Drona and her five famous husbands. But poetic vigour and charm that the reader feels in the style of narration (in the case of both Vyasa and Kalidasa) prevent successfully the idea of improbability entering richly into his mind. Kalidasa, who is noted for his Vaidarbha style, therefore deserves the encomiums showered upon him by eminent critics and connoisseurs like Sri Aurobindo.

It is the great and noble ideals held and followed by the heroic characters of Kalidasa that have made them so great and sublime. Kalidasa seems to have been a believer in the pantheistic monism of the Vedanta school. His God is one and omnipotent; He assumes different divine forms for the creation, sustenance and destruction of the universe. Life is a short span of time which should be treated as a privilege granted to the sentient soul to remain alive and kicking. It is just a passing show and therefore man must make the best use of the time at his disposal. With this philosophical attitude Dilipa, the enlightened monarch, subordinated the values of Artha and Kama to Dharma (अप्यर्थकामौ सत्यास्तां धर्म एव मनीषिणः) The famous monarchs of his dynasty strictly follow the *Varnasrama Dharma* and never swerve from the path of duty even when they are in the jaws of Death or in the mouth of Hell. The difference of sex is important, according to Kalidasa, only with reference to reproduction and continuation of the race. The final spiritual attainment of man is the Upanisadic state of transcendental experience, in which his soul remains as a self-spectator in perfect non-difference with God. So the noble and wise men live like Dilipa, who acquires wealth without greed and enjoys happiness without attachment (अगृध्नुराददे सोऽर्थं असत्तः सुखमन्वभूत्).

Kalidasa has created such ideal couples as Dusyanta and Sakuntala, Dilipa and Sudaksina, Rama and Sita and Shiva and Parvati, because, as he says in *Kumarasambhavam*, the Creator's tendency has been found to be adverse to making things perfect (प्रायेण सामग्र्यं विधौ गुणानां पराङ्मुखी विश्वसृजः प्रवृत्तिः). Like the fancied intention of the Creator who is said to have created Parvati as the perfect model of feminine beauty (सानिर्मिता विश्वसृजा प्रयत्नात् एकस्य सौन्दर्यं दिदृक्षेव), Kalidasa's Muse has taken a fancy to fashion ideally noble characters who are next only to the gods like Brahma, Vishnu, Maheshvara and Indra.

B. H. Sreedhara, M. A.



# Sri Sharda Devi and Her Life

ON December 22, 1853 a child was born; a child that was to illumine the history of India with the dazzling effulgence of its future! The joy of the parents knew no bounds on seeing their first born child! The child was named 'Sharada' the name which later acquired its full significance—for little Sharada grew up into the very embodiment of spiritual learning! India is proud of this great daughter of hers who imparted spiritual knowledge not only to people of her country alone but even to the westerners. Every Indian cherishes her memory even to this day with great pride and true love.

From her very childhood Sharada was given to seriousness; frivolity never once dared approach her. The parents found a helpful companion in her eldest beloved Sharada. The nursing of her younger brothers was to a great extent consigned to Sharada; even in her later life they were still her nurslings—for grown-up youth though they were, they depended upon their sister, Sharada for their living. Even while she was but a child of 6 years, her marriage took place. This came about in quite a strange manner. Gadadhar, an ardent worshipper of the great goddess Kali in Dakshineshwar had aspired to that ecstatic stage in spiritual practice when one's mind is beyond one's control. Rumours of his being suddenly out of mind got wind. The mother of Gadadhar thought that the responsibility of a household would set him right. A bride had to be sought; much labour was bestowed on this account but in vain; Gadadhar's interference in this affair was quite extraordinary. He himself gave the name of a girl living at Jayrambati in Ramachandra Mukherji's house. It was indeed a revelation to them when in truth they found a girl; this was no other than little Sharada. The marriage duly took place. But Sharada remained at home for a very long time.

At the age of eighteen Sharada Devi felt an irresistible urge to pay a visit to her husband. Their meeting at Dakshineshwar was indeed a significant one as much as it was delicate. Sharada Devi's anxiety for his mental stability gradually abated as she saw him fast advancing in his sadhanas.

One single incident in Sharada Devi's life signifies the healthy stature of her elevated mind:— it happened that Sri Ramakrishna once on a sudden

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impulse asked of Sharada Devi, "Do you want to drag me down in the world or do you prefer being my helpmate and guide in my spiritual sadhanas?" The answer of Sharada Devi thrills the reader with admiration for her nobility.

"No" she said decidedly, "I shall help you to reach your long-anticipated goal". She stood indeed for ideal womanhood !

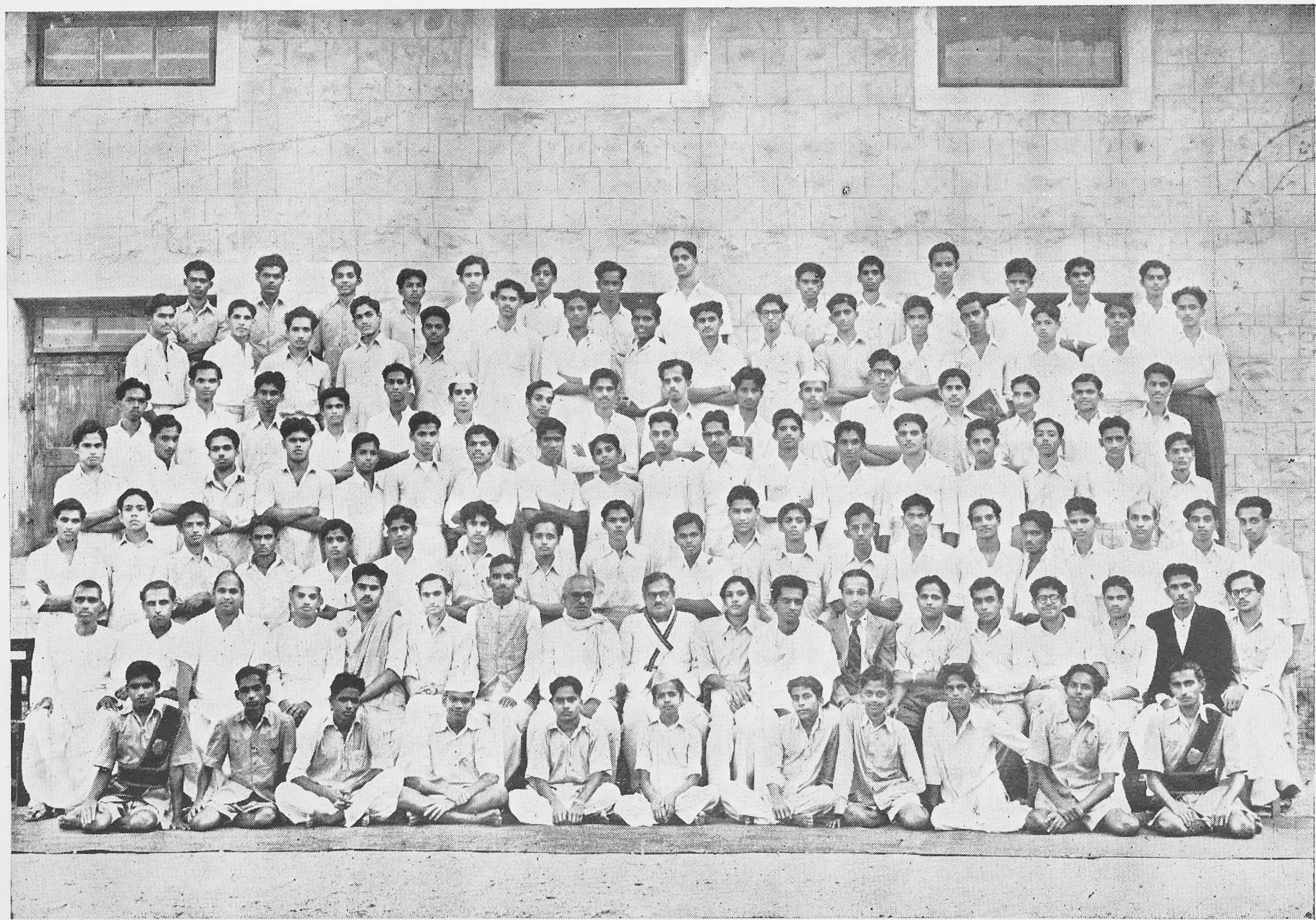
Every day her day's service to her husband over, she used to pray looking at the sky "O Lord" and her heart welled forth in ecstasy! "May my heart be as pure as yonder moon! But hark! even the moon hath stains! Make me, O Lord, free from all touch of stain, make me immaculate!"

No wonder her life was purity personified. A devotee of hers who has composed a prayer seeking her blessing aptly states:—

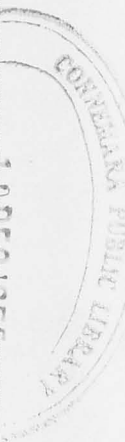
"Noble Thou hast a character,  
Pure is thy life divine;  
Ever we bow to thee, O Mother,  
Thou incarnate, Purity fine!"

Both Sri Ramakrishna and Sharada Devi though husband and wife lived the purest and noblest life. Shri Ramakrishna looked upon Sharada Devi as Goddess Kali herself and sometimes worshipped her. These moments worked great effect on her. She lost her consciousness even as she was sitting there before Shri Ramakrishna symbolising Goddess Mahakali and entered into deep samadhi. Both Sri Ramakrishna and Sharada Devi practised Sadhana together. Sharada Devi was by nature very modest and shy. She would always preserve privacy and unless it were before Sri Ramakrishna and his chosen few disciples she would never show herself. She had indeed great respect and love for Sri Ramakrishna and took care of him as though he were her own child. The same deference was requited her. He was ever anxious for her health. He never could maintain his composure if she were hurt. Sharada Devi used to prepare food for him and his disciples however tiresome that job was.

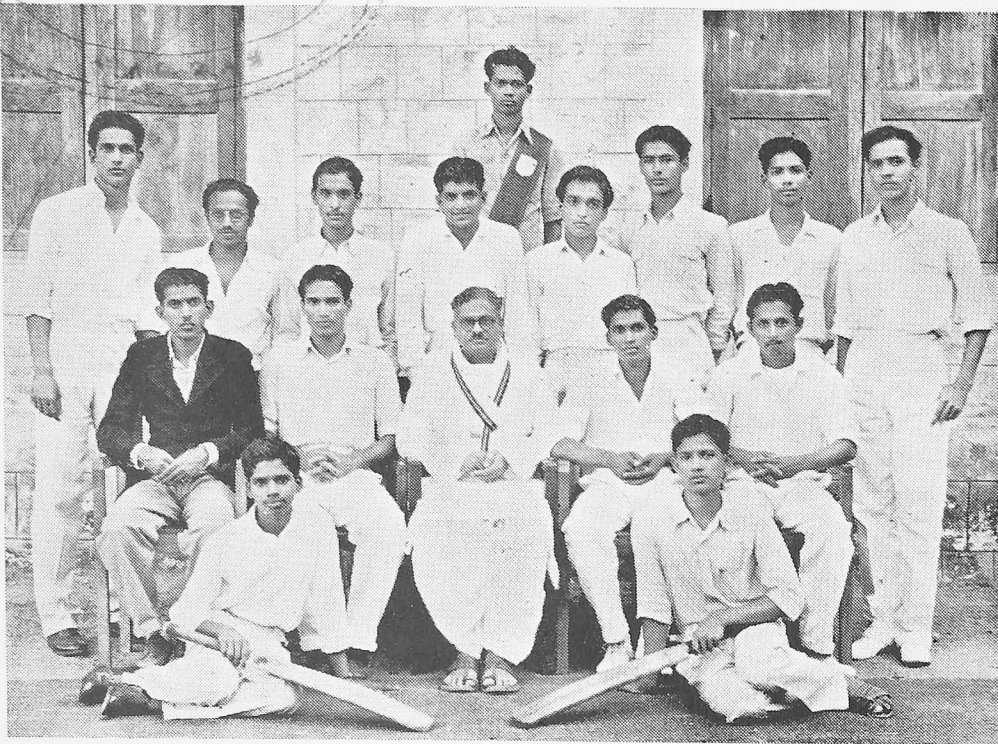
But life did not seem to run smooth; Sri Ramakrishna suddenly fell ill; he was shifted to a house situated outside Calcutta; Sharada Devi stood by him,



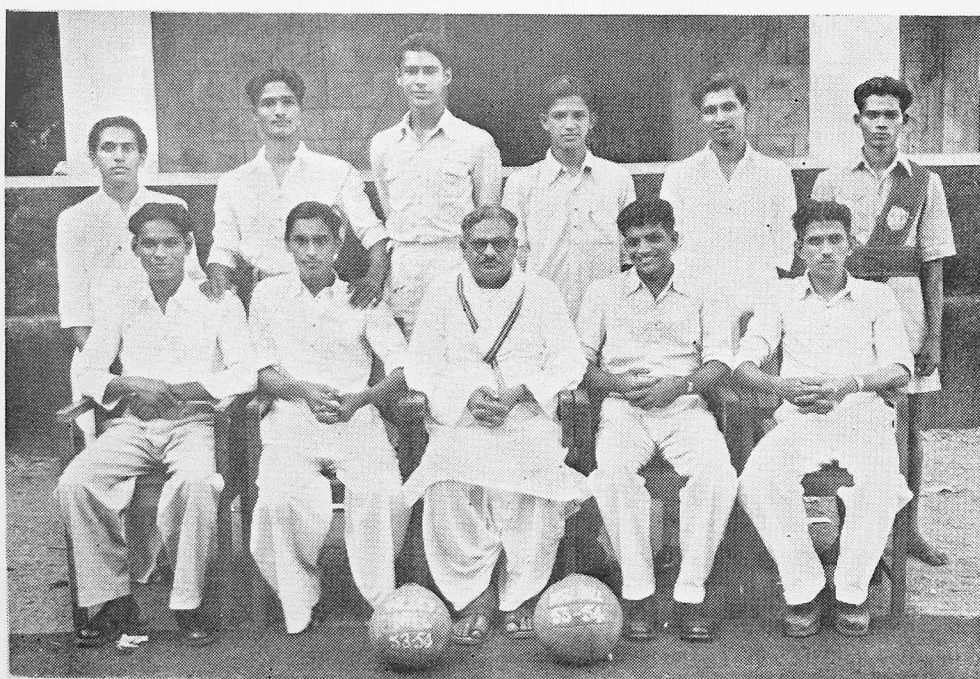
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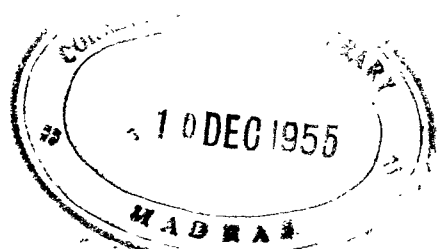


Cricket Eleven, 1953-54.



Basket Ball Team, 1953-54.

## Sri Sharada Devi and Her Life



nursed him; she spared no pains in carrying out her duties, but Shri Ramakrishna's health declined and one day he did enter into Mahasamadhi whence he could never again return to this world. Sharada Devi was completely broken-hearted. His absence was beyond her endurance. But a certain circumstance while she paid a visit to Brindaban recovered her peace of mind. Shri Ramakrishna came to her in a vision and assured her of his being ever near and protecting her, though he were quite invisible. This vision of her husband restored her former strength and courage of mind.

Thereafter she went on pilgrimages to different holy places like Puri, Gaya and Rameshwaram. It was Shri Ramakrishna's wish that she should spend her remaining time at Kamarpukur. Yet her family conditions compelled her to be a constant attendant upon her relatives. At the time her youngest brother passed away. The shock of her husband's sudden death completely wrecked Surabala, and the little child Radhu was almost an orphan. And Sharada Devi nursed the child with tender care and love. Naturally the child came to be attached to her. This reciprocal affection between her own child and Sharada Devi kindled jealousy and hatred in Surabala. She would give vent to her growing hatred by abusing Sharada Devi and throwing things at her. Even this Sharada Devi did bear with mildness and patience. Though she could not occupy the house at Kamarpukur she paid great attention on it so that it was ever clean and tidy. Wherever she went, Surabala and Radhu were with her. Her careful and anxious attendance on those never waned.

Later her troubles increased rapidly. Radhu was now a disobedient and sturdy girl; rather quite her mother's second. Both the mother and the child never let Sharada Devi have peace of mind in their company. But Sharada Devi's steady fortitude stood all this and never once failed her.

While she was at Jayarambali, many of her disciples and others flocked to her to be graced with her blessings and spiritual wisdom. She refused none that knocked at her door. The feeling of mother-hood became so much a part and parcel of her very self that every creature great or small was to her, her own dear child. She could find fault with nobody nor detect the foibles in others. Such was the noble nature of Sharada Devi !

# To a New World

“Madam where is that place....Heaven?”. “Follow, my dear boy, I will take you there. Behold that gate, you have to enter through and the other side is Heaven. Yonder see a man with grey beards, go to him and you will have to appear for a Test and you must come out successful in the test in order to enter this gate”.

“Madam.... I have’nt brought my pen..... I had too many tests in the College! I am tired with them! My goodness! Tests even in Heaven! Shan’t I be given exemption and shan’t I enter the gate without test”.

I saw at a distance about three dozen people scribbling on papers..... busy with themselves. From a little distance I peeped into the gate.... Ah! Heaven indeed! men gambling and making merry.....certainly a land of bliss. “Ah! I exclaimed”, how I would have gone there but for this test. Suppose I don’t get through the Test at all....about my fate? Yes the grey-bearded examiner was busy but the task for me was to escape from this winged woman—a nuisance!!

Thanks to the call she received, she left me to my fate and back she went....perhaps to bring another one like me to the spot, but my time was short. I looked here and there....nobody to observe my movement....slowly crept towards the gate. I kept my first step inside. Hark! My God!..the gate automatically and suddenly closed; my leg was caught. I tumbled and tumbled and cried aloud.....with all my efforts with hand I pulled out my leg..... an intense pain, agony and horrible cry.....a rattling sound of glass pieces.

At once I opened my eyes wide.....no more heaven; no more the new world. All was my room.....my friends moving; but the lamp on the ground had crashed into pieces. I was back again in this world. I left the lamp to its fate and crept towards my bed.....

Next morning when I got up(rather late)my friends told me the mystery of the lamp broken into pieces. I put on a pose and shared the mystery with them and pretended to be enthusiastic to know about it. The “New World” was in everybody’s hand. I too took it up again!

*W. B. Alva, III U. C.*

# Beggars in India

**BEGGING** is the hereditary profession of thousands of poor Indians to-day. How far the national Government has succeeded in solving this problem is not known. If we throw search-light on this dark corner of society we would see the human side of the question. During the days before Independence the present ruling party might have included the upliftment of the 'social, cultural, economic and educational status' of these miserable creatures in its manifesto. Perhaps it might have forgotten to tackle this problem now. If no progressive measure is undertaken to improve the wretched conditions of these beggars, India will, one day, face a nasty revolution.

There are no beggars in the United Kingdom nor in other civilized countries of Europe. They think it a curse on the part of human beings to beg. In the streets of London the invalids are adopting various devices to attract public sympathy. Such people would sit in the corners of the streets with a painting or such other article. So they are safe from the Law's hand. The bountiful passers—by throw a penny into their bowl.

Perhaps, India considered begging as a noble profession in days of yore. Thousands of years ago Bhikshus of Buddhist monasteries were begging from door to door. The "grahasta"—the house-holder—considered that giving alms to those Bhikshus was his sacred duty. Generation after generation, this profession has survived. The religious heads and Sanyasis who were free from worldly ties begged and some of them even hoarded money. Some of the Rajas and Maharajas thought that they would embrace "*moksha*" or freedom of the soul from its mundane fetters by giving acres of lands to these religious heads who blessed the former in return and prayed God wholeheartedly to reserve a seat for those Rajas in 'heaven'. Some of them even sold licences for entering paradise to rich as well as poor for money. So now-a-days there is no need for them to beg but the poor should beg to 'earn' their livelihood.

Unemployment is the dominating problem of India to-day and no suitable plans are ready to solve even educated unemployment. So begging prevails in the country. Some people are begging at day-time and

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stealing at night. Morality, honesty and other virtues of life are meaningless to them.

In India beggars can be classified into various groups: Those who are suffering from contagious diseases and have no alternative except begging; others who are physically fit to earn their bread by hard work and have scope to lead respectable life but don't want to. The bold steps taken by the Government of Mysore in solving this problem is really appreciable and deserves praise for the meritorious service to ailing humanity. Beggars' colonies have been established in some parts of Mysore and beggars are provided with suitable opportunities to improve their conditions. They are classified into groups. The able-bodied are allowed to go and aged people as well as children are admitted into the crafts-homes. Those who are suffering from diseases are given medical treatment in hospitals. The pathetic conditions of these poor people are beyond imagination.

We should not forget that these beggars can play a significant role in society if they are provided with ample opportunities. There are painters, musicians, architects, poets, dancers and even orators among this community. Owing to lack of encouragement their talents are withering. For instance the street-singers (beggar boys) are better musicians than most of the undeserving people who are flourishing in the 'Cinema world'. Unfortunately both their talents and their existence are despised by society. If the people are not in a position to improve the pathetic lot of beggars, they should not encourage begging. By throwing copper pieces to the folded palms of street beggars some of the people exhibit their affluence and generosity. Instead of throwing away money like this if they give that money to those associations which are functioning for the improvements of beggars, it would be a great service.

Millions of people go on pilgrimage to various holy places of India where beggars' communities reside permanently. These out-cast people with their humiliating conditions and touching cries beg in the name of God and get substantial means of livelihood. Many of the pilgrims think that they would commit sin if they did not give alms to those beggars. Unless this superstition is proved to be stupid, false and unfounded, beggary would exist in India.



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Some people beg in a dignified way. The easy going, indolent 'sadhus' even though they have good physique are also begging. The superstitious multitudes of India immensely encourage these parasites. If the Government utilises physical power of these for some creative purposes, the country will surely prosper. The deplorable conditions of the invalids of the begging class should not be neglected.

Begging is a great curse. God has created men equal and free. Social distinctions are created by men. If society and Government deny them opportunity the unfortunate beggars continue their miserable life for ever.

State Governments should help the Central Government in tackling this problem. Hard labour should be forced upon them so that they are compelled to earn by the sweat of their brow. By slow and steady methods the Indian Government will certainly minimise begging.

India without beggars would be paradise on earth.

*G. Subraya, M U. C.*

Owner of the car:- .....what then is your advice?

Garage mechanic:- My sincere advice is to keep the oil  
and change the Car.

x            x            x            x            x

Plump woman on scales, to friend:- "I'm afraid. I've  
come to the destiny which ends our shapes!"

# The Marriage-Broker

**W**E don't often realize how ungrateful we can be and are, sometimes. Most of us have been so to a very worthy being who plays a useful role in society. He is the marriage-broker. A marriage-broker! You show a long face. He is a parasite, an undesirable individual who thrusts his nose into your affairs. You want to shun him as you used to shun insurance agents once. You are vehement and downright in your attack. A marriage bureau, and the same you go ecstatic over it. You say it is human ingenuity trying to circumvent Nature's vagaries. You are ready to give a lengthy discourse on the admirable work they do in arranging marriages on sound lines of psychology and eugenics. It is as somebody has said, the difference in the name, perhaps—barber and hair-dresser, for example. In functioning there is no difference between a marriage-broker and a marriage bureau, unless it be that the marriage-broker works more promptly, efficiently and fruitfully—and at a lower fee, too. He is a moving marriage bureau, if you want.

It is a fashion of our times that everything should have the sanctity of tradition and history. Even on that score you can't badge the marriage-broker an upstart of yesterday. Travel back in the history of our country or that of any other for the matter, and you will find that there ever have been match-makers.

Regarding his being a busybody, he comes to you only when called. And it is not to favour him that you requisition the invaluable services of a marriage-broker. You do it in your own interests.

Every girl of marriageable age in our country is a skeleton in the family cupboard. She is a nightmare that makes her parents sit up in their beds and think of the problem of her marriage breaking the midnight silence with sighs of despair. The high-priest that can exorcise this disturbing skeleton from the family is the marriage-broker. His role is that high one—whether you care to admit it or not. Anyhow, you will admit that your daughter cannot and does not walk into the street and return with a young lad tucked under her arm. Your daughter cannot and does not bait the hook of her face

## The Marriage-Broker

at the end of her body-line with fine cosmetics and catch foolish jacks from parks and public places.

You will also admit that there is a huge disparity in number between males and females. The latest census returns will tell you how in Madras State women beat men in numbers. Even the statistics we have are misleading in this respect. If comparison between groups of boys and girls of marriageable age was made, it should show how the number of girls in that age-group far exceeds the number of boys. There are more girls than you can find husbands for. Thus it is elementary economics that you have to sell in a buyers' market.

Another thing that you will admit is that matrimonial advertisements are of no great help. They have this great disadvantage that people look on such advertisements with the eye of suspicion. They think, and perhaps rightly, that everything about the girl concerned is not all right—that there is something wrotten somewhere. Thus they do not take the matrimonial advertisements seriously. Those who have advertised will tell you how poor the response has been. And how, of the little response there was, much was from mischievous free-lancers out for 'romance by post'.

And the most discomfoting fact you will admit is that the average male of marriageable age before he learns the psychology, physiology or philosophy of marriage, learns the economics of marriage. Even from the time he had been running here and there meeting this M. L. A. and that M. P. to get admission into some college, he has understood the very definite advantages of a monied father-in-law. That belief in the efficacy of a rich F-in-L is strengthened when he is out of the university and is hunting for a job. The longer the job-hunt, the stronger this belief becomes, until at last it becomes a matter of faith with him. So much so, if you asked him to draw a list of the qualities that the girl he would marry should have in the order of their importance, he will put money in the first place without caring to keep up appearances. He knows that the 'outcome of marriage depends upon the income',—on that alone. And if you told him that it depended on something else also, he would tell you that it didn't matter. The young man of today is downright practical and has no romantic delusions.

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Thus you cannot fly in the face of these facts and say that you can easily pack your daughter out of the house without the help of the marriage-broker. It is for that that you call him in.

And how admirably helpful he is! He transfers from your shoulders on to his own the crushing weight of your unmarried girl. He does the worrying for you. And what a relief it is!

No more need you or your girl shrink when the question of her age is put. In the field of matrimony the accepted authority for the age of a girl is not her municipal birth-register or any other certificate, but her horoscope. And he teaches you for the first time that horoscopes do not depend upon dates of birth but that it is vice versa. The one very convenient thing about horoscopes is that you can get one cast for any given date. Your girl of Twenty-five is just Nineteen. And there is the good authority of her horoscope for it. That is that.

He takes down all the details about your daughter in his diary. That is, the name of your girl is registered in his matrimony exchange. Now you can hope for the best.

And he seldom lets you down. The magic of his imaginative tongue, and your dark stoutish girl who was never noted for her charms (for the very simple reason that she had none) becomes a fair, dainty little thing, who stopped with the Matriculation Grade because she was a rage with the boys and could not go about without a bunch of them dogging her heels.

In the kitchen your girl is like a bull in a china shop. On her entrance into the kitchen all the breakable wares there will begin to break promptly. And the dishes she prepares are a tasteless, shapeless, nameless mystery—even more mysterious than the flying saucers. But now, thanks to the marriage-broker, she is an adept in the culinary art. Her cooking keeps the doctor away!

Your Post-Office Savings balance is Rs. 108, annas Twele and pies Five. But thanks to the marriage-broker it has swelled to Rs. 10,000/-. You are a

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clerk in your office. But the broker has given you a raise in the abstract and you have become the head-clerk. All this the broker does for you.

He comes to you with half-a-dozen horoscopes. Will you have Mr. P....., tall and handsome, age 26, accountant in Mars Trading Company, salary only 325/-; or Mr. K....., assistant manager in Know-not-where Ltd., salary 525/-?

You find it quite a problem to choose. Then he sets about arranging the marriage. The marriage is over.

Why do you grumble? Your assistant manager's son-in-law is only a dispatching clerk, and his salary is not Rs. 325/-, but only 95? But you are no head-clerk either. And your Post-Office balance is not Rs. 10,000/-. He is not tall, but short; he is not handsome but ordinary. But your girl's skin is dark under the cosmetic coating. And she has no claims to beauty. And why did you not make searching enquiries? You didn't do it because you had a lot to hide yourself.

When you grumble the groom's party has an equal cause to grumble. Your daughter got the husband she deserved. And she got him only because of the marriage-broker.

You both agree that you have been cheated. You agree to bury the hatchet and shake hands over the mutilated reputation of the poor marriage-broker. His is a thankless job indeed, if ever there was one! He may cry with Shakespeare's Pandarus:

“O world! World! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed?”

You are mistaken. No, I am not a marriage-broker myself or in any way related to one!

*K. P. V.*

## A Note on G. K. Chesterton's Poetry

THE end of the 19th Century marked a surge of growing disquietude in English Literature. The Victorian equilibrium was upset by the impact of science and reason which left a deep-set restlessness in human mind. But with the advent of the 20th century this unrest became a more active moral force and it manifested itself in sympathy with a new movement of liberal opinion. This birth of new liberalism and spiritual awakening found expression in a remarkable literary revival. It is true that the new age saw greater achievements in the field of prose, fiction and drama than in poetry. It, probably, was due to the fact that these forms were less constrained than verse by academic conservatism. The plays of Shaw, Granville Barker, Barrie and Galsworthy, the novels of H. G. Wells, Bennet, Cornad and Forster were the notable literary achievements of the last great age of English Liberalism. There was, it must be admitted, no Poet comparable to a Hardy or Yeats, although their best works were done in this age. There was no experimenter in Poetic technique to continue the work of G. M. Hopkins. Yet in the first decade of the 20th century there was a real but limited revival of Poetry. This of course, should not be confused with the much trumpeted "Georgian" movement which modern critics often mistakenly regard as the only fountain of Poetry between the late Victorians and T. S. Eliot. Actually the best poets of 'pre-war' 20th century had all produced important work some years before the publication of the first volume of *"Georgian Poetry"*. They were G. K. Chesterton, Walter de la Mare, W. H. Davies, Abercrombie and Masfield.

Silhouetted against the background of the 'Pre-war' 20th century poetry Chesterton stands away from others almost in singular solitariness. He fits into no pigeon-hole and belongs to no school. His brilliant wit and healthy conservatism and the great bejewelled sword of paradox with which he fights his crusade against puritanic sourness, pessimistic morbidity and the reasoning mania of unregulated intelligence are all only too well known to need any elaboration here. He has written Poetry, Literary criticism and innumerable essays, novels and detective stories. And in all that he writes we find his

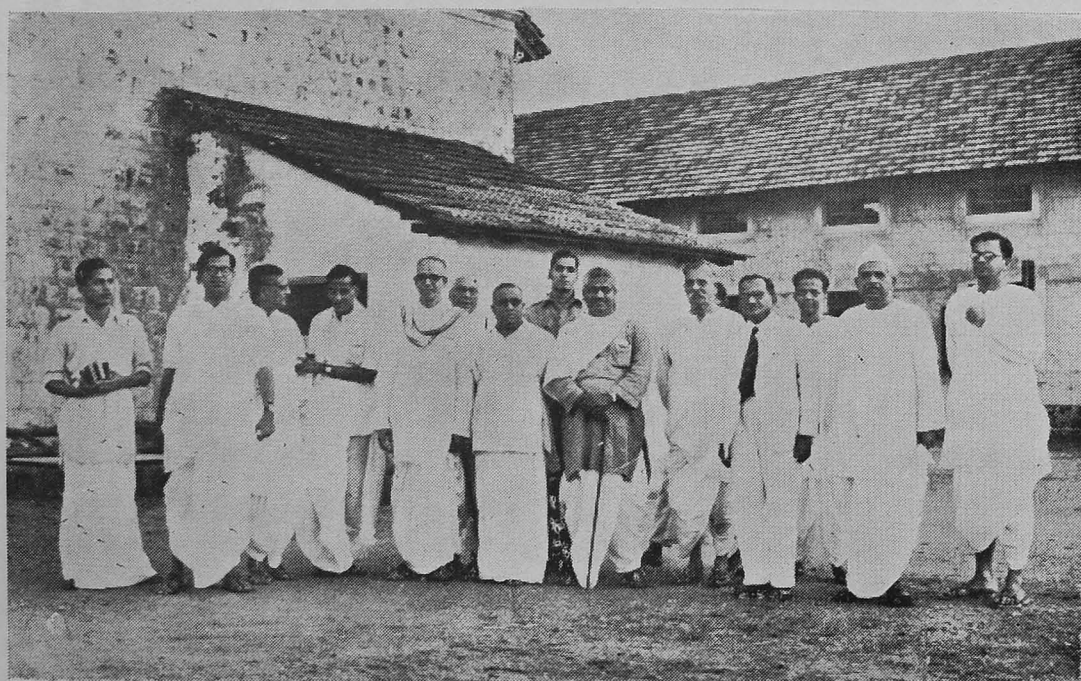


G. K. Chesterton.





College Union: Office-Bearers.



Hon'ble Sri K. Venkataswami Naidu's visit.



## A Note on G. K. Chesterton's Poetry

true and unmistakable stamp of brilliance. But it is a little surprising and disquietening that his Poetry has not attracted much attention or interest. Not everyone reads his poetry with the same keen zest with which they take to his other writings. There are some who resent his verbal jugglery. Dean Inge, who had deep differences of opinion with Chesterton, petulantly described him as 'that obese mountebank, who crucifies truth head downwands'. A modern critic describes him as "a corpulent Tomfool mouthing occasionally sense and frequently nonsense". It is true his Poetry like his other writings has too much of that exuberance and recurring antithesis inlaid with paradoxes which tend to become mechanical and tedious. His Poetry has the same defects and merits as his prose. But these critics who cavil at Chesterton have done him little justice. Chesterton does not indulge in verbal jugglery through perversity or a desire to show off. He writes thus because he thinks thus. His uninterrupted search for piquant modes of expression is a necessity to expound his banal ideas. But when he submits himself to the discipline of verse, his verbal extravagances are considerably minimised. 'His Poetry therefore is not the idle diversion of a busy journalist, but a sublimation of his journalism. His Poetry is journalism without ceasing to be poetry'. He is always conscious of and is in conflict with the spirit of the age. And he turns and delves into the Middle Ages for the themes of his ballads. Much of his verse is clever and sometimes slick and the rhythms are swinging and blustering. But they are a great deal different from the devitalised *iambics* of Sir W. Watson. His verses are inextricably related to the life of the age of the first motor buses and taxicabs although they deal with mediaeval themes. His long ballad '*The Ballad of the White Horse*'—one of his best poems and one of the few outstanding modern ballads in English Literature—appeared in 1911. In this poem, Chesterton enshrines the triumph of Christianity in the time of King Alfred. '*The Ballad of St. Barbara*' came sometime later and it is once again a typically colourful poem with a lot of Chesterton in it. His worst poem probably is '*Lepanto*' which appears like an attempt to escape from the boredom of suburbia by putting on a gorgeous dress and clashing cymbals. Yet even in this meretricious piece of gaudy and inane decoration we find Chesterton's remarkable historical sense. He can make poetry out of the dry dust of history in such lines:-

## A Note on G. K. Chesterton's Poetry

"The cold queen of England is looking in the glass  
The shadow of the Valois yawning at the mass".

The finest of his poems are pre-eminently characterised by a noble militance, a religious ardour which is free from the fanaticism of a zealot. He is not a man of levity in spite of all his outward flippancy. He is a man of battle. Every problem of life has religious pleasure for him. Even Democracy is a religious conviction. The fashion of the day among advanced thinkers was to profess extreme democratic theories and at the same time profess equally extreme contempt for the prejudices of the common man. Even Bernard Shaw could not escape this tendency. But Chesterton sets himself against this tendency and in reaction stands as the champion of the ordinary man, prepared to accept him, without proposing to reform him.

"Who will write us a riding song, or a hunting song,  
Or a drinking song?

he asks. He feels these things like a common man. But he gives expression to these ideas in his own inimitable and invincible manner. Christianity is neither a fad nor a fashion for him. He does not live in two separate cells—sacred and secular: For him laughter is as holy as prayer and prayer as spontaneous as laughter.

Great God, that bowest sky and star  
Bow down our towering thought to thee  
.....  
Cleanse us from ire of creed or class,  
The anger of the idle kings;  
Sow in our souls, like living grass,  
The laughter of all lowly things.

To him a sunset is glorious as wine and wine lovely as a sunset because he full well knows the value of wine. He says "Sunset is exuberant and makes me glad. Wine is ecstasy and therefore makes me glow".

'O well for him that loves the sun  
That sees the heaven-race ridden or run  
The splashing seas of sunset won,  
And shouts for Victory',

Here he sees all the glory of God's creation.

## A Note on G. K. Chesterton's Poetry

Another remarkable feature of his poetry is its wholesome innocence and wisdom, mingled with an almost childlike wonder. His Father Brown with his smiling, babylike face is nothing but a picture of Chesterton the poet. Often in his poems the note of wonder startles one into a sense of living in some primeval dawn at the time of the creation of the world. His crusader who returns from captivity says

I have come forth alive from the land of purple and poison and glamour,  
Where the charm is strong as the torture, being chosen to change the mind;  
Torture of wordless dance and wineless feast without clamour  
Palace hidden in palace, garden with garden behind.

The very violence of the figures brings out the effect of bleak desolation, of strange terror and remoteness. Here is a description from his '*Ballad of the White Horse*'

Mis-shapen ships stood on the deep  
Full of strange gold and fire  
And hairy men as huge as sin,  
With horned head, came wandering in  
Through the long, low sea mire.

It is this elemental innocence of vision that sees into the life of things and tries to see philosophy under concrete and colourful symbols.

Chesterton achieves that hardness and clarity which the Imagists preached and occasionally practised.. He has a magnificent gift of portraying the colourful. Here is an example:-

Great wine like blood from Burgundy,  
Cloaks like the clouds from Tyre  
And marble like solid moonlight  
And gold like golden fire

This is how he describes King Alfred in his ballad:-

All-things sprang at him, sun and wead,  
Till the grass grew to be a grass indeed,  
And the tree was a tree at last.

Yes. But to Chesterton himself the grass is greener the tree taller, more vivid than the grass and the tree we know. For him moonlight is as solid as marble and bright as noonshine. He fills the cup of the universe with colours

## A Note on G. K. Chesterton's Poetry

until it runs over and spills splashing the pages with delight. His '*Ballad of St. Barbara*' is the story of the patron Saint of artillery and of those who are in danger of impending death. The story is told amidst the clash and clang of war by a Breton soldier to a Norman. It is once again a typically Chestertonian poem.

Gaul, charioted and charging, great gaul upon a gun  
Tip toe on all her thousand years and trumpeting to the sun

The story is interrupted again and again by the battle which encircles and surges round it like the wild waves of the sea flooding and whirling round a white peak of rock. Here too is a vivid contrast of colours; the red carnage, the black belching guns and intervening, like the sweet remote music of some ancient instrument is the story with all its rainbow colours. The short flexible ballad metre with its variety of syllable and stress brings also a contrast in measure.

Barbara the beautiful  
Had praise of lute and pen;  
Her hair was like a summer night  
Dark and desired of men.  
Her feet like birds from far away,  
That linger and light in doubt;  
And her face; was like a window  
Where a man's first love looked out.

— Against this are set the long rolling lines like a cavalry moving out into a plain in triumph

They are burst asunder in the midst of that eat of their own flatteries  
Whose lip is curled to order as its barbed hair is curled ....  
Blast of the beauty of sudden death, St. Barbara of the batteries,  
That blow the new white window in the wall of all the world.

Leaving apart his serious poetry (Chesterton would surely resent the word) let us look at his comic poems which are popular and widely read. Chesterton finds a real literary inspiration in the suburbs seen from the angle of a romantic poet. He can find beauty in sights like that of

The great water tower  
That strokes the stars on Campden hill.

## A Note on G. K. Chesterton's Poetry

We have some fine poetry in the verses written in his lighter mood. Poetry is an Art, to be enjoyed when you are in the mood for it. But Chesterton's comic poetry can be enjoyed in any mood without any effort at all.

Before the Roman came to Rye or out to Severn Stode  
The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road,  
A realing road, a rolling road, that rambles round the shire,  
And after him the parson ran, the sexton and the Squire,  
A merry road, a mazy road, and such as we did tread  
The night we went to Birmingham by way of Beachyhead

It is intoxicating like wine and invigorating like Chesterton himself. The delight of his comic poetry at times consists in the incongruity between substance and style. The style is elevated almost to the point of pompousness and the substance is thin, airy flippancy.

"The cataract of the cliff of heaven fell blinding off the brink  
As if it would wash the stars away as suds go down a sink  
The seven heavens came roaring down for the throats of hell to drink  
And Noah he cocked his eye and said, 'It looks like rain, I think  
The water has drowned the Matter horn, as deep as a Mendip mine  
But I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine".

He can afford us a new thrill or delight by the occasional and unexpected use of slang. He can descend into a kind of bathos in a hearty and humorous vulgarity. This is the secret of his Cockney humour. He is always very proud of being a cockney himself. He maintains seriously in his famous essay "The surrender of a cockney" that the Lord is not in the wind or thunder of the waste, but is anywhere in the still small voice of Fleet street. To him London is the city of 'smuts and mellow fogfulness'; its streets are paved with gold and its hansom cabmen, bakers and butchers are the fairies from Oberon's world. He is a roaring cockney journalist and delicate, polished, classical work is foreign to his nature. We therefore find that his poetry is delightfully interspersed with amusing verbal quips and cranks. Whenever he castigates cads and pompous humbugs he does it with a kind of savage mirth. A certain Mr. Smith once described 'The Welsh Disestablishment Bill' as a bill that has shocked the conscience of every Christian Community in Europe. Chesterton hit at him with the bludgeon of laughter by writing his "Ode on Antichrist".

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Are they clinging to their crosses,  
                    F. E. Smith,  
Where the Breton boat-fleet tosses  
                    Are they, Smith?  
Do they, fasting, tramping, bleeding,  
                    Wait the news from this our city?  
Groaning "That's the second Reading"  
                    Hissing "There is still committee"  
If the voice of Cecil falters,  
                    If Meckenna's point has pith  
Do they tremble for their altar?  
                    Do they, Smith?

He continues his onslaught on the solemnity of Mr. Smith.

"For your legal cause or Civil  
    You fight well and get your fee;  
For God or dream or devil  
    You will answer not to me  
Talk about the pews and steeples  
    And the cash that goes therewith!  
But the soul of Christian peoples ... ..  
                    .....chuck it, Smith!

That "Chuck it!" is a typical cockney phrase and Chesterton uses it with all the gusto of a London cabman or baker retorting some humbug. We see the same method in the lines about 'the Shakespeare Memorial'.

"Lord Lilac thought it rather rotten  
    That Shakespeare should be quite forgotten"

Is it not the idiom of modern aristocracy? The slang is made effective by contrast:—

And while the vain world careless sped  
Unheeding the heroic name . . .  
The souls most fed with Shakespeare's flame  
Still sat unconquered in a ring  
Remembering him like anything

There is a piece of devastating social satire in his 'Election Echo', and his "*Mr. Mandragon*" is a good rich man for whom Chesterton has all his sympathy!

## A Note on G. K. Chesterton's Poetry

Mr. Mandragon, the millionaire, he would'nt have wine or wife,  
He could'nt endure complexity; he lived the simple life,  
He ordered his lunch by megaphone in manly, simple tones,  
And used all his motors for canvassing voters, and twenty telephones.

In his 'Song of the strange ascetic' Chesterton reveals the absurdity of the contemporary situation which is at once comic, bizarre and imaginative in its terrible irony.

If I had been a Heathen,  
I'd have crowned Naero's curls  
And filled my life with love affairs,  
My house with dancing girls;  
But Higgins is a Heathen,  
And to lecture rooms is forced,  
Where his aunts, who are not married  
Demand to be divorced.

If I had been a Heathen,  
I'd have sent my armies forth  
And dragged behind my chariots  
The chieftains of the north  
But Higgins is a Heathen  
And he drives the dreary quill,  
To lend the poor that funny cash  
That makes them poorer still.

Chesterton is often referred to as our laughing philosopher. It is perhaps the most apt description of the poet and his philosophy. The description almost fits him like a cap, a fool's cap, of course, and he wears it like a crown. He follows a fine literary tradition in using laughter as a cleansing sword, swift and lethal as lightning. Whereas solemn denunciation helps wickedness to thrive on, given time, ridicule can wither it. No expert doctor can ever suggest a better antibiotic drug than laughter. The creator of Lilliput, if he has followed the adventures of Gulliver in these two hundred years since his death, will not be the first, nor the last, to admit that satire is short, laughter long; with the satirist as with the literary jester, it pays to be funny; we will gladly admit even the most disrespectful tilting at our established gods so long as it is good-humoured and witty. One remembers the fine outburst of H. G. Wells, delivered through the mouth of his Richard Remington:-

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‘The broadening of human thought is a slow and complex process we do go on, we do get on. But when one thinks that people are living and dying now, quarrelling and sulking, misled and misunderstanding, vaguely fearful, condemning and thwarting one another in the close darknesses of these narrow cults-Oh God! One wants a gale out of Heaven, one wants a great wind from the sea!’

Chesterton's laughter is like a healthy gale of Heaven, a cleansing salt wind, a hurricane of humorous commonsense.

*H. K. R. Murthy, M. A.*

They are wrong who think that politics is like an ocean voyage of military campaign, something to be done with some particular end in view, something which leaves off as soon as that end is reached. It is not a public chore to be got over with. It is a way of life. It is the life of a domesticated political and social creature who is born with a love for public life, with a desire for honour, with a feeling for his fellows; and it lasts as long as need be. It is not simply office-holding not just keeping your place, not just raising your voice from the floor, not just ranting on the rostrum with speeches and motions; which is what many people think politics is; just as they think you are a philosopher if you sit in a chair and lecture.....

*Plutarch.*



# Chatter Boxes

IF there is anybody in this world I dread most he is the chatterbox. An unknown fear creeps into me. I begin to shudder at the thought of him. On roads or in trains, in theatres or in trams, and in the class room the chatterbox is found; and he approaches you, without any kind of introduction although you are an utter stranger to him. He begins to tell you something about his horoscope, and he comments on your white pyjama or your red bush coat, which makes him think that you are a sympathiser of Communist Russia; or he observes your unkept hairs, and passes offending remarks on it, sees your legs and if you do not wear shoes, you will also get one or two unwanted suggestion from him.

He tells you how So and So died yesterday in an air-crash, how a baby was born to a very old 'He-spinster', how Hazare's bowling failed in the last test match, and so on and so forth. Further, another man refers to the rise in the price of jaggery at present, and how it was "black-marketed" by Mr. Bombaymishionwala. If he is a student, he will say, how he picked a kerchief dropped inadvertently, of course, by a 'Pretty', and how a teacher slipped in the class-room and thus he caused an uproar. Another chatterbox will tell you that he is a representative of the Madurai Mills, that the best cloth available in South India, is that of the M. M. Ltd., and that you can buy a new pair of shoes from Beta & Son Shoe Mart, where you can get a 1½% concession. He says, Beta shoes are the best ones; that the Iddli-Sambhar of the 'Universal Sambhar Bhavan' is the best and that Ex-Mahal makes good Dhali, and the 'Saru' at Swarga-Cafe is very savoury and so on.

If you travel in a bus, the person who sits by you just talks to you about the tall towering cap of a serious looking politician sitting in the right corner of the bus; he refers to his phantom nose, elephant-like ears and ruffled hairs. You hear another student-chatterbox philosophically remarking "Life is this. You know, what a fun we derived, when we upset the chair of our teacher while he was napping and what a burst of laughter we caused in the class!"

These chatterboxes are found in plenty in villages also. Men and Women,

## Chatter Boxes

old and young are all engaged in gossip when they have nothing better to do. They go on till you become drowsy and fall asleep.

But there is a particular kind of people, who pretend to be sincere while talking with us. They ask many questions, and divert our attention and finally you will have lost your pocket when you are busy in the talk. I have myself been a victim of such scamps many a time.

In short, these chatterboxes are not only a nuisance but are a source of harm although occasionally they may provide us some amusement and diversion.

*Krishnananda Hegde, B.*

### NOTHING BUT THE BEST.

One day Whistler, the famous artist, sent an urgent message to Sir Morrel Mackenzie, the eminent throat specialist, asking him to call at once. The specialist hurried to the artist, anxious to diagnose his complaint. He was chagrined to find that Whistler had called him to examine a sick dog. However, he said nothing, pocketed his fee, and drove away.

Next day, Sir Morrel sent urgently for Whistler, asking him to call immediately. When the artist arrived in haste, the specialist said in a brisk businesslike voice, "How do you do, Mr. Whistler? I'm glad you have come. I wanted to see you about having my front door painted".

# The Cruel Monsoon

IN 1939, when I was a small boy, I went with my parents to my god father's house at Udyavar. He had invited us to participate in his wedding. Hence we went to his house on its eve and were cordially received by him. He welcomed me with a warm kiss. Being a very active boy I found no difficulty in gathering a band of boys around me. All his guests were pouring into his house and we the mighty boys tried our best to play tricks on the women. All the preparations were going at a quick rate and though dusk had fallen there was no end to the activities of both the young and the old. As the night neared we went in search of god father. After a long and tedious search we succeeded in finding him out (he was commonly referred to as Uncle Franky) in one of his rooms with his back towards the door. He sat there crouching over something and seemed oblivious of the surroundings. We stole into the room and to our sad surprise we found him shedding tears on a portrait that he was holding in his hands with great esteem and affection.

"Uncle Franky" inquired one of the boys, "why are you weeping? Has the bride refused to marry you?" "Dear boy" replied Uncle Franky, "you are too small to understand my sorrow" and then he burst into tears just like a child. However, at length we succeeded in persuading him to disclose the cause of his grief. After asking us to sit down in a semi-circle in front of him he began: "Thirty years ago I was born to my parents whose portraits are here. But I was not born in this house as this was built only afterwards. I was born in a cottage on this very spot, in which my parents brought me up with much care and love. I was their only beloved child".

"When I was four years old" continued my god father wiping the tears, "one day in August there was a heavy rain which poured in torrents and lasted for two whole days and consequently this Udyavar river began to swell with water. There was a flood and all people living on the banks of the river were left in the lurch. My father resolved to quit the house before it went down. All of us were trying to pack as many things as we could carry along with us when all of a sudden we heard a very big noise and cry for help.

"When we looked out through the window we beheld to our profound

## The Cruel Monsoon

sorrow that the thatched roof of our beloved neighbour had fallen to the ground. My father rowed our boat towards that house and after a great effort succeeded in rescuing them. He took them to the hill on the other side of the river and hastened home to take us also there. With our hearts beating violently we got into boat. The river was still swelling and consequently the current was very strong and we were caught in it. The barge was being tossed violently like a wrecked ship on the inclement ocean and we lost all our hopes. Now it began to rain heavily. My father was struggling against the rushing currents. After two hours' hard struggle my father succeeded in crossing the river and we reached the hill.

“After a while” continued uncle Franky, “my father informed us that he was going to rescue others. But all of us spoke in one voice against his taking such a risk. However he would not submit to our wish. So getting into his barge he left us —never to return back. We watched him until he was out of sight and then we felt some unnamable fear for his safety.

“Hours passed; but he did not return. My mother began to weep—to weep for the loss of her husband even though then we were not aware of it. Boats were sent to find out my father. But after a long time they brought a boat without its rower. A look at the boat told us of what had befallen my dear father. The men told us that the cruel hungry water must have swallowed my father and that they had found the boat a drift. My mother broke down and I, affected both by the unpleasant news and the mourning of my mother fell unconcious.

“When the flood abated” went on uncle Franky with his bitter experience of life, “we returned to our house where we were two then instead of three. The portrait of my father was hanging on the wall garlanded. The very sight of it reminded my mother of the sad loss we underwent and she burst into bitter tears. Like this the weeks passed on and again misfortune came in the form of thick dark clouds that gathered in the clear blue sky which stretched far and wide as far as the eye could see. It rained until the river was flooded for the second time. One of our friends came to us offering to help us move out of the house, for the house seemed like a miserable island in a roaring

## The Cruel Monsoon

ocean. But my mother refused to leave the house. She kissed me tenderly on my forehead and sent me along with him to his house. All my protests and appeals could not prevail upon her to allow me to keep company with her—to be her protector as I thought.

“I came back with our old friend to see what she was doing, we found to our horror that the roof of our house had fallen down. My mother was nowhere to be seen; I called her repeatedly only to be convinced that....that ....I was an orphan.....an orphan left to shift for himself”. Uncle Franky burst out into uncontrollable sorrow. I found it impossible to check the feelings that overwhelmed me. The word ‘an orphan’ rang in my ears over and over again. I cried like a whipped child until I fell asleep. Then I heard the following lines sung melodiously –

Wealth may come but not to stay  
Even this shall pass away  
Pleasures come but to stay  
For even fame’s passing away  
But with patience day by day  
Even pain shall fade away  
Though an orphan you to-day  
Bear it with the heart of May

*D’Souza Victor, M., II U. C.*

In the presence of a school inspector the master asked a boy who signed the Magna Carta. The boy replied: “I didn’t”. The indignant master ordered him to leave the class-room. The school inspector said: “Call that boy back. I don’t like the look of him—I believe he did it”.

# Only a Bait

I had added to my name the first two letters of the alphabet in the reverse order and was daily tired of climbing up and down the steps of many an office. At the same time I continued my careful scrutiny of the 'wanted' columns in every paper with an almost religious fervour. I had indeed grown tired of such loafing about, and all my efforts to get a decent job were in vain.

One fine morning, as usual, when I eagerly turned to the second page of "The Life's Problems" I found the following advertisement:-

"Wanted - a Head Clerk for the Mt. Everest Insurance Co., Ltd., - Pay Rs. 50-2½-5-75 P. M. Only graduates need apply personally to the General Manager at his Office—109 Shanmerkan Chetty St., Madras".

I need not say that I made up my mind to see him immediately and try my luck. For the next half an hour I was busy with my safety razor, comb and such other instruments which would make me 'Presentable'. I took out my newly stitched woollen suit and I put it on for the second time (the first occasion being when I appeared before the Service Commission). Finally standing before the mirror I took great pains to see that everything was in perfect order and I finally ran down the street to catch the next tram.

Half an hour later I alighted at the Mt. Everest Office and once again satisfying myself that my clothes were in perfect order, I presented myself in the room of the General Manager. Yes, he was there before his table. He was a small alert man of about forty five years of age. I bowed courteously and placed on his table my visiting card whereon I had noted 'Ref. Advertisement in 'The Life's Problems' dated the 8th June, 1953.

"Yes, I understand. Take your seat" he said with an air of authority, pointing me to a chair opposite to him. When I had occupied my seat he continued, looking at my card, "So you are a B. A. and that's only the minimum qualification required for the post. But now more important than that in business is your ability to influence others. You are just a raw graduate with no experience. And I must put you to some practical tests. You see, there are some 'Proposal Forms' and a Prospectus of our Company.

## Only a Bait

You are required to take these forms with you and do your best to insure ten people. If you succeed in doing this bit of work early, you may rest assured that the post of Head-clerk is yours”.

So saying with a broad smile on his face, he handed over a bundle of insurance literature. I was very much puzzled by his behaviour and I was inclined to reject the bundle. I knew very well how many an insurance agent is shunned by people in society as if he is some serious infection. But I knew how difficult it was to secure a good job and my strong desire to get the post prevented me from rejecting the bundle. I therefore took it up and was about to go. The manager found me a bit puzzled, and encouraged me saying:-

“As you are the first candidate who has applied for the post, you stand the best chance, if you finish your work very soon. Mind you, each of those cases should be not anything less than Rs. 1000/-”.

Nodding assent, I came out thrusting the little bundle into the inner pocket so that it might not peep out. I felt I was badly in need of some beverage after the exciting interview and I made my way to a nearby restaurant where to my great surprise I found three of my friends. One of them asked,

“What are those pictures you are carrying in your pocket?”

I looked down and found to my utter discomfiture that the wretched parcel had popped out as if to betray me. Thrusting them in I replied that they were some photographs. But the worst was still in store for me. Another fellow tried to pull the packet.

“You are a fool” said I, “for you believed them to be pictures and tried to see them. Well, see them, you must. These are some proposal forms of our Company and now each one of you must give me an insurance policy. Or else how do you think I can shine as the Head Clerk of the Mt. Everest Insurance Co.?”

They thought that I had really secured that post and after some

## Only a Bait

persuasion they consented to give me the proposals as a mark of personal favour and encouragement, as they thought it was.

I thought that the wheel of fortune was turning in my favour. I had without much difficulty got three policies. For within a week I somehow managed to insure nine. I thought it would be better to report to the Manager about my progress and get the place reserved for me. I hoped to complete the work assigned to me within a few days.

As he was already busy speaking to somebody I waited outside and accidentally happened to hear him say to his visitor.

“Only get some ten persons insured in our company and the place is yours since you are the first candidate to appear”.

This was indeed shocking news to me. Seeing the Manager bidding good-bye to his visitor I took courage in both hands and entered the office. He asked me about the progress I had made. When I told him everything about my efficient work he took those nine proposals and said:-

“Well one more, and make the concerned parties pay the premium. The sooner it is done the better it is for you”. Hearing foot-falls up the stairs and finding somebody coming up he bade me goodbye saying,

“Believe me the job is yours”. I went out of his office and as I did so the newcomer entered. He wore a tattered suit and he had a downcast appearance.

But a strong suspicion rose in me and so I overheard the manager saying to the new-comer,

“You have just seen me driving out that fellow who is keen on this job; but since you are the first candidate you shall get the post. The only thing is that you should fulfil my second condition, and that is, a deposit of Rs. 500/- as a cash security. We will then entrust you with the collection of premium. Of course your deposit amount will carry interest at 12½%”.



Just as I was coming out, I met my friend Keshavan, coming towards the office, striding majestically as if he had just then finished a Herculean task. Replying to my query he said that he had brought Rs. 500/- pledging all the jewels of his wife in order to get the advertised Head Clerk's post.

I caught him by the hand and dragged him away to a restaurant saying "For God's sake, come along".

*Fernandez, M. L. T., M.A., B.L.*

### CURTAIN UP.

The couple had arrived at the theatre through a downpour of rain and when they took their seats it was not surprising that the girl left her escort and slipped out of her seat in the circle to tidy her make-up and disarranged hair.

It was an old fashioned theatre with winding corridors and she had difficulty in finding the ladies' rest room. However, she eventually entered a large room furnished in a heavy Victorian style. There was nobody about except a maid busily dusting a chair.

Carefully she adjusted the seams of her stockings, her hair, and when she saw her make-up in the mirror she exclaimed aloud in tones that startled the maid: "What a horrible mess! I look a fright!"

The make up restored she made her way back as best she could through the maze of passages and sat down beside her escort. The play had started.

"What's the plot so far?" she whispered anxiously. "Have I missed anything?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" was the unexpected response. "You should know, you were in it!"

# About Definitions

**AYE**, you have known it. I mean if you are a science student, that is. With your upper eye-lids weighing down with one-ton heaviness and your two limp hands meekly yielding under the weight of the science text your numbed brain has fought cat and dog with a definition till utterly defeated—you have fallen into the soothing arms of Dame Sleep.

It was a clean knock-out that. You have always wanted to protest against it. If any one asked you to define science you have wanted to answer: “Look here, mister, blast this definition business. You want a definition of science, don’t you? Here it is—Science is a confounded bundle of definitions intended to bewilder the common man and baffle the student.”

You are not very wrong if you have thought that definition is identical with science, that they are interchangeable terms — perfect synonyms.

You have always wanted to lead a ‘Jehad’ against these dry-like-dust definitions. But then, my friend, you know you cannot do that. If you want to study science you have to learn definitions. All you can do is to make an honourable walk-out and wash your hands clean of this science business. But with atom bombs and jet propulsion and space rockets, you would not, perhaps, want to bid good-bye to science. It means that you are committed to this boredom of definitions.

But despair not my science scholar. It is not so hopeless as it looks. The boredom of definitions can be relieved by definitions. Seems paradoxical? Not in the least, if you look at it right. Look here, what about definitions of other-than-science subjects minted in your productive cranial factory? There is something which is not somebody else’s, and which is not thrust upon you. In other words, there is something which is your own—something which is the spontaneous effusion of your intellectual suffusion.

You can begin by defining subjects. In science they don’t allow you to do that because they contend that there will be verbal inaccuracies in your definitions which will make them useless. That means you cannot use your

own language. But in what I suggest there is no such restriction. The subject of definition is what you choose, the method of defining is yours, and the language of definition is yours too. You can choose any interesting subject from cow-dung to chlorophyll; and you can define it any way you like, tail first, head last or vice versa; and, the most important, in your style and diction. That is bound to be an intriguing experiment. I myself have tried this method and I give here-under some definitions I was forced to coin to combat their intellectual frigidity caused by formidable science definitions :

**Wife:-** A life-policy taken by a man at the high-tide of his heart and the low ebb of his reason. It collects all premiums, pays no dividends and leaves him diffident.

**Husband:-** The symbol of helplessness double-bent with the weight of the things she bought while shopping. He who attacks only to surrender, protests only to plead and says 'No' only to switch on to 'Yes'.

**Love:-** Love is the 'Rip Van Winkle' brand of potion which the young drink and wake up to find themselves perched on the high peak of separation or deposited in the deep ravine of matrimony.

Love is the celestial lake in which two hearts like two lilies float, meet, mingle and unite. It is the language of two hearts in sympathy. It is the life-tie that binds two souls. It is not the carnal clash of flesh. It is the sacred sympathy of souls.

Love is the illusion of youth the disillusionment of which is in the dissolution of the marriage conceived in love, conducted with vows and lived somehow.

**Money :-** An idiot's care.

**Bus :-** A moving menagerie.

**Love letter:-** Lies in good language written with deceitful deliberation and read with vain emotions. The only document which a man is most facile at writing and a woman is surprisingly willing to read any number of times and to believe as many times.

## About Definitions

**Marriage :-** Marriage is a mirage which lures man into a mire where he meets with and meekly yields to, a female monster and a legion of urchins, all his escapes being barred by social barricades. His desire earlier; later his despair,

**A Madman :-** A sane man in an insane world who suffers from being a minority.

**Mother-in-law :-** A mother who gives her daughter away and has her too. A bother in all.

**Brother-in-law :-** The one individual whom you want to kick and kiss at the same time.

**Hen-pecked Husband :-** Tho *constitutional* monarch of domesticdom.

**Teacher :-** A crusader on empty stomach carrying the heavy Cross of education.

**An Elementary School Teacher :-** A group baby-sitter.

**A 'cat' :-** A biped member of the feline tribe with artificial fur.

**Lover :-** A hearty dreamer.

**Lawyer :-** A black-coated busybody who makes justice err at law.

**Doctor :-** An ingenious individual who transfers disease from your body to your pocket.

He kills ills with pills and you with bills.

I know it has begun to bore you. But you can ward off the boredom by coining some of your own. I hope I have shown you the way. Start right now!

“*Science Baby*”.

# A Night's Adventure

THE pale moon rose up in the heavens warning the little children and old men to cease their work and play for the evening and make way for the silent young lovers. But I did not heed the warning. Yes, I too am a lover! and am in love with you Oh Queen of the night! So thinking I sat more firmly on the garden just outside my room. But I felt fatigued and my eye lids drooped. So I rested my head on the stones and was soon carried into the land of Fairies.

The night became all the more beautiful. The sky was strewn with stars all over. There was the moon again tracing the path of moving silver upon the sea. I stood gazing at the room opposite to my garden where Geetha my good friend slept. No doubt the queen of slumber was reigning over her then. She slept quietly breathing contentment and happiness.

The chiming of the midnight hour was the only evidence of life there. It rang clear in my ears as my gaze suddenly fell on a moving figure below Geetha's bedroom. Now I saw him climbing those high walls. "What the Dickens can he be doing there, at this hour of the night?" I thought. I ran closer where I could watch him without being seen. He had already reached the window of Geetha's room and was holding the bar in his strong hands. I saw him bend it with ease. And how he turned back casting a long fierce glance around and his fiery eyes cast on me. I suspected that he was a thief. Soon I scented danger. Beads of sweat stood over my brow though my blood ran cold in my veins. I saw him clench his fist at me. I gave a cry of dismay. The wind, whistled passed my ears and everything seemed violent and cruel. A moment passed thus. Neither he nor I moved. Then a feeling of relief came over me when I knew his interest was centred only between those four walls. But what could I do now? Shall I give a cry of warning? But that is risking my life. I heard the voice within me howling "Self, self, self"—and so self-love came uppermost in my mind and sealed my lips in silence.

Curiosity tempted me to go and I peered into her room through a hole. I saw her upon her bed already. The thief had laid his iron hands on her, as

## A Night's Adventure

his eyes rested on the costly jewel that decorated her neck. All at once I heard a wailing cry coming out of her lips as her courage failed. I could bear it no longer. I took to my heels. Scarcely a minute had elapsed before I turned and saw the thief fling out the knife and leap out of the window. I thought that it was quite possible that her virtue had conquered him. He ran away in despair as though hunting for a place to hide his face in shame. And I could see Geetha standing by the window with a triumphant smile on her face.

I heaved a sigh of relief. My heart leaped for joy. "Geetha, Geetha" I shouted, "Here am I. Glad you are safe!" So saying I stretched both my hands to her.

I opened my eyes and found my sister standing by me in the garden—puzzled. 'It is bad to expose yourself to the cold. Get in. You silly dreamy girl', she said and dragged me in.

*Miss V. Shakuntala, II U. C.*

Progress is a very recent invention. In the age of Queen Elizabeth and William Shakespeare, men believed that the race was in a state of chronic decay. In spite of printing, the compass and gun-powder, the earlier was considered the riper world. Those who actually lived through what we have learnt to regard as one of the most brilliant and progressive epochs of all history regarded themselves as men of decadence. We, on the contrary, regard ourselves as men of the dawn and the threshold, an army in advance, not in retreat. It remains to be seen what the judgement of future historians will be.

*Aldous Huxley.*

# On Putting Questions

**W**ONDERING a great deal why such an important and interesting subject as 'Putting questions in the lecture classes' should be ignored by the able writers of our College, I here undertake to make this subject clear to the receptive minds of my friends. Questions, whether they are answered properly and satisfactorily or not, are as inescapable in the class-room as they are in the Parliament. It is only a great mind that, on hearing or perceiving anything, thinks, reflects, doubts and questions! Is it not the reasoning power (the power that widens the intellectual capacity of man, that enables man to establish a superiority over the other animals) that makes one go deep into a matter and reach the very root of it? And it is the inclination of the questioning mind, to suspect and question anything which cannot be justified reasonably.

Though I am a poor "Questioner" I intensely admire those thinking and protesting students. At the same time I have a feeling of pity for the good boys who, with serious expressions on their faces, and wide-open eyes listen or as in some cases pretend to listen to the voice that comes from the platform.

If there is an occasion when a smile plays on their faces, it is only when the answer-papers are distributed. For such "rank-obtaining" students often have the privilege of standing highest in the examinations. To see their teeth on these rare occasions is like drinking a cup of sugared milk in the canteen. The dull rest can feel no pride in being what they are.

The need for the presence of such 'questioners' in a class can be realized when it is remembered that if a college were to consist only of these 'silent students' then it cannot earn a name in other than academic fields.

It might have struck the reflective minds of my friends that some questions, relevant or irrelevant, must be ready at hand (on the tip of the tongue) to be asked at any required moment. When the lecturer is waxing violently eloquent one would feel it quite proper to avert his thoughts to some remote harmless things. At such tense moments you must be keenly attentive; and you must catch hold of any line that would lead to some question—no

## On Putting Questions

matter if it is a silly one! That is just the beginning. Without any further waste of time, gathering all courage, you—in whose sharp mind such a doubt has flashed—ought to stand up and put a question. Sometimes a pleasant idea might come into your head which you must never conceal. When all the bored and impatient students sleep without closing their eyes (for they can close their unseen-brain, but not so easily the sparkling eyes) a small and funny question would be to them a great source of amusement, joy and diversion. Even if no answer is given to it, the very asking of the question gives some relief to them. The lecturer, if he is not in his mild mood, might see you with a damning look for your preposterous question or he may burst out at you. But you are not to worry much. It will all be forgotten after a short time.

When once you began to ask a question then somebody, who all the while has been looking out for such an opportunity, produces another one; and that is really good.

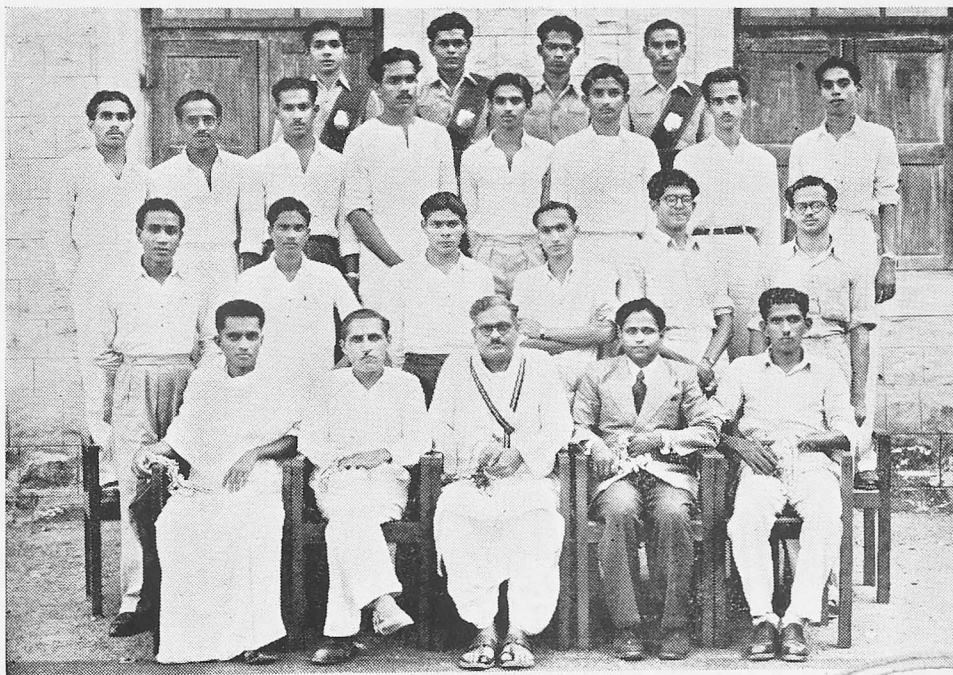
There is another critical moment when a question is most needed; when the lecturer begins to pour down some harsh, unkind words (rightly or not) on a friend of yours. Whether he deserves it or not does not matter. You must unexpectedly disclose a doubt bearing on some thing in connection with the lesson. But beware! you must wear a serene expression; you had better behave as if you are absolutely unaware of what has been going on around you. Then the lecturer considers your question as being quite innocuous! Next, turn your eyes on that victim of whom you were the rescuer. A smile would play on your triumphant face. Wouldn't it?

My friends, you can't imagine how enraptured one would be after creating room for a roar of laughter as a result of a 'comical question'. You must take care that your question, directly or indirectly, hurts nobody. That is, you must have easy manners and light thoughts.

Your questions, arising from your own doubts, instincts, misunderstandings, or pretended innocence, must be asked only when you get (you can create it if you would) fine, harmless occasions. I think this is the only way of creating occasional episodes of laughter in lecture classes.

*Gokul, III U. C.*





Part-Time Students, 1953-54.



College Foot-ball Team, 1953-54.

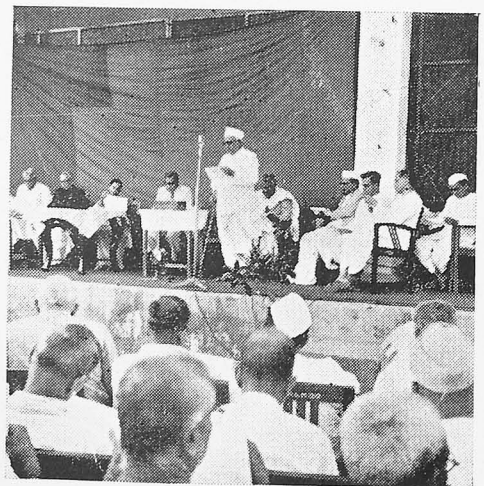
# CANARA MUTUAL ASSURANCE HALL: INAUGURATION



Sri T. R. A. Pai  
proposing vote of thanks.



Welcome to Sri S. D. Srinivasan,  
Chief guest.



Sri K. Padmanabha Pai  
reading the welcome speech.

## “I Played the Nice Boy”

I had been very early. I went to the second class waiting room. There were a few persons and I occupied a chair by the table in the centre of the room and opening a magazine began a battle with the clues of crosswords. The prize offer was huge and I had a hunch that it was meant for me. Perhaps the surroundings of the waiting room might give me an unusual angle to the clues. When I reached the third clue across, a voice disturbed me. “Is that the crosswords you are solving?” A middle-aged man from a chair next to mine was craning his head. It was he that had thus crooned. I looked at him in a manner which must have told him very plainly that I was not particularly pleased with his communicativeness. I threw a curt “Yes” and fixed my eyes back on the third clue across. Then I remembered the Dale Carnegie in my coat pocket. I told myself that I must practise the precepts in the book if I was to succeed in life. So I closed the magazine. At once a man put out his hand across the table for it with an awkward smile and I gave him the magazine. Then I turned to the middle-aged man.

He had grown grey at the temples and wore shell-rimmed spectacles. Talking with men who know is an excellent method of enlightenment. I have ever beleived in this. A middle-aged man must know some things. This was a chance to increase my knowledge, to train myself the Carnegie way and well, to beguile an hour-and-a-quarter of waiting. So I began: “You don’t try crosswords, I suppose.” My curt “Yes” had put out the enthusiasm of the middle-aged man. But now it was revived by my communicativeness and he said, “Yes, I do. I have been doing it for a long time but with lilttle success, I fear,” he smiled. “The same with me, Uncle,” I wanted to console him. The ‘Uncle’ was a winning epithet that Carnegie could not think of. It is a beautiful term of high adaptability. It can stand to express all sorts of uncertain relationships and sometimes no relationship as in this case. In this respect it can beat all other terms of relationship except perhaps the versatile ‘Cousin’. Now, the wonderful effect that term produced should be enough excuse for this digression on it.

The ‘Uncle’ had the effect. There was a glow of warmth in his eyes and

## “I Played the Nice Boy”

he said, “Failure is the training for success. Try, try and try again.” I wanted to laugh at this commonplace. But I was going to be nice, I reminded myself and looked at him the way you would look at a man who uttered something true and new. “Excuse me, but your name is.....?” I told him my name. “It is a pleasant surprise! I am a Menon myself - Gopala Menon,” he grinned. Now, a Menon does not give me great delight within the limits of Kerala. Nevertheless I managed to smile warmly as if I had run into him in Timbuctoo or Tripoli. The Uncle was out to gratify my thirst for knowledge. He began: “Now, to revert to the topic of success and failure, patience and perseverance are the two things necessary for achievement. And those are the two things which you don’t get in the young men of these days.” I had a disquieting fear whether this Uncle could have known me before by any chance. But it was only for a moment. It was absurd. We were meeting for the first time in our lives. “You see, they are in a hurry always; slow and steady is something they don’t know. They are always hasty and unsteady. They want quick results; otherwise they easily despair and give up a job on hand”. The Uncle stopped for effect and “Quite true,” I was ready to admit. “That is the reason for all the uncertainty and insecurity of our world.” He was silent for some time, then resumed: “You are not like them. Though you are young, you have an equanimity that can be expected only in one of forty.” I wished that some of my enemies heard the Uncle say this. But very quickly I recalled the funeral of a very near one and put on a sad countenance.

The Uncle now thought that after asking my name sufficient time had elapsed for a question about my state to look natural and unobtrusive. So he asked: “Are you married, excuse my impertinence.....” “No. I am a bachelor still.” I told him. “You are a young man yourself, but don’t please be angry with me when I say that I don’t like the young men of these days. They are anything but practical. These dreamy fellows do not realize realities. Everyone of them can be twenty-five and can still cling on to the fond dream that a most beautiful girl with all the good qualities desirable and considerable wealth is waiting for him somewhere. He seems to be sure that he will meet her some day and after a celluloidal romance get married to her - her wealth included.” The Uncle again paused for effect. “You are most right Uncle!

## “I Played the Nice Boy”

You are only understating it,” I told him. “And do you know where he ends?”, the Uncle ‘was going strong at my encouragement. “Do you know where he ends? Well, take it from me, he falls in love with good brands of powder and lipstick tastefully displayed at the bad face-window of a flirt and ends with marrying a second-hand female ugliness.” Here again the Uncle paused and I did not fail to bring on a twinkle of admiration in my eyes and second it with, “Uncle, you can talk a hellish lot well.”

“Or it can happen this way,” the Uncle was trying to cover a possible alternative, “He gets married to a rich virago and takes sound lessons in compromise and honourable surrender at the school of married life under that turmagant governess. And as for his dream girl.....” “Well, what about the dream girl?” I could excuse myself for being extra-curious.

“Well, she never comes. Young man, take a sincere advice from a man of the age when he should know a lot about these things: marry the first well-brought up girl you are offered. She is domestically trained and knows how to manage with a deficit budget. And as for beauty and other qualities of flesh and character, you can get them in any girl. Don’t hope for much. So you don’t have cause for great disappointment. And ultimately it all depends on you how your wife behaves.”

“You are right Uncle,” I bowed my head in token of admission of an irrefutable fact ably proved by an elderly man. Sure, it had its effect and the Uncle began to look at me more closely and with more warmth. “But look here, Uncle,” in a very innocent manner I was trying to throw a fly in his sauce, “where to get a domestically trained girl? The difficulty with these girls is that they spend most of their time outside their houses. They can only help us spend a given sum of money. Moreover, Uncle, they know cooking only in theory.” “That is a fact, boy,” the Uncle was very sympathetic. “The good domestically trained girl who can make both ends meet with a small income is one in a hundred, no, five-hundred.”

We were both silent for a while. The bell went and there was a rush at the ticket-counter. The uncle took up the dropped thread of conversation and

## “I Played the Nice Boy”

said: “And the pity is you are such a nice young man, a lot different from the thoughtless dreamy idiots one meets—Hm. I have not the heart to see you caught in this difficulty of getting a suitable wife.” He looked steadily into my eyes for a while and then continued. “Well, my boy, I know it is out of sorts and bit irrational, but I will do it for you. You can ask me my daughter in marriage.”

The unexpected had happened: Explosion as of atom bom! Shock benumbing: It was a full minute before I realised the meaning of what the uncle had said. I was a fool. I had wanted to look a nice boy and had played into a corner. Now no nice boyishness could pull me out of it. Anyhow, I kept my head and in as natural looking a way as I could, I remembered having left the purse in the hotel room and got away from the uncle with excusable unceremonious hurry. And as I got out of the station, the disquieting thought that the old man must have seen me take out my purse and pay the porter off ostentatiously occurred to me. I didn't care what the old man would think. I was not going to meet him any more. And if by chance I meet him somewhere, I have decided to dodge and disappear.

*K. P. Viswanathan, B. A.*

Archbishop Temple, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, had no compassion on people who bored him. A woman, sitting next to him one night at dinner gave him a long and wearisome description of a railway accident. Her aunt, she said, had been in the train and though there were several people killed in the compartment next to hers, she was quite uninjured. “Wasn't that lucky?” she asked.

“Not knowing your aunt, I can't say,” replied the primate.





His Eminence Valerian Cardinal Gracias.  
A distinguished visitor to the College.



## Canara Mutual Assurance Hall: Inauguration



Dr. T. M. A. Pai welcomes



Sri S. D. Srinivasan unveils the plaque.

# Vidyaranya and Vijayanagar

THE name “Vijayanagar” evokes a thrill of pride and exaltation in the heart of every Hindu. When the Indian political horizon was overcast with dark shadows of defeat and despair owing to repeated onslaught of Malik Kafur and Muhammad Bin Tuglak, the Hindu empire of Vijayanagar burst into the ken of the Hindu and saved his soul from utter despair and ruin. This miracle of the foundation of the Hindu empire was rendered possible by the fervid patriotism and political foresight evinced by the spiritual leaders of the south. The religious saw before their helpless eyes their beloved and venerable places of worship desecrated or destroyed by the strange *Mlechhas* from the north. They resolved upon a supreme and heroic method of defending their age-long culture with a firm and united spirit. In the face of a common danger, Saivas, Vaishnavas, Jainas, Veerasaivas, Pasupathas and a host of minor sects forgot their petty sectarian differences and resolved to unite and unify the diverse population of the South for the purpose of defending and preserving their proud heritage. As a result of their rare political vision, the empire of Vijayanagar embraced the three southern oceans within a decade of its founding in 1336. The heroic Sangama brothers, Harihara, Bukka, Kampanna, Marappa and Muddappa, were welcomed everywhere as great liberators and saviours of Hinduism; and the guiding spirit, and guardian angel behind these warrior brothers was the great sage Vidyaranya of Sringeri.

Tradition has preserved the first meeting between the saint and the warriors. Vidyaranya was living in the precincts of the Pampapathi temple, spending his time in meditation and study. He must have observed also the destructive march of the army of the Crescent up and down the Deccan and South, and felt deeply at the desecration of our hallowed places.

One day as God would have it, the five brothers, Harihara, Bukka, Marappa and others came down to the asrama of the saint as refugees wandering from the fury of Muhammed Bin Tuglak. These princes had lost their all in the sack of Warangal. Hampi was a wild and rocky place, awe-inspiring to every passer-by. There the Harihara Brothers saw a miracle. A tiny hare was attacking a ravenous cheetah. This was unnatural and so those warriors

## Vidyaranya and Vijayanagar

thought there must be something extraordinary in such a place. On search, they found the Asrama of Sage Vidyaranya and fell at his feet for protection, and the sage promised them his blessings. Their heroic, dauntless valour was allied to the profound, awe inspiring serenity of a seeker after the Absolute. The sacred and secular forces were wedded for the regeneration of the Hindu race, sorely dispirited by repeated defeats and spoliation by alien hands.

Who was this sage Vidyaranya? *Guruvamsakavya* says that he came from the Andhra Country. But another tradition *Punyaslokamanjari* says that he was a native of Kancheepuram and son of Mayana Acharya, of Bhardwaja gotra. Madhava, Sayana and Bhoganath were the most learned men of their day. Yet utter poverty was their earthly lot. One day Madhava left his home for Benares and earned his livelihood for some time. There the Goddess *Bhuvaneshwari* seems to have told him that in his present life he was not destined to enjoy the abundance of wealth. On this Madhava renounced this world and became a Sanyasi under the name of Vidyaranya. In the Hindu Dharmastra a Sanyasi takes a new birth, and so Vidyaranya was now entitled to the enjoyment of luxuries flowing from wealth. Then he left Benares and fixed his abode near the Pampapathi temple of Viroopaksha.

The Sangama brothers were resolved upon founding a new capital and a kingdom in the South. But where could they get the gold and silver required for the task? The biographer of Vidyaranya says that the sage prayed to the goddess of wealth to fulfil her promise, and overnight, his room was filled with precious metals. The Guru distributed the money among the brothers and asked them to build up a capital and an army.

Meanwhile Harihara had become the son-in-law of Vira Ballal III of the Hoysala Dynasty and was entrusted with the protection of the new fortress built near the temple of Viroopaksha. This was called Hosapatna. It was made the seat of a new empire in 1336, and re-named Vidyanagari, after the revered sage. Vira Ballal then retired to Trichinopoly leaving the protection of the frontier in the hands of the Sangama brothers. Hoysala Ballal died fighting against Muslims in 1346, leaving his son-in-law the sole heir to the throne.

## Vidyaranya and Vijayanagar

After 1336, the retired ascetic became a Raja Guru, undertaking the burdens of guiding the ship of State. The great saint exhibited rare qualities of statesmanship and political acumen. He sent for his other brothers, Sayana and Bhoganath and asked them to undertake the duty of his State Ministers, while the elder Vidyaranya was content to live between Sringeri and Vijayanagar.

Sayanacharya is one of the most revered names in Vedic learning. His commentary on the Vedas was the first book that opened to MaxMuller the door to Vedic knowledge; otherwise, he could not make any sense out of the Vedas. Such was the greatness of Sayana that he was no less adept in wielding the sword than the pen. He accompanied Bukka and his son Kampanna in their conquest of Andhra and the Southern countries. His sons also showed themselves experts in the Vedas as well as in war. One of them wrote Sarvadarshana Sangraha, a compendium of the different schools of Indian Philosophy.

Vidyaranya knew that the empire must be broad-based if it was to survive. So he tried to bring together the leaders of the several religious sects of South India. We know definitely that he was on very friendly terms with Vedanta Desika the great champion of Vishista Adwaita and Jayatirtha, the champion of the Dwaita School.

He sent a letter of invitation and all royal honours to Vedanta Desika, requesting him to visit the Capital. The invitation was declined by the great Desika in his famous poem of 5 verses known as 'Vairagya punchaka'. But their mutual regard was not affected by this event. Appayya Dikshita of the same adwaita school, paid his respects to the Vaishnavite Acharya by writing a commentary on the *Yadavabhyudaya* of Vedanta Desika.

Vidyaranya was also on the best of terms with Jayatirtha, the greatest commentator of the Dwaita School. Jayatirtha would not leave his cave at Malkhad for the splendour of the Imperial city. Hence Vidyaranya himself went to Malkhad to confer special honours on the leader of the school of Madhwacharya. Being greatly impressed by the commentaries of the

champion of the Dvaita School, he took them in a procession, on the back of a royal elephant. It is a Rare instance of mutual regard and religious toleration.

In this connection, there survives a tradition among the followers of Madhwa that Vidyaranya was worsted in a philosophical contest by Akshobhya Tirtha, the guru of Jayatirtha. They quote a verse as evidence असिना तत्त्वमसिना परजीवप्रभेदिना । विद्यारण्यं महारण्यं अक्षोभ्य मुनिरच्छिन्तत्. They forget another tradition with the followers of Advaita School which says that Akshobhya was shaken like a leaf in the storm by the great muni, अक्षोभ्यं क्षोभयामास विद्यारण्यो महामुनिः. In the biographies of Sri Vedanta Desika, it is recorded that he was asked to umpire in the contest between the two and he decided in favour of Akshobhya Tirtha. But this is a very late biography written in the 17th century.

Vidyaranya's contributions to the splendour of the empire requires to be briefly noticed. He continued as the adviser till 1387. Having been also elected to the pontificate of Sringeri, he had to spend his time mostly in his religious capital. According to inscriptions, he was visited by the victorious Harihara brothers, in 1346 and 1361; and for a half century he was truly their guide, philosopher and friend. He wrote numerous books and commentaries jointly with his brothers, Sayana and Bhoganath, *Vedabhashya*, *Kalajnana*, *Parasara Madhaviya*, *Pancha Sati* and numerous others exegetical works.

Vidyaranya showed by his active crowded life that asceticism is not incompatible with active politics. On the other hand it becomes a saint's religious duty to uphold our dharma when it is in dire peril.

V. Raghavendra Rao, M. A., L. T.

A policyholder had died, and an insurance inspector called on the widow with the cheque. He was a rather heavily built man, and when he sat down on the chair indicated by her, he burst an air-cushion on it.

The widow, to his horror, gave way to a terrible flood of tears. His offer to replace the cushion did nothing to lessen her grief.

"A new one will never be the same!" she sobbed. "My poor, dear husband blew that one up with practically his last breath".

# Medium of Instruction in Our Universities\*

NO other controversy in our educational and academic sphere has created so much furore and prejudiced thinking as the debate over the medium of instruction in the different stages of our educational system. Like almost all questions that demand a precise and permanent solution, the language question has confused many and annoyed all. One at least expected the voice of the academicians to be unanimous; but no, they have contributed their mite to make the issue more involved and complex. Neither has the national government succeeded in laying down a clear-cut policy in regard to the pattern of national education. About the medium of instruction the men in the government seem never willing to agree. Their cotraddictory statements have made matters worse. Now in the political field not much harm will be done if things are left in a convenient state of flux, for, by their very nature political attitudes must be ever-changing. But academic problems are different. They should not lend themselves for long to whimsical experimentation by academic and political bureaucrats. Something positive has been achieved already in the earlier stages of our educational system by laying down a definite policy of instruction through the regional languages. When we remember that a time was when heated debates raged round the question of making our own languages the medium in the secondary schools, we can understand better the wounded feelings that are expressed and prejudiced arguments that are raised when the University medium is being discussed in this country. The failure of the Osmania University to make Urdu the medium of instruction in the University classes is held out as a warning to all. The efforts of a few North Indian Universities to offer instruction in Hindi and Marathi are always derided by the purist who prefers the English tongue to his own.

Historically speaking, the purist who cannot tolerate to see University standards being 'denatured' by contact (or is it contamination?) with the people's own language, is perhaps in the right. We have been educated in this "world-language" for a long time now. Our leaders and thinkers, our scientists and administrators, are the product of our "English" Universities. Our Universities

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\* A paper read at the University Section of the South India Teachers' Conference, Mangalore, May 1953.

are geared to teaching and learning only through English. That helps our men to attend international conferences where they bless the world through the English language. We have been in the forefront everywhere. Our men and women have presided with distinction over important political, cultural, and judicial bodies. Would such achievements have been possible without the aid of English and education through English? asks the Anglo-phil in our Universities. It is sheer folly to eschew this encyclopaedic language and replace it with the mother-tongue where one has to start literally from scratch. Against these powerful arguments the language enthusiast has nothing to offer except the plain truth of nationalism and language patriotism. The principle that the mass must be educated in the mother-tongue was accepted when the regional languages were made the medium of instruction in the secondary stage. Here then must all reforming zeal and patriotic fervour cease; and the language lover would be treading dangerous ground if he attempts to enter the portals of a University. Let him not corrupt the sanctity of the ap'ce by his unholy and surely, unsuccessful, endeavours. Let him not beguile susceptible youth which is ready to take up any new fancy waved before it. The academician stands firm and puts his foot down on any proposal seeking to upset the *status quo*. For, a change from English to anything else, he is sure, would be tragic and suicidal.

I have tried to put this argument in the prevailing temper so that we may know clearly what we are contending with. When we are about to reconstruct the question and also its answer from a new angle, it is obligatory to distinguish the ideal from the practical. It must be certainly admitted that English has come to stay amidst us for quite a long time to come inspite of the exit of our English masters, for it has the power to survive under the worst conditions and against powerful challenges. Let us not forget that it is owing to slow, undramatic and evolutionary developments that English has made its home in our shrines of higher learning and the hearts of their high-priests. We should not deny the strength of our opponent if we ourselves happen to be weak, for in a clean and fair fight we shall be knocked out even in the early rounds. Moreover it is necessary for us to understand the reasons for the dynamic vitality of the English language and draw our inspiration

## Medium of Instruction in Our Universities

and methods from the same. To derive the maximum advantage from a given historical situation is a mark of wisdom. We know that a mere stroke of the pen in the hands of our education ministers can suddenly alter the state of affairs and fulfil our hopes. But the hard test comes soon afterwards. How are we to fill the gap left when English is removed overnight from our Universities?

I shall not linger over the usual difficulties that confront a University educationalist when he attempts to make the regional language the medium of instruction in Colleges. Our national language cannot stand comparison with well-developed English which produces hundreds of books on every branch of learning and literature every year. Producing our own books as well as suitable technical terms is not an easy task even though we have Dr. Raghu-vira's monumental work available for the purpose. The soundness of introducing uncommon Sanskritic terms into the different languages of South India can be reasonably questioned, for many of the latter languages possess neat native terms of their own demanding early compilation. Neither can we dilate on the difficulties of learning the English language because we are considering the question as it affects an advanced stage of education where such disabilities have been successfully overcome. For example, even the most difficult scientific principle is explained in easy English. We do not require a knowledge of difficult Milton or Shakespeare for that. But it can be suggested at this point that the mother-tongue would equally capably deliver the goods without much ado. If the subject is not easily comprehensible, say like Einstein's theory, of course the mother-tongue might not help in understanding it! But neither does English help.

Sometimes I feel that ubiquitous politics is playing its meddlesome role here also. The non-violent revolution which brought us freedom has left many a national spirit restless. People who like clean sweeps can never appreciate a peaceful transformation which leaves them amazed and abashed. The desire latent in their hearts which normally would have asserted itself in the political sphere, now seeks fulfilment in other regions. Overvaulting national sentiment has to find some outlet or other. It manifests itself in the agitation for linguistic states and in the growth of language fanaticism.



## Medium of Instruction in Our Universities

Total national energy, by itself and in its proper place a very wholesome content, now dissipates itself in agitations and controversies. The Government of India and the States' governments as well, have fanned the flames of discontent by their shifting educational policies. New India stands badly in need of decisive policies in many spheres, but none so urgently as in the field of education which is the bed-rock on which the structure of Indian Renaissance must be built.

We can divide the problem of the medium of instruction into three different stages and formulate policies suited for each stage. In the short term, extending till 1965 or near date, English might be permitted to continue. Nothing need be done to disturb the place of honour which it has occupied till now during this period. In the second period, national sentiment in the various regions will be too strong to resist and English may be forced to quit its monopoly position while still having the opportunity to compete with the regional languages. Ultimately, in the long period, because of the dwindling number of Anglo-phils in our Universities as also because of the growing strength of the regional languages, English will have left the country altogether leaving the field clear for us. This final consummation shall be brought about not through empty slogans, nor through unfruitful committees and conferences, but by organizing the language enthusiasts and encouraging them to contribute works in their respective languages. It must be admitted that as long as English occupies the present high position, it will act as a drag on such endeavours. A definitive policy of the Government and the active co-operation of our Universities would help the growth of the mother-tongue to that point where it can take over charge from English and fulfil the educational task laid upon it. The poor growth of literature both in fact and *fiction in the regional languages* is not a little due to the awe-inspiring presence of English in our midst. But it can be stated with confidence that the prospect of a change in the medium will accelerate the production of books necessary for university education. The government of a Welfare State must surely be able to give liberal aid to our educational industry. Intelligent men are a greater asset than the many giant factories we may build. Lack of finances should not deter us from a line which we know will take us to our

## Medium of Instruction in Our Universities

goal. The intensive educational methods adopted in Germany and the Soviet Union in recent times are good illustrations of what a sincere educational policy can achieve in a span of twenty or twenty-five years.

But let us not be carried away by ideals. It is true that with a common medium like English all over the country the whole of India lies at the feet of a new university graduate. The desire of many parents to provide University education for their off-spring is engendered by the lure of good jobs either in the government or outside. As long as the University degree remains a passport to employment—and it is bound to remain so far many years to come—the problem of employing the University-trained youth in productive occupations will always be worrying us. It may even become more acute owing to the restricted field of opportunity available within a particular linguistic region. Hindi is offered as a panacea at this juncture but I am afraid, Hindi is not less foreign than English to millions in the South. The best state policy is to work for the economic development of the country by regions, so that most of the graduates produced in a region could be absorbed there itself.

The final success of the regional medium, however, depends on the economic progress of the various regions in the country. A decentralized federal state is the best alternative to the calamitous monolithic states of the West. Hence our economic and social development must proceed regionally. Each region must be self-sufficient to a degree. Suitable places of gainful employment must be found for the University men in the particular area itself. The modern centripetal tendency which draws the bulk of our educated young men to the huge cities must cease. It is wise policy to keep the educated men in their respective places so that the benefit of their higher learning may permeate the masses, thus tending to upgrade the cultural level of our nation. The ugly and unhealthy gulf between the University men and their less fortunate brethren will be covered up only when the regional language assumes its rightful place in the context of progressively developing linguistic and regional units. We should be able to appreciate better the usefulness of the regional language from this national view-point. We shall

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not forget that a country's Universities thrive only in the context of national resurgence. Otherwise, they will remain the ivory towers that they are now unrelated to the main current of national life. It is the inevitable force of history rather than the opinionated men of the Universities that decides the momentous questions of a period. In this, the case of English is weak and will weaken further as time passes. As English weakens, our tongues certainly gain, but not unless we strive by dint of hard labour to make our regional languages almost perfect substitutes for English

JAI HIND!

*K. S. Haridasa Bhat, M. A.*

## Moonlight on the Sea-Shore

The sea was placid and calm  
While the moon rose upon the palm  
O'er the cocoanut trees bending so low  
Their feathery leaves waving slow.  
The foamy waves welcomed the moon  
For, she had not risen too soon.  
As she peeped through the cloud  
Which has covered her like a shroud;  
Then the fishermen with their hearts so light  
Walk through the ribbon of moon-light.  
They thank the sea-God for his mercy wide  
For, they live by the wealth of the tide.

*P. Meera Nayak, I U. C.*

# Visits of Gandhiji

*“Him I call a Mahatman, whose heart weeps for the poor..... Service of humanity should be the motto of this age. Give shelter to the houseless, console the wretched, and awaken the potential divinity in man. This is the way to serve the country and do some permanent good”.*

**Swami Vivekananda.**

IT was in the year 1939 or so. The whole of Udipi town was astir. Streets and houses were beautifully decorated and thousands of citizens from far and near were rushing to Ajjarkad-grounds. Gandhiji was to come that day at 11 A. M., to the holy town of Udipi and also address the citizens. A beautiful pandal was being erected at the centre of the vast play-ground and Congress Volunteers had lined up the roads to receive the Mahatma. The Police were also guarding the streets with lathis in their hands.

On either side of the road, people had thronged in thousands in order to have a glimpse of the great Patriot. I still remember, how some of our neighbours carried carpets to sit on the ground, despite the hot sun above. Many people were present as early as 8 A. M. even.

All schools were given a holiday to enable the students to see the Mahatma. We were very much delighted to join the huge crowd, as we used to do during the famous Paryayam Festival of the Temple of Lord Krishna of Udipi. Greater crowds had gathered to see Gandhiji.

Mahatmaji was to be received by Congress-workers in the house of one of the prominent-workers, that day. It was just behind the present Radio Tower at Ajjarkad. My elder brother had agreed to take me there only on one condition, that I would never for a moment leave his hands and go elsewhere and get lost in the surging crowd. He knew the owner of that house well and so we could get sufficient space to sit and wait for Gandhiji.

I was thinking within myself:-“Who is this person called the Mahatma? Why do they call him so? Has he got anything special with him, that makes people call him so? Any how, let me see”.

By that time, it was 11 O'clock, and from a distance, we heard the crowds cheering:- “Vande Mataram! Bharat Mata Ki Jai! Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai!” Their voices rent the air I felt quite thrilled, for, after all the Mahatma was coming! We rushed to have a glimpse of him.

In an open car, with folded hands, Mahatmaji was standing and greeting the crowds on either side of the road. The car was coming very slowly and was surrounded on all sides by the volunteers, with their white caps and the Congress flags attached to them. Gandhiji was standing there with his broad, unforgettable smile with only a Khaddar shawl to cover himself. The pocket watch was hanging down from his waist. I was wondering how simple a man he was, yet, the whole country was calling him a Mahatma! To a boy of ten years, the ideals of simplicity and sublimity do not impress much. He wants something grand to see. But when Gandhiji got down from the car, I could not contain myself, and joined my voice with the crowd: “Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai”!

Yes, he came down and was conducted into the compound of the house where he was to be received. Gandhiji was profusely garlanded. I was standing just a yard away from him. I was all eyes and was looking at him intensely from head to foot. Just near by, on a beautifully covered table, in a big silver tray, a huge heap of peeled oranges was kept. He was asked to accept them. In one hand he had his walking stick. He just took one bit, and laughingly ate it. That's all. He never took more. ‘The hunger of the Mahatmas must be limited’, I thought within myself.

Again he entered the car and was conducted to the pandal, amidst loud cheers. Thousands of men, women and children were waiting for him. He climbed up the high dais, and then sat with his legs folded behind as we generally see him in his characteristic posture, in his photograph.

## Visits of Gandhiji

He spoke to the people in English and somebody translated the same into Kannada. I don't remember having seen any microphone that day, for, electricity had not come to Udipi. The translator's voice was quite loud and could reach even far off corners. People were all listening to Gandhiji, in pin-drop silence. I don't know what exactly Gandhiji spoke that day. It must be something connected with Indian independence. Yet, I was very much impressed by that function and the ovation the people gave to their beloved leader.

Gandhiji had a miraculous power and a message to his nation far and wide. Wherever he went, people thronged to hear him. The stir he created, and the fight he carried on against the strong, powerful foreign rulers, and its final success in bringing India independence—are all great things he did to raise up a sleeping country like ours.

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It was October 2, 1953. Gandhiji was lying down on the floor in a room. Others were also there. People were going to have his darshan, in crowds. He looked as if he was indisposed. A small beard he had on his chin and looked quite pale and tired. I entered the room and saw him. He could not be recognised quite easily. Yet, I found that it was Gandhiji himself.

I asked him:- "When shall we have Ram-nam? Today or tomorrow?" Turning to my side and fixing his gaze at me he replied, "Today itself".

I woke up. It was only 5 O'clock of the early, cold morning. I could not believe it to be a mere dream! It was so live and true! Suddenly, I realised that it was October, 2, and Gandhiji's birthday! O, God! I have seen him again on this happy day! How green is my memory of that dream even today!

That very evening I went to the Swamiji of our Ashrama, and requested him to allow us to sing Ram-nam that day. He gladly agreed. And that evening we chanted 'Raghu-pathi Raghava Raja Ram.....', beautifully. It was a happy day I spent.

## Visits of Gandhiji

Yes, Gandhiji loved Ram-nam. He saw, like Swami Vivekananda, his God in the poor and the untouchables and struggled hard to ameliorate their miserable conditions of life. "Service to humanity is service to God, and service is its own reward" he used to say.

Gandhiji's ideals of selfless service and freedom of man were great and indeed it was his heart full of feelings for the down trodden masses of India and his undaunted spirit and self determination in the fight for his country's freedom, that made him a Mahatma, the Great Soul.

*C. K. Kamath, B. SC., B. PHARM.*

The Duke of Wellington, when he was very old and incredibly distinguished, was telling how once, at mess in the Peninsular war, his servant had opened a bottle of port, and inside found a rat.

"It must have been a very large bottle", remarked a subaltern.

The Duke fixed him with his eye. "It was a damned small bottle".

"Oh", said the subaltern, abashed, "then no doubt it was a very small rat".

"It was a damned large rat", said the Duke. And there the matter has rested ever since.

# The Proposed American Aid to Pakistan\*

IT is singular that man should falter again and again, although he knows too well that he is heading towards a fall—a fall from which vindication is hardly possible. The past wars have brought out the great truth that man can prosper only if he aspires for peace and leaves no stone unturned to reach that goal of peace. How deplorable it is to talk of war and military aid, when the bitter experiences of the past are still staring in our face!

Pakistan, a country which has hardly seen its seventh birth-day, is already following a path that will ultimately ruin that country. For, after all, what is this American aid, but a clear indication of the aggressive designs of America? She wants to have many puppets in the East so that she may make the best use of them in her attempts to check the growing power of Russia—her mightiest adversary. In outward appearance, America is merely putting on the garb of peace; but where should peace come from when there is a lack of mutual understanding and co-operation among the nations of the world? The leaders of a nation, whether of Pakistan or America, can only deliver lengthy speeches and mouth platitudes about world peace and unless they are infused with a sincere and true aspiration for peace, real peace is only a chimaera.

Asia has always been the ground of wars, for the western countries have tried to drag in as many countries as possible into their orbit. But the spiritual courage or the moral light of Asia has proved that the opulent countries will cease to exert any influence over the problems concerning Asia. They have tried to reduce them to a state of political bankruptcy. The different nations in Asia fought amongst themselves in the past and made the path clear for the Western invaders, who, after gaining some ground in the East, made themselves strong by spreading mutual discontent among these countries. And now, again, there seems to be an attempt on the part of the Western Powers to have the nations of Asia under their control and thus reach their goal by extinguishing the influence and power of Russia.

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\* Awarded First Prize in the Essay Writing Competition held in connection with the College Day celebration.



## The Proposed American Aid to Pakistan

India by herself has no belief in violence. She has declared her avowed allegiance to peace and non-violence. In addition to her policy of not getting entangled in the snares of any power-block, either America or Russia, she has also a sincere hope to see that her sister countries are not influenced by the sinister influences of the world at large. When this is her policy, it is hardly to be wondered at, if she shows an aversion to the behaviour of Pakistan. The military aid to Pakistan enhances the immediate chances of a third world war. The Prime Minister of Pakistan is not aware of the spirit of Asia when he says that the military aid will make the country strong and that a strong country is an asset to Asia. He is ignoring the brotherly advice of Pandit Nehru. He is deliberately misconstruing our Prime Minister's words as an interference with the internal matters of Pakistan. He forgets for a moment that India is anxious to see her neighbour prospering and contributing to world peace. He takes it for granted that India is jealous of Pakistan.

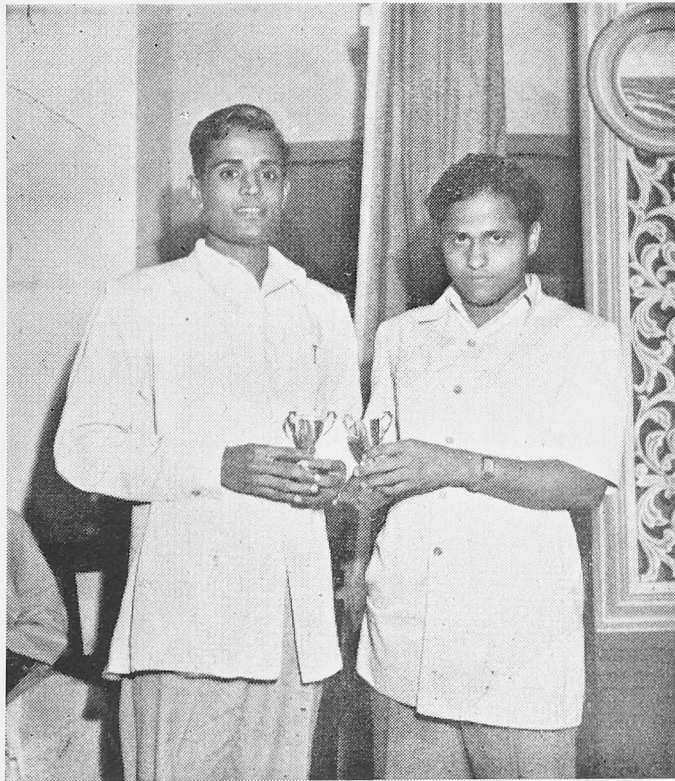
Pakistan is, perhaps, meditating over the idea of annexing Kashmir with the aid of the United States. She has fallen into the wily snare of America, for America has no thought of giving Kashmir over to Pakistan, but wants to turn Kashmir into a battle-field. History has shown that haste does not pay in international politics. If today, Pakistan contemplates the recovery of Kashmir with U. S. military aid, indeed she is in a fool's paradise.

When even ordinary economic aid compels a country to be under the obligation of the 'Alms-giver' it is apparent that through military aid America is demanding complete subordination of Pakistan. In other words, military aid is a way of spreading American influence in the East which is already fed up with such influences.

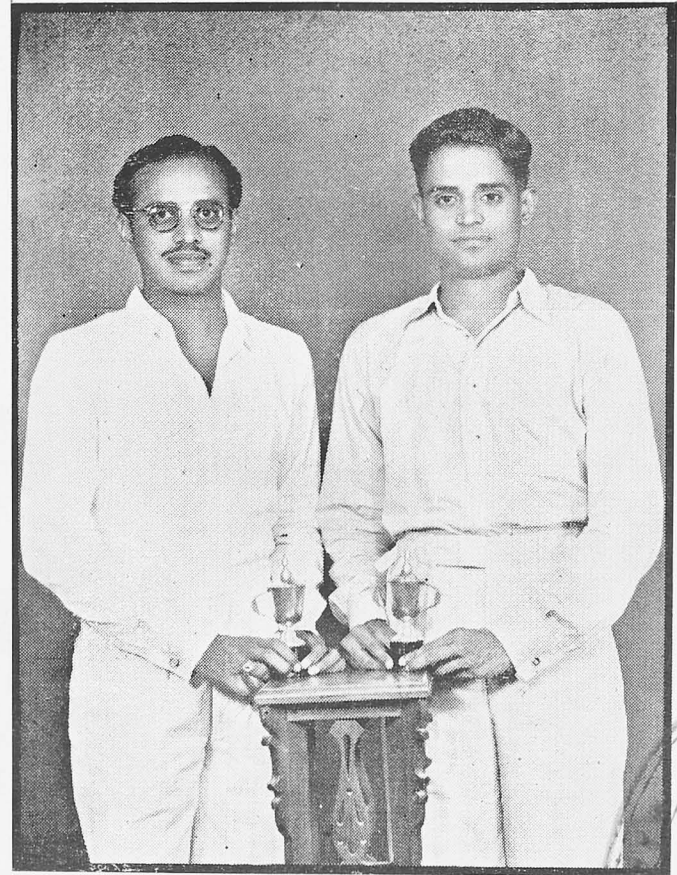
Pakistan is following a path that may lead her into trouble. The sooner she realises her grave folly the better it is for her own security and also for world peace.

*P. Chandrashekara Rao, I U. C.*

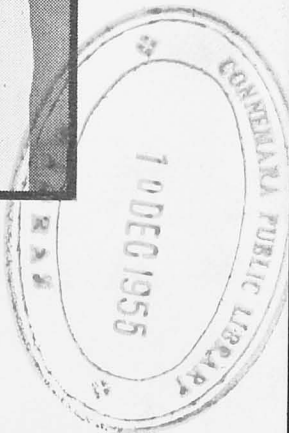
## THE TENNIS CHAMPIONS

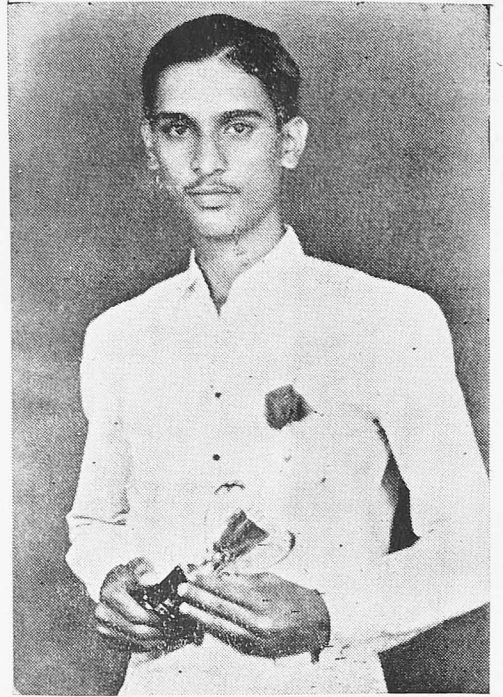


College Day Tournament

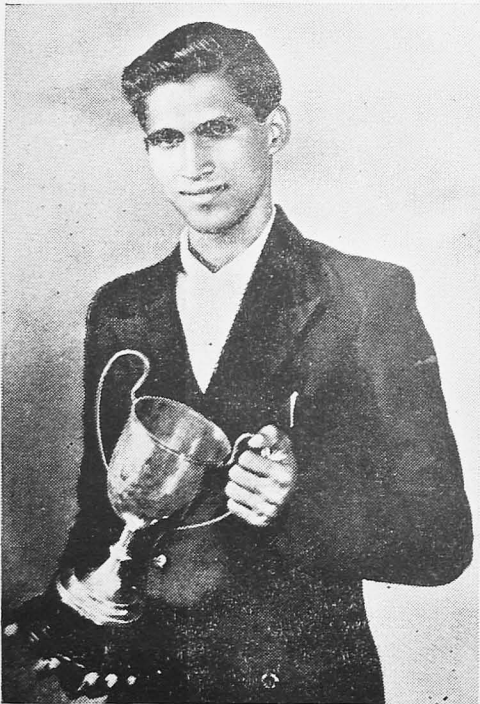


Tennis Club Anniversary Tournament





Tennis Singles: Mr. Suryakanth, Champion



Year's Champion—Athlete  
Mr. Damodar U

# Man, The Unknown\*

**PROTOGORAS** said long ago that "Man is the measure of all things", but it is only of late it has dawned on us that "the proper study of mankind is man". No doubt, the history of human thought reveals a continuous adventure of man to know himself in his varied manifestations and activities, but the importance of the study was not so much stressed as in the Twentieth Century. Now, man stands fairly on a high level of knowledge of things subjective and objective. The subjective sciences such as Psychology, Ethics, Aesthetics, and Logic have tried to unravel the personal side of man. But there have been impediments in their way of progress, mainly due to the elusive, non-material nature of their subject matter, the "Self". The objective sciences of Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Geology, Astronomy, etc., on the other hand, have fairly satisfactorily advanced, and their revelations of the secrets concerning the mettle of man, and of the things that surround him near and far, have been more exact and concrete, which again depends upon the nature of the subject of investigation. The microcosm and the macrocosm of the physical (and physiological) universe have been explained by the Quantum and the Relativity Theories of Physics. Standing in the middle of the Twentieth Century man is commanding such a vast knowledge as no one who lived before Bacon could ever dream of. But Dr. Carrel says without any reservation that still the knowledge of man about himself is regrettably meagre. And it is difficult to deny. Man remains unknown – or, is he unknowable?

"Man, The Unknown" is a challenging book, which simply says that for all efforts made in that direction the 'Real Man' has eluded the grasp of the inquirer; or is that the other way about—the inquirer has not tried to understand the 'Real Man'? Here is a book, whose charm, lucidity, force and authority of arguments grip the reader so tightly that he can hardly escape whole-hearted conversion, whatever point of view he may have. The book is a result of constant and prolonged study of man by an eminent intellect making contacts with geniuses and men of information, trying to bring about in his own life a synthesis of the knowledge of man as seen from various angles of

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\* Review of Dr. Alexis Carrel's "Man, The Unknown" adapted into Kannada by Sri U. L. Acharya and Sri K. S. Haridasa Bhat, both on the teaching staff of the College.

# Man, The Unknown

existence, 'The Science of Man'—the formulation and systematization of this—is the cherished ambition of the great author of this great book.

A synthesis of the various aspects of knowledge concerning man has been the endeavour of men since the days of Aguste Comte, the father of modern Sociology. But at a time when it has been realized that Sociology's synthesis has been but a poor conglomeration of various subjects, the emphasis laid down by Dr. Carrel to renovate the methods of the Science of man, is very significant. That the various accounts of special sciences, though exhaustive in themselves, will not provide the true picture of the real man, and that man is something more than the sum of his parts, is a timely warning to those specialists who believe that they are contributing a great deal towards human progress. The seventh chapter of the book is gripping in that sense. The knowledge of the individual sciences taken in itself does not, or may not, serve to ameliorate the conditions of the living. A suggestion, for instance, by Biological Science, if taken seriously and applied to actual life, say of a eugenic point, may bring about unthought of consequences which degenerate life rather than rejuvenate it. It has been the general defect of modern civilization to have pursued the method of specialization in fields of life where improvement is the aim. This has resulted in the material advance of one side of man to the utter neglect of the other. To cite only a few instances: By providing a motor car, modern civilization has deprived man of his natural exercise, that is, of walking. The substitution of artificial food to natural diet as a result of sophisticated ideas of getting more protein is a new thing to the human organism, which in its attempt to digest the new food might gradually forget its natural functions. The air-conditioning of houses and dwellings has freed man from fighting against the inclemencies of weather. What a funny idea to conduct Olympics in an indoor air-conditioned stadium! These are but a few occasions when we are unknowingly inviting degeneration of our organisms. This, in simple, is the violation of the Natural Law. Dr. Carrel warns us that the organism cannot go on with impunity. He reiterates the Lamarckian 'use and disuse' principle of organisms and warns us against the impending danger of extinction. Instead of assuring a full and healthy growth for man, modern civilization is offering him a stunted organism and

personality. An all-sided application of our knowledge to the facts of life, and careful attention towards those which bring about a balanced physical and spiritual personality, provide the clue to the message that Dr. Carrel leaves us in his book.

Dr. Carrel is an empiricist, who does not believe in vitalism of any sort. Body and Soul are not antithetical, much less do they belong to independent and separate spheres. It was an error of Descartes to have believed in these abstractions. They are not heterogeneous. The entire human body is the substratum of the mental and the physical energies. The physical and physiological analysis of man does not reveal, anywhere, the existence of a non-material force being the moving-power. The tissues, the humours, the glands and the nerve cells are all physical; and the mental changes can be explained in terms of physico-chemical actions and reactions. Consciousness is just the function of the brain, which is just a packet of nerve cells. Thought is the offspring of the endocrine glands as well as the cerebral cortex. The 'Élan Vital' of the Vitalistic Philosophy of Bergson, accordingly, is not an "operational concept" and hence, does not lie within the experimental field, thus rendering itself meaningless. The third, fourth, and the fifth chapters of the book leave us in no doubt about this. And we feel at home with Dr. Carrel when he acquaints us with every detail of the changes of the world that lie concealed beneath our skin. The chapters "Body and Physical Activities" and "Adaptive Functions" contain such a fund of information about our physiological conditions that after reading them one feels he is as good a medical practitioner as any who knows his trade.

The philosophical concept of 'Duration'—a very vague term in that region—has been most clearly explained with reference to the physiological changes of organism, in the chapter "The Inward Time". "Duration", a term occurring in the Vitalistic Philosophy of Bergson, gathers a concreteness in this chapter, which gives an impression of the practical attitude of Dr. Carrel in interpreting things. It is interesting to see that Dr. Carrel accepts only that portion of Bergsonian philosophy which helps his thesis, and completely discards the problem of 'Élan Vital', the crux of what Bergson has said.

There is *Purpose* in this universe, and unconsciously our human organism has accepted it, and in each adaptive activity of the human organism, external and internal, there is the proof of this. Introduction and acceptance of teleology in the chapter on 'Adaptive Functions' bring into the scheme of the thesis a philosophy which attracts rather than repels us.

The failure of man in his political life, and failure in the educational field are largely due to the misconception that all men are created equal, with no distinction of sex, nationality or age in their political and educational careers. Dr. Carrel disproves this equality theory of man and says with authority that individuality is the mark of each man, and that none is identical with, or equal to another, "Human beings are not found anywhere in nature. There are only individuals". "Individuality constitutes an essential characteristic of each component part of man's organism. It remains virtual in the fertilized ovum, and progressively unfolds its characteristics as the new being extends into time". It is a warning to the builders of modern civilization who so often forget, or do not know, the difference between individuality and universality. The standardization of men with regard to their skill and aptitude, of their education, has no biological foundation. Political and social scientists and educationists, being ignorant of these facts do more harm to men than good in spite of their sincere effort to improve life. This, again, is the violation of the Natural Law. "Life always gives an identical answer when asked to trespass on forbidden ground. It weakens. Civilizations collapse". The chapter on "Individual" is full of significant instruction concerning us.

The last chapter clears doubts, if any, about the renovation of man. We may think at times seriously of the impossibility of getting out of the rut of our Industrial Civilization, and the wrong sense of values it has inculcated so methodically. Dr. Carrel comforts us by telling that the very science which has deluded us into wrong paths can lead us into right paths, if only we rightly understand it. "Evil is not irreparable", he says. His optimism is both inspiring and timely. "Intellectual culture, moral courage, virtue and audacity have not completely waned, and we are not altogether lost to Satan. The flame is still burning"! But doubts may continue to assail us. How can

## Man, The Unknown

we rejuvenate life? Transformation of the modern methods of life and thinking, and the substitution of empiricism to metaphysical abstractions are the solutions suggested. This may well inaugurate a new era when we come to realize that our energies are not sapped out, that our ancestral potentialities still exist in the germ-plasm; and that the hopes of regeneration are not in vain. The new era will remake on man the firm foundations of a synthesized knowledge concerning man—a synthesis that was not tried earlier. The new knowledge will not tear asunder the body and soul, which God has put together. They are inseparables which give man his individuality and uniqueness. When Dr. Carrel suggests “medicine” to be that synthesizing science, he appears to place a premium on his subject, but it is not unwarranted, for it seeks to comprehend the subjective and the objective sciences, Psychology and Physiology, within one sweep.

The book instils in an Athesist awe, which slides him into ‘belief’, whatever may be its kind. It tickles the professional philosopher, thus bringing him down to the busy edge of life from his abstract chamber of thought. He might find no way of reconciling the *absence of the non-material moving agency of life* with *the presence of purpose in life* in Dr. Carrel’s thesis. And he might have logical objections to concede to more than one point of Dr. Carrel. Who can satisfy a Socrates or a Kant? Yet, the book suggests a *modus vivendi* of life agreeable to an Atheist and a Believer, a Philosopher and one who is not.

The need for such books is indeed great to-day, and books of such type written in one language must be made available in all other languages for the benefit of those who can’t understand the original. Translations of such books not only enrich that language into which they are translated but import into the field significant ideas. Ideas are universal and languages must disseminate them as widely as possible.

Kannada literature has not only grown in width but has gained in depth of information by the efforts of the translators, Sri U. L. Achar and Sri K. S. H. Bhat. The Kannada people, as a whole, are grateful to them for the fine work and service they have done.

K. B. Ramakrishna Rao, B. A. (HONS.)



# Education in Japan

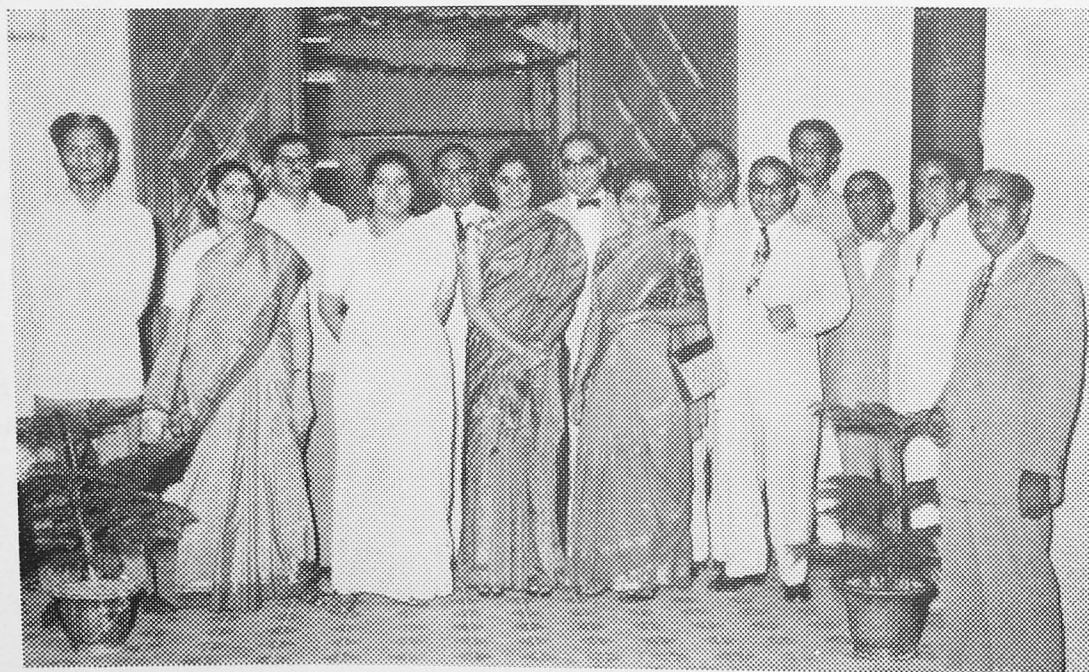
ONE of the main reasons for the progress of Japan has been the importance given by the rulers to education from about the 18th century. The present educational system modelled largely upon the methods adopted in the West was introduced as early as 1872. During the period of the Meiji Restoration when the progress of Japan began, compulsory elementary education was introduced by opening a large number of Elementary Schools throughout the country to be attended by children of both the sexes without any distinction of class. The rulers decided that "Henceforward all education shall be so diffused that there shall be no ignorant family in the land and no family with an ignorant member". The country was divided into 8 sections, each of which was to have a University established within its borders to form the nucleus of the educational system. Each of these University areas was divided into 32 smaller sections with a Middle School in each. Again this middle school section was divided into 210 elementary school sections. A liberal policy was followed and emphasis was placed on developing individual ability and creating a habit of voluntary study; but, in the last few years it has undergone some change with the gradual growth of extreme nationalism and militarism. Since 1947, after the American Occupation, a new Educational Law was put in to force at the suggestion of the American Education Mission that was despatched by the Government of the United States. The present system provides for 6 years of primary, 3 years of Lower-secondary, both of which are compulsory and free, 3 years of upper secondary and 4 years of collegiate education. Facilities for research after graduation are also provided for. In the Upper Secondary Classes there are two sections: one, the college preparatory course and the other, the vocational course. Those who do not desire to go to college take up the vocational course in various crafts and trades. The entire system of education is controlled by the Board of Education, the members of which are elected once in 6 years under adult franchise. They are responsible for prescribing the textbooks, for utilising the moneys provided in the Budget for education, selecting the teaching personnel, and supervising educational research and other matters pertaining to primary and secondary education throughout Japan. There are over 500 colleges in Japan of which nearly half are private and these provide education to nearly  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lakhs of



A portion of the Tokyo University  
comprising the Medical College.



The Tourists.



Gandhi Jayanti celebrations at Hongkong.

## Education in Japan

students and maintain about 60,000 professors. 3,000 Senior High Schools providing for 23 lakhs of students, maintain 1,34,000 teachers, and 12,000 Junior High Schools providing for 50 lakhs, maintain 1,95,000 teachers. There are as many as 21,500 primary schools which are being attended by 111 lakhs of students with 3,26,000 teachers. In all, there are 45,900 educational institutions with a student population of 202 lakhs, nearly one fourth of the total population of Japan. The number of boys and girls are more or less equal at the elementary and Junior High School stages where attendance is compulsory. But in the Senior High Schools,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lakhs of girls attend the colleges. People in general have realised the importance of proper education. They associate themselves with the schools very closely and there are Parent-Teachers' Associations which take up the responsibility of properly maintaining the schools. School buildings are spacious and well ventilated and often we can find attractive buildings in villages. In the lower classes along with the 3 R's, music, drawing and manual training are also taught. Lessons on plants, soils and animals are so arranged as to bear on agriculture, forestry and location of industries. In the higher classes facilities for advanced studies in agriculture are available.

All students in Japan wear uniforms. There are different uniforms for primary, lower secondary, upper secondary and University students. The boys in lower classes are clean shaved and the girls have to get their hair cut in a particular style.

During the summer vacation the students are taken for excursions to lakes, hot springs, mountains, historical places and industrial centres. The students of High schools and University colleges do not fight shy of spending their holidays with families of fishermen and farmers. Each student will fix up in advance a suitable place and will stay as a paid-guest for a month or two when he will work with them and enjoy his holidays with them and some students work in factories too! Before the war, Japanese students used to go to Germany for advanced studies. However after the war they prefer the United States. In 1951 there were over 1,500 Japanese students studying in U. S. A. of whom 383 were girls. There are a number of scholarships

## Education in Japan

available to the students. One out of every 15 students in Senior High Schools and Colleges receives scholarships. Most of these are received from the Japan Scholarship Foundation which gets aid mainly from the Central Government.

There are special Universities for women and here the important faculty is Home Economics with Departments for Child Study, Food and Nutrition, and Related Art (Housing & Clothing). There is an International Students' Home in Tokyo maintained by the Ministry of International Trade and Industry for the overseas students who come to Japan to study. At the time of our visit there were three Indian students of whom one from South Kanara was studying ceramics. Another was from Bangalore studying Engineering and the third was from Travancore-Cochin studying Fisheries. These students are invited by various Industries and Associations with a view to acquaint the former with the progress made by the Japanese industries.

The Japanese use the Chinese script, which is the most difficult script in the world with over 10,000 letters! It is a peculiar script which is very difficult to learn. The learning of the script enables every Japanese to have some sense of art.

The Japanese are very fond of books and are great readers of books. Thousands of books are annually published in the country. The book-stalls are always crowded. The libraries—thousands of them—scattered through the length and breadth of the country are centres of pilgrimage to the average Japanese. Reading appears to be more sacred to him than religion. The number of pictorials, weeklies and daily newspapers produced in Japan is very large. These provide infinite variety and are of a very high order. Growth of Japanese literature and journalism has been greatly encouraged by the prevalence of a single language in the country. Japan is a country of one language and no communal barriers. Their sense of nationalism opens our eyes wide to the sad lack of the same in our country. They are not given to complaining but work incessantly for their country.

*T. Ramesh U. Pai.*

# Mahatma Gandhi Memorial College, Udipi.

## ANNUAL REPORT: 1953-1954.

Read by the Principal on the Fifth College Day: 12th Feb. '54.

*Mr. Pais, Ladies and Gentlemen,*

**F**IVE years have passed since this College was established, five years of rapid growth and let me add, hard and devoted service to the youth of this town and the district. I have great pleasure in reading the Fifth Annual Report of the College for the academic year 1953-1954.

### **I. Courses and Strength.**

With the opening of the B.A. Degree course at the beginning of the current year, the College is now a First-grade College. The B.A. class was inaugurated by the Hon. Mr. A. B. Shetty, Minister for Public Health, on June 30, 1953, under the presidentship of Mr K. Sadananda Hegde, M.A., B.L., Member of Parliament. On the same day, our sister institution, the Kasturba Medical College was also inaugurated by the Hon. Minister, thus marking the realisation of the strenuous labours of Dr. T. M. A. Pai to have a Medical College in the district. The public of this district owe a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. T. M. A. Pai for his vision and enterprise, and by founding three educational institutions, the Manipal High School, our own College and the Kasturba Medical College, he has rendered unforgettable service to the youth of the country and added to the fame and reputation of Udipi.

The College at present offers only the Economics group under Part III of the B.A. Degree course. In the Intermediate, no new courses were opened this year.

The strength of the College at the beginning of the year was as follows: -

Junior Intermediate	...	219
Senior Intermediate	...	192
Junior B.A.	... ..	39
Senior Inter (Part time)	...	9
		<hr/> 459

The present strength of the College is 450, 9 students having withdrawn in the course of the year. We have 47 women students on the rolls. The Madras University was good enough to accord permission to increase the seats in Physics and Chemistry from 128, in 1952-1953, to 144. As usual there was a heavy rush of students to the Science groups, particularly in Gr. II (Natural Science, Physics and Chemistry), while the number of applications for the so-called Arts courses was comparatively small. The chief reason for this seems to be that both parents and students believe that science courses offer better prospects in future life for the latter in such professions as medical and engineering. But the systematic starving of the Arts courses in our Colleges is something which cannot but be regarded as harmful. Another reason for this rush for science courses is the present system of secondary education which makes no provision for any kind of specialisation. I do not want to refer to the general poverty of standards among the vast majority of students who seek admission in our Colleges, but it must be admitted that large numbers who join our Colleges possess neither the intellectual maturity nor academic aptitude to benefit from the teaching which is imparted in the College. This problem has assumed enormous proportions, and it has been rendered more complex and difficult because of the fact that when our students come to the University class, they find everything strange and bewildering since the courses in the University have no organic relationship with what they have learnt at school; the medium of instruction is English in which the standards have been rapidly deteriorating in our schools in recent years; and lastly, a large majority of our students are too young and immature either to adjust themselves to the new demands of College discipline and work or to derive any substantial benefit from the instruction given. I do hope that the problem will be satisfactorily solved by the State and the University, and in this connection, I may be permitted to refer to the suggestion of the Secondary Education Commission that an extra year may be added to the present secondary course in order to train our students better for the demands and responsibilities of College life.

## 2. Staff:

There were a number of changes in the Staff during the year. Messrs M. V. Narayana Rao and C. S. Narayanan, both of the English department, left



# College Annual Report

the service of the College at the close of the last academic year. Two new lecturers in English were appointed at the beginning of the year, Miss Therese Lewis, M.A., and Mr. H. K. Ramachandramurti, M.A. Two new Tutors in the department were also appointed: Messrs. G. Ranganathan, B.A., and K. P. Vishwanathan, B.A. With the opening of the B.A. class and the creation of the Department of Economics in the College, Mr. V. Raghavendra Rao, M.A., L.T. retired Professor of History & Economics, Mysore University, was appointed Senior Lecturer and Head of the Department in June, 1953. An additional lecturer in Kannada, Mr. B. N. Achar, M.A., L.T., joined our Staff in June, and Mr. V. Balakrishna Iyer, M.Sc., joined the Natural Science department as additional Demonstrator in July. I am glad to report that the Management adopted from the commencement of the current academic year the revised scales of salaries prescribed by the Madras University for different categories of the Staff, and in pursuance of this, Mr. P. Gopalakrishna Bhat, Tutor in Sanskrit, was promoted as Lecturer.

### 3. Our Distinguished Visitors

We had as usual a large number of distinguished visitors who visited the institution and took keen interest in the working and progress of the College.

**June, 1953:** Principal R. Krishnamurti of Pachaiyappa's College; Principal Kallukaran of Tellicherry and Prof. Shankararaju of Madras University Commission.

Sri Swami Adidevanandaji of Mangalore Ramakrishna Asrama who unveiled a portrait of Swami Vivekananda in the Ramakrishna Memorial Hall.

The Hon'ble Mr. A. B. Shetty, Minister for Health, who inaugurated our B A. class and Mr. K. Sadananda Hegde, M.A., B.L., M.P., who presided over the function.

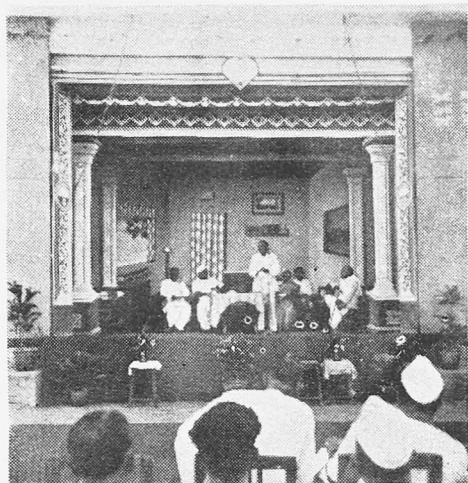
Dr. B. H. Padmanabha Pai, M.D.

**July, 1953:** Father Lemonde, Professor, Institute of Social Service, Poona.



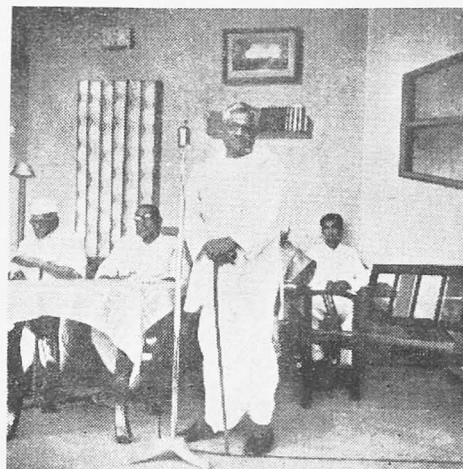
## College Annual Report.

- August, 1953:** Mr. K. Suryanarayana Adiga, B.A., B.L., Chairman, Mangalore Municipality who inaugurated our College Union; Dr. N. Mangesha Rao, Principal of the Kasturba Medical College, who inaugurated our Science Association; Mr. P. R. Nayak, I.C.S., Commissioner, Bombay Corporation, who inaugurated our History and Economics Association; and Mr. Kayyara Kinjanna Rai who inaugurated our Languages Association.
- September, 1953:** The Hon'ble Dr. M. V. Krishna Rao, Minister for Education; Mr. S. C. G. Bach, regional representative, the British Council and Mrs. Bach; and the Hon'ble Mr. C. Subramaniam, Minister for Education and Finance.
- October, 1953.**
- November, 1953:** The Hon. Dr. KailasaNath Katju, Home Minister, Government of India; Dr.H.Venkatakrisna Udupa,M.A.,M.SC.PH.D. of the Electro-chemical Institute, Karaikudi; Mr. Somanna, M. P. from Coorg; Swami Yatiswaranandaji and Swami Adidevanandaji of Ramakrishna Mission; Mr. Henry E. Niles, Deputy Director U. S. Technical Co-operation and Mrs. Niles; the Hon'ble Mr. K. Venkataswami Naidu, Minister for Hindu Religious Endowments.
- The celebration of Kavi Muddana and Kalidas jayanthi brought us a number of famous Kannada writers such as Messrs Kota Sivarama Karanth, Hurli Bhima Rao, Kaden-godlu Shankar Bhat, and Prof. B. H. Sridhar.
- December, 1953:** Prof. N. Kasturi from Mysore.
- January, 1954:** Their Holinesses Sri Swamiers of Sri Admar and Phalimar Mutts; Kumari P. Seethammal, Principal, Government Arts College, Mangalore; Rev. Antonio Armio from Philippines; Mr. T. R. Subba Rao, Mr.M.S.Ekambarara Rao and Mr. M. S. Madhava Rao; Messrs Frank Ferrelley and Tait of the Commonwealth Trust; Mr. K. Sadananda Hegde, M.P., Messrs. N. G. Joshi, M.SC. LL.B., K. Shiva-



The decorated Dias.

# C O L L E G E D A Y 1954



Dr. T. M. A. Pai  
welcomes the gathering.



Mrs. S. Kunhi Kannan switching on the Electric Lights

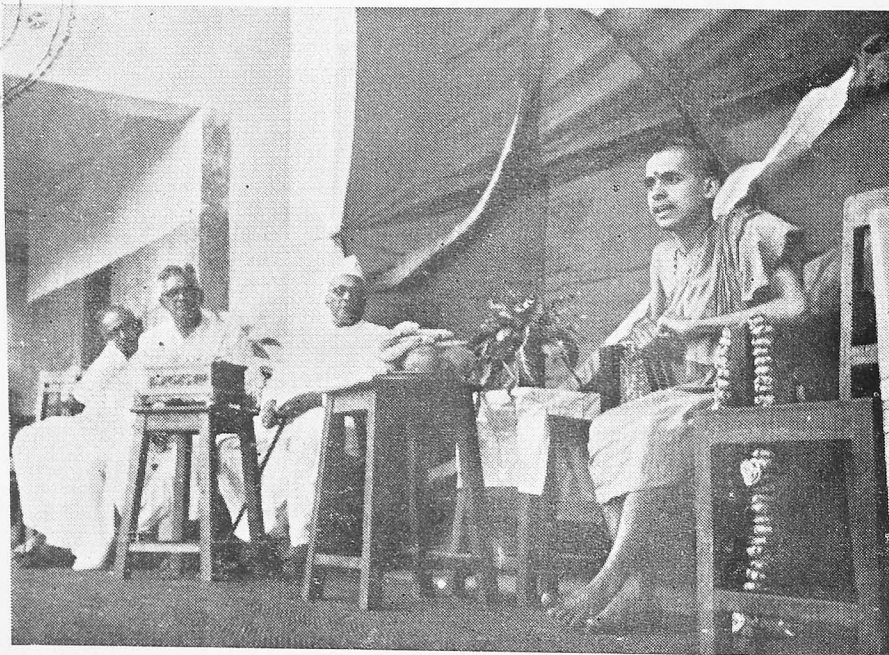


Principal reading the College Report

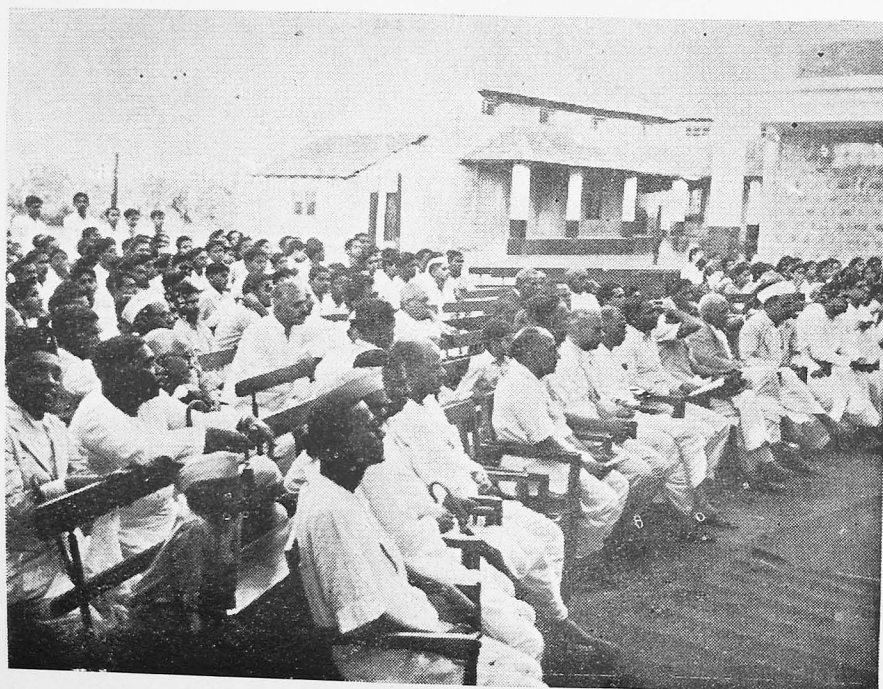


Mr. L. C. Pais addresses the gathering.





H. H. Sri Pejavar Swamiji addresses the gathering.



A section of the large gathering on the occasion.

shankar, Principal, Law College, Bangalore, and Moksha-gundam Krishnaswamy, M.A., LL.M., of Dharwar, members of the Karnataka University Commission; His Eminence Valerian Cardinal Gracias, Archbishop of Bombay; Mr. S.D. Srinivasan, M.A., President, Indian Life Assurance Offices' Association, Calcutta; His Holiness Sri Vibhudesha Tirtha Swamier of Sri Adamar Mutt, Mr. Molahalli Shiva Rao.

Other distinguished visitors such as Dr. M. N. Pai of Belmont Hospital, London, Dr. M. V. Ramanamurti, Director of Medical Services, Madras, and his successor Major Sangam Lal, Mr. S. Nijalingappa, President, Karnataka Provincial Congress Committee, Mr. P. M. Nayak, I.C.S., Mr. L. C. Pais, M.L.A., Dr. M. Kesava Pai, Mr. M. P. Pai, I.C.S., Mr. V. S. Kudva, Dr. M. R. Ananta Pai also visited the College during the year.

## **4. A Brief Survey of the Work of the College**

### **(a) General**

I am glad to report that the tone and discipline of the College were excellent throughout the year, and we had no serious problem of discipline to tackle.

### **(b) University Examination Results**

We sent up 121 students for the University Intermediate Examination held in March, 1953 and out of them 67 secured complete passes, including 32 First classes. Our results in the Science groups were excellent and a majority of First classes were from these groups. There were a large number of distinctions in various subjects and the percentage of passes in individual subjects was high.

### **(c) College Hostel**

More students applied for residential accommodation in the College this year than in the previous years, but we could not admit all of them. The present strength of the Hostel is 39. The temporary Hostel now housed in the B. A. Block can accommodate only 24, and we had, therefore, to rent a private building near the College to accommodate the rest. This arrangement is not at all satisfactory and I hope that it will soon be possible for us to construct a suitable Hostel Block and quarters for the Warden, so that there might be

closer supervision of the life of our resident students. As Warden of the Hostel, I am doing my best to make frequent visits to the rooms of the students and in this I am helped by three Deputy Wardens, Messrs V. S. Jacob, U. Srinivasa Upadhyaya and M. Visweshwar Rao to whom I am thankful for the help rendered. With certain prospects of students from outside Udipi and even the district seeking admission to the College, I feel strongly that a separate Hostel block capable of accommodating at least 50 resident students is an urgent necessity. The College Canteen is very popular and supplied afternoon lunch at cheap rate to day-scholars, and on an average the Canteen caters to about 125 students for their afternoon lunch every day. The Hostel and the Canteen are both run directly under my supervision and I am thankful to Mr. P. Narayana Iyengar for looking into the daily accounts and thus lessening to a considerable extent my burden in the running and supervision of the Canteen. I strongly believe that a well-organised Hostel can have considerable influence in heightening and refining the tone and atmosphere of a College and adding to its usefulness in the training of the youth, and hence I fervently appeal to the public to extend their help and material support to enable the Management to construct a suitable Hostel Block. The problem is urgent, as from the next academic year, the present B. A. Block where the temporary Hostel is housed has to be used for the B. A. classes and departmental rooms.

**(d) Academic work and College Examinations:**

Work in the class-rooms went on smoothly throughout the year, and I am glad to report that there was no dislocation of work on account of members of the Staff leaving in the middle of the academic year, as it happened last year. Frequent tests and regular Term examinations were held, and progress reports were sent regularly to parents.

**(e) Medical Inspection:**

The medical inspection of the men students was conducted by our Medical Adviser, Dr. K. L. Aithala, M.B., B.S., and of women students by Dr. Miss E. Lombard, M. D., of the local Basel Mission Hospital. The general health of the students was good, and such cases of defective health as were

pointed out by the doctors were promptly referred to the parents, and it gives me pleasure to report that many parents have co-operated with us in placing their wards under further medical attention. The University wants that the College should have a full-time medical doctor to be on the Staff of the College for closer supervision of the health of the students, and the matter is receiving the attention of the College Management. I am very grateful to both Dr. Aithala and Dr. Miss Lombard for the keen interest which they have taken in connection with the medical examination of our students, and I am specially thankful to Dr. Aithala for the readiness and promptness with which he responded to our call whenever there was a need and for the sacrifice of time and energy which he made to be of help to us.

### (f) The College Library and Reading Room

I am very happy to record that our Library is growing rapidly and this year, with the opening of the B A. class we added a very large number of books to the Library. The number of additions made this year is 810 at a cost of Rs. 5656—8—0. With the rapid expansion of the library, we find that the space allotted now is becoming insufficient, and the management is considering seriously a proposal to extend the Library premises behind the present Hall, by putting up roofs and walls over the empty spaces and converting them into two additional spacious rooms for books and the Reading Room. We printed for the first time a full catalogue of our library books at the beginning of the year; and propose issuing supplements every year, as a printed catalogue can never remain upto date. There is a proposal to introduce the card catalogue; and we hope to start work on it as soon as possible. The Reading Room supplied with nearly 80 journals and periodicals is very popular and if I may say so, is one of the best College Reading Rooms in the State. We are grateful to many ladies and gentlemen for kindly presenting books to the Library, and my thanks are specially due to Mrs. Girijabai Kamath for periodical presents of good books to the Library through her husband, Mr. M. Vittal Kamath, B.A., B.L., one of the valued well-wishers of the College. I am also thankful to the authorities of the British Council and the American Embassy and Information Service for a number of good books and periodicals which they supplied to us free of any charge. Among those who have

presented books are Mr. T. A. Pai, Mr. C. K. Kamath, and Dr. U. Ananthayya. I wish to express my heart-felt thanks to all of them for their thoughtful generosity, and hope their example will be followed by others.

### (g) Science Laboratories:

With the increase in science students this year, we had to indent for additional equipment especially for our Physics and Natural Science laboratories, and we spent an amount of Rs. 13657—1—0 towards this during the current year. From next year, our capital expenses will be considerably less on our laboratories except for replenishment of chemicals and a few replacements. The equipment available in our three science laboratories has gratified a number of visitors and I am glad to say that we owe a deep debt of gratitude to our Trust for readily sanctioning the purchase of all that we require. Our Natural Science Museum is steadily growing and we have recently started an aquarium, naturally on a small scale, and I trust that soon we shall have a very good and valuable museum as an adjunct to our Natural Science department.

### (h) Games and Recréations:

A number of new courts for ring-tennis, basket-ball and other games were put up this year, and special facilities are provided to women students in the matter of games. There is however a general complaint that our students do not take as keen interest as expected in physical culture activities. The main reason, I think, is that most of them are physically exhausted by the time they finish their studies in the college in the evening. However, our compulsory physical culture classes were fairly well-attended. A considerable number of our students, I must say in fairness to them, did take keen interest in games and sports, although I regret to say that unusually this year, our Athletic Association has not been able to score any triumphs in open and other tournaments, except in the Ladies' Tenni-coit tournament in the Republic Day events this year. We sent up our teams to the Inter-Collegiate games tournaments in cricket, football, basket-ball and volley-ball; but unfortunately we were defeated in the very first round in all of them. Our boys however did well and showed laudable enthusiasm in the intra-mural



## College Annual Report

tournaments which were carried on successfully. In the field and track events both our boys and girls evinced keen interest, and the Annual Sports Meet which we held on the 10th was, on all accounts, the most successful which we have held during these five years. I am grateful to Dr. K. P. Anandan, M.B., B.S., M.SC., of the Kasturba Medical College for presiding over the Sports Meet and distributing the prizes to winners. I am a keen believer in sports as the most valuable means of character-building among the youth, and with the assistance of our Physical Director whose interest in his department is so great, we wish to do all that is possible to increase our students' interest and enthusiasm for Physical Culture. I am grateful to Mr. Somasundaram for his assistance and to the Secretaries and Captains of the various games, for their fine co-operation. Let us hope that the coming year will witness the triumphs which we have missed this year.

A portion of our play-grounds nearly 3 acres was levelled early in August with the help of the bull-grader placed at our disposal by the Agricultural Department, and we propose to convert it into a cricket field. There are proposals to build a Stadium on the grounds which will be an amenity which we urgently need. The levelling of the grounds cost us Rs. 660/-.

### (i) The College Magazine:

We published one issue of "The College Chronicle" during the year in English and two issues of "Paraga" in Kannada. The get-up of these hand-written and type-written productions and their contents have been greatly appreciated. Our Third number of the College Annual was published in August this year, and as usual was beautiful and sumptuously got-up and received praises both from the Press and the general public. I hereby convey my thanks to the members of the Editorial Board, and chiefly to my colleagues, Messrs B. N. Achar, K. S. Haridas Bhat and H. K. Ramachandramurti for their keen interest in these activities. The fourth number of the College Annual has just gone to the Press and we hope to release it sometime in May, 1954. I must also express my appreciation of the excellent work which the Manipal Power Press is doing for us in the matter of printing our Annual.



# College Annual Report

## (j) College Associations and related activities:

The following Associations were at work during the current year: (1) The College Union; (2) The Economics and History Association; (3) The Science Association; (4) The Indian Languages Association; (5) The Athletic Association; (6) The College Players and (7) The College Social Service League. I shall not weary you with a detailed report of the working of each of these Associations, except to say that our Associations were active and did very good work during the year, and that we had many distinguished speakers to address us at various times. One important step we took this year was to hand over the management of the College Union to representatives of the students themselves who elected their own President. This experiment has been a fair success and I hope that this additional responsibility of running their own Union will go a long way in inculcating among the students and their representatives a high sense of responsibility and provide opportunities for increased team-work and constructive and healthy organisation. In addition to the routine meetings, we celebrated Nehru's birthday, Mahatma Gandhi's birthday, the Independence and Republic Days. Another notable feature was the three-day celebration in November of Kavi Muddana and Kalidasa jayantis. The celebration was a great success and the Indian Languages Association has every reason to be proud of this achievement. We want to make this celebration a regular annual feature in the College. The College Union has an excellent record of having held nearly 20 meetings, perhaps a record in the brief history of the College—and it also held a successful and interesting Mock Session of the students Indian Parliament, and organised an excursion of the B. A. to Karkala and Moodbidri—an excursion which was enjoyed very well by every one.

The Staff Club under the secretaryship of Mr. D. N. Somasunder, B.Sc., was organised on a more stable basis this year and I am glad to report that it held a number of discussion classes and symposia during the year, and is subscribing for a number of journals and papers of interest to teachers, out of the subscriptions it levies from members of the staff. These gatherings of teachers were made more enjoyable by delightful dinners and tea-parties and

there is plenty of enthusiasm among our staff to further enlarge the activities of the Club. At the end of the third term, the Staff Club organised a delightful excursion to Indrali, an ancient temple surrounded by picturesque woodland scenery.

## **(k) Other Activities:**

The Canara Banking Corporation Library of the College was formally declared open by His Holiness Sri Swamier of Pejavar Mutt on 23—1—'54. We express our gratitude to the Directors of the Bank for their generous donation of Rs. 10,000/- towards the purchase of books for the Library. Another hall, the Physics Lecture Hall, was formally declared open by Mr. S. D. Srinivasan on the 8th Feb., 1954. This Hall has been constructed out of the handsome donation which the Canara Mutual Assurance Co., Ltd., has given to us, Rs. 14,000/-. The function was presided over by His Holiness the Swamier of Adamar Mutt, and at each function we had the pleasure of having in our midst the directors of the respective organisations to all of whom we extend our gratitude.

## **(l) Scholarships and other concessions:**

The Annual Haldipurkar Scholarship donated by the Directors of the Canara Industrial & Banking Syndicate, Ltd., of the value of Rs. 150/- was this year awarded to Subrahmanya Acharya of I. U. C.

Five fresh awards of Central Government scholarships were made to our students this year, in addition to 2 renewals. The total amount under these scholarships is Rs. 3386/-. Five students were in receipt of scholarships awarded by the State Government, and one woman student has been awarded a special scholarship of Rs. 20/- per month in addition. The total amount to be disbursed under these scholarships for the whole year is Rs. 756/-. From the Harijan Welfare Department, 10 students are in receipt of residential and non-residential scholarships of the total value of Rs. 1226—15—0. 64 students are receiving half-concessions under Rule 92 of the Madras Educational Rules, and 59 students under Rule 32 of the Grant-in-Aid Code. The Sri Pejavar Swamier Sanskrit scholarship has been awarded for proficiency in Sanskrit at

the last University Examination to K. Paramananda Rao. The value of the scholarship is Rs. 60/-. The M. G. M. College Students' Co-operative Stores awarded Rs. 65/- as a scholarship out of its profits this year to Krishnananda Hegde of III U. C. The University of Madras Goschen Memorial Scholarship has been awarded to Govardhan Kamath, III U. C.

I am glad to report that we have received the following endowments out of the interest of which prizes and scholarships are to be awarded to our students every year:—

1. Mr. T. A. Pai, B.COM., M.L.A. has created an endowment of Rs. 100/- in shares for the award of a prize in Kannada in memory of the late Mr. N. S. Kille.
2. He has also kindly donated Rs. 500/- in shares in the Canara Industrial & Banking Syndicate, Ltd., and out of the dividend on the amount every year some deserving student or students are to be assisted in buying books. Out of this amount Rs. 334—6—0 was donated by him as his personal contribution of 25% of the amounts collected through donation tickets by our students this year. This amount, collected by our students, amounted to Rs. 1374/- and the largest amount collected was by Shrimati Shambhavi of the Junior Inter and the Correspondent's prize announced for the highest collection has therefore been awarded to her.
3. His Holiness Sri Vibhudesha Swamier of Admar Mutt has kindly endowed Rs. 200/- out of the interest of which a prize is to be awarded for the writer of the best essay during the Muddana Jayanti Day celebration every year.
4. Mr. S. D. Srinivasan, Manager and Actuary, The National Insurance Co., Ltd., and President of the Indian Life Assurance Offices' Association, who recently visited the College has endowed Rs. 200/- to the College out of the interest of which a prize is to be awarded to the best student in Mathematics of the Junior Intermediate. He has

been good enough to send a separate amount of Rs. 10/- as the cost of the prize during the current year.

5. Mrs. Girijabai wife of Mr. M. V. Kamath, B.A., B.L., has donated shares of the face value of Rs. 200/- in the Canara Banking Corporation Ltd., out of the dividend of which two prizes are to be awarded at the English Essay and Elocution Competitions each year. The prizes are in memory of Mr. Manjunath Sona Kamath and Mr. Kochikar Mudlagiri Pai, respectively.
6. The Principal has donated Rs. 200/- out of which shares in the Canara Industrial & Banking Syndicate Ltd., will be purchased for the annual award of a prize in memory of his father, the late Mr. H. Rama Rao, to the best student who comes out successful in the University Intermediate Examination every year. The prize will be awarded from this year.

**(m) Donations to the College:**

We received this year 70 shares of Rs. 10/- each from the Southern India Apex Bank, Ltd., towards the endowment of the College. The Directors and members of the Canara Mutual Assurance Company, Ltd., gave this year a further donation of Rs. 2000/- in the shape of shares to be added to the College endowment fund. It has just been announced that the Directors of the Canara Industrial & Banking Syndicate, have made a further donation of Rs. 5,000/-.

I express my deep gratitude to all the above ladies and gentlemen and Directors of the various companies for their generosity. Our own students made voluntary collections to the College, amounting to Rs. 1374/- and I express my deep sense of appreciation of their love for their *alma mater*. I am particularly happy to announce that by a further donation to the College this year, Dr. T. M. A. Pai's personal contribution has now been raised to Rs. 40,000/-. We are deeply grateful to our beloved Correspondent for his magnificent generosity.

**(n) Gifts to the College:**

I acknowledge with thanks the following gifts to the College:—

- (a)** Portrait of Swami Vivekananda presented by Mr. C. K. Kamath of Vizagapatam.
- (b)** Rev. Brother Andrews for his gift of a portrait of Jesus Christ.
- (c)** Mr. T. R. A. Pai for his gift of a portrait of Arobindo Ghose.
- (d)** The British Council for their beautiful gift of about 40 portraits of English writers which now adorn our Library Hall.
- (e)** A Medal for the best sportsman of the year by Mr. C. K. Kamath, B.Sc., Vizag.
- (f)** Mr. T. A. Pai, for his gifts of several beautiful portraits of our national leaders.
- (g)** Messrs Amrutanjan Depot, Bombay, for their handsome gift of a costly wall-clock for our Library.
- (h)** The Maha Bodhi Society, Banares, for their gift of three beautiful portraits of Lord Buddha.
- (i)** Mrs. Kunhi Kannan for her gift of an oil painting of our beloved Correspondent Dr. T. M. A. Pai.
- (j)** Messrs Uberoi Ltd., Coimbatore, for their gift of five handsome cups to be presented on the Sports Meet.
- (k)** The Allied Sports House, Udipi for their gift of cups for sports.
- (l)** Messrs Sequeira Brothers, Mangalore for their gift of a beautiful revolving chair to the Principal—which has been placed by him in his office.
- (m)** Presents of books for the College Day by Messrs T. R. U. Pai; V. Raghavendra Rao; U. L. Acharya, M. Visweshwar Rao; our teachers; our student, Chakrapani Udupa; and others.
- (n)** A beautiful landscape painting by Mrs. S. Kunhi Kannan.
- (o)** Portraits of Swami Ramakrishna, Swami Vivekananda and Sri Sharada Devi by the Senior Intermediate Women students.

# College Annual Report

## Government Grants:

Last academic year we received an annual teaching grant of Rs. 14,134 and this year an advance teaching grant of Rs. 7000 has so far been received. We also expect very soon, before the end of March, an equipment grant of Rs. 10,000/- on the laboratory equipment purchased last year. I am also happy to report that it is understood that the Government of Madras on our repeated appeals, have sanctioned Rs. 25,000/- as additional building grant and we expect the amount to be disbursed soon.

## Endowment:

The College endowment with the Madras University amounts to Rs. 2,54,060—0—0. With the donations received up to now, we expect to very nearly complete the endowment of Rs. 3 lakhs by the end of March, 1954. There is still a balance of Rs. 2 lakhs to be deposited with the University, as additional endowment for a first-grade College. I take this opportunity of appealing to the general public and parents of the students and other well-wishers of the College to strengthen the hands of the Management, so that their task in maintaining this great educational institution from year to year be rendered easier. After all, this institution belongs to all the people of Udipi and the district and it is their duty to come to the aid of the Management so that this College which has already made a name for itself be helped to grow from strength to strength.

## General:

I am glad to report that the College received its telephone connections at the beginning of this year and was electrified about a fortnight ago. The cost of wiring was contributed mainly by the collections of the women of Udipi who collected last year a sum of Rs. 1334—7—9 to which was added a sum of Rs. 46/- collected by the students of the College. I express my sincere gratitude to all the women of Udipi who have helped us, particularly Mrs. Prema A. Pai, who took a lead in this matter, Mrs. S. Kunhi Kannan, who will shortly perform the switching-on ceremony of the lights, and Mrs. Manorama Acharya, without whose help and work, the electrification of the College

would not have been possible. I am glad to say that the College has also its own stage equipment for the first time in its history so that to-day our entertainments will be held in front of our own curtains.

### Conclusion:

It remains now for me to thank all those who have helped me to do my duty to the College and serve the students under my charge. I owe a deep debt of gratitude to the members of the College Trust, who have helped me and encouraged me at every step, and without whose confidence and affection, I could not have discharged my duties as Principal with any amount of success. I thank all my staff—both teaching and Office staff—for their fullest co-operation in my work. I must express my gratitude to the public for their sympathy and encouragement. To-day, we have in our midst an eminent and good man of our district, Mr. L. C. Pais, B.A., B.L., M.L.A., to preside over our College Day. I thank him sincerely for his readiness in accepting my invitation to come here in the midst of his pressing duties, and preside over to-day's function. He has done us a great service, and all of us, the management, staff and students owe him our sincerest gratitude. I must also thank Mrs. S. Kunhi Kannan for readily agreeing to switch on the electric lights this evening.

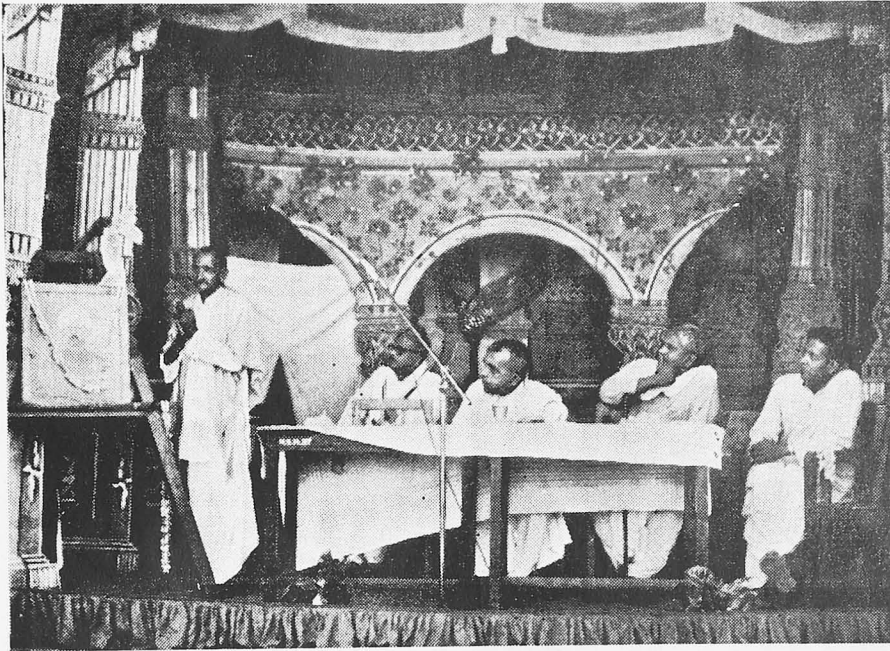
*H. Sunder Rao.*

The officer of engineers in charge of constructing a road through a swampy section ordered a lieutenant to take 15 men and get on with the job. "Colonel", the lieutenant reported later, "the mud is over the men's heads. We cannot get through".

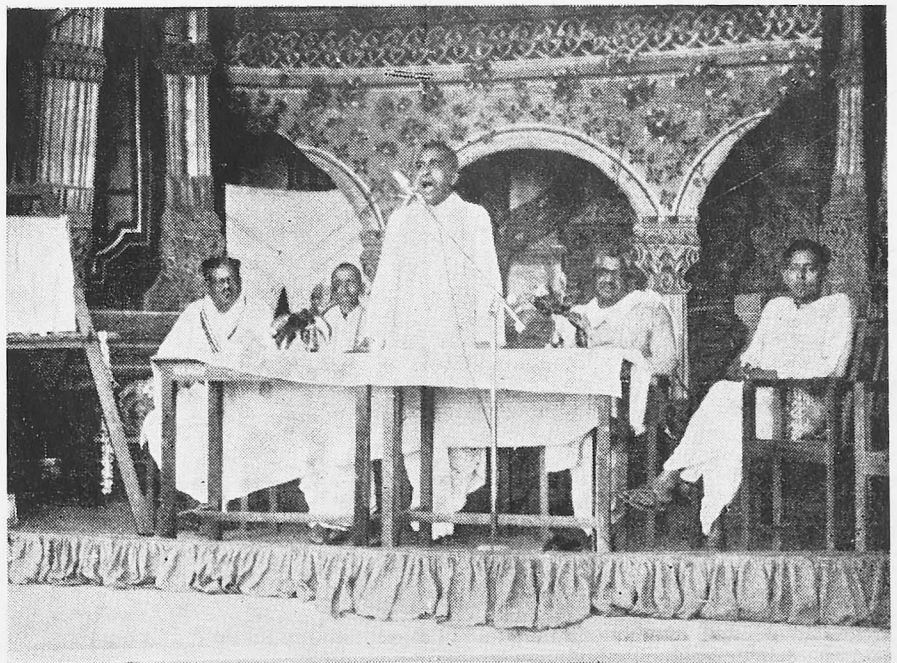
"Nonsense!" roared the officer. "Make out a requisition slip for anything you need and I'll see that you get it".

A few minutes later, the lieutenant laid this memorandum on the colonel's desk:- "Need 15 men 18 feet tall to cross a swamp 15 feet deep.

# SRI MUDDANA AND KALIDASA JAYANTI



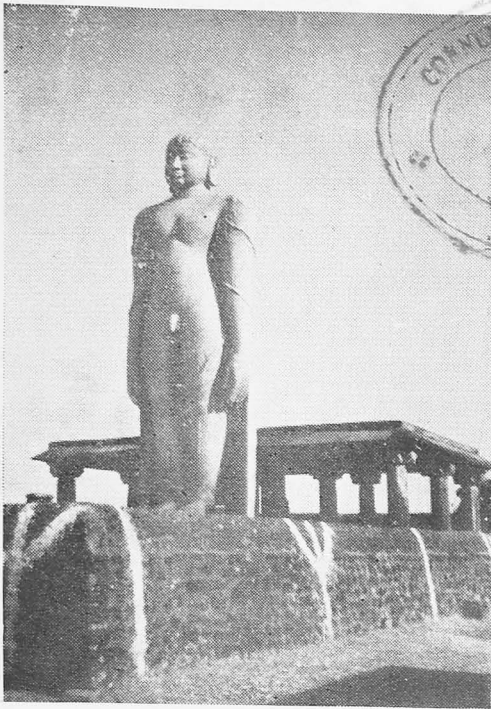
Sri Hurli Beema Rao unveiling portrait of Sri Muddana



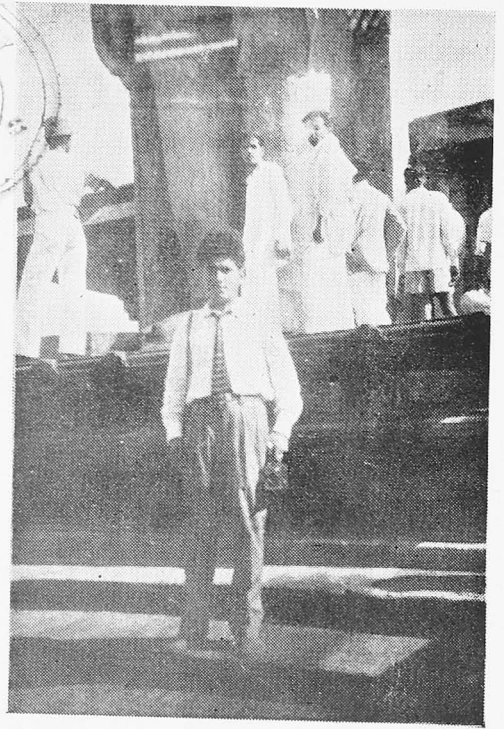
Sri Kadengodlu Shankar Bhat, President, speaking.



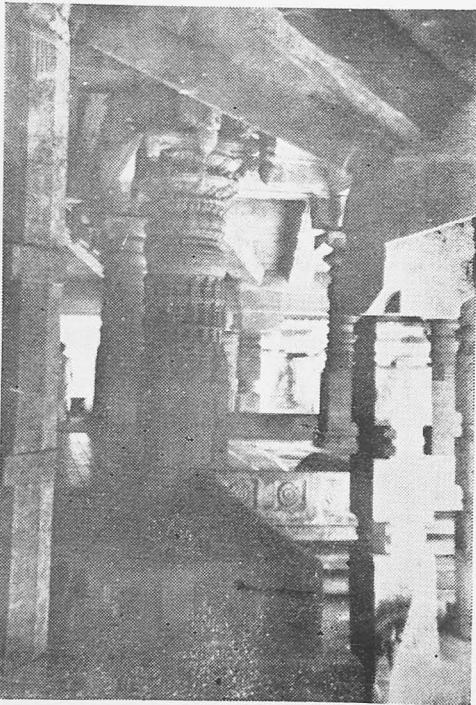
# KARKALA AND MOODBIDRI EXCURSIONS



The famous statue of Gomateswara-Karkala.



At Moodbidri Basti.



Some of the exquisitely carved pillars of the Jain Basti —Moodbidri.



A light incident on the way.

## Report of the College Associations, 1953-'54.

### College Union:

<i>Governor:</i>	Mr. H. Sunder Rao, M.A., Principal
<i>Deputy Governors:</i>	Mr. K. S. H. Bhat, M.A. & Mr. H. K. R. Murti, M.A.
<i>President:</i>	Mr. T. Ramamohan Hegde, III U. C.
<i>Secretaries:</i>	Mr. Raghuram N. Pai, II U. C. & Mr. Bhoja Shetty, K. II U. C.

14th August, 1953: Sri K. Suryanarayana Adiga, B.A., B.L., Chairman, Mangalore Municipality, inaugurated our College Union. He spoke on "Students' responsibility in a Democratic State". Mr. Hegde presided over the function and Mr. Raghuram N. Pai proposed the vote of thanks.

15th August, 1953: Independence Day celebrations: Dr. T. M. A. Pai presided over the function. Dr. U. S. R. Pai distributed the prizes to the competitors and a musical performance was also held. Mr. Bhoja Shetty proposed the vote of thanks. Mr. K. Padmanabha Pai hoisted the National Flag.

4th September, 1953: Mock-Parliament Session, with Mr. T. Ramamohan Hegde as Leader of the House; Mr. Raghuram N. Pai Deputy Leader of the House. Mr. M. L. T. Fernandez as Speaker of the House and Mr. Stanislaus D'Souza as Leader of the Opposition.

11th September, 1953: The Hon'ble Dr. M. V. Krishna Rao, Minister for Education, Govt. of Madras, visited our College. Mr. H. Sunder Rao, Principal, presided over the meeting. On behalf of the students Mr. Raghuram N. Pai presented a purse containing Rs. 151/- towards the Godavari Relief Fund to the Minister. Then the Minister addressed the Union. The subject of his speech was Indian culture. Mr. Hegde proposed the vote of thanks.

22nd October, 1953: An extra-ordinary meeting in connection with the visit of the Hon'ble Mr. C. Subramaniam, Minister for Finance and Education, Govt. of Madras, who talked at length on "The values of discipline". Mr. K. Padmanabha Pai presided over the function. Mr. Hegde proposed the vote of thanks.

## College Annual Report

24th October, 1953: U. N. O. Day celebrations: Mr. T. A. Pai, M.L.A., presided and spoke on "U. N. O. and its duty". Mr. K. S. Haridas Bhat, M.A., also spoke on "The ideals of U. N. O.", and Mr. Hegde proposed the vote of thanks.

17th November, 1953: Mr. M. Sommanna, M. P. from Coorg spoke to the members of the Union about Nehru's Leadership in India and the world. Mr. Hegde proposed the vote of thanks. Dr. U. S. R. Pai presided over the function.

24th November, 1953: The visit of Hon'ble Mr. K. Venkataswami Naidu, who in his address tried to bring home to the students the importance of religion. Mr. Raghuram N. Pai proposed the vote of thanks. Mr. T. A. Pai, M.L.A., presided over the function.

3rd December, 1953: Special condolence meeting on the passing away of Sir B. N. Rao, Judge of the International Court of Justice.

4th December, 1953: Debate on C. R.'s New Education Scheme.

11th December, 1953: An extra-ordinary meeting of the Union at which Mr. K. Nijalingappa, President of the K. P. C. C. and a member of A. I. C. C. spoke on "Communalism in India". Mr. Bhoja Shetty proposed the vote of thanks.

8th January, 1954: Mr. T. R. U. Pai, a leading business-man of Udipi, addressing the Union, narrated his experiences in the Far Eastern countries. Mr. H. Sunder Rao, presided over the function and Mr. Raghuram N. Pai proposed the vote of thanks.

26th January, 1954: Republic Day Celebrations: Flag Hoisting and Speech by Sri H. Sunder Rao, Principal, at 8-30 a. m.

5th February, 1954: College Union arranged a trip to Karkal and Moodabidri. The trip was a great success. Mr. V. Raghavendra Rao and Miss Therese Lewis were kind enough to accompany the students.

## Languages Association:

*President:* Mr. H. Sunder Rao, M.A., *Principal.*

*Vice-Presidents:* Mr. P. Narayana Iyengar, M.A., & Mr. M. K. G. Panikker, B. O. L.

*Secretaries:* Mr. Chakrapani Udupa, M. II U.C. & Mr. Raghunath Shetty, II U.C.

28—8—'53: Inauguration: Sri Kayyar Kinhanna Rai spoke on Grammar and Literature. Principal H. Sunder Rao presided. Dance by Vasanth Kumar & Party.

23—10—'53: Talks by students on "Student Life". Subjects: Our culture, the art of Drama, Works of Premchand, etc. Sri B. N. Achar presided.

19—11—'53: Sri Kota Shivarama Karanth. Sub: "Nature in Kannada Novels". Principal H. Sunder Rao presided.

### Literary festival.

3—12—'53: (1st Day Muddana Jayanthi) Unveiling the oil portrait of Muddana, donated by the students, 1953—1954 by Sri Huruli Bhima Rao of "Kanteerava", who spoke on Muddana's life and work. Sri Shanker Bhat Kadangodlu of "Rashtramatha" presided. Sri Thekkunje Gopalakrishna Bhat spoke on *Ramashwamedha*, *Kavya Vachana* by Sri S. K. Sripathi Acharya and Srinivas Rao, B.A., L.T., and Drama 'Bahadur Ganda' by the Players' Association.

4—12—'53: (2nd Day: Kalidasa Jayanthi) Sri Kowlagi Sheshacharya presided. Sri B. H. Shreedhara spoke on "Kalidasa and his works". *Kavya vachana*: by Sri M. Rajagopalachar. Drama: 'Nachiketa' by the Players' Association.

5—12—'53: (3rd Day) Principal H. Sunder Rao presided. Sri Kota Shivarama Karanth spoke on "Birth and Progress of Kannada Literature". Violin recital by Sri Manjunathayya & Party. Drama: "Nakme-dum" by Players' Association.

8—12—'53: Sri N. Kastoori, M.A., B.L., spoke on 'Kastoori Thilakam' Principal H. Sunder Rao presided.

22—1—'54: 'Harikatha Kalakshepam' by Sri Bhadragegi Keshava Pai.

29—1—'54: (Valedictory) Sri T. R. Subba Rao spoke on "Modernity in Literature.". Principal H. Sunder Rao presided.

## Economics & History Association:

*President:* Mr. H. Sunder Rao, M.A., Principal  
*Vice-President:* Mr. V. Raghavendra Rao, M.A., B.T.  
*Secretaries:* Mr. W. B. Alva, III U.C. & Mr. J. Fernandes, II U.C.

1. The Economics & History Association was inaugurated by Sri P. R. Nayak, M.A., I.C.S., Commissioner of the Bombay Corporation, on 20th August, 1953 who spoke on "The Economic Problems of India".

2. On 13—11 '53 Mr. Ramachandra Bhat, B.A., B.L., gave a thought-provoking lecture on "United Nations and World Peace".

3. On 23—11—'53 Mr. Henry Niles, Director of American Technical Co-operation delivered an address on "American Technical Co-operation".

4. On 23—11—'53 Mrs. Mary Cushing Niles spoke on "Women's responsibilities in America".

5. On 30—1—'54 Mr. K. Sadananda Hegde, M.P., delivered an interesting address on "India's Foreign Policy"

## Science Association:

*President:* Mr. H. Sunder Rao, M.A., Principal.  
*Vice-President:* Mr. U. L. Acharya, M.A., L.T.  
*Secretary:* Mr. Raghupathi Sharma, II U.C.

7—8—1953: Inaugural address by Capt. N. Mangesh Rao, M.B., C.M., F.R.C.S., D.L.O., Principal, Kasturba Medical College, on the contribution of Pure Sciences to Medicine.

30—10—1953: Dr. K. Mohandas Pai, B.Sc., M.B., B.S., spoke on Tuberculosis, the White Scourge.

10—11—1953: Dr. H. Venkatakrishna Udupa, M.A., M.Sc., Ph.D., spoke on Science & Technology in America. The Association organized a trip to Cannanore, Kanhangad and Mangalore.

## Players' Association:

*President:* Mr. H. Sunder Rao, M.A., Principal.  
*Vice-Presidents:* Mr. B. V. Achar, M.A., & Miss U. N. Shalini, M.A.  
*Secretaries:* Mr. Shivarama Bhat, K. II U.C. & Srimathi Vatsala, P., III U.C.

1. "KISA GOWTAMI"—Kannada Drama for the benefit show of the "Andhra Relief Fund".

2. "Seetha Svayamvara"—Harikatha programme by Keshava Pai, B, III U.C. on 12—8—1953.

# College Annual Report

3. “Bahadur Ganda”—Kannada Drama by the boy students on the occasion of “Muddana’s day”. 3rd December, 1953.
4. “Nachiketa”—Kannada drama by the students on the occasion of “Kalidasa Jayanthi”. 4th December, 1953.
5. “Naak-Me-Dum” Hindi Drama by the boy students on the occasion of “Sahithyothsava”. 5th December, 1953.
6. “Hana-Haddu”—Kannada play: 12—2—’54.
7. “A Modern Comedy of Errors”—English play by the Lady Students: 12—2—’54.
8. “Vardhanti”—Kannada play: 13—2—’54.
9. “Ankh-me-Dhul”—Hindi Play: 13—2—’54.

## Athletic Association Annual Report, for the year 1953-1954.

President:	Sri H. Sunder Rao, M.A., Principal.
Vice-President:	Mr. D. N. Somasunder, B.Sc., Dip. in Phy. Ed.
Secretaries:	Mr. Rama, K. II U.C. & Miss M. L. Kusuma, III U.C.

Our Athletic record, in various events, is in strange contrast to all our achievements during the past years. Though we participated in the various Madras University Inter-Collegiate tournaments of the Trichur Division and the local Municipal Gymkhana tournaments, there is nothing worthy to record. We beat none. Our boys, however, did well in the field and track events and won many laurels. Women students were more enterprising this year and won the Municipal Gymkhana Tennikoit Doubles. I am sure our boys and girls will set up better records in the future.

Regular practice in foot ball began early this year, under the captainship of Purushotham. The success in foot-ball is mainly due to our part-time students. They took keen interest in this game and practised regularly. To the regular team was added the enthusiastic and invaluable support of Sri Balakrishnan and our Physical Director. They were responsible for many of the thrills and excitements of the numerous matches. We played both in and out of our town. Special mention should be made of the friendly matches

played against the Kasturba Medical College, Manipal. Apart from these matches, our team played in the Inter-Collegiate tournament, held in Mangalore. The captain is thankful to the members of the team for the co-operation they gave.

This year we had a fairly good team in Cricket, captained by U. Damodar. The season began with a festival match against our sister institution, The Kasturba Medical College, Manipal, on 15th August, 1953 and ended with the Intra-mural finals in January. We played 15 matches out of which three matches were lost, three won and others ended in a draw. Another festival match was the one played by our Staff Team against the Staff of the Kasturba Medical College, Manipal.

Basket Ball and Volley Ball teams captained by Suryakantha Rao and D'Almeida Theodore, respectively, played two or three matches. The standard of the game was poor. Anyhow we can say with confidence that the players did their best.

### **Badminton and Tennikoit:**

Under the captainship of Vasantha Mohan our team roused considerable enthusiasm in many students for Badminton. The standard of the game was very good. Many students took part in the Annual Doubles and Singles tournaments. We were very unlucky in losing a chance to win in the Municipal Gymkhana tournament. The boys were much enthusiastic and energetic in playing Tennikoit. In this game Singles and Doubles tournaments were organised during the Independence Day and the College Sports Day. K. Narayana Shenoy, and T. A. Francis were the Captain and Vice-Captain respectively for the year.

Among indoor games, Table tennis attracted the attention of many students and members of the Staff. The standard of the game is fairly good. We had keen competition in the Annual Singles and Doubles tournaments. Prathapachander was the Captain.

The Tennis Club commenced functioning from the second week of November, 1953, with twelve regular members. At the very outset of the

season, Mr. H. Bhasker Bhat was nominated as the Secretary of the Club. Of the twelve members, five were from among the Staff. The regular practice we had, provided ample opportunity for the Staff and student members to get together on a closer and friendlier basis. In connection with the Sports Day, we conducted tournaments both in Singles and Doubles. N. C. Radhakrishna was the Captain.

Intra-mural matches were not popular among students. Boys did not evince keen interest in these matches. We could finish only Cricket, Volley Ball and Badminton tournaments. Annual tournaments in Badminton Doubles and Tennikoit Singles & Doubles, Table Tennis Singles & Doubles, Carrom Singles and Doubles and Tennis Singles and Doubles (men only) were organised both for men and women students and the members of the Staff.

Women students, under the Secretaryship of Miss M. L. Kusuma, formed four houses, Jasmine, Rose, Lotus and Lily and organized Intra-mural tournaments in Throw Ball and Net Ball. They took keen interest in Athletic events, Badminton, Tennikoit and Table tennis. In connection with the Sports Day tournaments, the following games were organised—Tennikoit Singles, Table Tennis Singles, Carrom Singles and doubles.

The Annual Athletic Sports Meet was held under the distinguished presidentship of Dr. K. P. Anandan, M.B., B.S., M.Sc., Kasturba Medical College, Manipal. Students created better records in the following events - High Jump, 1500 metres run and Long jump. The most interesting events for the day were Throwing the Ping Pong ball, Musical Chair and 1500 metres run. We express our deep gratitude and thanks to Dr. Anandan who readily accepted our invitation to preside over the closing ceremony of the field and track events and distribute the prizes. We are also thankful to M/s. Uberoi and M/s. Allied Sports House, Udipi for awarding prizes to the winners in various events. We also thank Mr. C. K. Kamath, B.Sc., of Waltair for presenting a Silver Medal to the best all-round sportsman of the year, Surya Kantha Rao. Our thanks are due to all those who were responsible for the success of this function.



# College Annual Report

## Sports & Games Results, 1953-1954.

Under the presidency of Dr. K. P. Anandan, M.B., B.S., M.Sc., the track and field events were held on 10—2—'54. K. Rama, Secretary of Athletic Association proposed a vote of thanks.

### Seniors (Men)

100 metres run	Damodar, U.	(I)
	M. Ballal	(II)
200 metres run	Damodar, U.	(I)
	M. Ballal	(II)
400 metres run	Damodar, U.	(I)
	Rama, K.	(II)
	Monappa Shetty	(III)
R. High Jump	D. J. Reginald	(I)
	Theodore	(II)
R. Long Jump	Damodar, U.	19'6½" (I)
	Theodore	(II)
Hop. Step & Jump	Theodore	36'5.3" (I)
	Damodar, U.	(II)
Slow Cycle Race	Abdul Rasheed	(I)
(Past students)	Janardhan Naik	(II)
4 × 400 m. relay	M. G. M. College	(I)
(open to all)	Ajjarkad Wanderers	(II)

### Juniors (Boys)

100 metres run	Vedavyasachar	(I)
	Sridhar Bangera	(II)
200 metres run	Vedavyasachar	(I)
	Sridhar Bangera	(II)
800 metres run	Jayasheela Shetty	(I)
	Vedavyasachar	(II)
R. Long Jump	Vedavyasa Achar	(I)
	Radhakrishna, M } D'Sa Cyprain }	(II)
R. High Jump	Thimmappa Shetty	(I)
	Radhakrishna, M.	(II)

### Ladies Events

100 metres walk	Miss Radhamma	(I)
	Miss Leelavathi	(II)
80 metres run	Miss Sabitha, M.	(I)
	Miss Joyce Fernandez	(II)

### Seniors (Men)

Pole Vault	Theodore	(I)
	Pratapchander	(II)
Shot Put	Theodore	(I)
	Rajeeva Shetty	(II)
Discus Throw	Rama, K	(I)
	G. Veera	(II)
4 × 200 metres relay	Blue House	(I)
	Brown House	(II)
	Red House	(III)
Hammer Throw	Ramanath Naik, P. J.	(I)
(for the Past & present students)	Chellappa Pillai	(II)
1500 metres run	Monappa Shetty	(I)
(Open to all)	Fisheries High School,	
	Malpe	(II)
	(Rama) Christian High School	(III)

### Juniors (Boys)

Cricket Ball Throw	Thimmappa Shetty	(I)
	Surendra Kamath	(II)
Shot Put: (12 lbs)	Radhakrishna, M	(I)
	Gundu Kamath	(II)
4 × 100 m. relay	Blue House	(I)
	Green House	(II)

### Sub-Juniors (Boys)

Three legged race	Seetharam Shetty	(I)
	Kalinga Hebbar	(II)
Cock fight	Prabhakar Shetty	(I)
	Narendranath Kamath	(II)
50 metres back-ward running	Narendranath Kamath	(I)
	Raghuram Hegde	(II)

### Ladies Events

Throwing the Ball	Miss Leelavathi	(I)
	Miss Prabhavati	(II)
200 metres run	Miss Joyce Fernandez	(I)
	Miss Sabitha, M.	(II)

# Fancy Dress Competition, College Day 1954.



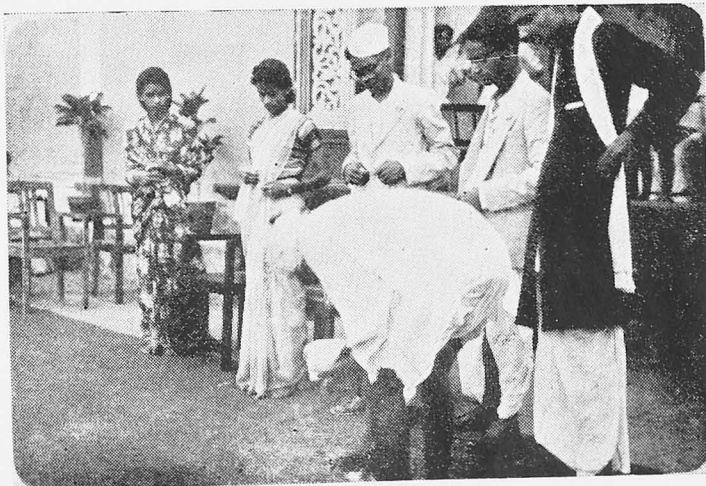
Devanna Bhat (right) I Prize  
& Amiruddin (left) II Prize as beggars



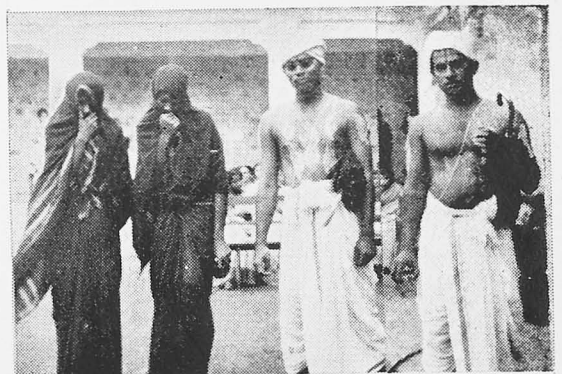
Appu, a beggar & Mohan, hawker



He sells hens.....



A typical marriage group.



A party of pilgrims.

# COLLEGE PLAYERS.



The cast of "Hana-Haddu", Kannada drama.



College girls in "A Modern Comedy of Errors."

# College Annual Report

## 4 × 50 metres shuttle Relay:

Jasmine House (I)

## Shot Put (12 lbs):

Miss Sanjivi (I)

Miss Savithri (II)

## Musical Chair: (Open event)

Miss Kusuma (I) Miss Prema (II)

Miss Rosaline (III)

## 4 × 50 metres relay:

Fisheries High School, Malpe (I)

(Capt. Rosaline)

M. G. M. College (II)

## STAFF EVENTS

### 100 m. Running Race:

Mr. V. Balakrishnan (I)

Mr. Ganesh Shenoy (II)

### Slow Cycle Race:

Mr. G. Ranganathan (I)

Mr. K. B. Ramakrishna Rao (II)

Mr. K. S. Haridas Bhat (III)

### Throwing the Ping Pong Ball into the Bucket:

Mr. S. V. Krishna Rao (I)

## PEONS

### One legged Race:

Sheshappa (I) Padmanabha (II)

Abdualla (III)

### Sack Race:

Sheshappa (I) Abdulla (II)

Padmanabha (III)

**Senior Individual Championship:** U Damodar.

**Junior Individual Championship:** Vedavyasachar.

**Team Championship (Athletics for boys)**

Blue House

**Individual Championship (Ladies)**

Miss Sabitha, M

**Team Championship for Ladies in**

**Athletics** Jasmine House

**Best Sportsman for the year**

Suryakantha Rao

## GAMES

**Intra-mural: Cricket Tournament:**

Blue House

„ **Volley Ball** „

Yellow House

**Intra-mural: Net Ball Tournament**

**for Ladies:** Jasmine House

**Intra-mural: Throw Ball Tournament**

**for Ladies:** Jasmine House

**Badminton Singles (Seniors) Men**

1. C. Vittaldas—Winner

2. Vasantha Mohan—Runner

**Badminton Doubles (Seniors) Men**

1. Vasantha Mohan & Ramananda Hegde—  
Winners

2. Sakharama Shetty & Narayana Shetty—  
Runners

## Badminton Singles (Juniors) Men

1. Ramananda Hegde—Winner
2. Narayana Shetty—Runner

## Table Tennis (Doubles) Men

1. Paul, P. I. & Venkatramana Bhat—Winners
2. Pratapchander & Raghuram Hegde—Runners

## Tennikoit (Doubles) Men

1. Narayana Shenoy & S. D'Souza—Winners
2. T. A. Francis & Raghuram Hegde—Runners

## Carrom Singles—Men

1. Chitrananda Pai
2. Gopalakrishna Achar

## Carrom Doubles—Men

1. Chitrananda Pai & Jayakrishna
2. Gopalakrishna Achar & Narayana Shenoi

## Table Tennis Singles—Ladies

- Miss M. L. Kusuma—Winner  
Miss K. Anasuya—Runner

## Table Tennis (Singles) Men

1. P. I. Paul—Winner
2. Pratapchander—Runner

## Tennikoit Singles Men

1. Narayana Shenoy—Winner
2. Vittaldas, C.—Runner

## Tennis Singles Men

1. Suryakantha Rao—Winner
2. Pratapchander—Runner

## Tennis Doubles Men

1. Sri K. Ganesh Shenoy & Sri K. S. Haridas Bhat—Winners
2. N. C. Jayakrishna & Pratapchander—Runners

## Tennikoit Singles—Ladies

- Miss U. Chandradati—Winner  
Miss D. Leelavathi—Runner

## Carrom Singles—Ladies

- Miss T. Parimala—Winner  
Mrs. Seethamm, K.—Runner.

## List of Winners in various competitions held in connection with the College Day.

### Film Songs

- P. Gopalakrishna Achar, II U.C.

### Music Competition

- Miss T. Tara Pai, II U.C. (I)  
P. Gopalakrishna Achar, II U.C. (II)

### English Elocution Competition

- Ramamohan Hegde, T. III U.C. (I)  
(Sri Kochikar Mudlagiri Prize awarded by Mrs. Girija Bai Kamath, W/o Sri M. Vittal Kamath, B.A., B.L.)  
Miss T. Parimala Devi, II U.C. (II)

### Hindi Elocution Competition

- K. Gopalakrishna A. Kamath, II U.C. (I)  
K. Ratnakara Bhakta, I U.C. (II)

### Kannada Elocution Competition

- B. Keshava Pai, III U.C. (I)  
K. Gopalakrishna A. Kamath, II U.C. (II)

### English Essay Competition

- Chandrashekar Rao, P. I U.C. (I)  
(Sri Manjunath Sona Kamath Prize awarded by Mrs. Girija Bai Kamath, W/o Sri M. Vittal Kamath, B.A., B.L.)  
Gopalakrishna A. Kamath, II U.C. (II)

### Kannada Essay Competition

- K. Gopalakrishna A. Kamath, II U.C. (I)  
Krishnananda Hegde, M. III U.C. (II)

### Hindi Essay Competition

- K. Gopalakrishna A. Kamath, II U.C. (I)  
Ameeruddin, M. III U.C. (II)

# College Annual Report

Sri H. Rama Rao Memorial Prize awarded by Sri H. Sunder Rao,  
Principal

Goverdhan Kamath, III U.C.  
(Best Student Prize)

Sri S. D. Srinivasan—Mathematics Prize  
Krishnamoorthi Rao, M. II U.C.

Sri Dejavar Swamier Sanskrit Prize

Sri K. Paramananda Rao, II U.C. (1952—'53)  
(In Sanskrit in the University Intermediate  
Examinations in this College)

Prize for the highest collections through donation tickets  
Srimathi Shambhavi, K. I U.C.

## Fancy Dress Competition Prizes

Sri K. Shivarama Bhat, II U.C. (I)

Sri M. Ameeruddin, III U.C. (II)

Bhoja Shetty & Party (III)  
(Marriage party)

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## Toast proposed on the College Day by Sri Dinesh Kudva, LL.B.

*Mr. President, my beloved professors, ladies and gentlemen,*

To have been a student of the Mahatma Gandhi Memorial College in the very year of its inception is a great privilege. Within a short time, to be called upon to propose the toast to my beloved *Alma-mater* is indeed a piece of good fortune, which I could not brush aside so lightly though the request came to me quite unexpectedly. The birth of this great institution enabled many students who would not otherwise have had the benefit of higher education to have it. Had it not been founded I dare say it would have altered the lives and destinies of many of us. Were this college a first grade College during my time, I wonder whether I would have ever taken to the profession of law! I should consider that those who came after us were luckier than we and I do hope when the College introduces several courses of instruction by and by, the future generation of young men and women will be luckier than the present ones. May that be so is my fervent prayer!

Though three years have elapsed since I left this College, those sweet and happy days still remain green in my memory. I recall to-day those happy days when we were studying in an Elementary School building. What a jolly life it was! Whenever I feel dejected I recall with pride and pleasure *this part of my life* and feel transported for some time to those days of care-free joy. As in other colleges, our professors did not stand aloof from us. They mingled with us in the College and outside advising us and giving us guidance whenever we required. With what parental affection they looked

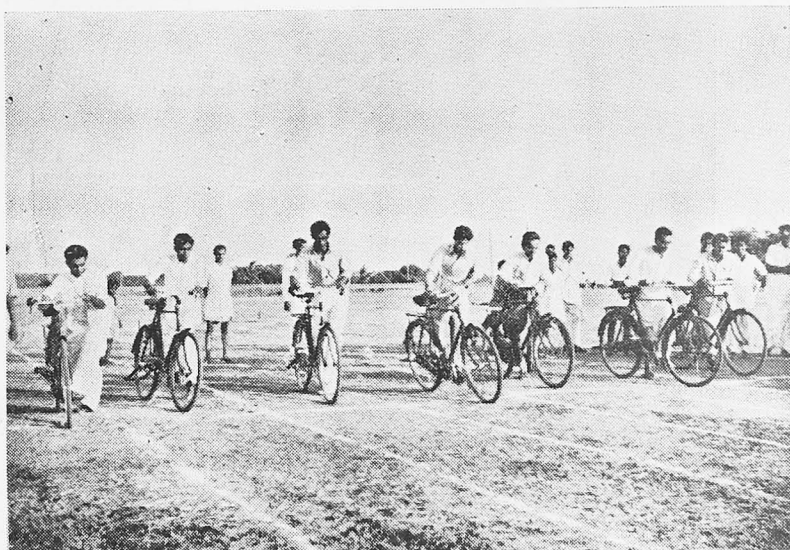
upon us. It is they who taught us the value of discipline. In short we felt we were members of a single, happy family.

Several of those professors are still in the College. Our beloved Principal, Mr. H. Sunder Rao, has endeared himself to many and still continues to be held in high esteem by the students. He has been able to maintain high reputation for the College and make the Mahatma Gandhi Memorial College the praise and envy of many other similar institutions. Even in public affairs his presence is sought for almost every function as he is well known as a very good speaker, with balanced views. The Hindi we were taught by Mr. Panikkar in his inimitable way will always be remembered by us. When we joined the College our standard of Hindi was so poor that it must have been very exasperating to him to correct our compositions and raise our standard sufficiently high to attain cent per cent pass in the University examination. When Mr. Narahari Rao taught us Commerce and Accountancy, we had the benefit of his practical experience. Miss Shalini taught us history making the subject lively and interesting. Her lectures were never boring. Our English Professor, Mr. K. Shivananda Kamath, our great hero,—has left the College. He is not only a born teacher but also a good friend. We cannot forget those beautiful articles written with a touch of liveliness and humour in the pages of our College Magazines by him under the pen name of *Chronicler*. Let me not forget our Logic professor, Mr. Ramakrishna Rao, who by his scholarly lectures, proved to be an invaluable guide to us. The beautiful drawings and striking portraits drawn by him with skill and artistic flair will always find their place in the College annuals. I have only spoken about those who taught me and I am happy that other professors like Messrs B. V. Achar, Haridas Bhat and Narayana Iyengar have also endeared themselves as competent lecturers and have contributed to the building-up of this College.

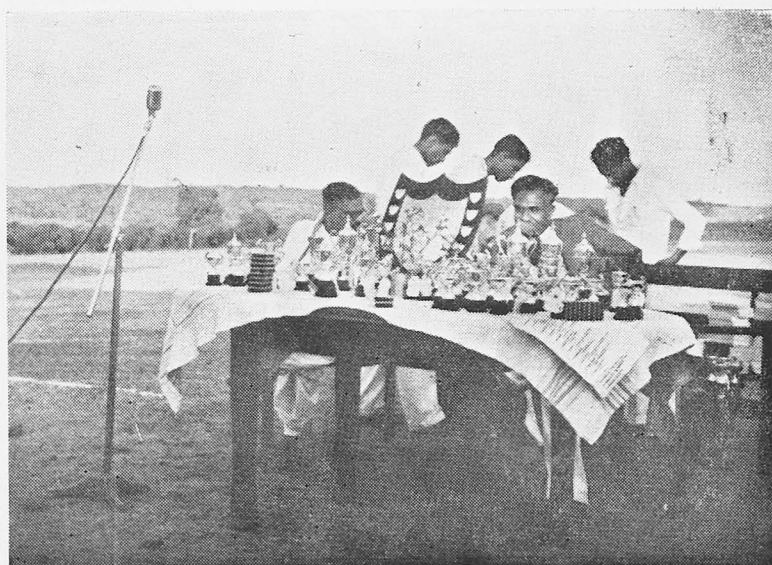
No doubt you are having as good professors to-day but I wonder whether you would have as much pioneering spirit as we had when we were studying in that elementary school building “the foster-mother of the M. G. M. College Spirit”. With what enthusiasm did we make an effort to collect



# ANNUAL SPORTS



The Staff-event.



*Dr. K. P. Anandan, President of the Day.*





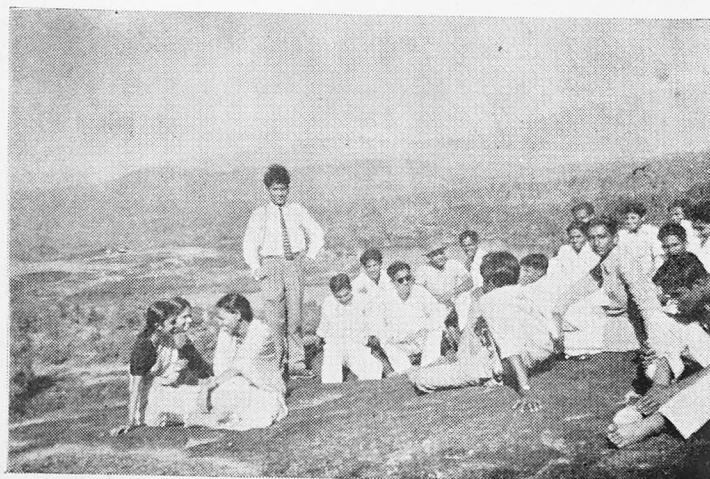
Under the Banyan tree.



Elephant Riders.



Prof. Rao leads.



Atop the Gomata Hill.

## College Annual Report

money for the College! Inspite of many disappointments, we did collect a substantial amount of money and what we hundred students could collect within one year, I was surprised to find, is far more than you four hundred could collect this year. The record that we, the first batch of students, created by getting the highest percentage of passes in the examination remains still a challenge to those who have followed us. I hope the present students of the College and those who come after them will love this College more than we and try to continue the healthy tradition that we attempted to build.

The year 1953-1954 will remain an important land-mark in the history of the College. This institution has been raised to a first grade College. thanks to the great efforts of the management which, inspite of the heavy burden of construction and maintenance of the College, has promised a further deposit of Rs. 2 lakhs with the University very soon. In this connection, I appeal to the authorities of the Madras University to liberalise their policy so that the management may be able to spend those huge endowments for the construction of students' hostels and professors' quarters.

Lastly, let me wish my brothers and sisters in the Senior class the best of luck in the coming University examination.

And now allow me to propose the College toast and wish the institution increasing and everlasting glory. The great tribute that can be paid to the father of the nation is by the students of this College turning out to be men and women of character, integrity and model citizens. May the Mahatma Gandhi Memorial College produce only such men and women of whom the country can be proud!

Thank you.



## The M. G. M. College Old Students' Association

This Association was started towards the end of 1953 with a view to promote fellow feeling among the old students of the College and the advancement of the interests of the College and its past students. The Association has begun its activities in right earnest and has already enrolled nearly 100 old students as members. The following office-bearers were elected to the first Managing Committee of the Association:—

Sri H. Sunder Rao, M.A.,  
Principal, M. G. M. College,  
*President (Ex-Officio).*

Sri B. Jayarama Hegde

Sri S. Sridhar Samanth

Sri A. Vittaldas Ballal

*Vice-Presidents*

Sri U. Ratnakara Pai  
*Secretary & Treasurer.*

Sri Amrithlal, J. K.  
*Jt. Secretary.*

Sri M. J. Hegde

Mrs. K. Rohini Puranik

Sri G. Narayana Maiyya

*Members.*



# Education, The Science of Human Regeneration \*

**E**DUCATION in the modern world has in the past concerned itself with the development of the superficial mind. Its achievements in releasing the powers of the intellect and harnessing them for the fulfilment of man's needs and desires have been impressive, even spectacular. But the intellect is only one of many layers of our consciousness and that too not the most important. There are deeper levels of our being about which we have comparatively little knowledge. Modern Psychology is only beginning to investigate the nature of the sub-conscious; we know comparatively little of the movements of this obscure portion of our mind.

The Psychology of education has so far been based upon the study of our surface mind. Education, therefore, has laid stress upon the development of the powers of that mind. As those powers are closely related to the fulfilment of our material and economic needs, education has mainly concerned itself with the problem of developing man's efficiency, capacity. Little attempt has been made by educators to deal with the sources of our life, our being.

This exclusive attention to the development of the intellect and its powers has been a real disaster. Education has ignored 'being' or be-ing. Its end is to make man powerful, efficient, but not happy, full in the outer life, rich in material comforts, at the cost of inner peace. It has made the tragic mistake of making thought, the intellect, a substitute for real living. The symbol, expression, has become all important. The content of words has been thrown almost completely into the background. We teach our boys language, how to speak and write correctly, but have ignored "meaning," that experience of life which seeks expression. This is the tragedy of education today. It has led to an inner disintegration of the life of the *Psyche*. The two world wars and the onslaught of scientific thought have destroyed the validity of the traditional values and the inhibitions that have restrained and controlled the wild, anti-social urges and impulses that are normally quiescent but occasionally burst out in the form of mass hysteria.

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\* By kind premission of the Speaker, Mr. B. Sanjeeva Rao, and the All India Radio.

## Education, The Science of Human Regeneration

Education must discover a cure for this Neurosis, individual and collective. It must find a new way of life, a new therapy of regeneration. Neurosis is the manifestation of frustration, the meaninglessness of life. Education must restore this loss of significance; it must awaken the intelligence of man, that will enable him to discover the meaning of his individual existence and therefore the real purpose of his social life. He must discover for himself the nature of his being; he must know himself. No two leaves of a tree are alike — likewise no two individuals. There is no living thing in the universe that has not its own secret law of growth. The seed of a tree which is carried by the breeze falls to the ground; it takes root, grows both up into the air, seeking the light that is its life, and deep down into the earth seeking the moisture that is food and drink to the roots. Who teaches the young plant the law of its being, we know not. We call it instinct. Man too has a dim intuition of what he really is — but it is so superimposed by his beliefs, by the social conditioning of his environment that man does not know himself. That is the tragedy of man today. All through the ages, he has been searching for the meaning of his individual existence. Curiosity, the desire for knowledge, the ceaseless pursuit of Truth, these are dim intimations of the Reality that is in the depths of his being. In his search for knowledge he looks at the stars, his mind seeks to penetrate into the mystery of their being. He wants to see more clearly, invents the telescope; he gazes into the most distant, gradually notices things nearer to himself. Physics, Chemistry, Geology, Geography tell him of the nature of the material world. Then he investigates the nature of living things, the animals, the creatures that live in the depths of the ocean, finally he begins to study his fellow human beings; and the end of all this knowledge is knowledge of himself, of his body in the first instance and his psyche, and in the end, the knowledge of his innermost being. It is strange that self-knowledge should be the last term of the long process of the pursuit of Truth.

What is self-knowledge? How do we know ourselves? To become aware of the physical features of our face, we need a mirror. To become aware of our psychological reactions we need the mirror of our relationships. The gaining of self-knowledge is a process of watching with scientific detachment

our own responses to the constant challenge of life. We see objects, we meet people, we read and contact the ideas of other people. The chemist watching the behaviour of his substance passes no judgement on their conduct. His observations are completely impersonal. That Hydrogen has a greater affinity to chlorine than to some other elements rouses no condemnation. If one could watch one's own responses to the behaviour of friends and relations with equal detachment, one gains self-knowledge. But this self-knowledge is terrifying in the extreme. There is one thing that we do not wish to know and that is ourselves. Man does not wish to live with himself, be aware of all the filth that works in the sub-conscious, all the evil passions, the hidden desires, the concealed resentments, frustrations, all that constitutes our lower nature. To escape from ourselves we invent innumerable devices, the radio, the cinema, the distractions of public life, religious excitements. We wish to forget ourselves in the work for great causes, great movements. But the self is there all the time. Forgetting the self is not the same thing as dissolving it. Science is objective, it is detached. When we become impersonal, scientific in watching our own reactions, we also become detached from self. Every time we are aware of our dishonesty, we are beginning to be honest. To know that one is dull is the awakening of intelligence. So the process of being aware is a liberating one. But such awareness is impossible without complete honesty. There must be no self-deception, no rationalisation of weakness, no self-justification. Equally, there must be no condemnation. Good and evil are the interpretations of the self in man. To the scientific observer there are only facts, and facts are impersonal, neither good nor bad. Such objectivity in self-observation demands great honesty and humility. Integrity and honesty that will not tolerate any form of self-deception, which demand a willingness to see oneself exactly as one is, naked, stripped of the mantle of respectability—they are the tools of our regeneration. What keeps us from the healing and cleansing power of the Eternal, of Reality, is the mental illusion of our respectable self. Complete honesty destroys the barrier of the self, and humility is the willingness to be nothing; it is self-abnegation.

Self-knowledge is therefore, both seeing and accepting of ourselves as we are. To be content with ourselves as we are is the beginning of wisdom.

## Education, The Science of Human Regeneration

Man is restless and unhappy because he wishes to be other than what he is. Self-knowledge reveals to us what we are, and what we have to do to be completely happy. Our universe is a vast net-work of relationships. Each one of us, from the mineral, the blade of grass, to Brahma himself, represents a pattern of living unique to every individual. To discover our particular pattern, our vocation, our *swadharma* is the discovery of the meaning of our individual existence. Then it is that we know what work is allotted to us, the doing of which makes us deeply, spontaneously happy. In such a life there is no ambitious restlessness. The little wayside flower is content to be itself, it has no desire to be a lotus. In that deep contentment, in that obedience to the law of its own being is its beauty, its perfection, the bliss of existence. Likewise the man, who has discovered the secret law of his being. No matter how mediocre he may be, by the acceptance of his mediocrity he makes himself the equal in stature to the highest in the land. It is non-acceptance of one's limitations that constitutes mediocrity. In the world of Nature there is no superiority, no inferiority; there is only perfection of being. Only in the world of man is there this attachment of status to function. The flower in the crannied wall is not inferior to the mighty banyan. Each is perfect in its own place. This is the essence of a real democracy, true equality. There is a happiness, the only real happiness which is not individual, which is indivisible, which belongs to everyone, which does not diminish by being shared. This is the only equality that exists in the world of Nature.

Self-knowledge brings us another great gift; with our growing insight into the nature of ourselves, we gain the power of looking into the heart of another and seeing the secret patterns that are being woven in the lives of others. It is insight, understanding, sensitivity, love, call it by what name we like. To enable another to see for himself the pattern of his living, the law of his own growth is to restore the integrity of his being. Like the health of the body, it is indivisible, it is the collective achievement of every little cell and organ.

We are unhappy because we are afraid of being ourselves. Our world is a world of sorrow; but we find peace and rest in the world of nature. The

birds, the trees, the little wayside flower that toils not nor spins, they are wiser than we, the striving humans who are ever restless in the pursuit of gain and pleasure, power and position.

Self-knowledge brings us peace, happiness, the wisdom and insight that enable us to look into the lives of others and restore meaning to them. It is obvious that the techniques of self-knowledge cannot be taught. Awareness is not a mechanical process. Love, wisdom, understanding cannot be a part of the curriculum; we can teach the Bible, but not the love of Christ; we can teach the Gita, but not the wisdom of the Supreme teacher of Yoga. But though it cannot be taught it can be communicated, not through speech, but through being. In education what we are is infinitely more important than what we say or do, than all planned teaching, all formal instruction. But there are methods of communication subtler, more effective than speech. It is the communication through being. Truth, Perception of Beauty, Love, all the values of the spirit can only be transmitted through what we are. Because we are one being, the realisation of truth, the gaining of spiritual realisation is not an individual achievement. It is the whole that is released through the part and this release or liberation is communicated to all. So religious education, or the teaching of self-knowledge is not and cannot be a separate subject of instruction. It is something more than knowledge. It is the light that transfigures, irradiates all knowledge. It is itself invisible, hidden, but invests the most trivial, the most insignificant, with the radiance of eternity.

I have dealt with this aspect of education at some length; let me recapitulate. The science of the self, the therapy of regeneration is essentially this self-knowledge. It is the discovery of how we can be simple and live happily; and when we discover that secret law of our being, the meaning of our lives flashes upon our mind. It is this alone that can restore wholeness, integrity, to our sundered broken psyche. The cure for Neurosis is the search for meaning, is the discovery of what we can do to eliminate the contradictions in our lives that have resulted in this mad rush for pleasure and excitement, the pursuit of wealth and power, international rivalries. It was also pointed out that this process of renewal is the main task of the educator, a task which



he can only perform by a rigorous study of himself. He has to know himself and to gain the wisdom for the right ordering of himself and the world.

Is it possible for the existing order of professional teachers to undertake this task? We are familiar with their difficulties, the economic struggle, the low pay, the crowded class rooms, the large schools, the chaos, the lawlessness. The chief difficulty, however, is the confusion in their own minds, the lack of faith in themselves and therefore in others—the disillusionment, cynicism, the absence of meaning and purpose. It is this feeling of despair in the heart of the educator himself that makes right education impossible. It is the rehabilitation of the teacher himself that is the first problem of education today. The teacher has to be re-educated, has to learn the process of healing himself. The initiative must come from the teaching profession itself. We are afraid of seeing the inner poverty of our lives. There is no inner richness, and when that is combined with outer poverty, life seems to us utterly hopeless. We resent being flattered by our rulers and told that our profession is the noblest in the world, because they know, as well as we do, that we are the despised and rejected of men. How can we make a beginning—for the entire future of India depends upon this beginning? The starting point is ourselves, we must cure ourselves before we can cure others. We must be completely with ourselves, diligently work at our own salvation. No one else can save us. Truth and Love alone can save us. That discovery can come to us when we realise that no external aids can help us. It is only when circumstances block the way to all help from the outside and man is really alone that help comes from the depths of our own being and releases us. This is not metaphysics but a fact of experience. We have not the courage to rely on the power within us. We want to escape from ourselves by futile resentments against what is happening to us. So the courageous attempt to see ourselves as we are is the beginning of this self knowledge. Life is driving us to this extremity. It is not merely the teacher that has to face this crisis. It is the problem of every one. By the power of Truth in ourselves, we must be free. By the power of Love that is in us we must transform ourselves and others, make all things new, or perish. There is no other alternative.

## Education, The Science of Human Regeneration

Is such an education possible? I must earnestly believe that it is not only possible but inevitable. The cry for the teachers that will save the world from inner and outer integration comes from the very depths of the human heart. The answer must come from the noblest spirits of the race who will achieve enlightenment and show us the way out of the darkness. They must co-operate, pool their wisdom, build small schools, the laboratories for the science of human regeneration. Is the Educational *Sanyasi* so very different in spirit from those who sought refuge in the jungle and the forest for the realisation of Truth? Thousands have sought the truth of the life of the spirit. I have a deep faith that such seekers of inner freedom will help in this great task of the regeneration of man, build up the schools, the laboratories where experiments in a new way of living may be carried on. It is on these teachers and these schools that our future will depend. Education in the future will be this science of regeneration, religion. It is the technique of integration. It was the *Adhyatma Vidya*, the Science of the Self in ancient India. It has to be re-discovered, renewed from age to age. For Truth is not the new, but the ever new. Education is the process of making all things new—religious in its most comprehensive sense.

— B. Sanjiva Rao, M.A. (Cantab.)

A soldier who returned to camp in a drunken state after a 24 hour pass was ordered to report to his captain. "There is no need for you to drink like this", the officer lectured. "If you could stay sober you might become a corporal. In fact, you might even become a Sergeant. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Captain", the soldier replied, "the fact is that when I get a few drops in me I feel like a colonel!"

# Editorial

THIS annual number of the College Magazine is sent out in the hope that its pages will give the reader some idea of the life and atmosphere of our College. We are now a First-Grade College, and naturally this has meant a widening of the scope of all our activities, not to speak of the increased responsibilities which are imposed on all of us, both students and teachers.

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To-day, educational institutions like ours are called on to make a positive contribution to democracy. But democracy, in spite of the cheap slogans which surround it, is, perhaps, the most difficult form of government. It demands not only an unusual degree of individual and collective discipline, but also qualities of head and heart which are not easy to acquire, at least by large masses of men and women on whom rests the power and responsibility which democracy implies. In this context, the ideal of liberal education acquires a profound significance. A great educationist has said that the qualities of an educated man is "decency"—in the sense of respect for other people; of taking no advantage; of never saying, "I must be comfortable, even though the other man is miserable". We recall Cardinal Newman's famous definition of a "gentleman", that a "gentleman" is one who never inflicts unnecessary pain upon another. I think that the fundamental attribute of the democratic temper and outlook is respect for what we call "the human personality". To-day democracy has fallen on evil days and on evil tongues. There is a famous sculptured column in Oslo, by Viggeland, depicting people climbing over one another and trampling one another down, and it is said that this was greatly admired by the Nazis when they occupied Norway.

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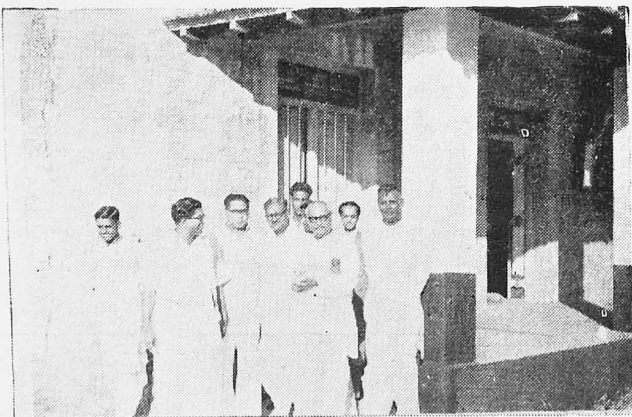
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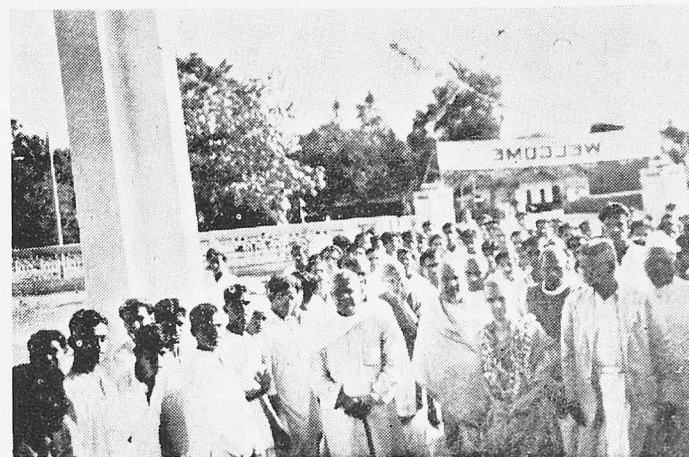
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India is making a tremendous experiment in democracy. The success or otherwise of this depends on our people, whether they will use their power rightly or exploit it in order to gain personal, communal or group advantages. Unfortunately, signs are not wanting to show that in many parts of the country, the forces of division are raising their ugly head to undo the noble work which our leaders have accomplished to give unity to this great country. The "agitational" temper still rules the day—rather than the desire to



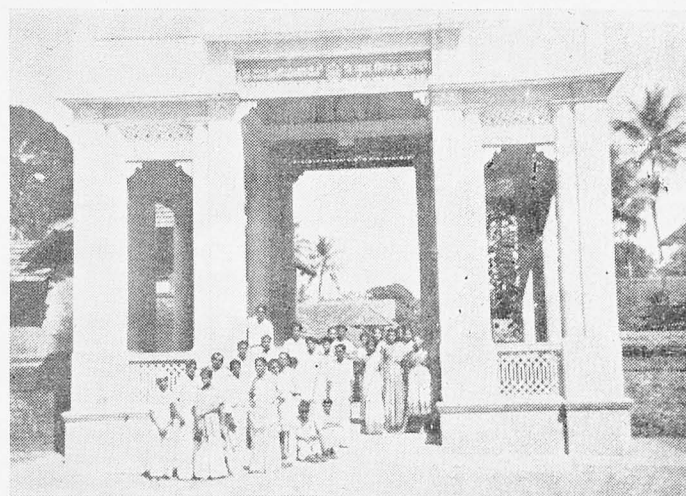
Sri K. Nijalingappa at the College.



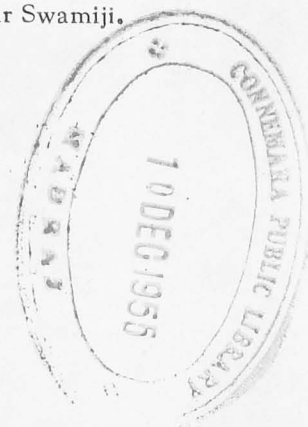
Welcome to H. H. Sri Pejavar Swamiji.

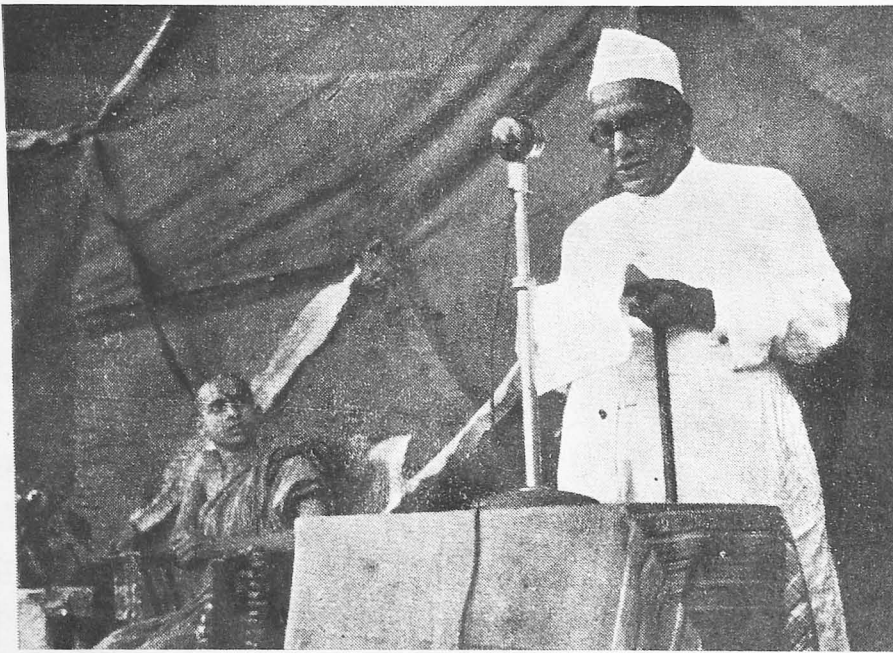


The Editor at his desk.



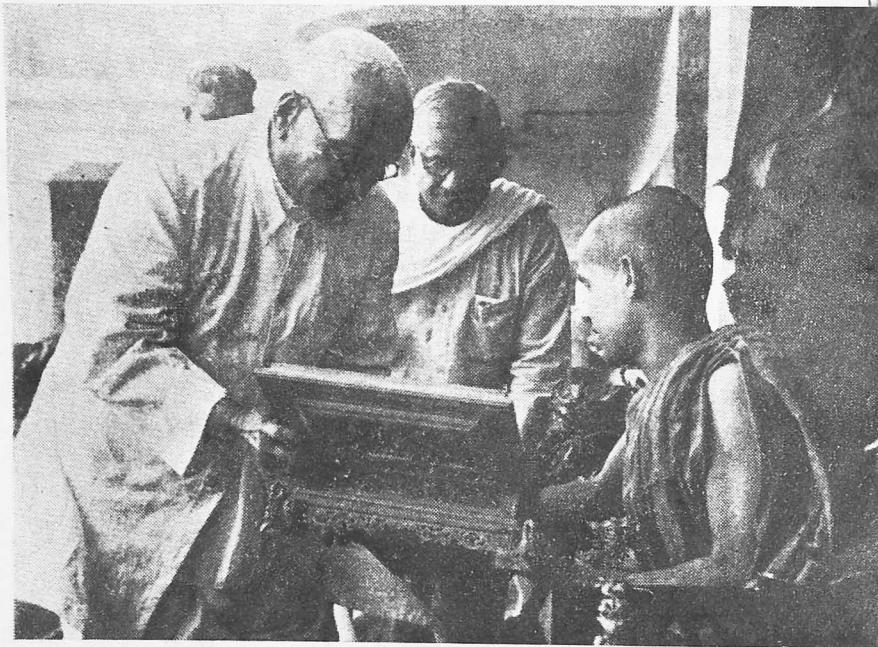
College Excursionists  
at the famous Basti-Moodabidri.



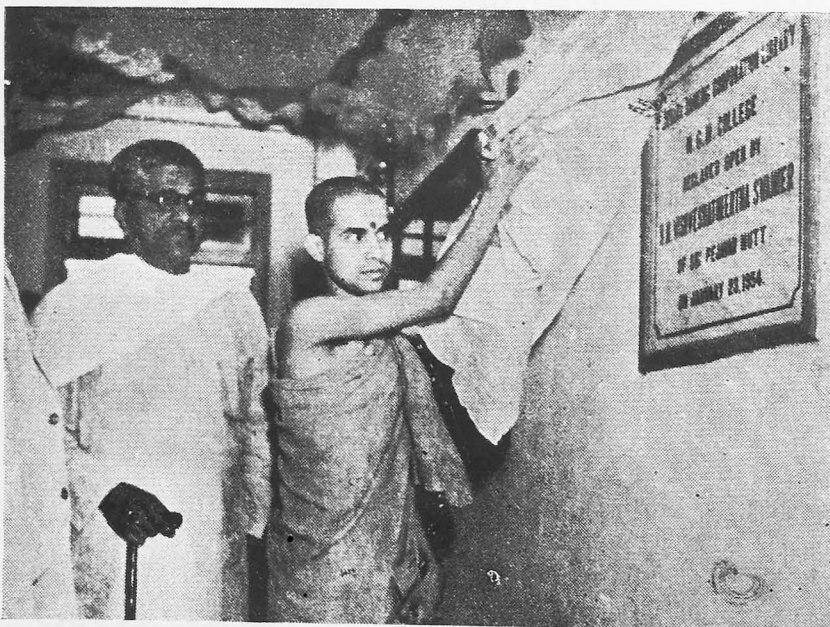


## Canara Banking Corporation Library — Inauguration.

Sri K. Padmanabha Pai,  
President of the Trust,  
speaking.



Sri K. Padmanabha Pai  
presents the Casket  
to the Swamiji.



H. H. Sri Pejavar Swamiji  
unveiling the tablet.

consolidate and unify the country. The most absurd "cause" is sanctified by the intensity with which it is advocated by self-styled leaders whose only merit is that they have persuaded considerable sections of the people to support their policies.

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Ultimately, therefore, the success of democracy depends upon right leadership, and it is the business of Colleges like ours to supply that leadership to the country. But this task cannot be accomplished unless the young men and women that educational institutions send out year after year are imbued with the highest ideals. The futility of mere intellectual and book-learning have been demonstrated again and again in the history of our race. J. B. Haldane, the great Scottish Scientist, once said that the people who can make a positive contribution to human welfare and progress are few—that most of us have to be engaged in the much more complicated and difficult task of merely opposing the "inroads of chaos"—for, as Will Durant says, when liberty exceeds moral bounds, it begets chaos. This at least must be the task which Colleges and Universities must increasingly shoulder in these difficult times—the task of building up the mental, moral and spiritual resistance of our youth, so that they may at least, stave off "the inroads of chaos" in the country and the world to-day, and keep the field clear for the beneficent and creative forces of life to work freely.

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This number of the College Annual, I hope, will provide considerable evidence to show that even though our institution is young, it has already built up certain healthy traditions. However, nowhere is self-complacence more dangerous than in an educational institution and even traditions if they get set and petrified, have a way of hampering creative expansion. The pages of this number will reveal the existence of much talent among the students and teachers of this College. The magazine will do its best to "exploit" this talent.

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Finally, I wish to thank the members of the Editorial Board for the splendid co-operation they have given me in bringing out this number. My



## Editorial

thanks are chiefly due to Mr. K. S. Haridasa Bhat, who has been my chief collaborator in this and to Mr. H. K. Ramachandramurti and Mr. B. N. Achar, for their able work in the editing of the “College Chronicle” and “Paraga” from which many of the articles published here are taken. Our advertisers deserve our gratitude for their co-operation, and I must also express our indebtedness to the Proprietors of the Modern Studio, Udipi, The Ideal Studio, Udipi, The Navayuga Press, Udipi, for their contribution to make this number attractive. Last, but not least, I must express my sense of appreciation of the fine work which the Manipal Power Press has done in printing this number.

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Year after year, many students pass out of our College with varying degrees of success. We congratulate them and heartily wish them further success and prosperity in life.

H. Sunder Rao, M.A.



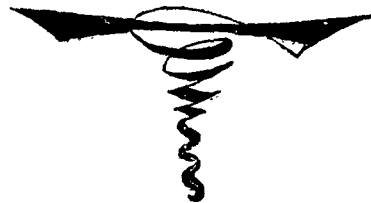
# Our Exchanges

1. 'Prasad', Veerasaiva College, Bellary
2. Salem College Annual, Salem
3. Lingaraj College Miscellany, Belgaum
4. Canara Brotherhood Journal, Bombay
5. Mash'el, Islamiah College Annual, Vaniyambadi
6. Govt. Brennen College Magazine, Tellicherry
7. Voorhees College Magazine, Vellore
8. Senthikumar Nadar College Magazine, Virudhunagar
9. Training College & School Miscellany, Mangalore
10. Sir C. R. Reddy College Magazine, Eluru
11. Dr. Alagappa Training College Journal, Karaikudi
12. P. S. G. Arts College Magazine, Coimbatore
13. New College Magazine, Madras
14. Carmela, the Annual of St. Agnes College, Mangalore
15. Queen Mary's College Magazine, Madras
16. Mahatma Gandhi College Magazine, Trivandrum
17. Dr. Alagappa College Magazine, Karaikudi
18. Besant Theosophical College Magazine, Madanapalle
19. The Presidencian, Madras
20. M. D. T. Hindu College Magazine, Tinnevely
21. Guruvayurappan College Miscellany, Kozhikode
22. Malabar Christian College Magazine, Kozhikode
23. Govt. College Chronicle, Chittur
24. St. Aloysius' College Annual, Mangalore
25. 'Balavani', Ganapathi High School, Mangalore
26. Ramanarain Ruia College Annual, Bombay
27. National College Magazine, Tiruchirapalli
28. Milagres High School Annual, Kallianpur
29. Govt. Arts College Magazine, Anantapur
30. Loyola College Magazine, Madras
31. St. Ann's School Magazine, Mangalore
32. Maharani's College Magazine, Jaipur
33. Pachaippa's College Magazine, Madras



## Our Exchanges

34. St. Thomas' College Magazine, Trichur
35. Madura College Magazine, Madura
36. Kasturba Medical College Magazine, Manipal
37. Venkateswara College Magazine, Tirupati
38. Govt. College Magazine, Mercara
39. Viveka, Vivekananda College, Madras
40. Providence College Magazine, Kozhikode
41. Balajyoti, People's High School Annual, Ankola
42. St. Aloysius' Annual, Ernakulam
43. St. Albert College Annual, Ernakulam
44. Madras Christian College Magazine, Tambaram
45. Kerala Varma College Magazine, Trichur
46. 'Madanapal', Theosophical High School, Madanapalli
47. Jawaharlal Free Night High School Magazine, Bombay
48. Govt. College Miscellany, Mangalore
49. Govt. Arts College Magazine, Coimbatore
50. Canara College Magazine, Kumta
51. Madras University Journal, Madras
52. Sri Narayana College Magazine, Quilon
53. Indian Literary Review, Bombay.
54. Kumbakonam College Magazine, Bombay
55. Maharaja's College Magazine, Ernakulam
56. Sanatana Dharma College Magazine, Alleppey
57. 'Vidyarthi', Bombay



# ಕವಿ ಮುದ್ದಣನ ಜೀವನ ಮತ್ತು ಕೃತಿಗಳು

ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯೋತ್ಸವದ ಸ್ಪರ್ಧೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಥಮ ಬಹುಮಾನ ಪಡೆದ ಲೇಖನ.

ಕನ್ನಡಿಗರಾದ ನಮ್ಮೊಡನೆ ಇತರ ಭಾಷಾಭಾಷಿಗಳು ನಿಮ್ಮ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ವೈಶಿಷ್ಟ್ಯಗಳೇನು, ನಿಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾರೆಲ್ಲಾ ಉತ್ತಮ ಕವಿಗಳಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಎಂದು ಪ್ರಶ್ನಿಸಿದೊಡನೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಚಿತ್ತಭಿತ್ತಿಯ ಮುಂದೆ ಮೊತ್ತಮೊದಲು ಸುಳಿಯುವ ಕವಿಯೇ 'ಮುದ್ದಣ'; ಕಾವ್ಯವೇ 'ರಾಮಾಶ್ವಮೇಧಂ'. ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ಇವನಿಗಿಂತ ಉತ್ತಮ ಕವಿಗಳೇ ಇಲ್ಲವೇ ಎನ್ನಬಹುದು. ನಮ್ಮ ಹಳೆಗನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಪಂಪ, ಪೊನ್ನ, ರನ್ನ, ಕುಮಾರವ್ಯಾಸರೇ ಮೊದಲಾದ ಉತ್ತಮ ಕವಿಗಳಿದ್ದಾರೆ; ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಇಂದಿನ ಹೊಸಗನ್ನಡಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಅನೇಕ ಉತ್ತಮ ಕವಿಗಳನ್ನು ಕಾಣಬಹುದು. ಆದರೆ ಇಂತಹ ಕವಿಗಳು ಹಿಂದೂ ಜನಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ, ಮುಂದೂ ಜನಿಸಿಯಾರು. ಇತರ ಭಾಷಾಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಇರಬಹುದು. ಆದರೆ ಮುದ್ದಣನಂತಹ ಮೇಧಾವಿ ಕವಿಗಳು ಬಹಳ ವಿರಳವೆಂದೇ ಹೇಳಬೇಕು. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಕ್ಷೇತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ತನ್ನ ನೂತನವಾದ ಮಾರ್ಗದಿಂದಾಗಿ ಈತನಿಗೆ ಕನ್ನಡಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಏಕೆ ಇಡೀ ಭಾರತೀಯ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಒಂದು ವಿಶಿಷ್ಟ ಸ್ಥಾನವಿದೆ ಎಂದು ಎದೆತಟ್ಟಿ ಹೇಳಬಹುದು. "ಈವಗೆಯ ನುಡಿಗಟ್ಟು ಮುಂತಿಲ್ಲ ಪಿಂತಿಲ್ಲ" ಎಂಬಂತೆ ಮುದ್ದಣನ ರಾಮಾಶ್ವಮೇಧದಂತಹ ಗ್ರಂಥವು ಮುಂಜಿಯೂ ರಚಿಸಲ್ಪಟ್ಟಿಲ್ಲ, ಇನ್ನು ಮುಂದೆಯೂ ರಚಿಸಲ್ಪಡಲಿಕ್ಕಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದಲೇ ರಾಮಾಶ್ವಮೇಧವು ಕನ್ನಡಾಂಚೆಯ ಕಿರೀಟದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಉಜ್ವಲ ರತ್ನವಾಗಿ ಶೋಭಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. 'ಮುದ್ದಣ' ಎಂಬ ಹೆಸರು ಕೇಳಿದೊಡನೆ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಸ್ನೇಹಿಯ ಹೃದಯ ಅಭಿಮಾನದಿಂದ ಉಕ್ಕಿಬರುತ್ತದೆ.

ಮುದ್ದಣನ ಆರ್ಥಿಕಸ್ಥಿತಿಯನ್ನೂ ಅವನು ಬೆಳೆದುಬಂದ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿಯನ್ನೂ ನೋಡಿದರೆ ಇವನು ಇಷ್ಟು ದೊಡ್ಡ ಕವಿಯಾದನೇ ಎಂಬ ಸಂದೇಹವುಂಟಾಗುವುದು ಸಹಜ. ಯಾವುದೊಂದು ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರ ಇಲ್ಲವೇ ಸಮಾಜವು ಪ್ರಭಾವಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದಾಗ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ತಕ್ಕಂತೆ ಶ್ರೇಷ್ಠರಾದ ಕವಿಗಳೂ, ಕಾವ್ಯಗಳೂ ಪ್ರಭವಿಸುವುದುಂಟು. ಆದರೆ ಯಾವ ತರದ ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿಯ ಪ್ರಭಾವವೂ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ, ಯಾವ ಬಗೆಯ ರಾಜಾಶ್ರಯವೂ ದೊರಕದೆ ಯಾವ ರೀತಿಯ ನಾಗರಿಕತೆಯೂ ಸೋಂಕದ ಈ ತುಳುನಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂಡಾ ಇಂತಹ ಒಬ್ಬ ವರಕವಿಯು ಜನಿಸಿ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಸೇವೆಗಾಗಿಯೇ ತನ್ನ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ಮೀಸಲಾಗಿಟ್ಟು, ಯಾವ ತರದ ಪ್ರತಿಫಲವನ್ನು ಬಯಸದೆ ಹೆಸರುಗಳಿಸ ಬೇಕೆಂಬ ವ್ಯಾಮೋಹವನ್ನು ತೊರೆದು 'ಸ್ವಾಂತಃ ಸುಖಾಯ' ಅರ್ಥಾತ್ ತನ್ನ ಆತ್ಮತೃಪ್ತಿಗಾಗಿಯೇ ಉತ್ತಮ ವಾದ ಕೃತಿರತ್ನಗಳ ನಿರ್ಮಾಣಮಾಡಿ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಮಾತೆಗೆ ಅರ್ಪಿಸಿ ಕಾವ್ಯಾನಂದದಿಂದ ಆತ್ಮಸಂಸ್ಕಾರವನ್ನು ಪಡೆದು ಅಮರನಾದನೆಂದರೆ ಅದೆಷ್ಟು ಸೋಜಿಗ! ಇಂತಹ ಮಹಾಕವಿಯ ಪರಿಚಯಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಅವನ ಗ್ರಂಥಗಳನ್ನು ಓದಿ ತಿಳಿಯುವುದು ಕನ್ನಡಿಗರಾದ ನಮ್ಮ ಕರ್ತವ್ಯವಲ್ಲವೇ?

ಮುದ್ದಣನು ಪುರಾತನ ಕವಿಯಲ್ಲ, ಆಧುನಿಕ ಕವಿ. ಇಂದು ಅವನು ಜೀವಿಸಿರುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ ಲ್ಲಾ ವರ್ಷದ ಮುದುಕನಾಗಿರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಅವನು ಜನ್ಮತಾಳಿದ್ದು ೧೮೭೦ನೇ ಇಸವಿ ಜನವರಿ ೨೪ನೆಯ ತಾರೀಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ. ಅವನ ಹೆಸರು ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮೀನಾರಾಯಣಪ್ಪ ಎಂದು; ಹುಟ್ಟೂರು ನಂದಳಿಕೆ. ತಂದೆಯ ಹೆಸರು ತಮ್ಮಯ್ಯ, ತಾಯಿ ಮಹಾಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿ. ಇವರು ದೇವಸ್ಥಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೂ ಕಟ್ಟಿಕೊಡುವ ಜಾತಿಯವರು. ಬಡಪರಿವಾರದಲ್ಲಿ ಜನ್ಮವತ್ತಿದ ಕಾರಣ ನಾರಾಯಣಪ್ಪನ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸವು ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ನಡೆಯಲಿಲ್ಲ. ತನ್ನ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಕ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸವನ್ನು ಮುಗಿಸಿ ಟ್ರೈನಿಂಗ್ ಪಡೆದು ಬಂದರೂ ಇಂಗ್ಲಿಷ್ ಬಾರದಕಾರಣ ಉದ್ಯೋಗ ದೊರೆಯಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಸುದೈವವಶಾತ್ ಇವನ ಶರೀರವು ಗಟ್ಟಿ

## ಕವಿ ಮುದ್ದಣನ ಜೀವನ ಮತ್ತು ಕೃತಿಗಳು

ಮುಟ್ಟಾಗಿದ್ದುದರಿಂದ ಮದ್ರಾಸಿಗೆ ಹೋಗಿ ವ್ಯಾಯಾಮದ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣ ಮುಗಿಸಿ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಿದೊಡನೆ ಉಡುಪಿ ಬೋರ್ಡ್ ಮಿಡಲ್ ಶಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಶಿಕ್ಷಕನಾಗಿ ತಿಂಗಳೊಂದರ ೧೦ ರೂಪಾಯಿ ಸಂಬಳದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಂಗಸಾಧನೆಯ ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಾಯನಾದನು.

ಆ ದಿನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ದಕ್ಷಿಣಕನ್ನಡ ಜಿಲ್ಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನದ ಪ್ರಚಾರವು ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿತ್ತು. ನಾಟಕ ಮತ್ತು ಸಿನೆಮಾದ ಗಾಳಿ ಅಷ್ಟೊಂದು ಬೀಸಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯಜನರಿಗೆ ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನದಿಂದಲೇ ಮನರಂಜನೆಯಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಯಮಕ, ಅನುಪ್ರಾಸಾದಿ ಅಲಂಕಾರಗಳಿಂದ ತುಂಬಿದ ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನದ ಕವಿತೆಯು ಕವಿಹೃದಯಿಯಾದ ನಾರಾಯಣಪ್ಪನನ್ನು ಮುಗ್ಧಗೊಳಿಸಿತು. ಶಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅಥವಾ ಹೊರಗೆ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನ ಕೂಟಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾಗವಹಿಸತೊಡಗಿದಂದಿನಿಂದ ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನವು ಮುದ್ದಣನ ಜೀವನದೊಡನೆ ಬೆರೆತುಕೊಂಡಿತು.

ಉಡುಪಿಯ ಶಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಬಳ ಕಡಿಮೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿದರೂ ಕವಿಗೆ ಬೇರೊಂದು ಲಾಭವಾಯಿತು. ಅದೇ ಶಾಲೆಯ ಅಧ್ಯಾಪಕರೂ ವಿದ್ವಾಂಸರೂ ಆಗಿದ್ದ ಮಳಲಿ ಸುಬ್ಬರಾಯರ ಪರಿಚಯವಾಯಿತು. ಇವರಿಂದ ಸಲಹೆಗಳನ್ನು ಪಡೆದು ನಾರಾಯಣಪ್ಪನು ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತ ರತ್ನಾವಳಿಯ ಆಧಾರದ ಮೇಲೆ “ರತ್ನಾವಳಿ ಕಲ್ಯಾಣ” ಎಂಬ ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನವನ್ನು ರಚಿಸಿದನು. ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ “ವಿದ್ಯಾನಿಧಿಗಳೆನಿಸುವ ಸುಬ್ಬರಾಯರ ಪದಸಹಾಯದಿ ಬರೆದ ಗುರುವೆಂಬುದನು ಬಗೆದು” ಹಾಗೂ “ಮೂಜಗವ ಸಲಹಿದ ಉಡುಪಿಯಗಣಿತಾನಂದ ಶ್ರೀಕೃಷ್ಣ ದೊರೆಗೆ” ಎಂದು ಮುಂತಾಗಿ ಬರೆದುದರಿಂದ ಈ ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನವನ್ನು ಈತ ಉಡುಪಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬರೆದನೆಂದೂ ಸುಬ್ಬರಾಯರನ್ನು ಗುರುವೆಂದು ಭಾವಿಸಿದ್ದನೆಂದೂ ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಶಿಕ್ಷಿತಜನರ ವಾತಾವರಣದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದುದರಿಂದ ಕವಿಗೆ ತನ್ನ ಜ್ಞಾನವನ್ನು ವೃದ್ಧಿ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಸಂದರ್ಭ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿತು. ಅನೇಕ ಕನ್ನಡಕಾವ್ಯಗಳನ್ನೊದಿ ಕಿತ್ತೆಲರ (Kittel's) ನಿಘಂಟನ್ನು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಅಭ್ಯಾಸಮಾಡಿದುದರ ಫಲವಾಗಿ ಸಾವಿರಾರು ಕನ್ನಡ ಶಬ್ದಗಳು ಆತನ ನಾಲಿಗೆಯ ತುದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಂತುಬಿಟ್ಟವು. ಇಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಆತನು ಸ್ವಾಂಧಪುರಾಣದ ಒಂದು ಕಥಾಭಾಗವನ್ನು ಆರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು “ಕುಮಾರ ವಿಜಯ” ಎಂಬ ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನವನ್ನೂ ರಚಿಸಿಯಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂಡಾ ನಾವು “ವಿಧುಪುರಾಧಿಪ ಚಂದ್ರಮಾಲೆಯ ಪದವನೆನಿದಿದ ರಚಿಸಿದನು” ಮತ್ತು “ಗಭೀರ ಗುರುವೆನಿಸಿರ್ಪ ಮಳಲಿ ಸುಬ್ಬರಾಯರಿಗರ್ಪಿಸಿದನು” ಎಂಬ ವಾಕ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ಕಾಣುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಹೀಗಾಗಿ ಇದನ್ನು ಕೂಡಾ ಉಡುಪಿಯಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಬರೆದು ತನ್ನ ಗುರುವಿಗೆ ಅರ್ಪಿಸಿದನು ಎಂಬುದು ಸ್ವತಃಸಿದ್ಧ. ಈ ಎರಡು ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನ ಕಾವ್ಯಗಳು ಇಂದೂ ಯುಕ್ತಗಾನ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧವಾಗಿವೆ. ಈ ಮಧ್ಯೆ ಮಳಲಿ ಸುಬ್ಬರಾಯರಿಗೆ ಕುಂದಾಪುರಕ್ಕೆ ವರ್ಗವಾಗಲು ನಾರಾಯಣಪ್ಪನು ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಕೂಡಾ ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ವರ್ಗಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡನು. ಈ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗಾಗಲೇ ಅವನು ತನ್ನ “ಅದ್ಭುತ ರಾಮಾಯಣ”ವನ್ನು ಹಳೆಗನ್ನಡದಲ್ಲಿ ಬರೆಯತೊಡಗಿಯಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತ ಪದ್ಮಪುರಾಣದೊಳಗಿನ ಕಥೆಯನ್ನು ಪ್ರತಿರಾತ್ರಿ ಮಳಲಿ ಸುಬ್ಬರಾಯರಿಂದ ಓದಿಸಿ ಅರ್ಥಕೇಳಿಕೊಂಡು ತಾನು ಕೇಳಿದ ಕಥಾಭಾಗವನ್ನು ಬರೆದಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು ಅದನ್ನು ವಾರ್ಧಿಕ ಷಟ್ಪದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬರೆಯತೊಡಗಿದನು. ಈ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಕವಿಗೆ ಕಾವ್ಯಪ್ರಿಯರೂ ಮೇಧಾವಿಗಳೂ ಆದ ವೆಂಕಟಮಣ ಹೆಬ್ಬಾರರ ಪರಿಚಯವಾಯಿತು. ಆದರೆ “ಜೈಮಿನಿ ಭಾರತ”ದಂತಹ ಪ್ರೌಢಶೈಲಿಯಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಮನನಾಟಿದ್ದ ಹೆಬ್ಬಾರರಿಗೆ ನಾರಾಯಣಪ್ಪ ಬರೆಯತೊಡಗಿದ್ದ ರಾಮಾಶ್ವಮೇಧದ ಪದ್ಯಗಳು ರುಚಿಸದೆ ಗದ್ಯದಲ್ಲೇಕೆ ಬರೆಯಬಾರದು ಎಂದು ಸಲಹೆಯನ್ನಿತ್ತರು.

ಕವಿಯು “ಅದ್ಭುತ ರಾಮಾಯಣ”ವನ್ನು ಬರೆದು ಮುಗಿಸುವ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಮೈಸೂರಿನಲ್ಲಿ “ಕರ್ನಾಟಕ ಕಾವ್ಯಮಂಜರಿ” ಎಂಬ ಮಾಸಪತ್ರಿಕೆ ಹೊರಡಲು ತನ್ನ ಹೆಸರನ್ನು ಹೇಳಿದರೆ ಯಾರೂ ತನ್ನ ಗ್ರಂಥಗಳನ್ನು

## ಕವಿ ಮುದ್ದಣನ ಜೀವನ ಮತ್ತು ಕೃತಿಗಳು

ಪ್ರಕಟಿಸಲಿಕ್ಕಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ಬಗೆದು ಆ ಗದ್ಯಕಾವ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ “ತಿರುಳ್ಗನ್ನಡಿಗರಡಿದಾವರೆಯ ಬಂಡುಣಿಗಳವ್ವ ಕನ್ನಡ ಕಬ್ಬಿಗರ ಮನೆಯೊಳಿಗದವನೋರ್ವಂ ಕನ್ನಡಿಗಂ ಪೇಳ್ವ ಅದ್ಭುತ ರಾಮಾಯಣಂ” ಎಂದು ಬರೆದು ಇದನ್ನು ನಾನು ಹಳೆಯ ಹಸ್ತಪ್ರತಿಗಳಿಂದ ಸಂಗ್ರಹಿಸಿದೆನೆಂದು ಹೇಳಿಕಳುಹಿಸಿದನು. ಕಾವ್ಯಮಂಜರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇದು ಪ್ರಕಟವಾಯಿತು. ತರುವಾಯ ರಾಮಪಟ್ಟಾಭಿಷೇಕವೆಂಬ ಕಾವ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕೂಡಾ “ಚಾವಡಿ ರಂಗಭಟ್ಟನಾತ್ಮಜೆ ಮಹಾಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿ ಕನ್ನಡಿತಿ ಚಿಂಗಳದೇವಿ ಪೇಳೆಂದು ಪೇಳೆ ನೆರೆ ಪೇಳ್ವಳೇ ಸತ್ಯತಿಯನು” ಎಂದು ತನ್ನ ತಾಯಿಯ ಅಂಕಿತದಿಂದ ಇದನ್ನೂ ‘ಕಾವ್ಯಮಂಜರಿ’ಗೆ ಕಳುಹಿಸಿದನು. ಅನಂತರ ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮೀನಾರಾಯಣಪ್ಪನವರು, ಗದ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ರಚಿಸಬಾರದೇಕೆಂದು ಹೇಳಿದ ಹೆಬ್ಬಾರರ ಸಲಹೆಯಂತೆ ‘ರಾಮಾಶ್ವಮೇಧ’ವೆಂಬ ಅಖಿಲಕರ್ನಾಟಕವಿಖ್ಯಾತ ಗ್ರಂಥವನ್ನು ರಚಿಸಿದನು. ‘ಮುದ್ದಣ’ ಎಂಬ ಕಾವ್ಯನಾಮದಿಂದ ಅದು ‘ಕಾವ್ಯಕಲಾನಿಧಿ’ ಗ್ರಂಥಮಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಕಟವಾಯಿತು. ಆದರೆ ಈ ಗ್ರಂಥವನ್ನು ಮುಗಿಸುವುದರೊಳಗೆ ಅವನು ಕ್ಷಯರೋಗಕ್ಕೆ ತುತ್ತಾದನು. ಹೀಗಾಗಿ ಅದರ ಕೊನೆಯ ಭಾಗವನ್ನು ಸಂಕ್ಷೇಪವಾಗಿ ಮುಗಿಸಬೇಕಾಯಿತು. ಕೆಲವುಕಾಲ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಹಿಡಿದಿದ್ದ ಕೊನೆಗೆ 1901ನೇ ಇಸವಿ ಫೆಬ್ರವರಿ 15ರಲ್ಲಿ ತನ್ನ ನಶ್ವರದೇಹವನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಯಶಃಶರೀರಿಯಾದನು. ‘ಕನ್ನಡ ಕಾವ್ಯಾಕಾಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಎದ್ದು ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ತರುಣ ಭಾಸ್ಕರನು ಹೊತ್ತು ನೆತ್ತಿಗೆ ಬರುವಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ರಾಹುಗ್ರಸ್ತನಾದನು. ನಭಸ್ಥಲದ ಭಾಸ್ಕರನಿಗೆ ಪುನಃ ನೋವುವಿದೆ, ಅದರೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಭಾಸ್ಕರನಿಗಿಲ್ಲ’.

ಮುದ್ದಣ ಮತ್ತೂ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪಕಾಲ ಜೀವಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ ನಾಡನುಡಿಗೆಷ್ಟೋ ಸೇವೆಗೈಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಹಳೆಗನ್ನಡಕ್ಕೆ ಒಂದು ಸೂತ್ರಾತ್ಮಕ ವ್ಯಾಕರಣವನ್ನೂ ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷಿನಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಸೈಕ್ಲೋಪಿಡಿಯಾದ ಮಾದರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕನ್ನಡದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಒಂದು ಬೃಹತ್‌ಕೋಶವನ್ನು ತಯಾರಿಸಬೇಕೆಂದೂ ಆತ ನಿಶ್ಚಯಿಸಿದ್ದ. ಆದರೆ ಕನ್ನಡಿಗರಾದ ನಮ್ಮ ದುದೈವ! ಅರೆಬಿರಿದ ಈ ಕವಿಕುಸುಮ ಅರಳಿ ಪರಿಮಳ ಬೀರುವ ಮೊದಲೇ ಬಾಡಿಹೋಯಿತು. ಕರಾಳ ಕಾಲನು ಎಷ್ಟು ನಿರ್ದಯಿ!

‘ಅದ್ಭುತ ರಾಮಾಯಣ’ದ ಕಥಾವಸ್ತುವು ಹೆಸರಿಗೆ ತಕ್ಕಂತೆ ಅದ್ಭುತವಾಗಿದೆ. ಸಾಧ್ವಿಯಾದ ಸೀತೆ ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ಮಹಾಕಾಳಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದಾಳೆ. ಈ ಕಥಾವಸ್ತುವನ್ನು ಚಿತ್ರಿಸುವಾಗ ತನ್ನ ಮೋಹಕವಾದ ಶೈಲಿ, ಸುಂದರವಾದ ಶಬ್ದಯೋಜನೆ ಮತ್ತು ಹೃದಯಸ್ಪರ್ಶಿಯಾದ ಅಲಂಕಾರಗಳ ಪ್ರಯೋಗದಿಂದ ಕವಿಯು ತನ್ನ ಕೃತಿಯನ್ನು ರಸಮಯವಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಕಥೆಯನ್ನು ಹೇಳುವ ರೀತಿಯೂ ಕುತೂಹಲವರ್ಧಕವಾಗಿದೆ.

ಮುದ್ದಣನ ಎರಡನೇ ಗ್ರಂಥವೇ ‘ರಾಮಪಟ್ಟಾಭಿಷೇಕ’. ಇದರ ಕಥಾವಸ್ತುವು ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಉದಾತ್ತ, ಕಾವ್ಯಾತ್ಮಕ ಮತ್ತು ಮನೋಹರವಾಗಿದೆ. ಹದಿನಾಲ್ಕು ವರ್ಷ ಕಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಶ್ರೀರಾಮಚಂದ್ರ, ಸೀತೆ ಮತ್ತು ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಣರ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಅವರ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಆನಂದವನ್ನೇನು ಹೇಳಲಿ! ಅಂತೆಯೇ ಅವರ ಬರುವಿಕೆಯ ದಾರಿಕಾಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದವರ ಚಿತ್ತಸ್ಥಿತಿಯನ್ನು ವರ್ಣಿಸುವುದೆಂತು! ಎಲ್ಲರ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳಿಂದಲೂ ಆನಂದ ಬಾಷ್ಪಗಳು ಹೊರಸೂಸುತ್ತಿವೆ. ಮರುದಿನ ಸಂಭ್ರಮದೊಡನೆ ಪಟ್ಟಾಭಿಷೇಕವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ಚಿಕ್ಕ ಕಥೆಯನ್ನು ಕವಿಯು ಚಮತ್ಕಾರದಿಂದ ವರ್ಣಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಅನುಪ್ರಾಸ, ಯಮಕ, ಉಪಮಾ ಮೊದಲಾದ ಅಲಂಕಾರಗಳ ಪ್ರಯೋಗದಿಂದ ಕವಿತ್ವದ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ವರ್ಣನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವಾಭಾವಿಕತೆ, ಸರಳತೆ ಮತ್ತು ಮಾಧುರ್ಯವಿದೆ. ಅಲ್ಲಲ್ಲಿ ಕವಿಯ ಅಗಾಧ ಪಾಂಡಿತ್ಯ ಗೋಚರವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಸಮುದ್ರ ವರ್ಣನೆ, ಭರತ ರಾಮ ಮಿಲನ ವರ್ಣನೆ, ಕೌಸಲ್ಯಾರಾಮರ ಭೇಟಿಯ ವರ್ಣನೆ, ಸತಿಯೊಡನೆ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಿಬರುವಾಗ ತಾವು ಹಿಂದೆ ತಂಗಿದ್ದ ಸ್ಥಳಗಳನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸಿ ರಾಮನು ಮಾಡುವ ಬಣ್ಣನೆ, ಇವು ಎಂತಹ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನೂ ಆಕರ್ಷಿಸದೆ

ಬಿಡದು. ಈ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಸುಂದರ ಸನ್ನಿವೇಶಗಳ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿ ಕವಿಯ ಸ್ವಂತ ಕಲ್ಪನೆಯ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಗೆ ಸಾಕ್ಷಿಯಾಗಿದೆ ಇನ್ನೊಂದೆಡೆ ಪದ್ಯಗಳಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿದ ಈ ರಾಮಪಟ್ಟಾಭಿಷೇಕದ ನಾಂದಿ ಸಂಧಿಯಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಒಂಭತ್ತು ಪದ್ಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿನ ಪ್ರತಿಪದ್ಯದ ಮೊದಲನೇ ಅಕ್ಷರವನ್ನು ಕ್ರಮವಾಗಿ ಜೋಡಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಹೋದರೆ “ಶ್ರೀರಾಮಚಂದ್ರಾಯ ನಮಾಮಿ” ಎಂದಾಗುವುದು ಇದರ ಒಂದು ವೈಶಿಷ್ಟ್ಯ.

ರಾಮಾಶ್ವಮೇಧವು ಮುದ್ದಣನ ಸರ್ವಶ್ರೇಷ್ಠ ಗ್ರಂಥವಾಗಿದೆ. ಕವಿಯ ನೆನಪನ್ನು ಸ್ಥಿರಗೊಳಿಸಲು ಇದೊಂದೇ ಸಾಕು. ಹೇಗೆ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನು ‘ಶಾಕುಂತಲ’ವನ್ನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಬರೆದಿದ್ದರೂ ವಿಶ್ವವಿಖ್ಯಾತನಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದನೋ ಅದೇ ರೀತಿ ಮುದ್ದಣನು ರಾಮಾಶ್ವಮೇಧವನ್ನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಬರೆದಿದ್ದರೂ ಇಂದು ಅವನಿಗೆ ಸಿಗುವ ಗೌರವಕ್ಕೆ ಅರ್ಹನಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಇದರ ಆಧಾರವು ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತ ‘ಪದ್ಮಪುರಾಣ’ವಾಗಿದೆ. ಒಬ್ಬ ಅಗಸನ ಬಾಯಿಯಿಂದ ಸೀತೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ದೋಷಾರೋಪಣೆಯ ಮಾತನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ಶ್ರೀರಾಮಚಂದ್ರನು ಸೀತೆಯನ್ನು ದಟ್ಟದವಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬಿಟ್ಟುಬರುವಂತೆ ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಣನಿಗೆ ಆಜ್ಞಾಪಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಸೀತಾಪರಿತ್ಯಾಗವು ರಾಮಾಶ್ವಮೇಧದ ಹೃದಯದ್ರಾವಕ ದೃಶ್ಯ. ಸರಳ ಮತ್ತು ಸಾಧ್ವಿಯಾದ ಸೀತೆಗೆ ನಿಜ ಸಂಗತಿ ತಿಳಿದಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವಳು ಋಷಿಪತ್ನಿಗಳನ್ನು ಕಾಣಲು ಹೋಗುವೆನೆಂಬ ವಿಚಾರದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಗ್ಧಳಾಗಿದ್ದಾಳೆ. ಆದರೆ ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಣನು ತನ್ನ ಹೃದಯವನ್ನು ಕಲ್ಲಾಗಿಮಾಡುವುದು ಹೇಗೆಂದು ಚಿಂತಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಒಂದುಕಡೆ ತಂದೆಗೆ ಸಮಾನನಾದ ಅಣ್ಣನ ಆಜ್ಞೆ, ಇನ್ನೊಂದೆಡೆ ಪರಮ ಪತಿವ್ರತೆ ಮತ್ತು ತಾಯಿಗೆ ಸಮಾನಳಾದ ಸೀತೆಯನ್ನು ಘನವಾದ ಕಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಬಿಡಬೇಕಾದ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿ. ಸೀತೆ ಉತ್ಸುಕತೆಯಿಂದ ಬೇಗಬೇಗ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಾ ‘ಎನು ಸಹೋದರಾ, ಇಷ್ಟುಬೇಗ ಆಯಾಸಪಟ್ಟೆಯಾ? ನಾನು ಹೆಂಗಸಾದರೂ ಇಷ್ಟು ಬೇಗ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತೇನೆ’ ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ಪಾಪ, ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಣ ಎನೆಂದು ಉತ್ತರಿಸಲಿ! ಇಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಘನವಾದ ಕಾಡನ್ನು ಪ್ರವೇಶಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಸೀತೆ ಭಯದಿಂದ ‘ತಮ್ಮಾ, ಈ ಘನವಾದ ಕಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಆಶ್ರಮವಿರುವುದುಂಟೇ? ನೀನು ದಾರಿ ತಪ್ಪಿಲ್ಲವಷ್ಟೆ’ ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಣನ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳಿಂದ ನೀರು ಧಾರಾಕಾರವಾಗಿ ಹರಿಯುತ್ತದೆ. ಬಾಯಿಯಿಂದ ಶಬ್ದವೇ ಹೊರಡದು. ಸೀತೆಯ ಕಾಲಿನ ಮೇಲೆಬಿದ್ದು ಅಳುತ್ತಾ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾನೆ. ‘ದೇವಿಯವರೇ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮಾ ಎನ್ನಬೇಡಿ, ಒಬ್ಬ ಕ್ರೂರಿಯಾದ ಕೊಲೆಗಡುಕನೆಂದು ತಿಳಿಯಿರಿ. ನಾನು ನಿರ್ದಯಿ ಮತ್ತು ಕೃತಘ್ನ’ ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾ ತನ್ನ ಅಣ್ಣನ ಆಜ್ಞೆಯನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಗಂಟಲು ಹಿಡಿದುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತದೆ; ಬಾಯಿಂದ ಮಾತೇ ಹೊರಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಈ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಪಾಠಕರ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳೂ ಸಜಲವಾಗುತ್ತವೆ. ಸೀತೆಯ ಪ್ರಲಾಪ, ಭಾರವಾದ ಹೃದಯದೊಡನೆ ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಣನ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗುವಿಕೆ ಮೊದಲಾದ ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳ ವರ್ಣನೆಯು ಬಹಳ ಹೃದಯಸ್ಪರ್ಶಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಣನ ಪಾತ್ರವನ್ನು ಚಿತ್ರಿಸುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಕವಿಯ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆ ಮುಗಿಲನ್ನು ಮುಟ್ಟಿದೆ. ರಾಮಾಶ್ವಮೇಧದ ಸೀತೆಯು ವಾಚಕರ ಚಿತ್ರಪಟಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಚ್ಚಳಿಯದೆ ನಿಲ್ಲುತ್ತಾಳೆ.

ರಾಮಾಶ್ವಮೇಧದ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿನ ಆಕರ್ಷಣೆಯೆಂದರೆ ಮುದ್ದಣ ಮನೋರಮೆಯರ ಸಂಭಾಷಣೆ. “ಓಮೋ ಕಾಲಪುರುಷಂಗೆ ಗುಣಮಣ ಮಿಲ್ಲಂಗಡ!” ಎಂದು ಕಾಲನ ಲೀಲೆಯನ್ನು, ಮುಂಗಾರು ಮಳೆಯನ್ನು ವರ್ಣಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಕಾವ್ಯವನ್ನು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಮಾಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಎಡೆಬಿಡದೆ ಸುರಿಯುವ ಮಳೆಯಿಂದ ಬೇಸರ ಹಿಡಿದು ಹೊರಗಿನಿಂದ—ಅರಮನೆಯಿಂದ—ಬಂದ ‘ಕಬ್ಬಿಗರ ಬಲ್ಲಹ’ನಾದ ಮುದ್ದಣನನ್ನು ಮನೋರಮೆ ಉಣಿಸಿ, ತಿನಿಸಿ, ನವರಸ ಭರಿತವಾದ ಕಥೆಯೊಂದನ್ನು ಹೇಳಬೇಕೆಂದು ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸುತ್ತಾಳೆ. “ಆವ ಧಾಟಿಯೊಳ್ ಪೇಳ್ವೆಂ, ಪದ್ಯದೊಳ್ ಪೇಳ್ವೆನೋ ಗದ್ಯದೊಳ್ ಪೇಳ್ವೆನೋ” ಎಂದು ಮುದ್ದಣ ಕೇಳಿದ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗೆ ಮನೋರಮೆ “ಪದ್ಯಂ ವಧ್ಯಂ, ಗದ್ಯಂ ಹೃದ್ಯಂ; ಹೃದ್ಯಮಪ್ಪ ಗದ್ಯದೊಳ್ ಪೇಳ್ವುದು” ಎನ್ನಲು ಕವಿಯು ಅಂತಹ ಕಥೆಯನ್ನು ಹೇಳಿದರೆ ರಾಜರ ಆಸ್ಥಾನ

## ಕವಿ ಮುದ್ದಣನ ಜೀವನ ಮತ್ತು ಕೃತಿಗಳು

ದಲ್ಲಿ ಉಡುಗರೆ ಕೊಡುವಂತೆ ನೀನೇನನ್ನು ಕೊಡುವಿ? ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಚತುರಿಯಾದ ಮನೋರಮೆ 'ನನ್ನನ್ನೇ ಕೊಡುತ್ತೇನೆ' ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾಳೆ.

ಮುದ್ದಣ:—ನಿನ್ನ ತಂದೆತಾಯಿಗಳು ನಿನ್ನನ್ನು ನನಗೆ ಮೊದಲೇ ಕೊಟ್ಟಾಗಿದೆಯಲ್ಲಾ?

ಮನೋರಮೆ:—“ಸರಿ, ನಾನು ಪರಾಧೀನೆ. ಆದರೆ ಪಾರಾಯಣ ಮುಗಿದ ನಂತರವಲ್ಲವೇ ದಕ್ಷಿಣೆ? ಕಥೆ ಹೇಗಿದೆಯೋ ನೋಡಿ ಕೊಡುತ್ತೇನೆ”.

ಆಗ ಮುದ್ದಣ “ಶ್ರೀಮತ್ಪುರಾಸುರೇಂದ್ರ ನರೇಂದ್ರ ಮುನೀಂದ್ರ ಘಣೇಂದ್ರ.....” ಎಂದು ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತ ಮಯವಾದ ಶೈಲಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಥೆಯನ್ನು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸಲು ಮನೋರಮೆ ಅವನನ್ನು ತಡೆದು “ನೀರಿಳಿಯದ ಗಂಟಲೊಳ್ ಕಡುಬಂ ತುರುಕಿದಂತಾಯ್ತು” ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಶುದ್ಧ ಕನ್ನಡದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಹೇಳಬೇಕೆಂದು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ಆಗ ಕವಿಯು ಅತ್ತ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಮಯವೂ ಅಲ್ಲದ ಇತ್ತ ಅಚ್ಚಗನ್ನಡವೂ ಅಲ್ಲದ ಮಧ್ಯಮ ಶೈಲಿಯಿಂದ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಗ್ರಂಥ ತುಂಬಾ ಮುದ್ದಣ ಮನೋರಮೆಯರ ಸಂಭಾಷಣೆಯಿಂದ ತುಂಬಿದೆ. ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಥೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬೇಸರಬರುವಾಗ ಇವರ ಸಂಭಾಷಣೆ ಮೊದಲಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಮುದ್ದಣ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಕೆಣಕುತ್ತಾನೆ, ಅಳುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾನೆ, ನಗಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಈ ರೀತಿ ಸತಿಪತಿಯರ ಸರಸಪಲ್ಲಾಪದಿಂದ ಕಥೆ ಮುಂದುವರಿಯುತ್ತದೆ.

ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾದಂತೆಯೇ ಸುಂದರವಾದ ವಾರ್ತಾಲಾಪದೊಡನೆ ಗ್ರಂಥದ ಪರಿಸಮಾಪ್ತಿಯಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಪಾರಿತೋಷಕ ಕೊಡುವ ಮಾತನ್ನು ಮರೆತ ಮನೋರಮೆ “ಎನ್ನ ಕಬ್ಬಂ ನಿನಗೆ ಮೆಚ್ಚುಗೆಯಾಯ್ತೇ” ಎಂದು ಮುದ್ದಣ ಕೇಳಲು “ನಿನ್ನ ಪೆಸರೆಂತಂತು ಕಬ್ಬಮುಂ ಮುದ್ದು ಮುದ್ದಾಯ್ತು ಜಗಕ್ಕೆ, ಈವಗೆಯ ನುಡಿಗಬ್ಬಂ ಮುಂತಿಲ್ಲ ಪಿಂತಿಲ್ಲ” ಎಂದು ಬಾಯಿತುಂಬ ಹೊಗಳಿಬಿಡುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ಹೀಗೆ ಮಾತುಗಾರಿಕೆಯಿಂದ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಬಲೆಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿಸಿ ಕವಿ ತನ್ನ ಉಪಹಾರ ಕೇಳುತ್ತಾನೆ. “ಮಂಗಳವಾಗಲಿ ಕಥೆ”ಗೆ ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾಳೆ ಆಕೆ. ಕವಿ ಮಂಗಳ ಹಾಡುತ್ತಿರುವಾಗ ಆಕೆ ಎದ್ದು ಹೋಗಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ಆದರೆ ಕವಿ ಬಲವಂತ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. “ನಾನು ಪರಾಧೀನೆ, ಏನನ್ನು ಕೊಡಲಿ” ಎನ್ನಲು, ಕವಿ “ನನಗೆ ಮೆಚ್ಚುಗೆಯಾಗುವಂತಹ, ಕಥೆಯ ಯೋಗ್ಯತೆಗೆ ಸರಿಬೀಳುವಂತಹ, ನಾಲ್ಕು ಜನರು ಮೆಚ್ಚುವಂತಹ ಉಡುಗರೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟರಾಯಿತು” ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಆ ಉಡುಗರೆಯೇನಿರಬಹುದೆಂದು ಪಾಠಕರಾದ ನಾವೇ ಊಹಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕಾಗುತ್ತದೆ.

ಈ ಕಾವ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕವಿಯ ಕಾವ್ಯಶಕ್ತಿಯು ಪೂರ್ಣ ವಿಕಸಿತವಾದಂತೆ ಕಂಡುಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ಕಥಾವಸ್ತುವು ರಾಮಾಯಣದ್ದೇ ಆದರೂ, ಇದರ ರಚನಾಪ್ರಣಾಲಿಯು ಅಪೂರ್ವವಾಗಿದೆ. ವರ್ಣನೆ, ಶೈಲಿ, ಕಥಾನಿರೂಪಣೆ, ಸಂಭಾಷಣೆ, ಮೊದಲಾದವು ಆಧುನಿಕ ಕಾದಂಬರಿಯ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದು ಜನಪ್ರಿಯವಾಗಿವೆ. ಹೀಗೆ ನವೀನ ರೀತಿಯಿಂದ ಹಳೆಯ ಪುರಾಣ ಕಥೆಯನ್ನು ನೀರಸವಾಗದಂತೆ ಕೃತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂಡಿಸಿದ ಅತ್ಯದ್ಭುತ ಪ್ರತಿಭಾಶಕ್ತಿಯು ಹಾಸುಹೊಕ್ಕಾಗಿತ್ತು ಮುದ್ದಣನಲ್ಲಿ. ನವರಸಗಳ ಆವಿರ್ಭಾವವನ್ನೂ, ವಿವಿಧ ಅಲಂಕಾರಗಳ ಲಾಲಿತ್ಯವನ್ನೂ, ಹಿತಮಿತದ ಮಾತುಗಾರಿಕೆಯ ಮಾಧುರ್ಯವನ್ನೂ ಈ ಕೃತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಬಹುದು. ಇಂತಹ ಶ್ರೇಷ್ಠವಾದ ಗದ್ಯ ಕಾವ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ವಿಮರ್ಶಕರು ಈತನನ್ನು ಕನ್ನಡದ “ಬಾಣ ಭಟ್ಟ” ಎಂದು ಕರೆದುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ.

ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುದ್ದಣನ ಸ್ಥಾನ ಬಲುಹಿರಿದು, ಈತನು ಆಧುನಿಕ ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ—ಅದರಲ್ಲೂ ಗದ್ಯಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ—ನಿರ್ಮಾತೃಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮೊದಲಿಗನೆನ್ನಬಹುದು. ಪುರಾಣದ ಕಥಾವಸ್ತುವನ್ನು ಇವನಿಗಿಂತ ಮನೋರಮದ ಹರವಾದ ಶೈಲಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾರೂ ಬರೆಯಲಿಲ್ಲವೆನ್ನಬಹುದು. ಇವನ ಭಾಷೆಯೂ ಬಹಳ ಉತ್ತಮ ಭಾಷೆ. ಕಠಿಣ

## ಕವಿ ಮುದ್ದಣನ ಜೀವನ ಮತ್ತು ಕೃತಿಗಳು

ನಾದ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತ ಪದಗಳನ್ನೂ ಉಪಯೋಗಿಸದೆ ಆಂಡಯ್ಯನೇ ಮೊದಲಾದವರಂತೆ ಅಚ್ಚುಗನ್ನಡದ ಮೋಹಕ್ಕೂ ಸಿಲುಕದೆ ಮಧ್ಯಗಾಮಿಯಾಗಿ ಸುಂದರವಾದ ಭಾಷೆಯ — ಪಂಡಿತರೂ ಪಾಮರರೂ ಮೆಚ್ಚುವಂತಹ ಭಾಷೆಯ— ಒಂದು ಮಾದರಿಯನ್ನು ಅವನು ನಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದಿಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ನಾವು ಶುದ್ಧಕನ್ನಡದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಬರೆಯಬೇಕು, ಆದರೆ ಸಂದರ್ಭಕ್ಕೆ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಅಲ್ಲಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತ ಪದಗಳನ್ನು ಬಳಸಬಹುದು ಎಂದು ಅವನ ಮತ.

ತನ್ನ ಜೀವನ ಮತ್ತು ಗ್ರಂಥಗಳ ಮೂಲಕ ಮುದ್ದಣನು ಜಗತ್ತಿಗೆ ಒಂದು ಗಂಭೀರ ಸಂದೇಶ ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಆತ ಬಡತನದಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿ ಬಡತನದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ತೀರಿಹೋದನು. ಆದರೆ ಆತನ ಆಂತರಿಕ ಜೀವನ ಬಹಳ ಸಂಪನ್ನ ಹಾಗೂ ಸುಖಮಯವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಭೌತಿಕ ವಸ್ತುಗಳಿಂದ ಎಂದೂ ಸಿಗಲಾರದ ಅಲೌಕಿಕ ಸುಖ ಮತ್ತು ಆನಂದ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಅಧ್ಯಯನ ಮತ್ತು ಕಾವ್ಯರಚನೆಯಿಂದ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿತು. ಹಣಸಂಪಾದಿಸುವುದಂತಿರಲಿ, ಹೆಸರುಗಳಿಸಬೇಕೆಂದು ಕೂಡಾ ಅವನು ಇಚ್ಛಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಮುದ್ದಣ ಮನೋರಮೆಯರ ಸಂಭಾಷಣೆಯಿಂದ ನಮಗೆ ಇಷ್ಟು ಧ್ವನಿತವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ—ನಾವು ಕೂಡಾ ಅವರಂತೆಯೇ ಕಾವ್ಯಾನಂದದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಳುಗುತ್ತಿರೋಣ; ಮನೆಮನೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಕಾವ್ಯಗ್ರಂಥಗಳ ಅಧ್ಯಯನ ಹಾಗೂ ರಚನೆಯಾಗುತ್ತಿರಲಿ. ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಗಳು ಭೌತಿಕವಸ್ತುಗಳಿಂದ ದರಿದ್ರವಾಗಿದ್ದರೂ ಕಾವ್ಯಸಂಪತ್ತಿನಿಂದ ತುಂಬಿ ಸುಖ, ಶಾಂತಿ, ಕಾಂತಿಮಯವಾಗಲಿ, ಎಂದು.

ಯು. ಪದ್ಮನಾಭ ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಾಯ, I U. C.

## ಬುದ್ಧಂ ಶರಣಂ ಗಚ್ಛಾಮಿ

ಮಿಂಚುತಿರು ಚಿರನಾಗಿ ಓ ಮಂದಹಾಸ!

ನಿನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ತುಂಬಿ ಇದೆ ವಿಶ್ವಾತ್ಮ ಸಾರ

ಓ ಸುಪ್ತ ಸ್ಫೂರ್ತಿಯೇ, ದೇದೀಪ್ಯಭೂತಿಯೇ,

ಸೌಂದರ್ಯ ಸ್ಥಿತವನ್ನು ಹೊರಜಿಲ್ಲಿ ತೋರು!

ನಿನ್ನ ಸಾನಿಧ್ಯದಲಿ ದೇವತ್ವದೀ ಛಾಯೆ

ಜೀವನದ ಬೆಳಕಾಯ್ತು ತಮ ಹರಿದು ದೂರ

ಈ ತೇಜಃಪುಂಜವನು ಚಿಲ್ಲುತಿಹ ಶ್ರೀಮುಖವು

ಆಜನ್ಮ ಸ್ಫೂರ್ತಿಯನು ಮೈದೋರಿ ಬಂತು!

ಈ ಜೀವದೊಳಹೊಕ್ಕು ಆದರ್ಶ ಸತ್ಯವಂ

ಮಾಂಗಲ್ಯಮೂರ್ತಿಯಂ ಆರಾಧ್ಯ ನೀತಿಯಂ

ಸೌಂದರ್ಯ ಲಾಸ್ಯವಂ ಬೆಳಕೆತ್ತಿ ತೋರಿಸಿದೆ

ಸಂಸಾರ ಸಾಗರದಿ ಜ್ಞಾನದೀ ಹರಿಗೋಲು

ಹರಿಸುತಲಿ ಮುಕ್ತಿ ಪಥಗೊಯ್ಯುತಿಹ ಚಿನ್ಮೂರ್ತಿ

ಭವಭೂತಿ ಮೈರಾಗಿ ಬುದ್ಧನಿಗೆ ಶರಣಂ.

ಬಿ. ಕೃಷ್ಣಾನಂದ ಹೆಗ್ಡೆ, III U. C.

# ಗಂಡು ಹುಟ್ಟಿದಾಗ.....

ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯೋತ್ಸವದ ಸ್ಪರ್ಧೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಥಮ ಬಹುಮಾನ ಪಡೆದ ಕಥೆ.

ಓ ಪತ್ರ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಮರಣಶಾಸನದಂತಾಯಿತು. ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಹೆಂಗಸು, ಹೆತ್ತ ಕರುಳು. ಅವಳ ಹೃದಯದ ಬೇಗೆಯು ಮಿತಿಮೀರಿ ಬೆಳೆಯಿತು. ಈ ವಾರ್ತೆಯನ್ನು ಕೇಳಲು ತಾನು ಜೀವಂತವಾಗಿರಬೇಕೇ ಎಂಬ ಮಾತೃಹೃದಯದ ಕೂಗು ಮಾರ್ದನಿಯಿತ್ತಿತು.

ಆದರೇನು?

ವಿಧಿಯ ಕೈವಾಡ ಅವಳೆಣಿಕೆಯನ್ನು ಮೀರಿದೆ. ಆಕೆಯ ಅಪಾರ ಒಲವು ಒಂದು ಕ್ಷಣ ದುಃಖದ, ತನ್ನ ಬಾಳಪಥದಲ್ಲಿ - ಕಿರುಬೆಳಕಾಗಿದ್ದ ಭವಿಷ್ಯದ ಪತನದ ದೃಶ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕಂಡೂ ಆಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಿರಾಶೆಯನ್ನುಂಟು ಮಾಡಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ದೂರದೂರಿಗೆ ತೆರಳಿದ ಏಕಮಾತ್ರ ಪುತ್ರ ತನ್ನ ಕರ್ತವ್ಯವನ್ನು ಮರೆತು ಸಂಸಾರಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದಾನಂತೆ. ಅದೂ.....? ಪರಜಾತಿಯ ಹೆಣ್ಣಿನೊಂದಿಗೆ ವಿನಾಹವಂತೆ!

ಸಮಾಜವೇ ಅವಳೆದುರು ಕೂರಲಗನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದು ನಿಂತಂತಾಯಿತು. ತನ್ನ ಒಲವಿನ ಕುವರ ಪರಜಾತಿಯ ಕನ್ನಿಕೆಯ ಸೆರಗಿನ ಮರೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಆಶ್ರಯಪಡೆಯಬೇಕೇ?

ಹೊಲೆಯರಿಂದ ಹಿಡಿದು ಹಿಂದೂಜಾತಿಯ ಹೆಣ್ಣುಗಳೆಲ್ಲ ಅವಳ ಕಣ್ಣು ಮುಂದೆ ಸಾಗಿಹೋದರು. ಅಂತೂ ಹಿಂದೆಯೇ ನಿಶ್ಚಯಿಸಿದ್ದ ತನ್ನ ತಮ್ಮನ ಮಗಳನ್ನು ಮಗನಿಗೆ ತಂದುಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕೆಂದು ಹಾರೈಸಿದ ಆಶೆ ಪುಡಿಯಾಯಿತು. ಯಾರ ಸುಖಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಇಂದಿನ ತನಕ ಭವಿಷ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಪಾರ ಆಶೆಯಿಟ್ಟು ಜೀವಿಸಿದ್ದಳೋ ಅದು ಸುಳ್ಳಾಯಿತು.

ಆಕೆ ಇಂದು ಏಕಾಂಗಿ. ಪ್ರಪಂಚವೇ ಆಕೆಯ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ಬರಿದು.

ಎಂದೂ ತಾಯಿಯೆದುರು ಮಾತಾಡದ ಮೂರ್ತಿ ಹೀಗೇಕಾದ? ರಾಧಮ್ಮನ ಕಣ್ಣಿಂದ ಪತ್ರ ಕಂಡಾಗ ಕಿಡಿಹಾರಿದರೂ ಮರುಗಳಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಣ್ಣೀರು ಹರಿಯಲಿಕ್ಕಾರಂಭಿಸಿತು.

ರಾಧಮ್ಮ ಹೆತ್ತುದು ಒಮ್ಮೆ; ಅದು ಗಂಡು, ಅವನೇ ಮೂರ್ತಿ. ಆತನೇ ಭವಿಷ್ಯವನ್ನು ನೆನೆಯದೆ ಪರಜಾತಿಯ ಕನ್ನಿಕೆಯನ್ನು ಮದುವೆಯಾಗುವುದೇ?

ರಾಧಮ್ಮನ ಬಾಳು ಕಣ್ಣೀರಿನಿಂದ ಸಾಗಿತು. ಆದರೆ ಆಕೆ ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದು ಒಂದೇ ವಿಚಾರವನ್ನು. ಅದು ಬಹು ಹಿಂದಿನ ನೆನಪು.

ಅಂದು—

ಆಕೆ ತುಂಬಿದ ಬಸುರಿ. ಅದೂ ಚೊಚ್ಚಲು. ಪತಿಯೊಂದಿಗೆ ಸಾಧಿಸಿದ ರಸಮಯ ಜೀವನ ಎಂದೆಂದೂ ಮರೆಯದ ಸವಿನೆನಪಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಇಂದೋ ನಾಳೆಯೋ ಹೆತ್ತು ಮಗುವನ್ನು ಮುದ್ದಾಡುವ ತಾಯ್ತನದ ನೈಜ



ಹಂಬಲದಿಂದಾಕೆ ಕಾತರಿಸುತ್ತಿರುವಾಗ ಅವಳೆದೆ, ಬಾಳ ಭವಿಷ್ಯ ಪುಡಿಯಾಯಿತು. ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವಳಾತ ದುಘಟನೆಗೀಡಾಗಿ ಮರಣಹೊಂದಿದ.

ಆದರೆ ಆ ವಾರ್ತೆಯನ್ನಾಕೆಗೆ ಯಾರೂ ಹೇಳಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಸುಖವಾಗಿ ಹೆರಿಗೆಯಾಯಿತು. ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ ಮಗು ತಂದೆಯನ್ನೇ ಹೋಲುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಎಂದು ಪತಿರಾಯ ಬಂದು ಎರಡು ಜೀವಗಳ ಪ್ರೇಮದ ಪುತ್ಥಳಿಯನ್ನೆಂದು ಕಾಣುತ್ತಾನೆ ಎಂದು ಆಕೆ ಹಂಬಲಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗ—ಪತಿ ತೀರಿದ ವಾರ್ತೆಯನ್ನು ಅನಿವಾರ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಹೇಳಬೇಕಾಗಿ ದ್ದು ದರಿಂದ ಹೇಳಿದರು—ಮಂದಿ.

ತಾನು ಸಾಯಬೇಕೆಂದು ಹಾರೈಸಿದಳು. ಆದರೆ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ ಮಗು—ಅದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಬಾಳಬೇಕು. ಹೆರುವ ಹೊಲೆಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪುತ್ರೋತ್ಸವವೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದಾಗ ಹಲವರು ತೆಗೆದ ಸಂತಸದ ಉದ್ಗಾರದ ಅರ್ಥ ಆಗ ಅವಳಿಗಾಯಿತು.

“ಗಂಡು ಹುಟ್ಟಿತು” ಎಂದರು ಹಲವರು.

“ಹೌದು, ಆಕೆಯ ಭಾಗ್ಯಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯು ಇನ್ನು ನಡೆಯಲಿದೆ” ಎಂದು ಸೂಲಗಿತ್ತಿ ಹೇಳಿದಾಗ ತಾನು ವಿಧವೆ ಯೆಂದು ಆಕೆಯ ತಿಳುವಳಿಕೆಗೇ ಬಂದಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ವಿಧವೆ.....

ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿ ಇನ್ನು ಅವಳ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ಮಂಗಳಸ್ಥಾನವಿಲ್ಲ. ತಾಯ್ತನದೆ ಹಂಬಲ ಬರಬಾರದು. ನೆತ್ತಿಯ ಕುಸುಮ ಬಾಡಿತು. ಬಾಳಜ್ಯೋತಿ ಆರಿತು. ಎಲ್ಲ ಕತ್ತಲಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿದಾಗಲೂ ಪತಿಯ ಮರಣದಲ್ಲೂ ಭವಿಷ್ಯತ್ತಿ ನಲ್ಲಿ ಆಸೆಯ ಕುಡಿಯನ್ನು ಚಿಗುರಿಸಿದ ಏಕಮಾತ್ರ ಕುಮಾರ—ಮೂರ್ತಿ.

ಆತನೂ ಇನ್ನು ಆಕೆಯ ಪಾಲಿಗಿಲ್ಲ.

ಹೆಣ್ಣು ತನ್ನ ಮೋಹದ ಬಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಆತನನ್ನು ಸೆಳೆದುಕೊಂಡಾಗ ಬಾಳಲ್ಲಿ ರಾಧಮ್ಮ ಏನನ್ನು ನಿರೀಕ್ಷಿಸ ಬಹುದು? ತಾನು ತಾಯಿ ಆದಾಗಿನ ನೆನಪಾಗಿ ಮಾಸದೆ ಅದು ಉಳಿಯಿತು.

ಮೂರ್ತಿಯ ವಿವಾಹದ ವಾರ್ತೆ ಮಿಂಚಿನಂತೆ ನಾಲ್ಕೆ ಸೆಗೂ ಹರಡಿತು. ನೂರಾರು ಮಂದಿ ತಲೆಗೊಂದು ಮಾತಾಡಿ ತಮ್ಮ ನಂಜನ್ನು ಕಾರಿದರು. ಅದಕ್ಕೂ ಕಾರಣವುಂಟು.

ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಗಿಲ್ಲದ ರಾಧಮ್ಮ ಮಗನನ್ನು ಮದ್ರಾಸಿಗೆ ಉಚ್ಚ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಕಳುಹಿಸಿದುದು ಜನರ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ಸಹಿಸದ ವಿಚಾರ. ಆದರೂ ಮಾನವೇ ಮದ್ದೆಂದು ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದರು. ಅದು ಇಂದು ಕವಲಾಗಿ ಒಡೆದು ಹರಿದಾಗ ಅವರಿಗಾದ ಸಂತಸ ಅಷ್ಟಿಷ್ಟಲ್ಲ! ಹಳ್ಳಿಯ ಜನರ ಮುಗ್ಧವಾದ ಬಾಳು.

ರಾಧಮ್ಮನ ಬಾಳು ದುಃಖದ ಕಣ್ಣೀರಲ್ಲೇ ಕಳೆಯಿತು. ಆದರೆ ಮೂರ್ತಿ ವಿಷಘಳಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾಡಬಾರದ ಕಾರ್ಯಮಾಡಿದರೂ ತಾಯಿಯನ್ನು ಮರೆತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆಗಾಗ ಪತ್ರ ಬರೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಹಣವನ್ನೂ ಕಳುಹಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಕಲಿಯುವುದನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಉದ್ಯೋಗದಿಂದ ಬಾಳನ್ನು ದೂಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ.

## ಗಂಡು ಹುಟ್ಟಿದಾಗ.....

ಸಮಾಜದಿಂದ ಹೊರಗಾಗಿ ನಿಂತಳು ಆಕೆ. ಆಕೆ ಮಾಡಿದ ತಪ್ಪನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಯಲು ಯಾರೂ ಹೋಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಪಾಪ! ಅವಳಾದರೂ ಏನು ಮಾಡಿದ್ದಾಳೆ!

“ಗಂಡು, ಗಂಡು” ಎಂದು ಹಂಬಲಿಸಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ ಮೂರ್ತಿ ತಾಯಿಯ ಗೋರಿಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಸುಪ್ಪತ್ತಿಗೆ ಕಟ್ಟಿ ಬಾಳನ್ನು ಸಾಗಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ ಎಂದಿತು ಮುಂದೆ.

“ಅಮ್ಮಾ, ನನ್ನನ್ನು ನೀನು ಮಗನೆಂದು ತಿಳಿಯಲಾರೆಯಾ? ಹಿಂದೆ ಯಾವ ತಾಯ್ತನದ ಪ್ರೇಮದಿಂದ ಹೃದಯಕ್ಕೆ ಅಪಾರ ತೃಪ್ತಿಯನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆಯೋ, ಯಾರ ಸುಖಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಸರ್ವತ್ಯಾಗಮಾಡಿದೆಯೋ ಅವನನ್ನು ಮರೆತೆಯಾ? ಮೂರ್ತಿ ನಿನ್ನ ಮಗನಲ್ಲವೇ? ನಾನು ಮಾಡಿದ ಘೋರ ತಪ್ಪಾದರೂ ಏನು? ತಾಯಿಯ ಪ್ರೇಮದ ಹೊಳೆ ಬತ್ತದ ವಾಹಿನಿಯೆಂದು ನಾನೆಣಿಸಿದ್ದು ಹುಸಿಯಾಗಬಲ್ಲದೇ? ನೀನು ಮುಂಚೆ ನಂತೆಯೇ ಪ್ರೀತಿಸುವುದಿದ್ದರೆ ಹೊರಟು ಬಾ ಮದ್ರಾಸಿಗೆ”.

ತಾಯಿಗೆ ಪತ್ರ ಬರೆದ ಮೂರ್ತಿ. ಹಿಂದೊಮ್ಮೆ ಆತ ಬರೆದ ಪತ್ರ ವಿನಾಹದ ಶುಭವಾರ್ತೆಯೆಂದು ಆತ ತಿಳಿದು ತಾಯಿಯೂ ಸಮಾಧಾನಗೊಂಡಾಳೆಂದು ಆಶಿಸಿದ್ದು ನಿರಾಶೆಯ ಮಡುವಿನಲ್ಲಿ ತೇಲಿಹೋಗಿತ್ತು. ಇಂದು ರಾಧಮ್ಮ ಮಗನ ಪತ್ರ ಓದಿದಳು.

“ಹೋಗು” ಎಂದಿತು ತಾಯಿ ಹೃದಯ!

“ಚಂಡಾಲ, ಪರಜಾತಿಯ ಹೆಣ್ಣಿನ ಹಿಂದೆ ಹೋದ ಆತ ಕುಲಕಂಟಕ, ಪಾಪಿ! ಆತ ನಿನ್ನ ಮಗನಲ್ಲ!” ಎಂದಿತು ಹೊರಜಗತ್ತು.

“ಜಾತಿಗೆಟ್ಟ ಮಗನ ಹಿಂದೆ ನೀನೂ ಹೋಗುವಿಯಾ? ಹುಟ್ಟಿದೂರಲ್ಲಿ ಬಿದ್ದಿರು” ಎಂದಿತು ಆಕೆಯ ಆಚಾರಬದ್ಧವಾದ ಬುದ್ಧಿ.

ಆದರೆ ಕರುಳಿನ ಕರೆ ಬಲವಾಯಿತು. ಮಾತೃ ಹೃದಯ ಕೂಗಿತು! ಮಗನ ಕರೆಗೆ ಓಗೊಟ್ಟಿತು.

ಹೋಗಬೇಕೆಂಬ ಹಂಬಲ ಬಂದಾಗ ಯಾವುದೋ ಹುಚ್ಚು ಆಸೆ ಹೊಳೆಯಾಗಿ ಹರಿದು ನಿಮಿಷವೂ ನಿಲ್ಲಲಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕರುವಿನ ಕರೆಗೆ ಓಗೊಟ್ಟಿದೆ ತಾಯಿ ಹೃದಯ! ಮೂರ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಕಾಣದೆ ತಾಯಿ ರಾಧಮ್ಮ ಒಂದೂವರೆ ವರ್ಷವನ್ನು ಕಳೆದಿದ್ದಳು.

ರೈಲು ಓಡುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಮೂರ್ತಿ ಎಂದು ಮುಂದೆ ಬಂದಾನೆಂದು ರಾಧಮ್ಮ ವಾಸ್ತವಿಕ ಜಗತ್ತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಶ್ನಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೂ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಮಗನೊಂದಿಗೆ ಸೇರಿಹೋಗಿತ್ತು.

“ಬಂದೆಯಾ ಅಮ್ಮಾ!” ತಾಯಿ ಹೃದಯವನ್ನು ನಾಟಿತು.

ಉತ್ತರವಿತ್ತಳು ರಾಧಮ್ಮ ಕಣ್ಣೀರಿನಿಂದ.

ಮನೆಯ ಮುಂದೆ ನಿಂತಾಗ ಹೆಣ್ಣೊಬ್ಬಳು ಬಂದು ಬಾಗಿ ವಂದಿಸಿದಳು. ರಾಧಮ್ಮನ ಪಾದ ಬಿಸಿ ಯಾದಾಗಲೇ ಆಕೆಗೆ ಎಚ್ಚರವಾಯಿತು.

## ಗಂಡು ಹುಟ್ಟಿದಾಗ.....

“ನನ್ನ ತಾಯಿ ಪುಷ್ಪ, ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಗಂಡೂ ನಾನೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದು ಸಾಕಿದ ತಾಯಿ”. ಮೂರ್ತಿ ನುಡಿದಾಗ ರಾಧಮ್ಮ ಬಗ್ಗಿದ ಸೊಸೆಯನ್ನೆತ್ತಿ ಅಪ್ಪಿ ಹಿಡಿದರು.

ಎಂತಹ ಹೆಣ್ಣೋ ಎಂದು ಹೆದರಿದ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಮಗಳಿಗಿಂತಲೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿನ ಮಗಳನ್ನು ಕಂಡಾಗ ತಾನು ತಿಳಿದುದು ತಪ್ಪು ಎಂದು ಊಹಿಸಿದಳು ರಾಧಮ್ಮ.

ತುಂಬಿದ ಬಸುರಿ ಪುಷ್ಪ. ರಾಧಮ್ಮ ನೋಡಿದಳು. ತಾನೂ ಒಮ್ಮೆ ತಾಯಾಗಿದ್ದಳು. ಅನಂತರ ಆ ಸುಖದ ಹಂಬಲ ಬರಲೆಡೆಯಿಲ್ಲದಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿದ ಭಗವಂತ! ಈಗ ಪುಷ್ಪ ತನ್ನ ಮಗನ ಮಗುವನ್ನು ಹೊಟ್ಟೆ ಯಲ್ಲಿಟ್ಟು ಸಾಕುತ್ತಾಳೆ.

ಹತ್ತು ದಿನದ ಬಾಳು ರಾಧಮ್ಮನಲ್ಲಿ ತೃಪ್ತಿಯನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡಿತು. ಆದರೆ ಆಕೆಯ ಬಾಳು ಬೇರೆಯೇ ತೆರನಾಗಿತ್ತು. ತನ್ನ ಊಟವನ್ನು ತಾನೇ ಮಾಡಿದ ಅಡಿಗೆಯಿಂದ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು.

ಪುಷ್ಪಳಿಗದು ದುಃಖವನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡಿದರೂ ಸಮಯವೇ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಸಮಾಧಾನವನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡುವುದೆಂದು ಸುಮ್ಮನಿದ್ದಳು. ಮೂರ್ತಿಯ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಚಿಕ್ಕದಾದರೂ ಆಚಾರವಂತಳಾದ ತಾಯಿ ಮದ್ರಾಸಿಗೆಗೆ ಬಂದಳೆಂದು ಗೊತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿರಾಶೆಯನ್ನು ಆಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತುಂಬಿ ಬೇಸರವನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡಬಾರದೆಂದು ಸುಮ್ಮನಿದ್ದ.

ನಾಲ್ಕು ದಿನ ಒಂದೇ ಸವನೆ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆನೋವಿಂದ ಪುಷ್ಪ ನರಳಿದರೂ ಹೆರಿಗೆಯಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ರಾಧಮ್ಮನಿಗೆ ಆಗ ಸೊಸೆಯ ಮೇಲಿನ ಅವ್ಯಕ್ತ ಅಸಮಾಧಾನ ಮಾಯವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಮಗಳನ್ನು ಪಚರಿಸುವಂತೆ ಉಪಚರಿಸಿದಳು.

ಆದರೂ ಹೆರಿಗೆಯಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಆಸ್ಪತ್ರೆಯನ್ನು ಸೇರಿದರೂ ಒಂದೇಸವನೆ ಪುಷ್ಪ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆನೋವಿನಿಂದ ಬಡಿದಾಡಿದರೂ ಗುಣವಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಹೆರಿಗೆ ಮೊದಲೇ ಆಗಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಐದನೆಯ ದಿನ ಹನ್ನೆರಡು ಗಂಟೆಗೆ ಹೆರಿಗೆಯಾಯಿತು. ಮೂರು ಗಂಟೆಗೆ ಮಗು ಉಳಿದು ತಾಯಿ ತೀರಿಹೋದಳು.

ಆಸ್ಪತ್ರೆಯ ಕಂಬಕ್ಕೆ ತಲೆಬಡಿದುಕೊಂಡು ಬಿದ್ದ ಮೂರ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಹೊತ್ತುತಂದಾಗ ರಾಧಮ್ಮ ಕುಸಿದು ಪಾತಾಳ ಸೇರಿದಳು.

ಸಂಸ್ಕಾರ ಮುಗಿದಾಗ ರಾಧಮ್ಮ ಸರ್ವಸಾಹಸಮಾಡಿದರೂ ಮೂರ್ತಿಯ ಹೃದಯ ಸ್ಥಿಮಿತಕ್ಕೆ ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ದುಃಖ ಉಕ್ಕಿ ಹರಿಯಿತು. ತಾಯಿ ಮಗ ಒಂದೇ ದೋಣಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ತೇಲಾಡಿದರು.

ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ ಮಗುವನ್ನು ರಾಧಮ್ಮ ನೋಡಲು ನಡೆದಾಗ ಅವಳ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದ ದೃಶ್ಯ ಕರುಣೆಯ ಮೂರ್ತಿಯಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಅದೇ ಮೂರ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಹೋಲುವ ರೂಪ! ಕೇದಗೆಯ ಎಸಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮರೆಯಾದ ಗುಲಾಬಿಯಂತಿತ್ತು ಮಗು! ಹಿಂದೊಮ್ಮೆ ತಂದೆಯನ್ನು ಕಳೆಕೊಂಡು ಅದೇ ರೀತಿ ತನ್ನ ಮಗುಲಲ್ಲಿ ಮಲಗಿದ ಮೂರ್ತಿ!

ಇಂದು—

## ಗಂಡು ಹುಟ್ಟಿದಾಗ.....

ತಾಯಿಯನ್ನು ಕಳಕೊಂಡು ತನ್ನ ಕಾರುಣ್ಯದ ಮೂರ್ತಿಯಾಗಿ ಮಲಗಿದ ಕೂಸು!

ಕಪ್ಪಾದ ಕಣ್ಣುಗೊಂಬೆಗಳು ಏನನ್ನೋ ದಿಟ್ಟಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು! ಪ್ರಪಂಚದ ಅರಿವೇ ಅದರ ಹೃದಯದಲ್ಲಿಲ್ಲ—  
ತಂದೆ ತೀರಿದ ಎಂದು ತಾನು ಹೇಳಿದಾಗಲೇ ಮೂರ್ತಿಗೆ ತಿಳಿದುದು!

“ಅದು ಮೂರ್ತಿಯ ಮಗುವೇ?”

“ಹೌದು”.

ಹೌದು, ಮೂರ್ತಿಯ ಕೂಸು; ಯಾವ ತಾಯಮಗಳೋ ಏನೋ ಆತನೊಂದಿಗೆ ಬಾಳ್ವೆನಾಡಿಯೇನೆಂದು ಹುಮ್ಮಸದಿಂದ ಬಂದಿದ್ದಳು. ಆದರೆ ಕ್ರೂರನಿಧಿ ಘಟಿಸರ್ಪವಾಗಿ ಕಾದಿರುವನೆಂದು ಆಕೆಗೆ ಹೇಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತು!!

ಪ್ರೇಮದ ಫಲವೆಂದು ಕೂಸನ್ನಿತ್ತು ಹೋದಳು ಅವಳು.

ವಿಚಾರತರಂಗ ಅಲೆಅಲೆಯಾಗಿ ಅವಳೆದೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಎದ್ದಿತು. ಮಗುವನ್ನೆತ್ತಿ ತಬ್ಬಿಕೊಂಡಳು. ಗಂಡು ಮಗು.....ಮೂರ್ತಿಯ ಮಗು! ಗಂಡು ಹುಟ್ಟಿದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಎಲ್ಲಿಯ ಸಂಭ್ರಮ? ರಾಧಮ್ಮ ನಿಂತು ನಿಟ್ಟುಸಿರಿಟ್ಟಳು. ಮರಣದ ಭೀಕರ ಶಾಂತಿ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ನೆಲೆಸಿತ್ತು. ಭಯ ಅವಳೆದೆಯನ್ನು ಹೊಕ್ಕು ಹೊರಬಂದರೂ ನೆತ್ತರಗುಳ್ಳೆಯಾದ ಆ ಕಂದನನ್ನು ಆಕೆ ಕೆಳಗಿರಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಹುಟ್ಟಿದೆ ಮಗು, ಯಾವ ಸುಖಕ್ಕಾಗಿ?

ಆದರೆ ಗಂಡು. ಅದೇ ಅವಳ ಹೃದಯಕ್ಕೆ ಸಮಾಧಾನ. ತಾಯಿಯನ್ನು ಕಳಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾ ನೆಂಬ ಯೋಚನೆ ಆಕೆಗೆ ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಬದಲು ಅವಳ ಯೋಚನೆ ಬಹು ಹಿಂದಿನ ದಿನದ ತನ್ನ ಬಾಳಿನ ಸಂಧಿಕಾಲದೆಡೆಗೆ ಹೋಯಿತು.

ಮಾತಾಡದೆ ಮನೆಗೆ ಬಂದಳು.

ಮೂರ್ತಿ ತಿಂಗಳು ನಾಲ್ಕಾದರೂ ತನ್ನ ದುಃಖವನ್ನು ಕಡಿಮೆಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆತ ಸಮಾಧಾನ ಹೊಂದಿದಾಗ ರಾಧಮ್ಮ ಸಮಯ ನೋಡಿ ಹೇಳಿದ ಮಾತು ಆಕೆಗೇ ಪರಿಣಾಮವನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಯುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೂ ಮನೆಯ ದೀಪ ಬೆಳಗಬೇಕೆಂದೇ ಹೇಳಿದಳು. ಮನೆಯ ಕುಲದ ಪ್ರದೀಪಕ ಆಸ್ಪತ್ರೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದರೂ ಹೃದಯದ ಒತ್ತಡವನ್ನು ತಡೆಯಲಾರದೆ ಹೇಳಿದಳು.

“ಮಗೂ ನೀನು ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಮದುವೆಯಾಗು. ಪರಜಾತಿಯ ಹೆಣ್ಣೇ ಆದರೂ ಆಗಲಿ, ನನ್ನಿ ದಿರಲ್ಲೇ ಆಗಬೇಕು”.

ತಾಯಿಯ ಮಾತಿನ ಬೆಂಗಡೆ ವ್ಯಂಗ್ಯವಿತ್ತೇ ಎಂದು ಮೂರ್ತಿ ಚಿಂತಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲ. ತಿಳಿಯಾದ ಕೊಳದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೊಳಚೆಗೆಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ಥಾನ?

ಉತ್ತರಿಸದೆ ಅನಂತದೆಡೆಗೆ ಶೂನ್ಯದೃಷ್ಟಿಯನ್ನು ಹಾಯಿಸಿದ!

— ಜಿ. ಸುಬ್ಬರಾಯ, III U. C.

# ಮಹಾಭಿಷಿಕ್ತೃಮಠ

(ನೇಪಥ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ)

ಇಳೆಯೆಲ್ಲ ಬರಿದಾಯ್ತು ಜಗತುಂಬ ತಮಹರಿದು  
ಸುತ್ತಲಿಹ ಗೊಂದಲವ ಮುಸುಕಿನಲಿ ಮೆರೆಯಿಸಲು  
ವೈಭವದ ಮಡಿಲಲ್ಲಿ, ರಾಜ ಪ್ರಾಸಾದದೊಳ್  
ಬೆಳಗುತಿಹ ದೀವಿಗೆಯ ದೇದೀಪ್ಯ ತೇಜದಲಿ:  
ಜಗವೆಲ್ಲ ತಮವಾಂತು ನೀರವತೆಯೊಸರುತಿರೆ,  
ಮನತುಂಬ ಕಡುಚಿಂತೆಯಿಂದ ಬಹು ಬೆಂಡಾಗಿ  
ಜೀವದಲಿ ತಳಮಳಿಸಿ, ಶಾಂತಿಯಾಶ್ರಯವನ್ನು  
ಅರಸುತ್ತ ನಿಂದಿಹನು ವೈರಾಗಿ ಗೌತಮನು.

ಗೌತಮ:

ಅತ್ಯಸ್ತ ಉನ್ಮತ್ತ ಕಲ್ಪನೆಯು ಮುಗಿಲಲ್ಲಿ  
ಕಾರಿರುಳು ತೋರುತ್ತ ಬಹುದೇನು ದೇವ?  
ಆಜನ್ಮ ಉತ್ಪ್ರಾಂತಿ ಮಾಸೀಡೆಯೊಡಲಲ್ಲಿ  
ಈ ಜೀವಕೆಂದೊಮ್ಮೆ ಶಾಂತಿಯನು ಈವ?  
ಭಾವನೆಯ ಉತ್ತುಂಗ ಶಿಖರಗಳ ಅಂಚಿನಲಿ  
ತೋರುತಿಹ ಪ್ರಭೆಯನ್ನು ಹೊಂದುವೆನೆ ಎಲ್ಲಿ?  
ಮೂಲೋಕದೊಡಲಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ಸುಪ್ತ ಹಂಬಲಿನ  
ಸಂತ್ಯಸ್ತಿ ಶಾಂತಿಯನು ಕಾಣದಿಹೆನಿಲ್ಲಿ.

ನೇಪಥ್ಯ:

ಈ ಜಗವು ಕಡುಶಾಪ, ಜೀವನದಿ ಕಡುತಾಪ,  
ಬಾಳಿನಿತು ಸೊಗವಲ್ಲ ಎಂಬುದೀ ಆಶಯದಿ  
ಜೀವನದ ಬೆಳಕನ್ನು ಮೇಲೆತ್ತಿ ತೋರಿಸಲು,  
ಬೇಸರದ, ಬೇಗುದಿಯ ಕಾವನ್ನು ಆರಿಸಲು,  
ಬಾಳನ್ನು ತಿಳಿವಿಂದ ಅನುಭವಿಸಿ ಅಂತ್ಯದಲಿ  
ನಿರ್ವಾಣ, ಆ ಮೋಕ್ಷ ಪದವಿಯನು ಪಡೆಯಲಿರೆ  
ಮಾನವನು ಸಾರ್ಥಕ ಹೊಂದಲಿಹ ಪರಿಯನ್ನು  
ಸುಖ ದುಃಖ ಸಾಗರದಿ ತೊಳಲುತಿಹ ಪ್ರಜೆಗಳಿಗೆ  
ತಿಳಿಸುತ್ತ ಬಾಳನ್ನು ಬೆಳಗಲಿಕೆ ಗೌತಮನು  
ಹೊರ ಹೊರಟು ನಿಂದಿಹನು ಭೋಗಗಳ ತ್ಯಜಿಸಿ.

ಗೌತಮ:

ಏಕೊ ಏನೊ ಜೀವ ಹಂಸ  
ಕಾತರಾಗಿದೆ!  
ತಪ್ತ ಕಡಲ ಮೇಲಿನಿಂದ  
ದೂರ ಸಾಗಿದೆ!  
ತೀರ ಕಾಂಬ ತವಕವಿಂತು  
ಚಿಗುರಿ ಬಂದಿದೆ!  
ತಾಣವರಸಿ ಪಕ್ಷಿ ದೂರ  
ಸಾಗಿ ಬಂದಿದೆ!

ನೇಪಥ್ಯ:

ಈ ರಾಜ್ಯದೈಸಿರಿಯು, ಉಲ್ಲಾಸ ವೈಖರಿಯು  
ಬಾಳನ್ನು ಬೆಳಗುವುದೆ—ಸರ್ವಥಾ ಶೂನ್ಯ!  
ಎಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲ ಬಲುಶೋಕ, ಎಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲ ಕಡುತಾಪ,  
ಎಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲ ಮೆರೆಯುತಿದೆ ಅಸ್ಥಿರದ ತತ್ವ.  
ಸುತ್ತಲಿಹ ಬೇಸರದಿ ಮುಕ್ತಿ ಕಾಣುವ ಬಗೆಯ  
ಬೇಗುದಿಯ ಬಾಳಲ್ಲಿ ಆಸೆಯೊಸರುವ ಪರಿಯ  
ಕತ್ತಲಿನ ಕಸ್ಪಿನಲಿ ಬೆಳಕು ತೋರುವ ನಿಧಿಯ  
ಅಜ್ಞಾನಿಯೊಡಲಲ್ಲಿ ಜ್ಞಾನದೋರುವ ನಿಧಿಯ  
ಕಾಣ ಹೊರಟೆಹನೀತ; ಜನಕೆಲ್ಲ ವೈರಾಗ್ಯ  
ನಿರ್ವಾಣ ತತ್ವವನು ತೋರಲೆಂಬಾಸೆಯಿಂ  
ಹೊರಟೆಹನು ಅರಮನೆಯ ವೈಭವವ ಬಿಸುಟು!

ಗೌತಮ:

ಸುತ್ತಲು ತಮಮುತ್ತಿ  
ಗಮನವು ನಿಂದಾಗ  
ಮುಂದಿನ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆಗೆ  
ತಡೆದೋರಿ ಬಂದಾಗ  
ನೀನೆನ್ನ ಕೈಯೆತ್ತಿ  
ಮುಂದೂಡು ಓ ಜ್ಯೋತಿ!

ಬಾಳಿನಾ ಮಡಿಲಲ್ಲಿ  
ಅನುದಿನದ ಹೋರಾಟ

## ಮಹಾಭಿನಿಷ್ಕ್ರಮಣ

ಬಗೆ ಬಗೆ ಶಕ್ತಿಯ

ಕೂಟದ ಏರಾಟ:

ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಶಾಂತಿಯ ನೀತಿ

ನೀದೋರು ಓ ಜ್ಯೋತಿ!

ಸಂಸಾರ ಸುಖದಲ್ಲಿ

ದುಃಖದ ಸೂಚನೆ

ಹರಿದೋಯ್ದು ಬೆಳಕೀಯೆ

ನನ್ನಾತ್ಮ ಯಾಚನೆ:

ನೀನೆ ಚೇತನ ಭೂತಿ

ಬೆಳಗಿನ್ನ ಓ ಜ್ಯೋತಿ!

**ನೇಪಥ್ಯ:**

ಪಾವನವು ಲೋಕವಿದು! ಗೌತಮನು ಈ ದಿನದಿ

ಜಗದಬಂಧನ ತೊರೆದು ಜೀವನವನುಧರಿಸೆ

ತನ್ನ ಜೀವನನೊತ್ತೆ ಇಟ್ಟು ಬಂದಿಹನಿಂದು;

(ಆನಂದ ಮೊಳಗುತಿರು ಓಜಗದ ಜೀವನೆ!)

ಬಾಳನ್ನು ಬೆಳಗಲಿಕೆ ಸಂಸಾರ ಕಟ್ಟಳೆಯ

ಪುಡಿಗೈದು ಸನ್ಯಾಸಿರೂಪವನು ಧರಿಸುತ್ತ

ಮನಕಂಡು ಬಲು ಕಠಿಣ ನಿಷ್ಠೆಯನು ಮೈಹೇರಿ,

ಜೀವನವನು ಬಲು ತೆರದಿ ಕಟುವಾಗಿ ದಂಡಿಸುತ

ಅವ್ಯಕ್ತ ಆದರ್ಶವನ್ನು ಅರಸುವ ವೀರ

ಗೌತಮನು ಹೊರಟೆಹನು ಜಗದ ಬಾಗಿಲಿನಿಂದ!

**ಗೌತಮ:**

ಕ್ರಾಂತಿಮಯ ಲೋಕದಲ್ಲಿ

ಕಾಲಯುಗದ ತಿರುವಿನಲ್ಲಿ

ಮಾಯೆ ಮೋಸ ಜಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ

ನಿತ್ಯವಿಂತು ತೊಳಲುವಲ್ಲಿ

ಶಾಂತಿಯೆಲ್ಲಿ

ಲೋಕದಲ್ಲಿ?

ತೃಪ್ತಿಯೆಂದು ದೂರವಾಗಿ

ಮೇಲಿನೊತ್ತುವಿಕೆಗೆ ಬಾಗಿ

ನಿತ್ಯ ನರಳುವಾತನಾಗಿ

ಸುತ್ತ ದಹಿಸುತಿರಲು ಬೇಗೆ

ಶಾಂತಿಯೆಲ್ಲಿ

ಲೋಕದಲ್ಲಿ?

ಎಲ್ಲ ತನ್ನ-ತನಗೆ ಎಂದು

ಅನ್ಯರಿಂದ ಕಸಿದು ತಂದು

ಸ್ವಾರ್ಥಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಹೆಣಗಿ ಮುಂದು

ಪಡೆನ ಭಾವವಿರಲು ಇಂದು

ಶಾಂತಿಯೆಲ್ಲಿ

ಲೋಕದಲ್ಲಿ?

**ನೇಪಥ್ಯ:**

ಜಗವೆಲ್ಲ ಕತ್ತಲು ಮುಳುಗುತಿರೆ ಅರಮನೆಯ

ಆನಂದ ಕಣಿಯೊಂದು ನೀರವತೆಯೊಡಲಲ್ಲಿ

ಮರೆಯಾಗೆ ತವಕಿಸುತ ಬಾಗಿಲಲಿ ನಿಂದಿಹುದು.

ಸದ್ದಿ ನಿತು ಸುಳಿವಿಲ್ಲ, ಬೆಳಕೊಂದು ಮಿಣಿಮಿಣಿಸಿ

ನಡೆಯುತಿಹ ಪರಿಯನ್ನು ಬಲು ಮಂದನೋಟದಲಿ

ಕಾಣಲೆಂದಾಶಯದಿ ಮಿನುಗುತಲಿ ಇರಿಸಿತ್ತು.

ಜಗದ ಭೀಕರ ತಮವ ಹರಿದು ಬೆಳಕನು ತೋರೆ

ಈ ಬೆಳಕು ನೆರವನ್ನು ನೀಡುವುದೊ ಏನೊ?

ಈ ಬಾಳ ಬಯಲಲ್ಲಿ ಗಮಿಸುತಿಹ ಪಥಿಕನಿಗೆ

ಈ ಜ್ಯೋತಿ ಬೆಳಕನ್ನು ತೋರುವುದೊ ಏನು?

**ಗೌತಮ:**

ಮರೆಯೆನ್ನ ಓ ಬಾಳ ಕೈ ಹಿಡಿದ ಮಡದಿಯೆ!

ರಾಹುಲನ ಮಾತೆಯೆ!

ಎನ್ನ ಜೀವದ ಭಾವ

ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಸೊದೆಯನು ಹರಿದ

ಎನ್ನ ಜೀವದ ಭಾವ

ಪ್ರೇಮ ಚಿನ್ಮಯ ಮೂರ್ತಿ

ಮರೆಯೆನ್ನ, ಈ ದೇವ ನಿನ್ನಾತನಲ್ಲ!

**ನೇಪಥ್ಯ:**

ರಾಜಗೃಹದೊಡಲಲ್ಲಿ ಪವಡಿಸಿಹ ಮಗುವೊಂದು

ನಿರ್ಲಿಪ್ತ ಭಾವದಲಿ ನಿದ್ರಿಸುತಲಿತ್ತು.

ಸುಖನಿದ್ರೆಯಲಿ ಲೋಕ ಮರೆತಂತೆ ಆಮಾತೆ  
ಮಗುವನ್ನು ಬಗಲಿರಿಸಿ, ಕನವರಿಸಿ ಕೂಗಲುಂ  
ಗೌತಮನ ಭಾವನೆಯ ಅಮಿತಾಭ ಸೌಧವದು  
ಮುಂದಿಳಿಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದಂತೆ, ಎಚ್ಚತ್ತು ಅರಸಿಗನು  
ತನ್ನ ನಿಜಗುರಿಯಕಡೆ ದಿವ್ಯ ನೋಟವ ಬೀರಿ,  
ಆ ಬಾಳಗಳತಿಯೆಡೆ ಕೊನೆನೋಟವನು ತೋರಿ,  
ತನ್ನ ನಿಜರೂಪದೆಡೆ ಮೃದುಹಾಸ ಚೆಲ್ಲಿ,  
ಕೊನೆಯೊಂದು ನೋಟವನು ಅರಮನೆಯಲೊಸಗಿ  
ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಬಾಳನ್ನು ಎದುರಿಸಲು ಹೊರಟೆಹನು  
ಸಂಸಾರಿ, ವೈರಾಗಿ, ಯುವರಾಜ ಗೌತಮನು!

ಗೌತಮ:

ಕಂದಮ್ಮ ರಾಹುಲನೆ, ಮರುಗದಿರು ನೆನೆದೆನ್ನ.  
ನೀ ಬಾಳ ಉಸಿರಹುದು  
ರಾಜಕುಲ ಸಿರಿಯಹುದು  
ನಿನ್ನ ನೆಚ್ಚಿನ ನೆನಹು  
ಭಕ್ತಿ ರೂಪದಿ ತೋರಿ  
ಬಾಯೆನ್ನ ಹಿಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಕರೆಯಲ್ವೆ ಮುಂದೆ.  
ಅದುತನಕ ಮರುಗದಿರು ನೆನೆದೆನ್ನ ಚಿನ್ನ  
ಮಾತೆಯನು ಸಂತವಿಸಿ ಇಂದೆ ಮರೆಯೆನ್ನ.

ನೇಪಥ್ಯ:

ಪ್ರೇಮವೆಂದಿಹ ಗಿಡವು ಬಾಡುತಲಿ ಬರುತಿಹುದು.  
ಎಲೆಯೆಲ್ಲ ಉದುರುತ್ತ ರೂಪೆಲ್ಲ ಮರೆಯಾಗಿ  
ಬರಿಯನಡು ಮರವೊಂದು ಉಳಿದಿಹುದು ಇನ್ನು.  
ಬರಿಕೊರಡು ಈ ಬಾಳು—ಇದನಿಂತು ತೀವುತಲಿ  
ಚಂದನದ ಸೌರಭವ ಪಡೆಯಲಾಸರೆ ಇಹುದೆ ?  
ಜೀವಾತ್ಮ ಬಲುಕ್ರೂರ ಜಪತಪದ ಆಸರದಿ  
ಎದುತಲಿ, ಒರೆಗೆಟ್ಟು ಪರಿಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗುತ್ತಲಿ  
ನಿರ್ವಾಣ ಪಡೆಯಲ್ವೆ ಗೈವುದೀ ಸಾಧನಾ.  
ಪ್ರೇಮವೆಂಬುವ ಕೊರಡು ಭವದ ಬಂಧನ ಕಳೆದು  
ಪರಿಮಳವನೊಡುತಿರೆ ಪಾವನವು ಬಾಳು.  
ಸತ್ಯ ಸದ್ವರ್ತನೆಯ ಬಾಳಿನಾತ್ಮದ ಬಲಕೆ  
ಬಲದೂರುಗೋಲಾಗಿ ನಡೆಸಿ ಬರುತಿಹ ರೀತಿ

ತನ್ನ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಅರಿಯಲ್ವೆ  
ತಾನು ತಿಳಿದಿಹ ಮಾತು ಅನ್ಯ ಜೀವಿಗೆ ಅರುಹೆ  
ದೇವತ್ವ ದಾಯಿತ್ವ ವಹಿಸುತ್ತ ಹೊರಟೆಹನು  
ದಿವ್ಯಾತ್ಮ ದೇವಧರ, ಮುಮುಕ್ಷು ಗೌತಮನು !

ಗೌತಮ:

ಮರೆಯೆನ್ನ ಹಾಲುಣಿಸಿ ಬೆಳೆಸಿರುವ ತಾಯೆ!  
ಮರೆಯೆನ್ನ, ಹರಿದಿಹೆನು ಬಂಧನದ ಮಾಯೆ.  
ಮರೆಯೆನ್ನ ಓ ತಂದೆ, ಹರಸುತ್ತ ಕಳುಹು,  
ಮರೆಯೆನ್ನ ಬಂಧುಗಳ ಸಂತವಿಸಿ ತಿಳುಹು!

ನೇಪಥ್ಯ:

ಪಾವನವು ಶಾಕ್ಯಕುಲ, ಪಾವನವು ಭರತಕುಲ  
ನಿರುಕಿಸಿತು ದೇವಗಣ ಯುಗಪುರುಷ ನಿರ್ಗಮನ;  
ಬಾಳನ್ನು ಬೆಳಗಲಿಹ ದೇದೀಪ್ಯ ತೇಜನೋ,  
ಜಗದೆಲ್ಲ ಪಾಪವನು ಜ್ಞಾನದೀವಿಗೆಯಿಂದ  
ತೊಳಗಲಿಹ ಭೂತಿಯೋ, ವಿಶ್ವಾತ್ಮ ಜ್ಯೋತಿಯೋ!  
ತನ್ನ ತನವನು ತಿಳಿಯೆ, ಇಳೆಯ ಬಂಧನವೊಗೆದು  
ದೇಹದಂಡನ ವಿಧಿಯ ಆನಂದದಾಸೆಯಲಿ  
ಅಜ್ಞಾತ ಅವ್ಯಕ್ತ ತೇಜವೊಂದನು ಅರಸೆ  
ರಾಜಾದಿ ಭೋಗಗಳ, ಐಸಿರಿಯ ಸಲೆತುಳಿದು  
ಧರೆಗಿಳಿದು ಬಂದಿಹನು ದಿವ್ಯಾತ್ಮ ಗೌತಮನು!

ಗೌತಮ:

ಕತ್ತಲಲಿ ಅಡಗಿ ಇಹ ಓ ದಿವ್ಯ ಬಾಳೆ!  
ನಿನ್ನನ್ನು ಕಾಣದಿಹ ಈ ಬಾಳು ಹಾಳೆ!  
ಬಾಳನ್ನು ಬೇನೆಯನು ಕಾಣದಿಹ ರೀತಿ  
ನೀದೋರಿ ದೂರವಿಡು ಪಾಪದೀ ಭೀತಿ!

ನೇಪಥ್ಯ:

ಮನವು ಮುಸುಕೊಳು ಬೆರೆತು, ಸುತ್ತಲಿಹ ಕತ್ತಲೆಯು  
ಕಂಡರೂ ಅರಿಯದಿಹ ಭಾವನೆಯ ಮುಗಿಲಲ್ಲಿ  
ತೇಲುತ್ತು ಭಾರವಿಹ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯದು ತೋರುತಿಹ,

ಮಿಂಚುತಿಹ ಪಥದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಂದರಿಸಿ ಅರಿಯುತಿಹ  
ತಾಣವನು ಸೇರಲೆಂಬಾಸೆಯಿಂ ಉಕ್ಕಿಬಹ  
ಭಾವನೆಯ ತಡೆದಿರಿಸಿ, ಏಸಿರಿಯ ಕಡೆಗಣಿಸಿ,  
ದೇಹವನು (ಅನು)ಲಕ್ಷ್ಯದಿಂ ಹೊರತು ಗೈಯುತಲಿಂತು  
ನಡೆದಿಹನು ಬೆಳಕನ್ನು ಕಾಣಲಿಹ ತವಕದಲಿ!  
ನಿಷ್ಕುಂದ ನೀರಸವು ಸುತ್ತಲಿಹ ಭವಲೋಕ

ಸುತ್ತಲೂಡುವ ಗಾಳಿ ಸೌಗಂಧಬೀರುತಿರೆ,  
ಬಂದೊಮ್ಮೆ ಮೋಹದಲಿ ಬಿಗಿದು ಅಪ್ಪಿದ ಮಡದಿ,  
ಮಗದೊಮ್ಮೆ ಮುತ್ತಿಟ್ಟ ಚಿನ್ನದಂತಿಹ ಕುವರ,  
ತನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ನಾಳೆಯನು ಕಾಣುತಿಹ ಶಾಕೃಪತಿ  
ಎಲ್ಲರನು ಮರೆತಿಟ್ಟು ನಿಷ್ಕುಮಣ ಶಾಂತಂ!

— ಕೃಷ್ಣಾನಂದ ಹೆಗ್ಡೆ, III U. C.

## ಅಂತರಾತ್ಮನಿಗೆ

ಓದೇವ! ಎನ್ನಮನ ನಿನಗಾಗಿ ಶೋಕಿವುದು  
ನೀನೆನ್ನ ಬಾಂದಳದ ಬಾಲೇಂದುವಾಗಿರುವೆ  
ನಿನಗಾಗಿ ಸರ್ವಸ್ವವನು ಮೀಸಲಿರಿಸಿರುವೆ  
ನಿನ್ನೊಲುಮೆಗಾಗಿ ನಾ ದಿನ ರಾತ್ರಿ ತಪಿಸುವೆನು ||  
ಜಗವೆಲ್ಲ ಕಷ್ಟಕಾರ್ಪಣ್ಯದಲಿ ಕೊರಗುತಿರೆ  
ಸೊಗವೆಲ್ಲ ಜೀವನದಿ ಹೊರತಾಗಿ ಸರಿಯುತಿರೆ  
ಪಾಪಾಣಹೃದಯಿಗಳು ಪಶುಯಜ್ಞ ಕಿಳಿದಿರಲು  
ಶಾಂತಿಗಿಲ್ಲವಕಾಶವೀ ಭೂಮಿಯಲ್ಲಿಂದು ||  
ಕಾರಿರುಳು ಕರಿದಾಗಿ ಬಾಳುವೆಯು ಬರಿದಾಗಿ  
ಬಸವಳಿದು ಬಾಡಿಹರು ಕಾರ್ಮಿಕರು ಬನ್ನದಿಂ  
ಹೊಂಬೆಳಕನೀನಿತ್ತು ಬರಡಾದ ಬಾಳುವೆಗೆ  
ಹರುಷಪ್ರಸರವನಿತ್ತು ಹರಸು ದೇವಾತ್ಮ ||  
ವೈಶಾಖಪೂರ್ಣಮೆಯ ಚಂದ್ರಮನ ಚೆಲುವಂತೆ  
ತುಂಬಿರುವ ಬಾಳು, ಅದು ಮಧುಮಾಸದಂತಿಹುದು  
ಆದರೊಂದಿಹುದಿಲ್ಲಿ ಅಂತರಾತ್ಮನ ಭಕ್ತಿ  
ಧ್ರುವತಾರೆಯಂತಿಹುದು ಬಾಳ್ ನೌಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ||

— ಸಚಿತಾ, II U. C.



# ಕಣ್ಣ ರಿಯಾದ ಕಿಲ್ಲಿ

“ಕರ್ಣ!..... ಕರ್ಣ!.....”

ಪ್ರೇಣಸ್ವರ ಕೋಣೆಯ ಗಂಭೀರ ವಾತಾವರಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಲೀನವಾಯಿತು. ಭಯಂಕರ ರೋಗ ಕೊನೆಗೂ ಜಯದ ಹಾದಿಹಿಡಿಯಿತು; ನಿಧಿಯ ಕಾಣದ ಕೈ, ತನ್ನ ಕೈ ಚಳಕವನ್ನು ತೋರಿತು.

ಹಲವು ದಿನಗಳಿಂದ ಒಂದೇ ಸವನೆ ಭೀಕರ ಕಾಹಿಲೆಯಿಂದ ನರಳಿದ ಜೀವ ಬಿಡುಗಡೆಹೊಂದಿತು. ಸಾವಿ ಗಂಜದೆ, ಗುಂಡಿಗೆ-ಎದೆಗುಂಡಿಗೆಯನ್ನು ತೋರಿದ “ಗಂಡುಗಲಿ”, ಕೊನೆಗಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ತನ್ನ ಆಶೆ, ಹಿರಿಯ ಕನಸುಗಳು ಕಾರ್ಯಮಾರ್ಗವನ್ನು ತುಳಿದು ನೆನಸಾಗುವ ಮುನ್ನ ದೂರ ತೊಲಗಬೇಕಾಯಿತು.

ಮಾತ್ರವಲ್ಲ ಸಾವಿರಾರು ಮಂದಿ ಕುತೂಹಲದಿಂದ ನಿರೀಕ್ಷಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗಲೇ ನಿರಾಶೆ ಹೊಂದಬೇಕಾಯಿತು. ಕಾಲನ ಹೃದಯದಲ್ಲೂ ಮಾರ್ದವತೆಯು ತುಸುವಾದರೂ ಇರಬಹುದೆಂದು ಎಣಿಸಿದ ಜನ ನಿರಾಶರಾಗಬೇಕಾಯಿತು.

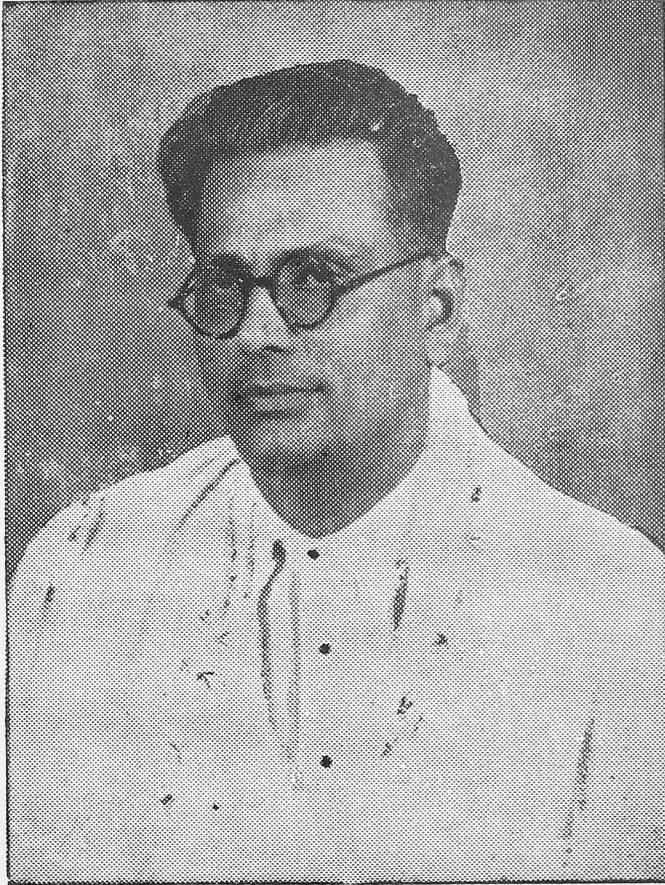
ಹೌದು, ಕಿಲ್ಲಿ ತೀರಿಹೋದರು. ಕನ್ನಡ ಜಿಲ್ಲೆಯ ಮೂಲೆಗಳಲ್ಲೂ ತನ್ನ ಅಪ್ರತಿಮ ಪ್ರತಿಭಾಶಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ, ಚೇತನದ ಪ್ರವಾಹವನ್ನು ಹರಿಸಿದ ಕಿಲ್ಲಿ ಕಣ್ಣ ರಿಯಾದರು. ಮುಂದೆ ಕಿಲ್ಲಿಯ ಭೌತಿಕ ಕಾಯವನ್ನು ಕಾಣುವಂತಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಅವರು ಜನತೆಯ ಹೃದಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಗಳಿಸಿದ ಸ್ಥಾನ ಹಿರಿಯದು. ವೃತ್ತಿ ಅಳಿದರೂ ಇತಿಹಾಸ ಅಳಿಯುವಂತಿಲ್ಲ. ಇತಿಹಾಸ-ದಕ್ಷಿಣ ಕನ್ನಡದ ಇತಿಹಾಸದಲ್ಲಿ-ತನ್ನದೇ ಆದ ವಿಶಿಷ್ಟ ಸ್ಥಾನವನ್ನಾಕ್ರಮಿಸಿದ ಕಿಲ್ಲಿಯ ಅಭೂತಪೂರ್ವ, ಅಸದೃಶ ಕಾರ್ಯ ಪಟುತ್ವ, ಸ್ಥಾಪಿಸಿದ ದಾಖಲೆ ಎಂದೆಂದೂ ಮರೆಯಲಾರದ ಸಂಗತಿ.

ಮಂಗಳೂರಿನ ನಂದಿಗುಡ್ಡೆ ಸ್ಮಶಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಿಲ್ಲಿಯ ಕಾಯ ದಹಿಸಲ್ಪಟ್ಟಿತು. ಆಗಲೇ ಕನ್ನಡನಾಡಿನ ಹಲವೆಡೆಯ ಜನತೆಯ ಹೃದಯ ಬೇಗೆಯಿಂದ ಬಂದಿತು. ಅದೇ, ಜುಲಾಯಿ ನಾಲ್ಕು! ಸಾವಿರದೊಂಬೈನೂರ ಐವತ್ತಮೂರು! ಕಿಲ್ಲಿ ಚಿರಶಾಂತಿ ಪಡೆದ ದಿನ. ತನ್ನ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಯನ್ನು ನಾಡಿನ ಹಲವುಮಂದಿಗೆ ಸ್ಪೂರ್ತಿಯನ್ನಾಗಿತ್ತು ಮರಳಿ, ಬಂದ ತಾಣಕ್ಕೆ ತಿರುಗಿದ ದಿನ.

ಕಿಲ್ಲಿ, ದುಡಿದ ರಂಗಗಳು ಒಂದಲ್ಲ; ಎರಡಲ್ಲ! ನಾನಾರೀತಿಯಿಂದ ಜನತೆಯ ಪ್ರಗತಿಗಾಗಿ, ಸಮಾಜದ ಉದ್ಧಾರಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಶ್ರಮಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ, ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗಿಂತ ಮುಂದೆಹೋಗಿ ಅಜೇಯವಾದುದನ್ನೂ ತನ್ನ ಹಿಡಿತದಲ್ಲಿ ತಂದು ಜನಕ್ಕೆ ತನ್ನ ಕಾರ್ಯಪಟುತ್ವವನ್ನು ತೋರಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ವಿರೋಧಿಗಳೂ ಇವರೆದುರು ಅಡಗಿದರು. ಕಿಲ್ಲಿಯ ಶಕ್ತಿ, ಕೈಯ್ಯಿಕ್ಕಿದ ಕಾರ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಮೈದೋರಿತು. ಸರಿ, ತನ್ನ ಪಥದಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಗತಿಯ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆಯಿಂದ ಮಂದಿಯ ಎಣಿಕೆಗೆ ಮೀರಿ ಕಾರ್ಯ ಸಾಧಿಸಿದರು.

ಕಿಲ್ಲಿ-ಅಸಾಧಾರಣ ವಾಗ್ಮಿ. ಕೂಡಿದ ಮಂದಿಯ ಹೃದಯದಲ್ಲಿ ತನ್ನ ವಾಕ್‌ಶಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ವಿಚಾರ ಪ್ರಚೋದನೆಯನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡಿದರು. ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯ ಸಮರದ ನಿಷ್ಠಾವಂತ ಕಾರ್ಯಕರ್ತ. ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಪಿತನ ಅಮರ ವಾಣಿಗಳನ್ನು ತಪ್ಪಿಲ್ಲದೆ, ತಡೆಯಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಕಾರ್ಯರೂಪಕ್ಕೆಳಿಸಲು ಹೆಣಗಾಡಿದ, ರಚನಾತ್ಮಕ ಕಾರ್ಯಕರ್ತ.

ದೂರದೂರಲ್ಲಿ ಬಾಪು ಸಂದೇಶಗಳನ್ನಿತ್ತರು. ನಾಡ ಜನತೆಯ ಹೃದಯದಲ್ಲವು ಚೇತನದ ಕೊಂಬು ನ್ನಾದಿದುವು. ಕಿಲ್ಲಿಯ ಬಾಳು ಗಾಂಧೀಜಿಯ ತತ್ವದ ಮಾರ್ಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೈಲಾದಷ್ಟು ಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಸಾಗಲು ಯತ್ನಿಸಿತು;



Late Sri N. S. Kille.

ಕೃತಕೃತ್ಯವಾಯಿತು. ಒಂದು ಜೀವ, ಬಾಳಲ್ಲಿ ಇದಕ್ಕಿಂತಲೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚನ್ನು ನಿರೀಕ್ಷಿಸುವಂತಿಲ್ಲ. ವಿಧಾಯಕ ಕಾರ್ಯಕರ್ತರಾಗಿ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ ಬಡಜನತೆಯ ಸೇವೆಯನ್ನು ಹೃದಯಕೊಪ್ಪುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

ಕನ್ನಡ ಜಿಲ್ಲೆಯ ಕಾಂಗ್ರೆಸ್ಸಿನ 'ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ' — ಗತಿಸಿದ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ! ತಿಳುವಳಿಕೆಯ ಬಡತನದಿಂದ, ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯವಿಲ್ಲದ ಜನತೆಗೆ ಕಾಂಗ್ರೆಸ್ಸಿನ ಸಾಧನೆ, ಧೈಯಗಳನ್ನು ಸಾರಿಹೇಳಿ, ಮನೆಮನೆಗೂ ಕಾಂಗ್ರೆಸ್ಸಿನ ಅಸಾಧಾರಣ ಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಕೊಂಡೊಯ್ದರು ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ. ವಿರೋಧಿಗಳನ್ನು ತುಳಿದು ಸತ್ಯದ ಸಂಶೋಧನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಜನತೆ ನಿರತರಾದಾಗ ತನ್ನ ಕ್ರತು ಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ತೋರಿದರು. ಜನತೆಯನ್ನು ಮುನ್ನಡೆಸಿದರು.

ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ ಒಂದು ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯಲ್ಲ, ಶಕ್ತಿ; ಅವರು ಒಂದು ಸಂಘ. ಸಂಕುಚಿತ ಮನೋವೃತ್ತಿಯ ಜಾತೀಯ ಪಿಡುಗುಗಳನ್ನು ತೊಡೆದುಹಾಕಿ, ವಿನಾಶಕಾರೀ ವಿಧ್ವಂಸಕ ಕಾರ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ಖಂಡಿಸಿ ಸಾರಿದರು. ಇದಿರಾಳಿಗಳು ಕಾಳಸರ್ಪಗಳಂತೆ ಕಿಡಿಕಾರಿದಾಗ ಕೆಚ್ಚಿದೆಯಿಂದ ಇದಿರಿಸಿದರು. ವಿಶಾಲ ಭಾವನೆಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾತಿನಲ್ಲಲ್ಲದೆ ಕೃತಿಯಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಮಾಡಿತೋರಿಸಿದರು.

ಅಧಿಕಾರಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಹವಣಿಸಿ, ನಿರಾಶೆಹೊಂದಿದ ಮಂದಿ ಕಾಂಗ್ರೆಸ್ಸನ್ನು ತೊರೆದು ತಮ್ಮ ಸ್ವಾರ್ಥದ ಸಾಧನೆಗಾಗಿ ಎಡಪಕ್ಷಗಳನ್ನು ಸೇರಿದಾಗ, ತಮ್ಮ ಮೊದಲ ಆಶ್ರಯಪಕ್ಷವನ್ನು ಹೀನಾಯವಾಗಿ ಬಯ್ದು ನಾವು ನೋಡಿದ, ಕೇಳಿದ ಸತ್ಯಸಂಗತಿಗಳು. ಆದರೆ ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯಾನಂತರವೂ ಕಾಂಗ್ರೆಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲೇ ಉಳಿದು ತನ್ನ ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟ ಧೋರಣೆಯನ್ನು ಎತ್ತಿಹಿಡಿದಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ. ಹೆತ್ತ ತಾಯಿಯ ಕೊರತೆಯನ್ನು ಸಾರಿಹೇಳುವ ಮಂದಿಯಿಲ್ಲ. ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ, ಕಾಂಗ್ರೆಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಮಾತೃವಾತ್ಸಲ್ಯದಿಂದ ಕಂಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

ದಕ್ಷಿಣ ಕನ್ನಡದ ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನ ರಂಗಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಅನುದಿನವೂ "ಕುರುಕ್ಷೇತ್ರ" ನಡೆಯುವುದು ವಾಡಿಕೆಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಧರ್ಮದ ಅರಿವನ್ನು, ಭಕ್ತಿಯ ಬೋಧೆಯನ್ನು, ಸತ್ಯಮಾರ್ಗವನ್ನು ತೋರುವ ಸಾಧನ ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನವಾಗುವ ಬದಲು ತಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರತಿಷ್ಠೆಯನ್ನು ಪ್ರದರ್ಶಿಸುವ, ಶಕ್ತಿಹೀನರನ್ನು ತುಳಿಯುವ ಸಾಧನವಾಗಿದ್ದ ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ ಮಾಡಿದ "ಕ್ರಾಂತಿ" ಅಪೂರ್ವವಾದುದು. ಅದರಲ್ಲೇ ತನ್ಮಯರಾಗಿ ಜನತೆಯನ್ನು ಅದಾವುದೋ ಒಂದು ಲೋಕಕ್ಕೆ ತನ್ನ ಅಸಾಧಾರಣ, ನಿರರ್ಗಳ, ಭಾವಗರ್ಭಿತ ವಾಕ್‌ಶಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ, ಕಂಠಶ್ರೀಯಿಂದ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ ಕೊಂಡೊಯ್ದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರ ಸಮಕಾಲೀನರಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲೋ ಒಬ್ಬಿಬ್ಬರು ಅವರ ಸಾಲನ್ನು ಸೇರುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೋ ಏನೋ! ಅಂತೂ ವಾಕ್ಪಾತುರ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆಯವರೇ ಅದ್ವಿತೀಯರು. ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನರಂಗದ ಅನಭಿಷಿಕ್ತ ಸಾರ್ವಭೌಮ. ಇಂದು ಅವರು ಇಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೇನು? ಅವರು ಹಾಕಿದ ಮೇಲ್ವುಗ್ಗಿ ಎಂದೆಂದೂ ಗಣ್ಯವಾಗಿಯೇ ಇರಬಲ್ಲದು.

ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ "ಕರ್ಣ"ನಾಗಿ ಜನತೆಯನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮ ಮೋಹನಾಸ್ತ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ಸೇರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಭಾರತದ ಕರ್ಣನ ಧೀರೋದಾತ್ತ ಗುಣ, ಅಪೂರ್ವ ತ್ಯಾಗಗಳಿಗಾಗಿ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ 'ಕರ್ಣ'ನನ್ನು ತನ್ನ ಅಧಿದೇವತೆಯಾಗಿ ಆರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿರಬೇಕು. ಕರ್ಣ ಅದ್ವಿತೀಯವಾದ ತೋಳ್ಬಲವುಳ್ಳ ರಣಧೀರ ಎಂದು ಜನತೆಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆಯವರು 'ಕರ್ಣ'ನಾಗಿ ಮಾತನಾಡುವಾಗ ಜನರು ಕರ್ಣನ ನಾಲಿಗೆಯ ಶಕ್ತಿ, ಆತನ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಗಳನ್ನು ಕೊಂಡಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು! ಹೀಗಾಗಿ ಆ ಪಾತ್ರನಿರ್ವಹಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬರಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ—ಎಂದು ಜನತೆಯೇ ಒಕ್ಕೂರಲ ತೀರ್ಮಾನವಿತ್ತಿರುವುದು ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ ಯವರ ಯೋಗ್ಯತೆಯ ಸಹಜ ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟೀಕರಣವಲ್ಲದೆ ಮತ್ತೇನು?

ವೀರರಸ ಕಿಲ್ಲಿಯ ನೆಚ್ಚಿನ ರಸ. ಅವರು ಕರ್ಣ, ಕೃಷ್ಣ, ಅರ್ಜುನ ಪಾತ್ರಗಳನ್ನು, ಕೂಡಿದ ಮಂದಿ ತಲೆದೂಗುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಕಿಲ್ಲಿಯವರ ವಿವಿಧ ರೀತಿಯ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ಷೇತ್ರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, ಅದರಲ್ಲೂ ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನ ರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರು ಸಲ್ಲಿಸಿದ ಸೇವೆ, ಸಾಧಿಸಿದ ಸಿದ್ಧಿ ಎಂದೆಂದೂ ಅಳಿಯದೆ ಉಳಿಯಬಲ್ಲುವು.

ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನ ಕೂಟದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಪ್ರತಿಮ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಯಿಂದ, ವಾಕ್‌ಸರಣಿಯಿಂದ ಮೆರೆದಾಡಿದ ಕಿಲ್ಲಿ ಬಹಿರಂಗ ವೇದಿಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಜಿಲ್ಲೆಯ ಅಧ್ವಿತೀಯ ಭಾಷಣಗಾರರಾದರು; ಅಸಾಧಾರಣ ವಾಕ್ಪಟುವಾದರು. ಲೀಲಾಜಾಲವಾಗಿ ಇಂಗ್ಲಿಷ್ ಭಾಷಣವನ್ನು ಗುಡುಗುವ ದನಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕನ್ನಡಕ್ಕೆ, ತುಳುವಿಗೆ ಭಾಷಾಂತರಿಸಿ ಹೇಳಿ ಕಿಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂಡಿದ ಶ್ರೋತೃಗಳ ಒಲವಿಗೆ ಪಾತ್ರರಾಗಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಭಾಷಣಕಾರ ಕಿಲ್ಲಿಯನ್ನು ಯಾರೂ ಮರೆಯುವಂತಿಲ್ಲ.

1937, '46 ಮತ್ತು '52ರ ಚುನಾವಣೆಗಳು!

ಮೊದಲೆರಡರಲ್ಲಿ, ಉಜ್ವಲ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಾಭಿಮಾನಿಯಾಗಿ ಶೋಭಿಸಿದ ಜನತೆ ಕಾಂಗ್ರೆಸ್ಸಿನ ವಿಜಯಕ್ಕೆ ಅಡ್ಡಿಯನ್ನು ತರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯದ ಮೊದಲು ಜರಗಿದ ಹಲವಾರು ಚುನಾವಣೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ “ಜಸ್ಪೀಸ್” ಪಾರ್ಟಿಯನ್ನು ಪುಡಿಮಾಡಲು ಕಿಲ್ಲಿ ತನ್ನ ಅದ್ಭುತ ಮಾತುಗಾರಿಕೆಯನ್ನು ಪಯೋಗಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ; ಕಾಂಗ್ರೆಸ್ ಹುರಿಯಾಳುಗಳಿಗೆ ವಿಜಯವನ್ನು ತಂದಿತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

1952ರ ಮಹಾಚುನಾವಣೆ— ಅಳುವ ಪಕ್ಷ ಜನತೆಯ ಅಸಮಾಧಾನಕ್ಕೆ ಎಡೆಯಿತ್ತಿತು. ನಮ್ಮ “ಕಾಂಗ್ರೆಸ್ ಜಿಲ್ಲೆ”ಯ ಹುರುಪಿನ ಹುರಿಯಾಳುಗಳ ‘ವಿಜಯ’ಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣಭೂತವಾದ ಅಂಶಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಿಲ್ಲಿಯವರ ಮಾತುಗಾರಿಕೆ ಮುಖ್ಯ. ಕಾಂಗ್ರೆಸ್ “ಕಿಲ್ಲಿ”ಯನ್ನು ಕಟ್ಟಿ, ಸಿಂಹನಾದವನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿದ ಮಹೋನ್ನತ ನರ ಕೇಸರಿ ಕಿಲ್ಲಿಯೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ಯಾರೂ ಅಲ್ಲಗಳೆಯರು.

ಅವರು “ಕರ್ಣ!” ನ್ಯಾಯವಿಧಾಯಕ ಸಭೆಗೆ, ಕೇಂದ್ರ ಮೇಲ್ಮನೆಗೆ ಚುನಾಯಿತರಾಗುವ ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳು ವಿಶೇಷವಾಗಿದ್ದರೂ ಪರರಿಗೆ ಎಡೆ ಮಾಡಿ, ದೂರನಿಂತು ನೋಡಿದ “ಕಲಿಯುಗದ ಕರ್ಣ” ಕಿಲ್ಲಿ. ಇದಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿನ ನಿಸ್ವಾರ್ಥ ಬಾಳು ಇರಬಹುದೇ? ಅವರ ನಾಡಿನಾಡಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹರಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯೇ ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಪ್ರಮುಖ ಕಾರಣವಾಗಿರಬಹುದು.

ಹೀನ ಜಾತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದುದಕ್ಕೆ ನಿರಂತರವೂ “ಉತ್ತಮ ವರ್ಗ”ದ ಪದತಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಬಿದ್ದು, ಪ್ರಗತಿಯ ಬೆಳಕನ್ನೇ ಕಾಣಲಸಮರ್ಥವಾದ ಸಮಾಜದ ಒಂದು ವರ್ಗ—ಹರಿಜನರು. ಮಹಾತ್ಮರು ಈ ಜಾತಿಯ ಏಳಿಗೆಯಿಂದ ನಾಡಿನ ಸರ್ವತೋಮುಖ ಪ್ರಗತಿ ಸಾಗುವುದೆಂದು ಸಾರಿ, ಕಾರ್ಯೋನ್ಮುಖರಾದರು. ಆಗಲೇ ಮಹಾತ್ಮರ ಕರೆಯನ್ನಾಲಿಸಿ, ಹರಿಜನರ ಸೇವೆಯನ್ನೇ ತನ್ನ ಬಾಳಿನ ಕಾರ್ಯವನ್ನಾಗಿ ಇಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡರು ಕಿಲ್ಲಿ. ಕಿಲ್ಲಿ, ತನ್ನ ಸೇವಾಪಥದಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆದು ಮರೆಯಲಾರದ ಮಾದರಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಅವರ ಸೇವೆಯನ್ನು ಮನಸಾರೆ ಮೆಚ್ಚಿದ ಜನತೆ “ಹರಿಜನ ಸೇವಕ”ರೆಂದೇ ಅವರನ್ನು ನಾಮಕರಣ ಮಾಡಿದೆ!

ಪ್ರಾಣಿಗಳನ್ನು ಬಲಿಕೊಡಬಾರದೆಂದು ಕಿಲ್ಲಿ ಹೂಡಿದ ಚಳವಳಿ ಸ್ಮರಣೀಯವಾದುದು. ಕೋಣನ ಕುತ್ತಿಗೆಯನ್ನು ತುಂಡರಿಸುವ ಬದಲು ತನ್ನ ರುಂಡವನ್ನೇ ಚೆಂಡಾಡಿಯೆಂದು ಶಿರಮೊಡ್ಡಿದ ಕಿಲ್ಲಿಯ ಆಂತರ್ಯ ಎಂತಹ ಉದಾತ್ತ ಧೈಯದಿಂದ ತುಂಬಿತ್ತು! ಪ್ರಾಣಿದಯೆಯಾದರೂ ಅವರ ಹೃದಯವನ್ನು ಯಾವ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕೋಮಲವಾಗಿರಿಸಿದ್ದಿರಬೇಕು.

ದಕ್ಷಿಣ ಕನ್ನಡದ ಉಪಭಾಷೆಯಾದ ತುಳು ಕಿಲ್ಲೆಯವರ ಮಾತೃಭಾಷೆ. ಕನ್ನಡದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದಷ್ಟೇ ಅಭಿಮಾನ ಅನುಗ್ರಹದಲ್ಲಿತ್ತು. ಅದರಲ್ಲೂ ಕವಿತೆಯನ್ನು ರಚಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ತುಳು ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ಪ್ರಗತಿಗೆ ಶ್ರಮಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ತುಳು ನಾಡ ಕುರಿತಾದ ಅವರ ಗ್ರಂಥಗಳು ಸದ್ಯದಲ್ಲೇ ಬಿಡುಗಡೆಯಾಗುತ್ತವೆ. ಅವರ ಜೀವಂತ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾಧಿಸಲಾಗದ ಕನಸು, ಈಗತಾನೇ ನೆನಸಾಗಿ ಜನತೆಗೆ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆಯವರ ಭಾಷಾಭಕ್ತಿ ವ್ಯಕ್ತವಾಗುವುದು.

ಅದರ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ “ತುಳು ನಾಡ”ಗಾಗಿ ಹೋರಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ರೆನ್ನುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸತ್ಯವಿರಲಿಕ್ಕಿಲ್ಲ. ಭಾಷೆಗಾಗಿ ಶ್ರಮಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಹೊರತು ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದಿಂದ ಪ್ರತ್ಯೇಕವಾದ “ತುಳುವರ ನಾಡ”ನ್ನು ಕಟ್ಟಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಿದವರೆಂದು ಕೇಳಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೂ ಅದು ಎಂದೆಂದೂ ನಂಬಲಾರ್ಹವಲ್ಲ. “ಭಿದ್ರಭಿದ್ರವಾದ ಕನ್ನಡ ನಾಡನ್ನು ಒಂದಾಗಿ ಸೇರಿಸಿ ಕರ್ನಾಟಕವನ್ನು ರಚಿಸಬೇಕೆಂದು” ತನ್ನ ರುಗ್ಗು ಶಯ್ಯೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪವಡಿಸಿದ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ ಮರುಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರಂತೆ. ಕನ್ನಡದಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾವಗೀತೆಗಳನ್ನು ಬರೆದ ಕವಿ, ಕನ್ನಡದ ಏಕೀಕರಣದಿಂದಲೇ ನಾಡಿನ ಪ್ರಗತಿಯೆಂದು ನಂಬಿದವರಲ್ಲಿ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆಯವರೂ ಒಬ್ಬರು.

ತನ್ನ ಕೊನೆಗಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆ.ಪಿ.ಸಿ.ಸಿ.ಯ ಕಾರ್ಯದರ್ಶಿಯಾಗಿ ಆರಿಸಲ್ಪಟ್ಟರೂ ಅವರು ಅನಾರೋಗ್ಯದಿಂದ ಕಾರ್ಯವಹಿಸದೆ ಇರಬೇಕಾಯಿತು. ಜನತೆ ಅವರ ಯೋಗ್ಯ ಶ್ರಮವನ್ನು ಪುರಸ್ಕರಿಸುವ ಮುನ್ನ ಮರೆಯಾದರು—ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ. ಹಲವಾರು ಸನ್ನಿವೇಶಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಜನತೆ “ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ ಈಗ ಇರುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೇ...” ಎಂದು ಆಶಾಭಾವದಿಂದ ನಿರೀಕ್ಷಿಸುತ್ತಾಗಿದೆ. ಕಿಲ್ಲೆಯವರ ಕಾಯವಿಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೇನು? ಆ ಅಗೋಚರ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಸದಾ ಜನತೆಯ ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲೇ ಇದೆ. ಹಲವು ಮಂದಿಯ ಅಪೂರ್ವ ಸ್ಫೂರ್ತಿಯ ಕಣಿಯಾಗಿ ಕಾರ್ಯವೆಸಗುತ್ತಿದೆ—ಆ ಶಕ್ತಿ!

ಕನ್ನಡಜಿಲ್ಲೆ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆಯವರನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಬರಿದಾಗಿದೆ. ಆ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಕಲ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಗಳು ಸಮನ್ವಯಗೊಂಡ, ನಿಷ್ಠಾವಂತ ಗಾಂಧೀಪ್ರೇಮಿ ದೊರೆಯುವುದು ಕಷ್ಟವೇ ಸರಿ.

ಕಿಲ್ಲೆಯ ಕಾರ್ಯನಿಷ್ಠೆಯನ್ನು ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಕೊಂಡಾಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಯಾವ ರೀತಿಯ ಎಡರುಗಳು ಇದಿರಾದರೂ ಮುಂದೆ ಸಾಗಿದ, ಗುರಿಮುಟ್ಟಿದ ಹಿರಿಯ ಜೀವ ಅದು. ವಿಧಾಯಕ ಕಾರ್ಯಗಳಿಂದಲೇ ನಾಡಿನ ಭಾಗ್ಯೋದಯವೆಂದು ಬಗೆದ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆಯನ್ನು ದೇವರು ಬಹುಬೇಗ ಕರೆದೊಯ್ದ.

ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ದುಡಿಯುವಾಗಲೂ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆಯವರು ಸೇವಕನಾಗಿ ದುಡಿದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ಅಪಾರ ತೃಪ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಕಂಡುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಅಧಿಕಾರಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಹೋರಾಟ ನಡೆಸಿ ಮುಂದೆ ಬಂದು ಹಾರತುರಾಯಿಗಳನ್ನು ಗಳಿಸಿ ಮೆರೆದಾಡಬಹುದಿತ್ತು. ಆ ಉಜ್ವಲ ದೇಶಾಭಿಮಾನಿಯ ಹೃದಯ ಅದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಹಂಬಲಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನಾಯಕರಾಗಿ ಮೆರೆಯುವ ರಂಗಿನ ಬಾಳಿಗಿಂತ ಸಾರ್ವಜನಿಕ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ಷೇತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಶ್ರಮಿಸಿ ಜನತೆಯ ಸೇವೆಯನ್ನೇ ಜೀವನದ ದೀಪ್ತಿಯನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡರು. “ಕರ್ಣ”ನ ತ್ಯಾಗಮಯ ಬಾಳು ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿರಂತರವೂ ಬತ್ತದ ತೊರೆಯಾಗಿ, ಅದರ್ಶದ ‘ಪಂಜಾಗಿ’ ಅವರಿಗೆ ದಾರಿತೋರಬೇಕು. ತನ್ನ ಅನುದಿನದ ಬಾಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕರ್ಣನ ಅಸಾಧಾರಣ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವವನ್ನು ಅಳವಡಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಅವರು ಯತ್ನಿಸಿದರು. ತನ್ನ ಬಾಳನ್ನು ಸತ್ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಗೆ ಹಾಕಿ, ಪುಟವಿಟ್ಟ ಹೊನ್ನಿನಂತೆ ಹೊರಬಂದ ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ ಮಾತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಆಡಿತೋರಿಸಿದಂತೆ, ಕಾರ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾಡಿತೋರಿಸಿದರು.

ಕಿಲ್ಲೆ ದಕ್ಷಿಣ ಕನ್ನಡದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾತ್ರವಲ್ಲ, ಕೊಡಗು, ಮೈಸೂರು, ಹುಬ್ಬಳ್ಳಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಎಣೆಯಿಲ್ಲದ ಮಾತುಗಾರಿಕೆಯಿಂದ, ಜನರಲ್ಲಿ ಹೊಸಬೆಳಕನ್ನು ಬೀರಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಹೋದೆಡೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತನ್ನ ಭವ್ಯ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವವನ್ನು

## ಕಣ್ಣರೆಯಾದ ಕಿಲೈ

ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ತೋರಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಅದರೊಂದಿಗೆ ಜನತೆ ಸುತ್ತುಗಟ್ಟಿ ಅವರ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಯ ರಹಸ್ಯವನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಯಲು ಕುತೂಹಲಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಅದು ಹುಟ್ಟು ಪ್ರತಿಭೆ, ಯಾರೂ ಅದನ್ನು ಅಲ್ಲಗಳೆಯಲಾರರು.

1952ರ ಚುನಾವಣೆಯ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಿಲೈ ದಕ್ಷಿಣ ಕನ್ನಡದ ಹಳ್ಳಿಹಳ್ಳಿಗೂ ತಮ್ಮ ಕಂಠಶ್ರೀಯಿಂದ, ನ್ಯಾಯಬದ್ಧವಾದ ತರ್ಕದಿಂದ ಜನತೆಯ ಜನಾಬ್ದಾರಿಯನ್ನು ಮನನಮಾಡಿಸಿದರು.

ಆಗಲೇ ಅವರ ಅರಿವಿಗೆ ತಿಳಿಯದ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅಂಟಿಕೊಂಡು ಪ್ರಬಲವಾಯಿತು “ಕ್ಯಾನ್ಸರ್”. ಕಿಲೈಯವರು ಅಷ್ಟಾಗಿ ಗಮನಕೊಡಲಿಲ್ಲ. ರೋಗದ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಪ್ರಬಲವಾದಾಗ, ದೈಹಿಕ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಕುಗ್ಗಿಹೋದ ಬಳಿಕ ಭೀಷ್ಮನಂತೆ ಮಂಚದಲ್ಲೊರಗಿದರು. ಊರೂರು ತಿರುಗಿ, ಭಾಷಣಮಾಡಿದ ತುಳುನಾಡ ಮಹಾವಾಗ್ನಿ ಹಾಸಿಗೆ ಹಿಡಿದರು, ಚಿಕಿತ್ಸೆ ನಡೆಯಿತು, ಆದರೆ ಗುಣಮುಖವಾಗುವ ಸುಚಿಹ್ನೆ ಕಾಣಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಬಾಳಿನ ಕೊನೆ ಸಮಾಪಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದುದು ಅವರಿಗೇ ತಿಳಿಯಿತು. ಕೊನೆಗಾಲದ ತನಕವೂ ಆಚಾರ ಬದ್ಧವಾದ ಜೀವನ! ಕೊನೆಗಾಲದಲ್ಲೂ “ಕರ್ಣ! ಕರ್ಣ!”—ಎಂಬ ನಾವೋಚ್ಚಾರಣೆ! ರಾಮಾಯಣ, ಭಾರತ, ಗೀತೆ ಮುಂತಾದ ಪವಿತ್ರ ಗ್ರಂಥಗಳ ಪಠನ!

ಕಿಲೈ ಹೋದರು; ನಮ್ಮನ್ನಗಲಿ ಬಲುದೂರ ನಡೆದುಹೋದರು. ಮಿಂಚಿನ ಬೆಳಕನ್ನು ಬೀರುವ ಧ್ರುವ ತಾರೆ ಯಾದರು. ಜನತೆಯ ಹೃದಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಮರೆಯಲಾರದ ಗಣ್ಯಸ್ಥಾನವನ್ನು ಗಳಿಸಿದರು.

ಇಂದಿಗೆ ಐವತ್ತಮೂರು ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಹಿಂದೆ—?

ಮಂಗಳೂರು ತಾಲೂಕಿನ ಕೂಳೂರು ಹೊಸಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪುತ್ರೋತ್ಸವವಾಯಿತು. ಶ್ರೀಮತಿ ಅಬ್ಬಕ್ಕ ಶೆಡ್ಡಿಯವರ ಮಗು ಲಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂಸು ಸುಖವಾಗಿತ್ತು.

ಅದೇ ಮಗು.....?

ತನ್ನ ಜೀವಿತದ ಐವತ್ತೆರಡು ವರ್ಷಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಬೇರೆಯವರು ತುಂಬು ಬಾಳಲ್ಲೂ ಸಾಧಿಸಲಾಗದುದನ್ನು ಸಾಧಿಸಿ ಅಸ್ತಂಗತವಾಯಿತು.

ಆ ದಿನ ಒಂದು ಪುಣ್ಯದಿನವಾಗಿರಬೇಕು—ಜನವರಿ ಐದರ ಸಾವಿರದೊಂಭೈನೂರ ಒಂದರ ಆ ದಿನ ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧ ಪುರುಷನೊಬ್ಬ ತುಳುನಾಡ ಮಡಿಲಿಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದ ಸಂಭ್ರಮದ ದಿನ!

ಆ ಜ್ಯೋತಿ ಮಾಯವಾದ ದಿನವೂ ಉಳಿದ ನಾವು ಸರ್ವದಾ ಅದನ್ನು ಸ್ಮರಿಸುವ ಕೃತಜ್ಞತೆಯ ದಿನವಾಗಲಿ ಎಂದು ಆಶಿಸೋಣವೇ?

ಜಿ. ಸುಬ್ಬರಾಯ, III ಬಿ. ಎ.

ಬಳಲುತಿಹ ಭಾರತಕೆ ಬೆಳಕು ಬೀರುತ ಬಂದೆ ।  
 ಒಳಕಲಹ ನಂದಿಸಿದ ಕೀರುತಿಯು ನಿನಗೊಂದೆ ।  
 ಖಳರನೆಲ್ಲರ ಕೂಡಿ ಬಳಗ ಒಂದನು ಮಾಡಿ  
 ಇಳಿಗೆ ಸ್ವರ್ಗವತಂದೆ ನೀಕಣ್ಣು ಮುಂದೆ

॥ ೧ ॥

ದುಷ್ಟ ಸಂಸ್ಕಾರಗಳ ಜಯಿಸಿ ನಿಂತೆಯೆ ಮುನಿಯೆ ।  
 ಕಷ್ಟ ಕರುಳಿನ ತಾವ ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟಪಡಿಸಿದೆ ಧನಿಯೆ ।  
 ಶ್ರೇಷ್ಠ ನಿಕೃಷ್ಟತೆಯ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಘಾತುಕತನವ ।  
 ನಿಷ್ಠೆ ಪ್ರೇಮಗಳಿಂದ ಸುಟ್ಟೊಸೆದೆ ಗುಣಿಯೆ

॥ ೨ ॥

ಸತ್ಯವೇ ಪರಮಾತ್ಮ ಸರಲ ಜೀವನಸೂತ್ರ ।  
 ನಿತ್ಯ ಶಾಂತಿಯ ಸುಖಕೆ ನಿಜ ತ್ಯಾಗಮಾತ್ರ ।  
 ಸತ್ಯಾಗ್ರಹವೆ ಶಸ್ತ್ರ ಅಹಿಂಸೆ ನಿನ್ನಯ ಅಸ್ತ್ರ ।  
 ಗೀತೆ ನಿನ್ನಯ ಛತ್ರ ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯಮಿತ್ರ

॥ ೩ ॥

ಧರ್ಮವೇ ನಿನ್ನಸಿರು, ನೀತಿ ನಿನ್ನಯ ಜೀವ ।  
 ಸರ್ವಮತಗಳ ಸಖ್ಯ ಮಹಿಳೆಯರ ಮೋಕ್ಷ ।  
 ನಿರ್ಮೋಹ ಮೂರುತಿಯೆ ಹರಿಜನ ವಿಮೋಚಕನೆ ।  
 ಭರತ ಮಾತೆಯ ಪುತ್ರ ನೀ ವಿಶ್ವಮಿತ್ರ

॥ ೪ ॥

ಎಂ. ಆರ್. ಹೆಬ್ಬಾರ, H U. C.

# ಒಂದು ನೆನಪು

ನಾನು ಆತನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದ್ದು 1942ನೇ ಇಸವಿಯ ಸುಮಾರಿನಲ್ಲಿ. ದಾರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅಕಸ್ಮಾತ್ತಾಗಿ ಕಿತ್ತುಹೋದ ನನ್ನ ಚಪ್ಪಲಿಯನ್ನು ರಿವೇರಿ ಮಾಡಿಸಲು ಅವನ ಸಣ್ಣ, ಕತ್ತಲೆ ತುಂಬಿದ ಅಂಗಡಿಗೆ ನುಗ್ಗಿದ್ದೆ. ಆತ ಕತ್ತಿತ್ತಿ ಗಂಭೀರವಾದ ಮುಗುಳ್ಳಗೆ ಬೀರಿ, ವಿನಯದಿಂದ ಒಳಕ್ಕೆ ಕರೆದು “ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳಿ ಸ್ವಾಮಿ. ನೀವು ಇಲ್ಲಿಲ್ಲೋ ಹೊಸದಾಗಿ ವಾಸಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದಿದ್ದೀರಿ ಅಲ್ಲವೇ?” ಎಂದ.

“ಹೌದು” ಎಂದು ತಲೆಯಲ್ಲಾ ಡಿಸಿದೆ. ನಾನು ಒಂದು ವಾರದ ಹಿಂದೆ ಅದೇ ಬೀದಿಯ ಕೊನೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಸಣ್ಣ ಮನೆಗೆ ಬಂದಿದ್ದೆ.

“ಈ ಪ್ರದೇಶ ವಾಸಕ್ಕೆ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿದೆ. ನಿಮಗೂ ಸಹ ಇಷ್ಟವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ” ಎಂದ.

ಕಾಲಿನ ಎರಡು ಚಪ್ಪಲಿಗಳನ್ನು ಅವನ ವಶಕ್ಕೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಅಲ್ಲೇ ಬೆಂಚಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಕಾಯುತ್ತಾ ಕುಳಿತೆ. ಅವನು ಅದರ ಹಳೆಯ ಚರ್ಮವನ್ನು ಸುಲಭವಾಗಿ ಸುಲಿದು ತೆಗೆದು ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮವಾಗಿ ಪರೀಕ್ಷಿಸುತ್ತಾ ‘ತ್ಸು, ತ್ಸು, ತ್ಸು’ ಎಂದು ತನ್ನಲ್ಲೇ ತಾನು ಲೊಚಗುಟ್ಟಿದ. ಆ ಚಪ್ಪಲಿಯ ಅರ್ಧ ಆಯುಷ್ಯವೆಲ್ಲಾ ಇಂಥ ನೂರಾರು ರಿವೇರಿಗಳಿಂದ ಸವೆದಿತ್ತು. ಕಾಹಿಲೆ ಉಲ್ಬಣವಾಗಿ ಕೊನೆಯಗಳಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತನ್ನಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಬಂದ ರೋಗಿಯನ್ನು ಪರೀಕ್ಷಿಸುವ ವೈದ್ಯ ನಂತೆ ಆತ ಚಪ್ಪಲಿಯ ಅಂಗಾಂಗಗಳನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಅತಿ ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮವಾಗಿ ಪರೀಕ್ಷಿಸಿದ. ನನ್ನ ಸಹನೆ ಮೇರೆ ಮೀರಿತ್ತು. ನಾನು ಜಾಗೃತಿಯಾಗಿ ಹೋಗಿ ನನ್ನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತನೊಬ್ಬನನ್ನು ನೋಡಬೇಕಾಗಿತ್ತು.

“ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಬೇಗ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಟ್ಟಿರಿ.....” ನಿಧಾನವಾಗೇ ಹೇಳಿದೆ.

ಆತ ಕತ್ತಿತ್ತಿ, ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಅಸಮಾಧಾನದಿಂದ ನನ್ನ ಕಡೆ ನೋಡಿ “ಸ್ವಾಮಿ, ನಾನು ನಿಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಕಾಯಿಸಬೇಕೆಂದಿಲ್ಲ. ಕೆಲಸವನ್ನು ಅಚ್ಚುಕಟ್ಟಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಬೇಕು” ಎಂದ. ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಹೊತ್ತು ಸುಮ್ಮನಿದ್ದು “ನೋಡಿ—ನಾನು ನನ್ನ ಹೆಸರನ್ನು ಉಳಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು—ಅದು ನನ್ನ ನೇಮ” ಎಂದ.

ಅಕಸ್ಮಾತ್ತಾಗಿ ಅವನ ಬಾಯಿಯಿಂದ ಬಂದ ಆ ಶಬ್ದ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಎಚ್ಚರಗೊಳಿಸಿತು. ನನಗೆ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವೂ ಆಯಿತು. ಹೆಸರು? ನೇಮ? ಈ ಸಣ್ಣ ಕತ್ತಲೆ ಅಂಗಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತ ಇವನಿಗೆಂಥ ನೇಮ? ಅದೇ ಸಾಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಉದ್ದಕ್ಕೂ ಬಣ್ಣ ಬಣ್ಣದ ದೀಪದಿಂದ ಪ್ರಕಾಶವಾದ ಅನೇಕ ದೊಡ್ಡದೊಡ್ಡ ಪಾದರಕ್ಷೆ ಅಂಗಡಿಗಳಿದ್ದವು. ‘ಕಳ್ಳ, ....ಕಳ್ಳ’ ನಾನು ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲೇ ಯೋಚಿಸಿದೆ.

ನನ್ನ ಯೋಚನೆ ಅವನಿಗೂ ಸುಲಭವಾಗಿ ತಿಳಿದಿರಬೇಕು—ಅವನು ಪುನಃ ನವಿರಾಗಿ ನಕ್ಕು ಹೇಳಿದ:— “ಹೌದು, ಸ್ವಾಮಿ. ನನ್ನ ಮನೆತನಕ್ಕೊಂದು ನೇಮವಿದೆ—ಒಳ್ಳೆ ಹೆಸರಿದೆ. ನಮ್ಮಪ್ಪ, ಅಜ್ಜ ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ಕಾನ್ ಪುರದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದರು. ಬಹಳ ಒಳ್ಳೆ ಹೆಸರು ಸಂಪಾದಿಸಿದರು. ನಮ್ಮಪ್ಪ ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದ, ‘ಯಾವ ಕೆಲಸ ಬಂದರೂ ಹೆಮ್ಮೆಯಿಂದ ಅಚ್ಚುಕಟ್ಟಾಗಿ ಮಾಡು—ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಹಾಗೇ ಇರು. ನಿನಗೆ ದೇವರು ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದು ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾನೆ—ಸಂಪಾದನೆಯೂ ಆಗುತ್ತೆ, ಸುಖವಾಗೂ ಇರಬಹುದು.’”

ಚಪ್ಪಲಿಗೆ ರಿವೇರಿ ಮುಗಿಸಿ ವಾಪಸು ಕೊಡುತ್ತಾ ಅವನು “ಇದೇನು ಬೇಗ ಸವೆಯುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಒಳ್ಳೆ ಚರ್ಮ ಹಾಕಿದ್ದೇನೆ” ಎಂದ. ಆತುರವಾಗಿ ಹೊರಟೆ—ಹೊತ್ತಾಗಿತ್ತು, ನನ್ನ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ತಡೆಯಾದರೂ ಆ



ಮೋಚಿಯ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಏನೋ ಕೋಮಲವಾದ ಅಂತಃಕರಣ, ತೃಪ್ತಿ ಬೆಳೆದಿತ್ತು. ಹಿಂದಿರುಗಿ ಬರುವಾಗ ಪುನಃ ಆ ಸಣ್ಣ ಅಂಗಡಿಯ ಮುಂದೆ ಬಂದೆ. ಅಂಗಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅದೇ ಜಾಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದ, ತಲೆತಗ್ಗಿಸಿ ಬಹುಶಃ ಆ ದಿನದ ಕೊನೆಯ ಚೂರು ಕೆಲಸವನ್ನು ಮುಗಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಅವನು ಕತ್ತಿತ್ತಿ ನನ್ನ ಕಡೆನೋಡಿ ಅವನ ಗಂಭೀರವಾದ ನಗೆ ನಕ್ಕ. ಹೀಗೆ ನಮ್ಮಿಬ್ಬರ ಅಮೂಲ್ಯವಾದ ಪರಿಚಯ—ಉಪಯುಕ್ತವಾದ ಬಾಂಧವ್ಯ, ಬೆಳೆಯಿತು.

ಅದು 'ಕ್ವಿಟ್ ಇಂಡಿಯಾ' ಸತ್ಯಾಗ್ರಹದ ಕಾಲ—ದೇಶದ ಹೊರಗೆ ಒಳಗೆ ಯುದ್ಧ, ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಕಷ್ಟ ಕಾಲ. ಪ್ರತಿದಿನವೂ ಅವನ ಅಂಗಡಿಯ ಮುಂದೆ ಹೋಗುವಾಗ ನಾನು ಅವನನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ—ಅವನು ಕೈ ಮುಗಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ; ಹೀಗೇ ಪರಸ್ಪರ ಕುಶಲಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ. ಮೊದಲು ನಾನು ಏನಾದರೂ ರಿಪೇರಿ ಕೆಲಸವಿದ್ದರೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಅಂಗಡಿ ಒಳಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ; ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ದಿನವಾದ ಮೇಲೆ ಕೆಲಸವಿಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೂ ಆಗಾಗ ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ಇಾಲ್ಕು ಮಾತ ನಾಡಲು ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ.

ಅವನು ಎತ್ತರವಾದ ಆಳು, ಅನೇಕ ವರ್ಷದ ದುಡಿಮೆಯಿಂದ ಬಗ್ಗಿದ ಬೆನ್ನು, ತಲೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಬೆಳ್ಳ ಗಾದ ತೆಳ್ಳನೆಯ ನಾಲವಾರು ಕೂದಲುಗಳು; ಮುಖದಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂಡಿಬಂದ ಗೆರೆಗಳು. ನನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಅಚ್ಚಳಿ ಯದೆ ನೆನಪಿರುವುದು—ಅವನ ನಿರ್ಮಲವಾದ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳು, ಅವುಗಳಿಂದ ಸುಲಭವಾಗಿ ಹೊರಹೊಮ್ಮುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಮಾದರ್ವ, ತಿಳಿನಗೆ. ಒಂದುದಿನ ಅದೇ ತಾನೆ ಯಾವುದೋ ಊರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಶಾಲೆಯ ಮಕ್ಕಳನ್ನು ಪೋಲಿಸರು ಗುಂಡಿಟ್ಟು ಕೊಂದ ವಿಷಯ ಯಾರಿಂದಲೋ ಕೇಳಿದ್ದೆ. ನನ್ನೊಡನೆ ಆ ವಿಷಯವನ್ನು ಮಾತನಾಡುವಾಗ “ಎಂಥ ರಾಕ್ಷಸರು ಸ್ವಾಮಿ” ಎಂದ. ಮೃದುವಾದ ಅವನ ಧ್ವನಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕ್ಲೇಶವಿತ್ತು; ಕಣ್ಣಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಆಳವಾದ ನೋವಿತ್ತು. ಅವನಿಂದ ಅಷ್ಟೊಂದು ಕಠಿಣವಾದ ಮಾತನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿದ್ದು ಅದೇ ಮೊದಲು.

ಅವನು ತುಂಬಾ ಸಂತೋಷವಾಗಿರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ—ಅದರಿಂದಲೇ ನನಗೆ ಅವನ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಗೌರವ ಬೆಳೆದದ್ದು. ಆಗಾಗ ಕಿಟಕಿಯ ಬಳಿ ನಿಂತು ತನ್ನ ಕೊನೆಯ ಕೆಲಸವನ್ನು ಮುಗಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಏನೊ ಖುಷಿಯಾಗಿ ಹಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಅದೇ ಸಾಲಿನ ಅಂಗಡಿಯವರು ಅವನನ್ನು ತಮಾಶೆಗಾಗಿ “ತಾನ್ ಸೇನ್” ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು.

ಒಂದು ದಿನ ನಾವಿಬ್ಬರೂ ಮಾತನಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗ ಅವನು ಬೀದಿಯಕಡೆ ನೋಡಿ ಅಂಗಡಿಮುಂದೆ ಹೋಗು ತ್ತಿದ್ದವರೊಬ್ಬರನ್ನು ಕಂಡು, ನಮಸ್ಕಾರಮಾಡಿ “ಅಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡಿ ಸ್ವಾಮಿ. ಅವರನ್ನು ಪರಿಚಯಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳ ಬೇಕೆಂದು ನನಗೆ ತುಂಬಾ ಆಸೆ. ಇಲ್ಲೇ ಅಂಗಡಿಮುಂದೆ ಅನೇಕವರ್ಷದಿಂದ ಓಡಾಡುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಯಾವಾಗ ಲಾದರೂ ಒಂದು ಸಾರಿ ಒಳಕ್ಕೆ ಬರಬಾರದೇ ಎನ್ನಿಸುತ್ತೆ. ತುಂಬಾ ಒಳ್ಳೆ ಮನುಷ್ಯರಿರಬೇಕು” ಎಂದ.

ಆ ಮನುಷ್ಯ ನನಗೆ ಪರಿಚಯದವರೆಂದು ನಾನು ಹೇಳಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಒಂದು ವಾರದ ನಂತರ ಅವನೇ ಹೇಳಿದ: “ನಾನು ಹೇಳಿದ್ದು ನಿಜ ಸ್ವಾಮಿ. ನಿನ್ನೆ ದಿನ ಅವರೇ ಅಂಗಡಿ ಒಳಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದಿದ್ದರು. ಬಹಳಹೊತ್ತು ಮಾತನಾಡಿದೆವು. ಅಷ್ಟೊಂದು ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಮನುಷ್ಯರನ್ನು ನಾನಂತೂ ನೋಡಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.”

ನನಗೆ ಆಗ ತಿಳಿಯಿತು. ಈ ಮೋಚಿಯ ತಿಳಿಯಾದ ಅಭಿಮಾನ, ಪ್ರಾಮಾಣಿಕತೆ,—ನನ್ನ ಹಾಗೆ ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಹೃದಯವನ್ನು ಬೆಳಗಿತ್ತು; ಬಿಗುಮಾನದ ಮಂಜನ್ನು ಕರಗಿಸಿ ಬೆಳಕು ಬೀರಿತ್ತು ಎಂದು.

ಒಂದು ದಿನ ವೇಟೆಯಿಂದ ಮನೆಗೆ ನಾನು ಬೇಸರಗೊಂಡು, ರೇಗುತ್ತಾ ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ—ನಾನು ಹೊಲಿ ಯಲು ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದ ಹೊಸ ಅಂಗಿಯೊಂದನ್ನು ವರ್ಜಿ ಕೆಡಿಸಿ, ಹಾಳುಮಾಡಿದ್ದ. ಈ ನನ್ನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತ ರಸ್ತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ

ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕೈ ಬೀಸಿ ಕರೆದ; ನನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಸಮಾಧಾನ ದೊರೆಯಲೆಂದು ಒಳಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋದೆ. ಅವನೊಡನೆ ದರ್ಜಿಗಳ ದಾರ್ಜಿಲ್ಯ, ಉದಾಸೀನತೆ, ಸುಳ್ಳುತನ, ಪೊಳ್ಳುತನ....ವಗೈರೆ ಏನೇನೋ ಕೂಗಾಡಿದೆ. ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಅಳಲನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ತೋಡಿಕೊಂಡೆ. ದರ್ಜಿಯನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಲೋಕಾಭಿರಾಮವಾಗಿ ಎಲ್ಲ ಕೆಲಸಗಾರರನ್ನೂ ಬೈದೆ. ಅವರ ಕೆಲಸದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಆಸಕ್ತಿಯಿಲ್ಲ; ದುಡ್ಡು ಮಾತ್ರ ಕೇಳುತ್ತಾರೆ, ಮುಠಾಳರು, ಅಪ್ರಯೋಜಕರು ಎಂದು ಜರೆದೆ. ನಾನು ತಣ್ಣ ಗಾಗುವ ವರೆಗೂ ಅವನು ಸುಮ್ಮನಿದ್ದ, ತುಟಿ ಪಿಟಕೊನಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಆ ಮೇಲೆ ಅವನು ಗಂಭೀರನಾಗಿ “ಹೌದು ಸ್ವಾಮಿ” ಎಂದು ಧ್ವನಿಗೂಡಿಸಿದ. “ಎಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡಿದರೂ ಅಂಥಾ ಜನರು ಬಹಳ ಸ್ವಾಮಿ. ಅದು ಅವರ ತಪ್ಪಲ್ಲ ಪಾಪ! ಅವರ ಅಪ್ಪ ಅಜ್ಜ ತೋರಿಸಿದ ದಾರಿ. ಅವರಿಗೂ ಸಹ ಕೆಲಸದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಮ್ಮೆಯಿರಲಿಲ್ಲವೇನೋ. ಪಾಪ! ಮಕ್ಕಳೇನು ಮಾಡಿಯಾರು—ಅವರಿಗೂ ತುಂಬಾ ಅನ್ಯಾಯ.

“ಹುಂ! ಅಪ್ಪ ಅಜ್ಜ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾರೆ...ಮುಠಾಳರು” ಎಂದೆ. ಇನ್ನೂ ನನ್ನ ಬಿಸಿ ಆರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಒಂದು ನಿಮಿಷ ಸುಮ್ಮನಿದ್ದು ನನ್ನ ಕಡೆಯೇ ನೋಡಿ “ಛೇ, ಹಾಗುಂಟೆ ಸ್ವಾಮಿ. ನೋಡಿ, ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ತಮ್ಮ ಕೆಲಸದಲ್ಲಿ ಗೌರವವಿರಬೇಕು—ಒಳ್ಳೆ ‘ನೇಮ’ವಿರಬೇಕು. ಒಂದು ವೇಳೆ ಇಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ನೇಮ ನಾವು ಮಾಡಿ ಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ಏನು ಕೆಲಸವಾದರೂ ಮಾಡಲಿ, ಚಿಂತೆಯಿಲ್ಲ; ಮನಸ್ಸಿಟ್ಟು ಅಚ್ಚುಕಟ್ಟಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಬೇಕು. ಮನೆ ಹೆಸರು ಉಳಿಸಬೇಕು. ಅಥವಾ ಮನೆಗೊಂದು ಹೆಸರು ತರಬೇಕು. ಅದರಿಂದ ಅವರಿಗೂ ಹೆಮ್ಮೆ....ಮುಂದಿನ ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಗೆ ಒಳ್ಳೆ ದಾರಿ.....” ಎಂದ.

ಆ ಮೋಚಿಯ ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿ ಎಂಥ ಸೊಗಸಾದ ಮಾತುಗಳು!

ಇಂಥ ಮಾತುಗಳನ್ನು ನಾನು ಅನೇಕರ ಬಾಯಿಂದ ಕೇಳಿದ್ದೆ. ಅನೇಕ ರಾಜಕೀಯ ಮುಖಂಡರು ಈ ವಿಷಯವಾಗಿ ವೇದಿಕೆಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ ನಿಂತು ಗಂಟೆಗಟ್ಟಲೆ ಭಾಷಣ ಬಿಗಿದಿದ್ದರು—ಕೇಳಿದ್ದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಈ ಕೆಟ್ಟಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಳುವುದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಕೆಲಸದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾಡಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಬಾಳಿನಲ್ಲೊಂದು ನೇಮವನ್ನು ಬೆರೆಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬಲ್ಲ ಅಪೂರ್ವ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಗಳೆಷ್ಟು ಮಂದಿಯಿದ್ದಾರೆ?

ದರ್ಜಿ ಕೆಡಿಸಿದ್ದ ಬಟ್ಟೆಯ ವಿಷಯ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಮರೆತು ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೋದೆ.

ಇದಾದ 5-6ತಿಂಗಳು ನಾನು ಊರಿನಲ್ಲಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಊರಿಗೆ ವಾಪಸು ಬಂದ ಕೂಡಲೇ ನೇರವಾಗಿ ಅವನ ಅಂಗಡಿಗೆ ಹೋದೆ—ಎಷ್ಟೊಂದು ದಿನದಿಂದ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ನೋಡದೆ ಕಾದಿರುವನೋ ಎಂದುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾ ಅವನ ಅಂಗಡಿ ಬಳಿ ಬಂದೆ.

ಅಂಗಡಿ ಮುಚ್ಚಿತ್ತು—ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಸಣ್ಣದೊಂದು ಬೋರ್ಡ್ ತೂಗಹಾಕಿತ್ತು. “ಸಕ್ಕದ ಲಾಂಛಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಪಾದರಕ್ಷೆಗಳಿವೆ. ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳಿ” ಎಂದಿತ್ತು ಅದರ ಬರಹ.

ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಭಯದಿಂದ ಲಾಂಛಿಗೆ ಹೋದೆ. ಹೌದು. ಆ ಮುದುಕನಿಗೆ ಕೆಲವು ದಿನಗಳ ಹಿಂದೆ ಕಿಟಕಿಯ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗ ಪಾರ್ಶ್ವವಾಯು ತಗಲಿತಂತೆ. ಎರಡು ಮೂರು ದಿನವಾದ ಮೇಲೆ ಸತ್ತು ಹೋದನಂತೆ.

“ಪಾಸ, ಹೋಗಿಬಿಟ್ಟು ಸ್ವಾಮಿ; ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಭಲೆ ಖುಷಿಯಾಗಿರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಮುದುಕ. ಅವನ ‘ಪದ’ ಅಂದ್ರೆ ನನಗೆ ಬಹಳ ಖುಷಿ” ಎಂದ ಲಾಂಡ್ರಿಯ ಕೆಲಸದವನು.

ನನಗೆ ತುಂಬಾ ದುಃಖವಾಯಿತು—ಹತ್ತಿರದ ಸಂಬಂಧಿಯೊಬ್ಬ ಕಣ್ಣು ರೆಯಾದನಲ್ಲಾ ಎಂದು. ಯಾವುದೋ ಅಮೂಲ್ಯವಾದ ವಸ್ತುವನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡ ಹಾಗಾಗಿತ್ತು.

ಆದರೆ ಅವನು ನನಗೆ ಬಿಟ್ಟುಹೋದ ದೊಡ್ಡ ಸಂದೇಶವನ್ನು ನಾನು ಎಷ್ಟರ ಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಪಾಲಿಸುತ್ತೇನೋ ತಿಳಿಯದು. ಅವನ ಮಾತು ಮಾತ್ರ ನೆನಪಿದೆ. “ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ತಮ್ಮತಮ್ಮ ಕೆಲಸದಲ್ಲಿ ಗೌರವವಿರಬೇಕು, ಹೆಮ್ಮೆ ಇರಬೇಕು, ‘ನೇಮ’ವಿರಬೇಕು. ಮನೆ ಹೆಸರು ಉಳಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ಅಥವಾ ಹೊಸದಾಗಿ ಹೆಸರು ತರಲು ಅಚ್ಚುಕಟ್ಟಾಗಿ ಕೆಲಸಮಾಡಬೇಕು.” \*

ಎಚ್. ಕೆ. ರಾಮಚಂದ್ರಮೂರ್ತಿ.



\* ಇಂಗ್ಲಿಷ್ ಲೇಖನವೊಂದರ ಆಧಾರದ ಮೇಲೆ ಬರೆದುದು.

# ಈ ನಮ್ಮ ವಿಶ್ವ

**ಕ್ಷೀರಪಥ:**—ಅಮಾವಾಸ್ಯೆಯ ರಾತ್ರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಶುಭ್ರವಾದ ಆಕಾಶದತ್ತ ದೃಷ್ಟಿ ಪಸರಿಸಿದರೆ, ನಸುಕು ಬಿಳುಪಿನ ನೂಪುರವು ಭೂಮಿಯನ್ನು ಸುತ್ತಿಕೊಂಡಂತೆ ಕಾಣುವುದು. ಇದನ್ನು ಕ್ಷೀರಪಥವೆನ್ನುವರು. ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳು ಈ ಪ್ರದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ರಾಶಿಬಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಗೋಚರವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಇವುಗಳನ್ನು ಅಗಣಿತದೂರದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ತಾರಾಪುಂಜಗಳೆಂದು ಪೂರ್ವಜರು ತರ್ಕಿಸಿದ್ದರು. ಆದರೆ ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತನೇ ಶತಮಾನದ ಇನ್ನೂರಂಗುಲದ ದೂರದರ್ಶಕವು ಇದರ ನೈಜಾವಸ್ಥೆಯನ್ನೂ, ವಿಶ್ವದ ವೈಭವವನ್ನೂ ಬಹುಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಬಯಲಿಗೆಳೆಯಿತು.

**ಕ್ಷೀರಪಥದ ಗಾತ್ರ:**—ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಗೋಚರವಾಗುವ ತಾರಾನೇಕಗಳು ಈ ಕ್ಷೀರಪಥದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಇರುತ್ತವೆ. ಆದರೆ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳು ಒಂದು ದೀರ್ಘ ಗೋಳಾಕಾರದ (Eilipsoid) ಬದಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹರಡಿಕೊಂಡಿವೆ. ಕಿರಿಯ ವ್ಯಾಸದ ಸುತ್ತಲೂ ತಾರೆಗಳು ವಿರಳವಾದರೂ, ಹಿರಿಯ ವ್ಯಾಸದ ಸುತ್ತಲೂ ಅಧಿಕವಾಗಿ ಪಸರಿಸಿವೆ. ಹಿರಿಯ ವ್ಯಾಸವು ಸುಮಾರು 7054 ಕೋಟಿ, ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲಿಗಳು. ಕಿರಿಯ ವ್ಯಾಸವು 1176 ಕೋಟಿ, ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲುಗಳು. ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ಸೌರವ್ಯೂಹದ ಒಡೆಯನಾದ ರವಿಯೂ ಈ ಕ್ಷೀರಪಥದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣುವ ಹಲವಾರು ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರ. ಕ್ಷೀರಪಥದ ಕೇಂದ್ರದಿಂದ ಸುಮಾರು 1264 ಕೋಟಿ, ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲು ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದಾನೆ.

**ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡ:**—ಈ ಕ್ಷೀರಪಥವನ್ನೊಳಗೊಂಡ (Milk way), ದೀರ್ಘ ಗೋಳಾಕಾರದ ಪ್ರದೇಶವನ್ನು ನೀಹಾರಕವೆಂದು (Galaxy) ಎಂದು ಕರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಈ ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ನೀಹಾರಕದ ಕೇಂದ್ರವು ಧನು ವೃತ್ತಿಕ (Sagittarius, Scorpio) ರಾಶಿಗಳ ದಿಕ್ಕಿನಲ್ಲಿದೆ. ಈ ದಿಕ್ಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ ತಾರೆಗಳು 5290 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲುಗಳಷ್ಟು ದೂರಕ್ಕೂ ಅದರ ಎದುರು ಭಾಗದಲ್ಲಿ 1764 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲುಗಳಷ್ಟು ದೂರದ ವರೆಗೂ ಹರಡಿಕೊಂಡಿದೆ. ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳು ಸಮಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯಿಂದ ಕ್ಷೀರಪಥದಲ್ಲಿ ವ್ಯಾಪಿಸಿಲ್ಲ. ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳ ಕಾಂತಿ ವರ್ಗಾಂಕವು ಅಧಿಕವಾದಂತೆ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರ ಪ್ರಮಾಣವು ಕಮ್ಮಿಯಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಕ್ಷೀರಪಥದಲ್ಲಿ 8ನೇ ಕಾಂತಿವರ್ಗಾಂಕದ ವರೆಗಿನ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳು ಚದರಡಿಗ್ರಿಗೆ ಒಂದರಂತೆಯೂ, 21ನೇ ಕಾಂತಿವರ್ಗಾಂಕದ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳು ಚದರಡಿಗ್ರಿಗೆ 74,100ರಂತೆಯೂ ಹರಡಿಕೊಂಡಿವೆ. ಕ್ಷೀರಪಥವು ದೀರ್ಘವೃತ್ತಾಕಾರವಾಗಿದ್ದು ದರಿಂದಲೂ, ಸೌರವ್ಯೂಹವು ಇದರ ಕೇಂದ್ರದಲ್ಲಿದೆ ಒಂದು ಬದಿಗೆ ಸರಿದಿರುವುದರಿಂದಲೂ, ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳು ಗುಂಪಾಗಿಯೂ, ಹತ್ತಿರದವುಗಳು ವಿರಳವಾಗಿಯೂ ಕಾಣಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ನೀಹಾರಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಹತ್ತು ಸಾವಿರ ಕೋಟಿ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳಿವೆ ಎಂದು ಊಹಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

**ತಾರಾ ಗುಚ್ಛ:**—ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ನೀಹಾರಕ—ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡ—ದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲವೆಡೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಜ್ವಲಿಸುವ ತಾರಾಗುಚ್ಛ (Star Clusters)ಗಳೂ ಇವೆ. ಇವುಗಳಲ್ಲೊಂದಾದ ಕೃತ್ತಿಕಾಗುಚ್ಛವು (Plaides) ಅತಿರಮ್ಯವಾಗಿದೆ. ಇದರ ವ್ಯಾಸವು 20 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲುಗಳು. ಸೂರ್ಯನಿಂದ ಈ ತಾರಾ ಸಮೂಹಕ್ಕೆ ಸುಮಾರು 31ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲು ದೂರವಿದೆ. ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಬಹುದಾದ 400ಗುಚ್ಛಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, 391ಗುಚ್ಛಗಳು ಕ್ಷೀರಪಥದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಇವೆ. ಇವುಗಳ ವ್ಯಾಸಗಳು ಅರ್ಧ ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲುಗಳಿಂದ 1.2 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲುಗಳ ವರೆಗಿವೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ಸೂರ್ಯನ ಬಳಿ ತಾರಾಗುಚ್ಛಗಳೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಕೆಲವು ತಾರಾಗುಚ್ಛಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಲಕ್ಷಗಟ್ಟಲೆ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳಿದ್ದು, ಅವು ಸೂರ್ಯನಿಂದ 6200 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲು ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿದೆ.

**ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘ:**—ನೀಹಾರಕದ ಕೆಲವು ಭಾಗಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಬಹುದಾದ ನಸುಬೆಳಕಿನ ಮೋಡಗಳನ್ನು ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘಗಳೆಂದು (Nebula) ಹೆಸರಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ದೀರ್ಘ ಗೋಳಾಕಾರದ ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘಗಳು, ಕೇಂದ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಕಾಶವಿದ್ದರೆ, ಗ್ರಹಗಳನ್ನು ಹೋಲುತ್ತವೆ. ಮಹಾವ್ಯಾಧ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರ ಪುಂಜ (Orion group)ದ ಬಲ ಭಾಗದ ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘವು ಈ ಜಾತಿಗೆ ಸೇರಿದುದಾಗಿದೆ. ವೀಣಾರಾಶಿಯಲ್ಲಿರುವಂತಹ ನಡುಕಪ್ಪಗಿರುವವುಗಳನ್ನು ಅಂಗುಲೀಯಕ ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘಗಳೆಂದು (Ring Nebula) ಕರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಮಧ್ಯಭಾಗದಲ್ಲಿ ತಾರೆಗಳು ಮಿನುಗುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತವೆ. ಇವು ಕಿರಿಯವ್ಯಾಸವನ್ನು ಅಕ್ಷವಾಗಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು ಸುತ್ತುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತವೆ. ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘಗಳು ಸಾವಿರಕ್ಕೂ ಮಿಕ್ಕಿವೆ. ಕೇಂದ್ರದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಪ್ರಕಾಶಮಾನ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳು ಉಷ್ಣತಮ ತಾರೆಗಳಾಗಿದ್ದು, ಉಷ್ಣಮಾನವು  $25000^{\circ}\text{C}$  ಗೂ ಮಿಕ್ಕಿದೆ. ಇದರ ಸುತ್ತಲೂ ಅತ್ಯಲ್ಪ ಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯುಳ್ಳ ವಾಯುಮಂಡಲವಿದೆ. ನಕ್ಷತ್ರದ ಹೊರವಲಯದ ಉಷ್ಣವು  $18000^{\circ}\text{C}$  ಮಿಕ್ಕಿದರೆ, ಪ್ರಕಾಶಕಿರಣಗಳು ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘದ ಅಣುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರತಿಫಲಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ಇವುಗಳನ್ನು ಪ್ರತಿಫಲನ ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘ (Reflecting Nebula)ವೆಂದು ಕರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಉಷ್ಣವು  $20,000^{\circ}\text{C}$  ಮಿಕ್ಕಿದರೆ ಪರಿಣಾಮವೇ ಬೇರೆ. ವಾಯುಮಂಡಲದ ಅಣುರಚನೆಯಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ವ್ಯತ್ಯಾಸವು ತೋರಿಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ಮಹಾವ್ಯಾಧದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘದ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರದ ಉಷ್ಣಮಾನವು  $20000^{\circ}\text{C}$  ಗೂ ಮಿಕ್ಕಿದೆ. ಇದರಿಂದ ಬರುವ ಪ್ರಕಾಶದ ವರ್ಣಪಟಲದಲ್ಲಿ (Spectrum) ಹಸುರು ಬಣ್ಣದ ಪ್ರದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲವು ಪ್ರೇಷಣ ರೇಖೆಗಳನ್ನು (Emission lines) ನೋಡಬಹುದು. ಭೂಲೋಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಿಗುವ ಯಾವತ್ತೂ ಲೋಹಾನಿಲಗಳ ತಡೆಯಿಂದ, ಈ ತೆರನಾದ ಪ್ರೇಷಣ ರೇಖೆಗಳು ಸಿಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಇದರಿಂದ ಭೂಮಿಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಸಿಗದ ಧಾತು ಅಲ್ಲಿರಬೇಕೆಂದು ನಿಶ್ಚಯಿಸಿದರು. ಅಣುಭೌತಶಾಸ್ತ್ರದ ನವೀನ ಸಂಶೋಧನೆಗಳಿಂದ, ಪ್ರೇಷಣ ರೇಖೆಗಳ ಮೂರ್ತವು ತಿಳಿಯಿತು. ಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯು ಕಡಿಮೆಯಾದರೆ, ಆಮ್ಲಜನಕ ಪರಮಾಣು ಬೀಜದ ಹೊರವಲಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಸುತ್ತುತ್ತಿರುವ ಪುಣವಿದ್ಯುತ್ಕಣಗಳು (Electrons), ಪ್ರಚಂಡ ಉಷ್ಣಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಹೀರಿ ಅವುಗಳ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಪಥವನ್ನು ತ್ಯಜಿಸಿ ಹೊರಗೆ ದುಮುಕುತ್ತವೆ. ವಿದ್ಯುತ್ಕಣಗಳನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡ ಆಮ್ಲಜನಕ ಪರಮಾಣು ಬೀಜಗಳ ತಡೆಯಿಂದ, ವರ್ಣಪಟಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ತೆರನಾದ ರೇಖೆಗಳು ಉಂಟಾಗುತ್ತವೆ. ವಿದ್ಯುತ್ಕಣ ಬಹಿಷ್ಕೃತ ಆಮ್ಲಜನಕ ಬೀಜಗಳು, ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘಗಳ ಪ್ರಧಾನ ಘಟಕ.

**ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘ ಮತ್ತು ನವ್ಯ:**—ಗ್ರಹಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘಗಳ ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ತಾರೆಗಳ ಉಷ್ಣಮಾನವು  $20000^{\circ}\text{C}$  ಗೂ ಮಿಕ್ಕಿದೆ. ಬಹುಭಾರವಾದ ತಾರೆಗಳು ಹಲವಾರು ವರ್ಷ ಉರಿದು, ಕೊನೆಗೆ ರಭಸದಿಂದ ಹಿಗ್ಗಲು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ವರ್ಣಪಟಲದ (Spectrum), ಕೃಷ್ಣರೇಖೆಗಳ (Dark lines) ನೀಲಿಪಲ್ಲಟದಿಂದ (Blue-shift) ಇದರ ಉಬ್ಬುವಿಕೆಯ ವೇಗವನ್ನು ಅಳಿಯಬಹುದು. ಈ ವೇಗವು ಸೆಕುಂಡ್ ಒಂದರ ಸಾವಿರಾರು ಮೈಲುಗಳಿಗೂ ಮಿಕ್ಕಿದೆ. ಹಿಗ್ಗುವ ರಭಸದಿಂದ ತಾರೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಬಿರುಕುಬೀಳುತ್ತದೆ. ಉಷ್ಣತಮ ಅಂತರ್ಭಾಗವು ಸಿಡಿದು ಹೊರಬೀಳುತ್ತದೆ. ತಾರೆಯು, ಅಧಿಕವಾಗಿ ಉಷ್ಣ ಮತ್ತು ಕಾಂತಿಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ಸಂದಿಗ್ಧ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾರದ ಒಂದು ಲಕ್ಷಾಂಶವನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡು, ತಿರುಗಿ ಆರಲು ಉಪಕ್ರಮಿಸಿ, ಪೂರ್ವಸ್ಥಿತಿಯನ್ನು ತಾಳುತ್ತದೆ. ಇಂತಹ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳನ್ನು ನವ್ಯಗಳೆನ್ನುವರು. ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘದ ಕೇಂದ್ರ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳು ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ನವ್ಯಗಳು. ನವ್ಯಗಳಾಗಿ ಸಿಡಿಯುವಾಗ, ಭಸ್ಮೀಭೂತವಾದ ದ್ರವ್ಯರಾಶಿಗಳು ಪುನಃ ಒಂದುಗೂಡಿ ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘಗಳಾಗಿ ಪರಿಣಮಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ದ್ರವ್ಯರಾಶಿಯು ಭ್ರಮಿಸುತ್ತಾ, ಕಾಲಕ್ರಮೇಣ ಕುಗ್ಗಲು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಅದುದರಿಂದ ಈ ಶಿಥಿಲ ಮೇಘಗಳು ತಾರಾಶರೀರದ ಭಸ್ಮಾವಶೇಷಗಳು. ಇದೇ ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘದ ಜನನಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣ. ಈ ಶಿಥಿಲ ಮೇಘಗಳು ಕುಗ್ಗುತ್ತಾ ಬಂದು, ಒತ್ತಡವು ಸಂಧಿಗ್ಧಾವಸ್ಥೆಯನ್ನು ಮೀರಿದ

## ಈ ನಮ್ಮ ವಿಶ್ವ

ಕೂಡಲೇ, ಉಷ್ಣವು ಮಿತಿಮೀರಿ, ದ್ರವ್ಯವು ಪುನಃ ಉರಿಯಲಾರಂಭಿಸುತ್ತದೆ, ಶಿಥಿಲ ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘಗಳು ನಕ್ಷತ್ರದ ಭ್ರಾಣಾವಸ್ಥೆ. ಪುನರ್ಜನ್ಮವಿದೆ ಎಂದು ಎಣಿಸುವವರು, ವಾರ್ಧಕ್ಯವನ್ನು, ಮರುಜನ್ಮದ ಶೈಶವವೆಂದೇ ಕರೆಯುವ ರಷ್ಟೆ! ಅಂದ ಬಳಿಕ, ಶಿಥಿಲ ಮೇಘವು ತಾರೆಯ ವಾರ್ಧಕ್ಯವೂ, ಪುನರ್ಜನ್ಮದ ಬಾಲಾವಸ್ಥೆಯೂ ಆಗಿದೆ!

**ಕಾಳಮೇಘ:**—ಪ್ರಕಾಶರಹಿತ ವಿರಳದ್ರವ್ಯರಾಶಿಯೂ, ಅಲ್ಲಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ಫೇರಪಥದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಸಿಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಇವುಗಳನ್ನು ಕಾಳಮೇಘಗಳೆಂದು (Dark Nebulae) ಕರೆಯಬಹುದು. ನಕ್ಷತ್ರರಹಿತ ಪ್ರದೇಶಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಇವು ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ನೆಲೆನಿಂತುಕೊಂಡಿವೆ. ಇವುಗಳ ತಡೆಯಿಂದ, ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳನ್ನು ನಮಗೆ ಕಾಣಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಇವುಗಳ ಹತ್ತಿರವೇ ಪ್ರಕಾಶತಾರೆಗಳಿದ್ದು, ಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯು ಕಡಿಮೆಯಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ, ಇವು ಪ್ರತಿಫಲನ ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘಗಳಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದುವು. ಪ್ರಥಮ ವರ್ಗದ ತಾರೆಗಳೋ ನವ್ಯಗಳೋ ಇರುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ ಗೃಹಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘಗಳಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದುವು.

**ಅಂತರನೇಘ:**—ಈ ಸ್ಫೇರಪಥದ ಬಾಹ್ಯವಲಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಮಾರು 18 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲು ದೂರದ ವರೆಗೂ, ಕಪ್ಪುಗಿನ ಮೋಡಗಳಿವೆ. ಇವುಗಳನ್ನು ಅಂತರ ಮೇಘಗಳೆನ್ನುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಇದರ ಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯು ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ನಿರ್ವಾತ ಪ್ರದೇಶದಷ್ಟೇ ಆಗಿದೆ. ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಕಾಲ್ಸಿಯಂಧಾತುವಿನ ಅನಿಲವು ತುಂಬಿಕೊಂಡಿದೆ. ಇದರ ಹೊರಭಾಗದಿಂದ ಬರುವ ಪ್ರಕಾಶಕಿರಣಗಳ ವರ್ಣಪಟಲ (Spectrum)ದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ಥಾನಪಲ್ಲಟವಿಲ್ಲದ ಕೆಲವು ಕೃಷ್ಣ ರೇಖೆಗಳು ಕಾಣುತ್ತವೆ. ಕ್ಯಾಲ್ಸಿಯಂಧಾತುವಿನ ಅನಿಲವೇ ಇದ್ದಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣ. ಈ ರೇಖೆಗಳನ್ನು ಅಂತರ ತಾರಾ ರೇಖೆಗಳೆಂದು (Inter-Stellar lines) ಕರೆಯುವರು. ಈ ಅನಿಲದ ಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯು, ಘನ ಇಂಚು ಒಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಒಂದು ಪರಮಾಣು. ನೀರಿನ ಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯು ಇದರ ಒಂದೂವರೆ ಮಿಲಿಯಪಾಲು.

**ಅಂತರತಾರಾ ವಿಶ್ವಧೂಳಿ:**—ಇಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡದ ಭಾಗಗಳು ಮುಗಿಯಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಇದರ ಸುತ್ತಲೂ, ಸುಮಾರು 120 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲು ದೂರದವರೆಗೂ ಕನಿಷ್ಠ ಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯುಳ್ಳ ಅಂತರ ತಾರಾ ವಿಶ್ವಧೂಳಿ (Inter stellar Cosmic-dust) ಹರಡಿಕೊಂಡಿದೆ. ಈ ವಿಶ್ವಧೂಳಿಯು ಬೆಳಕನ್ನು ಚದರಿಸುತ್ತದೆ (Scatters) ಇವು ನೀಲಿಬಣ್ಣದ ಬೆಳಕನ್ನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಚದರಿಸುವುದಲ್ಲದೆ, ಉಳಿದ ಬಣ್ಣದ ಬೆಳಕುಗಳನ್ನು ಚದರಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದುದರಿಂದಲೇ ಆಕಾಶವು ನೀಲವಾಗಿ ಕಾಣುತ್ತದೆ.

**ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡ ಕೇಂದ್ರ:**—ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡ ಕೇಂದ್ರವು ಧನುರಾಶಿಯಲ್ಲಿದೆ. ಅಲ್ಲಿ 20 ಸಾವಿರ ಕೋಟಿ ಸೂರ್ಯರಷ್ಟು ಪ್ರಭೆಯುಳ್ಳ ತಾರಾಸಮೂಹವಿದೆ. ಈ ತಾರಾ ಸಮೂಹವನ್ನು ಕೇಂದ್ರವಾಗಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು, ತಾರೆಗಳು, ತಾರಾಸಮೂಹಗಳು, ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘಗಳು, ಗುಚ್ಛಗೋಳಗಳು, ಮತ್ತು ಅಂತರ ಮೇಘಗಳು ಸುತ್ತುತ್ತವೆ. ಕೇಂದ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ಹತ್ತಿರವಿದ್ದ ಆಕಾಶ ಕಾಯಗಳು ಅಲ್ಪ ವೇಗದಿಂದಲೂ, ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿರುವವುಗಳು ಅಧಿಕ ವೇಗದಿಂದಲೂ ಸಂಚರಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ಸೂರ್ಯನು ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡ ಕೇಂದ್ರದಿಂದ 1764 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲು ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದು, ಘಂಟೆಗೆ ಆರುವರೆಲಕ್ಷ ಮೈಲು ವೇಗದಿಂದ ಸುತ್ತುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಈ ವೇಗದಿಂದ ನಡೆದರೂ, ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡ ಕೇಂದ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ಒಂದು ಪ್ರದಕ್ಷಿಣೆ ಬರಲು ಮುನತ್ತು ಕೋಟಿ ವರ್ಷಗಳು ಬೇಕಾಗುತ್ತವೆ. ಸೌರವ್ಯೂಹವು (ಅದರಲ್ಲಿರುವ ನಮ್ಮ ಭೂಮಿಯೂ) ಜನ್ಮವೆತ್ತಿ 300 ಕೋಟಿ ವರ್ಷಗಳಾಗಿರಬೇಕೆಂದು ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಜನನಾರಭ್ಯ ಸೂರ್ಯನು ಹತ್ತು ಸಲ ಸುತ್ತಿರಬಹುದು. ಈ ಪ್ರದಕ್ಷಿಣೆ ಬರುವವೇಳೆ, ಆಕಸ್ಮಿಕವಾಗಿ ಒಂದು ನಕ್ಷತ್ರವು ಇನ್ನೊಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಡಿಕ್ಕಿಹೊಡೆಯಬಹುದು. ಸೌರವ್ಯೂಹದ ಬಳಿ ತಾರೆಗಳು ಅತೀವ ವಿರಳವಾದುದರಿಂದ ಈ ಅವಘಡವು ಸದ್ಯ ಬರಲಾರದು!

**ಉಪಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡಗಳು:**—ನಮ್ಮ ಈ ನೀಹಾರಕದಂತೆಯೇ ಹಲವಾರು ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳೂ ವಿಶ್ವದಲ್ಲಿವೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ಖಗೋಳದ ದಕ್ಷಿಣಧ್ರುವಭಾಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಮೆಗಲಾನನ್ ಮಹಾಮೇಘ ಲಘುಮೇಘಗಳಿವೆ (Megalanic Clouds) ಇವು ಸೌರವ್ಯೂಹದಿಂದ 4700 ಮತ್ತು 1400 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲು ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿವೆ. ಇವೆರಡರಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಅನೇಕಾನೇಕ ಅನಿಲಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘಗಳೂ, ಗುಚ್ಛಗೋಳಗಳೂ ಇವೆ. ಇವುಗಳ ವ್ಯಾಸಗಳು 590 ಮತ್ತು 285 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲುಗಳು. ಹಲವು ತಾರೆಗಳಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿದ ಇವು, ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ನೀಹಾರಕ ವನ್ನು ಹೋಲುವುದು ಮಾತ್ರವಲ್ಲದೆ, ಚಲನೆಯಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ನೀಹಾರಕದ ಗುರುತ್ವಾಕರ್ಷಣಬಲಕ್ಕೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿ ಕೊಂಡಂತೆ ತೋರುತ್ತವೆ. ಇವುಗಳು ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡದ ಉಪಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡಗಳು.

**ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡದ ಭಾರ:**—ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡದ ಭಾರವು  $2 \times 10^{38}$  ಟನ್. ಇದು ಸೂರ್ಯನ ಭಾರದ ಹತ್ತು ಸಾವಿರ ಕೋಟಿಪಾಲು! ಸೂರ್ಯ ಭಾರವು 330 ಸಾವಿರ ಭೂಮಿಯಷ್ಟು! ಭೂಭಾರವು 6 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಟನ್! ನಮ್ಮ ನೀಹಾರಕವು ಇಷ್ಟು ಅಗಾಧವಾಗಿದ್ದರೂ, ಭೂಮಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಿಗದ ಧಾತು ಬೇರೆಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಇಲ್ಲ. ನೀಹಾರಿಕೆಯ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತಾಪಬೀಜ ಕ್ರಿಯಾಚಕ್ರಗಳಿಂದ (Thermo Nuclear Cyclic Reactions) ಶಕ್ತಿಯ ಉತ್ಪಾದನೆಯಾಗುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಭೂಮಿಯಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಈ ರೀತಿಯ ಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಉಪಯೋಗಿಸಲು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳು ಆರಂಭಿಸಿರುವರು!

**ದ್ರೌಪದಿ ನೀಹಾರಕ:**—ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ನೀಹಾರಕದ ಹೊರಭಾಗದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ, ಹಲವಾರು ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳನ್ನು ಕಂಡುಹಿಡಿದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಉತ್ತರಾಭಾದ್ರಾ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರದ ಸಾಲುನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳ ಮಧ್ಯತಾರೆಯ ವಾಯವ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಪ್ರೇಣ ಕಾಂತಿಯುಳ್ಳ ತಾರೆಯನ್ನು ಮೊದಲು ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘವೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದಿದ್ದರೂ, ಈಗ ಅದು, ಅನೇಕ ತಾರೆಗಳನ್ನೂ ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘಗಳನ್ನೂ ಒಳಗೊಂಡ, ನಮ್ಮ ನೀಹಾರಕದಂತಹ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡವೆಂದು ಗೊತ್ತಾಗಿದೆ. ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ನೀಹಾರಕವನ್ನು ಬಹುಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಹೋಲುತ್ತದೆ. ಆಕಾರದ ಮೇಲೆ, ಇದನ್ನು ವ್ಯಾವರ್ತ (Spiral) ನೀಹಾರಕ ಎಂದು ಕರೆದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ನೀಹಾರಕ ಬೀಜವು (Galactic Nucleus) ಬಹಳ ದಟ್ಟವಾಗಿದ್ದು, ಭುಜಗಳು ಅಸ್ಪಷ್ಟವಾಗಿ ಕಾಣಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ಇದರ ವ್ಯಾಸವು ಸುಮಾರು 4750 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲುಗಳು. ವರ್ಣಪಟಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಂಡುಬಂದ ಕೃಷ್ಣರೇಖೆಗಳ ನೀಲಿಪಲ್ಲಟವು (Blue Shift), ನೀಹಾರಕವು ಸೆಕುಂಡ್ ಒಂದರ 200 ಮೈಲು ವೇಗದಿಂದ ನಮ್ಮ ಬಳಿ ಧಾವಿಸಿ ಬರುವಂತೆ ತೋರಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದರೆ, ಈ ವೇಗದಿಂದ ಬಂದರೂ ಸಮೀಪಿಸಲು 760 ಕೋಟಿ ವರ್ಷಗಳು ಬೇಕಾದೀತು. ಇದರಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ಮೇಘಗಳೂ, ತಾರಾಗುಚ್ಛಗಳೂ, ನವ್ಯಗಳೂ ಮತ್ತು ಕಾಳಮೇಘಗಳೂ ತುಂಬಾ ಇವೆ. ಸೂರ್ಯನಿಂದ 45,000 ಕೋಟಿಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲು ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಈ ನೀಹಾರಕ ಕೇಂದ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ 190 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲು ವ್ಯಾಸದ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರರಾಶಿ ಇದೆ. ಕೇಂದ್ರದಿಂದ 38 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲು ದೂರದ ವರೆಗಿರುವ ತಾರೆಗಳ ಭ್ರಮಣವೇಗವು ಸೆಕುಂಡ್ ಒಂದರ 60 ಮೈಲು. 115 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲು ದೂರದ ವರೆಗಿರುವ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳ ವೇಗವು ಶೂನ್ಯ, ಅಂದರೆ ಅವು ಚಲಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. 11,400 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲು ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಚರಿಸುವ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳ ವೇಗವು ಸೆಕುಂಡ್ ಒಂದರ 250 ಮೈಲು. ಛಾಯಾಗ್ರಾಹಿಗಳಿಗಿಂತಲೂ, ವರ್ಣಪಟಲ ವಿಭಜನೆಗಿಂತಲೂ, ಪ್ರಭಾ ವಿದ್ಯುತ್‌ಕೋಶಗಳ (Photo Electric Cells) ಸಹಾಯದಿಂದ ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳ ಸಂಚಯ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗೆ ಸಾಧಾರಣವಾಗಿ ತಿಳಿಯಿತು. ಈ ನೀಹಾರಕದ ಭಾರವೂ, ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ನೀಹಾರಕದಂತೆ, ಹತ್ತು ಸಾವಿರ ಕೋಟಿ ಸೂರ್ಯರಷ್ಟಾಗಿದೆ. ಇದಕ್ಕೂ ಎರಡು ಉಪಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡಗಳಿವೆ. ಇದನ್ನು ದ್ರೌಪದಿ ನೀಹಾರಕವೆಂದು ಕರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ.

**ನೀಹಾರಕೇತರಗಳು:—**ಇದೇ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡದ ಸುತ್ತಲೂ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ದಿಕ್ಕುಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೂ, ಸಾಧಾರಣ ಸಮಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯಿಂದ, ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳು ಹರಡಿಕೊಂಡಿವೆ. ಕಾಳಮೇಘಗಳಿಂದಾಗಿಯೂ, ಅಂತರ ತಾರಾಧೂಳಿಯಿಂದಲೂ, ಕೆಲವನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಸಮಗ್ರ ವಿಶ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ಹತ್ತು ಸಾವಿರ ಕೋಟಿ ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳಿವೆ. ಇವು 3 ಕೋಟಿಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲು ( $3 \times 10^{21}$ ) ತ್ರಿಜ್ಯದ ಗೋಳದೊಳಗಿರುವ ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ.

**ನೀಹಾರಕ ಗುಚ್ಛಗಳು:—**ಇವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲವು ಗುಂಪುಗುಂಪುಗಳಾಗಿ ಕಾಣುತ್ತವೆ. ನೀಹಾರಕ ಸಮೂಹಗಳನ್ನು ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡ ಗುಚ್ಛಗಳೆಂದು ಕರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ರಾಶಿರಾಶಿಯಾಗಿ ಹರಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಸ್ವಭಾವವನ್ನು ಗಣಿತಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಾಧಾರದಿಂದ ಸಾಧಿಸಿರುವರು. ಕೆಲವು ಸ್ತಬಕಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾವಿರಾರು ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳಿವೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ಆಕಾಶ ಗಂಗೆಯೂ, ಮೆಗಲಾನನ ಉಪಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡಗಳೂ, ಉತ್ತರಾಭಾದ್ರಾ ನೀಹಾರಕವೂ, ಅದರ ಉಪಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡಗಳೂ ಮತ್ತು ಹಲವು ಸೇರಿ 14 ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳ ಒಂದು ಪಂಗಡವಾಗಿದೆ. ಇಂತಹ 20 ನೀಹಾರಕ ಸ್ತಬಕಗಳನ್ನು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯು ಜಯಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ನೀಹಾರಕ ಬಳಗದ ನೆರೆಯವನು ಕನ್ಯಾ ರಾಶಿಯಲ್ಲಿರುವ ನೀಹಾರಕ ಸ್ತಬಕ. ನಮ್ಮಿಂದ (ಅಂದರೆ ಈ ನೀಹಾರಕ ಸ್ತಬಕದಿಂದ) ಸುಮಾರು 4.5 ಲಕ್ಷ ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲು ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿದೆ. ಇದುವರೆಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿದ ಸ್ತಬಕಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, ಅತ್ಯಂತ ದೂರದ ನೀಹಾರಕಸ್ತಬಕದ, ನೀಹಾರಕ ಒಂದರ ದೂರವು 2.9 ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ( $2.9 \times 10^{21}$ ) ಮೈಲು.

**ನೀಹಾರಕದ ಭಾಗಗಳು:—**ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳ ಆಕಾರವು ಸಾಧಾರಣ ಒಂದೇ ತೆರನಾಗಿದೆ. ದೀರ್ಘವೃತ್ತಾಕಾರದ (Ellipse) ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳ ಹಿರಿಯವ್ಯಾಸವು ಕಿರಿಯವ್ಯಾಸದ ಹತ್ತುಪಾಲಿದೆ. ವ್ಯಾವರ್ತ ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳಿಗೆ, ಪ್ರಥಮವರ್ಗದ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳೋ, ನವ್ಯಗಳೋ ಕಾರಣವಾಗಿರಬಹುದು. ಕೆಲವು ವ್ಯಾವರ್ತಕ ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟರೆ, ಉಳಿದವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತಾರೆಗಳು ಸಮಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯಿಂದ ಹರಡಿಕೊಂಡಿವೆ. ನೀಹಾರಕ ಕೇಂದ್ರವು ಬಹಳ ನಿಖರವಾಗಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಇವುಗಳ ಹೊರವಲಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತಾರಾಗುಚ್ಛಗಳನ್ನು ಕಾಣಬಹುದು. ಬಹುದೂರ ಹರಡಿರುವ ಅಂತರ ತಾರಾಧೂಳಿಯು (Inter Stellar Dust) ಎಲ್ಲಾ ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳನ್ನು ಸುತ್ತುಕೊಂಡಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ನೀಹಾರಕ ಹೊರವಲಯವು ಬಹಳ ನಿಶ್ಚೇಜವಾಗಿರುವುದರಿಂದ ವ್ಯಾಸವನ್ನು ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮವಾಗಿ ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಸುಮಾರು ಎಂಟುಸಾವಿರ ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲುಗಳೆಂದು ಊಹಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

**ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳ ಭಾರ:—**ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳು ಹೊರಚಿಲ್ಲುವ ಪ್ರಕಾಶವು ಸುಮಾರು ಸಾವಿರ ಕೋಟಿ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳಷ್ಟಾಗಿವೆ. ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳ ಸರಾಸರಿ ಉಷ್ಣಮಾನವು  $6000^{\circ}\text{C}$ . ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳ ಭಾರವು ಸುಮಾರು 50 ಕೋಟಿ ಸೂರ್ಯರಷ್ಟಾಗಿದೆ, ಅಂದರೆ  $10^{36}$  ಟನ್. ಇದರ 99 ಶತಮಾನವು ಅಂತರತಾರಾಧೂಳಿಯ ಭಾರವಾಗಿದೆ. ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳ ಹೊರವಲಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಧಾತುಗಳೂ ಇವೆ. ಗಣಿತಜ್ಞನು ಮತ್ತು ಹಲವು ವಿಷಯಗಳನ್ನು ಗಮನಕ್ಕೆ ತಂದುಕೊಂಡು ನೀಹಾರಕದ ಭಾರವು 50000 ಕೋಟಿ ಸೂರ್ಯ ಭಾರವನ್ನುತ್ತಾನೆ.

**ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳ ದೂರ-ವೇಗನಿಯಮ:—**ಶಕ್ತಿಯ ಉಗಮಸ್ಥಾನದ ಸಂಚಾರದಿಂದ ಅದರ ಪ್ರಸರಣ ಶಕ್ತಿಯ (Radiant Energy) ಆವರ್ತ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆಯಲ್ಲಿ (Frequency) ಮಿಥ್ಯಾವ್ಯತ್ಯಾಸವು ತೋರಿಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ಪ್ರಕಾಶಶಕ್ತಿಯ ಸ್ಥಿರವೇಗವು, ಅದರ ಆವರ್ತಸಂಖ್ಯೆ ಮತ್ತು ತರಂಗದೂರ (wave-length)ದ ಗುಣಲಬ್ಧವಾದುದರಿಂದ, ಆವರ್ತಸಂಖ್ಯೆ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿದಂತೆ, ತರಂಗದೂರ ಕುಗ್ಗುತ್ತಾ ಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ವರ್ಣಪಟಲದಲ್ಲಿ ತೋರಿಬರುವ



ಕೃಷ್ಣರೇಖೆಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ಸಾಪೇಕ್ಷ ಪಲ್ಲಟ ಉಗಮಸ್ಥಾನದ ಹೊರವಲಯದ ಅನಿಲ ಧಾತುಗಳನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ಮಾತ್ರವಲ್ಲದೆ, ಬೆಳಕಿನ ಉಗಮಸ್ಥಾನದ ಚಲನವನ್ನೂ ಸೂಚಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ಉಗಮಸ್ಥಾನವು ಹತ್ತಿರ ಬರಲಾರಂಭಿಸಿದರೆ, ಅವರ್ತಸಂಖ್ಯೆಯು ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗುತ್ತದೆ ಮತ್ತು ತರಂಗದೂರವು ಕಡಿಮೆಯಾಗಿ, ಕೃಷ್ಣರೇಖೆಗಳು ನೀಲಿಬಣ್ಣದ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಸರಿಯುತ್ತವೆ. ಉಗಮಸ್ಥಾನವು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಅಗಲಿ ಹೋಗುವುದಾದರೆ, ಕೃಷ್ಣರೇಖೆಗಳು ಕೆಂಬಣ್ಣದ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಸರಿಯುತ್ತವೆ. ಈ ಪಲ್ಲಟಗಳಿಂದ ಉಗಮಸ್ಥಾನದ ವಿಮುಖ, ಆಮುಖ ವೇಗಗಳನ್ನು ಅಳೆಯಬಹುದು. ತರಂಗದೂರದ ಮಿಥ್ಯಾಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಗೂ, ಸಹಜ ತರಂಗದೂರಕ್ಕೂ ಇರುವ ಅನುಪಾತವನ್ನು ಡಾಪ್ಲರ್ ಪಲ್ಲಟವೆಂದು (Doppler Shift) ಕರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಇದರ ಸಹಾಯದಿಂದ ನೀಹಾರಕದ ಕಾಂತಿಯನ್ನೂ ದೂರವನ್ನೂ ಕಂಡು ಹಿಡಿದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ನೀಹಾರಕ ಚಲನವೇಗಕ್ಕೂ ದೂರಕ್ಕೂ ಇರುವ ಅನುಪಾತವು ನಿರ್ದಿಷ್ಟ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಈ ನಿರ್ದಿಷ್ಟ ಹಬ್ಬಲಾಂಕ (Hubble constant)ದ ವಿಲೋಮಾಂಕವು (Reciprocal) 180 ಕೋಟಿ ವರ್ಷಗಳು. ಈ ನಿಯಮವನ್ನು ಸರಿಸಿ, ನೀಹಾರಕವು ಎಷ್ಟು ಕೋಟಿ ಜ್ಯೋತಿರ್ವರ್ಷಗಳ ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿದೆಯೋ, ಸೆಕುಂಡ್ ಒಂದರ ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಸಾವಿರ ಮೈಲು ವೇಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಓಡಿಹೋಗುತ್ತದೆ. ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳು ವೇಗೋತ್ಕರ್ಷ (acceleration) ರಹಿತವಾದ ವೇಗಗಳಿಂದ ಚಲಿಸುತ್ತಿವೆ. 180 ಕೋಟಿ ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಹಿಂದೆ ಇವೆಲ್ಲಾ ಒಂದೆಡೆ ಇದ್ದು, ಫಕ್ಕನೆ ಸಿಡಿದು ಚಿದರಿಹೋದುವು. ಅಧಿಕ ವೇಗವುಳ್ಳವುಗಳು ದೂರ ಸರಿದವು. ಪ್ರತ್ಯೇಕ ಸಾಪೇಕ್ಷವಾದ ತತ್ತ್ವದಿಂದ (Special Theory of Relativity) ಈ ನಿರ್ಧಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಗಣಿತಜ್ಞರು ಬಂದಿರುವರು. ವಿಶ್ವ ವ್ಯಾಪ್ತವಾದ ವಾಡ ರೀತ್ಯಾ (Theory of Expanding Universe), ವಿಶ್ವದ ಸರಿಮಾಣವು ಸ್ಥಿರವಲ್ಲ. ಅದರ ಹೊರಮೈ, ಒತ್ತಡವೇರುತ್ತಿರುವ ರಬ್ಬರ್ ಬೆಲೂನಿನಂತೆ ಉಬ್ಬುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಒಳಮೈಯ ಅರಿವೇ ಆತನಿಗಿಲ್ಲ. ಈ ಹೊರತಲದಲ್ಲಿ ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳು ಒಂದನ್ನೊಂದು ಅಗಲಿ ಓಡುತ್ತಿವೆ. ವ್ಯಾಪ್ತ ವೇಗವು ಸೆಕುಂಡ್ ಒಂದರ 70 ಮೈಲು. ಹಲವಾರು ಮೈಲು ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಲ್ಪ ವೇಗದಿಂದ ಓಡುತ್ತಿರುವ ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳ ಸಹಜ ವೇಗವನ್ನು ಅಳೆಯಲಾಗುವುದೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ವ್ಯಾಪ್ತ ವೇಗವು ಮುಚ್ಚಿಬಿಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಯಾವ ತತ್ತ್ವವನ್ನು ಅಡಗಿಲ್ಲಾಗಿ, ವಿಶ್ವವನ್ನು ಗಣಿತೋಪಕರಣಗಳ ಸಹಾಯದಿಂದ ನಿರ್ಮಿಸಲು ಹೊರಟರೂ, ಮೇಲೆ ವಿವರಿಸಿದ ದೂರ ವೇಗ ಸಂಬಂಧವನ್ನು ಕಂಡೇ ತೀರಬೇಕು.

**ಕ್ಷೀಣಕಾಂತಿ ನೀಹಾರಕ ಮತ್ತು ದೂರ ವೇಗನಿಯಮ:**—ಕಾಂತಿ ವರ್ಗಾಂಕ 18ರ ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳು ವಿಶ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಮಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯಿಂದ ಹರಡಿಕೊಂಡಿವೆ. ಇದಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಕ್ಷೀಣಕಾಂತಿಯುಳ್ಳ ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳು ಇದೇ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹರಡಿಕೊಂಡಿಲ್ಲ. ಈ ಕ್ಷೀಣಕಾಂತಿ ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳು ದೂರ-ವೇಗ ನಿಯಮವನ್ನು ಪಾಲಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣಗಳನ್ನು ಊಹಿಸಬಹುದು. ವರ್ಣಪಟಲದ ಕೃಷ್ಣರೇಖೆಗಳ ರಕ್ತಪಲ್ಲಟವು ನೀಹಾರಕದ ವಿಮುಖವೇಗವನ್ನು ಮಾತ್ರವಲ್ಲ, ದಾರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಭವಿಸಿದ ಶಕ್ತಿ ವ್ಯಯವನ್ನೂ ತೋರಿಸಬಹುದು. ಬೆಳಕು ದಾರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕ್ಷೀಣವಾಗಬಹುದು. ವಿಶ್ವಕ್ಕೆ ಹಲವು ಮಾನಗಳಿರಬಹುದು. ವಿಶ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ವಕ್ರತೆ ಇರಬಹುದು. ಬೆಳಕನ್ನು ಹೀರುವ ವಸ್ತುಗಳು ಅಂತರತಾರಾ ಪ್ರದೇಶಗಳಲ್ಲಿವೆ. ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳು ಏಕಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಳುಹಿಸುವ ಬೆಳಕನ್ನು ಏಕಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಗ್ರಹಿಸಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಲ್ಲ. ಬೇರೆಬೇರೆ ಸಮಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಂತಿಯು ಬೇರೆಬೇರೆಯಾಗಿರಬೇಕು. ಬಹು ದೂರದ ನೀಹಾರಕ ಬೆಳಕಿಗೆ ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಸೇರಲು 50 ಕೋಟಿ ವರ್ಷಗಳು ಬೇಕಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಕೆಲವು 10 ಕೋಟಿ ವರ್ಷಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಬಂದು ಸೇರುತ್ತದೆ. 40 ಕೋಟಿ ವರ್ಷಗಳ ವ್ಯತ್ಯಾಸವುಳ್ಳ ನೀಹಾರಕ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯನ್ನು ಕಲಿತು, ಏಕ ಬೀಜವಾಕ್ಯದಿಂದ ವಿಶ್ವದ ಘಟಕಗಳನ್ನು ಹೋಲಿಸುವುದು ಸಮಂಜಸವಲ್ಲ. ಛಾಯಾಗ್ರಾಹಿ ಪಟಲವು ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಬಣ್ಣದ ಬೆಳಕನ್ನು ಒಂದೇ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸೆಳೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಕೆಂಬಣ್ಣದ ಬೆಳಕಿನ ಪರಿಣಾಮ, ಪಟಲದ ಮೇಲೆ ಕಡಿಮೆ.

ಈ ನಮ್ಮ ವಿಶ್ವ

ಇವೆಲ್ಲವುಗಳನ್ನು ಗಣನೆಗೆ ತಂದುಕೊಂಡು, ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳು ಸರ್ವ ದಿಕ್ಕುಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಸಮಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯಿಂದ ಹರಡಿ ಕೊಂಡಿವೆ ಎಂದೂ, ನೀಹಾರಕಾಂತರ ದೂರವು ಸರಾಸರಿ ಒಂದು ಲಕ್ಷ ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಮೈಲುಗಳೆಂದೂ (10<sup>19</sup>) ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

**ವಿಶ್ವ ಮತ್ತು ತಾರಾ ಧೂಳಿ:**—ನೀಹಾರಕ ಬೆಳಕುಗಳಿಂದ ಅವಿಚ್ಛಿನ್ನ ವರ್ಣಪಟಲಗಳು (Continuous Spectrum) ಉಂಟಾಗುತ್ತವೆ. ಇವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಕೆಲವು ಕೃಷ್ಣರೇಖೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಸ್ಥಾನಪಲ್ಲಟವಿಲ್ಲ. ವರ್ಣ ಪಟಲಗಳ ಸ್ವಯಂ ಪಲ್ಲಟದಿಂದ ಕೃಷ್ಣರೇಖೆಗಳ ಪಲ್ಲಟವು ಕಾಣದೆ ಹೋಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಬಹು ದೂರದಿಂದ ಬರುವ ಪ್ರಕಾಶವು ಅಂತರತಾರಾ ಧೂಳಿಯನ್ನು ದಾಟುವಾಗ ಅದರ ನೀಲಿಬಣ್ಣದ ಬೆಳಕು ಚೆದರಿ ಹೋಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಕೆಂಬಣ್ಣದ ಬೆಳಕು ಛಾಯಾಗ್ರಾಹಿ ಪಟಲವನ್ನು ಸೇರುವಾಗ ಪ್ರಕ್ರಿಯೆಯು ಫಲದಾಯಕವಾಗಲಾರದು. ವಿಲೋಮ ವರ್ಗನಿಯಮ (Inverse square law), ಡಾಪ್ಲರ್ ಪಲ್ಲಟ (Doppler Shift) ಮತ್ತು ದೇಶದ ವಕ್ರತೆಗಳಿಂದಲೂ, ದಾರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಶಕ್ತಿ ನಷ್ಟವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದುದರಿಂದ, ಕಾಂತಿವರ್ಗವನ್ನು ಗೊತ್ತುಮಾಡಿದ ಕೂಡಲೇ, ದೂರವನ್ನು ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಲಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ನೀಹಾರಕಾಂತರ ದೇಶದ ತಾರಾಧೂಳಿಯು (Inter galactic space dust), ಕಡಿಮೆ ತರಂಗದೂರವುಳ್ಳ ಬೆಳಕಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಮಾಡುವ ಪರಿಣಾಮದಿಂದ, ನೀಲಕೆಂಪು ಪ್ರದೇಶಗಳಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಕೃಷ್ಣರೇಖೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಮಿಥ್ಯಾಸ್ಥಾನ ವ್ಯತ್ಯಾಸವುಂಟಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಸಾಪೇಕ್ಷ ವ್ಯತ್ಯಾಸವನ್ನು ಗೊತ್ತು ಮಾಡಿ, ಶಕ್ತಿವ್ಯಯವನ್ನೂ ಮತ್ತು ಅಂತರ ತಾರಾಧೂಳಿನ ಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯನ್ನೂ ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ನೀರಿನ ಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯು, ನೀಹಾರಕಾಂತರ ದೇಶದ ತಾರಾಧೂಳಿಯ ಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯ ನೂರು ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಪಾಲು ಅಧಿಕವಾಗಿದೆ (10<sup>-30</sup> gms/cc). ಭೌತಿಕಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಜ್ಞರು, ಇನ್ನೂ ಹಲವಾರು ತೊಡರುಗಳಿಂದ ಶಕ್ತಿ ನಷ್ಟವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ ಎಂದೂ, ಇದು ಸಮಗ್ರ ವಿಶ್ವದ ಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯ ಕನಿಷ್ಠ ಮಿತಿ ಎಂದೂ, ಗರಿಷ್ಠ ಮಿತಿಯು ಇದಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಒಂದು ಲಕ್ಷ ಪಾಲು ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿದೆ ಎಂದೂ ತಿಳಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಖಭೌತಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ, ಚಲನಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ, ಸಾಪೇಕ್ಷವಾದ ತತ್ತ್ವಗಳ ಸಹಾಯದಿಂದ, ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡದ ದ್ರವ್ಯರಾಶಿಯ ಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯು, ನೀರಿನ ಸಾಂದ್ರತೆಯ “ಹತ್ತು ಲಕ್ಷ ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ ಕೋಟಿ” ಅಂಶಗಳಲ್ಲೊಂದು ಭಾಗವೆಂದು ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ (10<sup>-27</sup> gms/cm<sup>3</sup>).

**ನೀಹಾರಕ ಭ್ರಮಣ:**—ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ನೀಹಾರಕದಂತೆಯೇ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳೂ, ಸ್ವಪ್ನದ ಮೇಲೆ ಭ್ರಮಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ನೀಹಾರಕದ ಭ್ರಮಣ ಸಮಯವು ಸುಮಾರು ಹತ್ತು ಕೋಟಿ ವರ್ಷಗಳು.

**ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡದ ವಯಸ್ಸು:**—ಎಲ್ಲಾ ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಮಿನುಗುವ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳ ಉಗ್ರಶಕ್ತಿಗೆ ತಾಪ ಬೀಜಕ್ರಿಯಾಚಕ್ರವೇ ಕಾರಣ. ನಕ್ಷತ್ರ ದ್ರವ್ಯವು ಸಂಧಿಗ್ಧ ದ್ರವ್ಯವನ್ನು (Critical Mass) ಮೀರಿದರೆ, ಕೇಂದ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಒತ್ತಡವು ಮೀರಿ, ಉಷ್ಣವುಂಟಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ಉಷ್ಣಮಾನದಲ್ಲಿ, ಜಲಜನಕ ಪರಮಾಣುಗಳು, ಪುಣ ವಿದ್ಯುತ್ಕಣಗಳನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡು, ವಿದ್ಯುತ್ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯನ್ನು ತಾಳಿ (Ionised State), ಸಂಕೋಚ ಗೊಳ್ಳಲು ಆರಂಭಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ನಾಲ್ಕು ಜಲಜನಕ ಬೀಜಗಳು ಸಂಕೋಚಗೊಂಡು, ಸೌರೀಯದ ಒಂದು ಪರಮಾಣು ಜನ್ಮತಾಳುತ್ತದೆ. ಆಗ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ದ್ರವ್ಯ ನಷ್ಟ ಸಂಭವಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ದ್ರವ್ಯವು ಐನ್ಸ್ಟೀನನ “ದ್ರವ್ಯ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಸಮತ್ವ” ನಿಯಮದಿಂದ ಶಕ್ತಿಯಾಗಿ ಸರ್ವ ದಿಕ್ಕುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಸರಿಸಲ್ಪಡುತ್ತದೆ. ನಕ್ಷತ್ರದ ಕೇಂದ್ರ ಮತ್ತು ಬಾಹ್ಯ ವಲಯ ಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಸರಣ ಶಕ್ತಿಯು ಒಂದೇ ತೆರನಾಗಿದೆ. ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ವಿಸರಣ ಶಕ್ತಿಯು, ಅದರ ದ್ರವ್ಯರಾಶಿಯ ಮೂರನೆಯ ಅಥವಾ ಐದನೆಯ ಘಾತಕ್ಕೆ ಅನುಪಾತಿಕವಾಗಿದೆ. ವಿಸರಣ ಶಕ್ತಿಯು ಉಷ್ಣ ಮಾನವನ್ನೂ, ಉಷ್ಣ ಮಾನವು ಒತ್ತಡವನ್ನೂ, ಒತ್ತಡವು ಗಾತ್ರ ಮತ್ತು ದ್ರವ್ಯಗಳನ್ನೂ ಹೊಂದಿಕೊಂಡಿರುವುದರಿಂದ, ವಿಸರಣಶಕ್ತಿಯು

ದ್ರವ್ಯರಾಶಿ ಮತ್ತು ಗಾತ್ರಗಳಿಗೆ ಅನುಗುಣವಾಗಿದೆ. ಈ ಸಂಬಂಧವು ಎಲ್ಲಾ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಒಂದೇ ತೆರನಾಗಿದೆ. ಶಕ್ತಿವಿಸರಣದಿಂದ ದ್ರವ್ಯರಾಶಿಯು ಕಡಿಮೆಯಾಗುತ್ತಾ ಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ಇದರಿಂದ ಕನಿಷ್ಠ ದ್ರವ್ಯ ಮತ್ತು ಗರಿಷ್ಠ ಗಾತ್ರಗಳುಳ್ಳ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳನ್ನು ಮುಂದಿನ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳೆಂದು ಕರೆಯಬಹುದು. ನಕ್ಷತ್ರವು ಕುಗ್ಗಲು ಆರಂಭಿಸಿ, ಸಂದಿಗ್ಧ ಒತ್ತಡವನ್ನು ಮೀರಿ ಉಷ್ಣಾಧಿಕೃತವಾದ ಪ್ರಜ್ವಲಿಸಲು ಆರಂಭಿಸಿದಾಗ ಜನ್ಮವೆತ್ತಿತೆಂದು ಭಾವಿಸಿ, ವರ್ತಮಾನದ ಅದರ ಭಾರಗಾತ್ರ ಉಷ್ಣ ಮಾನಗಳ ಪರಿಶೀಲನೆಯಿಂದ, ನಕ್ಷತ್ರದ ವಯಸ್ಸನ್ನು ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಈ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳ ವಯಸ್ಸು ಸುಮಾರು 300 ಕೋಟಿ ವರ್ಷಗಳಿಂದ 500 ಕೋಟಿ ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಒಳಗೆ ಇರಬೇಕೆಂದು ನಿರ್ಣಯಿಸಿದರು. ಸೌರವ್ಯೂಹದ ವಯಸ್ಸು (ಸುಮಾರು 300 ಕೋಟಿ), ಈ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳ ವಯಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಹೋಲುತ್ತದೆ.

**ವಿಶ್ವದ ಧಾತುಗಳು:**—ತಾರೆಗಳು ಹೊರಚೆಲ್ಲು ವ ಬೆಳಕಿನಿಂದ, ಅವುಗಳ ರಾಸಾಯನಿಕ ಸಂಚಯ ಮತ್ತು ಧಾತುಸೃಷ್ಟಿಗಳನ್ನು ಗೊತ್ತುಮಾಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಸಮಸ್ತ ವಿಶ್ವದ ತಾರೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಜಲಜನಕವೇ ಅಧಿಕವಾಗಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ವಿಶ್ವದ ದ್ರವ್ಯರಾಶಿಯಲ್ಲಿ 95 ಶತಮಾನ ಜಲಜನಕ ಮತ್ತು ಸೌರೀಯಗಳು. ಉಳಿದವು ಇಂಗಾಲ, ಸಾರಜನಕ, ಮತ್ತು ಅನ್ಯ ಜನಕ. ಇಂಗಾಲ ಮತ್ತು ಸಾರಜನಕಗಳು ಸೌರೀಯ ಬೀಜನಿರ್ಮಾಣಕ್ಕೆ ಸಹಕಾರಿಗಳು. ಇವು ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ತಾಪಬೀಜ ಕ್ರಿಯಾಚಕ್ರವು ನಡೆಯುವುದಿಲ್ಲ, ಅಲ್ಪಾಂಶ ಲೋಹಗಳೂ ಇವೆ. ಆದರೆ ಅವು ಅನಿಲರೂಪದಲ್ಲಿ ತಾರೆಗಳ ಹೊರವಲಯದಲ್ಲಿವೆ. ವಿಶ್ವದಲ್ಲಿರುವಷ್ಟೆ ಧಾತುಗಳು ನಮ್ಮ ಭೂಮಿಯಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಸಿಗುತ್ತವೆ. ವಿಶ್ವದ ಸಮಸ್ತ ದೇಶಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಜಲಜನಕವು ಧಾರಾಳವಾಗಿ ಸಿಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಇದು ಧಾತುಗಳ ಜನನಕ್ಕೆ ಮೊದಲನೆಯ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆ. ಎರಡನೇ ಭಾರಾಂಕದ ಸೌರೀಯವು ಎಲ್ಲಾ ತಾರೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ನಿರ್ಮಾಣವಾಗುತ್ತಾ ಇದೆ. ಭಾರ ಧಾತುಗಳ ನಿರ್ಮಾಣವು, ತಾಪಬೀಜ ಕ್ರಿಯೆಗಳಿಂದ ಆಗಬೇಕಾದರೆ, ತಾರೆಗಳ ಉಷ್ಣವು ಸಾಲದೆಂದು ಬೀಜ ಭಾತಶಾಸ್ತ್ರವು (Nuclear Physics) ಸ್ಥಿರಪಡಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಉಷ್ಣಮಾನವು 1000 ಕೋಟಿ ಡಿಗ್ರಿ(ಸಿ)ಗೂ ಮಿಕ್ಕಿದರೆ ಮತ್ತು ಒತ್ತಡವು ಅಧಿಕವಾದರೆ, ಭಾರಧಾತುಗಳ ನಿರ್ಮಾಣವಾಗಬಹುದು. ಅಂತರತಾರಾಧೂಳಿಗೆ, ನಕ್ಷತ್ರ ಪ್ರಳಯ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಜನ್ಮತಾಳಿ ಸಿಡಿಯಲ್ಪಟ್ಟ ಭಾರಧಾತುಗಳು ಕಾರಣವಾಗಿರಬಹುದು.

**ವಿಶ್ವದ ಮೇರಿ:**—ವಿಶ್ವದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ನೀಹಾರಕಸಂಖ್ಯೆ ನಿರ್ದಿಷ್ಟ. ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳ ಗಾತ್ರ, ಭಾರಗಳು ಅನಂತವಲ್ಲ, ಇವೆಲ್ಲಕ್ಕೂ ಮಿತಿ ಇದೆ. ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ವಿಶ್ವವು ಅನಂತವಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಲೇ ಬೇಕು. ಆದರೆ ವಿಶ್ವಕ್ಕೆ ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಇಲ್ಲ ಎಂದರೇನು? ಕಾಲದೇಶಗಳ ಅರಿವಾದರೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಗಣಿತಜ್ಞನ ಈ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯದ ಅರ್ಥ ಗೊತ್ತಾದೀತು. ವಿಶ್ವವು ಅನಂತವಾದರೆ (Infinite) ಕೆಲವು ನೀಹಾರಕಗಳಾದರೂ ಅನಂತ ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದು ಕೊಂಡು ಅನಂತ ವೇಗದಿಂದ ಓಡುತ್ತಿರಬೇಕು. ಅಂತಹ ನೀಹಾರಕವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ, ಆದುದರಿಂದ ವಿಶ್ವವು ಅನಂತವಲ್ಲ.

**ವಿಶ್ವದ ಮಾನಗಳು:**—ವಿಶ್ವದ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ವಸ್ತುಗಳಿಗೂ ಮೂರು ಮಾನಗಳಿವೆ. ಆದುದರಿಂದ ವಿಶ್ವಕ್ಕೂ ಮೂರು ಮಾನಗಳಿರಬೇಕು. ಎರಡು ಮಾನಗಳುಳ್ಳ (Two dimensional) ತಲವು ವಕ್ರವಾಗಿರಬಹುದು. ಗೋಳದ ಹೊರತಲವು ವಕ್ರವಾಗಿರುವಂತೆ, ಮೂರು ಮಾನಗಳುಳ್ಳ ವಿಶ್ವವೂ ವಕ್ರವಾಗಿದೆ. ಇದು ನಮ್ಮ ಇಂದ್ರಿಯಾತೀತವಾದರೂ, ಗಣಿತಕ್ಕೆ ಇದು ಹೊಸದಲ್ಲ, ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವೇ ಆಗಿದೆ. ತ್ರೈಮಾನ ವಿಶ್ವವು ಬಗ್ಗಿಕೊಂಡಿದೆ. ಇದರ ಒಳಮೈಯು ಪರಿಜ್ಞಾನವಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಹೊರಮೈ ತ್ರೈಮಾನವಿಶ್ವ. ಆದರೆ ಖಭಾತ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯೂ (Astrophysicist) ಗಣಿತಜ್ಞನೂ ಸೇರಿ, ವಿಶ್ವವು ನಾಲ್ಕುಮಾನಗಳಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿದೆ ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಮಾನದ್ವಯ ತಲವು ಮೂರನೇ ಮಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಬಗ್ಗಿಕೊಂಡು ತ್ರೈಮಾನ ದೇಶವಾಗುವಂತೆ, ಮಾನತ್ರಯ ವಿಶ್ವವು, ಕಾಲವೆಂಬ ನಾಲ್ಕನೇ

## ಈ ನಮ್ಮ ವಿಶ್ವ

ಮಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಬಗ್ಗಿಕೊಂಡಿದೆ. ರೇಖೆಯು ಅಧಿಕವಾಗಿ ಬಗ್ಗುತ್ತಾ ಹೋದರೆ, ಉಂಟಾಗುವ ವೃತ್ತದ ತ್ರಿಜ್ಯವು ಕಡಿಮೆಯಾಗುತ್ತಾ ಬಂದು, ಕೊನೆಗೆ ರೇಖೆಯು ಶೂನ್ಯವಾದೀತು. ಅದೇ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ, ದೇಶದ ಭಾರಕ್ಕನುಗುಣವಾಗಿ ಬಗ್ಗಿಕೊಂಡಿರುವ ವಿಶ್ವವು, ಕಾಲಕ್ರಮೇಣ ನೂತನ ನೀಹಾರಕ ಸಮೂಹಗಳೂ ಜನ್ಮವೆತ್ತಲು, ಹೆಚ್ಚುಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಬಗ್ಗಲು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸಿ ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಮಾನಚತುಷ್ಟಯ ವಿಶ್ವದ ತ್ರೈಮಾನ ದೇಶವು ಶೂನ್ಯವಾಗಬಹುದು! ಇದೇ ಮಹಾ ಪ್ರಳಯವಾಗಿರಬಹುದು!

**ವಿಶ್ವದ ವಕ್ರತೆ:**—ವಿಶ್ವದ ವಕ್ರತೆಯು ಭಾರದಿಂದ ಉಂಟಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ವಕ್ರತೆಯನ್ನು ಗೊತ್ತುಮಾಡಿ, ವಿಶ್ವದ ಭಾರವನ್ನು ನಿಶ್ಚಯಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ವಿಶ್ವದ ಒಟ್ಟು ಪ್ರೋಟಾನುಗಳ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ  $136 \times 2^{256}$ . ವಿಶ್ವದ ಒಟ್ಟು ದ್ರವ್ಯರಾಶಿಯು  $2.5 \times 10^{49}$  ಟನ್. ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ನೀಹಾರಕದ ಭಾರವು  $2 \times 10^{38}$  ಟನ್. ಅದುದರಿಂದ ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡದಂತಹ ಹತ್ತುಸಾವಿರಕ್ಕೋಟಿ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡಗಳಾದರೂ ಇರಬೇಕು. ಈ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಅಲ್ಪ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ತಪ್ಪುಗಳಿದ್ದರೂ, ಇರಬಹುದು. ಆದರೆ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನವನ್ನು ಕೊಂಡಾಡಲೇ ಬೇಕು!

**ಅಣುಭೌತ ಮತ್ತು ವಿಶ್ವಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಗಳು:**—ಅಣುಭೌತ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ (Atomic Physics) ಮತ್ತು ವಿಶ್ವಶಾಸ್ತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ (Cosmology) ಕಂಡುಬಂದ ಸಾಮ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯು ಬಲು ಸೋಜಿಗ ಕ್ಷೇಪಗಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಅಗಾಧ ವಿಶ್ವದ ತೃಜ್ಯಕ್ಕೂ, ಮುಣವಿದ್ಯುತ್ಪ್ರಾಣದ ತೃಜ್ಯಕ್ಕೂ ಇರುವ ಅನುಪಾತವು  $6 \times 10^{39}$ . ವಿಶ್ವದ ಭಾರಕ್ಕೂ ಪ್ರೋಟಾನಿನ ಭಾರಕ್ಕೂ ಇರುವ ಪ್ರಮಾಣವು  $[3.7 \times 10^{39}]^2$ . ವಿಶ್ವದ ಗುರುತ್ವಾಕರ್ಷಣ ಸ್ಥಾನಿಕ ಶಕ್ತಿಗೂ, (Gravitational Potential Energy)ಗೂ, ಅಣುಕಣಗಳ ವಿಶ್ರಾಂತಿ ಶಕ್ತಿಗೂ (Rest Energy) ಇರುವ ಅನುಪಾತ, ಇವುಗಳಿಂದ, ಅಣುರಚನೆಗೂ, ವಿಶ್ವರಚನೆಗೂ ಸಂಬಂಧವಿದೆ ಎನ್ನಬಹುದು. ಅಣುಭೌತ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರವು ಬಾಲ್ಯಾವಸ್ಥೆಯಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಇದೆ. ಇದರ ಅರಿವು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಆದರೆ, ವಿಶ್ವಜ್ಞಾನವು ಲಭಿಸಿದಂತೆಯೇ ಸರಿ!

ಅಣುಭೌತ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರವೂ, ವಿಶ್ವಶಾಸ್ತ್ರವೂ ಬೆಳೆದುಬರಲಿ! ಲೋಕಕ್ಕೆ ಹಿತವನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡಲಿ! ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯು ಅಗಾಧ ವಿಶ್ವದ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಯನ್ನು ಬಿಡಿಸಲಿ! ಅನಂತ ವಿಶ್ವದ ಭವ್ಯತೆಯನ್ನು ಬಣ್ಣಿಸಿ ಭೂಲೋಕದ ಜನರಿಗೆ, ಅವರ ಅಲ್ಪಸ್ಥಾನವನ್ನು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಪಡಿಸಿ, ಸನ್ಮಾರ್ಗದಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಯುವಂತೆ ಪ್ರೇರಿಸಲಿ!

ಉಳಿಯಾರು ಶ್ರೀನಿವಾಸ ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಾಯ, ಬಿ. ಎಸ್.ಸಿ.

# ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ನೀತಿಬೋಧಕವಾಗಿರಬೇಕು

ಮಾನವನ ಜೀವನ ಎಷ್ಟು ಆದಿಯೋ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವೂ ಅಷ್ಟು ಆದಿ. ಅದು ಎಷ್ಟು ವಿಸ್ತಾರವಾಗಿದೆಯೋ ಇದೂ ಅಷ್ಟೇ ವಿಶಾಲವಾಗಿದೆ. ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ದೇಹದಾರ್ಥ್ಯತೆಗೆ ಪಾಸ್ವಿಕ ಆಹಾರಗಳ ಅಗತ್ಯವಿದೆ. ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಪ್ರಮಾಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಮಾನಸಿಕ ಬೆಳವಣಿಗೆಗೆ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ಉಪಯೋಗವಿದೆ. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಕ್ಕೂ ಮಾನವ ಜೀವನಕ್ಕೂ ಹೀಗೆ ಒಂದು ನಿಕಟಸಂಬಂಧವಿರುವುದನ್ನು ನಾವು ಕಾಣುತ್ತೇವೆ.

ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ಜನಜೀವನದ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬ. ಅದು ಬಾಳಿನ ವಿಮರ್ಶೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ಬಾಳಿನ ಹಿತಾಹಿತವನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸುವುದೇ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ. ನಮ್ಮ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಹಲವು ಹದಿನೆಂಟು ಭಾವನೆಗಳು ಬರುತ್ತವೆ. ಅವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಅತಿ ಉದಾತ್ತ ಭಾವನೆ ಯಾವುದೆಂದು ಕಣ್ಣುಂದಿಟ್ಟು ಸುಳಿದಾಡಿಸುವುದೇ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ಕೆಲಸ. ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮವಾಗಿ ವಿಚಾರಿಸಿದರೆ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ನಮ್ಮ ಅಂತಃಕರಣವನ್ನು ನಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದಿಡುತ್ತದೆ.

ನಮ್ಮ ಹೃದಯ, ಮನಸ್ಸುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಕೊಳೆ, ಕಷ್ಟಲಗಳು ಸೇರಿಕೊಂಡಿವೆ. ಆ ಕೊಳೆಕಷ್ಟಲಗಳೆಂಬ ದುರ್ಭಾವನೆಗಳನ್ನು ವಿಂಗಡಿಸಿ ಅಹಿತವಾದ ವಿಚಾರವನ್ನು ಹೊರಗೆಡವತಕ್ಕದ್ದೆ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವಾಗಿದೆ. ಅಂತು ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ಒಂದು ಅನ್ವೇಷಣಾದೀಪ (Search-light)ವಾಗಿರುವುದು.

ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ ಒಂದು ಗುರಿ ಇದೆ. ಆ ಗುರಿಯನ್ನು ಫಲಕಾರಿ ಮಾಡಿಸುವುದೇ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು. ಅದು ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ಆ ಧೈಯದ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಒಯ್ಯುವುದು. ಧೈಯಸಾಧಿಸುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಮಾನವ ತನ್ನ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ಸವೆಯಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾನೆಂದರೆ ತಪ್ಪಿಲ್ಲ.

ಉತ್ತಮ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ನಾಡಿನ ಉತ್ತಮ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯ ಫಲ. ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ ಮೇಲ್ಮಟ್ಟದ್ದಿರುವಾಗ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ಶ್ರೇಷ್ಠತೆಯನ್ನು ಹೊಂದುವುದು. ಇಲ್ಲವಾದರೆ ಅದು ಬರಿಯ ಶಬ್ದಗಳ ಜೋಡಣೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದು ನಾಡಿಗೆ ಯಾವ ಏಳಿಗೆಯನ್ನೂ ಉಂಟುಮಾಡಲಾರದು.

ಮನುಷ್ಯನು ಸಹಜವಾಗಿಯೂ ಸಮಾಜ ಜೀವಿ ಇದ್ದಾನೆ. ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಬರುವ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳನ್ನೂ, ಭಿನ್ನಾಭಿಪ್ರಾಯಗಳನ್ನೂ ಬಗೆಹರಿಸಲು ವಿಕಾಸವಾದ ಭಾವನೆಯು ಅಗತ್ಯ. ಈ ಭಾವವಿಕಾಸನೆಗೆ ಕಾರಣವಾದುದೇ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ. ಹೀಗೆ ಭಾವವಿಕಾಸನ ಭಾವವುಳ್ಳ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಇಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ಸಂಸಾರದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಕಟವೂ ಸಮಾಜದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಧಾನ್ಯವೂ ದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಕ್ಷೋಭೆಯೂ ನೆಲೆಗೊಳ್ಳದಿರಲಾರವು.

ಸಾಹಿತಿಯ ಕಲೋಪಾಸನೆಯು ಉತ್ತಮ ಕಾವ್ಯರಚನೆಗೆ ಅನಿವಾರ್ಯವಾದುದು. ಅವನ ವಿಚಾರವಾಹಿನಿಗಳು ನಿರರ್ಗಳವಾಗಿ ಹರಿಯಬೇಕು. ಅವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಶೋಧನೆ ಪ್ರತಿಶೋಧನೆಗಳಿರಬೇಕು. ಸಾಹಿತಿಯ ಹೃದಯದಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಚಾರವಿನಿಮಯಗಳ ಪಕ್ವತೆಯುಂಟಾದಾಗ ಮಾತ್ರ ಕಾವ್ಯ ರಚಿಸಲ್ಪಡುವುದು. ಕಾವ್ಯ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಕವಿ ಬಾಳಿದ ಕಾಲವು ಕಾವ್ಯದ ಔನ್ನತ್ಯವನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನ, ಶೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರನ ನಾಟಕಗಳೇ ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಸಾಕ್ಷಿ. ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಕಾಲಕ್ಕೂ ಇವು ಸತ್ಯ, ಧರ್ಮಗಳ ನೆಲೆಯನ್ನು ಸೂಚಿಸುವಂಥವುಗಳಾಗಿವೆ.

ಉತ್ತಮ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ರಚನೆಯು ಒಂದು ತಪಸ್ಸಿನ ಫಲವಾಗಿದೆ. ತತ್ವಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಹೋರಾಡುವಾಗ ಬಂದ, ಅನುಭವಿಸಿದ ಕಷ್ಟಸಂಕಷ್ಟಗಳ ಪ್ರತಿಫಲವೇ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವೆಂದು ಸ್ಥೂಲವಾಗಿ ಹೇಳಬಹುದು. ಜೋನ್ ಬನಿಯನ್ "Pilgrim's Progress"ನ್ನು ಬರೆದಿದ್ದನು. ಅವನ 60 ವರ್ಷದ ಜೀವಾವಧಿಯಲ್ಲಿ 12 ವರ್ಷಗಳನ್ನು ಅವನ

## ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ನೀತಿಬೋಧಕವಾಗಿರಬೇಕು

ಮನಃಸಾಕ್ಷಿಯ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಕಾರಾಗೃಹವಾಸ ಮಾಡಬೇಕಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಈ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವನು ಆ ಮಹಾಕಾವ್ಯವನ್ನು ಮುಗಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಸುದೀರ್ಘ ವಲ್ಮೀಕಿವಾಸದ ತಪಃಫಲವೇ ವಾಲ್ಮೀಕಿ ರಾಮಾಯಣ. ಆಧುನಿಕ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವನ್ನವಲೋಕಿಸಿದರೆ ಜಗತ್ಪ್ರಖ್ಯಾತವಾದ “ವಿಶ್ವಚರಿತ್ರೆ” ನೆಹರುಗಳ ಜೈಲುವಾಸದ ಪರಿಣಾಮವೇ ಆಗಿದೆ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಕಾವ್ಯಸಿದ್ಧಿಯನ್ನು ಪಡೆಯಲು ಚಿಂತನೆ, ತಪಸ್ಸುಗಳು ಅನಿವಾರ್ಯವಾಗಿವೆ.

ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಎಷ್ಟರತನಕ ನೀತಿಬೋಧಕವಾಗಿರಬೇಕು? ಇಲ್ಲವೆ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಬರೇ ಜೀವನದ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬವಾದರೆ ಸಾಕೆ? ಎಂಬ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳನ್ನು ನಾವು ವಿಚಾರಿಸಬೇಕಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ಬರೇ ನೀತಿಬೋಧನೆಗೆ ರೂಪಿತವಾಗದೆ, ಅಥವಾ ಸಂದರ್ಭಕ್ಕನುಸಾರವಾಗಿ ನೀತಿಯನ್ನು ಬೋಧಿಸದಿದ್ದರೆ ಅದು ಚಿರಕಾಲ ಉಳಿದು ಬಾಳುವ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವಾಗದು.

ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ನುಡಿಕಟ್ಟು, ಕಲಾಕೌಶಲ, ಶೈಲಿ, ಮಾನವನ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಆಕರ್ಷಿಸುವುದಾದರೆ, ನೀತಿವಿಚಾರದಿಂದ ಅವನ ಹೃದಯ ಪರಿವರ್ತನೆಯಾಗುವುದು. ಈ ರೀತಿ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿನ ನೀತಿಯಿಂದ ಮಾನವನ ಹೃದಯ ಪರಿವರ್ತನೆಯಾಗದಿದ್ದರೆ ಬಾಳ್ವೆಯ ಶಾಂತಿ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಕಾಲಕ್ಕೂ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಯಾಗಿಯೇ ಉಳಿಯುವುದು ದಿಟವು. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ನೀತಿಪರವಾಗಿರತಕ್ಕದ್ದು. ಕೆಲವು ಕಾವ್ಯಗಳನ್ನವಲೋಕಿಸಿದರೆ ಈ ಮಾತಿನ ಸತ್ಯಾಂಶವು ಗೋಚರವಾಗುವುದು.

ಕವಿತ್ರಯರಲ್ಲೊಬ್ಬನಾದ ಜನ್ನನು “ಯಶೋಧರ ಚರಿತೆ” ಬರೆದು ಅಮರ ಕವಿಗಳಲ್ಲೊಬ್ಬನಾದ. ಇದು ಪ್ರಾಣಿವಧೆಯನ್ನು ನಿಷೇಧಿಸುವ ಕಾವ್ಯ. ಮಾನವನು ಪ್ರಗತಿಪರನಾಗಬೇಕಾದರೆ ಅವನು ಹಿಂಸೆಯನ್ನು ದೂರೀಕರಿಸಬೇಕು. ಅಂತಹ ಹಿಂಸೆ ತ್ಯಾಜ್ಯವೆನ್ನುವ ಮಾತು ಈ ಕಾವ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಬಹು ಸೊಗಸಾಗಿ ವರ್ಣಿತವಾಗಿದೆ.

ಮೇಗಂ ಬಗೆವೊಡೆ ವಧೆ ಹಿತ  
ಮಾಗದು ಮರ್ತ್ಯಂಗೆ ನಿತ್ಯಮೆ ಮಾನಸವಾಟಾ  
ಈಗಳೊ ಮೇಣ್ ಆಗಳೊ ಮೇಣ್  
ಸಾಗುದುರೆಗೆ ಪುಲ್ಲನೆಡಕಿ ಕೆಡುವನೆ ಚದುರಂ

ಪ್ರಾಣಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಶ್ರೇಷ್ಠತೆಯನ್ನು ಪಡೆದ ಮಾನವನ ಬಾಳ್ವೆಯು ಅನಿತ್ಯ. ಅವನ ಪ್ರಾಣವು ಚೈತನ್ಯದೊಡನೆ ಯಾವ ಕಾಲಕ್ಕೆ ಸೇರೀತೆಂದು ಹೇಳಲಾಸಲ. ಪ್ರಗತಿಯನ್ನೂ, ಮೇಲ್ಮೈಯನ್ನೂ ಯಾಚಿಸುವ ಮಾನವನು ಹಿಂಸೆ ಮಾಡಲಾರನೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟವಾಗಿ ಕವಿ ಮೇಲಿನ ಪದ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ವಿವೇಚಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ.

“ಮಿಲನ”ವೆಂಬ ಕಾವ್ಯವು ಶ್ರೀ ಎಮ್. ಆರ್. ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಿಗಳ ಕೈವಾಡದ ಫಲ. ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರು ಸದಾ ಕಾಲ ಬದಲಾವಣೆ ಹೊಂದುವ ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಪರಿಚಯವನ್ನು ಬಹಳ ಸೊಗಸಾಗಿ ಪಾಠಕನಿಗೆ ಮನಮುಟ್ಟಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಈ ಕೆಳಗಿನ ಪದ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರು ಅದನ್ನು ರುಜುಪಡಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ.

ಆಸಡಿಯ ಜಡಿಸುರಿದು ನೆರೆತುಂಬಿ ಹರಿವ ಹೊಳೆ  
ಬೇಸಿಗೆಯ ಬಿಸಿಲಿನಲಿ ಬತ್ತುವುದು ಧರ್ಮ  
ತುಂಬಿದರೆ ಬತ್ತುವುದು ಬತ್ತಿದರೆ ತುಂಬುವುದು  
ಪರಿವರ್ತಿಸುವ ಜಗದ ಜೀವನದ ಮರ್ಮ

## ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ನೀತಿಬೋಧಕವಾಗಿರಬೇಕು

ಈ ಮಾತು ಅವರ “ಮಿಲನ” ಕಾವ್ಯದ ಜೀವಾಳ. ಜೀವನ ಸುಖದುಃಖಗಳಿಂದ, ಏರುತಗ್ಗುಗಳಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿ ಕೊಂಡಿದೆ. ಕಷ್ಟವಿದ್ದಾಗ ಜೀವನವು ಕೊರಗುವುದು. ಸುಖಬಂದಾಗ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಹಿಗ್ಗಿದೆ. ಜೀವನವು ಒಂದು ಹೊಳೆ, ಸುಖದುಃಖಗಳೇ ಭರತಇಳಿತಗಳೆಂದು ಕವಿ ಹೇಳಿರುವ ಮಾತು ಯಾರ ಚಿತ್ತಭಿತ್ತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಲ್ಲದು?

“ಉಮರನ ಒಸಗೆ” ಡಿ. ವಿ. ಜಿ.ಯವರ ಅಮರ ಕೃತಿ. ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಆನಂದ ಕ್ಷಣಗಳು ಕ್ಷಣಿಕವಾದುವುಗಳು. ಸಂದರ್ಭದ ಸದುಪಯೋಗವೇ ಜೀವನದ ಗುಟ್ಟು ಎಂಬ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯ ಈ ಕೆಳಗಿನ ಪಾದಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಯುಕ್ತವಾಗಿದೆ.

“ಜೀವನದ ಸೊದೆಯ ಸವಿಯಲಿರುವುದೀ ನಿಮಿಷ;  
ಕರೆವುದಿನ್ನೊಂದು ನಿಮಿಷದಲಿ ಸುಡುಗಾಡು;  
ರವಿ ಶಶಿಗಳೋಡುತಿಹರೆಲ್ಲ ಶೂನ್ಯೋದಯಕೆ;  
ಸಾಗುತಿಹರಕಟ! ಬಾ, ಸೊದೆಯುಣುವ ಬೇಗ.”

“ರಾಮಾಶ್ವಮೇಧ” ಕವಿ ಮುದ್ದಣನ ಕವಿತಾ ಚಾತುರ್ಯದ ಸತ್ಪಲ. ಅದರೊಂದೆಡೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸೀತೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ರಾಮನು ಹೊರಿಸಿದ ಅಪವಾದಕ್ಕೆ ಅವಳು ಹೇಳುವ ಪ್ರತಿಮಾತು ಯಾವ ತಾರ್ಕಿಕನಿಗೂ ಎದುರಿಸುವುದು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದು ಈ ತೆರನಾಗಿದೆ.

“ಊರೊಳ್ ಮಾರಿ ಎಂದು ಮನವೋಟಾಯಂ  
ಮಾಟುಗುಡುವರೇ?”

ಅಗಸನ ನುಡಿಗಡೆಕೊಟ್ಟು ತನ್ನನ್ನು ತೊಲಗಿಸಿದುದು ಅಧರ್ಮ, ಅವಿವೇಕ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ಎಷ್ಟು ಮಾರ್ಮಿಕವಾಗಿ ಸೀತೆ ನುಡಿದಿದ್ದಾಳೆ?

ಅದೇ ಸಾಹಿತಿ ಅದ್ಭುತ ರಾಮಾಯಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಇಹಕ್ಕೂ ಪರಕ್ಕೂ ಸಾಧಕವಾದುದೇ ಸುಕೃತವೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ಈ ಕೆಳಗಿನ ಮಾತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ವಿವರಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ.

“ಸುಕೃತಮೆ ತಾಂ ಸೌಖ್ಯಮೂಲಮಿಹಕುಂ ಪರಕುಂ”

ಉಭಯ ಲೋಕದ ಸುಖಕ್ಕೆ ಧರ್ಮಕಾರ್ಯಗಳಿಂದ ಹೊಂದಿದ ಪುಣ್ಯವೆ ಮೂಲವೆಂದು ಸಾರುತ್ತ, ತ್ರಿಶಂಕು ಅಲ್ಲಲ್ಲಿ ಬಾವಿ, ಕೆರೆ, ಕಟ್ಟಿಸಿ ಜನರ ಪ್ರೀತಿಗೆ ಪಾತ್ರನಾದನೆಂಬ ವಿಚಾರ ಹರ್ಷಾಸ್ಪದವಾಗಿದೆ.

“ಬಸವರಾಜ ರಗಳೆ” ಬರೆದ ಹರಿಹರ ಕವಿ ಮನುಷ್ಯನು ಅಲ್ಪಸುಖಕ್ಕೆ ಅತೀವ ಪಾಡುಪಡುತ್ತಾನೆಂಬ ವಿಷಯವನ್ನು ಬಹು ಚಂದವಾಗಿ ಈ ರೀತಿ ಹೇಳುವನು.

“ಸಾಸಿವೆಯಷ್ಟು ಸುಖಕ್ಕೆ ಸಾಗರದಷ್ಟು ಕಷ್ಟ”

ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಕವಿ, ಸಮಂಜಸವಾದ ಉಪಮಾನ ಉಪಮೇಯಗಳಿಂದ ಜೀವನದ ಕಷ್ಟಸುಖಗಳನ್ನು ಹೃದಯಂಗಮವಾಗಿ ಚಿತ್ರಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಇದು ನಿಜವಾಗಿಯೂ ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಏಕರೂಪವಾಗಿ ಪರಿಣಾಮಕಾರಿಯಾಗುವ ಮಾತಲ್ಲವೇ?

## ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ನೀತಿಬೋಧಕನಾಗಿರಬೇಕು

“ಕರುಬರಿದ್ದೂರಿಂದೆ ಕಾಡೊಳ್ಳಿತೆನಿಸುವಂತೆ” ಎಂದು ಕವೀಂದ್ರ ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮೀಶನು ಹೇಳುವ ಮಾತು. ಈ ನುಡಿಕಟ್ಟು, ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಕಿಚ್ಚಿನವರೊಂದಿಗಿರುವುದಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಕಾಡಾಡಿಯಾಗಿರುವುದೇ ಲೇಸೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ಚಿತ್ರಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಅಂಥವರ ಸಂಘ, ಸಂಪರ್ಕ ಕಳೆಯುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಈ ಮಾತು ಸಹಾಯಕವಾಗುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಶಯವಿಲ್ಲ.

“ಪಂಪ ರಾಮಾಯಣ”ವು ನಾಗಚಂದ್ರ ಕವಿಯ ಕೃತಿರತ್ನ. ಇದೊಂದು ಕನ್ನಡದ ಅದಿ ಕಾವ್ಯ. ಇದರ ಸೀತಾಪಹರಣದ ಅಧ್ಯಾಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಸೀತೆಯ ರೂಪರಾಶಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ರಾವಣನ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಬಲೆ ಬಂದಂತಾಗುವುದು. ಅವನ ಚಿತ್ತವಾದರೂ ಪದ್ಮಪತ್ರದ ಜಲಬಿಂದುವಿನಂತೆ ಚಲಿತವಾಯಿತು. ಆಗ ಅವಲೋಕಿಸಿ ವಿದ್ಯೆಯು ಬಂದು ರಾವಣನಿಗೆ ಈ ರೀತಿಯ ಮಾತನ್ನು ನುಡಿಯುವುದು.

ಕಾವ ಬಿಸಂ ನನ್ನದು ಸಕ  
ಲಾವನಿಯ ಧರ್ಮನಿರತರಂ ನಿಯಮಿಸಿ ನೀ  
ನೀ ವಿಷಯಕ್ಕೆಱಗುವುದುಂ  
ಕಾವರೆ ಕಣೆಗೊಂಡರೆಂಬ ನುಡಿಗಿಡೆಯಕ್ಕುಂ.

ಪ್ರಜೆಗಳನ್ನು ಧರ್ಮನಿರತರಾಗುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡುವ ಕೆಲಸವು ರಾಜನದ್ದಾಗಿದೆ. ಅದನ್ನು ತಪ್ಪಿ ಸೀತೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಅನುರಾಗವನ್ನಿಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾದರೆ ಕಾಯುವಂಥವರೆ ಬಾಣಗಳನ್ನು ತಳೆದರೆಂಬ ಮಾತಿಗೆಡೆಯಾಗುವುದೆನ್ನುವನು. ಹಿರಿಯರು, ಗುರುಗಳು, ರಾಜರುಗಳು ಅಧರ್ಮಪಥದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಡಿ ಇಡಕೂಡದೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ನಾಗಚಂದ್ರನು ಬಹಳ ಸ್ವಾರಸ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ನುಡಿದಿದ್ದಾನೆ.

ಹೀಗೆ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಕಾವ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ನೀತಿಪ್ರದವಾದ ವಿಷಯಗಳಿವೆ. ಇವು ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಹಸನಾದ ಬಾಳುವೆಯನ್ನು ನಡೆಸಲು ನೆರವಾಗುವುವು. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ನೀತಿಯಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿರಲೇಬೇಕು. ಅದರೆ ಅದು ಎಷ್ಟರ ಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ನೀತಿಯುಕ್ತವಾಗಿರಬೇಕೆಂದರೆ “Teach, without teaching” ಎಂಬ ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷಿನ ಮಾತಿನಂತಿರಬೇಕು. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವು ಕೇವಲ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಇರಬೇಕಾಗಿಲ್ಲ, ಜನರಿಗೆ ಬರೆ ಭಾಷಾಜ್ಞಾನ ಕೊಡುವುದಕ್ಕಿರುವುದಲ್ಲ. ಅದಕ್ಕೊಂದು ಉದ್ದೇಶವಿದೆ. ಗುರಿ ಇದೆ. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಯೋಗದ ಫಲವೇ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ, ಆತ್ಮಜ್ಞಾನ, ಮುಕ್ತಿ. ಇವುಗಳನ್ನೊದಗಿಸದ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯ ಏಳಿಗೆಗೂ, ಸಮಾಜೋದ್ಧಾರಕ್ಕೂ, ಜಗತ್ಕಲ್ಯಾಣಕ್ಕೂ ನೆರವಾಗಲಾರದು. ಜೀವನದ ಧೈಯಕ್ಕೆ ವಿರೋಧವಾದ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಬದುಕಬೇಕಾಗಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದುದರಿಂದ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ಹಲವು ಅಂಗಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನೀತಿಯೇ ಮುಖ್ಯಾಂಗ ಎಂಬುದು ನಮ್ಮ ಮತ.

ಬಿ. ಎನ್. ಆಚಾರ್ಯ. ಎಂ. ಎ.



# ಶೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರ್ ಕಂಡ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ

ಅವಳನ್ನು ಆತ ಕಂಡಾಗ ಆಕೆ ನದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಹರಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು.

ಸಿಡ್ನಸ್ ನದೀ ವಕ್ಷದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವಳ ನಾವೆ ತೇಲುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಹೊಳೆಯ ಪ್ರವಾಹದಲ್ಲುಬ್ಬಿಸಿದ ಅಲೆಗಳು ಆಕೆಯ ವಿಹಾರ ನೌಕೆಯ ತಳವನ್ನು ತೊಳೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದುವು. ಸೂರ್ಯನ ಕಿರಣಗಳು ನದೀ ಜಲವನ್ನು ಚುಂಬಿಸುತ್ತಿರಲು, ನೀಲವಾದ ನೀರಿನ ರಾಶಿ ಮಿಂಚುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಈ ಭವ್ಯ ಹಿನ್ನೆಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯದಧಿದೇವತೆಯಾಗಿ ಕಂಗೊಳಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು—ಈಜಿಪ್ಟಿನ ರಾಣಿ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ.

ಚೆಲುವು ಸೂರಿಯಾಗಿತ್ತು ಆಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿ. ಭುವನ ಮೋಹಿನಿ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ. ಆಕೆಯನ್ನು ವರ್ಣಿಸಿ ಮುಗಿಸುವುದು ಅಸಾಧ್ಯವೆಂದು ಕಲಾಕಾರನು ಮನಗಂಡಿದ್ದ. ಆತ ಎರಡೇ ಸಾಲುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಆಕೆಯ ಎಣೆಯಿಲ್ಲದ ಚೆಲುವನ್ನು ವರ್ಣಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ, ಉಳಿದುದು ಓದುಗನ ಊಹನಾಶಕ್ತಿಗೆ ಸೇರಿದುದು. ಎರಡು ಸಾಲುಗಳು ನಾಟಕ ಕರ್ತೃವಿನ ಅನ್ಯಾದೃಶ ಚಾತುರ್ಯದ, ಕಲಾಕೌಶಲ್ಯದ ದ್ಯೋತಕವಾಗಿವೆ.

ಸೆನೆಟ್ ಮಂದಿರದಲ್ಲಿ ಜೂಲಿಯಸ್ ಸೀಸರನ ಕೊಲೆಯಾಗಿತ್ತು. ರೋಮ್ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯದ ಅನಭಿಷಿಕ್ತ ಚಕ್ರವರ್ತಿಯಾದ ಆತ, ದ್ರೋಹಿಯೊಬ್ಬನ ಮಾತನ್ನು ನಂಬಿದ ತನ್ನ ಗೆಳೆಯ, ಪ್ರಜಾಹಿತೈಷಿ ಮತ್ತು ಪ್ರಜಾಸತ್ತೆಯ ಪರಮ ಅಭಿಮಾನಿ ಬ್ರೂಟಸ್‌ನ ಕಠಾರಿಯ ಆಘಾತಕ್ಕೆ ಈಡಾಗಿ ದೇಹವನ್ನಿಟ್ಟ. ರೋಮ್‌ನ ಜನವಿದ್ರೋಹಿಗಳನ್ನು 'ಉದ್ಧಾರಕ'ರೆಂದು ಹೊಗಳುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಆಗ ಎದುರಿಗೆ ಬರುತ್ತಾನೆ ಎಂಟಿನಿ. ತನ್ನ ಅದ್ವೀತೀಯ ಮೇಧಾಶಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ—ಎಣೆಯಿಲ್ಲದ ವಾಕ್ಸರಣಿಯಿಂದ ಜನತೆಯನ್ನು ತನ್ನೆಡೆಗಾಕರ್ಷಿಸಿ ಗೆಳೆಯ ಸೀಸರನ ಕೊಲೆಯ ಸೇಡನ್ನು ತೀರಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ.

ಆದರೆ ಇಂದು!—ಅದೇ ಎಂಟಿನಿ ತುಂಬ ಬದಲಾಗಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಆತನ ಅಂದಿನ ಅಸಮ ಸಾಹಸ ಇಂದಿಲ್ಲ; ಅಭಿಮಾನವೋ—ಅದನ್ನು ಗಾಳಿಗೆ ತಾರಿಬಿಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಅಪ್ರತಿಮ ಬುದ್ಧಿಶಕ್ತಿಯೋ - ಅದೆಂದೋ ನಾಮಾವಶೇಷವಾಗಿದೆ. ಆತನ ಪ್ರಚಂಡ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವ ಕೇವಲ ಒಬ್ಬ ಹೆಣ್ಣಿನ ಪದತಲದಲ್ಲಿ ತನ್ನ ಸಾರ್ಥಕ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕಂಡುಕೊಂಡಿದೆ. ಅದೊಂದು ಕಾಲವಿತ್ತು—ಎಂಟಿನಿ ತನ್ನ ಮಾತಿನಿಂದ, ಕೃತಿಯಿಂದ ಶತ್ರುಹೃದಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಭೀತಿ ತಾಂಡವವಾಡುವಂತೆಸಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಇಂದಾದರೋ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರಳ ದಾಸಾನುದಾಸನು ಅವನು. ತಾನು ಕಟ್ಟಿದ ರೋಮ್ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯ ಬೇಡವಾಗಿದೆ ಆತಗೆ. ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ ಅವನ ಸರ್ವಸ್ವಳಾಗಿದ್ದು, ಆತ ತನ್ನ ಪ್ರಸಂಚವನ್ನು—ಜಗತ್ತನ್ನು, ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಏಕೆ—ವಿಶ್ವವನ್ನು—ಅವಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಂಡುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾನೆ. ರೋಮಿನ ಜನಸಾಗರದ ನಡುವೆ ದೃಢವಾಗಿ ಕದಲದೆ ತಲೆಯೆತ್ತಿ ನಿಂತ ಹಬ್ಬಂಡೆಯಂತೆ ಗೋಚರಿಸಿದ ಎಂಟಿನಿ ಇಂದು ಈಜಿಪ್ಟಿನ ರಾಣಿಯ ವಿಲೋಲ ಕಟಾಕ್ಷದ ಆಘಾತದಿಂದ ತತ್ತರಿಸಿ ಆಕೆಯ ಪಾದಮೂಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಡೆದು ಬೀಳುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಅತ್ಯುಜ್ವಲ ಪ್ರಭೆಯಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿ ಬೆಳಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರ ಒಮ್ಮಿಂದೊಮ್ಮೆ ನೆಲಕ್ಕುಳಿದುರುತ್ತದೆ. ಎಂತಹ ಪತನ!

ಅಂತಹ ಪ್ರಚಂಡ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವ ಆಕೆಯದು. ಆಕೆಯಿಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ರೋಮಿನ ಇತಿಹಾಸವೇ ಬದಲಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು.

ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ ನಿಷ್ಕಳಂಕನಿಯಲ್ಲ. ನಿರ್ಮಲ-ಶುಭ್ರ ಚಾರಿತ್ರ್ಯ ಆಕೆಯದಲ್ಲ. ಕೆಳಕ್ಕುಳಿದುರುವ ತನಕವೂ ಬಾಡದೆ ಭ್ರಮರಗಳನ್ನಾಕರ್ಷಿಸುವ ಹೂ ಅವಳು.

ಅಮರ ಆಶಾವಾದ ಕಲಾವಿದನ ಹೆಗ್ಗುರುತು. ಎಷ್ಟೇ ಸೋಲೊದಗಿದರೂ, ಎಂತಹ ಕಷ್ಟಪರಂಪರೆಗಳೇ ಇದಿರಾದರೂ ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಜಯ, ಯಶಸ್ಸು ಲಭ್ಯವಾಗಿಯೇ ತೀರುತ್ತದೆ ಎಂಬ ಭರವಸೆಯೇ ಆತಗೆ ಕಲಾಸೃಷ್ಟಿಗೈ

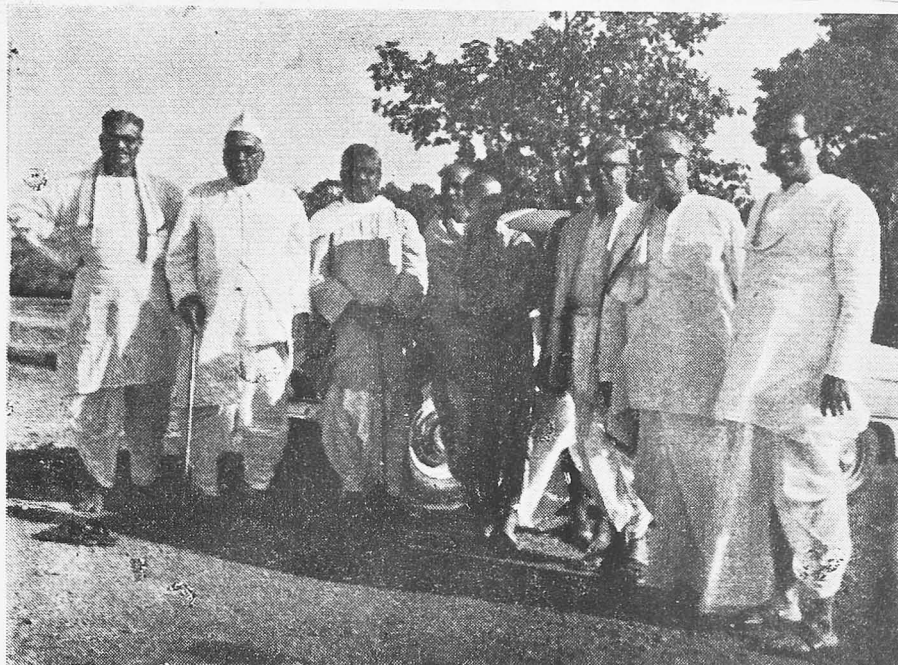
ಯಲು ಸ್ಫೂರ್ತಿಯನ್ನೀಯುತ್ತದೆ. ಸತ್ಯ ಸುಂದರ ಶಿವನ ಆರಾಧಕನಾದ ಕಲಾವಿದ ಸುಳ್ಳಿನ ಕಂತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸತ್ಯದ ಇರವನ್ನು ಶೋಧಿಸ ತೊಡಗುತ್ತಾನೆ; ಕೆಟ್ಟುದರ ನಡುವೆ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದಾದುದು ನೆಲೆಯಾಗಿದೆ ಎಂದು ನಂಬಿ ಅದರ ಅನ್ವೇಷಣೆಗೆ ತೊಡಗುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಇಲ್ಲೇ ಅಡಕವಾಗಿದೆ-ಕಲಾವಿದನಿಗೂ ಜನಸಾಮಾನ್ಯತೆಗೂ ಇರುವ ಭಿನ್ನತೆ.

ಶೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರ್ ನಿತ್ಯ ಆಶಾವಾದಿ. ಮಾನವನ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯತನದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವನಿಗಿದ್ದ ನಂಬಿಕೆ, ಭರವಸೆ ಅಪಾರ. ಅತಿ ಉನ್ನತವಾದ ಹೃದಯ ಆತನದು. ತನ್ನ King Henry V ನಾಟಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಕಡೆ ಆತ ಹೀಗೆನ್ನುತ್ತಾನೆ. “ಮಾನವ ಶೋಧಿಸ ಹೊರಟರೆ ಕೆಟ್ಟುದರಲ್ಲೂ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದರ ಇರವನ್ನು ಕಾಣಬಹುದು.” ಪ್ರಕೃತ ತನ್ನ ನಾಟಕ ಎಂಟನಿ ಎಂಡ್ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂಡ ಅಂತಹದೇ ಒಂದು ಶೋಧನೆಗೆ ಹೊರಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಜನ ಕುಲಟಿ ಎಂದು ತಿರಸ್ಕರಿಸಬಹುದಾದ ಹೆಣ್ಣಿನಲ್ಲಿ, ಕಳಂಕಯುಕ್ತ ಚಾರಿತ್ರದ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರಳ, ಅತಿ ಹಿರಿಯ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವವನ್ನು ಕಂಡುಕೊಂಡು, ಅವಳನ್ನು ತನ್ನ ಕೃತಿಯ ನಾಯಕಿಯನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿ ಅಮರಳಾಗಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ನಿಂದಿತ ನಡೆಯ ಹೆಣ್ಣಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದಾದುದು ಇರಬಹುದು, ಇದೆ-ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ಆತ ತೋರುತ್ತಾನೆ ಜಗತ್ತಿಗೆ. ಅದನ್ನು ಕಾಣುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಸಹಾನುಭೂತಿ ಮತ್ತು ಹೃದಯ ಅಗತ್ಯವಾಗಿರಬೇಕು. ನಾಟಕದ ಕೇಂದ್ರ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯಾದ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ ಶೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರನ ಅತಿ ಯಶಸ್ವಿ ಪಾತ್ರಚಿತ್ರಣಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು. ಆತನ ಹೃದಯವೈಶಾಲ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಅಮರವಾದ ಆತನ ಆಶಾವಾದಿತ್ವಕ್ಕೆ ಮಾನವಸ್ವಭಾವ ವೀಕ್ಷಣೆಗೆ ಆಕೆ ಒಂದು ಕುರುಹು.

ತಾನಿತ್ತ ಆಮಂತ್ರಣಕ್ಕೆ ಪ್ರತಿಯಾಗಿ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ ತನ್ನನ್ನೇ ಆಮಂತ್ರಿಸಲು, ಅದನ್ನು ಮನ್ನಿಸಿ ತೆರಳಿದ ಎಂಟನಿ ತನ್ನ ಆತಿಥ್ಯಕಾರಿಣಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಆಸಕ್ತನಾಗುವನು. ಆಕೆಯಾದರೂ ಅಷ್ಟೇ; ಮೋಹಾಂಧೆ. ತೀರದ ಆಸೆ, ಬಯಕೆ ಅವಳದು. ಎಂಟನಿಯ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಆಕರ್ಷಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಆತನಿಗಾಗಿ ತನ್ನೆಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ-ಪ್ರಾಣವನ್ನೂ ತ್ಯಜಿಸಲು ಸಿದ್ಧಳಾಗುವಳು. ತನ್ನ ಕೊನೆಯ ನಲ್ಲನಲ್ಲಿ ಆಕೆ ತೀರ ಆಸಕ್ತಳಾಗಿ ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಮೃತ್ಯುವಿನ ತೆಕ್ಕೆಗೂ ಆತನನ್ನು ಹಿಂಬಾಲಿಸಿ ತೆರಳುತ್ತಾಳೆ.

ಉಳಿದವರ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಗೆ ಇರಲಿ-ಎಂಟನಿಯ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಾಕೆ ಸತ್ಯವಾಗಿ ನಡೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ಅವಳ ಹಿಂದಿನ ಇತಿಹಾಸವನ್ನು ಅವಲೋಕಿಸಿದರೆ ಇದು ಅಚ್ಚರಿಯಾಗಿ ಕಾಣಬಹುದು. ಸೀಸರನ ಮರಣದಿಂದ ವ್ಯತ್ಯಸ್ತಳಾಗದ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ ಎಂಟನಿಯನ್ನು ಹಿಂಬಾಲಿಸುವುದೆಂದರೆ ಸೋಜಿಗವೇ ಸರಿ. ಯಾವನೂ ಪೂರ್ತಿಯಾಗಿ ಕೆಟ್ಟವನಾಗಿ ಬಾಳಲಾರ-ಅನೇಕರನ್ನು ವಂಚಿಸಿದ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಒಬ್ಬನ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಾದರೂ ಸತ್ಯವಾಗಿ ನಡೆಯದೆ ಇರುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ವಾಸ್ತವವಾದಿಯಾದ ಕಲಾವಿದ ಮನಗಂಡಿದ್ದ. ಶೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರ್ ತನ್ನ ಆದರ್ಶ ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಕನಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಮೈಮರೆತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಎಂಟನಿ ಮತ್ತು ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ-ಇವರ ಪರಸ್ಪರ ಪ್ರೇಮ ನೈಜವಾದುದೆಂದು ಆತ ಅರಿತಿದ್ದ.

ಎಂಟನಿಯ ಮೇಲಣ ಆಕೆಯ ಮೋಹ ಬಲವತ್ತರವಾದುದು. ಅವನ ತಾತ್ಕಾಲಿಕ ಅಗಲಿಕೆಯನ್ನೂ ತಾಳಲಾರಳು ಅವಳು. ಆತ ರೋಮಿಗೆ ತೆರಳುವುದು ಆಕೆಗೆ ಸಹ್ಯವಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ; ಆಕೆಯನ್ನೊಡಂಬಡಿಸಲು ಎಂಟನಿ ಪಡುವ ಪಾಡು ಅಷ್ಟಿಷ್ಟಲ್ಲ. ರೋಮಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಒಕ್ಕೇವಿಯಾಳೊಡನೆ-ಒಕ್ಕೇವಿಯಸ್‌ನ ಸಹೋದರಿಯೊಡನೆ-ಆತನ ವಿವಾಹ ನೆರವೇರಿತೆಂಬ ಸುದ್ದಿ ತಂದ ವಾರ್ತಾವಾಹಕ ನಿಷ್ಕಾರಣವಾಗಿ ಶಿಕ್ಷಿತನಾಗಿ-‘ಸತ್ಯವಾದರೂ ಅಶುಭ ಸಮಾಚಾರವನ್ನು ತರುವುದು ಹಿತವಲ್ಲ’ — ಎಂಬ ಪಾಠ ಕಲಿಯುತ್ತಾನೆ.



# Canara Banking Corporation Library Inauguration.

H. H. Sri Pejavar Swamiji  
arrives at the College.

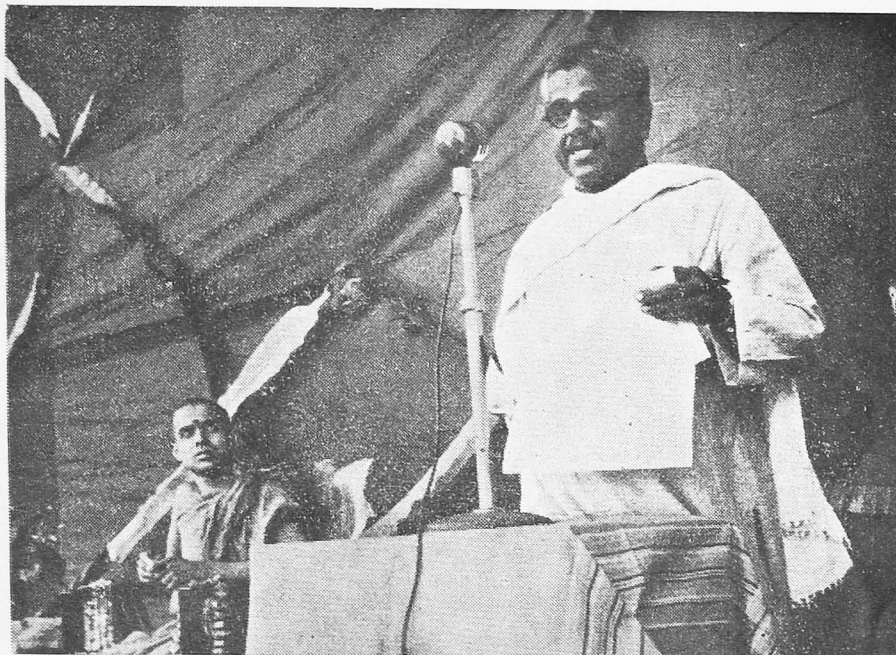


Guard of Honour to the  
Swamiji by our students.



Students'  
welcome the Swamiji





## Canara Banking Corporation Library — Inauguration.

Dr. T. M. A. Pai reads the  
welcome address to Sri  
H. H. Pejavar Swamiji



Dr. U. S. R. Pai, Chairman,  
C. B. Corporation Ltd.,  
requests the Swamiji  
to declare open the Library



Sri B. Vaikunta Baliga, M.L.A.,  
speaking on the occasion.

ಅವನೂ ಅಷ್ಟೇ—ಹೊಸದಾಗಿ ವಿವಾಹವಾದ ಪತ್ನಿಯನ್ನೂ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹಿಂದಿರುಗುತ್ತಾನೆ ಈಜಿಪ್ಟಿಗೆ. ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ ಬೀರಿದ ಪ್ರಭಾವ ಅಷ್ಟು ಶಕ್ತಿಯುತವಾದುದು. ಎಂಟನಿಗೆ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಗೊತ್ತು—ತಾನು ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿರುವುದು ಹುಚ್ಚುತನದ ಕೆಲಸವೆಂದು. ರೋಂನಿಂದ ದೂರದ ಈಜಿಪ್ಟಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರಳೊಡನೆ ಆಮೋದ ಪ್ರವೋದಗಳಿಂದ ಕಾಲಹರಣಮಾಡುವುದು ಅವಿವೇಕತನದ ಪರಮಾವಧಿಯೆಂದು ಆತನಿಗಾರೂ ಹೇಳಬೇಕಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರಳ ಮೇಲಣ ಮೋಹಬಂಧ ಅಷ್ಟು ಬಲವಾದುದು. ಅದರಿಂದ ಬಿಡಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲೆತ್ತಿಸಿದಷ್ಟೂ ಆ ಕಟ್ಟು ಬಿಗಿಯಾಗುವುದು. ಆಕೆಯಿಂದ ದೂರವಾಗಬೇಕೆಂಬ ನಿರ್ಧಾರವನ್ನು ಕೈಗೊಂಡ ಮರುಕ್ಷಣದಲ್ಲೇ ಆತ ತನ್ನ ನಿಶ್ಚಯವನ್ನು ಮರೆಯುತ್ತಾನೆ. ತಿರುತಿರುಗಿ ಜ್ವಾಲೆಗೆ ಬಂದಿರಗುವ ಕೀಟ-ಎಂಟನಿ. ಜ್ಯೋತಿಯ ಜ್ವಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಟ್ಟುರುಹಿ ಬೇಯುತ್ತಾನೆ ಆತ. ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ ಆತನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಅಷ್ಟು ಬಲವಾದ ಹಿಡಿತವನ್ನು-ಪ್ರಭುತ್ವವನ್ನು ನೆಲೆಗೊಳಿಸಿದ್ದಾಳೆ. ಆಕೆಯ ವಜ್ರಮುಷ್ಟಿಯ ಹಿಡಿತದಿಂದ ತಪ್ಪಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲಾಗದೆ ಒದ್ದಾಡುತ್ತಾನೆ—ಎಂಟನಿ. ಅವಳ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವದ ತೇಜಸ್ಸು ಅಷ್ಟು ಗಾಢವಾದುದು-ಗಹನವಾದುದು.

ಹೆಣ್ಣಿನ ವ್ಯಾಮೋಹದಿಂದಾಗಿ, ಮಹಾ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯೊಬ್ಬನ ಪತನ—ಎಂಟನಿಯ ವೈಯಕ್ತಿಕ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆ ನೆಲಕ್ಕಪ್ಪಳಿಸಿ ಬೀಳುತ್ತದೆ. ಇದಕ್ಕೆಲ್ಲ ಕಾರಣ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ.

ಫಿಲೋ-ಎಂಟನಿಯ ಗೆಳೆಯ-ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರಳನ್ನು 'Strumpet' ಎಂದು ಕರೆವ ತನಕ ಮುಂದರಿ ದರೂ-ಅದು ನಾಟಕಕಾರನ ಮನೋಗತವಲ್ಲ. ಕಲಾವಿದ ತೋರುವುದು ಗಣಿಕೆಯನ್ನಲ್ಲ; ಆಕೆ ಬಾಳಿದ ಕಾಮ ಮಯ ಬಾಳನ್ನಲ್ಲ-ಬದಲು, ಆಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಮಾನವೀಯತೆಯನ್ನು. ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ ಅದೆಷ್ಟೇ ಕಳಂಕಿನಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದರೂ, ಆಕೆಯಿಂದ ಘಟಿಸಿದ ಅನಾಹುತಗಳು ಅದೆಷ್ಟೇ ದೊಡ್ಡದಾಗಿದ್ದರೂ, ಅವಶ್ಯವಾಗಿಯೂ ಅವಳು ಮಾನವಿ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ಮರೆಯಲಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಕಲಾವಿದ ಅದನ್ನು ಮರೆತಿಲ್ಲ, ಮಾತ್ರವಲ್ಲ, ಇತರರನ್ನೂ ಮರೆಯಗೊಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ.

ತನ್ನ ಕೊನೆಯ ಪ್ರಣಯಿಯನ್ನು ಮನಸಾ ಪ್ರೀತಿಸಿದವಳು ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ. ಆತ ಅವಳ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ಕೇವಲ ಮಾನವನಾಗಿ ಉಳಿದಿಲ್ಲ. ಬದಲು ಒಬ್ಬ ಅತಿಮಾನವನಾಗಿ ದೇವಪುರುಷನಾಗಿ ಕಾಣುತ್ತಾನೆ ಅವಳ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ. ಭೂಮಿಯನ್ನು ಹೊತ್ತು ನಿಂತ ಎಟ್ಟಾಸ್, ಅವನ ಮುಖಮಂಡಲ ಗಗನಸದೃಶವಾಗಿತ್ತು; ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳೆ ರಡು ಸೂರ್ಯ-ಚಂದ್ರರಂತೆ ಭೂಮಿಯನ್ನು ಬೆಳಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು. ಆತನ ಕಾಲುಗಳು ಸಾಗರಗಳನ್ನು ತ್ತರಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು. ಆತನ ಮಾತು ಗೆಳೆಯರಿಗೆ ಸಂಗೀತದ ಮಂಜುಳ ನಿನಾದವಾಗಿ ಕೇಳಿಸಿದರೆ, ಶತ್ರುಗಳಿಗೆ ಸಿಡಿಲಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಅವಳ ಪ್ರೇಮ ದೈವಿಕ ಮಟ್ಟವನ್ನು ಮುಟ್ಟುತ್ತದೆ.

ತಾನೊಲಿದ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಸೀಸರನನ್ನೊಲಿಯಿತೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದು ಎಂಟನಿ ವ್ಯಗ್ರನಾಗುವನು. ಬಾರದ ಆತನನ್ನು ತನ್ನೆಡೆಗೆ ಕರೆದೊಯ್ಯಲು ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ 'ಎಂಟನಿ'ಯ ಹೆಸರನ್ನು ಚೈರಿಸುತ್ತ ಮೃತಳಾದೆನೆಂದು ಸುದ್ದಿ ಕಳುಹಲು ಆತ ಪಶ್ಚಾತ್ತಾಪದಿಂದ ಆತ್ಮಹತ್ಯೆಯ ಯತ್ನದಲ್ಲಿ ತನ್ನೆಡೆಯನ್ನಿರದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವನು.

ರಕ್ತವ್ಲಾವಿತನಾದ ಎಂಟನಿ ತನ್ನೆದುರು ಮೃತ್ಯುಶಯ್ಯೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಲಗಿರಲು ಆಕೆ ನುಡಿದ ಮಾತುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಅವಳ ಅಸಾಧಾರಣ ಪ್ರೇಮ ವ್ಯಕ್ತವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಅವಳಾಡುವ ನುಡಿಗಳಲ್ಲೊಂದೊಂದೂ ಓದುಗನ ಹೃದಯ ತಂತಿಯನ್ನು ಮೀಟುತ್ತವೆ. ಅವನ ಮರಣದಿಂದ ಭೂಮಿಗೆ ಕಿರೀಟಪ್ರಾಯನಾದೊಬ್ಬ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಅಸ್ತಂಗತನಾಗುವನು; ಜಗತ್ತು ಬಾಳಲು ಅಸಹ್ಯಕರವಾದ ಪ್ರದೇಶವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ, ಅವಳ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ. ಯುದ್ಧದ ಜಯಮಾಲಿಕೆ ಬಾಡಿ

ಉದುರಿಹೋಗುತ್ತದೆ; ಭೂಮಿಯ ಮೇಲಣ ಅತಿ ವೈಶಿಷ್ಟ್ಯಪೂರ್ಣವಾದ ವಸ್ತು ಮಾಯವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ.” ಅಪಾರವಾದ ಮುಖವೇದನೆ ಅವಳಾಡುವ ಈ ಮಾತುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತುಂಬಿ ತುಳುಕುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಮೃತ್ಯುಶಯ್ಯೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಎಂಟನಿಯ ಸಮುಖದಲ್ಲಿ ಸೀಸರನ ವೈಭವಕ್ಕೆ ತಾನು ಮರುಳಾಗಿನೆಂದು ಪ್ರತಿಜ್ಞಾಬದ್ಧಳಾಗಿ, ಆತ್ಮಹತ್ಯೆಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ತನ್ನ ನಿರ್ಧಾರವನ್ನು ಸೂಚ್ಯವಾಗಿ ತಿಳಿಸುತ್ತಾಳೆ.

ಎಂಟನಿಯ ಮೃತಿಯಿಂದ ಧೃತಿಗೆಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ. ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯರ ಅಳವಿಗೆ ನಿಲುಕದ ಬೃಹತ್ ಚೇತನ ಆಕೆಯದು. ಎಷ್ಟೇ ಸಲ್ಲದ ಕೆಲಸಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿರಲಿ—ಆಕೆಯ ರಾಜಗಾಂಭೀರ್ಯ ಇನ್ನೂ ಮಾಸಿಲ್ಲ; ಅಪ್ರತಿಹತನಾದ ಆಕೆಯ ಬುದ್ಧಿಶಕ್ತಿ ಅವಳಿಂದ ತೊಲಗಿಲ್ಲ. ಇನ್ನೂ ಈಜಿಪ್ಟಿನ ರಾಣಿಯ ಘನತೆ ನಾಮಾವಶೇಷವಾಗಿಲ್ಲ. ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ ತನ್ನ ಪಾತ್ರವೈಭವದಿಂದ ನೋಟಕರ ಕಣ್ಣು ಕೋರೈಸುತ್ತಾಳೆ—ಕೊನೆಯ ತನಕವೂ.

ನೈತಿಕ ಅಧಃಪತನದ ಚರಮಸೀಮೆಯನ್ನು ಮುಟ್ಟಿದ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಸಾವನ್ನಪ್ಪುವ ಗಳಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ವಿದ್ಯುದ್ದೀಗದಿಂದ ಅಂತರಿಕ್ಷಕ್ಕೆ ಜಿಗಿಯುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ಆಗ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ ಅತ್ಯುನ್ನತ ಹಂತವನ್ನೇರುತ್ತಾಳೆ; ಘನತೆ, ಗಾಂಭೀರ್ಯಗಳಿಂದ ಕಂಗೊಳಿಸುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ಸಾವನ್ನಿರಾಗುವುದಾದರೂ ಆಕೆ ರಾಣಿಯಾಗಿಯೇ—ತನ್ನ ರಾಜೀವಿಯಲ್ಲೇ. ಪ್ರಚಂಡ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವದ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ ನಗುನಗುತ್ತಲೇ ಸಾವಿಗಿರಾಗುತ್ತಾಳೆ—ಪ್ರಣಯಿಯನ್ನಿರಾದಂತೆ. ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯ ಸರ್ವಾಲಂಕಾರಗಳಿಂದ ಭೂಷಿತಳಾಗಿ ಪ್ರಪುಲ್ಲವದನೆಯಾದ ಆಕೆಯ ಮುಖಕಾಂತಿ ಕುಂದದಿರಲು, ತುಟಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮಂದಸ್ಥಿತ ಲಾಸ್ಯವಾಡುತ್ತಿರಲು—ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ ರಾಜಗಾಂಭೀರ್ಯದಿಂದ—ಎಂಟನಿಯ ಕರೆಯ ಧ್ವನಿಯನ್ನು ಆಲಿಸುತ್ತ—ಬೆಕ್ಕಸ ಬೆರಗಾಗಿ ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಚಾಕರರೆಲ್ಲರ ಕಣ್ಣಿರಿದಿರಿಗೆ ಸಾವನ್ನು ಆಹ್ವಾನಿಸಿ, ಅವಾಹನೆ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾಳೆ ತನ್ನ ದೇಹದೊಳಕ್ಕೆ ವಿಷ ಸರ್ಪದ ರೂಪಿನಲ್ಲಿ!

‘ಎಲ್ಲ ದೇಶಗಳ ಎಲ್ಲ ಕಾಲಗಳ ಸುಂದರಿ’ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರಳ ಆತ್ಮತೇಜಸ್ಸು ವಿಶ್ವಚೈತನ್ಯದೊಡನೆ ಒಂದಾಗಿ ಲೀನವಾಯಿತು.

ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರಳ ದೋಷಗಳನ್ನು ಮರೆಮಾಚುವ ಯತ್ನವನ್ನೇನೂ ಮಾಡದೆ, ಅವಳಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಗುಣಗಳನ್ನು ಪ್ರಕಾಶಗೊಳಿಸಿ ಶೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರ್ ಅತ್ಯದ್ಭುತವಾದೊಂದು ಪಾತ್ರವನ್ನು ಕಡೆಯುತ್ತ ತನ್ನ ಕೈವಾಡವನ್ನು ಮೆರೆಯುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ ಓದುಗನ ಮನವನ್ನು ತನ್ನೆಡೆಗೆ ಆಕರ್ಷಿಸಿ ಸಹಾನುಭೂತಿಯನ್ನು ಸೆಳೆಯುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಯಶಸ್ವಿಯಾಗುತ್ತಾಳೆ.

ಇತಿಹಾಸದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಂಡುಬರುವ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ ಹೇಗೇ ಇರಲಿ; ಶೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರ್ ಚಿತ್ರಿಸಿದ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರಳ ಚಿತ್ರಣ ಮನಮುಟ್ಟುವಂತಿದ್ದು ಹೃದಯಂಗಮವಾಗಿದೆ; ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಕಲಾಪ್ರಪೂರ್ಣವೂ ಹೌದು. ಆಕೆ ನಿತ್ಯನೂತನ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ. ಕಾಲ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಕಳೆಗುಂದಿಸಲಾರದು; ದಿನದಿನವೂ ಹೊಸ ಹೊಸ ಕಳೆಗಳಿಂದ ಶೋಭಿಸಿ, ದೇದೀಪ್ಯಮಾನವಾಗಿ ಬೆಳಗುವ ಚಿರಸುಂದರ ಚಿನ್ಮಯ ಮೂರ್ತಿ—ಶೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರ್ ಕಂಡ ಕ್ಲಿಯೋಪಾತ್ರ.

ಮಹಾಬಲ ನಾವಡ, ಟಿ. III B. A.

# \* ಮಹಾಕವಿ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸ

ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರವೂ ಕೆಲವು ಕೃತಿಗಳನ್ನು ಪ್ರೇಮದಿಂದ ಆದರದಿಂದ ನೋಡುವುದಲ್ಲದೆ, ವಿವಿಧ ಆಸಕ್ತಿಗಳಿಂದ ರಕ್ಷಣೆಯೂ ಮಾಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಒಂದು ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರದ ರಾಜ್ಯಪದ್ಧತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕ್ರಾಂತಿಯಾಗಬಹುದು, ಧರ್ಮ ಸಂಸ್ಥೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅದಲುಬದಲಾಗಬಹುದು, ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ಥಿತ್ಯಂತರಗಳಾಗಬಹುದು, ಆದರೆ ಕೆಲವು ಕೃತಿಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ ಜನತೆಯ ಪ್ರೇಮ ಅವ್ಯಾಹತವಾಗಿ ಹರಿದುಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ಇಂತಹ ಕೃತಿಗಳು ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರೀಯ ಸಂಘತ್ತಿನ ಸ್ವರೂಪವನ್ನು ತಾಳುತ್ತವೆ. ಭಾರತ ಚಕ್ರಾಧಿಪತ್ಯ ಹೋದರೂ ಚಿಂತೆಯಿಲ್ಲ ಆದರೆ ಶೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರನನ್ನು ಕಳೆದು ಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ನಾನು ಸಿದ್ಧನಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ಆಂಗ್ಲ ಸಾಹಿತಿ ಕಾರ್ಲೆಲ್ ಹೇಳಿರುವ ಮಾತು ಮೇಲೆ ಹೇಳಿದ ಭಾವನೆಯನ್ನೇ ಹೊರಪಡಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಇಂಗ್ಲೆಂಡಿಗೆ ಶೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರ್, ಇಟಲಿಗೆ ವರ್ಜಿಲ್, ಗ್ರೀಸ್‌ಗೆ ಹೋಮರ್, ಜರ್ಮನಿಗೆ ಗಯಟೆ ಇದ್ದಂತೆ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೂ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಕಾಳಿದಾಸ ನಮ್ಮ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಕವಿ (National Poet) ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರದ ವೈಭವದ ಆಧಾರ ಸ್ತಂಭ.

ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಕವಿಗಳು ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಸ್ವಭಾವಗಳನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮ ವಿಶಾಲವಾದ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಿಂದ ಆಕಲನಮಾಡಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಹೃದಯೋದ್ಗಾರದಿಂದ ಎಲ್ಲರ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ದ್ರವಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಮನುಷ್ಯರಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಸಂಗ, ಸ್ಥಳ, ಕಾಲಗಳೆಂಬ ಬಾಹ್ಯ ರೂಪಗಳಾದ ವ್ಯತ್ಯಾಸವಿದ್ದರೂ ರಾಗದ್ವೇಷ ವಾತ್ಸಲ್ಯ ಪ್ರಣಯ ಅಸೂಯಾ ಲೋಭ ಅಹಂಕಾರ ಮುಂತಾದ ವಿಕಾರಗಳು ಮನುಷ್ಯಮಾತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲೂ ಯಾವ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲೂ ಇರುತ್ತವೆ. ಇವು ಪ್ರಕಟವಾಗುವ ರೀತಿ ಬೇರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಆಗಬಹುದು. ಆದರೆ ಇವುಗಳ ಮೂಲಸ್ವರೂಪ ಶಾಶ್ವತವಾದುದು. ಈ ಶಾಶ್ವತವಾದ, ಸರ್ವಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾದ ಮನೋಧರ್ಮಗಳ ಅಧಿಷ್ಠಾನದ ಮೇಲೆ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಕವಿಗಳು ತಮ್ಮ ಕೃತಿಗಳನ್ನು ರಚಿಸಿ ಅಮರ ವಾಚ್ಮಯದ ದರ್ಜೆಗೆ ಏರಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಇವುಗಳಿಂದ ಸಹೃದಯರಿಗೆ ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಆನಂದ ದೊರೆಯುತ್ತದೆ. ಅಮರ ವಾಚ್ಮಯಕ್ಕೆ ಭಾಷಾ ವೈಷಮ್ಯ, ದೇಶವೈಷಮ್ಯ, ಧರ್ಮವೈಷಮ್ಯ, ರಾಜಕೀಯವೈಷಮ್ಯ, ಸಾಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಕವೈಷಮ್ಯ ಇವು ಯಾವುವೂ ತಗಲುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಎಲ್ಲ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರದ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಪುರುಷರೂ 'ಸಹೃದಯರು' ಎಂಬ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾದ ಅಧಿಷ್ಠಾನದ ಮೇಲೆ ಒಂದು ಆನಂದವನ್ನು ಅನುಭವಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಇಂಗ್ಲೆಂಡಿಗೂ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೂ ಏನು ಸಾಮ್ಯವಿದೆ? ಬಣ್ಣವೇ ಸಾಕು. ಅವರ ಬಣ್ಣ ಬಿಳಿಯದು ನಮ್ಮದು ಕಪ್ಪು. ಸಾಮಾನಾಧಿಕರಣ್ಯ ಹಿಂದೂ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ ಮುಂದೂ ಇರಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೂ ನಾವು ಶೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರ್ ಕೃತಿಗಳನ್ನು ಆದರ ಪ್ರೇಮ ಗೌರವಗಳಿಂದ ಓದಿ ಆನಂದ ಪಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೇನು? ಜರ್ಮನಿಗೂ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೂ ಧರ್ಮನೀತಿ ಆಚಾರವಿಚಾರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಏನಾದರೂ ಸಾಮ್ಯ ಉಂಟೆ? ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನ 'ಶಾಕುಂತಲ'ವನ್ನು ಓದಿ. ಓರ್ವ ಭಾರತ ಪುತ್ರನಂತೆ ಹೂಣ ದೇಶದ ರಸಿಕಾಗ್ರಣಿ ಕವಿ ಗಯಟೆ ಅವರ್ಣನೀಯವಾದ ಆನಂದವನ್ನು ಅನುಭವಿಸಿ ತನ್ನ ಸಹಜೋದ್ಗಾರವನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸಿರುವುದು ಇಂದಿಗೂ ಸರ್ವಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿದೆ. ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಕವಿಗಳ ಕೃತಿ ದೇಶಕಾಲಾದಿ ಮರ್ಯಾದೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಒಳಪಡದೆ ಸೂರ್ಯನ ತೇಜಸ್ಸಿನಂತೆ ವಿಶ್ವವ್ಯಾಪಕವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಅಂತೆಯೇ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನು ವಿಶ್ವಕವಿ. ಅವನ ಕೃತಿಗಳು ಅಮರ ವಾಚ್ಮಯ ಪದವಿಯನ್ನು ಏರಿವೆ. ಈ ಮಾತಿಗೆ ಬಾಹ್ಯಾಂತರ ಪ್ರಮಾಣಗಳನ್ನು ಒದಗಿಸಬಹುದು.

ನಮ್ಮ ದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಕವಿಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ಕಾವ್ಯವಿಮರ್ಶಕರು ಸುಮಾರು ಎರಡು ಸಾವಿರ ವರ್ಷಗಳಿಂದ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನ ಯಶೋಗಾನ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಕಾದಂಬರಿ ಬರೆದ ಬಾಣಭಟ್ಟ, ಆರ್ಯಾಸಪ್ತಶತೀ ಬರೆದ ಗೋವರ್ಧನಾಚಾರ್ಯ, ಪ್ರಸನ್ನ ರಾಘವ ನಾಟಕವನ್ನು ಬರೆದ ಜಯದೇವ, ಕವಿ ಮತ್ತು ವಿಮರ್ಶಕ ರಾಜಶೇಖರ,

\* ಕಾಳಿದಾಸ ಜಯಂತಿ ಮಹೋತ್ಸವದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾಡಿದ ಅಧ್ಯಕ್ಷ ಭಾಷಣ.

ವಿಶ್ವಗುಣಾದರ್ಶ ಚಂಪೂ ಬರೆದ ವೆಂಕಟಾಧ್ಯತಿ, ಸುಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧ ಟೀಕಾಕಾರ ಮಲ್ಲಿನಾಥ ಮತ್ತು ಹೆಸರನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸದೆ ಅನೇಕ ಕವಿಗಳು ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನ ಕೀರ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಅಮರವನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಪಾಶ್ಚಾತ್ಯ ವಿದ್ವಾಂಸರೂ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನ ಕವಿತಾ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಗೆ ತಲೆ ಮಣೆದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಸರ್ ವಿಲಿಯಂ ಜೋನ್ಸ್, ಗಯಟಿ, ಅಲೆಗ್ಜಾಂಡರ್ ವಾಲ್ ಹ್ಯುಂಬೋಲ್ಡ್, ಅಗಸ್ಟ್ ವಿಲಿಯಂ ವಾಲ್ ಕ್ಲೆಗೆಲ್, ಫ್ರೊ|| ಲ್ಯಾಸೇ, ಡಾ|| ರೈಡರ್, ಡಾ|| ಸೈಲ್ವಾ ಲೆವಿ, ಸರ್ ಮಾನಿಯರ್ ವಿಲಿಯಮ್ಸ್ ಮುಂತಾದವರು ಮುಕ್ತಕಂಠದಿಂದ ಹೊಗಳಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಈ ರೀತಿ ನಮ್ಮ ದೇಶ ದವರೂ ಹಾಗೂ ಹೊರದೇಶದವರೂ ಹೊಗಳಿರುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣವೇನು? ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನ ಕೃತಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನಾವು ಕಾಣುವ ವೈಶಿಷ್ಟ್ಯಗಳಾದರೂ ಏನು? ಎಂಬೀ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳನ್ನು ಪರಿಶೀಲಿಸುವುದು ಆಗತ್ಯ.

೧. ವಿಶಾಲ ಕಾವ್ಯಪ್ರಪಂಚದ ಮೂರು ಕ್ಷೇತ್ರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನು ಅಖಂಡ ಪ್ರಭುತ್ವವನ್ನೇ ಸಾಧಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಭಾವಕಾವ್ಯ-ಮೇಘದೂತ; ಮಹಾಕಾವ್ಯಗಳು-ಕುಮಾರಸಂಭವ ಮತ್ತು ರಘುವಂಶ; ನಾಟಕಗಳು-ಮಾಲವಿಕಾಗ್ನಿಮಿತ್ರ, ವಿಕ್ರಮೋರ್ವಶೀಯ ಮತ್ತು ಶಾಕುಂತಲ; ಸಣ್ಣ ಕಾವ್ಯ-ಋತು ಸಂಹಾರ-ಹೀಗೆ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನ ಕವಿತಾ ಕಿರಣದಿಂದ ಸಪ್ತವರ್ಣಾತ್ಮಕ ಕಾಮನ ಬಿಲ್ಲಿನೋಪಾದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಏಳು ಗ್ರಂಥಗಳು ಹೊರಬಿದ್ದಿವೆ. ನಾಟಕ, ಮಹಾಕಾವ್ಯ ಮತ್ತು ಖಂಡಕಾವ್ಯ ಬರೆಯುವ ತ್ರಿಗುಣಾತ್ಮಕ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಸಂಯೋಗ ಅಪೂರ್ವವಾದುದು. ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ಸಂಯೋಗವನ್ನು ನಾವು ಕಾಣಬಹುದು. ಕವಿ ಭವಭೂತಿ ಮೂರು ನಾಟಕಗಳನ್ನು ಬರೆದಿದ್ದರೂ ಅವನ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ಯಾವ ಮಹಾಕಾವ್ಯವೂ ಇರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಬಾಣ, ಭಾರವಿ, ಮಾಘ ಮುಂತಾದವರು ಯಾವ ನಾಟಕವನ್ನೂ ರಚಿಸಿಲ್ಲ. ಒಂದು ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ ನೋಡಿದರೆ ಶೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರ್ ನಾಟಕಗಳನ್ನೂ ಭಾವಕಾವ್ಯಗಳನ್ನೂ ಬರೆದನೆ ಹೊರತು, ಮಹಾಕಾವ್ಯವನ್ನು ರಚಿಸಿದ ಕೀರ್ತಿ ಮಿಲ್ಟನ್ ಕವಿಗೆ ಮೀಸಲಾಯಿತು. ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆ ಸರ್ವತೋಮುಖವಾದುದು.

೨. ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧ ಆಂಗ್ಲ ಕಲಾವಿದನಾದ ರಸ್ಕೀ ಶೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರ್ ವಿಚಾರವಾಗಿ ಮಾತನಾಡುತ್ತಾ, ಶೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರ್ ಕೃತಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನಾಯಕಿಯರು ಇರುತ್ತಾರೆಯೇ ಹೊರತು ನಾಯಕರಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ಹೇಳಿದ್ದಾನಂತೆ. ಈ ಮಾತು ಬಹುಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನಿಗೂ ಅನ್ವಯಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನು ತನ್ನ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಪಾತ್ರ ರಚನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತೋರಿಸಿರುವಷ್ಟು ಕೌಶಲ್ಯ ನಾಯಕ ಪಾತ್ರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತೋರಿಸಿಲ್ಲವೆನ್ನಬಹುದು. ನಾಯಕರಿಗಿಂತ ನಾಯಕಿಯರೇ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ನಮ್ಮ ಗಮನವನ್ನು ಸೆಳೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನು ದಾಕ್ಷಿಣ್ಯವನ್ನು (Courtesy) ತೋರಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ದಿಲೀಪನು ತನ್ನ ಹೆಂಡತಿಯೊಡನೆ ವಸಿಷ್ಠರ ಆಶ್ರಮಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದಾಗ ಮೊದಲು ತನ್ನ ಹೆಂಡತಿಯನ್ನು ರಥದಿಂದ ಇಳಿಸಿ ಆ ಮೇಲೆ ತಾನು ಇಳಿಯುತ್ತಾನೆ. 'ತಾಮವಾರೋಹತ್ಪತ್ನೀಂ ರಥಾದವತತಾರಭಃ'. ಸೀತಾ ಪರಿತ್ಯಾಗದ ಪ್ರಸಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಪರಮಪೂಜ್ಯ ಮಹರ್ಷಿಗಳಾದ ವಾಲ್ಮೀಕಿಗಳ ಬಾಯಿಂದ ಕವಿ ರಾಮನ ವರ್ತನೆ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಆಡಿಸಿರುವ ಮಾತುಗಳನ್ನು ಓದಿದರೆ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಕವಿಗೆ ಎಷ್ಟು ಸಹಾನುಭೂತಿ ಇತ್ತೆಂಬುದು ತಿಳಿದುಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ವಾಲ್ಮೀಕಿ ಮಹರ್ಷಿಗಳು ರಾಮನ ವರ್ತನೆಯನ್ನು ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟವಾಗಿ ನಿಷೇಧಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

ಉತ್ಪಾತಲೋಕತ್ರಯ ಕಂಟಕೇಽಪಿ ಸತ್ಯಪ್ರತಿಜ್ಞೇಽಪ್ಯವಿಕತ್ಥನೇಽಪಿ  
ತ್ವಾಂ ಪ್ರತ್ಯಕಸ್ಮಾತ್ಕಲುಷಪ್ರವೃತ್ತಾವಸ್ಥೇವ ಮನ್ಯುರ್ಭರತಾಗ್ರಜೇ ಮೇ.

ಶ್ರೀ ರಾಮನು ಮೂರು ಲೋಕಕ್ಕೂ ಕಂಟಕನಾಗಿದ್ದ ರಾವಣನನ್ನು ಕಿತ್ತುಹಾಕಿದ್ದರೂ, ಸತ್ಯಪ್ರತಿಜ್ಞೆ ನಾಗಿದ್ದರೂ, ನಿನ್ನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ತೋರಿಸಿದ ವರ್ತನೆಯ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ನನಗೆ ಕೋಪ ಇದ್ದೇ ಇದೆ. ಮಲ್ಲಿನಾಥರು ಈ ಶ್ಲೋಕ



ವನ್ನು ವ್ಯಾಖ್ಯಾನಮಾಡುವಾಗ ರಾಮನ ಈ ನಡತೆ ಅವನ ಸಮಸ್ತ ಗುಣಗಳನ್ನು ಮುಟ್ಟುವಂತಹದು ಎಂದು ಬಹು ಮಾರ್ಮಿಕವಾಗಿ ಬರೆದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. 'ಸರ್ವಗುಣಾಚ್ಛಾದಕೋಽಯಂ ದೋಷಃ' ದುಷ್ಯಂತನ ಆಸ್ಥಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಬಂದು ನಿಂತ ಶಕುಂತಲೆಯನ್ನು ಕುರಿತು ರಾಜನು 'ಕಿಂ ಚಾತ್ರಭವತೀ ಮಯಾ ಪರಿಣೀತಪೂರ್ವಾ' (ನಾನು ಹಿಂದೆ ಈಕೆಯನ್ನು ಮದುವೆಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡಿರುವೆನೇ?) ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿದಾಗ ಶಾರ್ಙ್ಗರವನು ಅಡಿದ ಮಾತುಗಳನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿದರೆ ಕವಿ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾವುದೇ ಸಂದರ್ಭದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಪಮಾನವನ್ನು ಸಹಿಸಲಾರನೆಂಬುದು ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. 'ಕಿಂಕೃತ ಕಾರ್ಯದ್ವೇಷಃ ಧರ್ಮಂ ಪ್ರತಿ ವಿಮುಖತಾ ಕೃತಾವಜ್ಞಾ' ಎಂದು ಶಾರ್ಙ್ಗರವನು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಪಾರ್ವತಿ ತಾನು ಯೋಗ್ಯನಾದ ಗಂಡನನ್ನು ಪಡೆಯಲು ತಪಶ್ಚರ್ಯೆ ಮಾಡಬೇಕೆಂದು, ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ತಂದೆತಾಯಿಗಳ ಅಪ್ಪಣೆಯನ್ನು ಬೇಡುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ತಂದೆತಾಯಿಗಳು ಆಕೆಯನ್ನು ತಡೆಯದೆ ಅನುಜ್ಞೆ ಕೊಡುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಶಕುಂತಲೆಯ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ರಾಜನ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯ ಶುದ್ಧವಾದ ಮೇಲೆ ಆತನು ಆಕೆಯ ಕಾಲಮೇಲೆ ತಲೆಯಿಟ್ಟು ಕ್ಷಮೆಬೇಡುವ ಪ್ರಸಂಗವಾಗಲಿ, ಮೇಘದೂತದಲ್ಲಿ ಯಕ್ಷ ತನ್ನ ಹೆಂಡತಿಯನ್ನು ಪ್ರಶಂಸೆಮಾಡುವ ಪ್ರಸಂಗವಾಗಲಿ ನೋಡಿದರೆ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನ ದೃಷ್ಟಿ ಸನಾತನಿಗಳ ದೃಷ್ಟಿ ಅಲ್ಲ, ಅದು ಆಧುನಿಕ ದೃಷ್ಟಿ ಎಂದೇ ಹೇಳಬಹುದು. ಶಕುಂತಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಶಕುಂತಲೆಯನ್ನು ಕುಮಾರಿಕಾ, ಪತ್ನಿ ಮತ್ತು ಮಾತಾ ಈ ಮೂರು ಅವಸ್ಥಾತ್ರಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಚಿತ್ರಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಕುಮಾರಸಂಭವದಲ್ಲಿ ಪಾರ್ವತಿಯ ವಿವಿಧಾವಸ್ಥೆಯನ್ನು ಚಿತ್ರಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಬಾಲಾ ಪಾರ್ವತಿ, ಪ್ರೇಮ ಭರಿತ ಪಾರ್ವತಿ, ವಿರಹಿಣೀ ಪಾರ್ವತಿ, ಭಗ್ನಪ್ರೇಮ ಪಾರ್ವತಿ, ತಪಸ್ವಿನೀ ಪಾರ್ವತಿ, ವಿನಾಹ ವೇಷಭೂಷಿತ ಪಾರ್ವತಿ, ವಿಲಾಸಿನೀ ಪಾರ್ವತಿ ಮತ್ತು ಮಾತಾ ಪಾರ್ವತಿ ಹೀಗೆ ಕವಿ ಪಾರ್ವತಿಯ ವಿವಿಧ ದರ್ಶನವನ್ನು ಕೊಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ರಘುವಂಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಆದರ್ಶಪತ್ನಿ ಸೀತೆಯ ಚಿತ್ರವನ್ನು ಕೊಡುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಶಕುಂತಲೆ, ಪಾರ್ವತಿ, ಸೀತೆ ಈ ಪಾತ್ರಗಳು ಆನಂದಮಯ, ಪ್ರೇಮಮಯ, ಸೌಂದರ್ಯಮಯ ಕಲ್ಯಾಣಮಯ ಪಾತ್ರಗಳು. ಕವಿ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನು ಪ್ರಸಂಗಾನುರೋಧವಾಗಿ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರ ಇತರ ಚಿತ್ರಗಳನ್ನು ಅಲ್ಲಲ್ಲಿ ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ರಘುವಂಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಪುತ್ರೋತ್ಸುಕಳಾದ ಸುದಕ್ಷಿಣೆಯನ್ನೂ, ಸ್ವಯಂವರಕ್ಕೆ ಸಿದ್ಧಳಾದ ಇಂದುಮತಿಯನ್ನೂ, ಮೇಘದೂತದಲ್ಲಿ ವಿರಹದುಃಖದಿಂದ ನೊಂದ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯನ್ನೂ, ಕುಮಾರಸಂಭವದಲ್ಲಿ ರತಿವಿಲಾಸದ ಮೂಲಕ ವೈಧವ್ಯದ ಭಯಂಕರ ಸ್ವರೂಪವನ್ನೂ ವರ್ಣಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಇದರಿಂದ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಸ್ವಭಾವಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಕವಿಗೆ ಇದ್ದ ಪರಿಶೀಲನಾ ಸಾಮರ್ಥ್ಯ ಎದ್ದುಕಾಣುತ್ತದೆ. ಗಂಡ ಹೆಂಡತಿಯನ್ನು ಯಾವ ರೀತಿ ಕಾಣುತ್ತಾನೆ, ಹೆಂಡತಿ ಗಂಡನ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಏನನ್ನು ಅಪೇಕ್ಷಿಸುತ್ತಾಳೆ ಎಂಬೀ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನು ತುಂಬ ಸಮರ್ಪಕವಾದ ಉತ್ತರಗಳನ್ನೂ ನೀಡಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಸ್ತ್ರೀ ಬರಿ ಮಕ್ಕಳನ್ನು ಹೆರುವ ಯಂತ್ರವಲ್ಲ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ಕಾಳಿದಾಸ ಒತ್ತಿ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಅಜವಿಲಾಸದಲ್ಲಿ, ಅಜ ಇಂದುಮತಿ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಈ ಮಾತುಗಳನ್ನಾಡುತ್ತಾನೆ.

‘ಗೃಹಿಣೀಸಖಿವ ಸಖೀಮಿಥಃ ಪ್ರಿಯಶಿಷ್ಯಾ ಲಲಿತೇಕಲಾವಿಧಾ’— ಹೆಂಡತಿ ಗಂಡನಿಗೆ ಮಂತ್ರಿಯಾಗಿರಬೇಕು. ಏಕಾಂತದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತಳಾಗಿರಬೇಕು, ಲಲಿತಕಲೆಗಳನ್ನು ಕಲಿಯುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಿಯಶಿಷ್ಯಳಾಗಿರಬೇಕು. ಪಾರ್ವತಿ ತಪಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಕುಳಿತು ಅಪೇಕ್ಷಿಸಿದ್ದಾದರೂ ಏನು? ‘ತಥಾವಿಧಂಪ್ರೇಮ, ಪತಿಶ್ಚ ತಾದೃಶಃ’ ಆ ವಿಧವಾದ ಪ್ರೇಮ ಮತ್ತು ಅಂತಹ ಗಂಡ-ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಮಲ್ಲಿನಾಥರ ಮಾತು ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಅರ್ಥಗರ್ಭಿತವಾಗಿದೆ ‘ಯೇನ ಅರ್ಥಾಂಗ ಹರಾಹರಸ್ಯ ಭವೇದಿತಿ ಭಾವಃ’— ಶಿವನ ಅರ್ಥಶರೀರವನ್ನೇ ಅಪಹಂಸತಕ್ಕ ಪ್ರೇಮಬೇಕು. ‘ತಾದೃಶಃಪತಿಶ್ಚಯಃ ಮೃತ್ಯುಂಜಯ ಇತಿಭಾವಃ’—ಮೃತ್ಯುವನ್ನು ಜಯಿಸಿದ ಗಂಡಬೇಕು. ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷಿನಲ್ಲಿ Better-half ಎಂಬ ಮಾತಿನ ಅರ್ಥವಾದರೂ ಇದೇ ಅಲ್ಲವೇ?

೩. ಸ್ವಾರ್ಥತ್ಯಾಗದ ಭವ್ಯ ಅದರ್ಶಗಳನ್ನು ಕವಿ ತನ್ನ ಕೃತಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತುಂಬಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಕುಮಾರಸಂಭವ ಕಾವ್ಯವನ್ನು ನೋಡೋಣ. ತಾರಕಾಸುರನನ್ನು ವಧೆಮಾಡಲು ದೇವತೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಇಲ್ಲ. ತ್ರೈಲೋಕ್ಯಕಂಟಕನಿಗೆ ಪ್ರತೀಕಾರ ರೂಪವಾದ ತೇಜಸ್ಸು ನಿರ್ಮಾಣವಾಗಬೇಕಾಗಿದೆ. ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ತ್ಯಾಗದ ಮಹಾಯಜ್ಞವೇ ನಡೆಯಬೇಕಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ಯಜ್ಞಕುಂಡದಲ್ಲಿ ಶಂಕರ, ಪಾರ್ವತಿ, ಮದನ, ರತಿ, ಅಗ್ನಿ ಭಾಗೀರಥಿ ಮತ್ತು ಕೃತ್ತಿಕೆಯರು ಸ್ವಾರ್ಥದ ಆಹುತಿಯನ್ನು ಕೊಡುತ್ತಾರೆ. ರೂಪಸಂಪನ್ನೆಯಾದ ರಾಜಕನ್ಯೆ ಪಾರ್ವತಿ ತನ್ನ ಸಿರಿವಂತಿಕೆಯನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಕಠಿಣವಾದ ತಪಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಇಳಿಯುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ತಪಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಕುಳಿತ ಪಾರ್ವತೀ ಚಿತ್ರ ಬಾಣನ ಮಹಾಶ್ವೇತೆಯ ಹಿರಿಯಕ್ಕ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ಜ್ಞಾಪಕಕ್ಕೆ ತಂದುಕೊಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಶಂಕರ ವೈಯಕ್ತಿಕ ದೋಷಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಲೋಕವಿಮುಖನಾಗಿ ನಿವೃತ್ತಿಮಾರ್ಗವನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದ ಮಹಾಯೋಗಿ. ಆದರೆ ಲೋಕಸಂಗ್ರಹಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಲೋಕಕಲ್ಯಾಣಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಸ್ವಾರ್ಥ ತಪಶ್ಚರ್ಯೆಯನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು, ಗೃಹಸ್ಥಾಶ್ರಮರೂಪವಾದ ಪ್ರವೃತ್ತಿಮಾರ್ಗವನ್ನು ಸ್ವೀಕರಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಕೇವಲ ದೈಹಿಕ ಸುಖಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಪುರುಷರ ಪ್ರೇಮ ಎಂದು ಪ್ರತಿಪಾದಿಸುವ ಮದನ ಸ್ವಯಂ ಸುಟ್ಟುಹೋಗುತ್ತಾನೆ. ರತಿ ವೈಧವ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೊಳೆಯುತ್ತಾಳೆ, ಅಗ್ನಿ ಕುಷ್ಠರೋಗಯಾತನೆಯನ್ನು ಅನುಭವಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಭಾಗೀರಥೀ ತಾಪದ ಯಾತನೆಯನ್ನು ಸಹಿಸುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ಕೃತ್ತಿಕೆಯರು ಅಪವಾದ ಭಯದಿಂದ ವಿಚಿತ್ರಯಾತನೆಗಳನ್ನು ಸಹಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಇಂತಹ ತ್ಯಾಗವಿಪುಲದಿಂದ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ ಕುಮಾರಸ್ವಾಮಿ ತಾರಕಾಸುರನನ್ನು ಕೊಲ್ಲುತ್ತಾನೆ. ರಘುವಂಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಕವಿ ತ್ಯಾಗದ ದೊಡ್ಡ ಪರಂಪರೆಯನ್ನೇ ಬಿಳಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಬಂದಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಗಜಪಾದದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲ ಇತರ ಪ್ರಾಣಿಗಳ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆ ಅಡಕವಾಗಬಲ್ಲದೋ ಹಾಗೆ ರಾಜಧರ್ಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಧರ್ಮಗಳು ಅಡಕವಾಗುತ್ತವೆ. 'ಸರ್ವೇ ಧರ್ಮಾಃ ರಾಜಧರ್ಮಪ್ರಧಾನಃ'—ಎಂಬೀ ಮಾತನ್ನು ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟಪಡಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ರಾಜಧರ್ಮದ ಪ್ರಾಣ ಈ ಕಲ್ಪನೆಯನ್ನು ರಘುವಂಶದ ರಾಜರ ಚರಿತ್ರೆಯಿಂದ ಕವಿ ನಮಗೆ ತೋರಿಸಿಕೊಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಕ್ಷಾತ್ರಧರ್ಮದ ಮರ್ಯಾದೆಗಾಗಿ ದಿಲೀಪನು ಸ್ವದೇಹತ್ಯಾಗಕ್ಕೆ ಸಿದ್ಧನಾಗುತ್ತಾನೆ. ವಿಶ್ವಜಿತಿಯಾಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಸರ್ವಸ್ವವನ್ನು ದಾನಮಾಡಿ ಮಣ್ಣಿನ ಗಡಿಗೆ ಹಿಡಿದು ಕೊಂಡು ಬಂದು ಅತಿಥಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಅರ್ಘ್ಯಕೊಡಲು ರಘುವಂಶರಾಜನು ನಿಲ್ಲುತ್ತಾನೆ. 'ಸಮೃದ್ಧಯೇ ವೀತಹಿರಣ್ಮಯತ್ವಾತ್ ಪಾತ್ರೇ ನಿಧಾಯಾರ್ಘ್ಯಂ'.....ತನ್ನ ಪ್ರೇಯಸಿಗಾಗಿ ಪ್ರಾಣತ್ಯಾಗಮಾಡಲು ಸಿದ್ಧನಾದ ಅಜನ ಚಿತ್ರವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಔದಾರ್ಯದ ರಕ್ಷಣೆಗಾಗಿ ತನ್ನ ಮಕ್ಕಳನ್ನೇ ತ್ಯಾಗಮಾಡಿದ ದಶರಥನ ಚಿತ್ರವನ್ನು, ಲೋಕಾರಾಧನೆಗಾಗಿ ಸೀತೆಯಂತಹ ಸಾಧ್ವೀಮಣಿಯನ್ನೂ ತ್ಯಜಿಸುವಂತಹ ರಾಮಚಂದ್ರನ ಚಿತ್ರವನ್ನು, ದುರ್ಜಯ ರಾಕ್ಷಸನನ್ನು ಎದುರಿಸಲು ಇಂದ್ರನಿಗೆ ಸಹಾಯಕನಾಗಿ ಹೋಗಿ ಪ್ರಾಣತ್ಯಾಗಮಾಡಿದ ಕುಶನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದರೆ: ಪ್ಲೇಟೋ ಮಹಾಶಯನು ಹೇಳಿದ 'ಫಿಲಾಸಫರ್ ಕಿಂಗ್ಸ್' ಮಾಲೆಯನ್ನೇ ಕವಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದಿಡುತ್ತಾನೆಂದು ಹೇಳಬಹುದು.

೪. ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನು ತನ್ನ ಕಾಲಾಭಿಜ್ಞತೆಯನ್ನು ಅನೇಕ ಕಡೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಪಡಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ತಪಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಕುಳಿತ ಪಾರ್ವತಿ ಚಿತ್ರವನ್ನು ಕವಿ ಈ ರೀತಿ ತೋರಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ.

ಸ್ಥಿತಾಃ ಕ್ಷಣಂ ಪಕ್ಷ್ಮಸುತಾಡಿ ತಾಧರಾಃ ಪಯೋಧರೋತ್ಕೇಧನಿಪಾತ ಚೂರ್ಣತಾಃ |  
ವಲೀಷುಕನ್ಯಾಃ ಸ್ಥಲಿತಾಃ ಪ್ರವೇದಿರೇ ಚಿರೇಣನಾಭಿಂ ಪ್ರಥಮೋದಬಿಂದವಃ ||

ಕಣ್ಣಿನ ರೆಪ್ಪೆಯಿಂದ ನೀರು ಕೆಳದುಟೆಗೆ ಬಂದು ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಸ್ತನಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ ಬಿದ್ದು ಚೂರಾಗಿ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಯ ಮೇಲೇರುವ ಮೂರು ವಲಿಗಳಿಂದ ಇಳಿದು ಹೊಕ್ಕಳಿಗೆ ಇಳಿಯಿತು' ಎಂದು ಕವಿ ವರ್ಣಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಪಾರ್ವತಿ ಎಷ್ಟು ಮಗ್ನೋಜ್ಞವಾದ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದಾಳೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಯಲು ಕಲಾವಿದನಿಂದಲೇ ಸಾಧ್ಯ. ಶಾಕುಂತಲ

ದಲ್ಲಿ ದುಷ್ಯಂತನು ಶಕುಂತಲೆಯ ಚಿತ್ರವನ್ನು ಬರೆದೆ ಮೇಲೆ ಇನ್ನು ತಾನು ಮಾಡಬೇಕಾಗಿರುವ ಕೆಲಸಗಳೇ ನೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ವಿವರಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ.

ಕಾರ್ಯಾಸ್ಯೈಕತಲೇನ ಹಂಸಮಿಥುನಾ ಸ್ತ್ರೋತೋವಹಾ ಮಾಲಿನೀ  
ಪಾದಾಸ್ತಾಮುಭಿತೋ ನಿಷಣ್ಣಹರಿಣಾ ಗೌರೀ ಗುರೋಃ ಪಾವನಾಃ |  
ಶಾಖಾಲಂಬಿತವಲ್ಪಲಸ್ಯ ಚ ತರೋರ್ನಿರ್ಮಾತು ಮಿಚ್ಛಾಮ್ಯಧಃ  
ಶೃಂಗೇಕೃಷ್ಣಣ್ಮೃಗಸ್ಯ ವಾಮನಯನಂ ಕಂಡೂಯಮಾನಾಂ ಮೃಗೀಂ ||

ನೀರಿನಿಂದ ಹರಿಯುತ್ತಿರುವ ಮಾಲಿನೀನದಿ, ಮರಳಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಒಂದು ಜೊತೆ ಹಂಸಪಕ್ಷಿಗಳು. ನದಿಯ ಎರಡು ಕಡೆಗಳಲ್ಲೂ ಹಿಮಾಲಯದ ತಪ್ಪಲು ಪ್ರದೇಶಗಳು. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಜಿಂಕೆಗಳು ಕುಳಿತಿರಬೇಕು, ಒಂದು ಮರ, ಅದರ ಕೊಂಬೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ನಾರಿನ ಮಡಿ ತೂಗುಹಾಕಿರಬೇಕು. ಆ ಮರದ ಕೆಳಗೆ ಗಂಡು ಜಿಂಕೆಯ ಕೊಂಬಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಜಿಂಕೆ ತನ್ನ ಎಡಗಣ್ಣನ್ನು ತಿಕ್ಕುತ್ತಿರಬೇಕು—ಹೀಗೆಂದು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಕವಿಯೆ ಕಾಲಾ ಪೂರ್ಣವಾದ ಭಾವ ಎಷ್ಟು ಉದಾತ್ತವಾದುದೆಂದು ತಿಳಿಯುತ್ತದೆ. ನಾಟ್ಯ ಮತ್ತು ಸಂಗೀತ ಕಲೆಗಳಲ್ಲೂ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನಿಗೆ ಅಪಾರವಾದ ಪರಿಶ್ರಮವಿತ್ತೆಂಬುದು ಮಾಲವಿಕಾಗ್ನಿಮಿತ್ರ ಮತ್ತು ಮೇಘಸಂದೇಶ ಈ ಗ್ರಂಥಗಳಿಂದ ತಿಳಿದುಬರುತ್ತದೆ.

೫. ಮಾನವನಿಗೂ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಗೂ ಬೆಳೆದು ಬರಬಹುದಾದ ನಿಕಟಸಂಬಂಧವನ್ನು ಕವಿ ಶಾಕುಂತಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಬಹಳ ಉತ್ತಮರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾಧಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಶಾಕುಂತಲೆಯ ಜೀವನ ಲತೆ, ವೃಕ್ಷ, ಹರಿಣ ಇವುಗಳ ಸಾಹಚರ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಳೆದುಬಂದಿದೆ. ಈಕೆಗೂ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಗೂ ಒಂದು ವಿಧವಾದ ತಾದಾತ್ಮ್ಯ ಬಂದಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಇದನ್ನು ಮನಗಂಡ ಕಾಶ್ಯಪರು ಶಕುಂತಲೆಯನ್ನು ಬೀಳ್ಕೊಡುವಾಗ ಆಶ್ರಮದ ವೃಕ್ಷಗಳನ್ನು ಉದ್ದೇಶಿಸಿ ಶಕುಂತಲೆಗೆ ಅನುಜ್ಞೆಯನ್ನು ಕೊಡುವಂತೆ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾರೆ.

ಪಾತುಂನ ಪ್ರಥಮಂ ವ್ಯವಸ್ಯತಿಜಲಂ ಯುಷ್ಮಾಸ್ತಪೀತೇಷುಯಾ  
ನಾದತ್ತೇಪ್ರಿಯಮಂಡನಾ ವಿಭವತಾಂ ಸ್ನೇಹೇನಯಾ ಪಲ್ಲವಂ  
ಆದ್ಯೇನಃ ಕುಸುಮ ಪ್ರಸೂತಿ ಸಮಯೇ ಯಸ್ಯಾಃ ಭವತ್ಯುತ್ಸವಃ  
ಸೇಯಂ ಯಾತಿ ಶಕುಂತಲಾ ಪತಿಗೃಹಂ ಸರ್ವೈರನುಜ್ಞಾಯತಾಂ

ನಿಮಗೆ ನೀರನ್ನು ಎರೆದ ಹೊರತು ನೀರನ್ನು ಕುಡಿಯುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲವೋ, ಅಲಂಕಾರ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ತುಂಬ ಆಸೆ ಇದ್ದರೂ ನಿಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಸ್ನೇಹಕ್ಕಾಗಿ, ಚಿಗುರನ್ನು ತೆಗೆಯುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲವೋ, ನಿಮಗೆ ಮೊಟ್ಟಮೊದಲು ಹೂವು ಒಡೆದಾಗ ಉತ್ಸವವೆಂದು ಭಾವಿಸುವಳೋ ಅಂತಹ ಶಕುಂತಲೆ ಇಂದು ಗಂಡನ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೊರಟಿದ್ದಾಳೆ. ನೀವೆಲ್ಲರೂ ಅನುಜ್ಞೆ ನೀಡಿ—ಶಕುಂತಲೆಗೆ ಲತೆಗಳು ಭಗಿನಿಯರು. ದೀರ್ಘಾಪಾಂಗ ಜಿಂಕೆ ಸಾಕುಮಗು (ಲತಾ ಭಗಿನೀಂ ವನಜ್ಯೋತ್ಸಾಂ ತಾವದಾ ಮಂತ್ರಯಿಷ್ಯೇ). ಶಕುಂತಲೆಗೆ ಆಶ್ರಮ ವಿಯೋಗವು ಎಷ್ಟು ದಾರುಣವಾಗುತ್ತದೆಯೋ ಅಷ್ಟೇ ತಪೋವನಕ್ಕೂ ಆಗುತ್ತದೆ ಎಂಬ ಮಾತನ್ನು ಪ್ರಿಯಂವದೆಯ ಬಾಯಿಂದ ಕವಿ ಹಾಕಿದ್ದಾನೆ. 'ನ ಕೇವಲಂ ತಪೋವನ ವಿರಹ ಕಾತರಾ ಸಖ್ಯೇವ | ತ್ವಯೋಪಸ್ಥಿತ ವಿಯೋಗಸ್ಯ ತಪೋವನ ಸ್ಯಾದಿ ತಾವತ್ ಸಮವಸ್ಥಾ ದೃಶ್ಯತೇ.'

ಉದ್ಗಲಿತ ದರ್ಭಕವಳಾಃ ಮೃಗ್ಯಃ ಪರಿತ್ಯಕ್ತ ನರ್ತನಾ ಮಯೂರಾಃ |  
ಅಸೃತ ಪಾಂಡು ಪತ್ರಾಃ ಮುಂಚತ್ಯಶ್ರೋವ ಲತಾಃ ||

ಹೆಣ್ಣುಜಿಂಕೆಗಳ ಬಾಯಿಂದ ದರ್ಭೆ ಕೆಳಗೆ ಜಾರುತ್ತಿದೆ. ನವಿಲುಗಳು ಕುಣಿಯುವುದನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟಿವೆ. ಲತೆಗಳು ಬಿಳಿಯ ಎಲೆಗಳನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿರುವುದು ಕಣ್ಣೀರು ಸುರಿಸುವಂತಿದೆ. ಇದೇ ಭಾವವನ್ನು ಕವಿ ಸೀತಾ ಪರಿತ್ಯಾಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಮತ್ತೆ ತೋರಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಸೀತೆಯ ದುಃಖದಿಂದ ಅರಣ್ಯವೂ ಅಳತೊಡಗಿತೆಂದು ಹೇಳಿದ್ದಾನೆ.

ನೃತ್ಯಂ ಮಯೂರಾಃ ಕುಸುಮಾನಿ ವೃಕ್ಷಾ ದರ್ಭಾನುಪಾತ್ತಾನ್ವಿಜಹುರ್ಹರಿಣ್ಯಾಃ |  
ತಸ್ಯಾಃ ಪ್ರಪನ್ನೇ ಸಮದುಃಖಭಾವಮತ್ಯಂತಮಾಸೀದ್ರುದಿತಂ ವನೇಽಪಿ ||

೬. ರಸಗಳ ಪೈಕಿ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನು ಶೃಂಗಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಪ್ರಾಧಾನ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಮೂರು ನಾಟಕಗಳಲ್ಲೂ ಶೃಂಗಾರರಸ, ಕುಮಾರಸಂಭವದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಭೋಗ ಶೃಂಗಾರ, ರಘುವಂಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಯಮಿತ ಶೃಂಗಾರ, ಮೇಘಸಂದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಪ್ರಲಂಭ ಶೃಂಗಾರ (Love in Separation). ಮಾಲವಿಕಾಗ್ನಿಮಿತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಬರುವ ಶೃಂಗಾರ ಕೇವಲ ಕಾಮಿಯ ಶೃಂಗಾರ. ಅಗ್ನಿಮಿತ್ರನಿಗೆ ಧಾರಿಣಿ ಮತ್ತು ಇರಾವತಿ ಎಂಬ ಹಿರಿಯಪತ್ನಿಯಿದ್ದರೂ, ಮಾಲವಿಕಾ ಎಂಬ ಸೇವಕಿಯು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರೇಮವಿಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ವಿಕ್ರಮೋರ್ವಶೀಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಪುರೂರವನಂತಹ ಶೂರನು ಊರ್ವಶಿಯಂತಹ ವೇಶ್ಯಾಂಗನೆಯ ವೈಯಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಮನಸೋತು ಯಾವ ರೀತಿ ದುಃಖಪಟ್ಟನೆಂಬುದು ಆ ನಾಟಕದಲ್ಲಿ ತಿಳಿದುಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ಶಕುಂತಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಮಿಯ ಶೃಂಗಾರಕ್ಕೂ, ವೇಶ್ಯಾಂಗನೆಯ ಶೃಂಗಾರಕ್ಕೂ ಮಿಗಿಲಾದ, ಶುದ್ಧ ಸಾತ್ವಿಕ ಶೃಂಗಾರವನ್ನು ಆದರ್ಶ ಗೃಹಿಣಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ತೋರಿಸಿ ಹೇಗೆ ಅದು ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಅಪೇಕ್ಷಿತವಾದುದೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ಪ್ರತಿಸಾಧಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಇಂತಹ ವಿಶ್ವಸ್ಥಿ ಶೃಂಗಾರಕ್ಕೆ ತಗಲುವ ತ್ಯಾಗ ಎಂತಹದೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ದುಷ್ಯಂತ ಶಕುಂತಲೆಯರ ಜೀವನದಿಂದ ಎತ್ತಿ ತೋರಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ.

೭. 'ಉಪಮಾ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸಸ್ಯ' ಎಂಬ ಮಾತು ಸರ್ವವಿದಿತವಾಗಿದೆ. ಈತನ ಉಪಮಾನಗಳಲ್ಲಿರುವ ವೈಶಿಷ್ಟ್ಯವಾದರೂ ಏನು? ಈತನ ಉಪಮಾನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸಮರ್ಪಕತೆ, ಅಕ್ಕತ್ತಿಮತೆ, ಪರಿಪೂರ್ಣತೆ ಮತ್ತು ಔಚಿತ್ಯ-ಈ ಗುಣಗಳು ವಿಶೇಷವಾಗಿ ಕಾಣುತ್ತವೆ. ಪಾತ್ರಾನುಗುಣವಾಗಿ ಪ್ರಸಂಗಾನುಗುಣವಾಗಿ ಉಪಮಾನಗಳನ್ನು ಜೋಡಿಸಿ ಬಹುಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಉಪಮಾನೋಪಮೇಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಅಂಗಸಾಮ್ಯವನ್ನು ಸಾಧಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಶಕುಂತಲ ನಾಟಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಎರಡನೆ ಅಂಕದಲ್ಲಿ ರಾಜನು ವಿದೂಷಕನಿಗೆ ಶಕುಂತಲೆಯ ವಿಚಾರ ತಿಳಿಸಿದಾಗ ರಾಜನ ಈ ಹೊಸ ಇಚ್ಛೆಗೆ ಕೊಡುವ ಉಪಮಾನವನ್ನು ಗಮನಿಸೋಣ. "ಯಥಾ ಕನ್ಯಾದಿ ವಿಂಡ ಖರ್ಜೂರೈರುದ್ವೇಜಿತಸ್ಯ ತಿಂತ್ರಿಣ್ಯಾಮುಭಿಲಾಷಃ ಭವೇತ್ | ತಥಾ ಸ್ತ್ರೀರತ್ನ ಪರಿಭೋಗಿಣಃ ಭವತಃ ಇಯಮುಭ್ಯರ್ಥನಾ" ಖರ್ಜೂರದ ಹೆಣ್ಣನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ತಿಂದವನಿಗೆ ಹುಣಸೆ ಹಣ್ಣಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಆಸೆ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದಂತೆ, ಒಳ್ಳೆ ಸ್ತ್ರೀರತ್ನಗಳನ್ನು ಭೋಗಿಸುವ ನಿನಗೆ ಈ ಹುಡುಗಿಯ (ಶಕುಂತಲೆ) ಮೇಲೆ ಆಸೆ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದೆಯಲ್ಲ ಎಂದು ವಿದೂಷಕ ರಾಜನನ್ನು ಹಾಸ್ಯಮಾಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ವಿದೂಷಕ ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ತಿಂಡಿವೋತನಾದ್ದರಿಂದ ತಿಂಡಿ ಪದಾರ್ಥಗಳ ಸಾಮ್ಯವನ್ನೇ ಕೊಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ರಾಜನ ಆಸ್ಥಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಶಾರ್ಙ್ಗರವ-ಶಾರದ್ವತರ ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಂತ ಶಕುಂತಲೆಯನ್ನು ರಾಜನು ಎಷ್ಟು ಸಮರ್ಪಕವಾಗಿ ವರ್ಣಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ.

ಕಾನ್ವಿದವಗುಂಠನವತೀ ನಾತಿಪರಿಸ್ಪೃಟ ಶರೀರಲಾವಣ್ಯಾ |

ಮಧ್ಯೇ ತಪೋಧನಾನಾಂ ಕಿಸಲಯಮಿವ ಪಾಂಡುಪತ್ರಾಣಾಂ ||

ಶರೀರದ ಸೊಬಗು ಅಷ್ಟು ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟವಾಗಿ ಕಾಣದಿರುವ ಮುಖಕ್ಕೆ ಪರದೆ ಹಾಕಿಕೊಂಡಿರುವವಳು ಯಾರು? ಬಿಳಿ ಎಲೆಗಳ ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಚಿಗುರಿನಂತೆ, ಈ ತಪೋಧನರ ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ರಘುವಂಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಇಂದುಮತಿ ಸ್ವಯಂವರವನ್ನು ವರ್ಣನೆ ಮಾಡುವಾಗ ಕವಿ ಇಂದುಮತಿಗೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟಿರುವ ಹೋಲಿಕೆ ತುಂಬ ಹೃದಯಂಗಮವಾಗಿ

ಈ ಶ್ಲೋಕದಿಂದ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನಿಗೆ ದೀಪಶಿಖಾ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸ ಎಂಬ ಹೆಸರು ಬಂತೆಂದು ದಂತಕಥೆ ಇದೆ. ಇಂದುಮತೀ ಸ್ವಯಂವರಕ್ಕೆ ಅನೇಕ ರಾಜರು ನೆರೆದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಈಕೆಯ ಸಖಿ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಬ್ಬ ರಾಜನ ಮುಂದೆ ನಿಂತು ಆತನ ಸರಾಕ್ರಮಗಳ ವರ್ಣನೆಯ ಮೂಲಕ ಪರಿಚಯ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಡುತ್ತಾ ಬರುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ಹೀಗೆ ಅನೇಕ ರಾಜರನ್ನು ನಿರಾಕರಿಸಿ ಬರುತ್ತಿರುವ ವೇಳೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಿರಾಕರಿಸಲ್ಪಟ್ಟ ರಾಜರ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ ಹೇಗಿತ್ತೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ಈ ರೀತಿ ವರ್ಣಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ.

ಸಂಚಾರಿಣೀ ದೀಪಶಿಖೀವ ರಾತ್ರೌ ಯಂ ಯಂ ವ್ಯತೀಯಾಯ ಪತಿಂ ವರಾಸಾ |  
ನರೇಂದ್ರ ಮಾರ್ಗಾಟ್ಟು ಇವಪ್ರಪೇದೇ ನಿವರ್ಣಭಾವಂ ಸ ಸಭೂಮಿ ಪಾಲಃ ||

ರಾತ್ರಿವೇಳೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ದೀವಟಿಗೆ ಹಿಡಿದುಕೊಂಡು ರಾಜಬೀದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ ಮುಂದೆ ಹೋದ ಹಾಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ಹಿಂದಿನ ಉಪ್ಪರಿಗೆಗಳು ಹೇಗೆ ಮಂಕಾಗಿ ಕಾಣುತ್ತವೆಯೋ ಅದೇ ರೀತಿ ಚಲಿಸುವ ದೀವಟಿಗೆಯಂತಿರುವ ಇಂದುಮತಿ ಮುಂದೆ ಮುಂದೆ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿರಲು ಹಿಂದುಳಿದ ರಾಜರ ಮುಖವೆಲ್ಲಾ ಮಂಕಾಯಿತು.

೮. ಭಾವನಾವಿಷ್ಕಾರ ಪದ್ಧತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣುವ ಕೋಮಲತೆ, ಕಲ್ಪನಾವಿಲಾಸಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣುವ ಮೌಢ್ಯ ಲ್ಯ ಇವು ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನನ್ನು ಎಲ್ಲ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಕವಿಗಳ ಪಂಕ್ತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಉನ್ನತ ಸ್ಥಾನವನ್ನು ದೊರಕಿಸಿಕೊಟ್ಟವೆ ಎಂದು Alexander Von Humboldt ಅವರು ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯಪಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾರೆ. Tenderness in the expression of feelings and richness of creative fancy have assigned to him his lofty place among the poets of all nations. ಶಾಕುಂತಲದ ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧ ಶ್ಲೋಕವನ್ನೇ ಪರಿಶೀಲಿಸೋಣ.

ಯಾಸ್ಯತ್ಯದ್ಯ ಶಕುಂತಲೇತಿ ಹೃದಯಂ ಸಂಸ್ಪೃಷ್ಟಮುತ್ಕಂಠಯಾ  
ಕಂಠಸ್ತಂಭಿತ ಬಾಷ್ಪವೃತ್ತಿ ಕಲುಷಶ್ಚಿಂತಾಜಡಂದರ್ಶನಂ |  
ವೈಕ್ಲವ್ಯಂ ಮಮ ತಾವದೀದೃಶಮಹೋನ್ನೇಹಾದರಣ್ಯಾಕಸಃ  
ಸೀಡ್ಯಂತೇ ಗೃಹಿಣಃ ಕಥಂನುತನಯಾ ವಿಶ್ಲೇಷದಾಃಖೈರ್ನವೈಃ ||

ಶಕುಂತಲೆ ಹೊರಡುವ ದಿನ ಕಾಶ್ಯಪರಿಗೆ ಆದ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿಯನ್ನು ಇಲ್ಲಿ ವರ್ಣಿಸಲಾಗಿದೆ. ಅವರ ಹೃದಯ ಉತ್ಕಂಠಿತವಾಗುತ್ತಿದೆ, ಕಂಠ ಗದ್ಗದವಾಗುತ್ತಿದೆ, ಕಣ್ಣಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನೀರು ತುಂಬಿದೆ, ಚಿಂತೆಯಿಂದ ದೃಷ್ಟಿ ಮಂಕಾಗಿದೆ. ಮಹರ್ಷಿ ಕಣ್ವರು ಜಿತೇಂದ್ರಿಯರು, ನೈಸ್ಮಿಕ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಚರ್ಯಿಯಲ್ಲಿರುವವರು. ಇಂತಹವರಿಗೂ ಪ್ರಿಯಜನರ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಬಂದ ಪ್ರೇಮಪ್ರವಾಹವನ್ನು ತಡೆಯಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಎಷ್ಟೇ ದೊಡ್ಡವನಾಗಿರಲಿ, ವಿಚಾರ ಎಷ್ಟೇ ಉದಾತ್ತವಾಗಿರಲಿ, ವರ್ತನೆ ಎಷ್ಟೇ ಉದಾಸೀನವಾಗಿರಲಿ, ಮಾನವೀ ಅಂತಃಕರಣ ಭಾವನೆಗಳಿಗೆ ವಿಮುಖನಾಗಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲವೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ಕಾಳಿದಾಸ ತೋರಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಕಣ್ವರಿಗೆ ಶಕುಂತಲೆ ಸಾಕುಮಗಳು. ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಇವರು ವಾಸಿಸುವುದು ಅರಣ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಂದ ಮೇಲೆ ಇವರು ಶಕುಂತಲೆ ಹೊರಡುವಾಗ ತೋರಿಸಿದ ಭಾವನೆಗಳನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸದೆ ಇದ್ದರೂ ಯಾರೂ ಆಕ್ಷೇಪಿಸುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಕವಿ ಕಣ್ವರನ್ನು ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಮಕ್ಕಳು ಹೆತ್ತ ಸಮಸ್ತ ಗೃಹಸ್ಥಾಶ್ರಮಿಗಳ ಪ್ರತಿನಿಧಿಯನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿ ತನ್ನ ಸಾಮರ್ಥ್ಯದ ಪರಾಕಾಷ್ಠೆಯನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಕಣ್ವರು ದುಷ್ಯಂತನಿಗೆ ಕಳುಹಿಸುವ ಸಂದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಎಷ್ಟು ಭಾವಗಳು ಅಡಕವಾಗಿವೆಯೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದರೆ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನ ಭಾವನಾವಿಷ್ಕಾರ ಪದ್ಧತಿಯ ವೈಶಿಷ್ಟ್ಯವು ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟವಾಗುವುದು. 'ಅಸ್ಮಾಕ್ ಸಾಧುವಿಚಿಂತ್ಯ ಸಂಯಮಧನಾನ್' — ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಬರುವ ಸಂಯಮಧನಾನ್ ಶಬ್ದಕ್ಕೆ ಎಷ್ಟು ಅರ್ಥವನ್ನು ಕವಿ ತುಂಬಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆಂದು ನೋಡಬಹುದು.

ಸಂಯಮಧನಾನ್:—1) ನಮಗೆ ಇಂದ್ರಿಯನಿಗ್ರಹವೇ ಧನ, ಬೇರೆ ಧನವಿಲ್ಲ, ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ನಿನಗೆ ವರದಕ್ಷಿಣೆಯ ರೂಪದಲ್ಲಿ ನಾವು ಏನೂ ಕೊಡುವಂತಿಲ್ಲ. ಈ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ ಶಕುಂತಲೆಗೆ ತೊಂದರೆ ಆಗಬಾರದು.

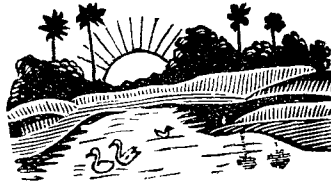
2) ಸಂಯಮ ಧನಾನ್:—ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ನಾವು ಸಂಯಮಧನರು. ಶಕುಂತಲೆಗೆ ಸರಿಯಾದ ಪುರಸ್ಕಾರ ಕೊಡದೆ ಇದ್ದರೆ ನಮಗೆ ಕೋಪ ಬಂದೀತು. ಶಾಪ ಕೊಟ್ಟೇವು. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ 'ಸಾಧು ವಿಚಿಂತ್ಯ' ಇದನ್ನು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಯೋಚಿಸತಕ್ಕದ್ದು.

3) ನನ್ನ ಒಪ್ಪಿಗೆ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ಈಕೆಯನ್ನು ಮದುವೆ ಆಗಿದ್ದಿ. ನಮ್ಮಿಂದ ನಿನಗೆ ಭೀತಿ ಇರಬಹುದು. ಆದರೆ ನಾವು ಸಂಯಮಧನರು. ನಿನ್ನ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಒಪ್ಪಿಗೆ ಇದೆ.

4) ಶಕುಂತಲೆಗೆ ನೀನು ಪುರಸ್ಕಾರ ಕೊಡದಿದ್ದರೂ ನಾವು ಕೋಪ ಮಾಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ ಏಕೆ? ನಾವು ಸಂಯಮಧನರು. ಈಕೆ ಅಸಹಾಯಳಾಗಿ ತೊಂದರೆಗೆ ಈಡಾಗುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಈಕೆಗೆ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾದ ಗೌರವವನ್ನು ಕೊಟ್ಟರೂ ಸಾಕು. ಹೀಗೆ ಒಂದೇ ಪದದಲ್ಲಿ ಇಷ್ಟು ಅರ್ಥಗಳನ್ನು ತೆಗೆಯಬಹುದು.

ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಪ್ರಪಂಚದ ಮೂರು ಕ್ಷೇತ್ರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತೋರಿಸಿರುವ ಅಖಂಡ ಪ್ರಭುತ್ವವನ್ನೂ, ಸ್ತ್ರೀ ಪಾತ್ರಸೃಷ್ಟಿ ಯನ್ನೂ, ಸ್ವಾರ್ಥತ್ಯಾಗದ ಭವ್ಯ ಆದರ್ಶಗಳನ್ನೂ, ಕಲಾಕಾಶಲ್ಯವನ್ನೂ, ಮಾನವ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಗಳೊಳಗಿರುವ ನಿಕಟ ಸಂಬಂಧದ ಚಿತ್ರಣವನ್ನೂ ಶೃಂಗಾರರಸ ಪ್ರತಿಪಾದನೆಯನ್ನೂ, ಉಪಮಾನಗಳನ್ನೂ ಭಾವನಾವಿಷ್ಕಾರ ಪದ್ಧತಿ ಯನ್ನೂ ತನ್ನ ಕೃತಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಪರಿಷ್ಕಾರ ಮಾಡಿರುವ ಕವಿ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸನನ್ನು ಕವಿಕುಲಗುರು ಮತ್ತು ವಿಶ್ವಕವಿ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂದೇಹವೇನಿದೆ?

ಕೌಲಗಿ ಶೇಷಾಚಾರ್ಯ.



## ‘सुभाषितम्’

पुरो निवेदितं देवो नाश्नातीति समर्प्यते ॥  
संस्कृतं श्लाघ्यते सर्वैर्नास्याभ्यासः कृताविति ॥ १ ॥  
युयुधुः प्राक्कुरुक्षेत्रे योधाःसर्वे द्विधास्थिताः ॥  
तिरुकोच्चिमतक्षेत्रे युध्यन्त्यद्य गणाधिपाः ॥ २ ॥  
सीमागान्धिर्बद्धपूर्वः सहसोत्सारितोऽधुना ॥  
ज्वालामालाकरालाग्निबन्धनं क्रन्दनं ननु ॥ ३ ॥  
योऽल्पेनानल्पमाप्नोति सोऽभियुक्त इतीर्यते ॥  
यन्नः प्रपायामल्पस्य पानीयस्य महार्घता ॥ ४ ॥  
आहारेऽभ्यवहारे च स्वतन्त्रं भावि भारतम् ॥  
धूम्रेण शकटेनाब्धिं नावाद्रिञ्च तरिष्यति ॥ ५ ॥  
अर्थोभूत्यवलिप्तस्य भुवनेऽनर्थ कारणम् ॥  
अमेरिकः शान्तिदूतः स्वार्थेनानर्थदो न किम् ? ॥ ६ ॥

(कश्चन)

## ‘अस्मद्भारतीभवनम्’

येष्वध्यात्मविचारमूलसरणिर्लोकैकरक्षामणिः  
येष्वत्यन्तविचित्रवस्तुभणितिः प्रज्ञाविशेषाकृतिः ॥  
येषु ज्यौतिषमुन्मिषत्सगणितं तर्कोऽप्रतर्क्यः पुनः  
येष्वैतिह्यमविप्रधृष्यमथ च ख्यातानुताख्यायिकाः ॥ १ ॥  
येषुकान्तिहितस्य रण्यजनताजालस्य भावोदयः  
येष्वर्थोद्यदमेरिकाजनपदं प्रेङ्खद्विभावोक्तयः ॥  
येष्वर्कोस्तमिहैति नेति वदतामुद्रिक्तं भव्योक्तयः  
येष्वत्यन्तबलञ्च भौतिकबलं सञ्जल्पतां शक्तयः ॥ २ ॥  
दानं दीनहिताय, लोकधृतये धर्मस्तपःसन्मुदे  
क्रान्तिर्भूतदयाकृतेऽथ महितं सत्यं जगच्छान्तये ॥  
एषा भारतसंस्कृतिर्लसति या सा चित्रिता येषु तैः  
भारत्या भवनं स्वभावसुभगं बाभाति भूभूषणम् ॥ ३ ॥

(कोऽपि)

॥ श्रीः ॥

महात्मागान्धीस्मारककलाशालाया वाचनालयोद्धाठनावसरे

श्रीश्रीमद्विश्वेशतीर्थश्रीमच्चरणयोः समर्पिता

## नवमालिका

प्रागासन्कश्यपाद्या अयुतवटुजनान्पोषयित्वाऽशनाद्यैः

विद्यां दत्वा प्रशस्तां कुलपतय इति ख्यातपूर्वा महान्तः ॥

दुष्कालेऽस्मिन्भवद्भिः पुनरमुखिलश्रेयसे सम्प्रदायं

संस्थाप्यान्वर्थमाप्तं कुलपतिबिरुदं, दुष्करं किं मुनीनाम्?

॥ १ ॥

छात्राणां वसनाशनप्रवचनैर्देहात्मसम्पोषणं

व्याकुर्वद्भिरभूतपूर्वचरितैर्विश्वेशतीर्थैः परैः ॥

छात्रादेर्निलयं मठं नियमयन् शाब्दे निरुक्ते सुधीः

किं नाशिक्षयत, नात्र चित्रमथवा त्यागप्रियाणामिदम्

॥ २ ॥

अघटितघटना न युष्मदीया घटना भारतमाध्वमण्डलस्य ? ॥

अथवा सविता नभोविभागं प्रभया भावयतीति किं विचित्रम् ?

॥ ३ ॥

धनी वा दीनो वा प्रभुरथ च सेवापरिणतः

महान्वा क्षुद्रो वा कृतमतिरुताज्ञश्च सकलः ॥

हिमाद्रेरासेतोर्गुणमणिभिरर्धैर्हि भवतां

समाकृष्टो हृष्टो नयति ककुभो वः पुरुयशः

॥ ४ ॥

नवां हृदयहारिणीममृतवाहिनीमम्बरे

चकोर इव, भारतेऽतिवितते समस्तो जनः ॥

भवच्छुभवचःसुधारसपरम्परां नावरां

रसाद्रसयितुं समुत्सुकतया दिशः प्रेक्षते

॥ ५ ॥

साम्राज्ये युष्मदीये जगति जनहिते नादृतः कः कलावान् ?

दीनो नो मानितः को? न बहुवितरणैर्मण्डितः पण्डितः कः? ॥

विद्यार्थी कोऽकृतार्थः? किमु बहुवचनैरिष्टमाप्तं विशिष्टैः

नेदृग्भूतं न भाव्यं जितसुकृतिपदस्वर्गराज्यं प्रपूज्यम्

॥ ६ ॥

अर्थप्रपञ्चस्य परां समस्यां दुराग्रहस्योरुतरं विकारम् ॥

यद्दुष्करं तत्सकलं त्वदीयं स्मेराननं दूरमपाकरोति

॥ ७ ॥

अस्मन्मानितवाचनालयसुवाग्देवीमहामन्दिर-

द्वारोद्धाटनकर्मणि प्रभुतया युक्ता भवत्स्वर्थना ॥

यत्सज्ज्ञानसुधारसस्य महतो दाने भवन्तो रताः

को दक्षोऽग्निमृते हविर्वितरणे यज्ञाशिनां नाकिनाम्

॥ ८ ॥

यद्यस्त्यनिर्वाच्यमथानवद्यं सम्भावनीयं भुवि भावुकस्य ॥

तथाविधं वदचरितं यतोन्नाः वितर्कयामो न च विस्मरामः

॥ ९ ॥

म. गा. स्मा.

कलाशाला, उडुपि.

२३-१-१९५४.

अर्पयिता  
गोपालकृष्णः



# मिथ्याभोजनं

पुरा किल मगधराज्यं वीरसेन नामा नृपः पालयन् आसीत् । सः प्रजानां हितमाकांक्षमाण आसीत् । परन्तु तस्य दुर्वर्तनमेकमासीत् । स सर्वदा यात्रिकान् तिरस्कुर्वन्नासीत् । सः तान् राजप्रासादोपरि आहूय अनेकशः तेषां मुखभङ्गमकरोत् ।

एकदा कश्चन यात्रिकः चैनदेशादागतः । सः मगधनृपस्य अविचारं न व्यजानात् । सच दिवसद्वयेन किञ्चिदपि अन्नं नापश्यत् । उदरपीडया बाधितो यात्रिकः ‘राजप्रासादे भुक्तिर्भविष्यतीति विभाव्य वीरसेनस्य प्रासादमगच्छत् ।

प्रासादद्वारे सः यात्रिकः किङ्करानपश्यत् । ते तं प्रति तस्य आगमन कारणं पप्रच्छुः । सः तस्य उपवास विचारं निवेद्य ‘नृपं द्रष्टुं इच्छामि’ इत्यवदत् । ते किङ्कराः तं राजसम्मुखं निन्युः । किङ्करानां निर्गमनानन्तरं वीरसेनः तं यात्रिकं निषीदेत्याज्ञाप्य तस्य आगमनकारणं निवेदयितुं पप्रच्छ ।

यात्रिकः स्वाभिप्रेतं निवेद्य किञ्चिदन्नं दातुं विज्ञापयामास । नृपः “तुभ्यं भूरि भोजनं यच्छामि” इत्यवदत् । अनन्तरं वीरसेनः भृत्यं जलमानेतुं आज्ञापयामास । परन्तु भृत्यो नागतः । तत्क्षणं राजा यात्रिकं पाणीं प्रक्षालयितुं आज्ञापयामास । तत्र न किञ्चिदपि जलमासीत् । किंतु स यात्रिकः हस्तक्षालक इव प्रदर्शयामास । नृपः तेन चकितो बभूव । एतत्पर्यन्तं तादृशं मनुजं स नापश्यत् । अतः सः तं यात्रिकं बहुशः पीडयितुं आलोचयामास ।

नृपः किङ्करं अन्नमानेतुं आज्ञापयामास । न किङ्करः आगतः । नृपः अन्नपरिवेषक इव प्रदर्शयामास । यात्रिकोऽपि भुञ्जान इव प्रदर्शयामास । वीरसेनः नानाविधानां भक्ष्याणां परिवेषक इव प्रदर्शयामास । परन्तु यात्रिकः कोपं विसृज्य यथाविधि भुञ्जान इव प्रदर्शयामास मध्ये मध्ये यात्रिकः “भक्ष्याणि उत्कृष्टानि सन्ति” इत्यवदत् ।

मिथ्याभोजनानन्तरं नृपः यात्रिकं सुरापानं कर्तुं आज्ञापयामास । यात्रिकः प्रथमं स्वल्पं पिबन्निव प्रदर्श्य पुनरन्यदप्युर्वरितं पिबन्निव दर्शयामास ।

तदा स यात्रिकः सुरापानमत्त इव प्रदर्शयामास । सः स्वदेहं कम्पयित्वा नृपस्य केशं हस्तेन गृहीत्वा पृष्ठे सम्यक् ताडयामास ।

कोपाविष्टो वीरसेनः यात्रिकमपृच्छत्, “अयमेव प्रत्युपकारो मम? अहम् तव भोजनप्रदः । त्वां भृत्यैः धातयिष्यामि” इति ॥

यात्रिकः दैन्येन अवदत्, “प्रभो! मां क्षमस्व । अहम् भोजनानन्तरं सुरापानमत्तः अभवम् । मदभरितेन मया अविवेकेन कृतमपराधम् आत्मनो महानुभावतया क्षमस्व” इति ॥

तद्वचनमाकर्ण्य वीरसेनो लज्जाभरितो बभूव । सः स्वापराधस्य प्रायश्चित्तमलभत । तद्विवसमारभ्य नृपः परदेशयात्रिकान् प्रित्यादराभ्यां अपश्यत् । सच तस्य मेधाविनो यात्रिकस्य मन्त्रिपदवीं प्रादात् ॥

“विद्वत्त्वं नृपत्वं नैवतुल्यं कदाचन ।

स्वदेशे पूज्यते राजा विद्वान् सर्वत्र पूज्यते ॥”

बि. सेतुमाधवाचार्य, I U. C.

# आशा पक्षी उडती है

आशा पक्षी उडती है  
आशा पक्षी उडती है ॥  
काले बादल  
की छाया में  
आशा पक्षी उडती है ।  
भीषण तम के  
बीच में पडके  
नभ में आगे बढती है ॥  
आशा पक्षी  
कहां से आयी  
इसका तिलभर पता नहीं ।  
अब है मेरी  
दृष्टि के पथ में,  
और भी दूर को चली रही ॥  
आशा पक्षी उडती है  
आशा पक्षी उडती है ॥

अनंतनभ में  
उड उडके यह  
किस ठौर जाकर ठहरेगी ?  
अपनी राह में  
आने वाले  
कण्टों को वह सह लेगी ?  
दुखों की तम-  
छाया में वह  
सुख की खोज में जाती है ?  
अगम्य राह में  
उडते उडते  
मनमाना सुख पाती है ?  
आशा पक्षी उडती है  
आशा पक्षी उडती है ॥

सुख के फल क़ो  
लाने को ही  
आशा विहग अब उडता है ?  
इसकी आशा  
पूरी होने  
का शुभदिन कब आता है ?  
मेरे मन के  
नभ-अंचल में  
आशा पक्षी जाती है ।  
ना जाने कब  
वह फल लेके  
गोद में मेरी आती है ॥  
आशा पक्षी उडती है  
आशा पक्षी उडती है ॥

कृष्णानंद हेगडे, III U. C.



# “तुम्हें कुछ लिखना चाहिये”

सांझ के पांच बज चुके थे। सांझ की सुनहली धूप पेड़ों की फुनगी पर नाच रही थी। आकाश में चंचल बादल खेल रहे थे। वायु के झकोर हृदय में एक चंचल स्पन्दन भरकर सिहर उठते थे। काँपते हुए पत्तों में यौवन उत्साह से फहरा रहा था। मैं जलदी, जलदी, “केंटीन” की तरफ कदम बढ़ा रहा था। पेड़ों की चोटियों पर नर्तन-सा करती हुई अरुण छटा ने मेरे मन और नज़र को आकर्षित कर लिया था। एकाएक मैं दो कदम पीछे ढकेला गया। समाधि से भंग होकर देखा तो साक्षात् हिन्दी अध्यापक प्रेरणानाथ छः फुट का क्रद, हमेशा मधुर मुस्कान से घेरा गया चेहरा, सिर से पाँवों तक खादी के कपड़ों में लपटा हुआ तन। “केंटीन” के साधु भक्ष्य का स्वाद चखकर मुँह पोंछते पोंछते आ रहे थे। “नमस्ते सर”, “क्या रे गोवर्धन” दोनों के मुँह से एक साथ निकला। प्रेरणानाथने बात छेड़ दी। “क्या तुम ‘कालेज क्रोनिकल’ के लिये कुछ नहीं लिखते?” मैं ने विनयपूर्वक “नहीं” कहा। “नहीं!!! इस बार तुम्हें कुछ लिखना ही चाहिये। जूनियर इंटर से कहकर आया हूँ। लेकिन तुम्हारा एक भी लेख नहीं मिला। इस बार तुम्हें कुछ लिखना ही पड़ेगा”। “सर, मुझे कोई ऐसा विषय नहीं मिलता, जिस पर एक प्रभावशाली लेख लिख दूँ”। “लिखने लगे, तो विषय आप ही आप मिल जायगा” कहकर वे चलते बने!

मैं घर लौटा। रास्ते पर यही बात मन में खटकती रही कि “तुम्हें कुछ लिखना ही चाहिये”। बार बार कान में यही आवाज़ गूँजती-सी लगी। घर आया और माँ को पुकार कर कहा “रात का भोजन जलदी बना दो”। आठ बजते बजते खाना खाकर, दो गिलास चाय तैयार कर ली। चाय को “थर्मसफ़लास्क” में लेकर मेरे कमरे में दाखिल हुआ और “थर्मसफ़लास्क” एक ओर रख दिया। मेज़ पर लैप जल रहा था। पानी की सुराही भी लाकर साथ रख दी। शब्दसागर निकाल के उस पर जमी हुई धूल फूंक कर उसे भी मेज़ पर रख दिया। कागज़ भी तैयार हुआ। कलम भी हाज़िर हुई। एक बार नज़र चारों तरफ़ दौड़ाकर देख लिया कि सब सामान तैयार हो गये कि नहीं, हाँ सब कुछ तैयार हो गया। सिर्फ़ लिखने की शुरुआत करना बाकी है।

मन में यह प्रश्न उठा “किस विषय पर लिखूँ?” -सामाजिक, राजनैतिक, धार्मिक या वैज्ञानिक विषय पर। कलम तो हाथ में हाज़िर थी। कभी कभी उत्सुकता से कागज़ तक दौड़ती। मगर कोई विषय न पाकर निराश होकर पीछे हट जाती। “ढण् ढण् .... .. बारह बज गये। मगर मुझे कोई “सबज़ेक्ट” (Subject) नहीं मिला। थर्मसफ़लास्क देखी तो चाय खतम हो गयी थी। मालूम नहीं किसने कब पी ली!! सुराही से दो गिलास पानी पिया ताकि “Inspiration” (इन्सपिरेशन) आ जाय। मगर कोई विषय ही नहीं मिला। आखिर लाचार होकर यह बात तै की कि एक छोटी कहानी लिख दूँ। किसी न किसी तरह मुझे कुछ लिखना था। क्योंकि अब भी वही आवाज़ “तुम्हें कुछ लिखना चाहिये” कान में गूँज रही थी। यह तो तै हुआ कि कहानी लिखूँ। मगर “किस तरह की कहानी होनी चाहिये” यह नहीं निश्चय किया था। कर्णायनक या हास्यरस उत्पन्न करनेवाली या और किसी तरह की। बहुत प्रयत्न करने पर भी निश्चय नहीं कर सका। कभी कर्णायनक कहानी लिखना चाहता। लेकिन विचार करने पर यह बात मन में आती कि आजकल लोग कर्णायनक कहानी नहीं पसंद करते हैं। हाँ, तो हास्यरस उत्पन्न करनेवाली लिख दूँ। मगर यह डर था कि ऐसा नहो जाय कि लोग कहानी पढ़कर हंसने के बजाय रोने लगें। बहुत सोच विचार करने के बाद एक कर्णायनक कहानी लिखने का निश्चय हुआ। मारे आनंद के एक गिलास पानी पिया।

कलम फिर हाथ में ली और कागज तक ले गया। लेकिन कहानी का विषय तो नहीं सूझता। मेरा खयाल था कि किसी न किसी तरह शुरु करने पर विषय आप ही आप आ जाता है। मगर भरसक कोशिश करने पर भी विषय नहीं मिला। लाचार होकर लिखने की बात छोड़ देनी चाही। इतने में कान में फिर गूँज उठा कि “तुम्हें कुछ लिखना होगा”। मेरी स्थिति उस आदमी की सी थी, जिसके मुँह में गरम गरम दूध का घूंट हो और जिसे वह पी भी नहीं सकता, थूक भी नहीं पाता। सुराही से एक गिलास पानी लिया और पीना चाहा। लेकिन, पेट ने “एकदम” बलवा कर दिया कि “और नहीं लूँगा!” मैं सोचता था कि पानी पीने पर स्फूर्ति आ जायगी। मगर पेट ने विरोध कर दिया। अब और एक समस्या आ डटी कि “इनस्पीरेशन” कैसे आ जाय। उस के लिये कौन सा उपाय करूँ। अकल के द्वार खटखटाये। मगर भीतर से नकारात्मक जवाब पाकर “इनस्पीरेशन” के बदले “Perspiration” (परस्पीरेशन) में तर गया। मन में एक के बाद एक प्रश्न मचल उठते “क्या करूँ? क्या करूँ? क्या किया जाय?” आखिर धीरज लेकर अकल के दरवाजे पर हमला कर दिया। द्वार तोड़कर भीतर घुसा एक उपाय चमक उठा जैसे घनघटा के बीच में से बिजली चमक उठती है! मेरे एक दोस्त ने एक लेख लिखा है कि “कवि और सिगरेट”। और बताया है कि सिगरेट पीने पर इनस्पीरेशन आता है। उसने कई लेखकों के उदाहरण भी दिये थे जिन्होंने सिगरेट के बल पर ही अमूल्य काव्य की रचना की है। दोस्त के बताये उपाय के लिये कई बार उसकी तारीफ़ की। मैंने आज तक सिगरेट नहीं पी। मगर आज ऐसा कोई भी काम करने तैयार था जिससे लिखने की स्फूर्ति मिल जाय। चाहे वह काम किसी तरह का भी क्यों न हो। मगर इतनी रात में सिगरेट कहाँ मिलेगी? फौरन याद आयी कि बाजार के एक कोने में “निशाचालक” नामक एक दूकानदार के यहाँ कई लोग “यक्षगान” का अध्ययन करते हैं। और दूकान खुली रहती है। सैकल ली और तुरन्त वहाँ गया। आठ आने फेंक कर एक “विल्स” पैकेट और एक दियासलाई लेकर लौट आया। फिर कुर्सी पर आरूढ़ होकर सिगरेट जलाई और पीने लगा। सारे वायुमंडल को धुँये के पहाड़पर नचाना चाहा। दम तोड़कर पीने लगा। कलम हाथ में ली। पीते पीते ऐसा लगा कि इनस्पीरेशन आ रहा है। इसलिये कलम कागज तक ले गया। डर था कि कहीं देरी हो जाय तो इनस्पीरेशन नष्ट हो जायगा। खाँसी आने लगी। एक, दो, तीन, चार और एक के बाद एक आती ही रही। मुझे बाह्य प्रपंच का ज्ञान न रहा। मैं आनंद के हिलोरें लेने लगा क्योंकि इनस्पीरेशन आ गया। मैं लिखने लगा।

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मुझे तभी फिर बाह्य प्रपंच का ज्ञान हुआ जब लिखना खतम हुआ। सुबह के आठ बज चुके थे। उठ कर देखा तो माँ पास बैठकर रो रही थी। उसके गीले गीले गालों पर से मोतियों की बूंदें नीचे गिर रही थीं। एक तरफ भाई सूखा सा मुँह लेकर खड़ा था। बहन की आँखें रो रो कर सूज गयी थीं। पिता पर तो दुख का पहाड़ टूट पड़ा था। एकाएक मेरे मुँह से निकला “क्या माँ मेरी लिखी हुई कहानी इतनी दुखजनक है कि तुम सब रो पड़े—मैंने कभी ऐसा नहीं सोचा था”। “हाँ बेटा, सो जाओ। दर्द और भी बढ़ जायगी”। जब दर्द शब्द सुना तो सर्वांग में दर्द होती सी मालूम हुई। देखा तो कनखियों पर पट्टी, हाथ में पट्टी, माथे पर पट्टी लगायी गयी थी। लैप चूर चूर हो गया था। कागज देखा। वह उसी अवस्था में पड़ा था, जिस अवस्था में पिछली रात आठ बजे को मैं ने लिया था।

## सेठ दयालाल

सेठ दयालाल आमनगर के बड़े धनी—मानीं आदमी थे। गाँव के एक कोने में उनका मकान था। मकान क्या एक आलीशान इमारत ही थी जिसमें कुलकर तीन की जगह चौथे के रहने भर भी जगह न थी। छत घास का बना था। यदि आप उनसे इसका कारण पूछें तो उनके मुँह से ताबडतोड़ निकलेगा 'अरे भाई, खपरैल का छत बनाने से घर के अंदर गर्मी ज्यादा होती है'। मकान मजबूत इतना था कि हवा का हलके से हलका झोंका भी अलादीन के जिन का रूपधारण करके दीवारों के साथ मकान को किसी और जगह पर बसा सकता था। लेकिन सेठजी कहते 'अरे भाई, मैंने हज़ारों घर देखे हैं, हज़ारों घरमें रातें काटी हैं। किंतु सच कहता हूँ कि इस घर में जो हवा चलती है और जो आराम की नींद आती है, वह किसी और घर में नहीं आती।' गौर करें तो सेठजी का कहना बिल्कुल ठीक था क्योंकि मकान के छत के जरिये हवा के आने जाने के लिए काफी मोटे रास्ते थे और उनकी ज़बरदस्त आराम की नींद—अर्थात् मृत्यु—भी उसी मकान पर हुई।

एक नीच फेरीवाले दयू से एक आला सेठ दयालालजी दास के दर्जे को उनकी कंजूसी ने उन्हें खींच लाई। कौड़ी कौड़ी जोड़ी और बने दयालाल करोड़ी। वे गाँव के इने गिने महाजनों में से एक कहलाने लगे। लेकिन अचरज की बात यह है कि वे सूद के नाम पाई तक भी न छूते। कर्ज देते वक्त कहते, 'अरे भाई, अपना ही समझकर रख लेना जब चाहे दे दो, मैं सूद थोड़े ही लूँगा? हाँ, यदि तुम मजबूर करोगे तो इनाम के तौर पर ले लूँगा। और क्या कहूँ?' किसी को दस रुपये कर्ज देते तो दो एक महीने में केवल पन्द्रह रुपये वसूल करते उसके घर खैरियत पूछने आते जाते दस-पाँच रुपयों का भोजन वगैरह ही कर लेते। इस तरह महीने भर में केवल दो चार जून का भोजन ही घर पर करने का मौक़ा मिलता। बाकी सब अपने कर्जदारों के घरों पर ही हो जाता।

उनका एक श्रेष्ठ गुण श्रेष्ठ था औरों की निन्दा करने में असीम तत्परता। यदि आज आपने चाय-पान के साथ उनका सत्कार किया तो आपके सिवा उनके लिये और भगवान ही नहीं यदि कल आपने उनको आते देखकर मुँह मोड़ लिया तो उनके लिए दुनिया भर में आप जैसा पाजी और कंजूस दूसरा नहीं।

दयालालजी को सैर-सफ़र का बड़ा शौक था। लेकिन अचंभे की बात यह है कि ज़िन्दगी भर में अपनी एक कौड़ी तक खर्च करके वे कहीं नहीं गये। जब गाँव में उनके पिताजी का देहान्त हुआ तो वे शहर गए हुये थे। तार मिलने पर वे बस-स्टैंड की ओर दौड़े और साँझ तक वहाँ इन्तज़ार किया कि कहीं गाँव जानेवाला कोई हमसफ़र मिलजाय तो उसके गले अपने को मढ़ दूँ। लेकिन उनकी बद-किस्मती से उन्हें ऐसा कोई नसीब का ख़ोटा न मिल सका और बेचारे को मजबूर ही ४० मील का फ़ासिला पैदल तै करना पड़ा। आँटी में जो नोट थे उनको तुड़वाना मूर्खता समझा और पिता के अंतिम क्रिया-कर्म सब समाप्त होने के बाद घर पहुँच पाये। फिर भी खुश थे कि इधर टिकट के पैसे भी बचे और उधर पिता के क्रिया-कर्म के रुपये भी।

जब कभी उनको दूर के शहरों को हो आने की इच्छा होती तो वे अपने किसी कर्जदार के सर सवार होजाते। उससे उन जगहों का गुण-गान करते, वहाँ के व्यापार और लाभ की लालसा उसके मनमें पैदा करते और अंत में जब वह निकलता तो उसके साथ खुद भी चल पड़ते। रास्ते में जिन-जिन जगहों को देखने की उन्हें इच्छा होती उन जगहों को उसे भी खींच ले जाते और बेचारे कर्जदार को उनकी आज्ञाओं का शिकार बनना पड़ता। जबतक



वे दोनों गाँव लौट पाते तबतक कर्जदार के कर्ज की रकम दुगुना तिगुना बन जाती और सेठजी बदले में बेमुरव्वत के साथ उसका घर ही लिखवा लेते ।

एक दिन ऐसा हुआ कि सेठजी एक गरीब कर्जदार को बेहिसाब सूद देने पर मजबूर कर रहे थे । बेचारा डर के मारे काँप रहा था । उसके पास इतनी रकम नहीं थी जितना सेठजी माँगते थे । और सेठजी उसे पुलिस के हवाले कर देने की धमकी दे रहे थे । हमसे रहा नहीं गया । मैं और मोहन वहाँ गये । ब्याज का हिसाब किताब ठीक करके सेठजी की पूरी रकम सूद मिलाकर दिलवा दी । गरीब का कर्ज चूका ही नहीं बल्कि काफ़ी पैसे उसके पास बच भी गये । यदि हम न देते तो सेठजी पूरी रकम हड़प भी लेते, साथ ही साथ और भी कुछ रुपये बाकी रहने का झूठा हिसाब बतला देते ।

सेठजी को इतना क्रोध आया कि अगर होसकता तो हमें कच्चा ही खा जाते । लेकिन दो जवान बदन को हज़म करना आसान न था । अतएव घरपर हमारी शिकायत करके और गाँव भर हमारी निन्दा करके उन्होंने अपना क्रोध ठंडा किया । जहाँ कहीं भी जाते उनकी आवाज़ गूँज उठती “अरे भई, आखिर ये बदमाश मेरे मुँह की कौर छीनने पर क्यों तुले हैं ?”

कुछ महीनों के बाद हमारे यहाँ बड़े भैया की शादी हुयी । दयालालजी को भी दावत थी । मैं और मोहन इस मौके को बेकार छोड़ देना नहीं चाहते थे । अतः हमने सेठजी को नीचा दिखाने की ठान ली । ब्याह के सब रस्म-रिवाज समाप्त होने के बाद भोजन की बारी आई । न जाने कितने दिनों से भूखा रहकर सेठजी इस भोजन का पूरा फ़ायदा उठाने की कोशिश कर रहे थे । परोसने भर की देरी थी । इस भाँति टूट पड़े मानों भूखा मेढक पतंगे को पकड़ने लपका हो । खाने में सेठजी ने ऐसा कमाल किया, कि यदि ‘खूबसूरती की स्पर्धा’ की नरह कहीं ‘खाने की स्पर्धा’ होती तो वे ‘मिस्टर यूनिवर्स’ बन जाते । जब केवल एक घंटे के बाद उनका भोजन समाप्त हुआ तो वे बेहाल थे । उठने भरकी हिम्मत न थी । पसीने से कपड़े सब तर थे । अगर चाचाजी ने उन्हें सहारा देकर उठाया न होता तो शायद तीन-चार दिन तक वे वहीं बैठ पाते ।

सेठजी के उठने तक अकसर मेहमान घरों को लौट चुके थे । बाक़ी मेहमान जिनके घर दूर थे सो चुके थे । पेट भारी होने के कारण सेठजी को घर लौटना दूभर था । अतः वे हमारे घर पर ही लेट गये ।

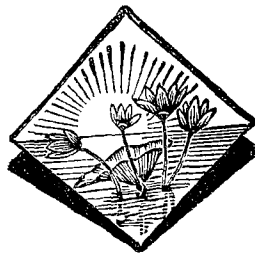
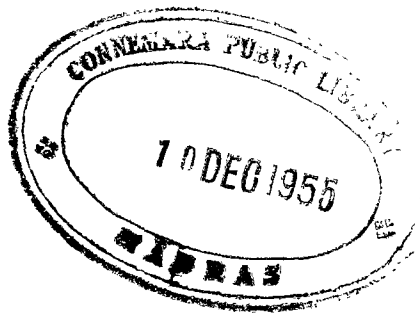
आधी रात को मैं और मोहन जाग उठे । घर भर में सन्नाटा छाया था । बत्ती जलाई । सेठजी के पास आकर देखा तो उनकी नींद उस सीमा तक पहुँच चुकी थी कि यदि कोई उनका कान काट लेता तोभी उनका जागना नामुमकिन था । ऐसी दशा में उनके सिरहाने जो शाल पड़ी थी उसे हमने सर से पैर तक ओढ़ादिया और सिरहने बैठ सर पीट पीट कर रोने चिल्लाने लगे ।

पास में सोई हुई बूढ़ियाँ और कई और मेहमान जाग उठे । उन्होंने हमारे रोने का कारण पूछने की तकलीफ़ न उठायी और बिना कोई एतराज के रोनेमें हमारा साथ दिया । चिल्लाहट इस सीमातक बढ़ गयी कि घर के सभी लोग जाग पड़े और रोने की आवाज़ मुहल्ले भर में गूँजने लगी । तमाशा यह था कि कोई इतना धैर्यवान नहीं था जो उनको छूता । हम दोनों की हँसी रुकाये न रुकती थी । फिर भी हम रोनी सूरत बना बैठे थे ।

एकाएक सेठजी जाग उठे । पहले तो औरों को रोते देख उन्होंने भी रोना चाहा । लेकिन जब उन्हें मालूम हुआ कि अपने को मरा समझकर लोग रो रहे हैं तो शर्म और गुस्से के मारे उनका चेहरा लाल हो उठा । रोता हुआ सारा मोहल्ला कहकहों से गूँज उठा । मोहल्ले-भर में ऐसा कोई नहीं था जिसे सेठजी की हालत पर तरस आई । सभी हँस रहे थे । जब सेठजी की नज़र हम दोनों पर पड़ी तो उन्होंने भाँप लिया कि यह हमारी ही शरारत हैं । लेकिन क्या करते? “अरे भई, आखिर य लौंडे क्यों मेरा पीछा पकड़े हुए हैं । मुझे नुकसान पहुँचाने से भी इनका जी नहीं भरा, बल्कि जीते जी मुझे मुर्दा बनाया । क्या स्कूल-कालिज में यही पढ़ाया जाता है ?” —इतना कहकर अपने आपको तसल्ली दी ।

—और उस दिन से सेठजी पैसों के साथ-साथ हम जैसों की भी कुछ श्रद्धा करने लगे ।

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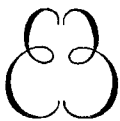
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