

CHRIST COLLEGE

BANGALORE



ANNUAL

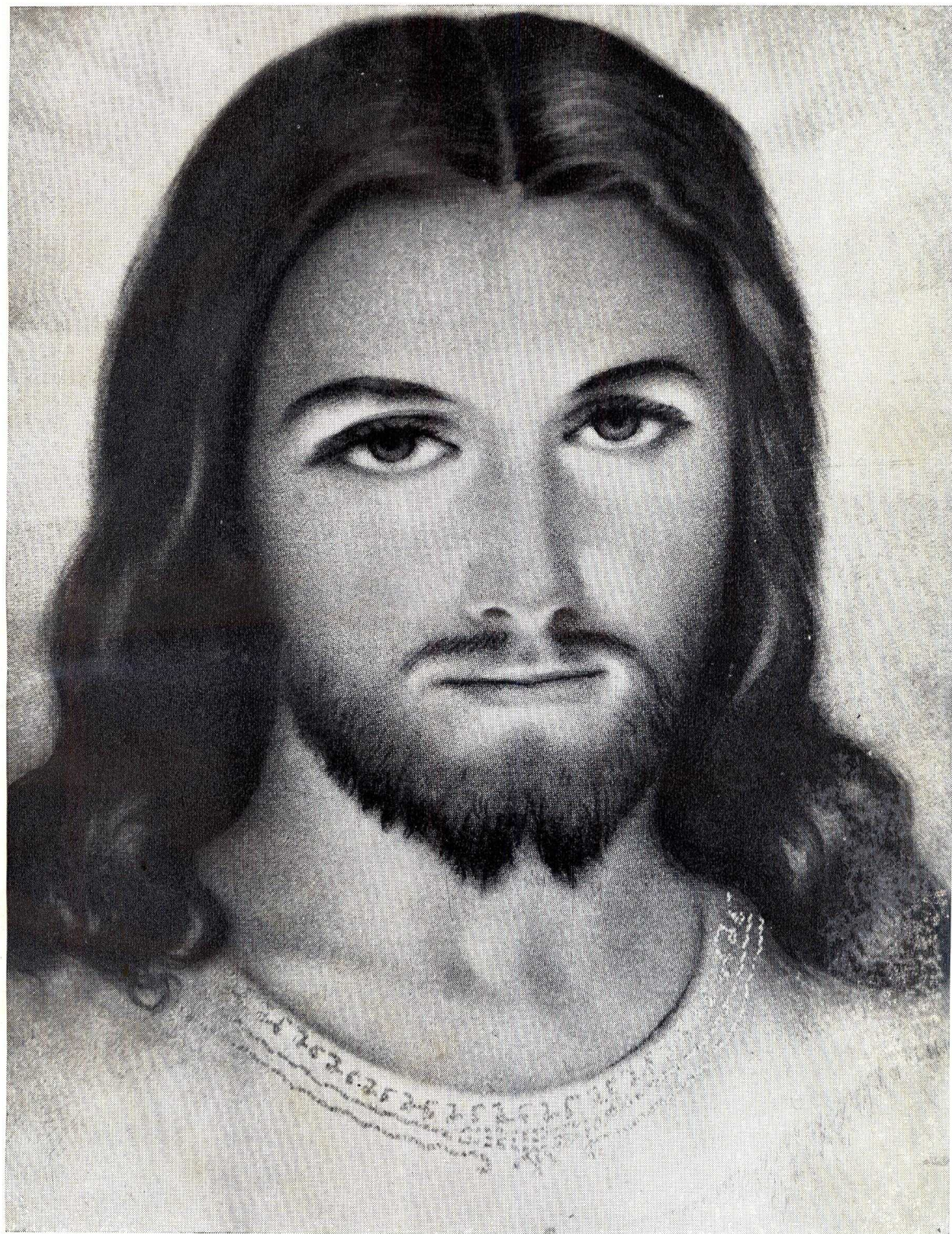
1973



1973

annual

CHRIST COLLEGE Bangalore



All His glory and beauty come from within, and there He delights to dwell,
His visits there are frequent, His conversation sweet, His comforts refreshing,
and His peace passing all understanding.

THOMAS A KEMPIS
IMITATION OF CHRIST

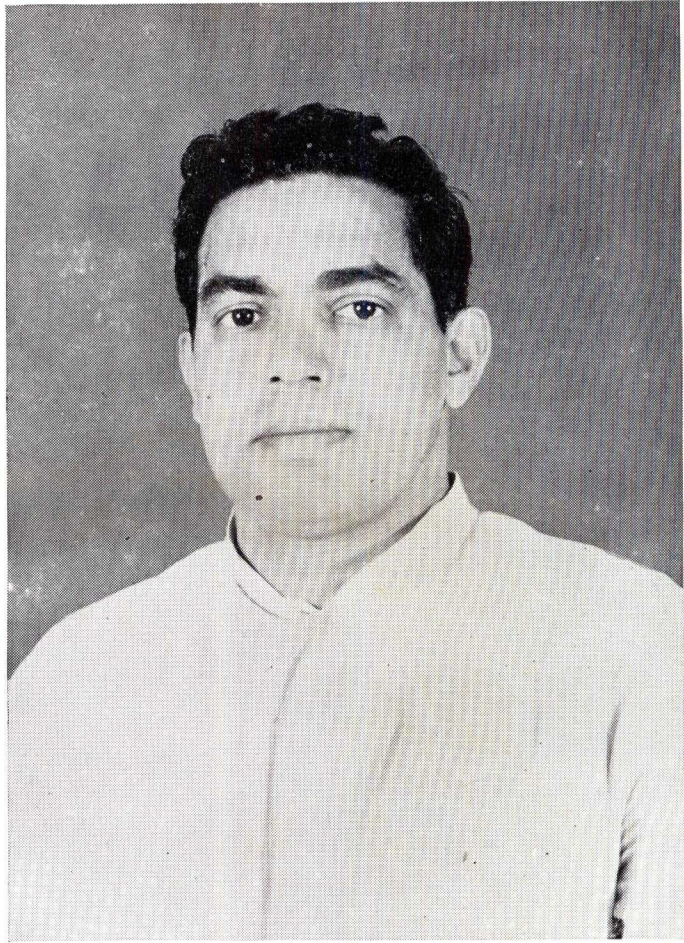




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Prior General.



Rev. Dr. J. B. Chethimattam, C. M. I.,
Rector.



Rev. Fr. Mani Giles, C. M. I., M.Sc.,
Our Principal.

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CHRIST COLLEGE

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S. INDIA.

PROEM

Date 15th March, 1973.

Yet another academic year has drawn to a close, socials and farewells are over, the lecture halls have become silent, the articles for the magazine have been edited, and it is a pleasure to sit down and pen the editorial.

The task of publishing a college annual, by the way, is not an easy one, and the copy in your hands is the fruit of long hours of toil and the joint effort of all concerned. The Magazine Committee likes to use this occasion to tender thanks to all those who have extended their co-operation, advice and help in any way.

The year 1973 is fit to be written in pure, burnished gold in the annals of Christ College: it is a year of tremendous significance both to the College and to its students since after four fleet-footed years the first batch of would-be university graduates are leaving the institution. For many a student a degree is only a stepstone to higher stores of knowledge, but to others it signifies the end to formal college education. Whatever the outgoing students may be doing—studying, job-hunting, or working—we wish them all the best, strokes of luck, and plenty of palmy days. The happy memories they have left are ours for keeps. Perhaps theirs too.

Principal's Annual Report

It is a pleasure to place before you the Annual Report of Christ College for the academic year 1972-73. Before I enter into its details, I wish to record our great appreciation of having obtained a brilliant personality as our President to-day. His Excellency, Mr. Mohanlal Sukhadia, the Governor of Mysore, needs little introduction. Sir, we are honoured by your very presence in our midst this evening.

Our college is quite young, only four years old. It goes without saying that this is a very short period in the history of an Educational Institution but we have been making steady progress during the course of these four years. The motto of the college 'Excellence and Service' gives a fairly good idea of what the college stands for and aims at. The staff and the management of this college have been doing everything possible to achieve excellence in curricular, co-curricular and extra-curricular activities, and make the students service-oriented. The year under review is all the more important in the annals of the college because we are presenting our first batch of students in the Final year B.A., B.Sc., and B.Com., Examinations of Bangalore University.

After the mid-summer vacation the college reopened on the 16th of June, 1972, and classes were started for the senior students. About two weeks later, on the 3rd of July, classes for the First Year PUC, and the First Year B. Com., were also commenced. As in the previous years, the college retains its cosmopolitan character with respect to its alumni. We have students of all castes and creeds from almost all the states of India, and about thirty-five students from Ceylon, Singapore, Malaysia, Africa and Middle Eastern countries.

Strength

In the beginning of the academic year under report, the number of students on the rolls was 945. During the course of the year a few students left the college for various reasons and our present strength stands at 925 as against 705 students in 1971-72.

Results: University Examinations

But for the results of the I PUC Examinations, the college continues to maintain its tradition of good records at the University Examinations. I would like to mention in this connection that the new PUC of Mysore State with its ambitious but rather unrealistic syllabi has been aspiring to achieve something beyond reach and inaccessible. Naturally, the very low percentage of complete passes in the various colleges of the state was not at all surprising, and as ill-luck would have it, Christ College has also its share.

Here is a statement of the results.

	Percentage of passes	With	First classes	Second classes
I PUC	35% Ordinance : 73%	,,	11	23
I BA/B.Sc	68%	,,	22	72
II BA/B.Sc	56%	,,	17	40
I B. Com	30%	,,	1	7
II B. Com	31%	,,	2	11

Staff

With the growth of the college during the current academic year new members of staff were appointed. At present we have forty-five members on the teaching staff of which eighteen belong to Science Departments, thirteen to Language Departments, and the rest to Humanities and Commerce. There are twenty-three members on the non-teaching staff of the college. As in the case of the students our staff also hail from different parts of the country and from different religious creeds.

Library and Laboratories

I am glad to mention that our library and laboratories were further strengthened. We have added 2480 books to the college library this year and now the library has about 11,000 volumes, innumerable periodicals and dailies. Equipment worth about Rs. 40,000 was added to the various Science Laboratories. A new Physical Chemistry Laboratory has also been set up during the year under review.

Students' Union :

The College Union has been active and breezy: it has made valuable contribution to the co-curricular and extra-curricular activities of the students. The Union has formed and fashioned several branch associations like the Humanities Association, Commerce Association, the Kannada Sanga etc. Under the auspices of the Students' Union many meetings were organised, and the students availed themselves of the opportunities of listening to outstanding people, distinguished in diverse fields of life. Dr. G. S. Shivarudrappa, the Dean of the faculty of Arts, Bangalore University; Prof. M. Gopalakrishna Adiga, Centre of Advance Studies, Simla, were among the eminent speakers. Day before yesterday Prof. K. V. Rajagopal, Head of the Department of Kannada, M. E. S. College, Bangalore, read out a few of his recent poems at a meeting sponsored by the Kannada Sanga. At present, the Students' Union is engrossed in organizing a Spring Festival wherein the students of various colleges affiliated to the University will get ample opportunities to exhibit their talents.

The members of the staff and the students contributed Rs. 1000/- towards the drought Relief Fund of the University of Bangalore.

N. C. C.

The National Cadet Corps activities and achievements of this year have been impressive and spectacular. Twenty-nine of our cadets attended the Annual Training Camp held at Marikuppam, Kolar District in November, 1972. 2/Lt Sreenivasa Raju, the Coy. Commander of the Unit ever since its birth, has taken leave for higher studies, and Mr. James K. Alumkara took over as the Officer-in-Charge on the first of January. SUO A. C. Premkumar and CPL Santhosh Khatkar attended the Army Attachment Course held at Belgaum. CPL B. V. Satish Chandran was

selected for the All India Summer Training Camp at Poona. BN. SUO. B. T. Sagar and SUO. A. C. Premkumar participated in the Inter - BN Shooting Competition and came out as winners. Two of our best Cadets BN. SUO Basil A Hobkirk and SGT Ashok Kumar Ghosal were selected for Short Service Commission in the Indian Army. SUO A. C. Premkumar attended the Republic Day Parade held at New Delhi; he was selected as the best R. S. M. in the Camp.

N. S. S.

One hundred and forty students have enrolled themselves in the National Service Scheme of the college. Under the Directors of the N. S. S. Mr. M. A. Kalimulla and Mr. Santha Kumar Sastry, the volunteers have rendered humane and significant services in the Mental Hospital, in the nearby village of Siddaguntapalaya, in the Kempegowda High School, in the T. B. Sanitorium and in Ashaniketan, the home for the mentally retarded. During the Christmas vacation the N. S. S. conducted a camp for seven days in Kittaganeahally, a tiny village situated about fifteen miles away from the College.

Sports and games :

The Physical Education Programme of the year under report was flushed with success, and the college achieved distinctions in many competitions. We have good teams for Football, Basket-ball, Hockey, Cricket, Table-tennis, and Ball-badminton. Many of our athletes represented the University of Bangalore in the inter-varsity tournaments. Mr. D'Costa Fernando of III B.Sc (CBZ) was selected to the University Football team; Mr. R. Papaiah of II B. Sc (PCM) was chosen for the University Ball-badminton team which became the runners-up in the All India Inter-University Tournaments; Mr. G. Rajan of III B. Sc. (CBZ) was absorbed into the University Hockey team. Mr. Ali Mohamed of II B. Com. was selected to the University athletic team. Again Mr. T. C. Satya Prakash was selected to represent Mysore State in the Junior National Kho Kho Championship. Mr. Edwin Stany Lewis of III B. Com. was awarded the Second place in the Best Physique competition sponsored by the University of Bangalore.

In the third week of December, 1972, Christ College Basket-ball tournament was conducted and fourteen teams representing various Colleges of the City participated.

Mr. Muni Venkata Reddy, member of the Syndicate of the University, gave out the prizes in the concluding functions.

The Annual Sports Festival was conducted on the 19th and the 20th of January, 1973, for the first time at our own immense, multi-purpose sportsfield. About nine new records were set up. Bonaventure Kapliana II PUC (HELP) carried off the prize for the Junior Champion, and Mr. Ali Mohamed of II B, Com won the individual championship for the seniors. The Red House, consisting of PUC students, secured the Team Championship for the year 1972-73. The Chief Guest of the day was Mr. V. L. D'Souza, former Vice-Chancellor of Mysore University.

In the Inter-Collegiate Ball-badminton Tournaments for teachers sponsored by the M. E. I. Polytechnic our college secured the championship on the 12th Feb., 1973. I am proud of our sportsmen, and I take this opportunity to congratulate them.

Awards and Distinctions

Many of our students secured prizes in many competitions. Mr. Jose K. Abraham secured the First Place in the Inter-Collegiate Mathematical Contest; Mr. Krishna Gopala Menon won the Second Place in the Inter-Collegiate Debate organised by the Rotary Club; Mr. K. D. Antony got the First Place in the Essay Competition sponsored by the Sankara School of Philosophy. Mr. A. Rajasekhara has been selected to participate in the Student Poets' Conference organised by the Kannada Association of the Central College, Bangalore.

Condolences

We place on record with deep-felt sorrow the untimely demise of our three very dear students: Mr. K. Poonacha and Mr. Lakshmana Gowda of II B. Sc, (CBZ) and Mr. Satish Kumar of I PUC (PBMB). I take this opportunity to extend once again our deep and profound sympathies to their bereaved families. May their souls rest in peace.

I thank God Almighty most abundantly for seeing us through during the course of the year. Fortunately the "September itch" of the students of Bangalore did not recur this year, and the days were happy and peaceful. I wish to express my most sincere gratitude to my colleagues on

the teaching staff, to the members of the non-teaching staff, to all my students together with their parents and guardians, and to all the friends of the college for the unsparing co-operation they extended to me in the discharge of my duties. Before I conclude, I wish to bid the outgoing students Godspeed. Being the first batch of students leaving this College you are important to us. I hope that you will go into the world with courage joy and kindness. Let the light in you glow with a never-failing radiance. You must never ever become part of the country's problems but do become part of its cure. My best wishes and prayers are yours.

Thank you,

Bangalore-29,
The 15th Day of
February, 1973.

The Rev. Mani Giles C. M. I.
Principal

One goes to a great school not so much
for knowledge as for arts and habits.
For the habit of attention, for the art
of expression.

For the art of entering quickly into
another person's thoughts.

For the art of indicating assent or
dissent in graduated terms.

For the art of working out what is
possible in a given time.

For taste, for discrimination, for
mental courage and mental soberness.

William Cory, famous master at Eton.

* * *

Be quick to praise. People like to
praise those who praise them. Be
sincere in doing this.

Be polite. If you are, others will be
polite to you. That makes life a little
easier.

Be helpful. This is the first definition
of success.

Be cheerful. There are enough crepehangers
around without adding to the list.

Don't be envious. By far the better way is
to assume that what the other fellow does,
you can do as well or better.

Bernard Baruch.

POLONIUS : What do you read, my lord ?

HAMLET : Words, Words, Words.

POLONIUS : What is the matter, my lord ?

HAMLET : Between who ?

POLONIUS : I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
'HAMLET'.

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Cover : S. Ramesh

"Can you stand my stench?"

She said, "It is nothing compared to the pain you must feel"

The First Woman to Hold The Nehru Award

J. kadavil

On 15th November 1972 Mother Teresa was presented with the Jawaharlal Nehru Award for international understanding. Conferring the award, Mr. V. V. Giri, the President of India, said that there could be no better contribution to international understanding and goodwill than the solid, but unostentatious work done by Mother Teresa and her intrepid band of missionary workers. Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the Prime Minister of India, said on that occasion, "In honouring her, we have honoured the spirit of mercy, the spirit of dedication." Accepting the award Mother Teresa said that this was "an honour to the thousands of people longing for love and care throughout the world." She said that she was thankful for being chosen to carry "this message of love" to the poorest of the poor. Again in 1971,

she was one among the nine winners of the Kennedy International Awards for outstanding contributions to the field of services to the mentally retarded and the mankind as a whole.

Further, she was the first recipient of the Pope John XXIII peace prize in 1970. The citation reads as follows ".... in the slums of Calcutta, she was stricken by the suffering of the homeless, the dying, the destitute. Out of the deep wellsprings of her faith and conviction she determined to provide sanctuary and healing to the out caste legion whose only home was Calcutta's Streets."

When His Holiness Pope Paul VI ended his visit to India in 1964, he gave her his car. On that occasion Pope said, "We wish to give our white car to Mother

Teresa, Superior General of the Missionaries of Charity, to assist her in her universal mission of love" at the Bombay Airport.

Mother Teresa was born on 27th August 1910, daughter of an Albanian grocer living in Skoplje, Yugoslavia. She says "when I was 12, I got a call. It is a private matter. I wanted to go out and give the life of Christ to the people in the missionary countries. At that time some missionaries had gone to India from Yugoslavia. They told me the Loreto nuns were doing work in Calcutta and other places. I offered myself to go out to the Bengal Mission and from there they sent me to India in 1929." Thus in 1937 she became a nun and began to teach at Loreto Convent High School in Calcutta. During this time, a great break in her life took place. According to her "It was a call within my vocation. It was a vocation to give up even Loreto where I was very happy and to go out in the streets to serve the poorest of the poor." This new idea came to her mind when she was going to Darjeeling to make her retreat. The only obstacle which was confronted, was the permission from her superiors. Hence she was to wait for some time. On 12th April 1948, His Holiness Pope Pius XII gave her the permission to go and serve the poor in the world provided that she keeps the vows of religion and serve under obedience to the Archbishop of Calcutta. This order reached her on 7th August 1948. Then she exchanged her Loreto habit for a white sari with blue border and a small cross at the shoulder, with a purse of Rs. 5/-.

To facilitate her work efficiently she went to Patna where Medical Missionary Sisters were working and got little training in medical work for three months. On

Christmas day she came back to Calcutta and explored the slums of Tiljala Montijhil. Three days later, she opened a school for the poor children of the slums. From a small number, it grew, to a strength of 41 students.

During this time Mr. Michael Gomes gave her a room in his house from where she wrote the constitution of her Order. The first candidate to her order was Shubshini Das a 19 year old girl, a former student of Mother Teresa. Since then the order has grown steadily and now there are more than 350 sisters serving in 59 centres, Abroad she has, houses in Australia, Latin America, Rome, Tanzania etc.

She herself narrates the starting of her first hospital, "The first woman I saw myself picked up from the street. She had been half eaten by the rats and ants. I took her to the hospital but they could not do anything for her. They only took her in because I refused to move until they accepted her. From there I went to the municipality and asked them to give me a place where I could bring these people because on the same day I had found other people dying in the streets. The health officer of the municipality took me to the Kali Temple and showed me the dormashalah, where the people used to rest after they had done their worship of Kali goddess. It was an empty building, he asked me if I would accept it. I was very happy to have that place for many reasons, but especially knowing that it was a centre of worship and devotion of the Hindus. Within twentyfour hours we had two patients there and we started the work for the home for the sick and dying who are destitutes. Since then we have picked up over twentythree thousand people

from the streets of Calcutta of which about fifty percent have died”.

Since then she became the mother of the thousands of the afflicted, sick and dying. Several incidents which show her motherly tenderness can be quoted. For instance to her Calcutta Nirmal Hriday, the home for dying destitute people, some people brought a man affected with cancer, one of Calcutta's social outcasts. The stench of cancer was so strong that others could not even pass near by. Here Mother Teresa herself undertook to clean him and at first he cursed her severely. Some moments later the man asked her 'How can you stand my stench'? She replied "It is nothing compared to the pain you must feel." Then the man said, "You are not like the people here. People do not behave like you". When he was dying he said to her with great happiness "Glory be to you".

Mother Teresa then replied, "No,

glory be to you who are suffering with Christ”.

What motivated her to do this job? She explains, "We see Christ under two forms. We see Him on the altar, as bread, and we see Him in the slums, as the broken bodies of forgotten people. A body comes in, eaten by worms. I know when I touch it that I am touching the body of Christ. Otherwise, nothing could make me do it". Thus she practises the great teachings of Christ which He has given to his disciples to follow "Love one another as I have loved you".

With the words of Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, author of the book 'Something Beautiful for God', I conclude, "For me, Mother Teresa of Calcutta embodies Christian love in action. Her face shines with the love of Christ on which her whole life is centred, and her words carry that message to a world which never needed it so much".

An executive received this letter from a friend and former business associate:

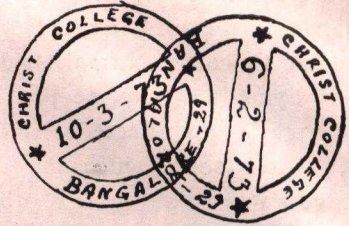
"Would you be kind enough to keep an eye open for a job that might be suitable for our young David this summer? I know that such jobs are hard to find nowadays, but that all right, for so is David most of the time.

"David is 16 1/2, but dumb for his age. He is very strong, with a powerful right arm which comes from combing his hair in front of the mirror for hours at a time. He is a very persuasive talker, having convinced his mother that 'U' marks all over his report card stand for 'Unexcelled'.

"At the dinner table the other evening, he said, 'Pass the potatoes.' His mother said, 'Please pass the potatoes.' David said, 'I asked first.'

"What more would any prospective employer want? Don't write, Mac-telegraph."

RD



Letters to the Editor

I

Dear Putter-into-the-waste-paper-basket of good articles,

I address you so from my past experience.

This accompanying article, 'Why Christ College Must Have Co-education?' the second of mine I am submitting to you in the past two years, has been written with great care and precision, and at much expense by way of midnight oil, ink, paper etc.

I expect to find my article in the forthcoming issue of the Christ College Magazine.

Woe unto you if it is not published !

Let me tell you Mr. Editor that if you throw my effort into the W.B. your days on the earth will be numbered.

poniardly yours,
Brickbat Singh, II B.Com

II

Dear Mr. Editor,

I often sympathise with our Fr. Principal for his fate. There are far too many students pestering him in his office the whole day. Is he not entitled to a few moments of peace at his desk? When these petitioners see him approach the College-building in the morning, they stand in a queue for entry into his presence.

What I suggest is an underground passage from the Principal's room to Dharmaram College so that the Principal's comings and goings will not be seen by any petitioner. Besides, in rain or hard sunshine, the Principal need not carry an umbrella.

Incidentally, this convenience can be utilized by all the Brothers who attend the College.

ungroundly yours,

Hanumantha Lingappa

III B.Com., Reg. No. 1301

III

Dear Sir,

It is high time we put a stop to wasting our acres and youngmen on a futile game. Ours so called cricketers, if it comes to a real ball-hitting game like tennis or a real running race like the 100 and 200 metres track events, will show themselves poor specimens.

Cricket is the refuge of third-rate runners and third-rate hitters. Men who don't have the athletic prowess for running or running-and-hitting as in tennis take to this English game. They like their photographs to appear in newspapers which gives them only factitious prestige, as athletes.

I think that the true cricketer is found among our peasants. From the Punjab down to Kanyakumari our peasants handle various implements like the spade and the plough and the paddle and the bamboo pole for punting. It is they who should be given a chance to send a cricket-ball with the speed of a bullet over a mile or so. Poor chaps, let us give them a chance to get into Boeing 747 and play the game abroad at the expense of our tax-payers.

Yours truly,

Veerabhardra Kurup, II B.Sc.

IV

Sir,

It is said that this country India (or Bharath) is neutral in politics. But alas! my experience is quite the reverse. Last Sunday I got into a church on M. G. Road and heard them sing a hymn :

'O Come, O Come Emmanuel.

And ransom captive Israel'

I immediately left the church, walked two furlongs and got into another church, and there I heard the following words :

'O Lord ! Remember Israel !'

The same experience I had in New Delhi, Bombay and Calcutta. Why is that these people have no prayer for Egypt ? I have never heard a single word for Egypt in any of the churches here.

So, is this country really neutral ?

Sorrowfully yours,
Ben Adhem

V

Dear Editor,

I must be well-known to you, for many times I have trundled past you in the college campus making a dust-cloud envelop you. But out on the tarred roads, although there is not any dust, speedy movement is not always possible. I often wondered why thousands of vehicles should only move along narrow ribbons of land surface when there is a vast aerial space over us. The answer is, to start with, first an air motor-bike for men like me. In this year 1973 when we can command so many technical innovations why can't the countries of the earth manufacture and put on the market a small compact vehicle for one man (and one woman, if needed) to go through the air as the crow goes ? We fly, but our flight is really the flight of a rocket - far above the earth. If we want to be real fliers we must be able to hover over trees and buildings as the birds do.

aerially yours,
Fernando Orlando, II B.A.

VI

Dear Sir,

Every year a tremendous amount of ballyhoo is made over the selection of the 'Bharath Shri'. We find his photograph in countless magazines and newspapers, with huge bulging muscles. He always stands with his feet at the wide obtuse angle and spreads out his thigh muscles, making the image of 'Bharath Shri' a horrid one.

I think the true 'Bharath Shri' should be conferred on a man who gets high academic distinctions, and who is also good at some of the great track and field events. For instance, if a young man of twenty or twenty-one gets the top rank in the University and also gets the double sprint events (100 and 200 mts) in one of the Olympics, undoubtedly he should be given 'Bharath Shri'. As the selection is now done, it is a shame to all of us.

Yours faithfully,

Hildebrande Lobo, II P. U. C

The Department-store clerk had broken all sales records. Modestly disclaiming credit, he explained to his boss, "A customer came in, and I sold him some fishhooks, 'You'll need some line for those hooks' I said, and sold him some line, Then I told him, 'You have to have a rod to go with the line,' so I sold him a rod. 'You ought to have a boat so you can use your new rod in deep water,' I suggested, and sold him a boat. Next I told him, 'You'll need a boat trailer,' and he fell for that, too. Finally, I said, 'How are you going to pull the trailer without a car?' And guess what? He bought my car."

"But I assigned you to the greeting-card department," said the boss.

"That's right," the salesman nodded, "This customer came in for a get-well card for his girl, who had a broken hip. When I heard that, I said to him, 'You haven't got anything to do for six weeks, so you might as well go fishing.'"

RD

* * *

Vote for the man who promises least; he'll be the least disappointing.

Jim -

A True Story

"Some time later poor old Jim was knocked down by a lorry, and was taken to the hospital....."

The Vicar, a puzzled frown on his face, hurried to the cottage where the church caretaker lived.

"I am worried," he explained. "Every day at twelve o' clock a shabby old man goes into the church. I can see him through the vicarage window. He only stays a few minutes. It seems most mysterious and you know the altar furnishings are quite valuable. I wish you would keep an eye open, and question the fellow."

The next day, and so for many days, the caretaker watched, and sure enough at twelve o' clock the shabby figure would arrive.

One day the caretaker accosted him. "Look here, my friend. what are you up to, going into the church every day?"

"I go to pray", the old man replied quietly.

"Now come," the caretaker said sternly, "you don't stay long enough to pray. You are only there a few minutes, for I have watched you. You just go up to the altar every day and then come away."

"Yes that's true. I cannot pray a long prayer, but every day at twelve o' clock I just comes and says, 'Jesus, it's Jim.' Then I wait a minute. then comes away. It's just a little prayer, but I guess He hears me."

Some time later poor old Jim was knocked down by a lorry, and was taken to the city hospital where he settled down quite happily while his broken leg mended.

The ward where Jim lay had been a sore spot to the hospital Sister for a long time. Some of the men were cross and miserable, others did nothing but grumble from morning till night. Try as she would, they did not improve.

Then slowly but surely things changed. The men stopped grumbling and were cheerful and contented. They took their medicine, ate their food, and settled down without a complaint.

One day, hearing a burst of happy laughter, the Sister asked, "What has happened to you all? You are such a nice cheerful lot of patients now. Where have all your grumbles gone?" "Oh, it's old Jim," one patient replied. "He is always so happy, never complains, although we know he must be in a lot of pain. He makes us ashamed to make a murmur. No, we can't grouse when Jim's about: 'he's always so cheerful.'"

Sister crossed over to where Jim lay. His silvery hair gave him an angelic look. His quiet eyes were full of peace. "Well Jim," Sister greeted him, "the men say that you are responsible for the change in this ward. They say that you are always happy."

"Aye, Sister, that I am. I can't help being happy. You see, Sister, it's my visitor. Every day He makes me happy."

"Your visitor?" The Sister was puzzled. She had always noticed that Jim's chair was empty on visiting days, for he was a lonely old man without any relations. "Your visitor,?" she repeated, "But when does he come?"

"Every day." Jim replied, the light in his eyes growing brighter. "Yes, every day at twelve o' clock He comes and stands at the foot of my bed. I see Him, and He smiles and says 'Jim, it's Jesus',

".....Mr. Termite is a veteran architect and is adept at building nice, air-conditioned and furnished palaces."

Mr. TERMITE, M.E.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I deem it a pleasant privilege to welcome Mr. Termite in our midst. He is a very familiar figure to all of us and is popularly known by the name 'white ant' - a name alluding to his fair complexion and superficial resemblance to Mr. Ant. He is a member of the great class of 'Insectans' to which also belong the useful and active Mr. Honey Bee and the beautiful and timid Miss Butterfly.

Mr. Termite is a veteran architect and is adept at building nice, air-conditioned and furnished palaces. He had his whole architectural training at the 'University of Instincts'. Today he has agreed to give a brief talk on the salient features of his architecture. I am sure all of you are impatient to hear him and on your behalf I welcome Mr. Termite very cordially and request him to address the gathering.

(Mr. Termite Speaks)

Dear Homo Sapiens,

It is with mixed feelings that I stand before you today - a feeling partly of timidity and suspicion and partly of joy and pride. I am timid and suspicious because of the vendetta that has been in existence between you the humans and me the termites. I am joyful and proud that our scientific know-how is recognized and appreciated.

a. joseph eden,

dept. of zoology

Since I am an invited guest today, I hope you will forget the enmity between us and will not harm my person. Hoping thus I propose to explain briefly to you the architectural pattern of our abodes.

The pattern of architecture of our dwellings is quite varied. Each species of us has its own pattern of architecture. We do not learn anything much. We rather inherit the pattern of house-building and it is in our blood. I hope you know that ours is a monarchical community. We have a Queen and a few kings and millions of subjects. In our community the Queen is powerful. The kings are sperm-producing machines and supply sperms for fertilization. It is the workers who bring food, tend the young, build the dwellings and protect the community. Some simplest forms of our dwellings are plain galleries dug out inside the wood. It is here that the enmity between us began. The wood that we choose for our dwellings sometimes happens to be furniture, and other wood-work of you humans. The wood sometimes gets damaged and you fight against us. But I confess that it is not a deliberate attack on your property. It is our nature and we are driven to do it. Anyhow you humans have outwitted us by replacing the wood largely by iron, plastic and other synthetic materials. Most of us today, therefore, keep off your way and we build

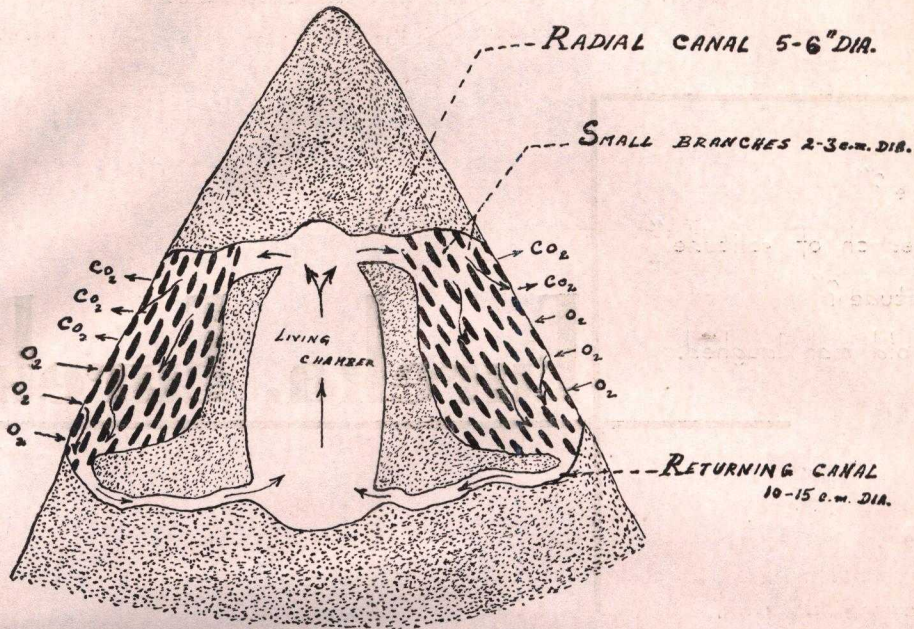
our homes one to three metres below the ground. Our underground dwellings have complicated passages, living chambers, royal chamber for the Queen, and storage chamber for grass, fungus etc. Our dwellings are built by drilling through the soil. The excavated soil is piled outside in mounds which may be more than a metre in height.

For a comfortable life we need a humid internal environment of our dwellings. We keep the humidity of the interior by our watery saliva itself or by staking grasses or by going down to the water table - sometimes below 40 metres and bringing water. The relative humidity of the interior of our home is 98-99%.

Another problem we face is to get enough fresh air for breathing while we are inside our home. Different groups of us solve the problem in different ways. Ours is a large community and we have about one million termites amounting to 10 kg. of body weight. We consume 500 cubic m. m. of oxygen per gram of our body weight per hour. That means that a total of 12000 litres of air per day are required. But our modest home can accommodate only 500 litres of air. We do not breathe used up air again. The carbondioxide content of our nest interiors is only 2.7%. We keep always the air circulating and renewed inside our homes by an ingenious fluted nature of walls.

[Contd.]

(Mr. Termite displays a diagram showing the vertical section of his home)



DIAGRAMATIC VERTICAL SECTION OF TERMITE NEST SHOWING THE FLUTED NATURE.

The top of our living chamber is connected to a number of radiating canals (5-6" in diameter) all around. These radial canals are broken down into smaller extensively branching canals (2-3 c. m. in diameter) which lie close to the outer walls of the nest. We make the walls of the branching canals extremely thin to allow diffusion of air. The branching canals are united at the bottom to form larger returning canals (10-15 c. m. in diameter) which open into the living chamber through the bottom.

When we respire the air inside our home becomes warm and rich in carbon-dioxide content. The warm air rises up and enters the radial canals. From the radial canals the air enters the branching canals. Here, through the thin walls the

carbondioxide diffuses out and oxygen diffuses in. This is the same mechanism that works in your lungs. The air that is ducted through these canals eventually becomes cool and rich in oxygen content. This air now sinks below and enters the returning canals. The returning canals take the air into the living chamber through the bottom. Thus always warm and used up air escapes through the top and fresh air enters through the bottom of our living chamber. This provides us a constant supply of fresh air.

This is really a remarkable engineering feat that can challenge some of the intricate human engineering techniques. I can explain many more things about our houses. But since time does not permit it I conclude my brief talk here. I thank you all for the patient hearing.

"Here?"

"In search of solitude."

"Solitude?"

The old man laughed.

Eureka, Eureka!

'prince'

The old man, thin as a reed, spread himself on the lake-shore looking into the gathering darkness.

The sleeves of his loose shirt, and the long hair of his grey beard played about in the night-wind.

He pulled out one of those pleasure-filled beedies from his torn sock, lighted it, and took slow, long puffs.

Then.....

he saw

his daughter Sophie,
her gravid belly,
clattering rails,
darkened cadavar-room,
in the plumes of smoke which
lazily curled up visibly in the invisible air.

Later.....

he awoke.....

hearing the shrieks of
vultures that circulated overhead,
unsheathed the dagger, whetted it
against the granite black as the night,
and walked with firm steps towards the moving shadow he had seen afar.

The moonlight glistened on the metal, and the artist shuddered at its sight.

“Here?”

“In search of solitude”.

“Solitude?”

The old man laughed.

* * *

Angelo.....

The long-haired, bright-eyed, shabbily-dressed artist searching peace and lonesomeness.

He drew pictures on white canvasses using black paint only.

Stayed at Five-star hotels.

Slept with Beauties that stepped out from floating palaces, and beat them black and blue.

When they wailed, he thrust crisp currency-notes into their vermilion mouths, and laughed himself sick.

On scorching, sun-lit days, he wandered through Cubbon Road and Gandhi Park, after solitude.

He drew sketches of nudes and exhibited them in art galleries.

With the money, he bought Red Knight and Black Horse, and lodged in luxury hotels.

When people praised him, he laughed at them, and spat on his fame.

Many a time, he strolled aimlessly through the Scarlet Street prying dreamingly into the inviting windows.

After much bargaining and chaffering he ate ‘rotti’ and ‘dhal’ from the well-lighted restaurants that move about on wheels.

He made friendships with street-walkers worth seventy-five paise, and slept on the foot-paths and on the meadows of the Red Garden and turned the nights into days.

During day-time, he went to the lake-side where he drank and smoked until he dropped off into one of his short, troubled naps.

* * *

When the sun set, and the twilight came, the old man with a hundred hesitations plunged into the blue, icy lake.

After the hasty bath, his limbs shivered like the wings of a butterfly in the cold breeze.

With the beedi the artist gave, the old man warded off winter.
He was pleased and thankful.

Later, when he looked at the pictures drawn by the artist, the old man was thrice happy.

He smiled at the sketches of

telephone wires,
smoking chimneys,
gold-fish,
black cats.

He laughed at the caricatures of pregnant women.

"You are Angelo. Really. Angelo himself," the old man cried.

Under the intoxication of 'Jabalpuri' and the influence of the smoke which oozed out from the long, heaven-revealing beedies, the artist became talkative.

He talked about a village girl with a tiny mole on her neck,
about an unborn baby,
about the trembling rails, and
about a suicide.

"She thought I was in love with her. Silly girl!"

Angelo smiled and laughed, turning red.

"Look! Here's her picture!"

The eyes of the old man that looked at the portrait grew dim.

They became blind, momentarily.

Then, permanently.

The old man laughed.

A long laugh it was.

"Why do you laugh? Such an endless laughter! It frightens me," said Angelo

The old man stopped; and muttered with a smile:

"Good- Really excellent".

"What?"

"The picture".

* * *

When the night became thicker, and the fog enveloped the crescent, a skinny hand rested relaxingly on the handle of the dagger.

A couple of minutes later, gazing upon the crimson fountain which gushed out, the old man cried, "Did the wretch have so much blood in his body?"

And then he looked at the blood-stained portrait of his daughter, hugged it to his bosom. and burst into tears.

He wept like a baby.

An old baby.

“To be realistic consider
the Registration Number of
Fr. Principal’s huge motor-
bike: 9604
The method is simple . . .”

$$1 + 1 = 10$$

jose abraham
II B Sc. (P.C.M.)

You might have often heard people asserting things as safe as ‘one plus one equals two. Mathematical equations are considered to be expressions of absolute truth. But this is not the case with everything in mathematics. Even a simple equation as ‘ $1+1=2$ ’ is a matter of convention, ‘ $1+1=10$ ’ is as true as the former one. It all depends on the conditions which the symbols stand for. In ancient times people did not use the same symbols for ‘one’ or ‘two’ or any other number. The Romans expressed numbers with letters such as I, X, etc. The Greeks also used the letters of their alphabet. In those far off days, it was quite a rough challenge to add two big numbers: say, M M M C C X II and D C C C X IV. But today, using modern symbols like 1, 3 and 8, which are called the Hindu-Arabic system, any small boy can do the sum of 3212 and 814 in no time. Compared to the ancient number systems of Rome, Egypt or Babylon, the Hindu-Arabic system is the most easily workable one. As we saw above even such a simple operation like addition is a task with Roman symbols.

Wherein precisely lies the advantage of the Hindu-Arabic system? To understand better, first let us take the well-known Roman system. It has

separate symbols for particular numbers such as X (= 10), D (= 500) and M (= 1000). To express a number in these symbols, one has to write each of the separate symbols as many times as they are contained in the number, starting with the greatest. For example, to write 3673 in Roman symbols : it contains 3 thousands, a five-hundred, a hundred, a fifty, 2 tens and 3 ones. Thus the number is M M M D C L X X III. The place of any particular symbol is not of any significance. Consequently, large numbers tend to be rather bulky when they are written down in Roman symbols.

The specific advantages of the Hindu-Arabic system are :

1. The small number of digits or number-symbols : 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9.
- 2 The principle of place-value, and
4. The symbol for "not any" i. e. zero.

To illustrate the point, choose a number at random say, 40280 which is the telephone number of the college. According to the principle of place value, the value of each symbol depends on its place, starting from the last 0 here. This is the units place where the digit has merely its 'face-value.' Here, as for any digit in units place, 0 stands for 0×10^0 (you may recall from your High School algebra that any number to the power zero equals 1). The next position is the tens place and the digit has ten times its value : ' 8×10 ' in the present instance. Then comes the hundreds place where the digit has hundred ($100 = 10^2$) times its value, that is 2×10^2 and so on. Generalization is the habit of mathematics, and thus, in general if a digit stands in the n th place, it has a value $10^{(n-1)}$ times its 'face value.' To sum up, the phone number of our college on elaborate terms is, $(4 \times 10^4) + (0 \times 10^3) + (2 \times 10^2) + (8 \times 10^1) + (0 \times 10^0)$

Here we see that 'ten' has some basic importance in the Hindu-Arabic system : There are ten digits or symbols, any number can be expressed as the sum of a series of powers of 'ten'. Because of this ten-importance the system is also known as the 'Decimal System'. We call ten the base' or scale of the system.

That ten is the base of the system has no mathematical importance. Ten can as well be replaced by two or nineteen or any number. There should be as many digits or symbols as the base, of course including zero. Clearly

we cannot have 'one' as base, since in that trivial case, we will have only one number-zero! Popular opinion has it that we use the decimal system because of some peculiarity of the number 'ten', the convenience of multiplying and dividing by 10, 100, 1000 etc. is regarded as unique to the base ten. Such is not the case however. These symbols 10, 100 etc. would stand for successive powers of the base in any system with the same meaning for 0 and 1.

A natural reason suggested for the choice of ten as base lies in your own hands: count the number of fingers and the correspondence easily follows. Instances are also known in history where certain tribals of South America and Africa used number systems, though not perfect, with bases five and six.

In a five-base system, they would need only five digits 0, 1, 2, 3 and 4. Similarly as in the case of decimal system, here, any number, for example 4321 stands for $(4 \times 5^3) + (3 \times 5^2) + (2 \times 5) + (1 \times 5^0)$ which translated to the decimal system will be $500 + 75 + 10 + 1 = 586$. This system is called the 'quinary System' (Lat. quinque=five)

Now let us see how we can translate a decimal number to a quinary number. To be realistic, consider the Registration Number of Fr. Principal's hugemotor-bike: 9604. The method is simple: go on dividing the number by five putting aside the remainders in each step until you get a quotient zero.

Then collect the remainders from bottom upwards in that order and you have the number in quinary notation.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 5 \overline{) 9604} \\
 \underline{5 1920} - 4 \\
 5 \overline{) 384} - 0 \\
 \underline{5 76} - 4 \\
 5 \overline{) 15} - 1 \\
 \underline{5 3} - 3 \\
 \underline{ 0} - 0
 \end{array}$$

$$9604 \text{ ten} = 301404 \text{ five}$$

Addition and multiplication have their own ways in the quinary system. I shall give examples :

Quinary Addition

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{(decimal)} \\ 243 + 73 \\ 103 \quad 28 \\ \hline 401 \text{ five} = 101 \text{ ten} \end{array}$$

Quinary Multiplication

$$\begin{array}{r} 32 \times \\ 14 \\ \hline 233 \\ 32 \\ \hline 1103 \text{ five} = 153 \text{ ten} \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} \text{(decimal)} \\ 17 \times \\ 9 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

The number system with two as base—the much heard of ‘binary system’ has found many important applications in modern electronic computers. In this system only two symbols, 0 and 1 are required to express any number. Since an electric circuit is either ‘on’ or ‘off’, these two symbols (1=on, 0=off) can be represented electrically. The number will be rather lengthy but this is no handicap compared to the speed with which electrical operations are carried out.

In the binary system also, arithmetical operations are with a difference. As a matter of fact, a pupil learning arithmetic in binary notation would have to learn only four addition facts and four multiplication facts as against the hundred such facts in each case in the decimal system.

Addition table

$$\begin{array}{l} 0+0=0 \\ 0+1=1 \\ 1+0=1 \\ 1+1=10 \end{array}$$

Multiplication table

$$\begin{array}{l} 0 \times 0 = 0 \\ 0 \times 1 = 0 \\ 1 \times 0 = 0 \\ 1 \times 1 = 1 \end{array}$$

To give examples of binary addition and multiplication :

Addition

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{(decimal)} \\ 111 \quad 7 \\ 1001 \quad 9 \\ 1011 \quad 11 \\ 100 \quad 4 \\ \hline 11111 \text{ two} = 31 \text{ ten} \end{array}$$

Multiplication

$$\begin{array}{r} 11101 \quad \text{(decimal)} \\ 101 \\ \hline 11101 \\ 111010 \\ \hline 10010001 \text{ two} = 145 \text{ ten} \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 29 \times \\ 5 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

Not only five and two but six, eight, twelve, twenty or sixty could be used as the base. In the old British system of inch and foot, we used twelve as base. The ancient Babylonians used a system with a scale of sixty of which we still retain the hour-minute-second measuring by sixties or its fractions. Comparing ten with other bases, a base of twelve or even eight would probably be more convenient for computation purposes. Twelve or eight admit more and convenient factors than ten would, for a comparison. I shall give a table of numbers in a few systems. Since any base greater than ten would require new symbols, I have used T for ten and E for eleven in the case of the Duodecimal system (base=12):

System Number	Decimal (10)	Binary (2)	Quinary (5)	Senary (6)	Duodecimal (12)
One	1	1	1	1	1
Two	2	10	2	2	2
Five	5	101	10	5	5
Six	6	110	11	10	6
Ten	10	1010	20	14	T
Twelve	12	1100	22	20	10
Twentytwo	22	10110	42	34	1T
Twentyfive	25	11001	100	41	21
Thirtysix	36	100100	121	100	30
Fortyseven	47	101111	142	115	3E

Notice that '10' stands for the base in each system. Also that the size of the figure is greater, the smaller the base is.

Now you may be disposed to do a little 'arithmeticking' try to find out the base used if $23 + 42 = 120$. Could 25 represent an even number in some scale? or could 34 represent an odd number in some base?

Hallucination?!

My hermitage is back.
Infinite Deccan Table Land in front ;
Skipping automobiles,
I looked back.
Tiny dots fading out and ushering
In movement ; as if kites
Soaring in and racing with-
Just below the grey watery powder.

Chimes flowed in unison,
Aroma of the fresh garlands,
Sundry colours of fruits, but in harmony,
Novel fashion of dresses ?
A damsel twisted with a mouthful of ice-cream.

I walked rapidly
A narrow alley ahead :
Two high walls by sides - sculpture ?
Yes. Varying palm impressions
On the circular cow-dung slates
Interrupted by low apertures in pairs.

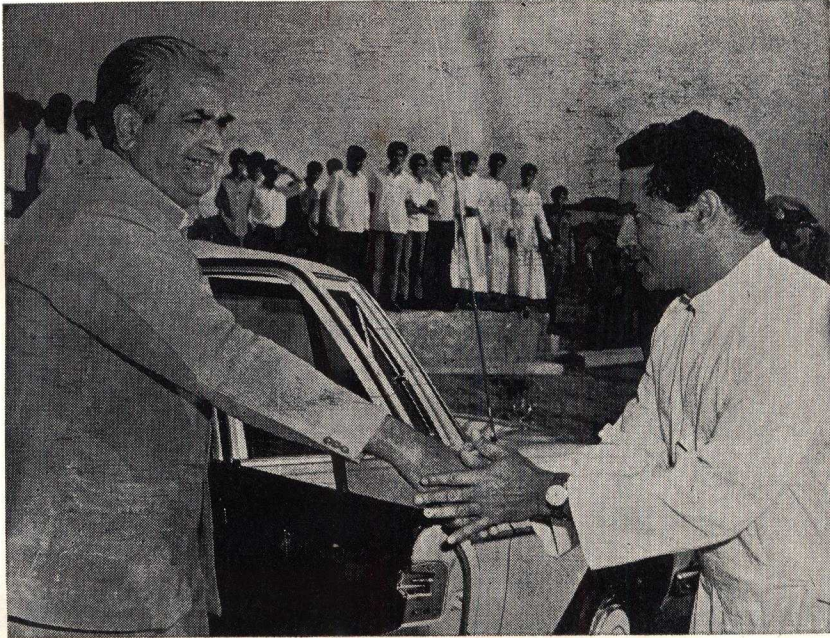
I started humming a tune,
Boys in filth and girls in rags,
O, silent pathetic eyes !
Of agony, fear or wonder ?
Can't they hear and smell,
See, sense and taste ?
However, a stranger in their midst.

Two blue eyes peeped out
How penetrating to the heart !
May be a woman of twenty
But veiled in a black muslin.

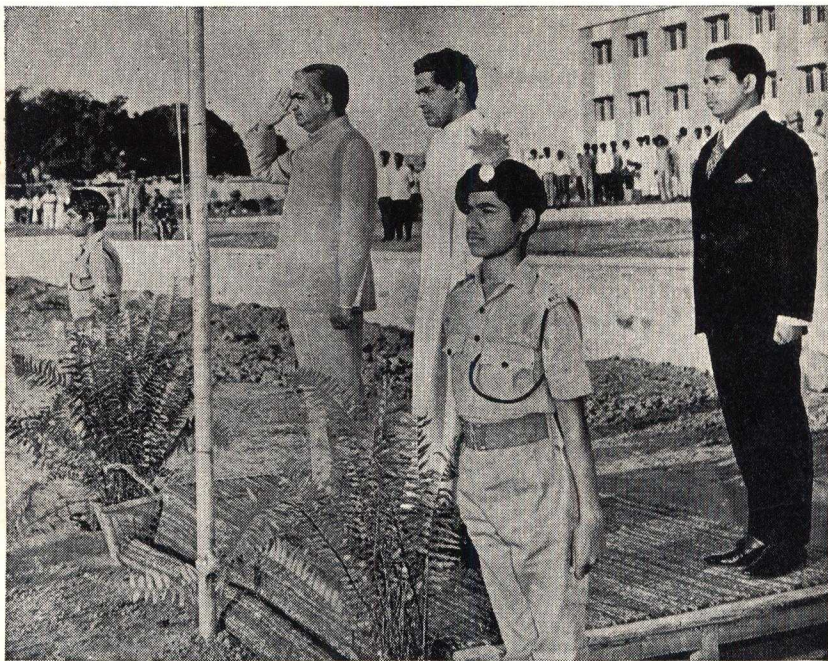
A charming baby at her breast,
Half in slumber.
Playing in a fairy-land ?
But alas ! slipping from her arms
Yet that unfathomed gaze :
Dead silence ; only rythm, no movement.
Her swimming eyes queried,
'Aye you a yogi ?'
I answered in no time-
Sweet babe in my hands
And the
Beads fell on the ground, clattering.

baby. K. L.
|| B. A. (P.S.E.)

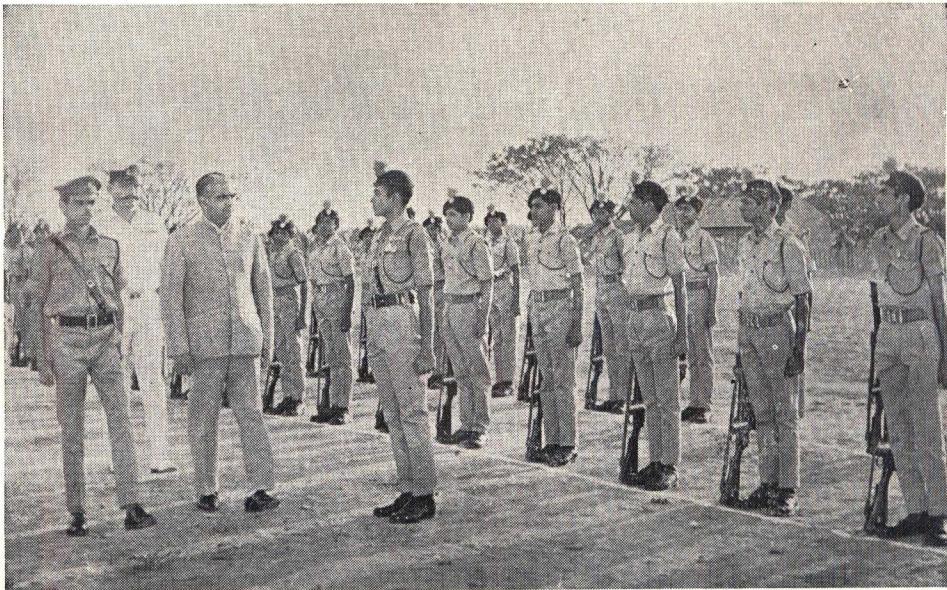
College Day Celebrations



Fr. Principal receives His Excellency the Governor Shri. Mohanlal Sukhadia



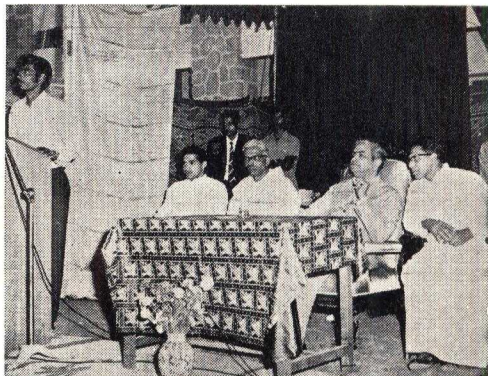
The Governor takes the salute at the March Past



The Governor reviews the Guard of Honour



**All Brown (Brains ? Yes)
B. C. Nanjiappa Captain of the B.Com.
Section receives the Sports Trophy.**



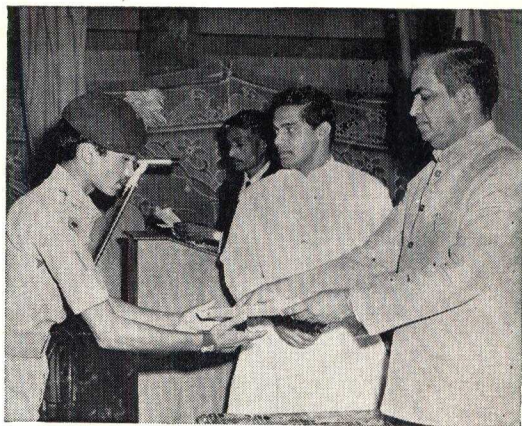
Vote of Thanks from the Chairman

College Day Celebrations

Contd.

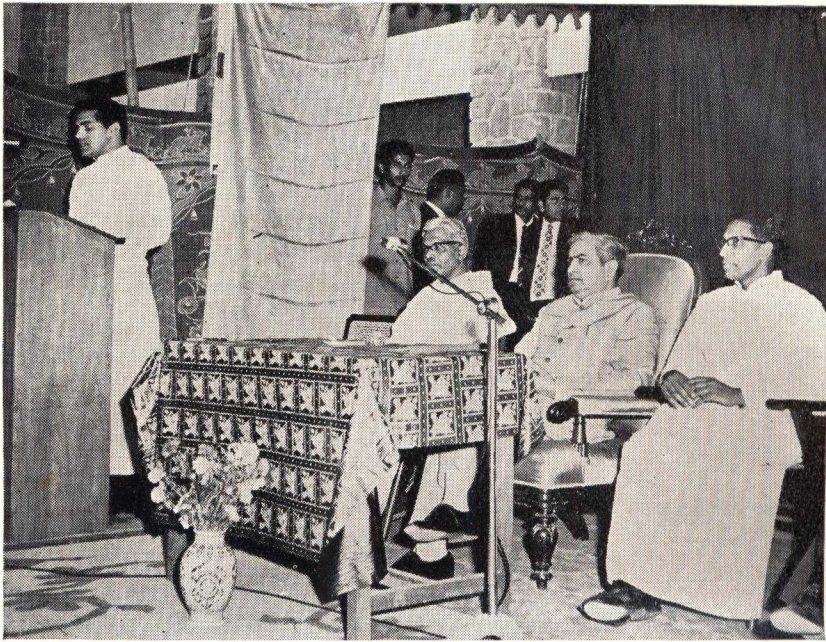


**N.C.C. Best Cadet of the year 1972
B. N. Sup. B. T. Sagar**



**Best shot of the year 1972-73
CSM. P. S. Menon**

College Day Celebrations (Contd.)



The Principal presents The Annual Report



**The Cultural Trophy is shared.
George Thomas seems to be happier than Jayachandran. Why ?**

"...It was from the Land
of the Rising Sun in the
month of September...."

k. d. antony

III B. A.

Year of Concord

Most of the newspapers dated Feb 2, 1973 brought a queer news of a voluntary crucifixion of a French yogi, Patrick Tamao, for world peace. Thirst for peace and concord is a characteristic note of the modern world. Throughout the year 1972 we heard aloud the heart-beats of a generation searching for peace. Taking into account the dramatic changes that took place in international relationships, 1972 symbolizes a new urge, a new aspiration of human spirit for world peace.

In the history of the world 1945 may be qualified as a year of destruction. Problems cropped up in the fifties. Sixties as a whole may be named as years of conflict and cleavage. But 1972 will stand out in our memory forever as a year of concord and friendship.

Light from Germany

The first green Light of peaceful co-existence came from a region which was the arena for two world wars. Thanks to the efforts of Chancellor Willy Brandt, a basic treaty between the East and the West

Germany was signed on Nov 5, 1972. It removed the focal point of tension in the heart of Europe. The Berlin problem was really a hard nut to crack for a time. Germany's treaty with the U. S. S. R. and Poland in the month of June is another landmark in the history of good will and trust. It paved the way for the removal of the cold war. The world is no more an inferno of dread and bewilderment depressed by the ethos of a cold war.

Nixon's Pilgrimage

Further 1972 was a year which proved that even a goat can lie down with a lion. Nixon's epochal landing in China, although dramatic and cynical with its smell of ping-pong policy was a giant step indeed. Peking is no more an outcast in American eyes. Likewise Nixon's Moscow visit in the month of May is another leap in the direction. True, Nixon was cutting the road to the White House for a second time through Peking and Moscow. Yet his 'China Odyssey' and 'Moscow Pilgrimage' were really discoveries in the field of

international understanding. They showed the possibility of a thaw in the frosty relations of rival states which always stood poles apart.

Rays of Hope

Beyond the dark and dreadful horizon, bright rays of hope were visualised. It was from the Land of the Rising Sun in the month of September that Premier Tanaka made his historical visit to Peking. China extended a warm welcome to him. A pact was signed and the two nations after years of broken relations came to good terms.

Another era heralded on the long and hard road of unity and peace when the world rejoiced in the month of July with the good news of a possible detente between North Korea and South Korea. These two countries at last agreed to live in amity or at least to make a propitious start towards unity and reunification after the bitter rivalry and bloodshed for a quarter of a century.

Simla Agreement

The problematic situation in the Indian sub-continent was at its zenith at the end of 1971. But in 1972 there was a reversal of relationship between Pakistan and India. The Simla Agreement in September carved out a new vista of peace between these conflict-torn countries. Despite its impediments, the Simla Agreement is a good beginning. It shows that two rival states have stopped shutting the door in each other's faces and more than that they have begun to shake hands with one another. A beginning has its uses for both sides and here again the marching song of mankind towards unity is audible.

Thus the very air of 1972 was full of concord and co-existence. Rapprochement seemed to be the order of the day. The amicable climate of '72 has imbibed in '73 further hopes of compromise and reconciliation. As a net result of all the attempts for peace in 1972, we have the 'New-born, horizon in Vietnam after the tragic curse of a horrible war for decades.

Radio according to Shakespeare.

Soap advertisements: If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

("Julius Caesar")

News: Thou hast made me giddy with these ill tidings

("King John")

Weather report: Like a prophet enrapt to tell thee that this day is ominous.

("Troilus and Cressida")

Commercials: Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with word-

("King John")

Late night programme: Watch thou and wake when others be asleep.

("King Henry VI")

Repairman's verdict: I must take out the whole work.

("Othello")

Fantasia Of An Evening

'How True !' he whispered.

'What's true ?' asked the friend.

'Nothing.'

'Nothing is true?'

'True.'

Back from the college he angrily pushed open the door of his room with a bundle of books by Shakespeare, Ezra Pound, and William Carlos William. It appeared that he was fuming against an unknown person for an unknown reason. Motionless, he gazed for a moment at the rubbish that lay strewn over the red floor and became one with it.

And then he threw the books on to the table. The Cuticura powder tin fell head over heels noisily. Unaware of the sound he looked at the dusty unopened door overlooking the city, for a while.

'Alitalia' was hanging from the rack.

A village-damsel with a pitcher on the wall.

A thought flashed into his mind: the windows and the doors are meant to be opened.

He rushed and unbolted the door.

Gently, he opened it wide.

The dirty house-tops,

tiles,
coniferous trees,
quarters of B. T. S. workers,
pale plantain leaves,
slums and
graveyard beyond.

All these made quick, hazy impressions on his mind for a time, and he stared at the void,

the blankness,
the emptiness.

Turning round, he glanced upon the word

'Palace' written on the wall.

Red and blue.

And looked over his face on the broken mirror.

Sweat drops like diamonds

He opened the windows as well.

The wind gushed in and carried with it a plume of dust.

'I'm bottled up in the lecture halls and then in this little room.

Poor me!' he moaned.

He groaned like an incurable patient.

The man who had come with him looked at him thoughtfully.

'Dictionary of Good Thoughts' lay open amidst the books scattered over the table. Over the floor, dusts of talcum-powder glistened like pin-heads.

'Excuse me, dear', he said gravely and hung the trousers on the line. When he cocked the eye, the friend was looking out through the doorway, politely.

'Care for some coffee?' asked he.

'Yes'

He put the vessel with the water over the stove and pressed the switch.

The friend gazed upon the cigarette-stubs heaped in the corner, and tried to count them.

'What did I say?' he asked.

The friend pointed at the stubs. He looked at his friend questioningly, and spread himself on the naked cot. Closing the eyes, and shutting out light, he began to whisper to himself fragments of English poems he had memorised when he was a student.

Who said, happiness is not a place but a direction?

'How true!' he whispered

'What is true?' asked the friend.

'Nothing'.

'Nothing is true?'

'True'.

He rubbed his feet together, with the shoes on them

Hearing the hissing of boiling water he rolled out, stretched himself, and prepared the coffee.

'No sugar', he said with no taint of sorrow, and sipped the black coffee straight from the vessel, alone.

The friend was absorbed in '**How to learn Kannada in Thirty Days.**'

'Again I lost a pen to-day' he suddenly remembered.

'Buy another' the friend said without raising his eyes, and added,

'Kannada is not so difficult a language'.

'**Kannada Bertha**?' he asked.

The friend did not give an answer.
Neither did he expect one.

He went out to the veranda, leaned upon the rails, and looked down to the road.

The 'auto-man' was having some trouble with his vehicle.

For minutes he concentrated on the dexterous hands of the Khaki-clad figure.

The 'auto' at last buzzed off spreading a curtain of thick sable smoke.

Pollution!

'Auto - rickshaws are over-grown beetles. Unnatural, machine-made ones', he said to himself.

At a distance, in front of the slums, a few boys were playing cricket shouting their own English dotted with 'bloody'.

He watched the sunlight dying on the grave-yard.

At that time it happened.

A young woman was washing her child-

The child was crying, shutting his eyes fast. He pounded his feet and shook his hands to and fro, up and down.

How like a child!

The mother was laughing and kissing the kid as she poured water over his head.

The sari was drenched, and it cleaved to her ankles.

How like a mother!

Suddenly he realised.

He was happy.

He had seen a beautiful sight.

One of the boys who had been playing cricket, ran yelling and howling after the ball which finally rolled into the gutter and disappeared. The ball refused to pop up and float on the black, stagnant water. Anyway, the boy picked it up and cleaned it and his left hand on the fresh green grass.

Suddenly he realised.

He was happy.

He had seen a beautiful sight.

Minutes later, conveniently forgetting the friend who had slipped by, he opened the volume Keats' Poems, and the cigarette packet.

In front of him were the crowded class rooms.

Consumption.

Lung-cancer.

Keats' Fanny Brawne.

His Fanny Brawne.

Both cruel.

To a fault.

The famous Canadian photographer Yousuf Karsh was accompanied to the Vatican by his old friend Bishop Fulton Sheen, when he went there to photograph Pope John XXIII. While Karsh was setting up, the Pope turned to Bishop Sheen and exclaimed, "God knew 77 years ago that some day I would be Pope. Why couldn't He have made me a little more photogenic?!"

"In a hostel you cannot have everything to your liking"

On Attempting To Write For The College Annual

● bobby george thaliath

II B. A. (P.S.E.)

Having decided to write for the College Annual I was confronted with many difficulties, and one among them was to find an appropriate topic - a topic that would interest the readers. This was followed by a good number of similar problems.

What shall I write?

Unemployment?

Oh! No!! I shall not bore my readers.
Democracy in India?

-But who's really bothered about that nowadays?

Finally I decided to write about "My Most Unforgettable Character".

I started:

"I have come across different people in my life....."

But soon I found one of my hostel-mates approaching me. Knowing his

nature fully well, I tried to hide my paper from him but it caught his curious eyes, and he asked:

"What are you doing? What papers are those?"

"These are white papers," said I.

"What were you doing with them?"

"I was writing",

"Writing? Writing what?"

By that time I became puzzled and wanted to escape.

"I hope I am not in a court of law," I remarked.

He knew that I was not going to unfold to him what I was writing.

He looked at his watch and said "It's already 10-30 and I am going to bed."

I thanked God for having given him good sense at last. But to my surprise I

found him sitting right on top of my table and narrating tales. Thirty minutes tripped by and he seemed to be in good spirits to converse. I glanced at my watch and said, "It's 11 O' clock" and wished him Good-night, thinking that he would go to bed at least then.

But he seemed to be bent upon troubling me. Therefore, throwing politeness and good manners to the winds, I made my way to the bed-room wishing I could finish my work there. But, as ill-luck could have it, I found my room-mate already in his bed.

"I am going to sleep," he announced.

"Good. Go ahead. Sleep." I said.

"How am I to sleep with the lights on?"

I was disappointed and furious.

"You sleep with your eyes closed", I replied.

"What about the lights?"

"Why are you bothered about the lights? You are going to sleep, aren't you?"

Meanwhile he had become conscious of his rights, and I realised that the situation was becoming worse. I decided, therefore, to retire to bed and continue the work the following day. But before switching the lights off I did not forget to tell him:

"In a hostel you cannot have everything to your liking,"

He retorted :

"Neither can you have."

I gulped down my anger and kept quiet.

On getting up the next day, I made up my mind to finish writing. I wanted to find a quiet place where I could sit and write peacefully. Hardly had I sat down when I saw two of my friends coming towards me in haste - each with a six-inch smile on his face. I cursed them and myself silently and smiled a broad smile in return. Breakfast was not over yet and they had come to tell me that we should go out for lunch! However, I readily agreed because I thought that they would leave me to my work. But they had come with sufficient matter for a long, heated conversation. They began to tell about the number of chappathis each one ate the last time when we had gone to the hotel.

I found it useless to sit there and waste my time with them. So I returned to my room and got ready to go for breakfast. The article could be completed at night.

We did full justice to our belly ('Our money' would be more appropriate). Back in the room I could do nothing but sleep.

Determined to finish writing, I returned to my table, but the pen and paper were missing. Impatiently, I began to search for them, and at last found the pen only. My next attempt was to find the person who had taken away the paper. But all my efforts were futile. I thought I could make a complaint to the warden.

-But what am I to tell him?

I will tell him that somebody has taken away the paper on which I was writing an article.

-And if he gets the paper back?

He will just pass it over to me.

-But before that he may go through it and, and, and
 -He might read all the blunders that I have written.

That he might do even after it is published.

-Publish? Who said it is going to be published?

I thought I could put up a notice requesting the person who had taken it to return it to me.

-But would he oblige?

That is something to be seen.

And if he does not oblige?

I decided to leave it at this stage and

start everything anew choosing a fresh subject.

-But what subject shall I choose again?

This brought me back again to the first problem and I had no time to waste again.

On my way back to bed, I found a few hostellers around the notice board. A few of them were reading, a few passed some comments, and someone cracked a joke. I also turned towards the notice board and found the papers I had lost pinned up there!

I grabbed the papers, walked away in anger and disgust, murmuring to myself, "I am not born to Write. writing is an art."

A Frenchman celebrating his 25th wedding anniversary gave a big party for all his friends. But the host was nowhere to be seen.

Finally a friend found him in the library, drinking brandy and staring into the fire.

"Pierre," the friend said, "you should be celebrating with your guests. Why are you so sad?"

"Francois," the husband explained, "when I had been married for five years I decided to kill my wife. I went to my lawyer and told him what I was going to do. He told me if I did it I would get 20 years in prison.

"Just think, Francois, tonight I would have been a free man."

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MICO - triggers the wheels of progress

The most incredible thing about this little camera is its film. Flicking out of the camera only 1.2 sec. after exposure, the pictures are at first a mass of opaque blue-grey, then slowly develop within four minutes in full view of the Photographer.

Photography, in just a century, has become a great medium of communication. It is a universal language, equally effective whether its task is factual, scientific, artistic, or recreational. As an art and a science it is constantly progressing. Whether abroad or at home, people—especially Americans—are taking more and more pictures of people, places and things. This tendency is transforming photography

THE VISUAL NOTE PAD

from a mere hobby to a natural way of looking at the world and capturing life as it is. This view-finding mania has taken hold of the young, giving them a medium of expression of their inherent honesty in looking at things. Photography has become one of the fastest growing subjects

ebrahim akhtar

II. B. Com.

in education, photography courses being offered at some 700 universities, junior colleges and adult education centres in America alone.

The public's interest in photography is ever on the increase, with picture-taking becoming simpler and cameras and equipments more reliable. The new instamatics have revolutionised photography, and the camera has become a spectacularly more usable possession. The new cameras are so compact, in fact, that they can be carried in pocket or purse like a wallet or a pack of cigarettes. They have begun to serve as a sort of visual notepad.

The latest innovation from this 4-billion-a-year industry is the great little instamatic from Polaroid—the tentatively named SX-70. This new camera weighs 26oz., and is small enough to fit comfortably into the breast pocket of a man's jacket. It is completely automatic, even to film advancement, and costs about \$ 100.

The most incredible thing about this little camera is its film. Flicking out of the camera only 1.2 sec. after exposure, the pictures are at first a mass of opaque blue-grey, then slowly develop within four minutes in full view of the photographer. The new film, only one-three-hundredth of an inch thick, is sheathed in unscratchable plastic, backed by a thin coating of titanium. The treated negative contains no fewer than eight chemical layers, some of them no thicker than a redlight wave (about 0.00002 in). This layer of chemicals,

called the 'opacifier', clouds the film and blocks out light while special developing chemicals go to work in producing prints in brilliant colour. The print remains dry to the touch throughout the whole process, in welcome contrast to the sticky prints and paper wrappers that Polaroid photography has always entailed. This is indeed a stunning technological achievement.

The intricate mechanism of the SX-70 runs on a motor modeled on a toy electric-train-engine. The batteries that run this motor were previously built into Polaroid cameras. A novel method has been adopted for the SX-70 where the power cells that run its complex mechanism are built into the film pack. This wafer-thin battery designed by Polaroid engineers will be packaged inside every container of SX-70 film. The film comes in containers of ten each and is exposed by a tricky system of mirrors, including one that lifts up to reflect image.

The shutter of the SX-70 is operated by a total of 260 transistors and automatically adjusts itself with regard to aperture and speed. The cycle begins when the shutter button is pushed. The motor lifts the taking mirror and the film is exposed. After the film is exposed, the mirror

drops back into its former position, covering the film pack. The battery built into the pack operates the motor which drives the gear train, pushing the film through rollers. As the film is pushed through the rollers, a pod at the end of the film ruptures, forcing developing fluid and opacifier to flow between negative and positive sheets of the film. This process takes 1.2 sec., after which the film leaves the camera. Within the next four minutes the photograph is developed and produced in brilliant colour.

The new cameras according to its inventor Edwin Land, can have an impact on the way people live, and can become a natural part of people, making them pause in their rush through life to focus on some aspect of life and in the process enrich their lives at that moment. Photography can teach people to look, to feel, to remember in a way that they didn't know they could.

People still seem to want to keep on taking pictures of babies, barbecues and baseball games. They have yet to realise that every good picture taken makes our lives much bigger. Photography is an illustration of the use of technology not to estrange, but to unite people. It is the most basic form of creativity.



Driving past the grounds of a university, a professor saw a student running hard. Snarling at his heels were three huge dogs. Intent on rescue, the professor braked his Volkswagen to a halt and threw open the door. "Get in!" he commanded. "Get in!" "Say, you're the greatest," the bearded youth gasped. "Most people won't offer me a lift when they see I have three dogs."

- **Joseph p. d. Ponnely**
II B. A. [PSE]

"Coercion to act in an orderly way is not peace....The rhythmic motion of a machine is not peaceful....Peace does not promise the full license to do all we like to do....Peace is not a truce, a mere laying down of arms....By peace we do not just mean not having wars"

the children of God" (Mt. 5, 9). "Those who love and keep peace, preserve the forces of nature (physical, mental and spiritual) within themselves", observes Atharva Veda (19, 27-10). Shree Buddha advises: "Make peace between men — one who creates dissensions perishes."

Peace has been the basic yearning of mankind. The first men to set foot on the moon erected a plaque there, which reads: "We came in peace for all mankind". Ask the man in the street what he needs most. He may tell you, "Something which would make my life peaceful and happy". If you ask him what he thinks the world needs most, his answer would be peace.

Peace is the dream of the wise. Pope Paul in his Encyclical 'On the Progress of Peoples' stressed the fact that peace today

Peace And Its Possibility

It seems almost superfluous to speak of peace to-day. The word itself is on everyone's lips, and the questions that swirl around it are debated vehemently. Saints and sages have been pleading and praying for peace. If at all anything interests religion, first and foremost it is peace. The Scriptures are full of the theme. Peace is implicitly listed among the beatitudes enunciated by Jesus Christ: "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called

is the progress of the people. Pope John XXIII considered peace as one of the two issues of special urgency, the other being social justice. Mahatma Gandhi once said: "The way of peace is the way of truth." "Peace is always an ideal worth pursuing, however tired we may get in the process", observed Jawaharlal Nehru. Lyndon B. Johnson said: History is on a course towards peace and security." Thus, whether in our personal lives or in the world around us, what we crave for most ardently are peace and happiness.

U.N.-the cultivation of man's quest for peace :

The history of man's journey toward peace on earth has been a long and arduous one, culminating in the establishment of the United Nations - an organization in which are centered all hopes for the future of man. In spite of U. N.'s achievements in various fields, the world is still plagued with rivalries between political ideologies, wide economic disparities, still unsolved colonial and racial problems, perhaps most of all, a considerable gap between stated ideals and actual practice. The demographic increase of areas where people are starving has not yet been balanced by an increase of the economic means to sustain it.

Although there is not a government in the world that does not prefer in its own way to be peace-loving, it is still uncertain whether all nations have completely abandoned the state of mind which has so often led to war - the nationalist urge to dominate and extend, and the conviction of the unquestionable superiority of their own particular traditions, forms and ways of life. Nor has it been possible effectively to eliminate thus far the use of force. The prodigious growth of the military might of a few nations breed in others fears, resentments, and suspicions that inevitably create an atmosphere of tension in which war breaks out. Crime no longer horrifies people. Genocide is seen as the possible monster of a radical solution. And behind all these horrible visions there grows, through cold-blooded and unerring calculations, the huge amassing of arms. Stephen Piat describes the modern world in the following words : " All about us we see a world which seems bent on its own

destruction. The same contempt for spiritual values, the same appetite for violence, and the same underlying materialism exist everywhere, each in varying shades and degrees. Modern youth is disturbed and confused about all this; their whole future is at stake, a future which threatens to bring on many and more violent battles of men and ideas than have ever been waged in the past." Thus the world today is on the threshold of an unknown future. The begrimmed and befuddled humanity which has just recovered from the catastrophic and cataclysmic world wars asks - " IS PEACE POSSIBLE? "

Meaning of Peace :

The Hebrew and Latin words for peace are 'Salom' and 'Pax' respectively. Leaving out the anthropological and spiritual outlooks, we are here concerned with the modern meaning of peace. Today mankind is concerned with peace in a specifically ethical sense. Nowadays, when man keenly senses the precariousness of existence there is a great longing for peace whether out of desperation, or realism, or the first non-utopian optimism ever seen. No purely inward or other-worldly peace is of interest. Similarly the necessary guardianship of peace is no longer assigned to privileged persons - ecclesiastical or civil authorities, saints or visionaries. It is considered a common task, calling for the united energies of all. Moreover, the horizon of peace has now, by logical necessity, widened to embrace all mankind. The ultimate foundations of this idea of peace have not been firmly and systematically thought out and the ethos of peace remains fragile, too susceptible to the

mass influences at work in contemporary society.

Coercion to act in an orderly way is not peace. A policed peace is no peace. The rhythmic motion of a machine is not peaceful. Only by a metaphor do we speak of the peace of the seas or of the fields. Nor do we mean inertia by peace. Peace does not promise the full license to do all we like to do. Permission for anarchy is not peace. That, I am afraid, is what many mean by peace. They want to hold to the status quo. They want everything to be just as before. They do not want to change their life regardless of how wrong and disturbing it is.

True peace is not found in hypocritical propaganda aimed at lulling one's adversary to sleep and in concealing one's own preparation for war. Peace does not conceal itself in pacifist rhetoric. It is not based merely on the precarious balance of opposing economic interests, nor on the dream of proud supremacy. Peace is not a lull in warfare, or a quiet corner "amid the ruins of all normal order." It is not a bleak order imposed by a ruthless conqueror. Peace is not a truce, a mere laying down of arms. By peace we do not just mean not having wars.

True peace is based on the abolition, or at least the mitigation, of the causes that endanger security. By peace we mean a state of mind and things, which gives freedom for orderly action. We mean something human as John F. Kennedy rightly observed: "What kind of peace do we ask? Not the peace of the grave or the security of the slave. I am talking of genuine peace, the kind of peace that makes life on earth worth living, the kind

that enables men and nations to grow, and to hope, and to build a better life for their children not merely peace in our time but peace for all time.

Possibility of peace :

Such a peace is possible and it must be possible because this is the message that has risen from the battlefields of two world wars and other recent armed conflicts. It is the mysterious and frightening voice of the fallen. It is the pitiable groan of unnumbered graves in the military cemeteries and of the monuments dedicated to the unknown soldiers: Peace, peace, not war!

Peace is and must be possible for other reasons too. Yes, peace has conquered the ideologies that oppose it. Peace has at least penetrated as a logical human need into the minds of many people, especially of the young. It must be possible, to live without hating and killing. The maturity of civilized wisdom has expounded this irrevocable fact. Instead of seeking the solution to human rivalries in the irrational and barbarous test of blind and murderous strength in arms, we shall build up new institutions, in which discussion, justice and right may be expressed and become a strict and peaceful law governing international relations.

Here mention may be made to the United Nations and other international institutions that stand for world peace. A new humanism supports them and holds them in honour. A solemn obligation unites their members. A positive world-wide hope recognizes them as instruments of international order of solidarity and of

brotherhood among peoples. In these institutions peace finds its own home and its own workshops. They are the fruits of civilization, the instruments of universal brotherhood. The convergence of varied peoples, of manifold races and of ever so many nations in a single organization like the U. N., intended to avert the evils of war, and to favour the good things of peace, is in fact a welcome sign of peace. The signing of the treaty banning nuclear experiments has very intimately touched human hearts because mankind see in it a testimony of good will, a pledge of harmony, and a promise of more serene future. All these efforts ensure for men and nations equality of rights, freedom, Justice and peace.

How to attain peace ?

Peace is not something that just happens automatically. It is created; it is constructed. Peace founded on the balance of strength, on the deadlock of antagonisms, or on purely economic interests, can be only a fragile thing. It will lack the strength to solve the most fundamental problems of our times. Peace is not a primary good but a resultant one, which supposes and demands justice and charity. Neither can virtue stand alone and remain true to itself or accomplish its own purposes. Pope Pius XI gave the profound reasons for this in 'Quadragesimo Anno': Justice alone can, if faithfully, observed, remove the causes of social conflict but can never bring about union of minds and hearts. Indeed all the institutions for the establishment of peace and promotion of mutual help among men, have the principal foundation of stability in the mutual bond of minds and hearts whereby the members are united

with one another. If this bond is lacking, the best regulations come to naught." Charity demands understanding of and love for one's fellow-beings. Justice is an active expression of that love. Charity is the soul, and justice is the substance of international peace.

Personal peace leading to international peace :

J. Maurus, in his 'How to Enjoy Peace,' feels that personal leads to social and international peace. This view is endorsed by Sheen when he observes, "There is no such thing as world peace unless there is soul peace. World wars are nothing but projections of the conflicts waged inside our own souls, for nothing happens in the world that does not first happen inside a soul" ("Modern Man in Search of God"). Therefore, it is not from outward pressure, it is not from sword that deliverance comes to nations: the sword cannot breed peace, it can only impose forms of peace. The forces, the influences, that are essential for lasting peace on earth must spring from the hearts of men.

Is it not your mission, gentlemen of the diplomatic corps, to work to destroy the walls that divide nations? Is it not our duty to announce peace to those near and far? Mere words cannot effect this. Dedicated work leads men to the path of peace. We all know that the Prince of Peace (Jesus Christ) had to bear the Cross, and other prophets who preached peace had to suffer a great deal. The attainment of peace is not an ordinary achievement. In order to keep peace among men, it is sometimes necessary to sacrifice a portion of one's prestige, to yield to a superior

good, to cross distances, to engage in and pursue conversations which could appear, in certain respects, humiliating. It is necessary to negotiate, to negotiate without weariness. To love man entirely and to love all men: this is the great lesson which is given to us by Jesus Christ.

Limitation :

It should be admitted that a perfect and stable tranquility of order, absolute and definite peace among men still remains as an unfulfilled dream. It remains an ideal, not unrealistic but still to be attained, because it has to do with man and "nothing in the universe baffles man as much as man himself" (Adlai Stevenson). Lyndon B. Johnson clearly put it: "I know this will not be easy. I know how difficult it is for reason to guide

passion, and love to master hate. The complexities of this world do not bow easily to pure and consistent answers."

Man's quest for peace has been going on ever since the beginning of time but he will not see an end to it as long as he remains man. The peace we seek for - a state of mind and things, which gives freedom for orderly action, which enables men and nations to grow, to hope, and to build up a better life in this planet of ours - must be possible. But for that, justice and charity should reign in the world. Moreover, just as wars and conflicts originate from the hearts of men, peace too should have its source from there itself. Finally, in spite of everything fair or foul that man may do to attain peace, he will never be able to exult in the glory of having achieved it in a perfect form - the tranquillity of order.

Many psychologists say you can cure insomnia with auto-suggestion. Just lie there telling yourself, "I'm a night watchman - I'm a night watchman," and before you know it, you'll be sound asleep.

JAMES THOM.

A University teacher whom I knew often managed to develop in his students intellectual interests of which otherwise they would never have believed themselves capable.

In one test, his first question was:

"Which of the required readings in this course did you find least interesting?"

Then, after members of the class had ten minutes in which to expatiate on what was certainly to many a congenial topic, he posed the second question: "To what defect in yourself do you attribute this lack of interest?"

RD

Pickere is a conservative well-settled, middle-aged industrialist living in a big city. He belongs to the rich or the upper-middle class, owns a car, a good house, and has a family. He is a member of a club, and plays golf and billiards on week-ends. Now, picture his teen-age son. He is a college student, has hair of more than normal length, enjoys rock music or at least pretends to, sees every English film and owns a motor-bike. He leads what one might call a fast life,

THE GENERATION GAP

“First came the perceptible increase in the length of hair. It was closely followed by the shabby, ragged mode of dressing. Next ...”

moving constantly with the same or varying bunches of boys and girls. Two individuals could not be more widely set apart. If one were to ask “What separates these two?”, the answer would be given briefly in a few words: the generation gap.

These words have come to represent every existing non-compatibility, the conflict of ideals, morals, attire, material values and conduct, between our generation, meaning the youth of today, and our immediate ancestors. This non-compatibility, upto this date, has posed much fewer problems for us than for our less fortunate accidental counterparts. But it definitely is there, whether or not we deign to acknowledge its existence. Another fact

p. jayachandran

III B. Sc. (C. B. Z)

to be reckoned with is that this generation gap is not an exclusive feature of mid-twentieth century civilization. Every generation since the birth of the human race must have differed from its predecessors. Otherwise there would have been no evolution in human culture or civilization.

What then is the difference between the gap that separates the two present-day generations and the ones that separated generations existing right from Adam to Adolf Hitler? It would be pointless to deny that such a difference does exist, for

not once within recorded history has there been such a clash of ideals and principles between two proximate batches of the human progeny. An analytical study of the problem, therefore, is in order.

It all began with the advent of what came to be known as "hippism", a rebellion of youth against all accepted social norms and values. It occurred in the United States and in Europe to lesser extent, during the mid-nineteen sixties. This rebellion took shape in four successive phases. First came the perceptible increase in the length of hair. It was closely followed by the shabby, ragged mode of dressing. Next came the addiction to hallucinogenic drugs and a liking for oriental hermits and yoga. Finally, there was the defying of all moral standards. From the view-point of a solid, middle-aged stalwart of society belonging to the generation of our progenitors, this attitude of youth must have been nothing less than perplexing, disheartening and utterly terrifying. But before giving way to despair, had he paused for a moment and tried to analyse the causes for this sudden and drastic revolt, he would have drawn a few startling conclusions. Employing the terminology of our contemporaries, he should have tried to "dig the generation gap."

Incredulous as it might seem, the cause for this alarming turn of events may well be the older generation. They have brought the human race to the peak of scientific achievement.

They have commercialized everything possible, including God and religion. Personal involvement in all matters has been brought to an all-time low, by a high degree of mechanisation and compu-

terisation. Almost every human value is measured on the scale of commercial worth. Industrial prosperity is at an all-time high. It would appear that this generation has every right to claim that it has set an example and a norm of values and conduct worthy of being followed by its predecessors.

But this very generation, with all its impressive achievements, is capable of maintaining a straight face after having wiped out two entire cities with the aid of an atomic weapon. It is capable of squandering billions of dollars on pointless warfare and nuclear armament while the world's population faces the greatest economic inequality since the dawn of history. It is capable of establishing an international organization for peace and welfare, which collects funds for the hungry children of Asia and spends twice that amount annually on mere banquets and shrugs with impotent indignation at a monstrous atrocity like the Vietnam War raging under its very nose for the better part of two decades. Diplomacy has come to mean undisguised hypocrisy. Government has come to mean either tyranny or lawlessness. People starve and freeze to death while others fly to the moon at the expense of a million dollars a minute. The human race could very well be on the verge of a painful extinction. The fact that this deplorable state of affairs owes itself entirely to the older generation, is irrefutable.

A social and cultural revolution, then, could not have been more appropriately timed. But the tragedy is that the revolution has taken a very undesirable turn. "Make Love Not War" - was the most heralded slogan of the so-called

Hippies. The desire to end the meaningless slaughter of the human race is indeed admirable. But the lamentable distortion of the noble word "love" to nothing better than sexual promiscuity and degeneration of morality, is indeed deplorable. The desire to shrug off the existing pomposity, hypocrisy, racial discrimination and defunct social principles that stifle an individual's rights, is certainly commendable. But the alternatives resorted to, namely the shirking of all responsibility, dressing in rags that defy all norms of hygiene and decency, and living in a hallucinogenic utopia of drugged stupor are very sadly inadequate.

Why has this irrepressible need for love, peace and freedom taken a turn for the worse? The younger generation after a head-on collision with the existing social structure, found it impenetrable. So it shot off on a tangent and followed the path of the least resistance, trying to get back at its oppressors by any available means. The fault lies with the elders again. Instead of understanding the needs of the youth and guiding them, instead of permitting the desirable transformations and curbing the others, they staunchly refused to budge. The youth rebelled. As a result, we see the present social imbalance, and the generation gap.

One might say that the Western Society has relented at last. The permissiveness that exists in the West is, indeed, of a high degree. Almost any kind of clothing or any length of hair do not

cause eyebrows to be raised anymore.

Other examples like the sanctioning of co-ed dorms in Universities and the legalisation of abortion can also be cited. But the solution does not lie there. The revolt of the youth was like setting in motion a gigantic fly-wheel, gradually but inexorably gaining momentum. The older generation clung desperately to the hub consisting of their own norms, and failed to bring the movement under control. They should have gone out to the youth, and helped them guide the velocity of their plunge through proper channels. Instead, they were seized by despair and left the youth to their fate. Thus arose social permissiveness. Left without a guiding force, this revolution is likely to boomerang. The administrative responsibility of this globe may be left upon the shoulders of a bunch of irresponsible, non-caring, unfit, degenerate bunch of drug addicts.

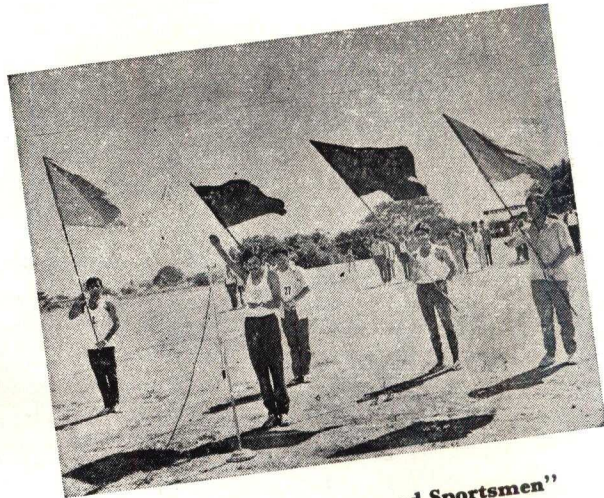
What, then, is the solution? How can we bridge this generation gap and establish a co-ordination between us and our hapless elders? An effort has to be made from both sides: the youth must realize their responsibility and curb their desire to rebel for the sake of rebellion. The elders must try and understand the problems of the youth, discard the derelict norms of hollow social prestige and mingle freedom of action with the acceptance of responsibility. We must "dig" the generation gap - not in order to widen it, but in order to build a bridge across it.



Sports Festival



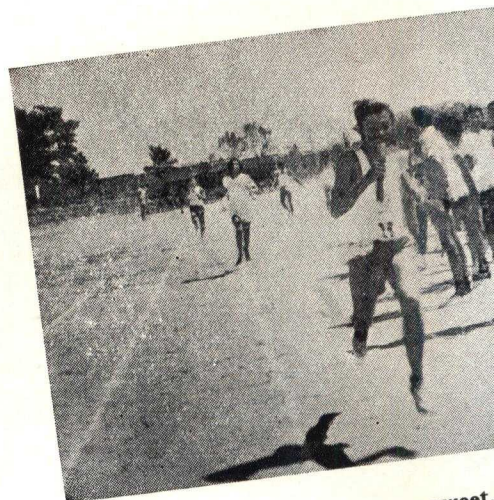
Short put or Shot-put ?



"....And we'll try to be good Sportsmen"



High hopes



Sure Victory tastes sweet.
(but with Goldspot !)
Ali Mohammed wins the relay

Sports Festival - Concluding Functions



Warm Welcome to the Chief Guest
Prof. V. L. D'Souza, former Vice-Chancellor,
Mysore University.



Prof. V. L. D'Souza addresses the gathering



Ha ! Ha ! Look at the size of the Cup !



'It's rather heavy, Sir

A

FEW DEFINITIONS FROM SUCHIDRANATH'S DICTIONARY

- ❖ ADOLESCENCE is when one starts wishing, that the cow-boy in the movies would kiss the heroine instead of the horse.
 - ❖ A CIVILISED SOCIETY is one where anybody over the age of ninety has a safe chance of not going through the next year.
 - ❖ AN EXPERIENCED COOK is one who can operate any kind of can - opener.
 - ❖ A HIPPIE is the living proof to Darwout's theory of devolution.
 - ❖ A HOBBY is an endless amount of hardwork which one would be ashamed to do for a living.
 - ❖ A PANIC is about twenty - eight days or so from a picnic.
 - ❖ A PAT ON THE BACK is about eighteen inches from a kick in the pants.
 - ❖ A PRESSURE COOKER is a wife who cooks under protest.
 - ❖ A SCANDAL is a tornado started by couple of windbags.
 - ❖ A VAMPIRE is an overgrown mosquito.
-

s. suchidranath

I B. C.com.

Memories~~Members~~ do not come back.

You make me happy

You make me sad too

Sleep, please

If you can't, do not wake up at least.

Leaves from a Diary

June 16

Arrived in the City early in the morning. A chilly wind was sweeping the railway station.

Freezing weather, especially for June.

Back in the room, took a warm bath, and left for the College.

The College seemed to shiver in the cold, but there was a blanket of joviality about the light green building.

Familiar faces. Smiles. Cheery "Good Mornings".

Father Principal addressed the students.

A brand-new academic year is born-

What lies ahead?

There were no regular classes.

July 3

Classes were started for I Year P.U.C. and I Year B. Com.

Ever so many small boys.

Too young to pass matriculation.

Accidentally met M/s. Benny Joseph (Economics Department), Aijaz Ur Rahman (Commerce), Khysar Hussain (Commerce), John Pereira (Zoology), T. N. Srinivasan (Chemistry), in the canteen.

Happy lot. Smart and young.

August 1

Drums of Destiny.

Enthusiastic election campaign.

Notices; posters

A young man handed over a pink notice : an appeal for voting him to office.
 Could not but smile and say 'Alas! Though over twenty-one,
 I am not eligible to cast a vote. So sorry.'

He also smiled.

Smile begets smile.

August 5

A very unhappy day.

K. K. Poonacha of II CBZ passed away at C. M. C. Hospital Vellore.

A very nice young man he was.

Quiet and gentle.

August 7

A condolence meeting was held at 10 a. m. in the auditorium. Fr. Principal, members of the staff, and a few students spoke on the occasion.

A holiday was declared after the meeting.

Everyone was sad.

"Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay".

August 8

College Union elections were conducted in the morning. The results were declared late in the afternoon. Mr. Sherry Lukose was elected as Chairman, Mr. Ebrahim as Vice-Chairman, and Mr. Menon as Secretary.

Felt sorry for the students who lost in the election. I always identify myself with the losers.

(Afterthoughts)

What, after all, is there in failure?

Failures are essential ingredients of life.

Without them life is meaningless.

Without them life is not worth living.

August 11

Fr. Principal inaugurated the Students' Union at 2.30 p. m. A simple, homely function it was.

Everyone seemed to be happy.

August 14

Labour Day.

A lot of perspiration-

No! In Bangalore no one sweats, however hard he may work.

August 15

Silver Jubilee of Independence : India is twenty-five years young.

The Chief Guest Mr. Iqbal Hussain, former High Court Judge and Vigilance Commissioner, hoisted the flag in the College quadrangle. A meeting was held in the auditorium.

Mr. Iqbal Hussain, addressed the students and released the Commemoration Folder. After the meeting the N.C.C. Unit of the College performed a Demo. -Platoon Attack.

October 14

The College closed for Dasara holidays.

I am homesick ;

I long for the dear faces at home.

October 16

Satish Kumar of I PUC student of the College, met with an accident as he was going to Mysore by train, and passed away.

Death! You catch hold of all sooner or later.

The sooner the better.

October 18

Supplementary Examinations started.

November 5

Mr. Thomas Palackan who served as a Demonstrator in Zoology for the last two years left the College to take up a Junior Lecturer's Post at Bharat Mata College, Trikkakara.

November 15

The College reopened.

The holidays had slipped by like a sweet daydream.

December 3

First Terminal Examination began.

December 11

Sixty-five students and two members of the staff left for Delhi via Bombay.

The party would visit the Asian Trade Fair at Delhi, and the Taj Mahal.

I remember the moonlit, wintry night in the month of January 1970 when I slept under a coniferous tree near the Taj.

Memories, don't come back.

You make me happy,

You make me sad too.

Sleep, please.

If you can't, don't wake up at least.

December 12

The Christ College Basket ball Trophy Tournament commenced.

December 16

Finals of the Basket ball Tournament.

A. P. S. College carried off the Christ College Trophy by defeating Vijaya College. Mr. Munivenkata Reddy B. A., B. L., Member of the Syndicate of the University of Bangalore, was the Chief Guest.

December 24

The excursion party returned from Delhi safe and sound.

The College closed for Christmas holidays.

December 25

Christmas Day.

Went to Church.

"Let's dance and sing and make good cheer, for Christmas comes but once a year," and so I enjoyed myself.

My God, last year when I celebrated Christmas I was one year younger!

December 26

N. S. S. Camp started in a village situated about 15 miles from the College.

December 31

Yet another year is about to die.

"We spend our years as a tale that's told."

Good-bye for ever, old year.

You have been kind to me.

Thank you.

January 1

Hail to thee New Year! How do you do?

No New Year resolutions, please.

January 2

The College reopened after the holidays.

January 19

Annual Sports Festival was conducted at the College grounds. Fr. J. B. Chethimattam, Rector, inaugurated the Meet at 2.00 p.m. Fr. Principal did not come; he is laid up with influenza.

Enjoyed myself.

"If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work."

January 20

Mr. George Kuruvilla of the Department of English came ceremoniously in a victoria (No. 203?) to the sportsfield. He has once again proved himself as a man with a keen, unquenchable sense of humour.

Everyone clapped hands as he entered the pavilion.

Late in the morning, Fr. Principal came to the field with an umbrella - a thing he seldom carries with him.

In the concluding functions Mr. V. L. D'Souza, former Vice-Chancellor of Mysore University, distributed the prizes.

He gave a simple, humorous speech.

"St. Agnes' Eve! Ah, bitter chill it was!"

There is no bitter chill here.

Only hot breezes.

February 15

College Day.

His Excellency Mr. Mohanlal Sukhadia, Governor of Mysore, was the Chief Guest.

The College with its colourful lights looked happy.

The meeting came to an end at 6-30.

Variety entertainments followed.

February 16

Hostel Day.

Mr. H. V. Srirangaraju, Registrar of Bangalore University, presided over the function

The Magic Show was unique.

It was quite unforgettable!

February 19, 20

The Spring Festival (Cultural Meet) sponsored by Christ College was conducted at the Ravindra Kalashetra. Seven other Colleges participated.

Competitions were held for Drama, Music (Western, Indian and Instrumental), Mono-act, and Debate.

St. John's Medical College bagged the Trophy for Drama.

Our College won the Trophy for securing the maximum number of points.

March 3

Regular classes came to an end.

Holidays commenced.

How soon an academic year came to a close!

March 10

Preparatory exams started for Degree students.

March 17

Examinations came to an end.

“ I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away! ”

MILESTONE

IN THE HISTORY OF CHRIST COLLEGE

**"I say this for two reasons.
First...."**

verghese. p. v.
III B. A.

What is it that a young mother expects from her first born son? Is it not smartness? Yes. Is it not mental and bodily growth? Yes. Is it not that he should come but first in his studies? Yes. It is the blending in him of all these qualities that makes her happy. What more does an institution like ours expect from its first batch of students that go out after completing their graduate course?

In the history of our college the year 1972-1973, I think, would be a landmark. In fact, it is a milestone on the march of our college towards full development. I say this for two reasons. First every newly-started college would look forward eagerly to the outgoing of the first batch and that too with great expectation. This year would fulfil that long cherished dream of our college. Secondly, the first batch of our college has been able to set a more or less good standard that any new college can hope of. So, I think, I am not wrong in calling this year a milestone in the history of Christ College.

Nowadays new patterns of college life are constantly emerging due to many changes in the world. The aim of education, that is the forming of a complete and - future - oriented man, cannot be altered. In such an ever changing situation, we, especially as the first batch of our college, have great responsibility to hand down a good and healthy tradition in order to facilitate the coming generations to attain that end.

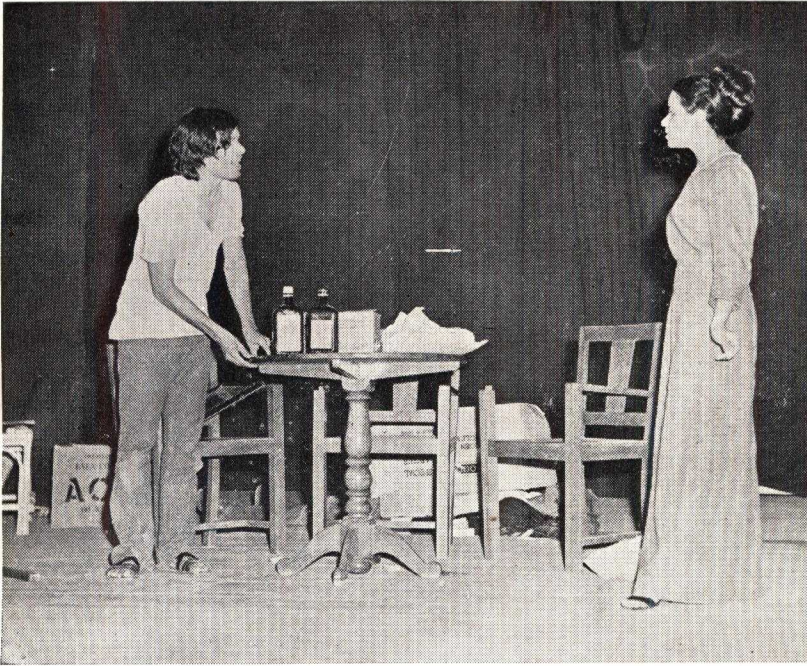
Being the first batch of our college, let us be proud of it. But let not that pride diminish our responsibility to behave as trustworthy members of society and become useful citizens for the nation.

“For, lo! The winter is past,
the rain is over and gone;
the flowers appear on the earth;
the time of the singing of
birds is come.....”

THE SONG OF SOLOMON 11-11, 12

The Spring Festival

Spring Festival



'You're a spider.
You are a spider too.
And do you want to tempt
me into your silken, tangled
cobwebs?'

(Scene from the First Prize
winning play "The Spider"
presented by St. John's
Medical College)

'Oh, my daughter! our duck died of a heart attack!'

'I'm about to faint, dad!'

'How strange!'

'Will the girl fall?'

'A heart attack? Well, it can happen to me also'.

'Oh! forget it darling...come on..... let's discuss marriage. They say that a widow and a widower would
make a happy pair. O, come, please.. ...'



(Scene from
the play staged
by St. Joseph's
College of
Arts and
Commerce

Spring Festival

Contd.



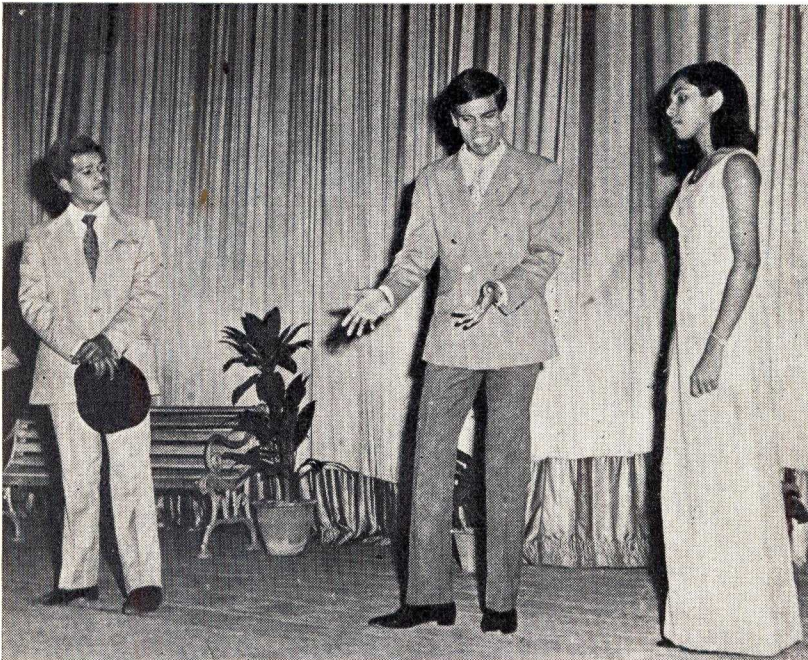
To hit or not to hit?

'I always wanted to kill you arrogant——, and I've been postponing it all these days—Now the time is come, but I want to torture you first'.

(Scene from the play presented by Christ College)

'Aren't all women foolish?

I'm an eligible bachelor. What do you find in that old duffer?'



(Scene from the play staged by St. Joseph's College of Commerce)

Spring Festival

Contd.



Hello darkness,
I've come to play for you
again Mr. Gurunath B. (on
the accordion) and
Mr. Mathew, K. (wearing
goggles) are two of our blind
students.

A Musical Feast from...
(Christ College)



Above the pitch,
out of tune,
off the hinges ?
No, definitely not.

.....
(...St. Joseph's Arts and
Commerce College.)



Spring Festival

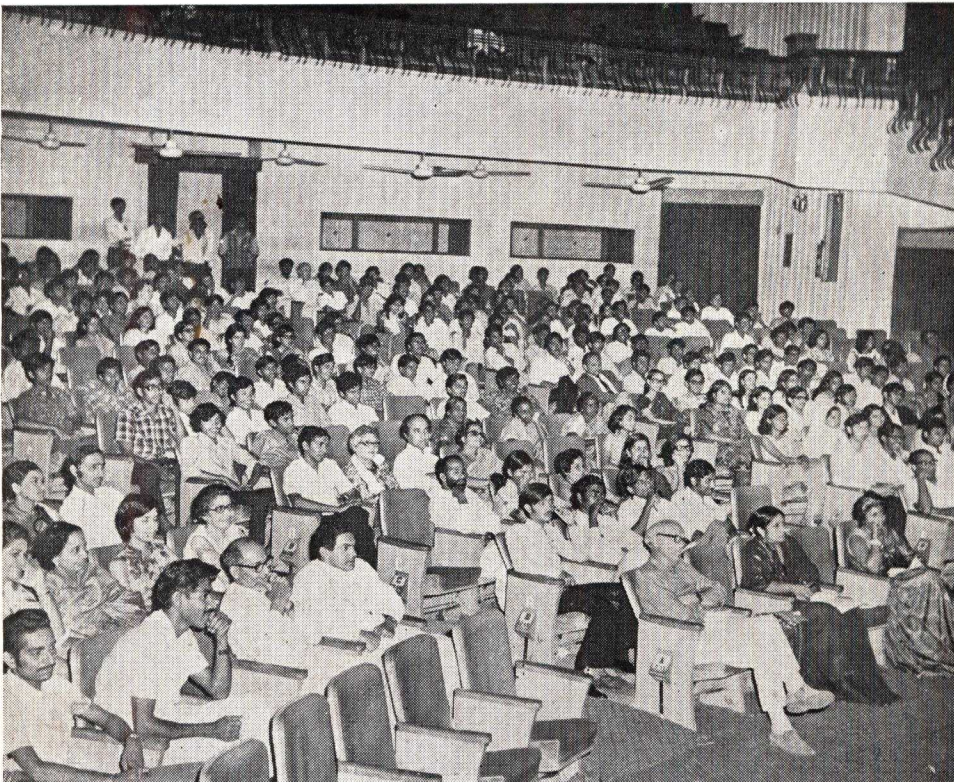
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‘The Singing Nun?’

(It's a memorable movie, by the way. Don't miss it when it comes to the city, again)

Shu.....Shu.....Shu...—Sugar Town.

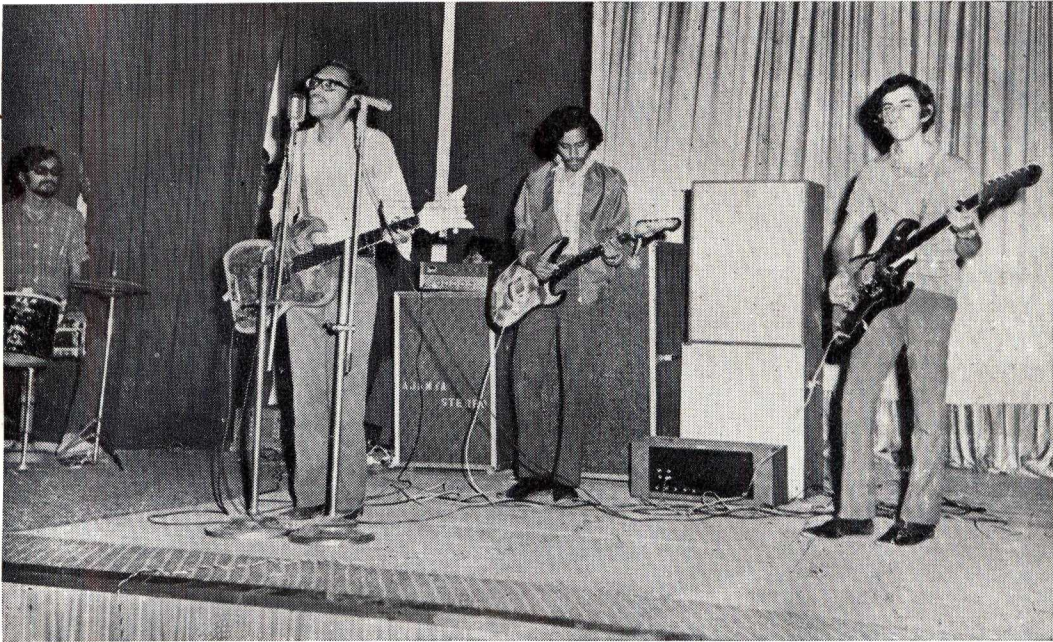
(.....St. John's Medical College)



And the Swirling melodies cast a spell over the audience. Look, even the fans refuse to work!!

Spring Festival

Contd.



Searching..for a heart of gold...

Overheard: 'Gosh ! they made hell of a noise !'

(Western Music : Christ College)



From where do all the lonely people come ?

(First Prize winner for Western Music from
the Central College)

Spring Festival

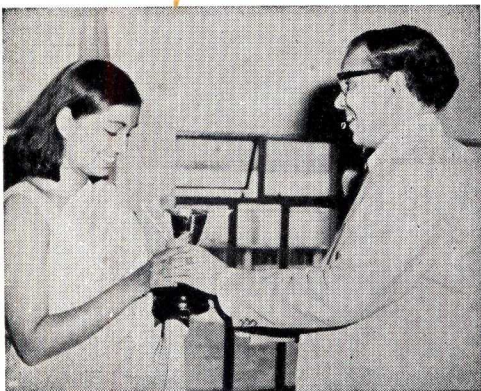
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Mr. Sripathi Rao of St. John's Medical College receiving the prize for the best play staged. (Mr. Rao also received the prize for the Second Best Actor.)



Neta Kalappa Trophy for Talent Show was won by our college. Smile of triumph. Congratulations Mr Sherry!



Miss Eunice Misquith (St. John's Medical College) receiving the prize for the Best Speaker.



We started with a bang! The Debating Trophy is ours!!

Spring Festival

Contd.



'Spider! Spider!
crawling dark' The
Best Actor Chetan D.
of St. John's
Medical College.



Achi, Achi Achi.
Achi say pal, have you won it?
Mr Achi Tsepal (Christ College)
won the First Prize for Mono-Acting.

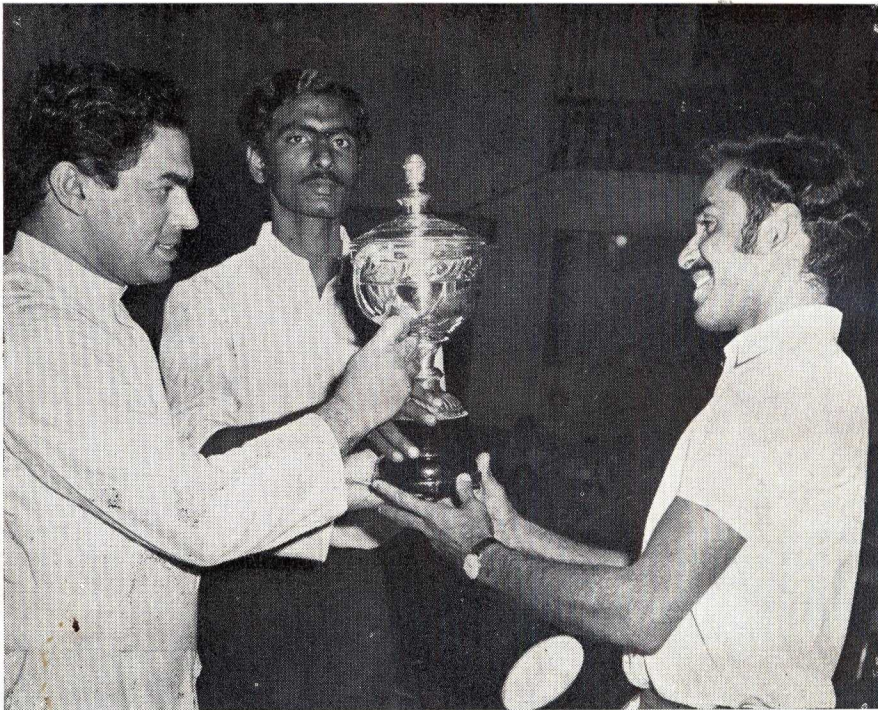


The Nightingale of the day.
First winner for Indian Music from the
Central College.

Spring Festival

Contd.

Grand Final



The Christ College Students' Union Spring Festival Trophy was shared by St. John's Medical College and Christ College.

The Spring Festival

Spring is the season of flowers, festivals, smiles, music and songs. The Spring Festival which was held by Christ College cannot be described by the mere utilisation of pompous adjectives nor will it do justice to the magnificent efforts that were put into the production of a festival of drama, music and debate.

The idea to conduct a cultural festival was conceived by the office-bearers of the Christ College Students' Union in late 1972. Weeks passed and everyone was anxious to know the outcome of this excellent idea. Was it only a dream? Then came January 1973. The idea had become a reality. Spring Festival was born. Hard days of labour, travelling and planning were ahead. Everyone looked forward towards the day. Hurdles had to be overcome, arrangements to be made, contestants to be rallied, venue to be fixed, and of course, tickets to be sold. Obstacles cropped successively. All these did not daunt the indefatigable nature of everyone concerned. Posters appeared. Tickets were printed. Rumbles of grumbling were heard. Complaints raised. Usual excuses of 'no money', 'will pay at the end of the month', etc., were heard. However, everything went on like clockwork. No slips, no mishaps, and the days got closer. Time flew. Students rallied around to

give whatever help they could. Response at first was discouraging but it gained tempo as the time came nearer. The dates were fixed, the venues were arranged, judges were chosen and prizes were bought.

The Venues: Christ College, and Ravindra Kalashetra.

The Dates: 17th, 19th & 20th of February.

It was befitting that the Festival should start rolling from the College of the organisers. Thus on Saturday, 17th at 4 p.m. the Debate was to commence. 'Indian Standard Time' prevailed and the Debate did not begin until 5 O'clock in the evening. The number of Colleges were restricted to seven including Christ College. The Colleges that participated in the debate numbered only three—St. John's Medical College, St. Joseph's Commerce College and Christ College. There were two participants from each College. The spirit of competition, tension and measure of talent would have been much more if all the Colleges had participated.

On the 19th the Ravindra Kalashetra witnessed the hidden talents of students who produced their very best in them for an enthusiastic crowd. The dramas were praiseworthy. Acting was 'tops', direction

superb and the crowd lapped it up. Four Colleges took part - St. John's Medical College, St. Joseph's Commerce, St. Joseph's Arts & Science and Christ College.

On the 20th St. Joseph's Commerce, St. Joseph's Arts & Science, Central College, St. John's Medical College,

Mount Carmel College and Christ College put forth the musical - cum - Mono - act extravaganza. Crowd packed Ravindra-Kalakshetra and amidst cat calls, booing, and clapping the show went on. To crown all our efforts, we won the Talent Contest Trophy and shared the Spring Festival Trophy with St. John's Medical College.

Here is the list of prize winners of the various competitions held on 17th, 19th and 20th of February 1973.

17th Feb: **Debate**: Best Speaker: Miss Eunice Misquith of St. John's Medical College.

Runner - up: Cherian Mathews of Christ College.

Winner of Team Championship: Christ College

19th Feb: **Dramatics**: Best Actor: Chetan Divgi of St. John's Medical College

Runner - up: Sripathi Rao of St. John's Medical College.

Best play - The Spider - St. John's Medical College.

20th Feb: **Talent Contest**: Mono - Act: Achi Tsepel of Christ College.

Western Music: Sharon of Central College.

(The prize for Indian Music also went to Central College)

Talent contest trophy: Christ College.

Spring Festival trophy: Trophy was shared by St. John's Medical College & Christ College.

All the sacrifices of cutting classes, planning and running around paid. The Spring Festival was a success though it was not a very sensational one. All the hopes were realized. But this does not mean that success is all that matters, and moreover, success has the peculiar tendency to be forgotten soon. Anyway, it is not fair on our part to expect our achievements to be remembered by the future students of Christ College. A beginning has been made - a giant one not only for the Students' Union, but also for the College. A tradition has been set and time will bring more

fame, momentum and popularity to the Festival. The future students have their own parts to play, and their own pinnacles to reach, and the Spring Festival shall become an ever-lasting affair. We wish that it will endure, and, become part of the life of Christ College.

We take this opportunity to thank all the well-wishers who had donated valuable Trophies, the judges who could afford to spare some of their precious time, and last but not least, all those who had helped in one way or another in making the Spring Festival a tremendous success.

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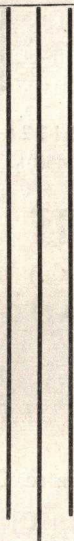
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THRENODY ON THE DEATH OF THE ROLLS-ROYCE CAR

I wept

When I heard that Rolls-Royce is dead.

For three score years He was the King of the Road
Carrying royalty and taking pride of place
In the forefront of the cavalcade.

When the BBC announced last night
That the Company is to be sold
And the name to be extinguished
My heart stopped dead.

No longer will the British Ambassador
Step out of his Rolls - Royce limousine ;
No longer will boys and girls cherish
Dreams of owning a Silver Cloud ;
No longer will the Lord Mayor of London
Sit with a hero in a white Rolls ;
No longer will ambitious chauffeurs
Take diplomas to drive the Olympian car.

When this century was in its noughts
Rolls met Royce and wrote the charter
To give the world its best motor - car
And Britain her industrial oriflamme.

Like the Parthenon's pillared facade
The image of the car's fluted snout,
And pediment with the intertwined R's
Will remind one of a glory that's gone.

George Kuruvilla

The vowels mix stickily with the air of the auditorium, already saturated by the fume of tens of thousands of packed bodies, the smoke of 50,000 cigarettes and a few pounds of weed forming an acrid blue vault overhead.

the Beatles – the very prototype of nice English working-class lads accepted every where; winning M. B. E.'s from the Queen – the Stones from the start based their appeal partly on their reputation as delinquents. They were always too shaggy, too street-smart, too obvious with their drugs; instead of creating the illusion of working within English social conventions, as the Beatles did, they simply ignored the rules. The Stones became the scapegoats of England's drug problem, and provided London with the juiciest gossip since the Profumo Scandal.

The Stones And The Jumpin' Jack Flash

george v. thomas

II B. A. (HEP)

Myth tells us that the god Apollo, whose instrument was the lyre, was challenged to a musical contest by a coarse Satyr named Marsyas, who had learned to play the flute. Marsyas lost, and Apollo skinned him alive. In our days, this draconian triumph of reason over instinct has been reversed. Marsyas, the unrepressed goat-man, has won. The Rolling Stones are one of his incarnations. Unlike

Yet it is a fact of the Stones' detachment that they have been as inaccessible to the right as to the left. The Rolling Stones are the last of the '60's. The Beatles have split up. Dylan will probably never give another performance. That leaves the Stones, survivors all, in complete possession of that territory of superstar music of what was once the "counter-culture" which shadowed imperceptibly into the blooming glitter of Las Vegas stardom.

The Stones are not the world's most inventive band – far from it. Their music is almost – but not yet – an anachronism: straight, blasting, raunchy rock 'n' roll, coiling around the hall and virtually shaking the fillings out of the listeners'

teeth. The Stones are white musicians who make black music, and their work openly originates from 'black rock' and 'black blues'. Quite apart from Keith Richards musical arrangements. Mick Jagger's lyrics, are based on the taut, painful, elliptical images of "classical" blues.

But twenty, even ten rows back, the words can scarcely be heard. They exist not as nouns and verbs, but as a physical mass, a hot, indistinct slur like sausage meat: ground out of the famous lips, eaten by the mike, driven into banks of amplifiers and rammed out through two immense blocks of speakers on either side of the stage. The vowels mix stickily with the air of the auditorium, already saturated by the fume of tens of thousands of packed bodies, the smoke of 50,000 cigarettes and a few pounds of weed, forming an acrid blue vault overhead. The drums, electric guitars and vast sneering voice ride into another, undifferentiated wave of sound coming at the stage from the hall - the noise of thousands of kids in vicarious heat. Where these two walls of energy meet, above the stage and its blindly waving fringe of teenybopper arms, they precipitate a form.

It is Mick Jagger, Jumpin' Jack Flash in person, laced into a white rhinestone-studded jumpsuit and painted like a Babylonian hooker, back-lighted by amber spots and front-lighted by a Mylar mirror the size of a movie screen slung from the roof trusses, belting into the chorus.....

At this point of their career, the Stones need publicity about as much as the Second World War and the logistics of moving them around America have

something in common with that military operation. There are the transport arrangements, involving the precise arrival of trucks, the private jets on stand-by at closed airfields, the split second timing of those black, secretive limousines that proclaim and conceal the superstars; the overkill technology of the staging with its hydraulic lifts, remote control mirrors and waving arcs, even the official correspondents, and behind it all invisible, the accumulated thrust of one of the most prodigious image-building industries the world has ever seen.

With the coming of the '70's some of the ground has begun to shift beneath the Stones. Perhaps rock will not become, as some pessimists think, the bubble-gum music of tomorrow; but the Stones' predominantly white, middle-class audience gets younger and younger and in any case fewer and fewer musicians nowadays are interested in playing straight gut rock. The trend among musicians seems to be toward a more complex melodic style that incorporates jazz fusions and extends the vocal phrases instead of locking them solidly into the beat. There are also signs that the mass concert may not be the grail of musical ambition that it once was, that it may go the way of the three-day rock festival, into oblivion. It took the pop audience a few years to learn that giant concerts tend not to be events of ecstatic mass communion but uncomfortable affairs, jammed and hot. It takes a lot of dedication to sit on a rickety wooden seat through an hour of sound you have already heard twenty times on your stereo at home, while straining to watch, a quarter of a mile away through the gaps in the jiggling mops of hair, a tiny gyrating mannequin whose face you cannot see but whom you know to be Jagger's.

An essential part of Jagger's act is his vulnerability. He is a butterfly for sexual lepidopterists, strutting and jackknifing across the stage in a cloud of scarf and glitter, pinned by the spotlights. Non-responsibility is written into his whole relationship with the audience, over which he has less control than any other comparable idol in rock history. Elvis Presley who can still tune the fans up and down like a technician twisting a dial, is the opposite. Jagger's act is to put himself out like a bait and then flick himself away just as the jaws are about to close and the audience comes breaking ravenously over the stage. No other singer alive has transformed downright arrogance into such a turn-on.

What still confounds the audience is Jagger's ripe compound of menace and energy: he seems an ultra-violent wraith from Fetish Alley. As king of rock, Jagger has no equals and no visible successors, and at least one of his songs has to be autobiographical :

"I was raised by a toothless bearded hag
I was schooled with a strap across my back
But it's all right now
In fact, it's a gas
But it's all right
I'm jumpin' Jack Flash
It's a gas, gas, gas"

The world is not interested in the storms you encountered,
but did you bring in the ship?

* * *

A man went on holiday for his health but, unfortunately, died while he was away. His body was sent home, as the widow was viewing the remains at the undertaker's, a friend remarked, "Doesn't he look wonderful!"
"Yes," replied the widow. "I think those two weeks' holiday did him a world of good".

RD

* * *

When My son was born, my father-in-law, whose first grandchild it was, phoned the hospital to see how the mother and baby were. On hearing his name, the nurse assured him that his wife and child were fine.
"Oh dear, no," stammered Dad. "I'm not the husband - just the father"!

RD

The Mystery of Bird Migration

It made no response to the light beam directed to its eye, a stethoscope could not detect a heartbeat.

c. d. poulose

II B.Sc.

Since the dawn of time, aeons before the beginning of man's recorded history, birds were migrating thousands of miles across oceans and dry lands in search of better feeding and, or breeding grounds. The fact that birds fly thousands of miles at a stretch starting from a place on specific days of the calendar every year and reaching its destination with amazing definiteness, following a definite route, in some cases even without any sort of feeding, arouses in us wonder and curiosity.

Let us use a few winged beauties who keep up the Olympian standards in the bird kingdom. The greatest traveller of all the Arctic Tern, leaves its northern colonies in late summer for the 11,000 to 14,000 mile-trip to seas near Antarctica every year. Some pick a route through the Pacific while others go by the west coast of Europe and Africa and may even

stray to the Indian Ocean. White Storks summer in Europe but spend the winter in South Africa. Expert gliders, they prefer to ride on rising air-currents. Woodcock (*Scolopax rusticola*) breeding in the Himalayas is a winter visitor to the Nilgiris. The Siberian Crane, a regular winter visitor to our country, arrives in November from its breeding grounds in Siberia, South-East Russia.

What, then, is Bird Migration? Dr. Thompson, an eminent authority, describes bird migration as "changes of habitat periodically recurring and alternating in direction which tend to secure optimum environmental conditions at all times."

Types of Migration

1. **Local Migration:**—Some birds like the Golden Oriole migrate from one

locality to another at irregular periods because of climatic or other changes.

2. **Altitudinal migration:**—An arctic grouse, the Willow Ptarmigan, that turns white in winter stays in the frozen North. It shifts its diet from insects to buds and twigs and moves from the bleaker slopes to more protected valleys. This migratory movement is called altitudinal migration, and many mountain birds practise it. A journey down a mountain slope to a spot 4,000 feet lower, would be the rough equivalent of a southward journey of about 1,200 miles.

3. **Nocturnal and diurnal migrations:**—As the name indicates this is a navigation by birds during night and day time. Smaller birds and penguins take the advantage of nocturnal navigation to escape from enemies. A good number of migratory birds are in action day and night, e.g., geese, gulls, etc.

4. **Partial migration:**—Many species are only partially migratory. In Europe most skylarks and wood-larks migrate out of Scandinavia, but others stay throughout the year in Britain where the seasons are more equable.

5. **Abnormal migration:**—In this case birds are forced to leave their natural habitat under abnormal and unfavourable conditions.

Hibernation

It is not out of place to mention the hibernation habits of birds, which is a compensation for risky migration. This is a stage of dormancy in winter. Dr. Edmund C. Jaeger and his companions discovered in a Californian mountain a Poor-will tucked into a rocky crevice.

Suspecting it to be dead, they were surprised when the bird blinked an eye. It made no response to the light beam directed to its eye, a stethoscope could not detect a heart beat. This inactive stage during winter lasted for 88 days.

To collect some of the basic facts about migration a light aluminium ring of suitable size stamped with a number and address is fastened to the instep of the foot of a bird before it is released. The birds are captured in distant lands and the rings returned to the address given therein with particulars.

Features of Migratory Flight :

Migrants feed heavily before their journey and add 15 to 40 percent to their weight, but this is swiftly converted to subcutaneous fat over the whole body and the bird may fly thousands of miles on an empty stomach. So efficient is this concentrated energy store that a Golden Plover, having fattened on Labrador bayberries, makes its 2,400 miles non-stop flight over open ocean and arrives at its South American winter-home weighing only 2oz. less than when it set out.

Migrating birds travel faster than they do at other times. They may cover several hundreds of miles in a day or night. Blue Geese make the 1,700 mile flight from James Bay in Canada to coastal Louisiana in 60 hours. The enormously strong and highly evolved flight muscles of birds which account for 15% to 30% of a bird's body weight, aid such a miraculous performance. Most of the routine migration probably takes place within 3,000 feet of the earth, but some birds go as high as 14,000 to 25,000 feet. No wonder many

species cross both the Andes and the Himalayas during migration.

The Risks of Migration

Migration is a great event in the life of a bird. Hundreds of millions of birds never reach their destination. High buildings, television towers, airfield ceilometers and beams have cost 20,000 migratory birds in one night and 50,000 in another. High tension wires also take their toll of death. Natural catastrophes far outweigh such man-made dangers. More than 750,000 Lapland Longspurs (sparrow-like birds) crashed into buildings, wires, poles, etc., having been caught in a sticky snowstorm, and fell on the frozen ground in Minnesota State in 1904. Birds do not have any weather forecasting system and many are carried away by unexpected hurricanes and they become exhausted and die.

Riddles of Migrations

What causes Migration? What prompts birds to start their migration at approximately the same time each year? What internal clock and what external stimuli are responsible? During the Pleistocene Age the Northern Hemisphere was covered with sheets of ice which forced the birds to migrate to the Southern Lands. Each winter is a recurring of "ice age" and instinctively birds retreat to their ancestral haven. The fact that the birds of the Northern Hemisphere are most migratory throws light on this hypothesis. Some other internal stimuli may put them in flight. "Racial customs" inherited by the birds through countless generations may be a remote cause. Even meteorological conditions seem to trigger migration in some birds.

We know that endocrine glands, which secrete hormones, and which make the males sing and females lay eggs, undergo great changes before the nesting season. The secretion of hormones may engender habits in birds. Departure and arrival times are dependent on the seasonal cycle, e.g. length of day-light increase in spring and decrease in autumn, temperature variations, etc. These phenomena act on the endocrine glands to set in motion the metabolic changes for the journey.

Alimental, Climatic and Gametic Migrations :-

According to Dr. Haepe there are 3 main causes for migration:

1. **Alimental**: It is in response to food variations. Birds are noted for their food consumption. The high metabolic activities of birds require it. Seed-eaters consume 5% to 10% of its body weight daily, while insectivorous or carnivorous birds consume 25% to 40% of its body weight per day. Humans take food only 2% to 3% of their body weight. There is no wonder in claiming that such voracious consumers migrate in search of food. The necessity of trace elements for the growth and survival of young ones is of great importance, therefore, birds may migrate to those regions where these elements are available.

2. **Climatic**: This is the response to extremes in climate. The American Robin is a typical "weather migrant", since it is the weather which apparently dominates their flight. Usually birds avoid winter and love the warmth of summer.

3. **Gametic**: Recent studies of Dr. Aluin suggest that the migration of

birds is notably for breeding purposes. Physiologic changes, such as the enlargement of male testis to several hundred times and hormonal secretions put the adult males in flight, followed by females and immature ones. Dr. Margalef examined the reproductive migrations of animals, in relation to the energy characteristics of ecosystems. Those individual organisms that have developed behaviour patterns leading to reproduction in less mature or less organized ecosystems, where surplus energy is available, and support biomass per unit of energy flow, have left behind more offspring. It is found that migrations improve the energy balance of birds in terms of calories gained by living in different places at different times. This energy gained or saved can be used for growth and reproduction.

How do birds find their way?

This is a question asked from time immemorial. It was believed that the experienced adult birds guided the rest of the group by pinpointing oceans, lakes, rivers, valleys, peninsulas, mountains, etc. Thus it was a source of great astonishment when it was discovered that some birds, fresh from the hatch, lead the rest without any previous experience of either route or destination, accomplished the journey with amazing accuracy. It is interesting to note that they very seldom travel in straight lines. At one time birds were thought to have a kinaesthetic sense, by which they could form patterns of their route through pressures of their inner ear.

Sun as a compass: Gustav Kramer and others proposed that a bird might be able to use the sun as a compass and even have a time sense which enables it to adjust its course to compensate for the sun's move

ment across the sky. Interesting experiments were conducted in which captive starling birds, brought from eastern regions, demonstrated their "homing sense" in an aviary. When the migration season began the birds showed a definite tendency to fly eastward as if they wished to fly home. When the direction of the sun was seemingly changed using large mirrors, the predominant direction of flight was also shifted.

Navigation by stars: In spring and summer the song birds, known as warblers, are residents in northern Europe but in August they migrate to their winter homes in Africa. Each bird finds its own way. Since they fly only at night it seems likely that the warblers migrate by the stars. E. G. F. Sauer has experimented with some of these birds placed in a cage inside a planetarium. When the planetarium dome was illuminated with only diffused light, showing no stars the warblers showed no directional preference. But when the planetarium dome carried a star pattern which matched, the night sky over Germany, the birds took up a position facing the proper direction for migration. With respect to the change of constellations the birds showed extraordinary ability to use the usual migratory route.

Effect of Magnetism: Just as an aquatic animal would probably be the last to discover the importance of water, so it is very difficult for us to learn whether animals respond to magnetism. The earth's own field varies in many ways. Since the moving bird, or part of it, is a moving electrical conductor, a magnetic field should induce electric currents within it, and living things, of course, respond to electric currents.

Birds use magnetic information and it is clear that some and perhaps all birds have available a magnetic compass of considerable precision and birds can distinguish the direction of magnetic field. Earth's magnetic field varies continuously with all the major natural frequencies and the animals are informed of the time of day, month and year etc. Hence the earth's magnetic field could serve as a timer for biological clocks.

Since the earth's magnetic field is variant and directive and has its effects on organisms, it is logical to assume that birds use magnetic information in their navigation. Experiments with snails proves this hypothesis.

Ionic Belts and Birds: It is a proven fact that there are ionic belts around the earth, formed by the composite, combined

effect of cosmic rays, radiations from stars and sun, and the earth's magnetic field. These belts have got intensity variations at different places and times. When an organism is trapped into these belts it is influenced by this phenomenon, and birds move in search of optimum electric balance through these belts and reach their particular destination. The inability of birds to regain their paths when they are driven away by hurricane, and to avoid the perilous obstacles gives logic to this hypothesis.

Even in our space age with its recent advances in scientific knowledge and technological devices, man could not tackle the riddle of bird migration. This mysterious phenomenon still provides ample chances for further research and scientific studies.

NO ENEMIES

You have no enemies, you say?
 Alas, my friend, the boast is poor.
 He who has mingled in the fray
 Of duty, that the brave endure,
 Must have made foes. If you have none,
 Small is the work that you have done.
 You've hit no traitor on the hip,
 You've dashed no cup from perjured lip,
 You've never turned the wrong to right,
 You've been a coward in the fight.

“Man is a battery worth Rs. 3”

The Human Battery

Joseph p. v.

II B.Sc. (P. C. M.)

Man, as a “rational being”, has always tried to unfold the vital issue of energy. How can a man lift weights heavier than his own? How could a cheetah run at 50 miles per hour? How can there be bioluminescence in some fishes, glow worms, fireflies, etc.? How could a few fishes produce bioelectricity instantaneously, even upto 500 volts, for offensive and defensive purposes? These and similar problems were points of contemplation among the intelligentsia from time immemorial.

In the modern era Lavoisier (1743-1794) was the first to raise this problem. He felt the existence combustion in living beings producing heat out of material food-stuffs. This process of oxidation seemed to him to be increasing in cold environments, in muscular work, etc. These chemical changes were then referred to blood by later scientists and lastly to tissues, blood being a carrier to and from the lungs. By 1842 Leibig concluded that carbohydrates, fats and proteins are the substances which burn in body. In 1883 Rubner succeeded partially, and Dubois in 1915, to demonstrate the relationship between the surface area of the body and heat production. It was the special field of physio-chemistry for the past few decades.

Heat is produced in the body by the oxidation of food constituents and this

heat is recognised as temperature, which is the energy of molecular motion. This energy is used for two important purposes, viz., for basal metabolism and for active work. Living organisms are so designed to trap energy before it is dissipated as heat and is stored as special preservable compounds like glycogen. A key substance which serves as a store house for energy is ATP called Adenosine Triphosphate. It consists of adenine (a nitrogen-containing purine), ribose (a five membered sugar), and three phosphate groups. Thus the heat produced by the combustion of food stuffs is preserved as chemical energy in these high energy phosphate compounds, and is used to synthesise macromolecules like proteins, vitamins and amino acids in the cells. Plants use sunlight energy for the formation of ATP and then of glucose. The chemical energy is converted into mechanical energy in muscular contraction, or electrical energy in nerve impulses, or light energy in luminescent organisms.

How does man lift weights heavier than his own?

The physical role of ATP is at work in muscular contraction of organisms. Myofibrils are the functional units of muscles. Each myofibril is composed of five kinds of materials, namely, water, inorganic ions, ATP, and the proteins

actin and myosin. Take actin and myosin in a test tube and mix them together to form actinomyosin complex. Add water, inorganic ions and ATP to this. You will be surprised to see that actinomyosin complex beginning to contract. Further you will be wondering when you see these contracting fibres lifting weights upto 1,000 times their own weight. Thanks to Albert Szent Gyorgi who demonstrated it for the first time. Muscle activity is cyclic with alternate expansion and contraction and energy is used at a certain point in this cycle. It is because of contraction that a cheetah can run at 50 m. p. h. and a man can lift weights heavier than his own.

How is bioluminescence produced?

We saw that ATP is the energy donor in muscular activity by making actinomyosin - ATP complex supple elastic and contractable. During contraction, the ATP of this complex yields energy and is reduced to mere actinomyosin. ATP must be supplied to the actinomyosin to enable the muscular contraction again. This is brought about by respiration coupled with oxidation. But energy has to be stored abundantly since muscular contraction uses energy faster than could be supplied by oxidation. Hence muscles have compounds, creatine and arginine which accept ATP and become creatine phosphate and arginine phosphate which are collectively referred to as phosphogens. When combustion supplies more energy, it creates phosphogens and when muscles are active the immediate source of energy to recharge muscles are phosphogens. Creatine and arginine so formed are re-energised by respiration, and respiratory ATP continuously replenishes phosphogen stores.

Further it has been proved that ATP is the master substance of muscles in animals of non-muscular locomotion, where the chemical energy of ATP is converted to mechanical energy of locomotion. ATP is also important in the production of heat, light and electricity, besides energising the mechanical cell functions. For ATP is used in phosphorylation reaction and any excess energy in the course of the reaction is given out as heat. Thus the heat from the external environment maintains the temperature of the organism by offsetting the heat lost by radiation and evaporation. ATP creates an internal heat environment and helps to maintain body temperature.

Light is emitted by a remarkable variety of organisms from bacteria to fishes. The capacity to produce light has developed independently during evolution, but the mechanism of bioluminescence is found to be the same in all cases, with a few exceptions, of course. In 1667 R. Boyle argued that air is essential for bioluminescence in fungi and bacteria. But in 1794 Reaumur and Spallanzani showed that water was essential for the emission of light. It is Raphael Dubois who in 1887 showed in Pholas that two substances, luciferin and luciferase, are necessary for the production of light. Now it is known that the mechanism involves participation of six components: water, inorganic ions, oxygen, ATP, and two groups of substances called luciferin and luciferase. It has been found that luciferin and the enzyme luciferase are non-luminous by themselves and vary in composition in different species. During light production ATP combines with luciferin forming a luciferin-ATP complex. When luciferase is added to it in the presence of ions and oxygen the mixture emits light: since oxygen is used up, ATP becomes ADP

(Adenosine diphosphate). If more oxygen and ATP are added, light is again produced where the chemical energy of ATP is converted into light energy. Thus production of light is an oxygen consuming, ATP-dependent process.

The various luminous forms range from bacteria that give off a blue light (495 mu) to the South American Railroad worm which emits red light (640 mu). Luminescence of the sea is caused by protozoans, sponges, radiolarians, jelly fishes, comb jellies, brittle stars, snails, shrimps, copepods, etc. We have also the terrestrial forms: fireflies and glowworms. None of these are found to produce ultra violet or infra red light. The light emitted may be in the form of flashes or stay lit up for a longer time. The wavelength of the light depends on the particular chemical make up of luciferin and its intensity is remarkably great.

How is an Elephant knocked down by an Eel ?

A few fishes living both in fresh water and in marine water possess electric organs capable of discharging a considerable amount of electric current. These current generators are nothing but modified muscle cells called electroplaques which are piled in stacks. In these electric organs, the muscular contraction produces strong currents with the help of ions and ATP. Chemically, generation of electricity is due to release of acetylcholine to the free active form. Acetylcholine acts on cell permeability and splits into acetate, choline and enzymes producing electricity. This electricity is of great intensity in some fishes. The South American eel can discharge 500 volts, powerful enough to stun a man or to knock down an elephant

or a horse. The eels in Indian rivers, a dozen of which I have caught, could not produce more than 100 volts at a time. The intensity of electricity produced is found to differ from species to species. In fact, every muscular contraction, every nerve impulse, in any being produces very small amounts of electricity. Man does make use of 750 muscles everyday, within every 24 hours. Can you imagine how much electricity you generate in a day? Now you are rightly called a "Human Battery".

Conclusion

Cells manufacture substances like vitamins, enzymes, nucleic acids, etc., which are not obtained directly from food. Some plant tissues characteristically synthesise useful substances like rubber, quinine, cinnamon, cellulose, etc. These various synthetic processes require energy which is supplied by ATP. Even catabolism requires energy. The cell manufactures certain products which leave the cell to help the survival of other cells. This process is called secretion. Secretions may be nutritive, digestive, regulatory, supportive, protective or reproductive. Glands are those specialized cells which manufacture these products, APT is required for the movement of various substances across the body and thus ATP does active transport which is important in glandular secretions.

To sum up, you will be astonished to know that Man is a battery worth Rs. 3/- and this battery is made of Hydrogen, Oxygen, Carbon, Nitrogen, Magnesium, Phosphorus, Sulphur and Iron in certain definite ratios. Energy appearing in diverse forms is the activating principle and controller of the life process. ● ●

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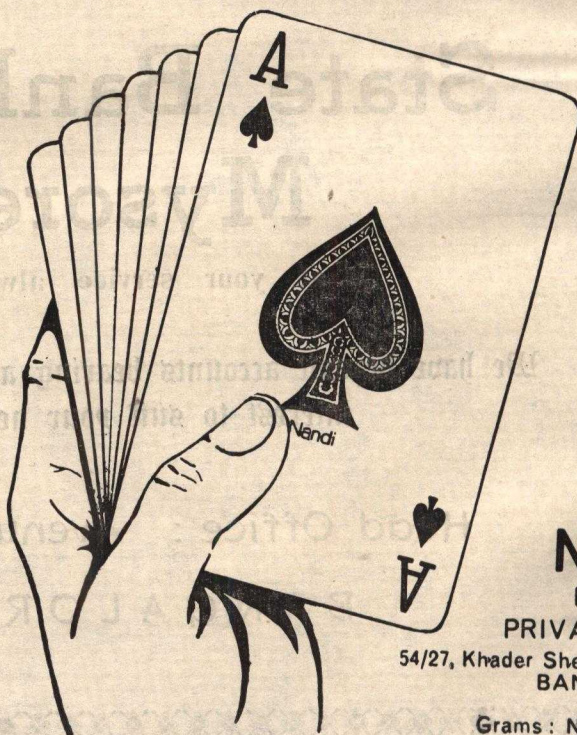
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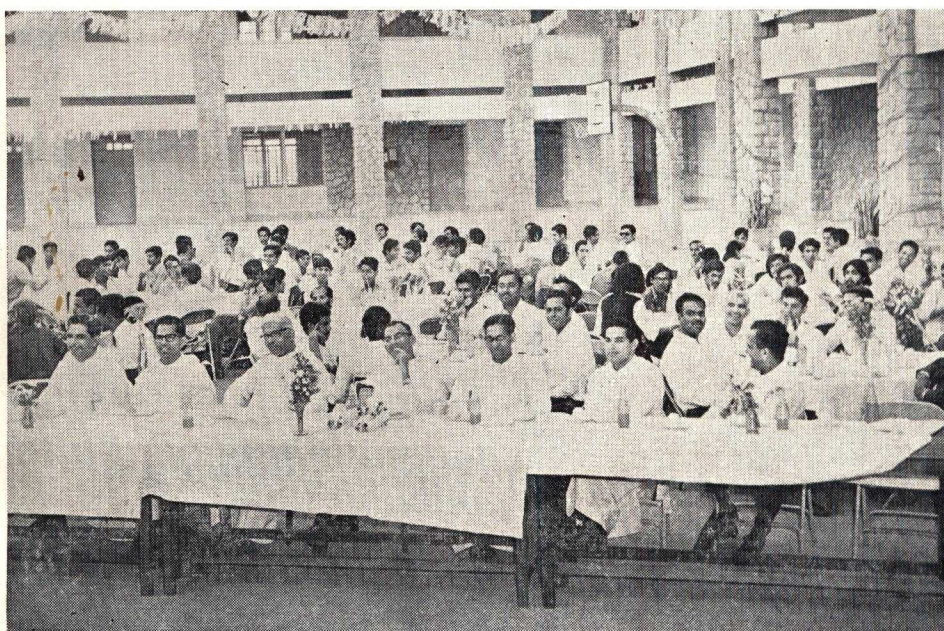
Hostel Day Celebrations

Contd.



Please note :

Benny Joseph (Captain Blue House)
is not posing for the photograph.
It's just an accident.



It's fun to relax over a cup of coffee and a plate of delicacies,
especially so when a 'fantastic' magic show is going on.



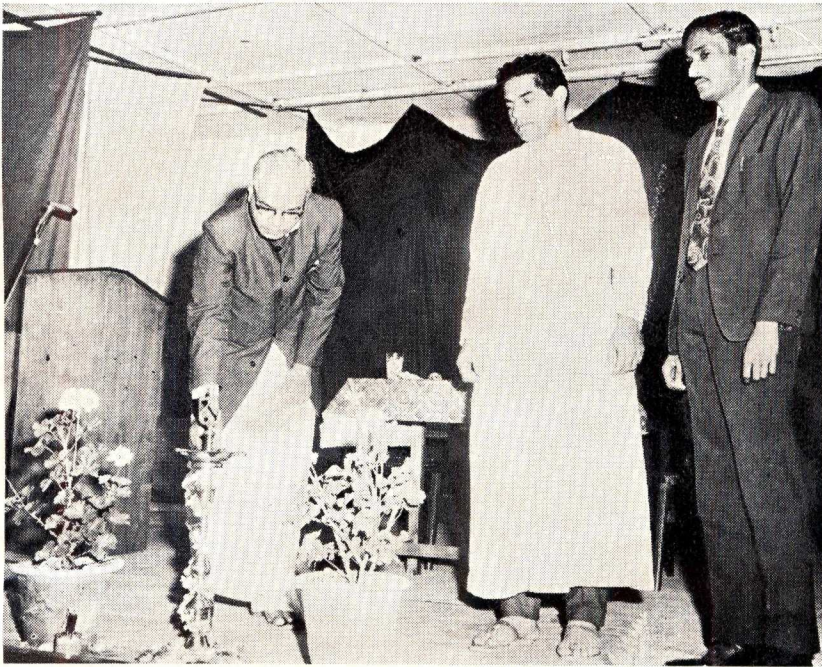
HOSTEL DAY



CAT AMONG PIGEONS :
Joy Mathew is representing
a widely known personality.

**The Chief Guest,
the Registrar of
Bangalore University,
addresses the gathering**



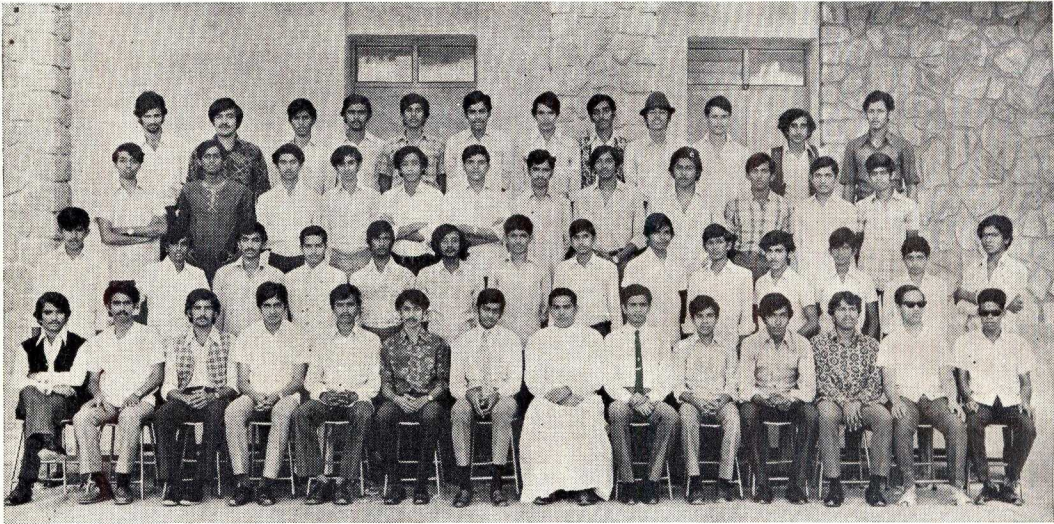


**Light it to Lighten.
The inauguration of
'Kannada Sanga'.**



**'Around the
world in 80 days?'
No please,
Mr. Vijaya
Padman
and Mr. Vinod
(III B.Com)
took part in the
All-India High-
way Rally**

HOSTELERS



s. carlose
dept. of tamil

STARS

Where have
the stars gone?
Why have
the flowers dried up?
Can't you digest
two days' hunger?

**"Although there is not a
government in the world
that does prefer, in its
own way, to be
peace loving,
it is still
uncertain
whether all nations
have completely aban-
doned the state of mind
that has so often led to war...."**

HAS THE U.N.O. ANY FUTURE?

Joseph p. d. poonely, II B. A. (P.S.E.)

The history of man's journey towards peace on Earth has been a long and arduous one culminating in the establishment of the United Nations - an organization in which are centered all his hopes.

"We the peoples of the United Nations are determined to save the succeeding generations from the scourge of war....."

".....The purposes of the United Nations are to maintain international peace and unity....."

With these platitudinous pronouncements the U. N. addressed the epilogue to the horrendous holocaust of World War II. The U. N. is a world - body that operates through its organs. The principal organs of the U. N. are:

- (i) The General Assembly;
- (ii) The Security Council;
- (iii) The Economic and Social Council;
- (iv) The Trusteeship Council;
- (v) The International Court of Justice;
- (vi) The Secretariat and many other specialised agencies. It has experienced an era of elevation and degradation, of

crests and troughs and sometimes it was made the butt of contempt and ridicule by nations whose problems it failed to solve.

The twentyfifth anniversary of the U. N. was celebrated on October 24, 1970. On October 3, 1972 the United Nations Charter marked the completion of its 27th anniversary. It was all to the good that U. N. met predominantly in a mood of self - examination. There was recognition of the scale and rapidity of the changes sweeping the world and of the need for breaking away from the assumptions of the old order. In the last 27 years of its existence this world forum has witnessed a stormy and cyclonic period of political upheavals, of aggressions and invasions of blatant militarism and rabid racism - the issues of which threatened its very *raison d'etre*. The U. N. is now on the threshold of an unknown future. The question is often raised "Has the U.N.O. any future?", and this question is one of relevance in the modern world. We have to examine its future in the context of its history, its lessons and experiences, in the context of its achievements and failures.

Assessment of achievements :

Thanks to this organization there has been, of course, a qualitative change in the world situation in recent years. Our world has become so small today that it simply cannot afford another Hitler. Since the establishment of the U.N in 1945, many international conventions and treaties have come into being, ensuring for men and nations equality of rights, freedom, justice and peace. Another world war has been averted and a great deal is being done by the specialized agencies of the U. N. in the fields of health, agriculture, education, labour, communications etc. The U. N. is engaged in the study of a number of problems thrown up by modern conditions of life including the problems of changing human environment.

For example, it is studying the areas of brain-drain as also the effects of recent developments in science and technology, particularly in the fields of electronics, biology and medicine - on respect human rights and dignity of the individual, and is chiefly concerned with man's right to privacy and moral integrity.

There is also, for the first time, the prospect of collaboration between Super Powers. In addition, the U. N. has successfully fostered arms control agreements, raised standards of living, drafted rules of law to regulate the behaviour of nations in outer space and the oceans, and facilitated the orderly process of decolonization.

Failures :

While all these achievements are a credit to the U. N. we must also look at the problems that still confront us. In many

ways men and nations have now come close, to each other physically than ever before. While this should make for greater mutual understanding, it has paradoxically created barriers born of envy and greed. The world is still plagued with rivalries between political ideologies, wide economic disparities, still unsolved colonial and racial problems, perhaps most of all, a considerable gap between stated ideals and actual practice. Although there is not a government in the world that does not prefer, in its own way, to be peace loving, it is still uncertain whether all nations have completely abandoned the state of mind that has so often led to war - the nationalist urge to dominate and expand, and the conviction of the unquestionable superiority of their own particular traditions, forms and ways of life. Nor has it been possible effectively to eliminate thus far the use of force. The prodigious growth of the military might of a few nations inevitably breed in other nations the fears, resentments, and suspicions that historically have also created the atmosphere of tensions in which wars break out. Although a declaration of human rights and fundamental freedoms has been internationally proclaimed, not many countries can justifiably take pride in having applied it fully.

Last, Best Hope :

But with all its imperfections, the U. N. remains man's last, best hope. Addressing the 27th General Assembly of the United Nations, India's Foreign Minister, Mr. Swaran Singh has said that the government and people of India look forward to the United Nations as a continuous source of inspiration and a vast field of co-operation. Yet, it is constantly being enfeebled, if not undermined, in a

number of ways. Some seek in it partisan support. Others make an issue of money and finances. Still others try to use it for under-writing their domestic policies. All these, may appear to some as legitimate, but developing countries like India look on the U. N. as a bastion where internal peace and justice can be protected and progress assured.

Means to the end

For this purpose the great principles of the U. N. Charter cannot be pursued selectively. They should be taken in their totality and applied realistically in a given situation. We must work toward a new world order in which aggressive nationalism or expansion is banished as a means of promoting or protecting International interests. It has, therefore, become the urgent responsibility of the United Nations to ensure that the course of future history flows along the channels of disarmament and development. Again the U. N. should ensure that the resources born of all exploration of outer space and researches into the nature of life are used not merely for the aggrandizement of individual nations but for the welfare of the family of man.

We have seen how the great religions of the world after lamentable periods of bigotry and violence, have become accommodative to each other without losing their influence or independence, by a mutual respect for, and understanding of common spiritual and moral aims. We must try, both earnestly and urgently, to extend that process of accommodation to the political, ideological, economic and racial differences that divide the world today.

Even if the question of power politics were solved, we have to face other formidable problems, not the least of which is the growing gap between the developed and less developed countries, between the rich and the poor, the haves and the have-nots in the world. This is indeed the most crucial and the most challenging long term struggle of this century.

The domination of one nation or group of nations by another is intolerable. we know that mutual aid and co-operation are the best basis for lasting relationship between nations. We have the possibility of raising standards of living and the opportunity through international co-operation. We have the possibility of great advances in science, technology, and in unexplored realms of the human mind, as well as in outer space. Finally, we have an agreed framework – the United Nations' system, within which we can pursue our aims and bring about an orderly development in international life.

The task on its members :

The future of the United Nations, therefore, rests both on the Big Powers and the small nations. It rests to a considerable degree with the small nations in their sense of responsibility, their independence, and objectivity ; their dedication to the principles of the Charter ; and above all, their collective determination to help attenuate and bring an end to the dangerous tensions that have affected international relations so adversely during the last years. The Big Powers, on the other hand, should bid farewell to their attempts to take over the U. N. by seeking to direct and control its activities. Such a step taken, together with more massive and

co-operative utilization of modern science and technology, may well fulfill the dream for which this organization was established.

From what has been said it follows that man's abiding faith in the U. N. and in its ultimate success remains unshaken. In spite of many setbacks and disappointments, millions and millions of people look upon the U. N. with faith and hope, and wish that this will take yet another step,

however modest towards achieving the goal of peace, justice and progress. It can well be said that in this deadening, desolating desert, that is the modern world, U. N. is the only oasis of hope and optimism for the begrimmed and befuddled humanity which has just recovered from the catastrophic and cataclysmic calamities perpetrated by the devastating world wars that occurred in the first half of the 20th century.

In the theatre at Stratford-Upon-Avon, I sat next to a bright-eyed woman of 60 or so, one of a busload of lady travellers from the United States.

"I've known these girls all my life, grew up with them back home", She explained during the interval. "They've all lost their husbands-call themselves the Merry Widows. Every year they take a long trip together." She let out a great sigh of pleasure.

"I've so much wanted to join their club", she resumed. But I just wasn't eligible until this spring".

BOB DE LANY

* * *

Knowing that a friend needed some new bedding, I had been enquiring into the price of blankets. Suddenly I realised that the assistant must be getting tired of pulling them down from the shelf, where there was now only one left.

"I'm terribly sorry", I said. "I'm really not buying today. I was only looking for a friend,"

"Well, madam", replied the assistant wearily, "I'll take down the last one if you think he's in it".

FRANCIS LEO GOLDEN

"Of course, play activities are real in the sense that they exist in the real world. A cricket game involves real people and real objects as much as an automobile accident does"

Toward A Playful Life

p. jacob raju, B.Sc. (C.B.Z.)

Why is that we, in our modern technological age, do not take play seriously and regard it often as a worthless guise? Is it perhaps that the belief in a mystical value of work has still a firm hold on our cultural conscience? That we are still infantile in matters relating to play? In answer to these questions, I would like to show how play contributes to at least half of our life, cultural as well as religious, and why we have to take play seriously. By play I mean here not only games and dramas but any activity that is basically free, spontaneous and immediately pleasurable.

As a small child, you might have noticed your dainty little cat playing with her kids, or the tiny bees skipping over beautiful flowers, or the gulls and ducklings floating and veering over water. All these creatures respond to a fundamental play instinct. According to Herbert Spencer, play is possible for an

organism only if it has reached a level of biological organisation so efficient that it does not expend all its energy in securing a bare survival'. The remaining energy can, thus, be spent "freely and wastefully" in an immediately pleasurable activity which he calls play. Consequently the animals in the lower evolutionary strata cannot afford to play.

But human play is different, it is not merely an aimless release of excess energy, but also a response to our deeply rooted biological as well as psychological needs. It transcends and transforms itself through mental and intellectual activities of man. Eventually, human play becomes an expression of spiritual skill, successfully realized in time and space. Throughout a game or a play, man is hopeful of his victory and at the same time aware of the tragic possibility of losing the game. Thus, the all-merry-man at play, is a dialectical unity of gaiety and tragedy, of

laughter and tears. It is this mingling of the light-hearted and the serious, which grows out of play, that makes man love this bright and colourful world, and yet smile at it because he knows its limits.

Discussion of Views :

The concept of play has been variously characterised by different people. Kant and Friedrich Schiller, for example, stressed the orderly rather than the pleasurable character of play. They viewed it as a necessity, if not sufficient condition of lawful self-realization which constitutes our rationality. Schiller contends that man as well as some animals possess a "primary play impulse", which, when stimulated by the overflow of vital energy, manifests itself in the "free and non-utilitarian exercise of his various faculties". In this respect, play is contrasted with work, which is characterised by external pressure, deprivation and hardship. Spencer took up Schiller's theory of super abundant energy and gave it an evolutionary twist.

Freud and other modern psychoanalysts regard play as an assimilative activity which has overcome many of our strains and frustrations and help us gain an active mastery over a situation which we have passively undergone. Thus play becomes a form of conquest, and this is the basis of pleasure derived from it. As such it is as serious as any of man's activities and as purposive in nature as his work.

Johan Huizinga's "Homo Ludens" remains one of the most important and modern works on the subject. In it he considers the fun element as the essential feature of play and contrasts it with the serious summing up the characteristics

of play, he defines it as "a voluntary activity or an occupation, exercised within certain limits of time and place according to rules freely accepted or absolutely binding, having its aim in itself, and accompanied by a feeling of tension, joy are consciousness that is different from ordinary life". This definition seeks to comprehend the vast range of activities which are commonly designated under the title 'play'. In the end he establishes, once and for all, the importance of play in our culture and cogently argues that civilization has not merely started from play, but it has arisen in and through play. In so far as man is a cultural being, he is also a 'Homo Ludens', a playful man.

Play and Aesthetics :

Aesthetic activity is an extension and universalization of play. It performs durably those benefits which play bestows temporarily upon the individual participants. Therefore, aesthetics is the highest form of human play being primarily the free exercise of the imaginative and the intellectual faculties of man. The poet's work is always the result of his play, and, if it is done right, it will turn into play again. Nevertheless, art is not just an act of gracefulness and an accident in human life, it can be a part of substance of our life. It is playful and also powerful for transforming human interests in the most profound way.

The Unreality of play and its Importance :

The conception of the fundamental unreality of play is an important insight. Play projects this unreality by providing a means to escape reality, and therein lies its value. Of course, play activities are real in the sense that they exist in

real people and real objects as much as an automobile accident does. But the first is made unreal by the imposition of artificial restrictions and regulations on real persons and things. In a game we step outside ordinary life and discover a new and unique world within a conventional structure of its own. Still it can puncture the grey monotony of our life with delight, so much that we go to a game and bring back little bunches of hopeful thoughts, because we have beaten our enemy and subdued the situation. This wonderful experience can charm away despair and once again assert our youthful vitality. Thus, as distinct from ordinary life, play constitutes its own form of encounter, charts its own unique direction in the world, and creates its own space-time reality.

Play and Personality Development :

William Sabler has given to the concept of play yet another important aspect which very much concerns the development of our personality traits. He describes it clearly in terms of freedom and existential encounter, and profusely quotes a Swiss psychiatrist, Gustav Balley, who says that, "man needs openness and freedom, which arise within the play, so as to lead his life in this world without pressure, anxiety and deception". The freedom to play is based, according to Balley "on a sense of trust, on a sense of living in a world where one is loved, where one feels at home, where it is safe to play."

Sadler finds further significance of play in its creative power within the structure of an interpersonal relationship of people playing together. "In play", he says, "man reaches into his fullest

possibilities as an individual, sustained and liberated by another". Humanity cannot be fully understood in terms of individuality alone, there is also the essential element of reciprocal 'person-coherence'. Play satisfies this element by opening up his personal world to the communal world. This is especially true in the case when man stands alone - he loses the sense of play.

Play and Work : A Theological Discussion :

Though very often, play is contrasted with work, both derive from the same source of initial undifferentiated activity in man's life. For example, consider the activity of a small child. He cannot distinguish between 'work' and 'play'. As he grows, his work and play gradually drift apart, though they never entirely lose contact with one another. This state of undifferentiated activity of the child is the ideal world of Bliss which we can call Heaven, where there is no distinction between play and work, where everything is play in the sense that everything is joyous, free and spontaneous. Therefore, "unless you become like little children, you will not enter into the kingdom of Heaven". Perhaps it was this theological dimension of play that was unconsciously stressed when someone, rather illogically stated, "our task in this planet is to create a God, if there isn't one, and then it will be time for us to play." Though illogically deduced, this proposition hints at the very heart of the matter, namely true play becomes possible only when man's mind has discovered and realized God, whereby he can be really happy and joyously free. This theological dimension of play inevitably calls for its integration with human work. Like play, the ideal human work also must be spontaneous and free, in the sense

that it comes from within as a realization of his human potential. Such work is the expression of joy and freedom. Then work becomes and means play.

It becomes clear that man, with a true sense of play, is at his highest level of cultural development. The various forms

of play have held aloft the torch of progress in this planet, and have given man a genuine immortal value. Thus with the growing leisure afforded by modern society, we are going to have more play in our lives. But then we will have to take play more seriously, too.

A man went to his doctor and complained of a pain in his ankle. After a careful examination, the doctor inquired, "How long have you been walking around like this?"

"Two weeks."

"Say, man, your ankle is broken! Why didn't you come to me sooner?"

"Well, doctor, every time I say something is wrong with me, my wife declares, 'Now, you'll have to stop smoking'."

* *

Doctor to men in bed, whose room is filled with noisy youngsters:

"You need plenty of rest and quiet, I suggest you go back to work."

* * *

Botany is the art of insulting
flowers in Greek and Latin.

Alphonse Karr

* * *

When nations talk about reducing
armies, every nation wants the last sword.

Frank Jay Markey

* * *

A tourist checking into a Rome hotel asked the clerk,

"What time do you serve meals?"

"Well," the clerk replied, "breakfast is from seven to eleven thirty, lunch is from twelve to three, and dinner is from six to nine thirty".

The tourist shook his head and said to his wife, "Does not leave much time for sight-seeing, does it?"

* * *

A British innkeeper with an eye on Shakespeare buffs named the rooms of his inn after the Bard of Avon's plays. A woman who had accompanied her husband refused to spend the night in a room called Taming of the Shrew was ushered into other rooms. The next day upon walking, she found that she had spent the night in the suite marked 'Much Ado About Nothing'.

“‘My Beauty!’ he murmured as he caressed the sparrow’s quivering feathers, and then gently, oh, ever so gently, he twisted its neck till he heard the telltale snap.....”

Chimanlal, Byrappa And The Duke

s. suchindranath, I B.COM.

Mr. Ramdas Chimanlal was a cunning old man; atleast, that was what old Lakshamma called him. and who should know better? For old Lakshamma had been his housemaid for the last five years, ever since he retired from the pawn-broking business. Of course old Lakshamma could be called a biased witness, for she had felt Mr. Chimanlal’s heavy hand on her weary, aching back, on two distinct occasions, which she, old indignant woman as she was, could not dismiss very lightly. But Mr. Chimanlal’s aspirations for cunning could not be dismissed at all, and his cunning was not of a very questionable quantum. First there was the very voluble young man from the city who claimed that Mr Chimanlal had cheated him of Rs. 600 once, and had got the police to beat him when he had protested. Then there was the considerable fortune Chimanlal had amassed, which showed itself to the world through the oppulent bungalow that he had had constructed on the banks of the Arsikere lake for his humble retired self. To build buildings like that these days one has to have atleast the cunning necessary to cheat the department of internal revenue, and that, believe me, is no simple matter. And finally there was Mr. Chimanlal himself, normally a quiet,

sagacious-looking, silent person in his immaculate, close collar, white coat and Gandhi-cap, who waxed rather garrulous on the subject of his cunning. In fact Mr. Chimanlal’s cunning can be classed as one of Mr. Chimanlal’s few pet vanities. He claimed loudly and often that he was always a few steps ahead of the devil himself. The complete and all capping proof was the expression that Mr. Chimanlal’s face was wont to wear on unguarded occasions.

His face wore this expression now as he chirruped and grumbled in a way not only calculated to fool the sparrow he was after, but the ruddy Devil himself. and that as I have mentioned earlier was one of his pet vanities: always a few steps ahead of the Devil!

Caught!! Mr. Chimanlal held the sparrow up in his hand and inspected it. “My Beauty!” he murmured as he caressed the sparrows quivering feathers, and then gently, oh, ever so gently, he twisted its neck till he heard the telltale snap, and then putting the limp form of the dead sparrow into his bag, and picking up his tiffin carrier, Mr. Chimanlal strode home.

Across Mr. Chimanlal’s living room was stretched one of Mr, Chimanlal’s other vanities. This was a glass-case filled

with dolls. Well, at a closer glance not quite dolls, and on an even closer scrutiny, it could be discovered that this glass case was a miniature ball room, in which sparrow after sparrow pirouetted about dressed in the costliest stuffs to the silent music played by a parrot band.

Mr. Chimanlal took out his spectacles, donned them, and walked over to the desk. He turned on his table lamp, and pulled out the dead sparrow. Taking up his case of instruments he now set to work: cutting, cleaning, stuffing, stitching and while he worked, he talked in a chirrup: "Ah, my handsome fellow, my fine little fellow! What a handsome Duke you will make! You shall dance with that pretty Duchess that I caught the other day....." And he worked and talked, and worked, and talked, and very soon the sparrow was stuffed and dressed in a purple cloak, with a bunch of lace at his throat. Mr. Chimanlal placed the little Duke in the glass-case and stood back to admire his handwork.

Twilight was being chased by the fast appearing damp fingers of darkness when Mr Chimanlal heard the joyous chirrupping of hundreds of sparrows. Mr. Chimanlal got up from his comfortable dose on the easy chair, and frowned. It was getting dark. He made up his mind, and picked up his net, and soon his inviting chirrup was heard fast disappearing into the dusk.

* * *

It was in the small, dark, dewy waves of the morning, that Police Constable Byrappa was walking down the Arsikere Tank-bund with his intimate friend Govindappa, the milk man. Govindappa is an astute man with a more than normal power of observation. It was he who

pointed up into the branches of the big tamarind tree at the white form, which even in that light could be discerned as the nude body of a man.

Constable Byrappa cleared his throat with the official 'Oi!' and stood forward to investigate. But the light was dim and police constable Byrappa's vision was filled with the thought of promotion, and so he stood closer to the tree, all to no avail. Govindappa scratched his scalp in his own inimitable way and came up with a solution: "Why don't you climb up and take a look?" Byrappa hastened to obey.

Constable Byrappa clambered up the tree, and took a closer look at the corpse; it had funny stitches all over the body and out of what looked suspiciously like a seam protruded a few stray feathers. Byrappa pulled out his torch and pointed a beam of light at the face of the corpse. It was Mr. Chimanlal, but Byrappa did not recognise him. Byrappa took one look at the horrified twisted, agonised look on the corpse's face, and fled. Govindappa scratched his scalp and then followed his friend without delay.

A small and exclusive set of Mr. Chimanlal's friends miss him very much. They are talking about his murder now, in Mr. Chimanlal's own living room; they are gloating over the imminent hanging of a young man who had often threatened Mr. Chimanlal's premature decease over the matter of some Rs. 600 while the young Duke eyes them with disapproving glass eye, but more than that they miss him. The friends miss Mr. Chimanlal's extremely entertaining oratory on the subject of his cunning, and how the Devil always comes off second best when Mr. Chimanlal is around.

HAPPINESS

Scared

I fled from the battlefield

A soldier from birth

Fed up with clotted blood

I wanted to die

A man stopped me on the way

How peaceful his face

How haunting his smile

Who are you who smiles at my misfortune

I'm you do not be afraid my child

He touched my head

Fear scurried away

And his voice became the wind in the
tree-tops

Back in the field

I

fought and I

Died

My heart in throes

Yet at peace

Happiness was I.

'praleeba'

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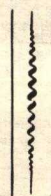
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Our Teams

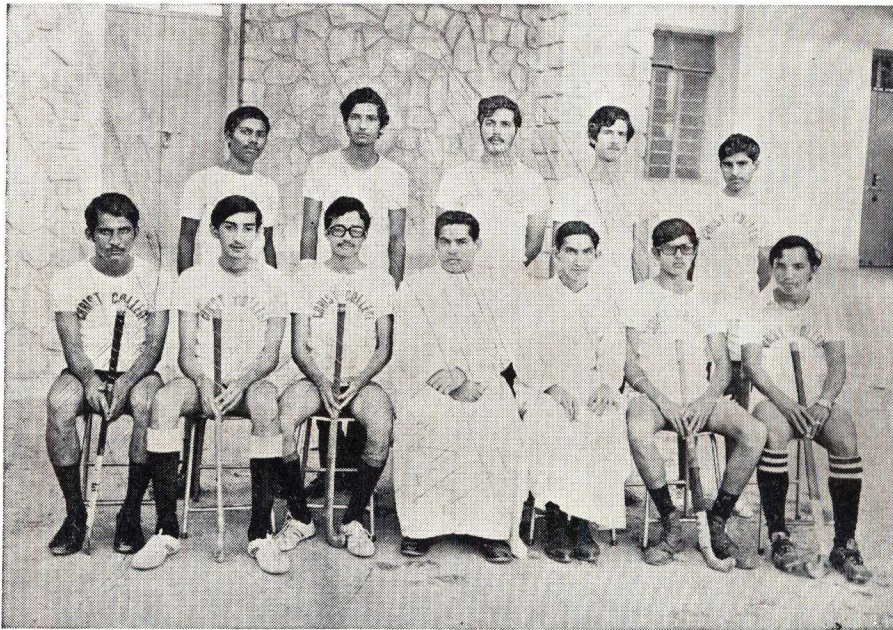


Football



Hockey

Teams (Contd.)



Junior Hockey (PUC Section)

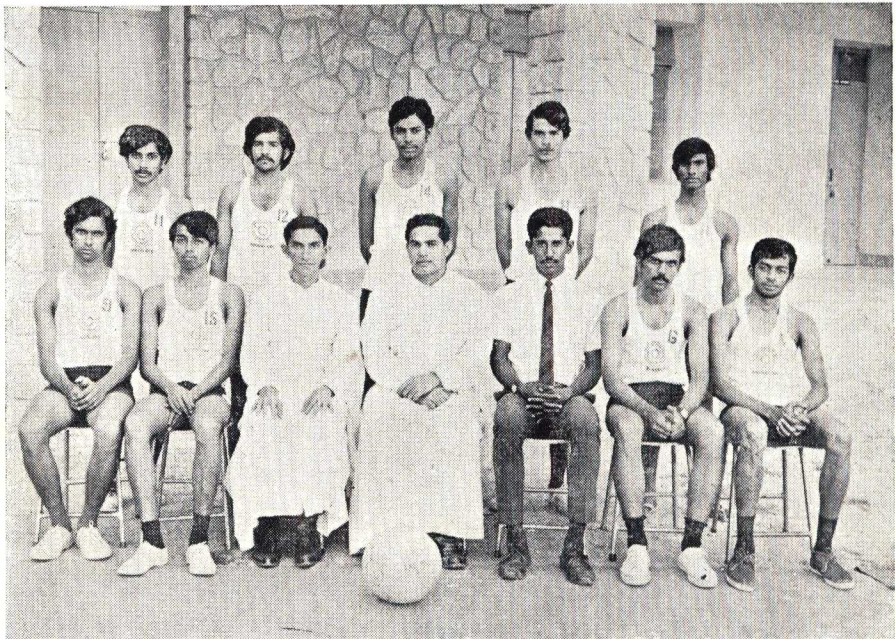


Cricket

Teams [Contd.]



Kabaddi



Basket-ball

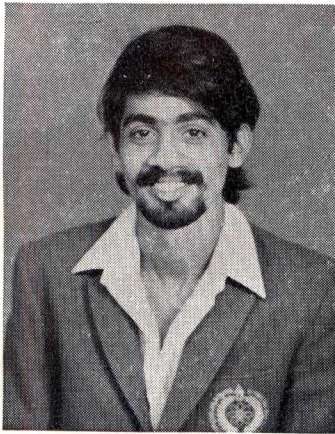
Teams (Contd.)



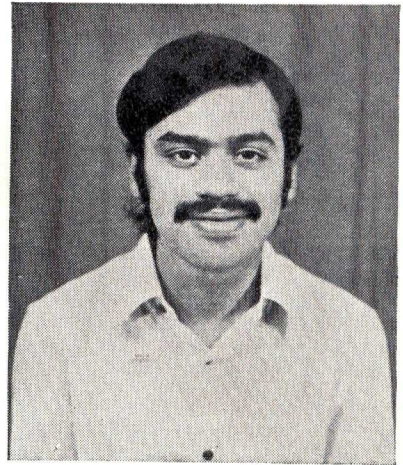
Ball - badminton



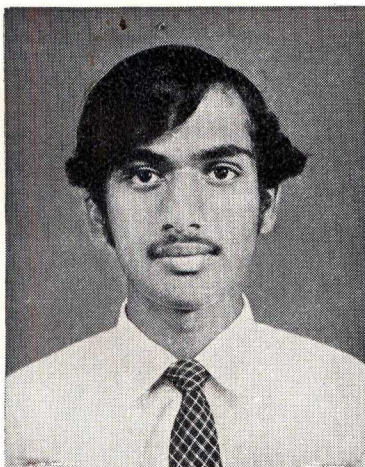
**Badminton
(Shuttle)**



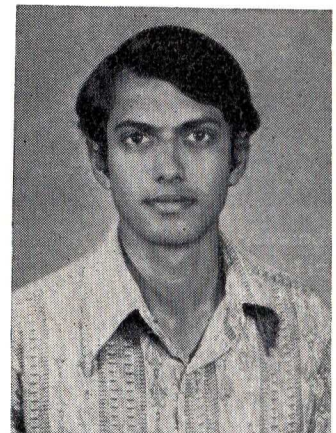
Fernando D' Costa
Represented Bangalore University
In Football



Ali Mohammed
Represented the University
In Athletics



T. C. Sathya Prakash
Mysore State Kho-Kho Player



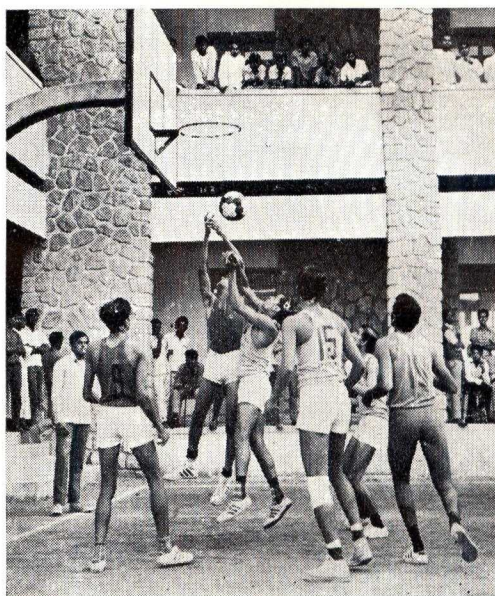
S. Ajaz Ahmed
Sports Secretary

The Christ College Basket Ball Trophy Tournaments Finals



Vijaya College Basket Ball Team being
presented to the Chief Guest
Mr. Munivenkata Reddy, B.A., B.L.

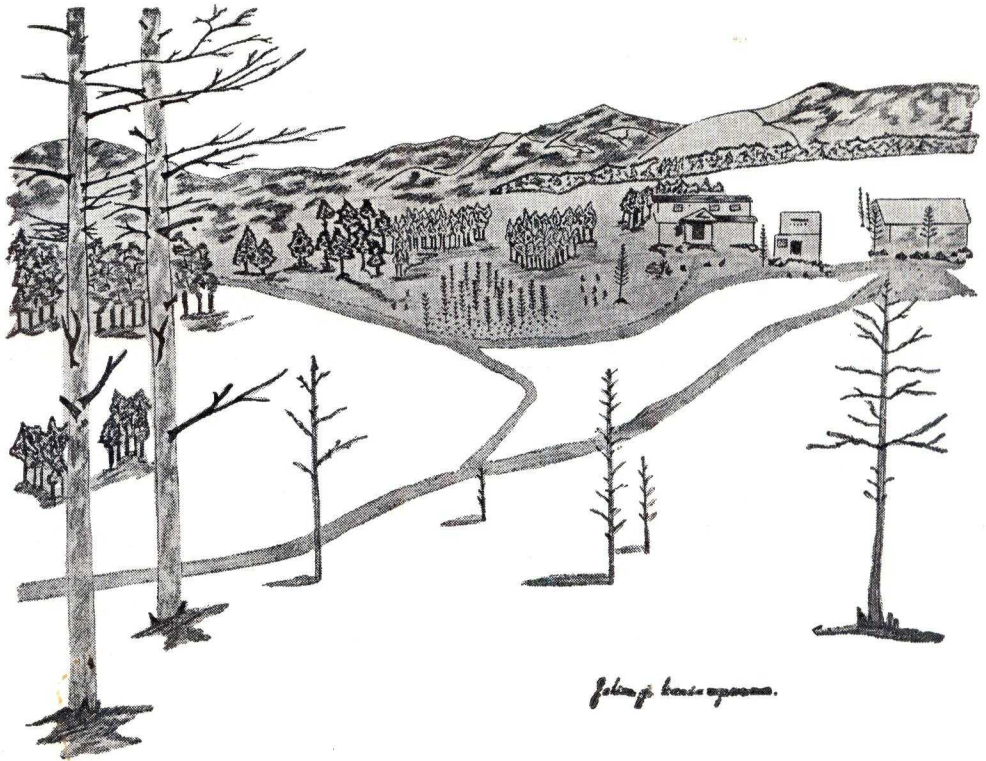
→
'Me hand's stuck in the
net ...no it aint'



Captain of the
A. P. S. College Basket Ball Team
receiving the Christ College Trophy
from the Chief Guest.

‘A picture is a poem without words’

— Horace.



Pencil Sketch

by

Felix. J. Kaniampuram

II B.Sc. (C. B. Z.)

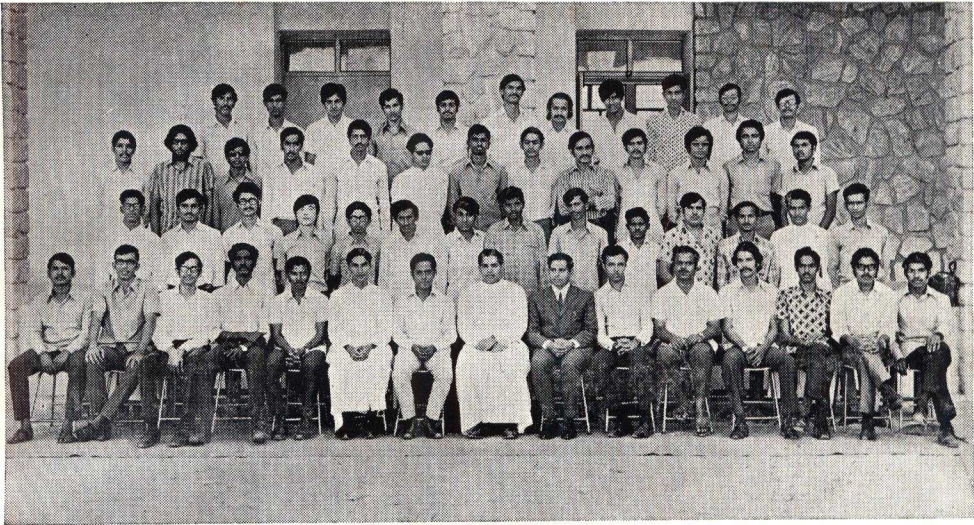


II B.Sc. (C. B. Z.)

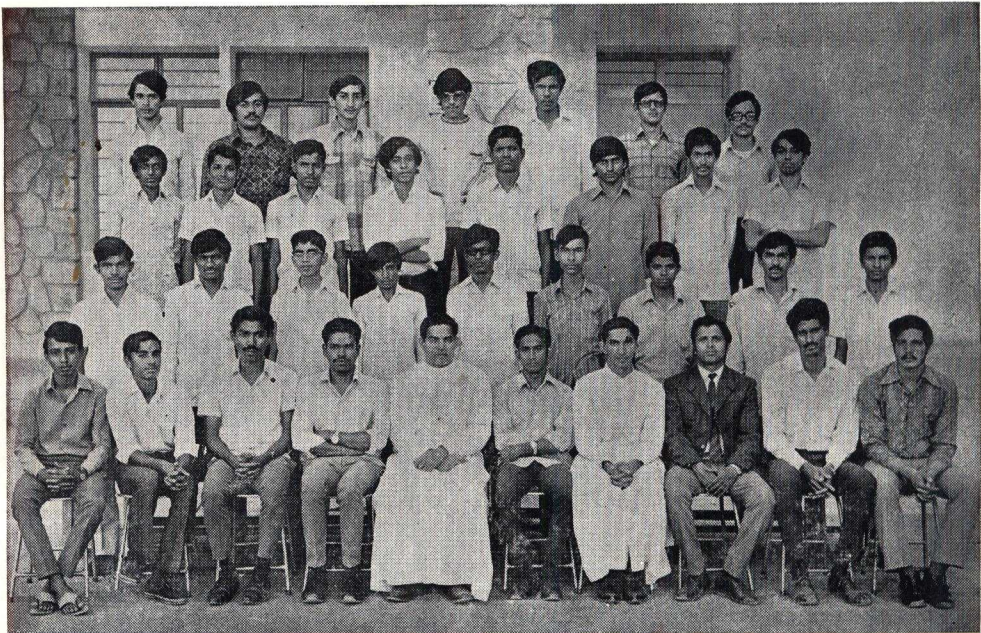


**G. S. U.
Office-bearers**

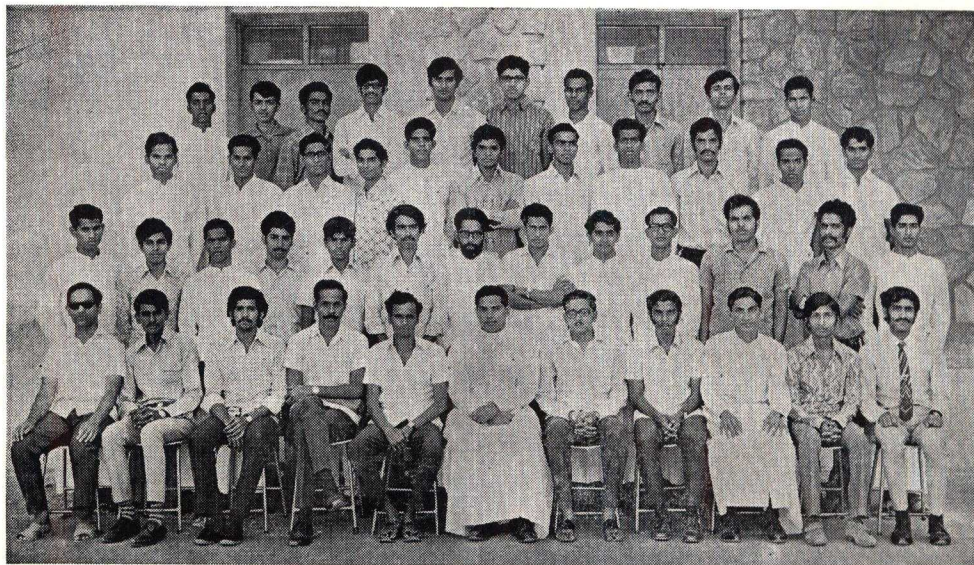
Outgoing Students



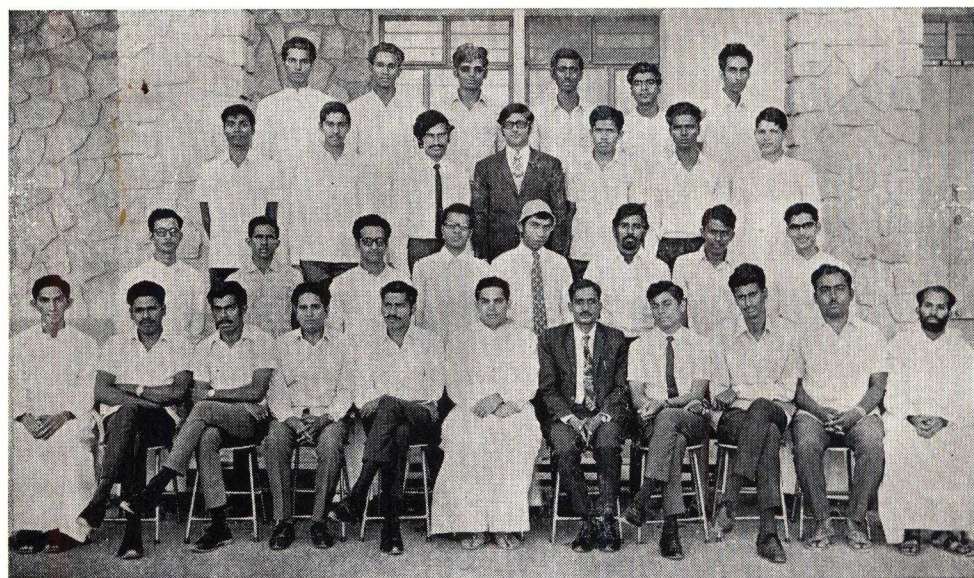
III B.Com.



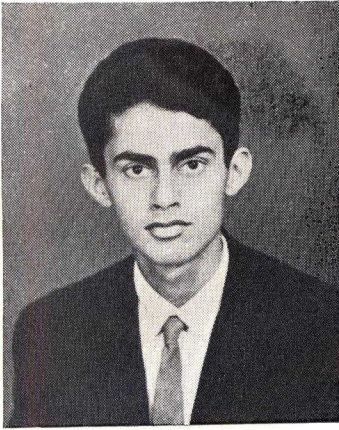
II P. U. C. (PCMB)



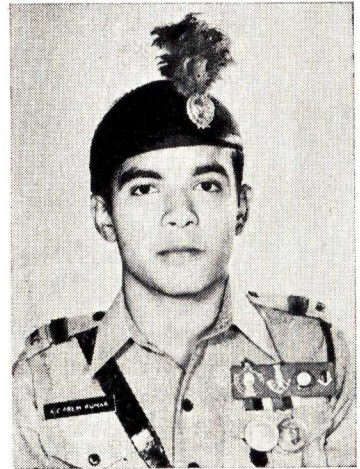
III B. A. (H.E.P.)



III B.Sc. (P.C.M.)



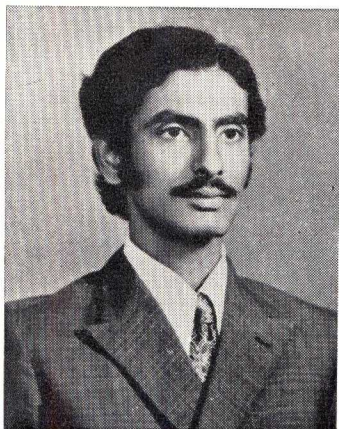
Asok Ghoshal
Selected to the Army



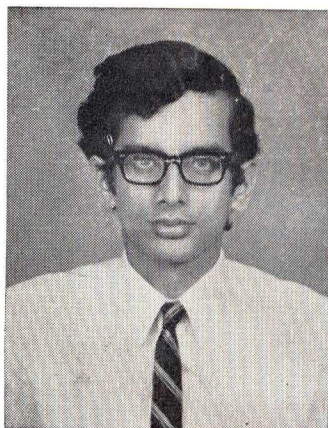
S/VO A. C. Premkumar
Attended the Republic Day
Parade (1973) at New Delhi.



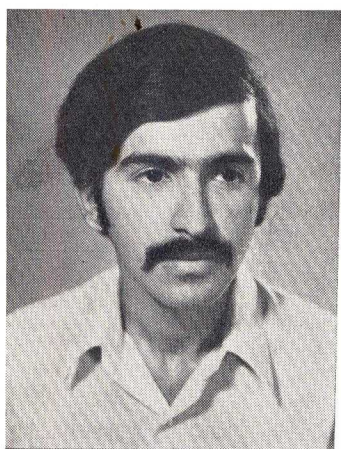
Jose Abram
Winner of the University of Bangalore
Mathematical Contest



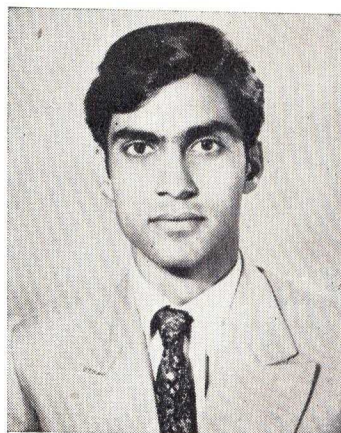
Sherry Lukose
Chairman of the Students' Union.



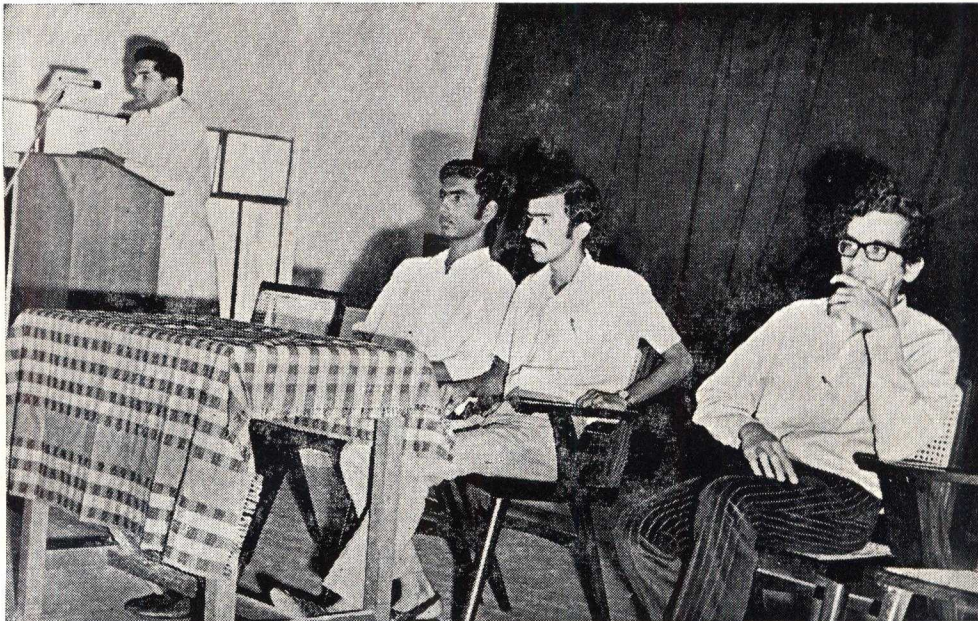
K. Menon
Secretary of the Students' Union



M. Ebrahim
Vice-Chairman of the Students' Union



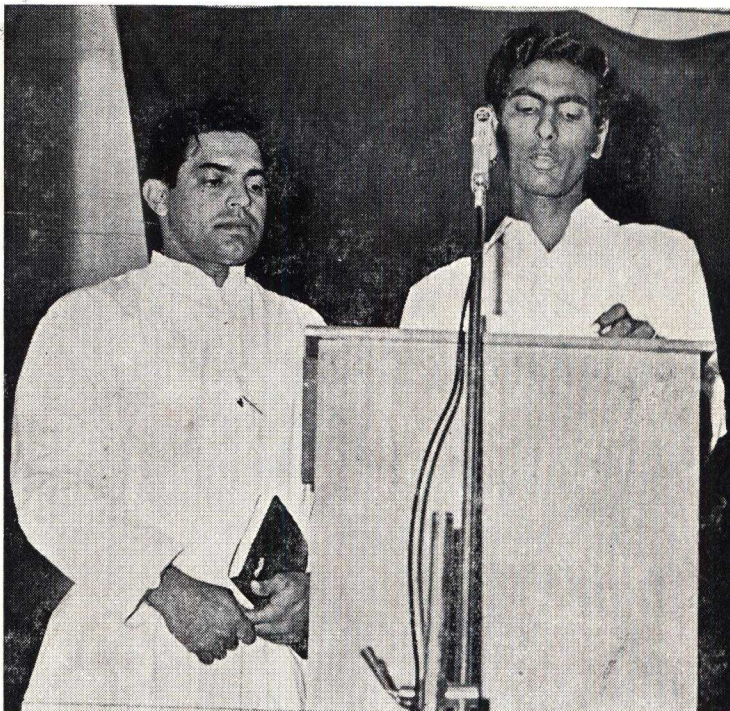
Basil A. Hobkirk
Selected to the Army



Students' Union

**Fr. Principal inaugurates
the Students' Union.**
Why is the sly smile
for the Secretary?

**The Chairman takes the
oath ; 'What's this
Fr. Principal ? I....I....
c. can't p..p..p...
pronounce it!'**



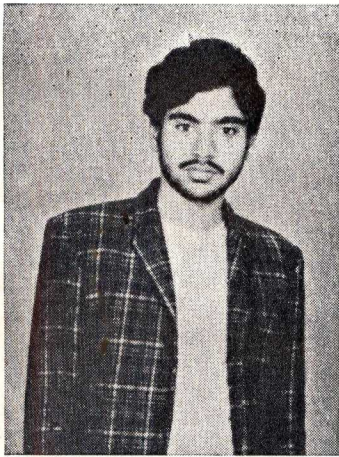


Students' Union
(Elected Members)

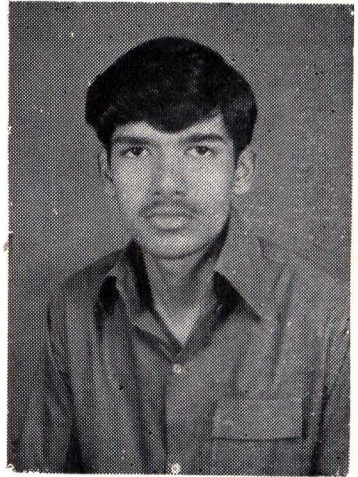
*"There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown,
They shine for ever more"*

John L. McCreery

POONACHA. K. K.
II B.Sc. (C. B. Z.)



SATISH KUMAR. A. D.
I P. U. C. (P.C.M.B.)



LAKSHMANA GOWDA
II B.Sc. (C.B.Z.)

(Photograph was not available)

REPORTS

Students' Union
Humanities Association
Commerce Association
Physical Science Assn.
AICUF
N. C. C.
Report of the Sports Secretary
Foot ball
Basket ball

STUDENTS' UNION REPORT AS GIVEN BY THE SECRETARY ON THE COLLEGE DAY

A review of the year's activities can only start from the day when the student body exercised its collective will and elected into Office Sherry Lukose, as Chairman, Mohamed Ebrahim, as Vice-President and Krishnagopal Menon, as Secretary. The Union activities were inaugurated on 10th August 1972. The Union Council consisting of Class representatives elected Reji Cherian as Treasurer, Ajaz Ahmed, as Sports Secretary and Cecil Nayar and V. Rajagopal to complete the Executive Body.

Ours is a young college and it was our policy this year to establish some kind of pattern for future years and to create a tradition. Most of the efforts of the Union were towards this goal. Some of these attempts failed others bore fruit, and these results were worth the entire effort.

It was decided to channelise the bulk of Union activities, as far as possible, through sub-bodies. Branch Associations were therefore established, the Physical

Science Association, the Natural Science Association, the Humanities Association, the Commerce Association and later a Kannada Sangha. These associations held meetings, inviting guest lecturers, and holding competitions. It is our hope that the activities of these associations will blossom in future years.

The Union has been taking steps to foster greater interest in sports and games too. Competitions were held in indoor-games. In addition, intra-mural competitions were held in Cricket, Hockey, Basketball, Football, Table-tennis, Ball-badminton and Shuttle Cork. Four Houses were created for these games - Red, Green, Yellow and Blue consisting of PUC, B.A., B. Com, and B. Sc. students respectively. An overall rolling trophy for these games is to be presented today to this year's winners Yellow House.

Similar intra-mural competitions were held in cultural fields—Music—Western and Indian, Debate, Quiz and Mono-Acting.

A rolling trophy for these cultural competitions is also to be presented today to the joint winners - Green and Blue Houses.

A high point of the year came on 11-12-1972 when a group of nearly 70, including two lecturers, left for Delhi. This is the first such trip to be organised in this college. The party visited Bombay, Delhi (including the Asian Trade Fair) and Agra. The participants enjoyed themselves and that after all was the main objective.

The culmination of the year's activities is to come in just a few days time with the Spring Festival, designed to capture and focus attention on student talents. A series of competitions are to be held. Debating here in Christ College on the 17th of this month, Dramatics at the Ravindra Kalashetra on the 19th and a Talent Show on the 20th also at the Ravindra Kalashetra. This year organisational problems have caused us to restrict the number of participants to seven colleges. It is to be hoped that this festival can be expanded in future years to include some more colleges, perhaps even from outside Bangalore, and more items.

We have tried this year to truly

represent the students and to put forward the student point of view for the consideration of the authorities. We have also tried to do our best for the students, to harness their abilities.

And we must acknowledge our gratitude to a number of people. Our thanks are due to Father Principal, for his consistent guidance, to the members of the staff, who have always been ready to help out, and to the students for their co-operation. A number of people have helped us whole-heartedly but while they deserve special mention, such a list would be too long. Let it suffice for us to state merely that we are grateful for their help, without which nothing could have been done.

This college year has passed very quickly, like all years. Much was intended to be done, much has remained undone. There have been problems, perhaps the leading one of these being the widely prevailing notion that education begins in the class-room and stops there.

This experience shall be the inheritance of future students and we are sure that they will make the most of it. This year sees the first batch to come out of this college. We are proud of this fact.

K. MENON

A few minutes before the college's morning service it was discovered that student practical jokers had removed all the chairs from the hall.

Since there was no time to look for them or to round up others, the embarrassed assembly had to stand for the service.

However, the young guest preacher put everyone at ease. "I shall write to my mother about this tonight," he announced. "It will make her happy to hear that when I preached today every seat was taken and there were 400 people standing."

RD

REPORT OF THE HUMANITIES ASSOCIATION

In its maiden venture the Humanities Association has nothing to be thrasonical of but has something to say.

On 26th August '72 Prof. S. R. Rohidekar, Head of the Department of Educational Administration and Methods, Bangalore University, inaugurated the Humanities Association. In his inaugural address, he criticized the present system of education which is lopsided. He said that education should be job-oriented, and modified taking into consideration the changes bound to be produced by the impact of Scientific and Technological advancements. He pleaded for a revamping of the present general education syllabi to make students upto date members of society. Commending the initiation of the Humanities Association he felt that since Humanities Association plays a vital role in the life of the students, membership should not be restricted to the Arts student, alone.

Rev. Fr. Mani Giles, Principal presiding over the function asked the students to bear in mind Prof Rohidekar's advice.

Later, we had Dr. Hushidar Motlagh, Associate Professor of Educational Psychology, Central Michigan University, U. S. A., to speak on "A World Unity Through a World Faith." He enlightened the students with many hidden facts of life.

Our plans fell short of their goals as the vacations approached. Then to rejuvenate we held a Quiz Competition. Another novel idea was the Observation test, conducted to find out how observant the students were in commercial advertisements. This put an end to our activities for the year 1972-'73. Much of the many plans we had did not materialise as the college preponed its scheduled closure.

Taking the opportunity I need to mention my sincere thanks to Mr. B. S. Nanjundaiah, President, Humanities Association and Lecturer in History, for his invaluable guidance and support; the Joint Secretary Bro. Jacob; the Treasurer Mr. Achi Tsepal, and all the students for their co-operation.

George V. Thomas,
Secretary

THE COMMERCE ASSOCIATION REPORT

On 1st September, '72, C. Mathews of II B.Com. was elected Secretary of the Commerce Association. The inaugural meeting of the Association was held on 14th of September. Prof. K. Gopal, Department of Insurance, Bangalore University, spoke on 'The Role of Commerce in the Indian Economy'. His talk was factual; he gave, a brief history of Commercial Education in Mysore State.

The second meeting of the Association was held on 25th September especially for the Final year students. Mr. C. M. Rajendran of the L I.C. of India spoke on the function. His topic was "Job opportunities and Attitude." Though an impromptu speech, the Speaker impressed the audience with his wide experience. The subject was opened to discussion and several interesting questions were put to him by the listeners.

Finally, a meeting was held for the First year students on 24th January, '73. As 'Marketing and Salesmanship' is one of their subjects, Mr. T. M. Mathew, Sales Manager of National Products was requested to speak on "The Practical aspects of Marketing." The boys were attentive and all went well.

March 3rd was declared the last working day of the College, which gave us little time for another meeting and the activities of the Association came to an abrupt end.

C. MATHEWS,
Secretary

REPORT OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

The activities of the association for the year 1972-'73 commenced with a lecture on "LASER AND THEIR APPLICATIONS" by Prof. P. S. Narayan, Head of the Department of Physics, Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore.

On 23rd September, '72 Prof. F. J. Noronha, Head of the Department of Mathematics, Central College, spoke on "MODERN MATHEMATICS".

A scientific film show was arranged on 29th September, '72. The films depicting the mechanism of rockets, transformation of energy and the landing on the moon screened by Sri Visweswaraya Industrial and Technological Museum, Bangalore, were very much appreciated by the members.

A Science Speech Contest was arranged on 1-12-1972 and the following students were awarded prizes:

Physics :

George Peter	I Prize
Ajay Sem and	
Reghunath V.	II Prize
Augusty K. A.	III Prize

Chemistry :

Jayachandran P.	I Prize
Reins C. Mathew	II Prize
Reghunath V.	III Prize

Mathematics :

Reins C. Mathew	I Prize
Mathew M. V.	II Prize
Ignatius R. T.	III Prize

The following office-bearers managed the activities of the association.

Rev. Fr. Mani Giles, C. M. I.	:	Patron
H. R. Ramakrishna Rao M. Sc.	:	President
Uthappa K. A.	:	Secretary
George Peter		
Reghunath V.	:	Joint Secretaries
Susainathan J.	:	Treasurer
Ashok Kumar D. Rohera		
Philip Mathews		
Ajay Sem	:	Members
Mahid Ahmad Mah'd Al-Oweis		
Isam Mohmoud Musa Arafa		

H. R. Ramakrishna Rao,
Department of Physics.

AICUF CHRIST COLLEGE

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1972-73

The activities of the AICUF Christ College have been remarkable for the year 1972-'73. The election of the office-bearers was held in February '72. The following were elected :

Mr. Kuriyachen P. J.	<i>President</i>
Mr. Augustine J. Ferns	<i>Vice-President</i>
Mr. George V. Thomas	<i>Secretary</i>

The college reopened after the summer vacations on 15th of June '72. On 25th of June the first City Council Meeting was held. The new Secretary of the City Council proposed some ways of carrying out the activities at the unit level and all the City Council meetings were attended by the office-bearers of our unit.

The first meeting held at the unit level on 14th July '72 with the members helped us much. The following activities were proposed: putting up posters to create social awareness, organizing a Book Bank etc.

On 23rd July the members of AICUF Christ College visited the House for the Aged and inaugurated the activities for the year 1972-'73. The members paid regular visits to the Home for the Aged.

A benefit show was held to raise funds for the unit on 10th September. The college closed for Dasara vacation in October,

The members of our unit went carol-singing around Bangalore on the 21st & 22nd of December.

Mr. K. V. Andrews represented our unit at the National Seminar in Madras on "KNOW INDIA PROJECT".

On 21st January '73 after the reopening of the college a seminar was held. There was the project report, and later on a get-together.

The Annual Retreat was held at Dhyana Ashram on 2nd & 3rd of February '73, Fr. Coelho delivered a sermon in the Retreat. The students really benefitted from this Retreat.

Many of the proposed activities could not be carried out owing to the early closure of the college.

The elections of the office-bearers for the year 1972-'73 was conducted on 26th February. This brought an end to our activities for the year 1972-'73,

Much of the credit goes to Rev. Fr. Isaac, Adviser, AICUF Christ College Unit, for his guidance and support. I must thank all the staff and students who have helped us.

George V. Thomas,
Secretary.

James K. Alumkara
Coy. Commander

N. C. C. REPORT

I have immense pleasure to present to you the 4th annual report of the 7th Coy; 14 Mys. B. N. N. C. C. Christ College. This N.C.C. unit has achieved considerable progress during the past years with the able and efficient command of 2/Lt Srinivasa Raju, who was the Coy: Commander till 31st December 1972.

As 2/Lt Raju is going for higher studies, the complete charge of the college N. C. C. unit has been taken over by Mr. James. K. Alumkara, of the Commerce Department from 1st January 1973.

During this year, 29 cadets attended the Annual Training Camp held at Marikuppam, Kolar District. SU/O A. C. Premkumar and Cpl. Satish Khatkar attended the Army Attachment course at Belgaum. Cpl. B. V. Satish Chandran was selected for the All India Summer Training Camp at Poona. B. N. SU/O. B. T. Sagar and SU/O. A. C. Premkumar participated in the inter-BN. Shooting Competition and have come out as winners and runners-up for the Burdwan and Earl Roberts Shooting Competition. Also our college unit secured first and second ranks in shooting and bayonet drill. In connection with the 25th annual celebrations of the Independence, our cadets have given a demonstration in platoon-attack. This

year BN. SU/O. B. T. Sagar and CSM. P. S. Menon were adjudged the best cadet and best shot of the company respectively. B. N. SU/O. Basil Hobkirk and Sgt. Ashok Kumar were selected for the short service commission and they joined the GTS at Madras in 1973.

It has become one of our privileges to represent the Republic Day parade at New Delhi every year. This year SU/O. A. C. Premkumar participated in the Republic Day parade at New Delhi.

I am really very happy to state that our cadets were again called for the guard of honour in connection with the annual convocation by the University of Bangalore.

We celebrated our N.C.C. Day on the 11th of February 1973. Very. Rev. Fr. J. B. Chethimattam, the Rector, was the chief guest and Major. L. D. Ramachandran presided over the functions. The chief guest distributed the 'B' and 'C' certificates to the cadets.

Finally, I am very grateful to Rev. Fr. Principal. Rev. Fr. Bursar, Major. Ramachandran, Capt. Kannan, the PI Staff, the office staff and the senior cadets for their sincere co-operation in all my activities.

REPORT OF THE SPORTS SECRETARY

As the first elected Sports Secretary of Christ College, it gives me immense pleasure to give a brief account of the sports and games activities of the year 1972-'73.

The academic year was a very satisfactory one in athletics, especially in games. This statement can be amply justified by the achievement of the College Football, Hockey and Shuttle badminton Teams each of which reached the semifinals in the Inter-collegiate Tournaments, but as ill-luck would have it, we had to compete with teams which eventually won the trophies. The Cricket Team which consists of a fine set of players was unfortunate to lose by two runs against a stronger team. A lot could be expected from them next year.

This year four boys represented Bangalore University in various games. Fernando D'Costa who gave a lionhearted performance for Bangalore University, in the Inter-University Tournaments, earned a lot of praise from the press and the public, for his uncanny sense of anticipation and the maturity with which he played the game. Other boys representing the University were Ali Mohamed in athletics, Rajan G. in hockey and Papaiah in ball badminton. Tall, dark and handsome Shery Lukose was unlucky to miss selection in the Bangalore University Hockey Team. He was selected as a stand-bye.

The annual athletic meet was held on our college grounds on 19th and 20th February 1973. Bonaventure Kapliana and Ali Mohamed won the Junior and Senior Championships respectively. Ali Mohamed gave a creditable performance in the inter-collegiate and Inter-University meets.

The Union conducted open tournaments in Carroms, and Table Tennis (singles and doubles). Inter-house tournaments in Hockey, Cricket, Football, Kabaddi, Badminton (shuttle and ball), Table Tennis and Basket-ball. The response for these tournaments was excellent. There was keen competition in the inter-house matches. The overall championship was won by the Yellow House.

The year 1972-'73 produced a number of newcomers who sidelined a lot of senior players in various games.

S. Ajaz Ahmed.

FOOTBALL REPORT

The academic year 1972-73 dawned with a note of great confidence. The friendly matches played initially showed it. For instance, we beat the University of Agricultural Sciences (3-2). Unlike last years, we were allowed to include the P. U. C. Students too, and we could now include Godfrey Bartlett, an unbeatable goal-keeper; Kapliana, a resourceful half-back, and Rakesh Maharaj a noted right-out. We were also very lucky to have Sabri Mohammed, a Palestinian, who joined our College this year.

Then came our first match in the Bangalore University Inter-Collegiate Football Tournaments. The match with M. E. S. was terribly one-sided, since their team proved to be very weak. The score as 7-0. (Sabri scored 3 goals, Victor Almeida 2, Zachariah Joseph 1 and Fernando D' Costa 1.) We were all set for the next match, confident of a smashing victory, ready to storm into the finals. The next day, the last day of August, we clashed with U. V. College of Engineering, and we rose to the occasion. Our precision passes made the Engineers hop around in bewilderment. The game ended, I should say, strongly in our favour. The score was 9-0 (K. V. Andrews 5, Sabri 2, Victor Almeida 1, Fernando D' Costa 1) It was supposed that the finals (League matches) would be played in the first week of September, but the League Round was indefinitely postponed. It remained that way till, almost five months later, and at

the eleventh hour, came the electrifying news that the Tournament would be received on the 5th of March. Our college was scheduled to closs on the 9th of March for the preparatory exams. There was chronic apathy among all the students and players. The matches were dull. We played against Government Science College. The match was concluded with a one-all draw. Fernando D' Costa scored for us. Later, we were awarded a walk-over against St. John's Medical College.

After first two matches, Fernando D' Costa (Right-back), G. Rajan (Left-in) Sabri (Centre-forward), G. Bartlett (Goal-keeper) and myself (Left-back), were called for the University Team Selection. D' Costa was called up and he proved himself an excellent player by winning laurels of praise from the press in the Inter-University matches. That is something to be happy about.

But before I conclude, let me mention on behalf of the team our gratitude to Mr. P. C. Chacko, our Physical Director, who helped us very much. Moreover it was through his and also our Principal's untiring efforts that we got a new football field. Incidentally, we inaugurated by playing a friendly match against International Instruments Pvt. Ltd., (Yenkay) team and won (2-1). This was our last match for the year.

C. B. Manoharan Nair,
Captain

BASKET BALL

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1972-73

Our College had been maintaining a very high standard in basket-ball for the last couple of years, being one of the best four teams in Bangalore University. I could not say in all fairness that this year, our team was entirely successful in doing justice to our achievement in afore years. We owe this partly to the non-participation of the Brothers, our artisans of basket - ball, and partly to the non-cooperation of the Dame Fortune. We participated in the Inter - Collegiate Tournament, conducted by the University and the Christ College basket-ball tournament, conducted by our own College. In both these tournaments, we reached the quarter-finals. And that is as far as we went, for on both occasions we happened to come up against Vijaya College, who went on to become the champions. However, our players played a lively and spirited game. Two of our players, Rajagopal and Jayachandran were called for the University selections. Our thanks are due to Mr. P. G. Chacko, the Physical Director, for his thoughtful guidance and encouragement; and to Fr. Principal, Fr. Bursar and the staff who extended us all facilities. We hope, that in the years to come, our teams will succeed in establishing an enviable tradition for our College in the arena of basketball.

p. jayachandran,
captain.

ಕನ್ನಡ ವಿಭಾಗ

ಯಸ್ಯ ಮಿತ್ರೇಣ ಸಂಭಾಷಾ ಯಸ್ಯ ಮಿತ್ರೇಣ ಸಂಸ್ಥಿತಿಃ |
ಯಸ್ಯ ಮಿತ್ರೇಣ ಸಂಲಾಪಃ ತತೋ ನಾಸ್ತೀಹ ಪುಣ್ಯವಾನ್ ||

ಯಾರಿಗೆ ಮಿತ್ರನೊಡನೆ ಸಂಭಾಷಣೆಯುಂಟೋ,
ಯಾರಿಗೆ ಮಿತ್ರನೊಡನೆ ಒಡನಾಟವುಂಟೋ,
ಯಾರಿಗೆ ಮಿತ್ರನೊಡನೆ ಸಲ್ಲಾಪವುಂಟೋ
ಅವನಿಗಿಂತ ಪುಣ್ಯವಂತನಾದವನು ಈ ಲೋಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಇಲ್ಲ.

ಪ ರಿ ವಿ ಡಿ

ಶ್ರೇಯಸ್ಕರವಾದ ಮಾರ್ಗ	ಪ್ರೊ ಎಂ. ಗೋಪಾಲಕೃಷ್ಣ ಅಡಿಗ
ಅಂತರ (ಕವನ)	ಶ್ರೀ ಪಿ. ವಿ. ಕುಲಕರ್ಣಿ
‘ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಕುದುರೆಯನೇರಲರಿಯದೆ’ (ವರದಿ)	ಸಂಗ್ರಹ : ಬಿ. ಜಿ. ಸಂಪಂಗಿರಾಮೇಗೌಡ
ನೀವಾದರೂ ಬದುಕಿಕೊಳ್ಳಿ (ವರದಿ)	ಸಂಗ್ರಹ : ಟಿ. ಆರ್. ವೆಂಕಟೇಶ
ಜೀವನ ಲಹರಿ	ಶ್ರೀ ಕೃಷ್ಣ ಮತ್ತು ಶ್ರೀ ಬದರೀನಾಥ
ನನಗೆ ಸೂತಕ (ಕತೆ)	ಶ್ರೀ ಅ. ಮ. ರಾಜಶೇಖರ್
ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗರಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಜೋಕೆ !	ಶ್ರೀ ಬಿ. ಎಂ. ಸುಬ್ಬಣ್ಣ
ಆತ್ಮಹತ್ಯೆ ?	ಶ್ರೀ ಕೆ. ಆರ್. ನಟರಾಜ್
ಹಾರಗುದರೀ ಬೆನ್ನ ಏರಿ !	ಶ್ರೀ ಶ್ರೀನಿಧಿ ಕೃಷ್ಣಮೂರ್ತಿ
ಬಂಧನ (ಕವನ)	ಶ್ರೀ ಅ. ಮ. ರಾಜಶೇಖರ್
ಆಕೆ (ಕತೆ)	ಶ್ರೀ ಚಂದ್ರಶೇಖರ್
ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿ ವಿಚಾರ ರಶ್ಮಿ	
‘ಹಚ್ಚಿ ದೆವು ಕನ್ನಡದ ದೀಪ’ (ವರದಿ)	ಶ್ರೀ ಚಿ. ಶ್ರೀನಿವಾಸರಾಜು

ಶ್ರೇಯಸ್ಕರವಾದ ಮಾರ್ಗ

ಪ್ರೊ|| ಎಂ. ಗೋಪಾಲಕೃಷ್ಣ ಅಡಿಗ

ಕನ್ನಡದ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಪ್ರೀತಿ, ಅಭಿಮಾನ ಸಹಜವಾದರೂ ಅದು ಕುರುಡು ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಅಥವಾ ದುರಭಿಮಾನವಾಗದ ಹಾಗೆ ನೋಡಿಕೊಂಡು ನಮ್ಮಂಥ ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಅಭಿಮಾನಗಳಿಂದ ನಮಗೇ ಆಗಲಿ, ನಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದಿನ ತಲೆಮಾರುಗಳಿಗೇ ಆಗಲಿ ತುಂಬಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲಾರದ ಹಾನಿ ಆಗದಂತೆ, ಕನ್ನಡದ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಗೆ ಬಾಧಕ ಬಾರದಂತೆ ನೋಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕಾದ್ದು ಅಗತ್ಯ. ಕನ್ನಡದ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ನಾವು ಯೋಚಿಸುವಾಗ ಆಧುನಿಕ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸಕ್ಕೆ ತಕ್ಕಷ್ಟು ಸಾಧನ ಸಂಪತ್ತು ಕನ್ನಡಕ್ಕೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಕನ್ನಡವೊಂದೇ ಈ ದೇಶದ ಭಾಷೆಯಲ್ಲ. ಈ ದೇಶವೂ ಒಂದು ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರವಾಗಿ ಮುಂದುವರಿಯಬೇಕಾದದ್ದು ಅಗತ್ಯ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ಮರೆಯಬಾರದು. ಕನ್ನಡ ನಾಡಿನೊಳಗಿನ ಎಲ್ಲ ವ್ಯವಹಾರಗಳೂ ಇಂದಿನ ಪ್ರಜಾತಂತ್ರ ರಾಜ್ಯಭಾರದ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದಲೂ, ಕನ್ನಡ ಜನದ ಸತ್ವ ಬೆಳೆಯುವುದು ಅಗತ್ಯ ಎನ್ನುವ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದಲೂ, ಕನ್ನಡ ಅತ್ಯವಶ್ಯವಾದರೂ ಆಧುನಿಕ ಜ್ಞಾನವಿಜ್ಞಾನಗಳಿಗೆ ಬೀಗದ ಕೈ ಹಾಗೆ ಇರುವ, ಈಗ್ಗೆ ನೂರು ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಬಳಿಕೆ ಮೂಲಕ ಪರಿಚಿತವಾಗಿರುವ, ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಆತ್ಮತ್ವಮ ಭಾಷೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದಾಗಿರುವ, ಅನೇಕ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ ನಮ್ಮ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ ಜೀವನದ ಅಂಗವೇ ಆಗಿರುವ ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷಿನ ಮೂಲಕವೇ ಇನ್ನೂ ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಕಾಲ ನಾವು ಉನ್ನತ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸವನ್ನು ಪಡೆಯುವುದು ನಮ್ಮ ಭಾಷೆಯ ಬೆಳವಣಿಗೆಗೋಸ್ಕರವಾಗಿಯೂ ನಾವು ಆಧುನಿಕ ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಇತರ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಗಳ ಸರಿಸಮಕ್ಕೆ

ಬೆಳೆಯುವುದಕ್ಕೋಸ್ಕರವಾಗಿಯೂ ಅಗತ್ಯವಾಗಿದೆ. ಹಿಂದಿ ಯಿಂದ ನಾವು ಕಲಿಯಬೇಕಾದ್ದು ಏನೂ ಇಲ್ಲವಾಗಿರುವುದರಿಂದ ಅದರ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣವನ್ನು ಕಡ್ಡಾಯ ಮಾಡುವ ಅಗತ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದನ್ನು ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಭಾಷೆಯ ಸ್ಥಾನಕ್ಕೆ ಏರಿಸುವುದರಿಂದ ಅದು ನಮ್ಮ ಕನ್ನಡಕ್ಕೆ ಪ್ರತಿಸ್ಪರ್ಧಿಯಾಗಿ ಅದರ ಬೆಳವಣಿಗೆಯನ್ನೂ ಕುಂಠಿಸುವುದು ಖಂಡಿತ. ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷ್ ಅಭ್ಯಾಸದಿಂದ ನಮ್ಮ ಭಾಷೆಗೆ ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ ಸಿಕ್ಕಬಹುದಾದ ಸವಾಲೂ ನಮ್ಮ ಬೆಳವಣಿಗೆಗೆ ಒಂದು ಒರೆಗಲ್ಲೂ ಹಿಂದಿಯ ಅಭ್ಯಾಸದಿಂದ ದೊರೆಯಲಾರದು. ಮೂಲತಃ ಭಾರತ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರವೇ ಫೆಡರಲ್ ಮಾದರಿಯಾಗಿರುವುದರಿಂದ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಬೇರೆ ದೇಶಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣುವ ಏಕತೆಯನ್ನು ಬಯಸುವುದು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲವಾಗಿ ಹಿಂದಿಯನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮ ಭಾಷೆಯಾಗಿ ಇತರ ಭಾಷಾ ವರ್ಗಗಳು ಸ್ವೀಕರಿಸುವುದು ತೀರ ಅಸಂಭವವಾಗಿರುವುದರಿಂದ ಈವರೆಗೆ ಇದ್ದಂತೆ ಇನ್ನು ಮುಂದೆ ಕೂಡ ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷನ್ನೇ ಇಡೀ ದೇಶಕ್ಕೂ ಸಂಪರ್ಕ ಭಾಷೆಯನ್ನಾಗಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದರ ಮೂಲಕ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರ ಭಾವನೆಯನ್ನು ಕ್ರಮ ಕ್ರಮವಾಗಿ ನಮ್ಮ ದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ರೂಢಿಸುವುದು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಸದ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಭಾರತದ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳೆಲ್ಲ ತಮ್ಮ ಭಾಷೆ ಮತ್ತು ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷನ್ನು ಕಲಿತರೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಸಾಕು ಎಂದು ವ್ಯವಸ್ಥೆ ಮಾಡಿ ಈ ವ್ಯವಸ್ಥೆಯ ಪುನರ್ವಿಮರ್ಶನ ಕಾರ್ಯವನ್ನು ನಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದಿನ ತಲೆಮಾರುಗಳ ವಿವೇಕಕ್ಕೆ ಬಿಡುವುದೋ ನಮಗೆ ಶ್ರೇಯಸ್ಕರವಾದ ಮಾರ್ಗ.



ಅಂತರ

ಪಿ. ವಿ. ಕುಲಕರ್ಣಿ

ಅಪ್ಪ :

ಋತು ವ್ರತಗಳ ದಾಸ
ಗಂಟೆ ಜಾಗಟೆಗಳ ನಂಟ
ಕರ್ಪೂರದಾರತಿಯ ಬಂಟ
ಉಪಾಕರ್ಮಕ್ಕೆ ಒಲಿದರೂ
ಉಡಿದಾರ ಸಡಿಲ ಬಿಟ್ಟರೂ
ಉಡದಂತೆ ಹಿಡಿದು ಬಿಟ್ಟಾಗಲೂ
ಊರವರ ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅತ್ಯಂತ ನೇಮಿಷ್ಠ
ಊರಿಗೇನೇ ವೈದಿಕ ಶ್ರೇಷ್ಠ
ಹಿರಿಯರ, ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯ, ನೇಮನಿಷ್ಠ
ಚಾಚೂ ತಪ್ಪದೆ ಪಾಲಿಸಿದ
ಬಿದ್ದರೂ ಬೊಂಬಿನ ಮೇಲೆಯೇ ಸವಾರಿ
ಜನ ಬಾಯ್ಬಿಟ್ಟರು ಪುಣ್ಯಾತ್ಮ.

ಮಗ :

ಬೀಡಿ ಬೀಬಿ ಬಾಟಲು
ಆವ್ಣೆಟ್ಟು, ಜೂಜು, ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಕಾಡಿಸಿತು
ತೂರಾಡಿ ಒಂದು ಕೆಕ್ಕರಗಣ್ಣು ಬಿಟ್ಟಾಗ
ಆ ಪುಣ್ಯಾತ್ಮನಿಗೆ ಇಂಥ ಮಗನೇ ?
ಪಾಪಿ, ಚಂಡಾಲ, ಪೋಕರಿ
ಬಾಯ್ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಬಿರಿಯಾನಿ ವಾಸನೆ
ಬೆಳಗಾಗಿ ನೋಡಿದಾಗ
ಬೀದಿ ಕಟ್ಟೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಕೊಳೆತು ನಾರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ
ಅಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಕತೆಗೆ ಮುಕ್ತಾಯ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದ
ಕಂಡ ನಾಲ್ವರು ಎಳೆದು ಮಣ್ಣಿನಡಿ
ತುರುಕಿದರು. ಅನ್ಯಾಯ ಹೀಗಾಗಬಾರದಿತ್ತು
ಅಪ್ಪ ಋಷಿ, ಮಗ ಬೇವಾರ್ಸಿ
ಕಾಲ ಹಾಗಿಲ್ಲವಲ್ಲ ಈಗ
ಇಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೇನಾಯಿತು ಯಾಕಿರಬಾರದು ಹಾಗೆ ಈಗ
ಹೋಗಲಿ ಬಿಡಿ ಅವರವರ ಕರ್ಮ
ಬೆರಗಾಗಿ ನಿಂತು ನೋಡಿದೆ ನಾನು
ಬಾಗಿಲು ಮುಚ್ಚಿ ಒಳನಡೆದೆ.

‘ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಕುದುರೆಯನೇರಲರಿಯದೆ . . . ’

(ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸಸಾರ)

ಡಾ|| ಜಿ. ಎಸ್. ಶಿವರುದ್ರಪ್ಪ

“ನಿಮ್ಮ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನಾಲ್ಕು ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಸತತ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನದಿಂದ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾಗುತ್ತಿರುವ ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಂಘ ವನ್ನು ಈ ನಂದಾದೀವಿಗೆಯನ್ನು ಹಚ್ಚುವುದರ ಮೂಲಕ ಉದ್ಘಾಟಿಸುತ್ತೇನೆ... ಕನ್ನಡ ಭಾಷಾ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಗೆ ಕ್ರೈಸ್ಟ್ ಮಿಷನರಿಗಳು ಅಮೋಘವಾದ ಸೇವೆಯನ್ನು ಸಲ್ಲಿಸಿವೆ. ರೆ|| ಫಾ|| ಕಿಟ್ಟಲ್ ಅವರ ಕನ್ನಡ ನಿಘಂಟು ಇಂದೂ ಮಹತ್ವವಾದ ಸ್ಥಾನವನ್ನು ಅಲಂಕರಿಸಿದೆ. ನಾವು ಮೊದಲು ಕನ್ನಡಕ್ಕೂ ನನಗೂ ಏನು ಸಂಬಂಧ? ಕನ್ನಡವನ್ನು ಏಕೆ ಕಲಿಯಬೇಕು? ಎಂಬ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳನ್ನು ಹಾಕಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ಕನ್ನಡದ ಹೆಸರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾರ್ವಜನಿಕ ಸ್ವತ್ತಿಗೆ ಹಾನಿಯುಂಟುಮಾಡುತ್ತಾ, ಕೂಗಾಡುತ್ತಾ ಲಾಭ ಪಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಈ ಕನ್ನಡ ಕೊಟಗಲಿಂದ ಕಾಟ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿದೆ ಅಷ್ಟೆ. ಕುರುಡು ಅಭಿಮಾನಗಳಿಗೆ, ಹೆಸರು ಮಾಡುವ ಆಸೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಬಲಿಬೀಳದೆ ಗಂಭೀರವಾಗಿ ಕನ್ನಡದ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ವಿಚಾರ ಮಾಡಬೇಕು.

ಈಗ ನಾವು ದೀಪ ಹತ್ತಿಸಿದೆವು. ದೀಪದ ಸಂಕೇತ ಜ್ಞಾನ. ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಅಂಧಕಾರವನ್ನು ಹೋಗಲಾಡಿಸುವ ಬೆಳಕನ್ನು ಪಡೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ನಿಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿನ ಕತ್ತಲು ಕರಗಲಿ ಮತ್ತು ಕನ್ನಡತನವನ್ನು ಎಚ್ಚರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಿ.

ನಾನು ಈಗ ಕೆಲವು ತಿಂಗಳ ಹಿಂದೆ ರಷ್ಯಾ ದೇಶಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗಿದ್ದೆ. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣ ಭಾಷೆ, ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಭಾಷೆ, ವ್ಯವಹಾರ ಭಾಷೆ ರಷ್ಯನ್ ಆಗಿದೆಯೇ ಹೊರತು ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷಲ್ಲ. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾಷೆ ಒಂದು ತೊಡಕಾಗಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾತನಾಡುವುದು ಒಂದು ಭಾಷೆ. ಓದುವುದು ಒಂದು ಭಾಷೆ. ಯಾವುದನ್ನೂ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ತಿಳಿದುಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಆಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣ ನೂರೆಪ್ಪತ್ತು ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಹಿಂದೆ ನಡೆದ ಆಕಸ್ಮಿಕ ಘಟನೆಯಿಂದ ಬಂದ ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷ್ ಭಾಷೆ. ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷ್ ಭಾಷೆಗೆ ಕೃತಜ್ಞತೆಯನ್ನು ಅರ್ಪಿಸಿ ಕನ್ನಡವನ್ನು ಬೆಳೆಸಬೇಕು. ಆದರೆ ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲವರಿಗೆ ಮಾತೃಭಾಷೆಯಾದ ಕನ್ನಡ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಬರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಮ್ಮೆ. ಗುಲಾಮಗಿರಿ

ಯನ್ನು ಅನುಭವಿಸಿದ ದೇಶಗಳನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಬೇರೆ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಪರಭಾಷೆಗಳನ್ನು ಕಲಿಯಲು ಹೋಗಿಲ್ಲ. ಸುಮಾರು ಕೆಲವು ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಹಿಂದೆ ಮೈಸೂರು ಮಹಾರಾಜ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆದ ಸಂಗತಿ. ಜಪಾನ್ ತಜ್ಞ ನೊಬ್ಬ ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗ, ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷ್ ವ್ಯಾಕರಣ ನಿಯಮವನ್ನು ತಪ್ಪಿದ. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದವರಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲವರು ನಕ್ಕರಂತೆ. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಅವನು “Excuse me I am not a slave of British people for 150 years to talk correct English” ಎಂದಾಗ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ತಲೆ ತಗ್ಗಿಸಿದರಂತೆ. ಈ ವಾಕ್ಯದ ಅರ್ಥವನ್ನು ಅರಿತುಕೊಂಡರೆ ಸಾಕು. ನಮ್ಮ ಅಭಿಮಾನ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ ತಿಳಿಯುತ್ತದೆ. ಹೆಸರಾಂತ ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷ್ ಪ್ರಾಧ್ಯಾಪಕರಾದ ಆಚಾರ್ಯ ಬಿ. ಎಂ. ಶ್ರೀ., ಎ. ಎಫ್. ಮೂರ್ತಿರಾವ್, ಎಸ್. ವಿ. ರಂಗಣ್ಣ ಮುಂತಾದವರನ್ನು ಇಂದು ನಾವು ಜ್ಞಾಪಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದು ಅವರು ಮಾಡಿದ ಕನ್ನಡದ ಕೆಲಸದಿಂದಲೇ ಹೊರತು ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷ್ ಪ್ರೊಫೆಸರ್ ಆಗಿದ್ದರೆಂದಲ್ಲ. ನಮಗೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಭಾಷೆಯ ಇತಿಹಾಸ, ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ, ಕವಿಗಳ ವಿಚಾರ ತಿಳಿದೇ ಇರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಹಿಂದಿನ ಕವಿಗಳ ಕೃತಿಗಳನ್ನು ಓದುವುದರಿಂದ ನಮ್ಮ ಬದುಕಿಗೆ ಬೇಕಾದ ಸಾರ ಸಿಕ್ಕುತ್ತದೆ. ಅಲ್ಲಮ ಪ್ರಭುವಿನ ‘ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಕುದುರೆಯನೇರಲರಿಯದೆ ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಕುದುರೆಯ ಬಯಸುವರು’ ಎಂಬ ವಚನದಂತೆ ನಾವು ಆಗುವುದು ಬೇಡ. ನಮ್ಮ ಕನ್ನಡವನ್ನು ನಾವು ಬೆಳೆಸೋಣ. ಉಳಿಸೋಣ.

ನಿಮ್ಮ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ಪ್ರಶಾಂತ ವಾತಾವರಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಕನ್ನಡ ಪುಸ್ತಕಗಳನ್ನು ಅಭ್ಯಾಸ ಮಾಡಿ. ನಾಡು-ನುಡಿಯ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ತಿಳಿದುಕೊಳ್ಳಿ. ಇನ್ನೂ ಕನ್ನಡಕ್ಕೆ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಬೈಬಲ್ ಅನುವಾದವಾಗಿಲ್ಲ. ಈ ಕೆಲಸವನ್ನು ಯಾರಾದರೂ ಮಾಡಬೇಕಾಗಿದೆ. ಈ ಶುಭ ದಿನದಂದು ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಂಘವನ್ನು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸಿದ್ದೇನೆ. ಇದರಿಂದ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಕೆಲಸ ಆಗಲಿ. ನೀವು ನಿಜವಾದ ಕನ್ನಡ ಪ್ರಜ್ಞೆಯನ್ನು ಬೆಳೆಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಿ.”

ಬಿ. ಜಿ. ಸಂಪಂಗಿರಾಮೇಗೌಡ, ಎರಡನೇ ಬಿ.ಎ.,

ನೀವಾದರೂ ಬದುಕಿಕೊಳ್ಳಿ

(ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸ ಸಾರ)

ಪ್ರೊ|| ಎಂ. ಗೋಪಾಲಕೃಷ್ಣ ಅಡಿಗ

“ ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಾಯರು, ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳು ಕಡಿಮೆ ಇದ್ದಷ್ಟು ಸಂತೋಷಪಡಬೇಕು. ಹುಡುಗರು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿನ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇದ್ದಷ್ಟೂ ದೊಂಬಿ, ಗಲಾಟೆ. ಹುಡುಗರು ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಒಂಟಿತನವನ್ನು ಬೆಳೆಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಗುಂಪಿನಲ್ಲಿದ್ದರೆ ಅವ್ಯವಸ್ಥೆ ಸಹಜ. ಒಂದು ದಿನದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲವು ನಿಮಿಷಗಳಾದರೂ ಒಂಟಿಯಾಗಿರುವುದನ್ನು ಅಭ್ಯಾಸ ಮಾಡಿದರೆ ಆಲೋಚನೆಗೆ ಅವಕಾಶ ಸಿಕ್ಕುವುದು. ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಮೂಲಭೂತವಾಗಿ ಏಕಾಂಗಿ. ಹುಟ್ಟುವುದು ಒಂಟಿಯಾಗಿ, ಸಾಯುವುದು ಒಂಟಿಯಾಗಿ, ಅದರ ಏಕಾಂತವಾಗಿ ಬದುಕುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳಾದ ನೀವು ಒಂದೈದು ನಿಮಿಷ ಒಂದೆಡೆ ಏಕಾಂಗಿಯಾಗಿ ಕೂತು ನಾನಾರು? ನನ್ನ ಕೆಲಸವೇನು? ಈ ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿ ನನ್ನ ಸ್ಥಾನವೇನು? ಎಂದು ಚಿಂತನೆ ನಡೆಸಬೇಕು. ಆದರೆ ಇದಕ್ಕೆಲ್ಲಾ ಪುರುಸೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಪುರುಸೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ ಎಂದರೆ ಪುರುಸೊತ್ತು ಇರುವುದೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಪುರುಸೊತ್ತು ನಾವೇ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಬದುಕನ್ನು ಎರಡು ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಸುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಒಂದು ನಮ್ಮ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಅಂತರಂಗಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊಂದಿಕೊಂಡು ನಡೆಯುವುದು. ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಬಹಿರಂಗ ಸಮಾಜಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊಂದಿಕೊಂಡು ನಡೆಯುವುದು. ಎರಡಕ್ಕೂ ಹೊಂದಿಕೊಂಡು ನಡೆಯುವುದೇ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದು. ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ನಾನು ಏನು ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೇನೆ ಎಂಬುದರ ವಾಸ್ತವಿಕ ಪ್ರಜ್ಞೆ ಇರಬೇಕು. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಸರಿಯಾದ ತರಪೇತಿ ಅಗತ್ಯ. ಆ ತರಪೇತಿಯೇ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣ. ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಸ್ಥಿಮಿತದಲ್ಲಿ ಇಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡಿರುವವನನ್ನು, ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ತರಪೇತಿ ಪಡೆದಿರುವವನನ್ನು ‘ದ್ವಿಜ’ ಎನ್ನುತ್ತೇವೆ. ನಾವು ನಿಜವಾದ ವಿದ್ಯೆಯನ್ನು ಕಲಿತ ಮೇಲೆ ಎರಡನೆಯ ಸಲ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದಂತೆ.

ಭಾಷೆ ಮಾನವನಿಗೆ ಅಮೋಘವಾದ ಕೊಡುಗೆ. ಭಾಷೆಯಿಂದ ನಮ್ಮ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಭಾವನೆಗಳನ್ನು ಬಿಚ್ಚಿಡಬಹುದು. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಎಂದರೆ ನಮಗುಂಟಾದ ಅನುಭಾವ-ಭಾವನೆಗಳಿಗೆ ರೂಪಕೊಟ್ಟು, ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬರ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ನಾಟುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡುವುದು. ಭಾಷೆ ನಮಗೆ ಎಷ್ಟೇ ಆಸಕ್ತಿಯಿಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೂ, ಅದು ಬಂದೇ ಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಹಾಗಲ್ಲ. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಯೋಗ್ಯ ವ್ಯವಸಾಯ ಬೇಕು. ತಿಳಿದವರಲ್ಲಿ ತಿಳಿಯದವರಲ್ಲಿ ಹೊಸ ಪ್ರಜ್ಞೆಯ ಅರಿವಿನ ಸೇತುವೆಯನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡುವುದೇ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ. ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳಾದ ನೀವು ಈ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವನ್ನು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ರೂಢಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿನ ನಿಜಸ್ವರೂಪವನ್ನು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ತಿಳಿಯಲು ನೀವು ಒಂದು ತಿಂಗಳಿಗೆ ಒಂದು ಕವನವನ್ನೋ, ಕಥೆಯನ್ನೋ ಆರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಓದಿ, ಮನನ ಮಾಡಿ ಕವಿ ಅಥವಾ ಕಥೆಗಾರ ಏನು ಹೇಳಿದ್ದಾನೆ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ಹುಡುಕಿ ತೆಗೆಯುವ ಚರ್ಚೆಗಳನ್ನೂ ನಿಮ್ಮ ನಿಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಮಾಡಿದರೆ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಜ್ಞಾನ ವೃದ್ಧಿಯಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಬೆಳವಣಿಗೆಗೆ ಸಹಾಯವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ.

ನಾವು ನಮ್ಮ ಬೌದ್ಧಿಕತೆ ಸಾಯದಂತೆ ನೋಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ಈಗ ನಮ್ಮ ಪೀಳಿಗೆಯವರೆಲ್ಲಾ ಬೌದ್ಧಿಕವಾಗಿ ಸತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ನೀವಾದರೂ ಬದುಕಿಕೊಳ್ಳಿ. ನಮಗೆ ಏನು ಬೇಕು, ಏನು ಬೇಡ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ನಾವೇ ನಿಶ್ಚಯ ಮಾಡಬೇಕು. ಸ್ವಂತ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯವನ್ನು ಸರಿಯಾದ ಆಲೋಚನೆಯಿಂದ ಬೆಳೆಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ನನ್ನ ಈ ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸ ಸಾರ್ಥಕವಾಗುವುದಾದರೆ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದು.”

ಟಿ. ಆರ್. ವೆಂಕಟೇಶ್, ಎರಡನೇ ಪಿ.ಯು.ಸಿ.

ಜೀವನ..... ಲಹರಿ.....

ಪೆಟ್ರೋಲ್ ಜಡೆ :

ಹೈಸ್ಕೂಲು ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಯುವ ಸಂಗತಿಗಳು ಅನೇಕ. ಅವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲವು ಸ್ವಾರಸ್ಯಕರ. ಅಂತಹ ಸ್ವಾರಸ್ಯಕರ ಪ್ರಸಂಗಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಇದೂ ಒಂದು.

ತರಗತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದೆ ಹುಡುಗಿಯರ ಸಾಲೊಂದು ಕುಳಿತಿರುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ನಮ್ಮ ಅವರ ಡೆಸ್ಕ್‌ಗಳ ನಡುವೆ ಇದ್ದ ಅಂತರ ಬಹಳ ಕಡಿಮೆ. ಹುಡುಗಿಯರ ಜಡೆಗಳು ಸದಾ ನಮ್ಮ ಡೆಸ್ಕಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಪವಡಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು. ಇನ್ನು ಹುಡುಗರಿಗೆ ಪ್ರಸ್ತಕಗಳನ್ನು ಇಡಲು ಸ್ಥಳವೆಲ್ಲಿ ಬರಬೇಕು? ನಾವು ಸ್ಕೂಲ್ ಸೇರಿದ ಹೊಸದಾದ್ದರಿಂದ 'ನಿಮ್ಮ ಜಡೆಗಳನ್ನು ಪಕ್ಕಕ್ಕೆ ಸರಿಸಿ' ಎಂದಾಗಲಿ ಅಥವಾ 'ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಮುಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳಿ' ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುವುದಾದರೂ ಹೇಗೆ?

ನನ್ನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತನಿಗೆ ಈ ಸುಕಟದಿಂದ ಪಾರಾಗುವ ಒಂದು ಉಪಾಯ ಹೊಳೆಯಿತು. ಹುಡುಗಿಯರಿಗೆ ಕೇಳಿಸುವಂತೆ 'ತಂತಿಗಿಂತ ಕೂದಲೇ ಬಹಳ ಸ್ಪಾಂಗ್ ಆಗಿದೆ. ಪಿಟೀಲಿಗೆ ಇದನ್ನೇ ಕಟ್ಟಬಹುದು' ಎಂದ. ಯಾವ ಪ್ರತಿಕ್ರಿಯೆಯೂ ಕಂಡು ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನಿರಾಶನಾಗಿ ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಮುಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಬಾಗಿ ಜಡೆಯ ತುದಿಯನ್ನು ಮೂಸಿ ನೋಡಿ ಮುಖವನ್ನು ಶತವಕ್ರ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು 'ಛಾ..... ಹಾಳು ಕೂದಲು ಪೆಟ್ರೋಲ್ ವಾಸನೆ ಕಣೋ' ಎಂದ. ಜಡೆ ಸರಕ್ಕನೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಮಾಯವಾಯಿತು. ನಮಗಂತೂ ನಗು ತಡೆಯಲಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಟಿ. ಜಿ. ಕೃಷ್ಣ
ಮೊದಲನೇ ಪಿ.ಯು.ಸಿ.

ಗಿರಿ ಪ್ರೀತಿ :

ಅಂದು ರವಿವಾರ. ಮನೆಗೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಮಾವ ಬಂದಿದ್ದರು. ಅಂದರೆ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಮಾವ ಅಲ್ಲ. ನಮ್ಮ ತಾಯಿಯ ತಮ್ಮ. ಅವರ ಮೂಗು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ದಪ್ಪವಾಗಿ ಎದ್ದು ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಅವರು ಮಾತನಾಡುವಾಗಲೆಲ್ಲ ಮೂಗನ್ನು ಸವರಿಕೊಂಡು ಮಾತನಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ನನ್ನ ಮೂರು ವರ್ಷದ ಪುಟ್ಟ ತಮ್ಮ ಗಿರಿಯ ಮುದ್ದು-ಮುದ್ದು ಮಾತುಗಳಿಗೆ ಅವರು ಮಾರುಹೋದರು. ಸಂಜೆಯವರೆಗೂ ಅವನೊಂದಿಗೆ ಕಾಲ ಕಳೆದರು. ಅವರು ಹೊರಡುವ ಮುನ್ನ ಗಿರಿಯನ್ನು ಎತ್ತಿಕೊಂಡು ಲೋಚ ಲೋಚನೆ ಮುತ್ತಿಟ್ಟರು. ಆಗ ಪುಟ್ಟ ಗಿರಿಗೆ ಏನನಿಸಿತೋ ಏನೋ ತನ್ನ ಮುದ್ದು ಕೈಗಳಿಂದ ಅವರ ಮೂಗನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದುಕೊಂಡು ತಾನೂ ಮುತ್ತುಗಳ ಮಳೆ ಕರೆದ. ಪಾಪ! ಅವರ ಕಣ್ಣಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂಗಲ್ಲಿ ನೀರು ತುಂಬಿ ಬಂತು. ನನ್ನ ತಮ್ಮನ ಕೈಯಿಂದ ಅವರ ಮೂಗನ್ನು ಬಿಡಿಸುವುದು ಮನೆಯವರಿಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ಪ್ರಯಾಸದ ಕೆಲಸವೇ ಆಯಿತು. ಅವರಿಗೂ ನಮಗೂ ತುಂಬಾ ಮಜುಗರವಾಯಿತು. ಈಗ ಅವರು ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಗೆ ಬಂದಾಗ ತುಂಬಾ ಹುಷಾರು. ಅಪ್ಪಿತಪ್ಪಿ ಕೂಡ ಗಿರಿಯನ್ನು ಎತ್ತಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ದೂರದಿಂದಲೇ ಅವನನ್ನು ಮಾತನಾಡಿಸಿ ಪೆಚ್ಚು ನಗೆ ಬೀರಿ ಅವನಿಂದ ಉಪಾಯವಾಗಿ ತಪ್ಪಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಇದನ್ನು ಕಂಡೂ ಕಾಣದಂತೆ ನಾವು ಇದ್ದುಬಿಡುತ್ತೇವೆ.

ನೊ. ರಂ. ಬದರೀನಾಥ್
ಮೊದಲನೇ ಪಿ.ಯು.ಸಿ.

ನನಗೆ ಸೂತಕ

ಅ. ನು. ರಾಜಶೇಖರ, ಎರಡನೇ ಬಿ.ಎ.,

ನನ್ನ ಕೊಠಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು ದಿನ ಪತ್ರಿಕೆಯನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. 'Telegram' ಎಂಬ ಶಬ್ದ ಕೇಳಿ ದಿನ ಪತ್ರಿಕೆಯನ್ನು ಒತ್ತಟ್ಟಿಗಿರಿಸಿ ಬಾಗಿಲಕಡೆ ನಡೆದೆ. ಆತ ತೋರಿಸಿದ ಕಡೆ ಸಹಿ ಮಾಡುತ್ತ ಯಾರು ಮಾಡಿರ ಬಹುದು ಎಂದು ಚಡಪಡಿಸಿ, ಕವರನ್ನು ನನ್ನ ಕೈಗೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಹೋದನಂತರ ಎರಡು ಮೂರು ಸಲ ಕವರನ್ನು ತಿರುವಿ ನೋಡಿ, ಕವರನ್ನು ಒಡೆದು ನೋಡಿದಾಗ ಕಂಡದ್ದು 'Thayamma serious start immediatly.' ಒಂದು ಕ್ಷಣ ಏನು ತಿಳಿಯದವ ನಂತೆ ನಿಶ್ಚಲನಾಗಿ ನಿಂತೆ. ಸಹಿ ನೋಡಿದೆ 'Keshava' ಎಂದಿತ್ತು. ಆತ ನನ್ನ ಹೈಸ್ಕೂಲ್ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತ. ನನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಅರಿತವ. ಮತ್ತೆ ಮೇಲೆ ನೋಡಿದೆ 'Thayamma' ಎಂಬಷ್ಟನ್ನೇ ಕಂಡಾಗ ಕರುಣೆಯಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿದ ಮುಖಮುದ್ರೆ ನನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣು ಮುಂದೆ ಹಾದುಹೋಯಿತು. ಸಂತೋಷದಿಂದ ಹಗು ರಾದನಂತರ 'serious' ಎಂಬ ಪದವನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ದುಃಖ ಒತ್ತರಿಸಿ ಬಂತು. ಈ ಎರಡೂ ಪದಗಳು ಒಂದಕ್ಕೊಂದು ಫೈರಿಗಳಾಗಿ ಕಂಡವು. ಎರಡೂ ಪದ ಗಳು ಒಂದೇ ಸಾಲಿನಲ್ಲಿರುವುದು ಬೇಡವೆನಿಸಿ ಬೇರೆ ಮಾಡಲು ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲೇ ಹವಣಿಸಿದೆ. ಪ್ರಜ್ಞೆ ಮೂಡಿ ದಂತಾಗಿ ಅದನ್ನು ಅಲ್ಲೇ ಬಿಸುಟು ಊರಿಗೆ ಹೊರಡಲು ತಯಾರಿ ನಡೆಸಿದೆ. ಕೈಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿದ ಬಟ್ಟೆಯನ್ನು ತೊಟ್ಟು ಬಸ್‌ಸ್ಟಾಂಡಿಗೆ ಬಂದು ಬಸ್ಸಿಗಾಗಿ ಕಾಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ನನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸೆಲ್ಲವೂ ತಾಯಮ್ಮನು ಏನಾಗಿರಬಹುದೆಂದು ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಅರ್ಧ ಘಂಟೆಯಾದರೂ ಬರದ ಬಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಒಂದು ಕ್ಷಣ ತಾಯಮ್ಮನ ವೈರಿಗಳ ಸಾಲಿ ನಲ್ಲಿಟ್ಟೆ. ಏನಾಗಿರಬಹುದು ಎಂದು ಯೋಚಿಸತೊಡ ಗಿದೆ. ಸತ್ತಿರಬಹುದೆ? ನನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಒಂದು ಮೂಲೆ ಯಿಂದ ಉದ್ಭವಿಸಿದ ಒಂದು ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ. ಒಂದು ಕ್ಷಣ ಬೆವತಂತಾಗಿ ಮಗದೊಂದು ಮೂಲೆಯಿಂದ ಆ ಕೆಟ್ಟ

ಯೋಚನೆಯನ್ನು ಮಾಡಬೇಡ ಎಂದಂತಾಗಿ ನನ್ನ ಮನ ಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಸಮಾಧಾನವಾಗುವಂತೆ ಏನೂ ಆಗಿರಲಾರದು ಎಂದುಕೊಂಡು ಸುಮ್ಮನಾದೆ. ಬಸ್ಸಿನ ಸದ್ದು ಕೇಳಿ ಆ ಕಡೆ ತಿರುಗಿದಾಗ ಬಸ್ಸು ಬರುತ್ತಿರುವುದು ಕಂಡಿತು. ಸದ್ಯ ಎಂದು ನಿಟ್ಟುಸಿರು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಬಸ್ಸನ್ನೇರಿ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿದ ಜಾಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಕ್ಕರಿಸಿದೆ.

ನನ್ನ ಇದುವರೆಗಿನ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಅತಿ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ ಪರಿ ಚಯದ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ, ಎಂತಹ ಕರುಣಾಪೂರಕ ಮುಖ ಆಕೆ ಯದು. ನನಗೆ ಎಷ್ಟೇ ದುಃಖವಾದರೂ ಆಕೆಯ ಮುಖ ಕಂಡೊಡನೆ ನನ್ನ ದುಃಖ ದೂರವಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ನನ್ನ ಇಲ್ಲಿಯವರೆಗಿನ ಜೀವನವನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಆಕೆಯ ಬಳಿಯಲ್ಲೇ ಕಳೆದಿದ್ದೆ. ಆಕೆಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಮೇಲಿದ್ದ ಪ್ರೀತಿ ನನ್ನ ಹೆತ್ತ ತಾಯಿಗೂ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನನ್ನ ತಾಯಿಯಾದರೂ ತಮ್ಮ ಮೇಲಿನ ಭಾರ ಇಳಿಸಿಕೊಂಡವರಂತೆ ಹೆತ್ತಿರಬೇಕು. ನಂತರ ತಾಯಮ್ಮನಿಗೆ ಒಪ್ಪಿಸಿರಬೇಕು. ಹೆತ್ತ ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಗೆ ಅಲ್ಪಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯನ್ನು ತೋರಿ ಮುಗ್ಧ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಅರಿಯುವುದು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ತಮ್ಮ ಕೆಲಸಕಾರ್ಯಗಳನ್ನೇ ನೋಡಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದರೆ ಹತ್ತೇನು ಸುಖ? ಆ ತಾಯಿ ಇದ್ದೇನು ಸುಖ? ಬೆಳಗಿದ್ದರೆ ತಂದೆ ತಾಯಿ ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ತಮ್ಮ ಕೆಲಸಕಾರ್ಯಗಳಿಗೆ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಪುನಃ ರಾತ್ರಿ ಸುಸ್ತಾಗಿ ಸಪ್ಪೆ ಮುಖದಿಂದ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಿ ಬಂದು ಮಲಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಇದರಿಂದ ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಗೆ ತಂದೆ ತಾಯಿ ಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಭಾವನೆಗಳು ಮೂಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ ಎಂಬು ದನ್ನೇ ಅರಿಯದ ಯಂತ್ರ - ಜೀವಿಗಳು ನನ್ನ ತಾಯಿ- ತಂದೆ. ತಮ್ಮ ಕೈಯಿಂದಲೇ ಅವರ ಮೇಲೆ ನಾನು ಇಡಬೇಕಾದ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದರು.

ಆದರೆ ತಂದೆ ತಾಯಿಯರಿಂದ ಸಿಗದ ಪ್ರೀತಿ ನನಗೆ ತಾಯಮ್ಮನಿಂದ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿತ್ತು. ಆಕೆಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಮೇಲಿದ್ದ ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಹೇಳಲಸದಳ. ಹೆತ್ತ ತಾಯಿಯೂ ಕೊಡದ

ಆರೈಕೆಯನ್ನು ಆಕೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಳು. ಆಕೆಯ ಜೊತೆ ಕಳೆದ ದಿನಗಳಂತೂ ನನ್ನ ಕಡೆಯುಸಿರಿರುವ ತನಕ ಮರೆಯಲಾಗದ ಸಂತೋಷ ದಿನಗಳು. ಅವಿದ್ಯಾವಂತೆಯಾದರೂ ಮಕ್ಕಳ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಅರಿಯಬಲ್ಲ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಜೀವ.

ಕೆಲವು ಸಲ ತಂದೆಯಿಂದ ಕಾರಣವಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಏಟುಗಳನ್ನು ಹೊಡೆದಾಗ ಆ ತಾಯಮ್ಮನ ತಂಪಾದ ಮುದ್ದು ಮಾತುಗಳು ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ಮರೆಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು. ನನ್ನ ಆರೋಗ್ಯ ಕೆಟ್ಟಾಗಲಂತೂ ತಾಯಮ್ಮ ದಿನವೆಲ್ಲಾ ನನ್ನ ಬಳಿಯಲ್ಲೇ ಕಳೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಹಟ ಮಾಡಿದಾಗ ಮುದ್ದು ಮಾತುಗಳನ್ನಾಡಿ ಒಲಿಸಿ ನನ್ನ ಜೊತೆಯಲ್ಲೆ ಕಿರಿಯಳಾಗಿ ಆಟವಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಸಹಿ ಮಾಡಲು ಅರಿಯದ ಅವಿದ್ಯಾವಂತೆ ನನ್ನ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸದ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಗಮನ ಅತಿ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿನದು. ತನಗೆ ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಸಂಬಳದಲ್ಲೆ ಉಗಾದಿ ಕೊಡುಗೆಯಾಗಿ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯಿಂದ ಹೊಲಿಸಿಕೊಟ್ಟ ಬಟ್ಟೆ ನನ್ನ ತಂದೆ ತಾಯಿ ಹೊಲಿಸಿಕೊಟ್ಟ ಬಟ್ಟೆಗಳಿಗಿಂತ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿನವು.

ನನ್ನ ಪ್ರೌಢಶಾಲೆಯ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸದಲ್ಲಿ ತೊಡಗಿದ್ದಾಗ ನನ್ನ ಕಡೆ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಗಮನ ಕೊಟ್ಟ ತಾಯಿ, ತಾಯಮ್ಮ ನಿಗೂ ನನಗೂ ಇರುವ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಅಸೂಯೆ ಪಟ್ಟು ತಾಯಮ್ಮನನ್ನು ಚಾಕರಿಯಿಂದಲೇ ಬಿಡಿಸಿ, ಹಾಕಿದ ಗೆರೆ ದಾಟಬಾರದೆಂಬ ಕಟ್ಟಾಜ್ಞೆಗೆ ಒಳಗಾಗಿ, ಬಿದ್ದ ಏಟುಗಳಿಗೆ ಮಾರುಹೋಗಿ ತಪ್ಪಾಗಿದ್ದೆ. ಚಾಕರಿಯಿಂದ ಬಿಡಿಸಿದರೂ ಸಾಕಿದ ಮಮತೆಯಿಂದಲೋ ಏನೋ ಶಾಲೆಗೆ ಹೋಗುವಾಗ ತನ್ನ ಮನೆಗೆ ಕರೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಿ ನನಗಿಷ್ಟವಾದ ತಿಂಡಿ ತಿನಿಸುಗಳನ್ನು ಕೊಟ್ಟು

ಕಳುಹಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ನಾನು ಮೆಟ್ರಿಕ್ ಪಾಸಾದಾಗ ನನ್ನ ಹೆತ್ತ ತಾಯಿಯೂ ಪೆಸದಷ್ಟು ಸಂತೋಷಪಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಳು. ನಾನು ಮುಂದೆ ಓದಲು ಊರು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹೊರಡುವ ವಿಷಯವನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿದಾಗ ಸಂತೋಷ ದುಃಖಗಳ ಮಿಲನ ದಿಂದಾಗಿ ಕಣ್ಣೀರು ಸುರಿಸಿದ್ದಳು. ತನ್ನ ಕೈಬೆರಳುಂಗುರ ಮಾರಿ ಹೊಲಿಸಿದ ಬಟ್ಟೆಗಳನ್ನು ನಾನು ಹೊರಡುವ ದಿನ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯಿಂದ ತೊಡಿಸಿ “ಮುಂದೆ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಓದಿ ದೊಡ್ಡವನಾಗಿ ಹೆಸರು ಗಳಿಸು” ಎಂದು ಹರಸಿ ಕಳಿಸಿಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಳು.

ಹೀಗೆಯೇ ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ ನನ್ನ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದವರು “ಊರು ಬಂತು ಇಳಿಯುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೆ” ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿದ್ದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ಬೆಚ್ಚಿದಂತೆ ಎದ್ದವನೆ ಬಸ್ಸಿಳಿದು ನೇರವಾಗಿ ತಾಯಮ್ಮನ ಮನೆಯ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಹೊರಟೆ. ಮನೆಯ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಮನೆಯ ಮುಂದೆ ಉರಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಬೆರಣಿಗಳನ್ನು ಕಂಡೆ. ‘ತಾಯಮ್ಮ’ ... ಎಂದು ಚೀರಿದೆ.

ಮತ್ತೆ ಎಚ್ಚರವಾದಾಗ ತಾಯಮ್ಮನ ಕಡೆಯ ಪಯಣಕ್ಕೆ ಸಕಲ ಸಿದ್ಧತೆಗಳೂ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು. ಆ ಕ್ಷಣ ಬಿದಿರಿನ ವಾಹನವನ್ನು ತಯಾರಿಸುತ್ತಿರುವವರಲ್ಲರೂ ನನ್ನ ವೈರಿಗಳಂತೆ ಕಂಡರು. ಮನೆಯ ಮುಂದೆ ಉರಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಬೆರಣಿಗಳು ತಾಯಮ್ಮನ ಹಸ್ತದಿಂದ ತಯಾರಿಸಲ್ಪಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಕ್ಕೂ ಏನೋ ಹೊಗೆಯನ್ನು ಕಾರುತ್ತ ಉರಿಯಲಾರದೆ ಉರಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು. ಆ ಹೊಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳಲ್ಲೂ ನೀರು ತರಿಸಿತು. ನಡೆಯಬೇಕಾದ್ದು ನಡೆದೇ ಹೋಯಿತು. ತಾಯಮ್ಮನ ಸಾವು ನಿಜ. ಆದುದರಿಂದ ನನಗೂ ಸೂತಕ.

ಫಲವೇನು ?

ಬಡತನದ ಹೊತ್ತಾನೆ ದೊರಕಿ ಫಲವೇನು ನೀ - ।

ರಡಿಸಿದ್ ಹೊತ್ತಾಜ್ಯ ದೊರಕಿ ಫಲವೇನು ರುಜೆ ।

ಯಡಿಸಿ ಕೆಡೆದಿಹ ಹೊತ್ತು ರಂಭೆ ದೊರೆಕೊಂಡಲ್ಲಿ ಫಲವೇನು ಸಾವು ಹೊತ್ತು ॥

ಪೊಡವಿಯೊಡತನ ದೊರಕಿ ಫಲವೇನು ಕಡುವಿಸಿಲು ।

ಹೊಡೆದು ಬೆಂಡಾಗಿ ಬೀಳ್ವೆಮಗೆ ನೀನೊಲಿದು ಮಣಿ - ।

ದೊಡಿಗೆಗಳನಿತ್ತು ಫಲವೇನು ಭೂಪಾಲ ಹೇಳಿನುತ ಮತ್ತಿಂತೆಂದರು ॥

ರಾಘವಾಂಕ

(ಸಂಗ್ರಹ : ಶಾಮಣ್ಣ, ಎರಡನೇ ಬಿ.ಕಾಂ.)

ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗರಿದ್ದಾರೆ... ಜೋಕೆ...!

ಬಿ. ಎಂ. ಸುಬ್ಬಣ್ಣ ಮೊದಲನೇ ಪಿ.ಯು.ಸಿ

ನೋಡಿದಾ ಮತ್ತೆ ಹೇಳೋಕೆ ಮೊದ್ಲೇ ಕೋಪಿಸ್ಕೋತೀರಲ್ಲ ... ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗರು ಅಂದ್ರೆ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗರೂ ಅಂತರ್ಥವಲ್ಲ. ಎಲ್ಲಾದ್ದಲ್ಲೂ ಇರೋ ಹಾಗೇ ಇಲ್ಲೂ ಇದಾರೆ exceptions. ಅಂಥವರ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಈ ಲೇಖನದಲ್ಲಿರೋ ವಿಚಾರ. ಆದರೆ ಅಂಥವರೂ ಇದ್ದಾರೆ ನೋಡಿ. ಅದಕ್ಕೇ ಹೇಳೋದು ಜೋಕೆ ಅಂತ....

‘ತುಂಬಾ important ಈ ವಿಷಯಗಳೆಲ್ಲ. ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಉರು ಹೊಡ್ಡಿರಬೇಕು.’ Important ಅಂದ್ರೆ ಗೊತ್ತೇ ಇದ್ದೆಲ್ಲ. ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಲಿ ಓಗಿ ನಂಬರು ಬರೋಕೇ ಅಂತಾನೇ ಅರ್ಥ, ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗರಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಕ್ಯಾಲು ಮೂರು ವೀಸೆ ಜನಕ್ಕೆ. ಸರಿ ಈ important ವಿಷಯಾನ Mr. X ಆ ಪುಸ್ತಕದಲ್ಲಿ first class ಆಗಿ ಬರೆದಿದ್ದಾನೆ.

‘ಆಥೆಂಟಿಕ್ಯೋ ಆಥೆಂಟಿಕ್ಯು.....’

‘ಹೌದೆ? ಹಾಗೆ?’

‘ಹೌದು ಹೌದು.’

‘ಪುಸ್ತಕ ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಸಿಗುತ್ತೆ ? ಲೈಬ್ರರೀಲಿದ್ದೆ ?’

ಇದೆ. ಇದೆ. ನಮ್ಮಾಲೇಜು ಲೈಬ್ರರೀಲಿ ಒಂದಲ್ಲ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಕಾಪಿ ಇದೆ. ಹಾಗೇ ಲೈಬ್ರರೀಗೆ ನೂಕು ನುಗ್ಗಲೋ ನುಗ್ಗಲು. ನಾಲ್ಕು ಕಾಪಿಗೆ ನಲವತ್ತು ಜನ. ಅದೃಷ್ಟವಂತರಿಗೆ ಲಾಭ. ನಾಲ್ಕು ಕಾಪಿನೂ ಈಚೆಗೆ ಬಂದ್ವು ಸರಿ ಇನ್ನು ಆ important chapter.

‘ಎಲ್ಲಿದ್ಯೋ ಎಲ್ಲಿದ್ಯೋ.....’

‘ಅಯ್ಯೋ ಇಲ್ಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲವಲ್ಲೋ..... ಏನಾಯ್ತೋ.....’

‘ಇಲ್ಲೋಡೋ....’

ಏನ್ ನೋಡೋದು... ಇದ್ರಲ್ಲೇ ನೋಡೋದು ! ಆ chapter ಗಾಗಲೇ ಬ್ಲೇಡ್ ಪ್ರಹಾರ ಆಗಿ ಯಾವ ಕಾಲ ಆಗಿದ್ಯೋ.... ಇಡೀ ‘chapter’ ನಾಪತ್ತೆ ! ತಾಯಿ ಸರಸ್ವತೀ ! ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗರಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಜೋಕೆ, ನಿನ್ನನ್ನ ಅಪಹರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡ್ಲೋಗೋದು ಹಾಗಿರಲಿ, ನಿನ್ನನ್ನ ಕತ್ತರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡೂ ಹೋಗಿಬಿಡ್ತಾರೆ

ಜೋಕೆ ! ಜೋಕೆ !!

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‘ಏನ್ರಿ ಬೆಳಗ್ಗಿಂದ ಕಾಫೀಗೂ ಬರ್ದೆ ಹುಡುಕ್ತಾ ಇದೀರಿ...’

‘ಇರಿ ಇರಿ ಸದ್ಯ ನಮ್ಮ ಬಾಸ್‌ಗೆ ತಿಳಿದ್ರೆ ಮುಗಿದೇ ಹೋಯ್ತು.....’

‘ಏನಾಯ್ತು ಹೇಳ್ಬಾರ್ದೆ.....’

‘ಏನು ಹೇಳೋದು ಅಟೆಂಡೆನ್ಸ್ ರಿಜಿಸ್ಟರಿಡೋ ಬೀರು ನಲ್ಲಿರೋ ನಾಲ್ಕು ರಿಜಿಸ್ಟರೂ ನಾಪತ್ತೆ !’

‘ಹೌದೆ ! ಅದ್ದಾಕ್ ? ಬೀರೂನೇ ನುಂಗ್ಬಿಡ್ತೆ..?’

ಬೀರು ನುಂಗಿಲ್ಲ Attendance shortage list ಹಾಕಿದ ಮಾರ್ಚ್ ದಿನದ ಫಜೀತಿ ಬೇಡ ಬೇಡ ಅನೇಕ ರಿಗೆ. ಛೇ ಛೇ ಎಲ್ಲಾದ್ರೂ ಸಾಧ್ಯವೇ Shortage list ಹಾಕೋದೂ ರಿಜಿಸ್ಟರ್ ನಾಪತ್ತೆಯಾಗೋದೂ ಕಾಕತಾಳನ್ಯಾಯ ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಅಂತಾರೆ ಬಲ್ಲವರು. ಆದರೂ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗರಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಜೋಕೆ ! ರಿಜಿಸ್ಟರುಗಳೆಲ್ಲ ಭದ್ರವಾಗಿ ರಲಿ.

ಜೋಕೆ ! ಜೋಕೆ !!

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ರೀಡಿಂಗ್ ರೂಮ್‌ಗಳಿಗೆ ಆಸಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ಭೇಟಿ ಕೊಡುವ ಚಟವಿರುವ ನನಗೆ ದಿನಪತ್ರಿಕೆ, ವಾರ ಪತ್ರಿಕೆ, ಮಾಸಪತ್ರಿಕೆಗಳ ಭಗ್ನಾ ವಶೇಷಗಳ ಭಗ್ನ ನೋಟ ಹೃದಯ

ಭೇದಕ. ಪುಸ್ತಕಗಳಲ್ಲಿನ important chapter ಗಳಂತೆ ಈ ಪತ್ರಿಕೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿನ ಜನಪ್ರಿಯ ನಟ ನಟಿಯರು ಅವರ ವಿಶೇಷ ಭಾವ ಭಂಗಿಗಳು ಇತ್ಯಾದಿ, ಇತ್ಯಾದಿ ಪತ್ರಿಕೆಗಳಿಂದ ದೂರ ಸರಿದು ತಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರಿಯ ಓದುಗರ ಕೈ ಸೇರಿರುತ್ತವೆ. ರೀಡಿಂಗ್ ರೂಮಿನ ಮೇಜಿನ ಮೇಲಿಂದ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗರ ಕಂಠಯೊಳಕ್ಕೆ ಈ ವರ್ಗಾವಣೆ ಯಾವಾಗ ಹ್ಯಾಗೆ ಆಗುತ್ತೆ ಅನ್ನೋದನ್ನ ಪತ್ತೆ ಹಚ್ಚೋಕೆ ನಾನೂ ಈಗ ಸುಮಾರು ಹತ್ತು ಹನ್ನೆರಡು ವರುಷಗಳಿಂದ ಷರ್ ಲಾಕ್ ಹೋಮ್ಸ್‌ಗಳನ್ನು ನೇಮಿಸಿದ್ದೀನಿ. ಆದರೆ result ಮಾತ್ರ ಕೇಳೇಬೇಡಿ.

ಕೆಲವು ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗರ ಕೈಚಳ್ಳು ಎಷ್ಟರ ಮಟ್ಟಿನದೂಂದ್ರೆ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿರೋರ ಪೆನ್ನು, ಪೆನ್ಸಿಲ್, ರಬ್ಬರು, ಪುಸ್ತಕ ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಊಟದ ಡಬ್ಬ (ಊಟದ ಸಮೇತ) ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ನಾಪತ್ತೆ, ಕಣ್ಣೆರೆದು ನೋಡೋದ್ರೊಳಗಾಗಿ! ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗ ರಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಜೋಕೆ!

ಜೋಕೆ ! ಜೋಕೆ !!

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ಒಂದು ಪ್ರಸಂಗ ಸ್ವಾರಸ್ಯಕರ ಅಷ್ಟೇ ದುಃಖಕರ ಕೇಳಿ ನಾಲ್ಕು ದಿನ ನಂಗೆ ಮೈಯಲ್ಲಾ ಹ್ಯಾಗ್ ಹ್ಯಾಗೋ ಆಗೋಯ್ತು ನೋಡಿ. ಓದಿದ್ದೆ ನಿಮ್ಮೂ ಹಾಗೆ ಆಗುತ್ತೆ ಅಂತ ನನಗೆ ಗ್ಯಾರಂಟಿ ಗೊತ್ತು.

ಇದೂ ನಿಮ್ ಬೆಂಗಳೂರಲ್ಲಿ ಆ ಹೋಟೆಲ್ಲ್ಯೆ. ಗೊತ್ತಲ್ಲಾ ನಿಮ್ಮೂ. ಅದೇಂದ್ರೆ ಒಂದೂಟಕ್ಕೆ ಕೇವಲ ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತು ರೂಪಾಯಿ 'ಭಾರ್ಜು' ಮಾಡ್ತಾನಲ್ಲ ಆ ಹೋಟೆಲ್ಗೆ ಹೋಗೋಣಾಂತ ಪಾಪ ಒಬ್ಬ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗನಿಗೆ ತಡೆಯೋಕೆ ಆಗ್ಲಾರ್ ಪು ಆಸೆಯಾಯ್ತು. ಆಸೆ ಅವನಿ ಗಾಗ್ಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅತನ ಜೊತೆಯೋರ್ಗಾಯ್ತು. ಪಾಪ, ಅವ ನ್ತಾನೇ ಏನ್ಮಾಡ್ತಾನೆ ಉಪಾಯಾನೂ ಅವ್ರೆ ಹೇಳಿದ್ರು. ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿ ಸಂಘದ ಸೆಕ್ರೆಟರಿ ಅವನು. ಸರಿ.... ಕಾಲೇ ಜಿನ ಹಾರ್ಮೋನಿಯಂಗೆ ರಿಪೇರಿ ಯೋಗ ಬಂತು. ಆದರೆ ಆ ಹಾರ್ಮೋನಿಯಂ ಹೋಗಿದ್ದು ರಿಪೇರಿ ಕಂಪನಿಗಲ್ಲ. ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಯ ಕೈಗೇನೋ ಕಾಸು ಬಂತು. ಬಂದ ಕಾಸು ಖರ್ಚು ಆಯ್ತು ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತು ರೂಪಾಯಿ ಊಟವನ್ನೂಡದ್ದೂ ಆಯ್ತು ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆ ಹತ್ರ ಬಂತು ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ಸಂಬಂಧಪಟ್ಟ ಯಾವ ಬಾಬೂ ಬಾಕಿ ಇಲ್ಲಾ

ಅಂದ್ರೇ ತಾನೆ ಹಾಲ್-ಟೆಕೀಟು ! ಯೂನಿಯನ್ ಸೆಕ್ರೆಟರಿ ಹೆಸರಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾರ್ಮೋನಿಯಂ ಬಾಕಿ ಊಟಕ್ಕೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಹಣ ಇಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಬರುತ್ತೆ ? ಅಡವಿಟ್ಟ ಹಾರ್ಮೋನಿಯಂನ ಬಿಡಿಸೋ ಬಗೆ ಹೇಗೆ ? ಹೇಗೆ..... ಬಿಡಿಸದಿದ್ದರೆ ಹುಡುಗನ ಬಾಳು ಹಾಳು. ಬಿಡಿಸೋದ್ ಹ್ಯಾಗೆ ? ಹಾಗೆ..... ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗರಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಜೋಕೆ !

ಜೋಕೆ ! ಜೋಕೆ !!

* * *

ಮಳೆ ಬರೋ ಹಾಗೇ ಇರ್ದಿಲ್ಲಾಂದ್ರೆ ನಾನು ಕೂಡ ತಗೊಂಡು ಹೋಗೋ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿ ನೇ ಬಂದಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಇನ್ನೇನು ಕಾಲೇಜಿಂದ ಹೊರಡಬೇಕು... ಕಾರ್ಮೋಡ ದಟ್ಟವಾಯ್ತು. ಹೊರಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾಲಿಟ್ಟೋ ಇಲ್ಲೋ ಹನಿ ದಪ್ಪನಾಯ್ತು. ಮುಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆ ಇಟ್ಟಾಗ್ಲಿತ್ತು. ಹಿಂದೆ ಹೋಗೋ ಹಾಗೂ ಇರ್ದಿಲ್ಲ. ಸರಿ ಹೊರಟಿ ದ್ದಾಯ್ತು. ಹಾಗೇನೆ ಮಳೆ ಹನಿತಲೇ ಇತ್ತು. ಅರ್ಧ ದಾರಿ ಬಂದಿರಬೇಕು. ಹಿಂದಿನಿಂದ ಕೂಗು....

'ತಾಳಿ ಮೇಡಂ'

ಪರಿಚಯದ ಕೂಗು. ತಿರುಗಿ ನೋಡಿದ್ದೆ ಒಬ್ಬ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗ ಓಡೋಡಿ ಬರಿದ್ದು ಕಂಡ್ತು.

'ತಗೋಳಿ ಮೇಡಂ ಇದನ್ನ, ಪಾಪ ಮಳೆಲೇ ಹೊರಟಿದೀರಲ್ಲ.'

'ಪರವಾಗಿಲ್ಲ ಇರ್ದಿ. ಬಸ್ ಸ್ಟಾಪ್‌ನಿಂದ ಇಲ್ಲೇ ಇದೆ. ನಿಂಗೆ ಇಲ್ಲೆ ಹೋಗುತ್ತೆ. ಪುಸ್ತಕ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ನೆನೆಯುತ್ತೆ.'

'ಪರವಾಗಿಲ್ಲ ಬಿಡಿ ಮೇಡಂ. ಪುಸ್ತಕ ನಂದೇನಲ್ಲ, ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ಲೈಬ್ರರೀದು. ತಗೊಳ್ಳಿ ತಲೇಮೇಲ್ತಾ ಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಿ.' ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗ ನನ್ನ ತಲೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಒಂದಷ್ಟು ಗಲ ರೆಕ್ಸಿನ್ ಬಟ್ಟೆಯನ್ನು ಹೊದಿಸಿ ಹೊರಟೇ ಹೋಗಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಮಳೆಯೂ ಜೋರಾಗಿತ್ತು. ರೆಕ್ಸಿನ್ ಬಟ್ಟೆಯ ಆಶ್ರಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಜ್ಜು ನೆನೆಯದೆ ಬಸ್ ಹತ್ತಿ ದ್ದಾಯ್ತು. ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ಹೋದಾಗ ಸ್ವಾಘ್ ರೂಮಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಗುಲ್ಲೋ ಗುಲ್ಲು.

'ಟೇಬಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಮೊನ್ನೆ ತಾನೆ ಬಟ್ಟೆ ಹಾಕಿದೀವಿ. ಹಾಳಾ ದೋರು ಯಾರೋ ಅರ್ಧ ಹರಿದುಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಿಟ್ಟಿ

ದಾರೆ ನೋಡಿ. Hopeless ಅಂದ್ರೆ Hopeless.'
ಕೂಗಾಟ ಜೋರಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಅಧ್ಯಾಪಕರೇ ದುಡ್ಡು ಹಾಕಿ
ಮುರುಕು ಟೇಬಲಿನ ಮರ್ಯಾದೆ ಮುಚ್ಚಿದ್ದರಿಂದ
ಕೂಗಾಟ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಜೋರಾಗೇ ಇತ್ತು.

* ನಾನು ಬಗ್ಗಿ ನೋಡಿದೆ. ನನಗ್ಯಾಕೋ ಅನುಮಾನ
ವಾಯ್ತು. ಆದ್ರೆ ಅಲ್ಲೇನೂ ಮಾತಾಡ್ಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕ್ಲಾಸು
ಮುಗಿಸಿ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೋದೆ. ಹಗ್ಗದ ಮೇಲೆ ಒಣಗಿ ಹಾಕಿ

ರೆಕ್ಸಿಸ್ ನೋಡಿದೆ. ಸ್ವಾಫ್ ರೂಮಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕಳುವಾಗಿದ್ದ
ಟೇಬಲ್ ಕ್ಲಾಸಿನ ಅರ್ಧ ಭಾಗವನ್ನು ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗ ಹಿಂದಿನ
ದಿನ ನನಗೆ ದಾನವಾಗಿ ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದ !

‘ಮಿಸ್ ನನ್ ಕ್ಯಾರಿಯರ್ ಕಳೆದೋಯ್ತು.’

‘ಮೇಡಂ..... ಪುಸ್ತಕದಲ್ಲಿರೋ ಹಾಳೆಗಳೇ ಇಲ್ಲ....’

ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಜೋಕೆ !

ಜೋಕೆ ! ಜೋಕೆ !!



ಕನ್ನಡ ಪದ

ನರಕಕ್ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ನಾಲ್ಕೆ ಸೀಳ್ವಿ

ಬಾಯ್ ಒಲಿಸಾಕಿದ್ರಾನೆ

ಮೂಗ್ಗಲ್ ಕನ್ನಡ ಪದವಾಡ್ತಿನಿ !

ನನ್ ಮನಸನ್ ನೀ ಕಾಣೆ !

ಜಿ. ಪಿ. ರಾಜರತ್ನಂ,

(ಸಂಗ್ರಹ: ಸುರೇಶ್‌ಚಂದ್ರ, ಎರಡನೇ ಬಿ.ಕಾಂ.)

ವಿದ್ಯೆ ಕಲಿಯುವುದೇಕೆ ?

ವಿದ್ಯೆ ಕಲಿಯುವುದೇಕೆ ?

ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಗೆ ? ಬಟ್ಟೆಗೆ ?

ಮೇಣ್ ತನ್ನ, ತನ್ನವರ ಮೆರೆಸುತಿರುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ?

ಅದೇ, ಕೇಳು, ಕಡೆಯಲ್ಲ ;

ತನ್ನದೊಂದೇ ಅಲ್ಲ ;

ತಾ ಕಂಡವರ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆ ಉರಿಸದಿರುವುದಕ್ಕೆ !

ಜಿ. ಪಿ. ರಾಜರತ್ನಂ,

(ಸಂಗ್ರಹ: ಮಲ್ಲೇಶ್‌ರೆಡ್ಡಿ, ಮೊದಲನೇ ಪಿ.ಯು.ಸಿ)

ಆತ್ಮ ಹತ್ಯೆ ?

ಕೆ. ಆರ್. ನಟರಾಜ್

ಎರಡನೇ ಬಿ.ಕಾಂ.,

ಮಂಜು ಇನ್ನೂ ಕವಿದಿದೆ. ಚಳಿಯೂ ಇನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟಿಲ್ಲ. ಕೆಲವರಿಗೆ ಸುಖಾಂತವಾಗಿ, ಕೆಲವರಿಗೆ ದುಃಖಾಂತವಾಗಿ ಬೆಳಕಾಯಿತು. ನಮ್ಮ ನಾರದರಿಗೆ ಎಂಥ ಅದೃಷ್ಟವೋ ಬಲಗಡೆ ಏಳುವುದನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಎಡಗಡೆ ಎದ್ದಿದ್ದರು. ಶುರುವಾಯಿತು ಅವರ ಮೇಲೆ ಶನಿಯ ಪ್ರಭಾವ. ಎದ್ದು, ಸ್ನಾನ ಮಾಡಲು ನದಿಗೆ ಹೊರಟರು. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಶವದ ದರ್ಶನವಾಯಿತು. ಒದರಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾ ತಮ್ಮ ನಿತ್ಯಕರ್ಮಗಳನ್ನು ಮುಗಿಸಿ ನಡೆದರು. ತಮ್ಮ ನಿತ್ಯದ ಪ್ರವಾಸದಂತೆ ಭೂಲೋಕಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದರು. ಕಲಿಯುಗದ ಪ್ರಭಾವ ಅವರಿಸಿತ್ತು. ಕಲಿಯ ಆಟಾಟೋಪಗಳಿಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲೆ ಮೀರಿತ್ತು. ಜನರು ಎದ್ದು ತಮ್ಮ ನಿತ್ಯ ಕೆಲಸಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತೊಡಗಿದ್ದರು. ಕೆಲವರು ನೀರಿಗಾಗಿ ಜಗಳ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆಯೇ ಕೆಲವರು ಅಕ್ಕಪಕ್ಕದವರ ಜೊತೆ ಜಗಳವಾಡಲು ಶುರು ಮಾಡಿದ್ದರು. ಇದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ನೋಡಿದ ನಮ್ಮ ನಾರದರು ಬೇಜಾರಿಂದ ಮುಂದೆ ನಡೆದರು. ಕೆಲಸಗಾರರು ಆಗಾಗಲೇ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ತೊಡಗಿದ್ದರು. ಇಷ್ಟಾದರೂ ಕೆಲವು ಸಾಹುಕಾರರು ತಮ್ಮ ನಿಷೇಯ ನಿಂದೆಯಿಂದ ಎದ್ದಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವರಿಗೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ಸೂರ್ಯೋದಯ ವಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಮುಂದೆ ಅಂಗಡಿಗಳ ಸಾಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆದ ನಾರದರು ಅಲ್ಲಿಯ ಕಾರುಬಾರನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಡಂಗಾದರು. ತಮಗೆ ಅರಿವಿಲ್ಲದೆಯೇ ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿ 'ನಾರಾಯಣ' 'ನಾರಾಯಣ' ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿದರು. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಅತ್ಯಾಚಾರಗಳನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಅಸಹ್ಯಗೊಂಡರು. ಮುಂದೆ ಆಯಾಸದಿಂದ ಒಂದು ದೇವಾಲಯದ ಮುಂದೆ ಕುಳಿತರು. ಬಂದು ಹೋಗುವವರು ಇವರನ್ನೇ ದುರು ದುರು ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಅಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಮಧ್ಯಾಹ್ನವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಂತ್ರಗಳು ಜಪಿಸತೊಡಗಿದವು. ಒಂದು

ಧರ್ಮಭತ್ತಕ್ಕೆ ಊಟಮಾಡಲು ಹೋಗಿ, ಕೂಡಲೇ ಎದ್ದು ಆಚೆ ಬಂದರು. ಕಾರಣ ತುತ್ತಿನಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಕಲ್ಲುಗಳು ಇವರ ಹಲ್ಲಿನಮೇಲೆ ಧಾಳಿಮಾಡಿ ಹಲ್ಲು ಮುರಿದುಬಿದ್ದಿತ್ತು. ಪಾಪ, ನೋವನ್ನು ತಡೆಯಲಾರದೆ ಸಂಕಟಪಟ್ಟರು.

ಮುಂದೆ ಸೂರ್ಯನಾರಾಯಣನು ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಅತ್ಯಾಚಾರಗಳನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಬೇಗ ಮೋರೆ ಮರೆಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡ. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಗುಂಪು ಸೇರಿತು. ಒಂದು ಹೆಂಗಸಿನ ಆಳು ಕೇಳಿ ಬಂತು. ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯಗೊಂಡ ನಾರದರು ಏನೆಂದು ನೋಡಲು ಹೊರಟರು. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಸಮಾಜದ ಸಭ್ಯ ಹಿರಿಯರಿಂದ ಒಂದು ಹೆಂಗಸಿನ ಶೀಲ ಬಯಲಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಇದನ್ನು ತಡೆಯಲು ಹೋದ ನಾರದರಿಗೆ ಏಟುಗಳು ಬೀಳುವುದರಲ್ಲಿತ್ತು. ಇದನ್ನು ತಡೆಯಬೇಕೆಂದು ನಾರದರು ಸೀದಾ ಸ್ವರ್ಗಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಇಂದ್ರನಿಗೆ ಈ ಅನ್ಯಾಯ ಅತ್ಯಾಚಾರಗಳನ್ನು ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಬೇಕೆಂದು ಬೇಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಹುಡುಕಾಡಿದರು. ಆದರೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಇಂದ್ರನು ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ವಿಚಾರಿಸಲು ಅವನು ಪತಿವ್ರತ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರನ್ನು ಕೆಡಿಸುವ ಯಜ್ಞಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗಿದ್ದನು. ಮತ್ತೆ ಭೂಲೋಕಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದು ನಾರದರು ನೋಡಲು ಯಾವ ಅವತಾರ ಪುರುಷನೂ ಅನ್ಯಾಯ - ಅತ್ಯಾಚಾರಗಳಿಗೆ ಇತ್ತೀಚೆಗೆ ಹಾಡಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಇದನ್ನು ಕಂಡ ನಾರದನಿಗೆ ತಲೆ ತಿರುಗಿತು. ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಹೇಳಲು, ಮಹತಿನುಡಿಸಲು ಯಾರೋ ನಾಟಕ ಕಂಪನಿಯವನೆಂದು ಮಹಾಜನತೆ ಚಿಲ್ಲರೆ ಹಾಕಿತು.

ಇದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಕಂಡ ನಾರದರಿಗೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಜೀವದ ಮೇಲೆ ಜಿಗುಪ್ಸೆಗೊಂಡು ಆತ್ಮಹತ್ಯೆ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡರೆಂಬ ವಿಷಯ ಅಧಿಕೃತ ವಲಯಗಳಿಂದ ತಿಳಿದುಬಂದಿದೆ.



ಹಾರಗುದುರೀ ಬೆನ್ನ ಏರಿ

ಶ್ರೀನಿಧಿ ಕೃಷ್ಣನೂರ್ತಿ ಎರಡನೇ ಬಿ.ಎಸ್.ಸಿ.,

ನಿದ್ದೆ ಬಾರದೆ ಹೊರಳಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ಸುಮಾರು ಹನ್ನೆರಡೂವರೆಯಾಗಿರಬಹುದು. ವಾತಾ ವರಣ ನಿಶ್ಯಬ್ದವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಅಂದು ಹುಣ್ಣಿಮೆಯಾದ್ದರಿಂದ ನನ್ನ ಕೋಣೆಯೊಳಗೆ ಚಂದ್ರನ ಬೆಳಕು ಬಿದ್ದಿತ್ತು. ಕಿವಿಯ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಸೊಳ್ಳೆಗಳ ಸಂಗೀತ! ಹೊರಳಾಡಿ ಹೊರಳಾಡಿ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಾ ಮುದುರಿಹೋಗಿತ್ತು. ಯಾರೋ ಬೀದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬೂಟ್ಟು ಹಾಕಿಕೊಂಡು ನಡೆದ ಶಬ್ದ. ಒಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಬೀದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಶುನಕಗಳು ಆತನನ್ನು ಸುಸ್ವಾಗತಿಸಿದುವು. ನನಗೆ ಮೊದಲೇ ನಿದ್ದೆ ಬಂದಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ ಇನ್ನು ಇವುಗಳ ಆಲಾಪನೆಯಿಂದ ಕೋಪ ಇಮ್ಮಡಿ ಸಿತು. ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ತಕ್ಷಣವೇ ಸುಟ್ಟು ಬಿಡಬೇಕೆಂದುಕೊಂಡೆ. ಮರುಕ್ಷಣವೇ ನನಗೆ ನನ್ನ short temper ಮೇಲೆ ನಾಚಿಕೆಯಾಯಿತು. ಸರಿ, ನಮ್ಮ ಎದುರು ರಸ್ತೆಯಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಕೋಳಿ ಫಾರಂನಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಕೋಳಿಗಳನ್ನು ಎಣಿಸತೊಡಗಿದೆ. ಸುಮಾರು ಐನೂರ ವರೆಗೆ ಮುಟ್ಟಿದೆ. ತಕ್ಷಣ ಅದು ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ನಿಂತು, ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ಬಾರದ ಘಟನೆಗಳು ನೆನಪಿಗೆ ಬಂದವು. ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ನನ್ನ ಆರನೆಯ ಇಂದ್ರಿಯದಿಂದ ಅವುಗಳ ಚಿತ್ರವನ್ನು ಸೆರೆಹಿಡಿಯಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಿದೆ. ತಕ್ಷಣ ನನಗೆ ಅಂದಿನ ಸಾಯಂಕಾಲ ನನ್ನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತನ ನಡುವೆ ನಡೆದ ಮಾತು-ಕತೆ ನೆನಪಿಗೆ ಬಂತು.

ಅಂದಿನ ನಮ್ಮ ಮಾತು-ಕತೆಗೆ ಬಿಸಿ ಏರಿತ್ತು. ಅದರಲ್ಲೂ ಇಂಥಾ ವಾದ-ವಿವಾದಗಳಿಗೆ ನಮ್ಮ ನಿತ್ಯ ಭೇಟಿ ಸ್ಥಾನವಾದ ಲಾಲ್‌ಬಾಗ್‌ನಂತಹ ಪ್ರಶಾಂತ ಸ್ಥಳವೇ ಕಾರಣ. ಸರಿ ಇನ್ನೇನು ಅಂದಿನ ಪಾಠ ಪ್ರವಚನದಿಂದ ಹಿಡಿದು ಈಗಿನ ರಾಜಕೀಯ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿಯನ್ನೇ ಬದಲಾಯಿಸಲು ನಾವು ಪಣ ತೊಟ್ಟಿರುವಂತೆ ಹುರುಪಿನಿಂದ ಮಾತು ಕತೆ ನಡೆಸಿದೆವು. ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೋಶಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ಎಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲೂ ಶಾಂತಿಯ ಪತಾಕೆಯನ್ನು ಸ್ಥಾಪಿಸಿ ದೊಡ್ಡ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡಿ

ದವರಂತೆ ಹಿಂದಿರುಗಿದೆವು. U.N.O. ಕಾರ್ಯದರ್ಶಿಗಳ ಬದಲು ನಾವೇ ಅವರ ಸ್ಥಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಂತು ಪ್ರಪಂಚದ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಶಾಂತಿ ಕೆಲಸಗಳಿಗೂ, ಬದುಕಿನ ಜಂಜಾಟಗಳಿಗೂ ಒಂದು solution ಕಂಡುಹಿಡಿದವರಂತೆ ಆಡಿದೆವು. ಮರುದಿನವ ಪಾಠಕ್ರಮವನ್ನು ಯೋಚಿಸಿ ತಪ್ಪಗೆ ಬೆಪ್ಪಾಗಿ ಹಿಂದಿರುಗಿದೆವು. ಹಾಗೇ ನಿದ್ರಾಪುಂಪರಿನಿಂದ ಕಣ್ಣು ಮುಚ್ಚಿದೆ....

ನಾವು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನೇ ಪರಸ್ಪರ ಅರಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳದೇ ಇರುವಾಗ ಬೇರೆಯವರ ನಡವಳಿಕೆಗಳನ್ನು ತಿದ್ದಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವೇ? ಇಡೀ ಪ್ರಪಂಚವನ್ನೇ ಒಂದು ದೇಹವನ್ನಾಗಿ ಪರಿಗಣಿಸಿದರೆ ನಾವು ಅದರೊಳಗಿನ ಕೋಶಗಳಂತೆ. ಆ ಜೀವಕೋಶದೊಳಗೂ ಅಂಶಗಳು ಹೇಗೆ ಕೆಲಸಮಾಡುತ್ತವೆ? ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಕೆಟ್ಟ ಕೆಲಸಗಳೂ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತವೆ.

ರಾಜ್ಯಗಳಿಗಾಗಿ ಕದನ, ಸ್ಥಳಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಕಚ್ಚಾಟ, ಹಣದ ದಾಹಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಒಬ್ಬರ ತಲೆಯನ್ನೊಡೆಯುವುದು, ತಾನು ಮುಂದೆ ಬರಲು ತನ್ನ ಜೊತೆಗಾರರನ್ನು ವಂಚಿಸುವುದು, ಇವುಗಳೆಲ್ಲಾ ಸಾಧ್ಯವೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ಚಳುವಳಿಯ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮ, ಕದನಗಳು, ದೈನಂದಿಕ ನಡವಳಿಕೆಗಳು. ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಮೃಗಸ್ವಭಾವ ಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿ ಅಳಿಸಿಹೋಗಿಲ್ಲ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ಸ್ಮರಪಡಿಸುತ್ತದೆ.

ಮನುಷ್ಯ ನಿಜವಾದ ಮನುಷ್ಯನಾದರೆ ಪಾಪ! ನಮ್ಮ ಲಾಯರ್‌ಗಳು ಪೋಲೀಸ್ ಠಾಣೆಯವರು, ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್‌ಗಳು ತಾನೇ ಹೇಗೆ ಬಾಳಬೇಕು. ಆಗ ಇನ್ನೂ ನಿರುದ್ಯೋಗಿಗಳ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾದೀತು. ಎಂದಿನವರೆಗೆ ಈ ಮೃಗದ ಸ್ವಭಾವ ಇರುವುದೋ ಅಂದಿನವರೆಗೆ ಮನುಷ್ಯ ನಿಜವಾದ ಮಾನವನಾಗಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತಾನೆ.

ಒಬ್ಬ ತನಗಿಂತ ಉನ್ನತ ಸ್ಥಾನ, ಪದವಿಗಳನ್ನು ದೊರಕಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದಕ್ಕೋಸ್ಕರ ತನ್ನ ಮೇಲಧಿಕಾರಿಯನ್ನು ಮರ್ಜಿ ಹಿಡಿಯುವುದು, ತಮ್ಮ ಭಾಷೆಯಲ್ಲೇ ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬರು ಮಾತನಾಡಬೇಕೆಂದು ಒತ್ತಾಯಪಡಿಸುವುದು, ನೀರಿಗಾಗಿ, ಸ್ಥಳಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಕಚ್ಚಾಡುವುದು. ಇಂತಹ ನಡವಳಿಕೆಗಳು ನಿಜವಾಗಿಯೂ ಬೋರ್. ಮನುಷ್ಯ ದಿಢೀರನೆ ಹುಟ್ಟಿಲ್ಲ. ಕೋಟ್ಯಂತರ ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ತನ್ನ ಲೌಕಿಕ ಜ್ಞಾನದ ಸಹಾಯದಿಂದ, ತನ್ನ ದೇಹದ ಆಕಾರವನ್ನು ಮಿದುಳು ಶಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದಲೂ ಮಾನವನಾಗಿ ಮಾರ್ಪಟ್ಟನು. ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ವಿರಾಮ ಕಾಲ ದೊರಕಿದ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಇತರ ವಿಷಯಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ವಿಚಾರ ಮಾಡಲು ತೊಡಗಿದ. ಈ ವಿಚಾರಣೆಯಿಂದ ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಪ್ರಮುಖ ಸ್ಥಾನವನ್ನು ಸಂಪಾದಿಸಿದ. ಆದರೆ ಈಗ ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಬುದ್ಧಿಶಕ್ತಿಗೆ ಹಿಡಿತ ವೆಲ್ಲಿದೆ? ತನ್ನ ಬುದ್ಧಿಶಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ತನ್ನ ಶ್ರೇಯಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಬಯಸಿದ. ಲಗಾಮು ಇಲ್ಲದ ಕುದುರೆಯಂತೆ ಮನವೊಲಿಸಿ ಅನೇಕ ದುಷ್ಟಾರ್ಥಗಳಿಗೆ ಕಾರಣನಾಗಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ತನ್ನ ಬುಡಕ್ಕೇ ತಾನೇ ಕೊಡಲಿ ಏಟು ಹಾಕಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಇಂದಿನ ಭಿನ್ನ ಗುರಿ, ಭಿನ್ನ ಧ್ಯೇಯ, ಭಿನ್ನ ವಾತಾವರಣ, ಭಿನ್ನ ಸಮಾಜದಿಂದ ವ್ಯಾಕುಲಿತನಾಗಿ ತಾನೂ ಭಿನ್ನ ಭಿನ್ನವಾಗಿ ಹೋಗಲಿದ್ದಾನೆ! ಆದರೆ ಈ ಅಪಾಯಕ್ಕೂ ಉಪಾಯ ಉಂಟು. ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಹೋಳಾಗಿ ಹೋಗಿರುವುದು. ಅವನ ಚಾರಿತ್ರ್ಯ ಪಥನಿಂದ. ಇಂದಿನ ಸಮಾಜದಲ್ಲಿ ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ವರ್ತನೆ ವಿಚಿತ್ರವಾಗಿದೆ. ಒಂದು ಕಡೆ ತಾಂತ್ರಿಕ, ವೈದ್ಯಕೀಯ ಪ್ರಭಾವದ ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮತೆ ಹೆಚ್ಚುತ್ತಾ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಕಡೆ ಅಧಿಕಾರ, ಅಂತಸ್ತು-ಮತಗಳ ಪ್ರಭಾವ ಪ್ರಭಲವಾಗುತ್ತಿದೆ.

ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಅನ್ವೇಷಣೆಗಳು ಅತಿ ವಿಸ್ಮಯಕರವಾಗಿದೆ. ಈಗಂತೂ ಚಂದ್ರಲೋಕವನ್ನೇ ಮುಟ್ಟಿ ಅದನ್ನು ಆಕ್ರಮಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ನಾವು ಈಗ ನಮ್ಮ

ಸುಸಾಧನೆಯಿಂದ, ಸುಪ್ರಯತ್ನದಿಂದ ಸಹಬಾಳುವೆಯಿಂದ ಮನುಷ್ಯರಾಗಿ ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಸಂತತಿಯನ್ನು ಮುಂದುವರಿಸಬೇಕು.

ಮನುಷ್ಯ ವಾಸ್ತವವಾಗಿ ಮಾನವನಾಗಬೇಕಾದರೆ ತನ್ನ ಸಮಾಜದವರನ್ನು ಅರಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ಎಂದಿಗೂ ಕ್ರೋಧ ಸಲ್ಲದು. ನಮ್ಮ ತಾಯ್ನಾಡಾದ ಭಾರತ ಬೇರೆ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಗಳಿಗಿಂತ ಹಿಂದುಳಿದಿರುವುದು ಈಚಿನ ರಾಜಕೀಯದಿಂದಲೇ, ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳ ಹಟ ಮಾರಿತನ ಚಳುವಳಿಗೆ ರಾಜಕೀಯದ ಪ್ರಭಾವವೇ ಕಾರಣ. ಕ್ರೀಡಾರಂಗವನ್ನೂ ರಾಜಕೀಯ ಬಿಟ್ಟಿಲ್ಲ.

ಮಿಕ್ಕ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ದೇಶಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೂ “Earn while you learn” ಆಗಿದ್ದರೆ ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ “fight, strike, while you learn” ಆಗಿದೆ. ಈಗಿನ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸದ ಪದ್ಧತಿ, ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಕೆಳಮಟ್ಟದ್ದಾಗಿದ್ದು ಅಂಥಾನುಕರಣೆ, ವ್ಯಾಪಾರದ, ಹಳಸಿದ ವಿಷಯಗಳಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿದೆ. ನಮಗೆ ಜೀವನ ಕೇವಲ ಮೋಜಿನಾಟವಾಗಿದೆಯೇ ಹೊರತು ಮುಂಬರುವ ಅಪಾಯದ ಪ್ರಜ್ಞೆ ಎಳ್ಳಷ್ಟೂ ಇಲ್ಲ. ವಾಸ್ತವ ಪ್ರಜ್ಞೆ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ, ಲೌಕಿಕ ಜ್ಞಾನವಿಲ್ಲದೆ, ಕುರುಡರಂತೆ ಜೀವನ ವಿಷಚಕ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರದಕ್ಷಿಣೆ ಹಾಕುತ್ತಿದ್ದೇವೆ. ಈ ಕುರುಡು ಅದೃಷ್ಟಪಥ ಇನ್ನೂ ಎಷ್ಟು ಕಾಲ ಮುಂಬರಿಯುವುದೋ ಕಾಯಬೇಕು. ಈಗ ಅಪ್ರಮಾಣಿಕತೆ, ಅವಕಾಶವಾದಿತನ ಉತ್ತಮ ವ್ಯವಹಾರ ನೀತಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಈಗ ನಾವು ಎಚ್ಚರಗೊಳ್ಳದಿದ್ದರೆ ಪ್ರಪಾತದ ಪಾಲಾಗುವುದು ಖಂಡಿತ.....

ಹೀಗೆ ಯೋಚನಾತರಂಗಗಳು ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ ನಾನು ಯಾವಾಗ ನಿದ್ರಾದೇವಿಯ ವಶವಾದೆನೋ ತಿಳಿಯದು. ಬೆಳಗ್ಗೆ ಎಚ್ಚರವಾದಾಗ ಕಾಫಿ ಸಿದ್ಧವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ಸಿದ್ಧತೆ ನಡೆಸಬೇಕಿತ್ತು.



ಬಂಧನ

ಅ. ಮ. ರಾಜಶೇಖರ

ಎರಡನೇ ಬಿ.ಎ.,

ನಾನು
ಹರಿಗೋಲಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂತು
ವಸಂತಕಾಲಕ್ಕೆ ಅರಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗ
'ಬಲೆಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದ ಸೆರೆಯಾಳು'
ಅವರಿವರನ್ನು ವಿರೋಧಿಸಿ
ನನ್ನನ್ನು
ಅಳಿಸಿಬಂದ
ಅನುಭವಿ - ಅನುಭಾವಿಗಳ
ಪ್ರದರ್ಶನ ನೋಡುತ್ತಾ
ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ಕಾದೆ
ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಕಾದೆ.

ಹರಿಗೋಲ ಭ್ರಮೆಯಲ್ಲಿ
ವಸಂತ ಮಂಪರಿನಲ್ಲಿ
ನಮ್ಮ ಹಳೆಯ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ
ಗಿಳಿಯಾದೆ - ಎಲ್ಲರ ಗೊಂಬೆಯಾದೆ.
ಈಗ
ನಾನೂ ಪ್ರದರ್ಶನ ನಡೆಸುತ್ತೇನೆ,
ಆಗಾಗ ಮನೆಯ ಜಂತಿಗಳ
ಎಣಿಸುತ್ತೇನೆ.
ಮರಳಲ್ಲಿ ಬಿದ್ದಿರುವ
ಹರಿಗೋಲಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂತು
ಮಳೆಗೆ
ಹೊಳೆಗೆ
ಎದುರು ನೋಡುತ್ತೇನೆ.
ಕಾಲ ನೂ... ಕುತ್ತಾ
ಕಾಯುತ್ತೇನೆ.

ಆಕೆ

ಚಂದ್ರಶೇಖರ್

ಎರಡನೇ ಬಿ.ಕಾಂ.

ಅಂದು ರವಿವಾರ ಸಂಜೆ. ಪಶ್ಚಿಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಸೂರ್ಯನು ತನ್ನ ಕಾಂತಿಯನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಪ್ರಪಂಚವನ್ನು ಕತ್ತಲೆಗೆ ತಳ್ಳಿ ತಾನು ಮುಳುಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ನಾನು ಮೆಜೆಸ್ಟಿಕ್ ಹತ್ತಿರದ ರಸ್ತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ನನ್ನ ಎದುರಿಗೆ ಒಬ್ಬಾಕೆ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಮಗು ಎತ್ತಿಕೊಂಡು ಮತ್ತು ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬಾತ ನಡೆದು ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ನನಗೆ ಇವರನ್ನು ಎಲ್ಲೋ ನೋಡಿರುವಂತೆ ನೆನಪಾಗಿ ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಾ ನನ್ನ ರೂಮಿಗೆ ಬಂದು ಕುಳಿತು ಒಂದು ಸಿಗರೇಟನ್ನು ಹಚ್ಚಿದೆ.....

ಅಂದು ನಾನು ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಿಂದ ಮನೆಗೆ ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ಸಂಜೆ ಜನಸಂಚಾರ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿತ್ತು. 'ಅವಳು' ನನ್ನ ಎದುರಿನಲ್ಲೇ ಹಾದು ಹೋದಳು. ಹುಣ್ಣಿಮೆ ಚಂದ್ರನನ್ನು ಹೋಲುವ ದುಂಡು ಮುಖ. ಕಮಲದಂತಹ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳು, ನಾಗರ ಜಡೆ, ದುಂಡು ನಸುಕೆಂಪು ಕೆನ್ನೆಗೆ ಮುತ್ತಿಡುತ್ತಿರುವ ಮುಂಗುರುಳು. ಇದನ್ನು ನಾನು ನೋಡಿ ಕ್ಷಣಕಾಲ ಸ್ಥಬ್ಧನಾದೆ. ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೋದೆ. ಮರುದಿನ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ಹೋಗಲು ಬಸ್ಸು ನಿಲ್ದಾಣಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದೆ. 'ಅವಳು' ಸಹ ಬಸ್ಸಿನ ನಿಲ್ದಾಣದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದಳು. ನಾನು 'ಅವಳು' ಹತ್ತಿದ ಬಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲೇ ಹತ್ತಿದೆ. ಅವಳ ಹಿಂದಿನ ಸೀಟಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು ಸೌಂದರ್ಯ ಆರಾಧನೆ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿರುವಂತೆ 'ಅವಳು' ಇಳಿಯಬೇಕಾದ ನಿಲ್ದಾಣ ಬಂದಿದ್ದರಿಂದ ನಾನು ಚಾಲಕನಿಗೆ ಶಪಿಸುತ್ತಾ 'ಅವಳು' ಹಿಂದೆಯೇ ಇಳಿದು. 'ಅವಳು' ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ಹೋಗುವವರೆಗೂ ಹಿಂಬಾಲಿಸಿ ಮಾತನಾಡಿಸಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಿದೆ, ಆದರೆ ಧೈರ್ಯ ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನನ್ನ ಹೇಡಿತನಕ್ಕೆ ಛೇಮಾರಿ ಹಾಕಿ ನನ್ನ ಕಾಲುಗಳನ್ನು ಬೇರೆ ಕಡೆಗೆ ತಿರುಗಿಸಿದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತಲ್ಲಿ, ನಿಂತಲ್ಲಿ ಅವಳ ಧ್ಯಾನವೇ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಯಿತು. ನಾನು

ಕೂಡಲೇ ನಿಶ್ಚಯಿಸಿದೆ ಇಂದು ಸಂಜೆ ಏನಾದರೂ ಮಾಡಿ ಮಾತನಾಡಿಸಬೇಕೆಂದು.

ಸಂಜೆ ನಾನು ಪಾರ್ಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಹೋದೆ. ಎದುರು ಬೆಂಚನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಒಂದು ನಿಮಿಷ ಬೆಚ್ಚಿ ಬಿದ್ದೆ. ಅಲ್ಲಿ 'ಅವಳು' ಒಂಟಿಯಾಗಿ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದಳು. ನಾನು ಧೈರ್ಯ ದಿಂದ ಎದ್ದು ಮಾತನಾಡಿಸಲು ಗಂಟಲು ಸರಿಮಾಡಿ ಕೊಂಡು ಹೊರಟೆ. 'ಅವಳು' ಹತ್ತಿರ ಕ್ಷಮೆ ಕೇಳಿ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತೆ. ನಾನು ಮೊದಲು ಹೇಗೆ ಮಾತನಾಡಿಸುವುದೆಂದು ತಿಳಿಯದೆ ಒದ್ದಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ ಮತ್ತು ಧೈರ್ಯ ತಂದುಕೊಂಡು ಒಣಗಿದ್ದ ಗಂಟಲನ್ನು ಎಂಜಲಿಂದ ಒದ್ದೆ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಮಾತು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸಿದೆ.

'ನಿಮ್ಮ ಹೆಸರೇನು' ಮಾತನಾಡಿಸುವ ಕಲೆ ತಿಳಿಯದೆ ಇರುವುದರಿಂದ ಮತ್ತು ಭಯದಿಂದ ನಾನು ಬಲವಂತ ವಾದ ನಗುವನ್ನು ತಂದುಕೊಂಡು ಅವಳ ಮುಖವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದೆ. ಅವಳು ನಗುತ್ತ ನನ್ನತ್ತ ತಿರುಗಿ

'ನನ್ನ ಹೆಸರಿನ' ಬಗ್ಗೆ ನಿಮಗೇಕೆ ಆಸಕ್ತಿ? ಉತ್ತರ ಬಂತು. ಅವಳ ಕಂಠಮಾಧುರ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಮರುಳಾದೆ. ಹೀಗೆ.... ನಮ್ಮ ಸ್ನೇಹ ದಿನ ದಿನಕ್ಕೆ ಬೆಳೆಯುತ್ತಾ ಹೋಯಿತು.

ನಮ್ಮ ಸ್ನೇಹ ಎಲ್ಲಿಯವರೆಗೆ ಬಂದಿತ್ತೆಂದರೆ ಒಂದು ಸಂಜೆ ಒಬ್ಬರನ್ನೊಬ್ಬರು ನೋಡದೆ ಇದ್ದರೆ ಮರುದಿನ ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆಯೆ ಎದ್ದು ಅವಳು ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಗೆ ಯಾವುದಾದರೂ ನೆಪಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಬಂದು ನೋಡಿ ಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು.

ಈ ಮಧುರ ಸ್ನೇಹದ ಸನಿಹಿಯದಲ್ಲಿ ನಮಗೆ ಮೂರು ವರ್ಷ ಕಳೆದದ್ದೆ ಗೊತ್ತಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನನ್ನ ಡಿಗ್ರಿ ಪೂರೈಸಿತು.

ಆಕೆ ಸಹ ತನ್ನ ಡಿಪ್ಲೋಮಾ ಪೂರೈಸಿಕೊಂಡು ದೆಹಲಿಗೆ ಹೊರಟಳು.

ಒಂದು ದಿನ ದೆಹಲಿಯಿಂದ ಪತ್ರ ಬಂದಿತು. ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ
'ಪ್ರಿಯ ತಮ್ಮನಿಗೆ,

ನನಗೆ ತಿಳಿದಿದೆ ನೀನು ಇದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಒಂದೆರಡು ಕ್ಷಣ ದಿಗ್ಭ್ರಾಂತನಾಗುವೆ. ಆದರೆ ನಾನು ನಿನ್ನೊಡನೆ ಇಷ್ಟು ದಿನ ಮಾತನಾಡಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ, ಪ್ರೀತಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ಕಾರಣ, ನನಗೆ ಅಣ್ಣ ತಮ್ಮಂದಿರಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ನಾನು ನಿನ್ನನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮನನ್ನಾಗಿ ಸ್ವೀಕರಿಸಬೇಕೆಂದಿರುವೆ. ನಿನ್ನ ಒಪ್ಪಿಗೆ ಬೇಕಾಗಿದೆ. ನೀನು ನಿರಾಕರಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ನಾನು ನಂಬಿದ್ದೇನೆ.

ಇತಿ,
ನಿನ್ನ ಅಕ್ಕ.

ಈ ಪತ್ರವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ನಾನು ದಿಗ್ಭ್ರಾಂತನಾಗಿದ್ದು ನಿಜ. ನಾನು ಕನಸಿಗೂ ನನಸಿಗೂ ಅಂತರ ಕಂಡುಕೊಂಡೆ. ನಾನು ರಜೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಆಕೆಯ ಆಹ್ವಾನದಂತೆ ದೆಹಲಿಗೆ ಹೊರಟೆ.

ಊರಿನಿಂದ ದೆಹಲಿಗೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಅವರ ಮನೆ ಹುಡುಕು ವುದು ಕಷ್ಟವಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನಾನು ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಹೋದಾಗ ಅವರ ತಂದೆ ತಾಯಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಅಪಾರ ಸಂತೋಷವಾಯಿತು. ಅವರು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ವಿಶ್ವಾಸದಿಂದ ನೋಡಿಕೊಂಡರು. ಅನಂತರ ಆಕೆ ನನ್ನ ಕೈಗೆ 'ರಾಖಿ' ಯನ್ನು ಕಟ್ಟುವುದರ ಮೂಲಕ ಅಧಿ

ಕ್ರತವಾಗಿ ತಮ್ಮನೆಂದು ಜಗತ್ತಿಗೆ ಸಾರಿದಳು

ಇಂದಿಗೆ ಒಂದು ವರ್ಷವಾಯಿತು ಅವಳ ಮದುವೆ ಯಾಗಿ. ಆ ಮದುವೆಗೆ ನಾನು ಇಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ ಉಡುಗೊರೆಯನ್ನು ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಿ ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಿದೆ. ಅನಂತರ ನನ್ನ ಮತ್ತು ಆಕೆ ನಡುವೆ ವಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಒಂದು ಸಲ ಪತ್ರ ವ್ಯವಹಾರ ನಡೆದಿತ್ತು. ನಾನು ಸಹಾ ಮನೆ ಬದಲಾಯಿಸಿರುವುದನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸಲು ಮರೆತಿದ್ದೆ ಮತ್ತು ನಾನು ರೂಮಿಗೆ ಬಂದನಂತರ ಆಕೆಗೆ ಪತ್ರ ಬರೆದದ್ದಕ್ಕೆ ಉತ್ತರ ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆಕೆಯ ವಿಳಾಸ ಬದಲಾಗಿದೆಯೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದುಕೊಂಡೆ. ಈ ಯೋಚನೆ ಯಲ್ಲಿ ನನ್ನ ಬೆರಳು ಸುಟ್ಟದ್ದೆ ತಿಳಿಯಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಸಿಗರೇಟನ್ನು ಕೆಳಗೆ ಹಾಕಿ ವಾಸ್ತವ ಪ್ರಪಂಚಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಯ ಬಾಗಿಲ ಬಳಿಗೆ ಬಂದಾಗ ಒಳಗಿನಿಂದ ಮಾತು ಕೇಳು ತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಪರಿಚಿತವಾದ ಧ್ವನಿ. ಆದರೆ ನಾನು ಯಾರ ದೆಂದು ಊಹಿಸಲಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಒಳಗೆ ಹೋಗಿ ನೋಡಿದರೆ ನನ್ನ ಅಕ್ಕ, ಮಗು ಮತ್ತೆ ಭಾವ. ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕಂಡವಳೆ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ ನೋಟ ಬೀರಿದಳು. ತುಂಬಾ ಮಾತಾಡಿದಳು. ಮದುವೆಯಾದನಂತರ ಆಕೆಯ ಪತಿಗೆ ವರ್ಗವಾಯಿತಂತೆ. ಅದನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸಲು ಮರೆತದ್ದರಿಂದ ಪತ್ರ ವ್ಯವಹಾರ ಕುರಿತೆಗೊಂಡಿತ್ತು. ನಾನು ಮೊದಲಬಾರಿ ಆಕೆಯನ್ನು ಪಾರ್ಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಧಿಸಿದಾಗ ಆಕೆಯ ಕಣ್ಣಲ್ಲಿ ಕಂಡ ಬೆಳಕಿಗೂ. ಈಗಿನ ಕಣ್ಣು ಬೆಳಕಿಗೂ ಅಂತರವಿತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ಆ ಅಂತರದ ಆಳ ನನ್ನ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ.

ವಿದ್ಯೆ

ವಿದ್ಯೆ ಕಲಿಸದ ತಂದೆ ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಹೇಳದ ಗುರುವು |

ಬಿದ್ಧಿ ರಲು ಬಂದು ನೋಡದ | ತಾಯಿಯು |

ಶುದ್ಧ ವೈರಿಗಳು ಸರ್ವಜ್ಞ ||

ವಿದ್ಯೆವುಳ್ಳವನ ಮುಖವು ಮುದ್ದು ಬರುವಂತಿಕ್ಕು

ವಿದ್ಯೆಯಿಲ್ಲದವನ ಬರಿಮುಖವು | ಹಾಳೂರ |

ಹದ್ದಿನಂತಕ್ಕು ಸರ್ವಜ್ಞ ||

—ಸರ್ವಜ್ಞ

(ಸಂಗ್ರಹ: ಮಲ್ಲೇಶರಡ್ಡಿ, ಮೊದಲನೇ ಪಿ.ಯು.ಸಿ)

ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿ ವಿಚಾರ ರಶ್ಮಿ

(ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯ ನಂಬಿಕೆ ಮತ್ತು ಮತ ಇವುಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಸ್ವಂತ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯವನ್ನು ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತೈದು ಪದಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತಿಳಿಸಿ ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗೆ ಎರಡನೇ ಬಿ.ಎ/ಬಿ.ಎಸ್.ಸಿ. ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳು ಬರೆದ ಉತ್ತರಗಳಿಂದ ಆರಿಸಿದ ಸಾಲುಗಳು.)

೧. ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯ, ನಂಬಿಕೆ ಮತ್ತು ಮತ ವಿಶಾಲ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿರಬೇಕು. ಅದು ಮಾನವನ ಹೊಸ ಬಾಳಿಗೆ ಸಹಕಾರಿಯಾಗಿರಬೇಕು. ಸ್ವಾರ್ಥದೃಷ್ಟಿ ಇಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ಬಳಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬಾರದು.

ಗೋಪಾಲರೆಡ್ಡಿ, ಪಿ.ಸಿ.

೨. ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯ, ನಂಬಿಕೆ ಮತ್ತು ಮತ ಮುಂತಾದವುಗಳನ್ನು ಪಕ್ಕಕ್ಕೆ ತೆಗೆದಿಡುವುದೇ ವಾಸಿ. ಇವು ಇರುವವರೆಗೂ ಭಾರತ ಪ್ರಗತಿಗತಿಯಿಂದ ಬಲವಾದ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರವಾಗಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಭಾರತವು ಇವುಗಳಿಂದ ಈಗಾಗಲೇ ಸಾಕಷ್ಟು ಹಿಂದುಳಿದಿದೆ.

ವಿ. ರಾಜಗೋಪಾಲರೆಡ್ಡಿ

೩. ಮತ, ನಂಬಿಕೆ ಮತ್ತು ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯಗಳು ಹಿಂದಿನ ಕಾಲಕ್ಕೆ ಸೇರಿದ್ದು. ಅವು ನಮ್ಮ ಇಂದಿನ ಜನಾಂಗ ಬಾಳಿಗೆ ಹೊಂದಿಕೆಯಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯ ಮುಂತಾದವನ್ನು ನಾವು ಇನ್ನೂ ಆಚರಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಹೋದರೆ ಮುಂದಿನ ಜನಾಂಗ ನಮಗೆ ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ತಿಳಿಯುವರು.

ಅಜಿತ್ ಕುಮಾರ್

೪. ಮತ, ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯ ಮತ್ತು ನಂಬಿಕೆಗಳಿಂದಲೇ ಇಂದಿಗೂ ಭಾರತೀಯ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ ಇನ್ನೂ ಅಳಿಯದೆ ಉಳಿದು ಬಂದಿದೆ. ಅದನ್ನು ಉಳಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕಾದರೆ, ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ಸರಿಯಾದ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಪಾಡಿ ಕೊಂಡು ಬರುವುದು ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಬ್ಬ ಭಾರತೀಯನ ಧರ್ಮ.

ಎ. ಜಯಕುಮಾರ್

೫. ಭಾರತೀಯ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯನ್ನು ಇಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು ಬೇಡವಾದ್ದನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟುಬಿಡಬೇಕು. ನಾವು ತೆಗೆದು ಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದು ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದಾಗಿರಬೇಕು. ಅದನ್ನು ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ ನೋಡಿ ಸ್ವೀಕರಿಸಬೇಕು.

ಶಂಕರಪ್ಪ ಬಿ.ಕೆ.

೬. ಮತ, ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಏನೇನೂ ಹುರುಳಿಲ್ಲ. ಇದರಿಂದ ನಮ್ಮ ಸಮಾಜಕ್ಕೆ ತುಂಬಾ ಅಘಾತ ವಾಗಿದೆ. ನಂಬಿಕೆ ಎಂದರೆ ಧರ್ಮ. ಇದನ್ನು ಸರಿಯಾದ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅರ್ಥಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ನಡೆದರೆ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದು. ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ಹೋದಲ್ಲಿ ಘರ್ಷಣೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಎಡೆ ಕೊಡುತ್ತದೆ.

—ಬಿ. ಜಿ. ಸಂಸಂಗಿರಾನೇಗೌಡ

೭. ಮತ, ನಂಬಿಕೆ ಮತ್ತು ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯಗಳು ಕೇವಲ ಭ್ರಮೆ.

ಕೆ. ಕೆ. ಭೀನುಯ್ಯ

೮. 'ಅಣುಶಕ್ತಿಯುಗ' ದಲ್ಲಿ ಇದ್ದುಕೊಂಡು ಇವುಗಳನ್ನು ಅನುಸರಿಸುವುದು ಕಷ್ಟವಾದ ಸಂಗತಿ. ಅವು ಇನ್ನೂ ಭಾರತದಲ್ಲಿ ಇವೆ ಎನ್ನುವುದೇ ಅಚ್ಚರಿಯ ಸಂಗತಿ.

ವಿ. ಸುರೇಶ್

೯. ನಮ್ಮ ದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಬೇರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಮತ, ನಂಬಿಕೆ ಮತ್ತು ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯಗಳಿವೆ. ಇವು ಬೇರೆ ಬೇರೆಯಾಗಿ ದ್ದರೂ ಭಾರತೀಯರೆಲ್ಲಾ ಒಂದೆ. ಅವರವರ ಜೀವನಕ್ಕೆ ಬೇಕಾದಂತೆ ನಡೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದು ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದು.

ಎಂ. ಈಶ್ವರರೆಡ್ಡಿ

೧೦. ಯಾವುದನ್ನೇ ಆಗಲಿ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ತಿಳಿದುಕೊಂಡು ಆಚರಿಸಬೇಕು. ಬೇರೆಯವರ ಮತ, ನಂಬಿಕೆ ಮತ್ತು ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯಗಳನ್ನು ದೂಷಿಸಬಾರದು. ಸನಾತನವಾಗಿ ಬಂದಿರುವ ಇದನ್ನು ಕಾಪಾಡಬೇಕೆ ಹೊರತು ಕಡಿಯಬಾರದು.

ಪಿ. ಸದಾಶಿವ

೧೧. ಹಿಂದಿನವರು ಮತ್ತು ಇಂದಿನವರು ಇವುಗಳನ್ನೆ ನಂಬಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದಲೇ ನಮ್ಮ ಭಾರತವು ಹಿಂದುಳಿ ದಿದೆ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಬಹುದು.

ಎಂ. ಎ. ಅಶೋಕ್

೧೨. ಇವುಗಳನ್ನು ಇಂದಿನ ಯುವಕರು ಬೇರೆ ಬೇರೆ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅರ್ಥಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಭಾರತದಲ್ಲಿ ಅನೇಕ ಮತಗಳಿವೆ. ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯಗಳಿವೆ. ಅವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಮೂಡ ನಂಬಿಕೆಯನ್ನು ಹೋಗಲಾಡಿಸಿದರೆ ಇವುಗಳಿಂದ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದಾಗುವುದು ಸಾಧ್ಯ.

ಜಯಪ್ರಕಾಶ್ ಪ್ರಭು

೧೩. ಇವು ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಕಡೆಯಲ್ಲೂ ಇವೆ. ಇವುಗಳಿಂದ ಕೆಲವು ಸಲ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದಾದರೆ ಕೆಲವು ಸಲ ಕೆಟ್ಟದ್ದಾಗು ವುದು.

ಅ. ಜಗನ್ನಾಥ

ಹಚ್ಚಿದೆವು ಕನ್ನಡದ ದೀಪ

(ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಂಘದ ವರದಿ)

ಚಿ. ಶ್ರೀನಿವಾಸರಾಜು

ನಮ್ಮ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ಕನ್ನಡಾಭಿಮಾನಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಸಂತಸದ ವರ್ಷ. ನಾಲ್ಕು ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಕನಸು ನನಸಾಯಿತು. ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಂಘ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾಯಿತು. ಈ ಸಂಘ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಮಧುರಕನ್ನಡದ ವಾತಾವರಣವನ್ನು ಹರಡಲು ಶ್ರಮಿಸುವುದು. ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಂಘವನ್ನು ೨೧-೧೨-೭೨ ಬೆಂಗಳೂರು ವಿಶ್ವವಿದ್ಯಾಲಯದ ಕನ್ನಡ ಅಧ್ಯಯನ ಕೇಂದ್ರದ ನಿರ್ದೇಶಕರಾದ ಡಾ|| ಜಿ. ಎಸ್. ಶಿವರುದ್ರಪ್ಪ ನವರು ನಂದಾದೀಪವನ್ನು ಹಚ್ಚುವುದರಮೂಲಕ ಉದ್ಘಾಟಿಸಿ ಶುಭ ಕೋರಿದರು. ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲ್ ರೆ|| ಫಾ|| ಮಾಣಿ ಗೌಲ್ಸ್ ಅವರು ಅಧ್ಯಕ್ಷತೆಯನ್ನು ವಹಿಸಿದ್ದರು. ೧೭-೧-೭೩ ರಂದು ಸಂಘದ ಆಶ್ರಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರೊ|| ಎಂ. ಗೋಪಾಲಕೃಷ್ಣ ಅಡಿಗರು 'ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಜಸ್ವರೂಪ' ಎಂಬ ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸವನ್ನು ನೀಡಿದರು. ಪ್ರೊ|| ಕೆ. ವಿ. ರಾಜಗೋಪಾಲ ಅವರು ೧೩-೨-೭೩ ರಂದು ತಮ್ಮ ಸ್ವಂತ ಕವನಗಳ ವಾಚನವನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿ, ಹೊಸ ಕನ್ನಡ ಕಾವ್ಯದ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಚರ್ಚೆಯನ್ನು ಯಶಸ್ವಿಯಾಗಿ ನಡೆಸಿ ಕೊಟ್ಟರು.

ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಂಘ ಡಾ|| ಜಿ. ಎಸ್. ಶಿವರುದ್ರಪ್ಪ ಮತ್ತು ಪ್ರೊ|| ಎಂ. ಗೋಪಾಲಕೃಷ್ಣ ಅಡಿಗರ ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸಗಳನ್ನು ಉತ್ತಮವಾಗಿ ವರದಿ ಮಾಡಿದವರಿಗೆ ಬಹುಮಾನಗಳನ್ನು ಕೊಡುವುದಾಗಿ ಪ್ರಕಟಿಸಿತ್ತು. ಅದರಂತೆ ಈ ಕೆಳಗೆ ಕಂಡವರು ಬಹುಮಾನಗಳನ್ನು ಪಡೆದರು.

೧. ಬಿ. ಜಿ. ಸಂಪಂಗಿರಾಮೇಗೌಡ :

ಎರಡನೇ ಬಿ.ಎ.,

೨. ಟಿ. ಆರ್. ವೆಂಕಟೇಶ : ಎರಡನೇ ಪಿ.ಯು.ಸಿ.

೩. ವೈ. ವಿ. ಕೇಶವಮೂರ್ತಿ :

ಎರಡನೇ ಪಿ.ಯು.ಸಿ.

ಶ್ರೀ ಅ. ಮ. ರಾಜಶೇಖರ ಬರೆದ 'ಬಂಧನ' ಕವನಕ್ಕೆ ಉತ್ತಮ ಕವಿ ಬಹುಮಾನವನ್ನು ನೀಡಲಾಯಿತು.

ನಮ್ಮ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭದಿಂದಲೂ ಕನ್ನಡದ ಕೆಲಸಗಳಿಗೆ ಸಾಕಷ್ಟು ಪ್ರೋತ್ಸಾಹ, ಸಹಕಾರ ದೊರೆಯುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಪಿ.ಯು.ಸಿ. ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ಕನ್ನಡದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಅಂಕಗಳನ್ನು ಪಡೆದವರಿಗೆ ಶ್ರೀ ಜಿ. ಪಿ. ರಾಜರತ್ನಂ ಬಹುಮಾನವನ್ನು ನೀಡುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಇದನ್ನು ಸ್ವೀಕರಿಸಿದವರ ಹೆಸರುಗಳು ಹೀಗಿವೆ.

೧. ವೆಂಕಟಸ್ವಾಮಿ (೧೯೬೯-೭೦)

೨. ಜಯಕುಮಾರ್. ಎ. (೧೯೭೦-೭೧)

ಬಿ. ಕಾಂ. ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ಕನ್ನಡದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಅಂಕಗಳನ್ನು ಪಡೆದವರಿಗೆ ಶ್ರೀ ವಿ. ಸೀತಾರಾಮಯ್ಯ ಬಹುಮಾನವನ್ನು ನೀಡುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಇದನ್ನು ಮೊದಲ ಬಾರಿಗೆ ಪಡೆದ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿ.

೧. ಪಾರ್ಥಸಾರಥಿ. ಆರ್ (೧೯೭೦-೭೨)

ಇದೇ ರೀತಿ ಬಿ.ಎ.,/ಬಿ.ಎಸ್.ಸಿ. ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ಕನ್ನಡದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಅಂಕಗಳನ್ನು ಪಡೆದವರಿಗೆ ಡಾ|| ಶಿವರಾಮ ಕಾರಂತ ಬಹುಮಾನವನ್ನು ನೀಡಲಾಗುವುದು. ಮೊದಲ ಬಾರಿಗೆ ಇದನ್ನು ಪಡೆದ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿ,

೧. ಸುಧೀರ್. ಕೆ. (೧೯೭೦-೭೨)

ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಂಘದ ಉದ್ಘಾಟನಾ ಸಮಾರಂಭದ ಶುಭ ನೆನಪಿಗೆ 'ಕನ್ನಡ ಅಕ್ಷರಗಳ ಬೆಳನಣಿಗೆ' ಎಂಬ ಚಾರ್ಟನ್ನು ಅಂದವಾಗಿ ಕಟ್ಟಿ ಹಾಕಿಸಿ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ಗ್ರಂಥ ಭಂಡಾರಕ್ಕೆ ನೀಡಿತು. ಶ್ರೀ ಎಚ್. ಕೆ. ಜಯದೇವ್ (ಕನ್ನಡ ಅಧ್ಯಾಪಕರು, ಕನ್ನಡ ಅಧ್ಯಯನ ಕೇಂದ್ರ

ಬೆಂಗಳೂರು ವಿಶ್ವವಿದ್ಯಾಲಯ) ಅವರು ನಮ್ಮ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ಗ್ರಂಥ ಭಂಡಾರಕ್ಕೆ 'ಅರಮನೆ ಪ್ರಕಾಶ'ನದ ಐವತ್ತು ಗ್ರಂಥಗಳನ್ನು ದಾನವಾಗಿ ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಈ ಗ್ರಂಥ - ದಾನಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾಲೇಜು ಋಣಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಕನ್ನಡ ವ್ಯಾಸಂಗವನ್ನು ವಿಶ್ವವಿದ್ಯಾಲಯದ ಮಟ್ಟದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಗಿಸಿದ ಎರಡನೇ ಬಿ.ಎ.,/ಬಿ.ಎಸ್.ಸಿ.,/ಬಿ.ಕಾಂ. ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳು ತಮ್ಮ ಸವಿನೆನಪಿಗೊಂದು ಉತ್ತಮ ಕನ್ನಡ ಗ್ರಂಥಗಳನ್ನು ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ಗ್ರಂಥ ಭಂಡಾರಕ್ಕೆ ನೀಡುವ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯವನ್ನು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಇದುವರೆಗೂ ಉಡುಗೊರೆಯಾಗಿ ಬಂದ ಗ್ರಂಥಗಳು :

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| ೧. ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಚಿತ್ರಕಲೆ | ಡಾ ಶಿವರಾಮ ಕಾರಂತ |
| ೨. ಚಂದನ | ಕೆ. ಎಸ್. ನ. ಅಭಿನಂದನ ಗ್ರಂಥ |
| ೩. ಸ್ನೇಹದ ದೀಪ | ಶ್ರೀ ಜಿ. ಪಿ. ರಾಜರತ್ನಂ |
| ೪. ಶ್ರೀರಾಮ ಪಟ್ಟಾಭಿಷೇಕ. | 'ಶ್ರೀನಿವಾಸ' |
| ೫. ವಡ್ಡಾರಾಧನೆ | ಡಾ ಡಿ. ಎಲ್. ನರಸಿಂಹಾಚಾರ್ |

ಈ ವರ್ಷದ ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಂಘದ ಕಾರ್ಯಕಾರಿ ಸಮಿತಿಗೆ, ಆಯಾ ವರ್ಷದ ವಿಶ್ವವಿದ್ಯಾಲಯ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿನ ಅಂಕಗಳನ್ನು ಪಡೆದವರು ಆಯಾ ತರಗತಿಯ ಪ್ರತಿನಿಧಿಗಳೆಂದು ನವೆಂಬರ್ ತಿಂಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನೇಮಿಸಲಾಯಿತು.

ಅಧ್ಯಕ್ಷರು :

ರೆ|| ಫಾ|| ಮಾಣಿಗೃಲ್ಸ್
(ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲುರು)

ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಕ್ಷರು :

ಶ್ರೀ ಎಚ್. ಆರ್. ರಾಮಕೃಷ್ಣರಾವ್
(ಭೌತಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ ವಿಭಾಗ)

ಸಂಚಾಲಕರು :

ಶ್ರೀ ಚಿ. ಶ್ರೀನಿವಾಸರಾಜು
ಶ್ರೀ ಪಿ. ವಿ. ಕುಲಕರ್ಣಿ,
(ಕನ್ನಡ ವಿಭಾಗ)

ಕಾರ್ಯಕಾರಿ ಸಮಿತಿ :

ಶ್ರೀ ಪಾರ್ಥಸಾರಥಿ. ಆರ್.
ಶ್ರೀ ಶಶಿಕಾಂತ. ಎನ್. ಡಿ.
ಶ್ರೀ ಮಂಜುನಾಥ. ಎಸ್.
ಶ್ರೀ ಜಯಕುಮಾರ್. ಎ.
ಶ್ರೀ ಅನಂತಪದ್ಮನಾಭ. ಎಸ್.
ಶ್ರೀ ವೆಂಕಟೇಶ. ಟಿ. ಆರ್.
ಶ್ರೀ ವೇಣುಗೋಪಾಲ

ನಮ್ಮ ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಂಘವನ್ನು ಬೆಂಗಳೂರು ಸೆಂಟ್ರಲ್ ಕಾಲೇಜ್ ಕರ್ನಾಟಕ ಸಂಘದ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಟ್ಟಬೇಕೆಂಬ ಆಸೆ ಇದೆ. ಅದಕ್ಕೊಂದು ಕನ್ನಡದ ದೀಪವನ್ನು ಹಚ್ಚಿದ್ದೇವೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ಸಂಘದ ಎಲ್ಲ ಕಾರ್ಯಗಳಿಗೂ ರೆ|| ಫಾ|| ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲ್, ರೆ|| ಫಾ|| ಬರ್ಸಾರ್, ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿ ಸಂಘ, ಕಾಲೇಜು ಅಫೀಸು, ಅಧ್ಯಾಪಕ ವರ್ಗ ಮತ್ತು ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳು ಪೂರ್ಣ ಸಹಕಾರ ಸಹಾಯವನ್ನು ನೀಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಇವರೆಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಸಂಘದ ವಂದನೆಗಳು.

ಸೋತು ಮಲಗಿದರು

ಪಂಡಿತರು ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಿಗಳು ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮ ಚತುರತೆಯಿಂದ
ಚರ್ಚಿಸಿಹರುಭಯ ಲೋಕಗಳ ಮರುಮಗಳ;
ಅವರ ಪಾಡೇನಾಯ್ತು ? ಉಳಿದರಂತವರೆಲ್ಲ,
ಮಣ್ಣು ಬಾಯನು ಮುಚ್ಚಿ, ಸೋತು ಮಲಗಿದರು.

ಡಾ|| ಡಿ. ವಿ. ಜಿ.

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सूटकेस की करामात—स्वप्न कुमार घोषाल

लोहे की चूड़ीयाँ—अनिल कुमार ओसवाल

वह कौन थी ?—बी. टी. सागर

❧ सूटकेस की करामत ❧

राजेन लुट्टी लेकर गाँव आया था। लुट्टी खत्म होने में अभी तीन दिन बाकी थे। लेकिन करना क्या? पिताजी कहने लगे—“बेटा नई नौकरी है तथा तुम्हें लेट नहीं होना चाहिये।” राजेन किसी तरह टाल न सका। आखिर उसे जाना पड़ा। वह जाना तो न चाहता था क्योंकि दशहरे की लुट्टी के कारण बस, ट्रेन इत्यादि में भीड़-भाड़ अधिक रहती है। खैर!

गाँव से दिल्ली स्टेशन 20 मील दूर है। स्टेशन से उसे ‘आसाम मेल’ द्वारा अपने कार्यस्थल पर पहुँचना है। स्टेशन जाने वाली बस में वह चढ़ गया परन्तु उसके पहले उसे अपने सूटकेस को बस के ऊपर रखना पड़ा। बस के अन्दर इतनी भीड़ थी कि कहीं भी जगह खाली नहीं थी। ट्रॉटने पर उसे एक लेडीज सीट दिखाई दी। राजेन उसी पे बैठ गया। इस आराम का उपभोग वह ज्यादा देर तक नहीं कर सका क्योंकि तभी एक लड़की हाथ में दो पुस्तकें लेकर बस में दाखिल हुई और राजेन को वहाँ से उठना पड़ा। लड़की के हाथ से एक पुस्तक गिर गई, जिसका उसे पता तक न चला। राजेन ने किताब उठा ली। यह एक कालेज की पाठ्य-पुस्तक थी जिसका नाम था ‘Eight Victorian Poets’। बस चल दी। लड़की खिड़की के बाहर देख रही थी।

राजेन ने धीरे से पुकारा—“सुनिये”, कोई उत्तर नहीं मिला। शायद उसने सुना नहीं। फिर पुकारा, अब जरा जोर से—“सुनिये”।

लड़की मुड़कर बोली “जी”। “आपकी किताब”। “ओह! थैंक यू”। राजेन ने अब लड़की को अच्छी तरह देख लिया। बस में जितनी लड़कियाँ थी, उनमें से वह सबसे सुन्दर थी। वह सोचने लगा—कौन है यह लड़की, हमारे गाँव में यह किसकी लड़की है। कौन से कालेज में पढ़ती है। कहाँ जा रही है।

स्टेशन आ गया। सबने अपना सामान उतरवाया। राजेन अपना सूटकेस लेकर जल्दी स्टेशन में प्रवेश हुआ क्योंकि गाड़ी छूटने में बहुत कम समय रह गया था। गाड़ी चल पड़ी और राजेन चार घण्टे में अपने कार्यस्थल पर पहुँच गया। कपड़े गंदे हो गये थे तथा यह अत्यन्त अनिवार्य था कि मैं स्नान करूँ। सूटकेस खोलने लगा तो और ही ताला देखा। पहले सोचा, यह छोटी बहन, कमरा की शरारत होगी। उसने ताला तोड़ दिया। मुस्कुराते हुए सूटकेस खोला तो आँखे फटी की फटी रह गई—रंग बिरंगी साड़ियाँ, लिपस्टिक, पाउडर इत्यादि। शट उसने सूटकेस बंद कर दिया। अरे! यह क्या हो गया? मैंने तो सूट आदि भरा था तो यह साड़ीयाँ कहाँ से? यह तो निश्चित है कि यह सूटकेस मेरा नहीं है। तो फिर किसका? जिसका भी हो, मेरा सूटकेस शायद उसके पास होगा। अब क्या करूँ? फिर से सूटकेस खोलता हूँ और देखता हूँ कि अन्धर एक पत्र पड़ा हुआ है और उस पर लड़कियों के कालेज हास्टल का पता लिखा हुआ था। एक लड़की का नाम भी लिखा हुआ था

—रीना मुखर्जी । राजेन ने उस पते पर एक पत्र लिखा तथा भेज दिया । उसके बाद अपने मित्र के वहाँ जाकर नहाया और फिर उसी की पोशाक माँगकर पहनी ।

दस दिन पश्चात् पत्र का उत्तर आया—“मैं आपका सूटकेस ‘Insured Railway Parcel’ से भेज रही हूँ । कृपया मेरा सूटकेस भी उसी प्रकार भेज दीजिये — रीना ।

छः महीने बाद राजेन घर लौट रहा है । दिल्ली स्टेशन पहुँचने तक अंधेरा हो गया था । गाडी से उतरा ही था कि दूसरे प्लेटफार्म पर “कलकत्ता मेरु” आकर खड़ी हो गई । वही लडकी, जो बस में मिली थी, गाडी से उतरी । राजेन ने उसे देखा और बस में चढ़ गया । वह लडकी भी मेरे गाँव की होने के कारण उसी बस में चढ़ गई । दोनों सीट पर बैठ गये तथा बीच का फाँसला केवल एक लोहे का डण्डा था ।

बस चल पडी । लडकी इधर-उधर देखकर बोली “माफ करना, क्या आप बालुरघाट में रहते हैं”, राजेन बोला “जी”—“नहीं तो”—“ओह ! हाँ, हाँ ।” क्यों ? तो लडकी बोली — “देखिये न, मेरे मामाजी मुझे किसी कारणवश स्टेशन लेने नहीं आ सके । रात हो गई है और मुझे काफी डर लग रहा है । इस बस में केवल आप ही एक शरीफ आदमी दिखाई देते हैं, बाकी तो बड़ी बड़ी मूछोंवाले गवाँर लगते हैं । इसके अतिरिक्त बस में अन्य औरत भी तो नहीं है । क्या आप क्या करके मुझे घर तक पहुँचाने का कष्ट करेंगे ? राजेन तो यही चाहता था । वह झट राजी हो गया । राजेन ने कहा—“व्या आप अपना शुभ

नाम बताने की कृपा करेगी ?” लडकी बोली—“मेरा नाम है रीना-रीना मुखर्जी” । राजेन तो जैसे उझल पडा । पूछा—क्या आप कलकत्ते में पढती हैं ?” उत्तर मिला—“हाँ, मैं बी.ए. फ ईन्ल में हूँ ।” राजेन अब अपने को रोक नहीं सका और बोला — “आपने मुझे नहीं पहचाना ? मैं हूँ राजेन ।” वह सूटकेस..... । इतना कहते ही रीना मुस्कराई और बोली—“तो आप हैं वो । फिर आप ही थे जिन्होंने बस में मेरी किताब दी थी ।” रीना फिर हँसने लगी । राजेन भी हँसी में शामिल हुआ । दोनों घुल मिल गये । रीना बोली — “जब मैंने ताला तोड़कर आपका सूटकेस खेला तो देखा केट, पैन्ट, शर्ट आदि । मुझे कितनी मुसीबत हुई आप नहीं जानते ।”

बालुरघाट पहुँचने तक राजेन ने रीना के बारे में धीरे-धीरे सब कुछ जान लिया । रीना को उसके मामा ने पालकर बड़ा किया था । माता-पिता उसके बचपन में ही स्वर्ग सिंघार गये थे । रीना भी राजेन के बारे में काफी जान गई । राजेन, रीना को घर तक छोड़ने गया । वह दरवाजे से ही लौट रहा कि रीना बेली—“व्या आप दरवाजे से ही लौट जायेंगे ।” रीना ने कुछ ऐमे ढंग से बोला कि राजेन टाल न सका ।

राजेन का परिचय मामाजी से हुआ । वह बड़े हँसमुख निकले । थोड़ी देर बाद वह रीना से बोले “बेटी, तुम राजेन से बाते को, मैं अभी आया ।” मामाजी सीधे रसोई घर में जाकर अपनी पत्नी से बोले—“अरी सुनती हो । राजेन से मेरा परिचय हुआ । वह तो अपने गाँव का ही लडका है । ठाकुर देवपाल का बेटा है ।

खानदानी आदमी है और फिर हमारी ही जाती का है। डाक्टर है, अच्छा खासा कमता है। अगर राजी हो तो रीता का रिश्ता पक्का कर दूँ। तुम्हारा क्या ख्याल है ?” इसपर मामी मुस्कुराती हुई बोली — “अजी, यह भी पूछने की बात है। लडका तो हीरा है, हीरा। अरे हाँ, क्या वह एक दूसरे को जानते हैं और चाहते हैं न ?” मामा बोले — “अजी मैंने अपने बात क्या ऐसे ही सफेद कर डाले हैं क्या ?” मुझे इतना नादान समझती हो।

बस, फिर क्या था। बात आगे बढ़ी। सगाई हो गई और फिर शादी भी। सुहाग रात के दिन राजेन ने रीता से कहा — “सूटकेस की कगमत देखो। सूटकेस क्या बदला, हमें तो अपनी माला भी बदनी पड़ी।” रीता मुस्कुराकर राजेन के वक्ष में अपना मुँह छिपा लिया।

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लोहे की चूड़ीयाँ

“क्यों गोपाल, तुम्हारे रुपये आ गये या नहीं ?” राकेश ने पूछा। “नहीं यार, मैं तो बड़ी उलझन में पड़ गया हूँ। मेरी माँ ने पैसे भेजने में कभी भी इतनी देर नहीं की। हर रोज मनी आर्डर का इन्तजार करता हूँ, लेकिन निराश होना पड़ता है। कुछ समय में नहीं आता, क्या करूँ ? परीक्षा में भी तीन दिन बाकी रह गये हैं और अभी तक एडमिट कार्ड भी नहीं ले पाया हूँ।” सतीश ने बड़े ही उदास स्वर में कहा, “कहीं ऐसा तो नहीं कि तुम्हारी माँ रुपयों का प्रबन्ध न कर पाई हों और यहाँ तुम इन्तजार में कहीं सात ही न गवाँ बैठो।” राकेश ने कहा “तुम्ही बनाओ मैं क्या करूँ ? मैं जान पड़चान वालों से उधार के लिये हाथ फैला चुका हूँ, मगर किसी के पास भी पैसे नहीं। तुमने भी तो कोई कसर नहीं उठा रखी।” सतीश ने प्रायः रोने

हुये कहा, “दुःखी होने से काम नहीं चलेगा। चलो प्रिन्सेपल के पास चलें, शायद उन्हें दया आ जाय।”

राकेश और गोपाल दोनों बी.ए. अंतिम वर्ष के छात्र हैं, जो होस्टल में रहते हैं। मध्यम वर्ग के होने के कारण पैसे की तंगी रहती है। गोपाल अपनी विधवा माँ का एक बेटा है। उसकी माँ इसलिये उसे पढ़ा रही थी क्योंकि वह चाहती थी कि उसका बेटा पढ़-लिखकर अच्छी नौकरी करेगा। माँ किसी प्रकार से भी इधर-उधर से मेहनत-मजदूरी करके अपने बेटे को पढ़ाने के लिये पैसे का प्रबन्ध करती। कभी-कभी तो उसे उधार लेना पड़ता लेकिन कब तक कोई उसे उधार देता रहता !

इस बार वह कुछ बीमार रहने के कारण मेहनत मजदूरी भी ज्यादा न कर पाई। वह गोपाल का पत्र पाते ही चिन्ता में डूब गई जिसमें

❀ वह कौन थी ❀

घर से चला,
कुछ आगे बढ़ा,
पहुँचा मेन रोड पर,
ढूँढ़ा उसे, पर वह न मिली ।

मैंने देखा, वह अब भी खड़ी थी,
बहुत बड़ी थी,
चुप देखकर मुझे, वह चल दी,
वह कोई और थी ।

आगे बढ़ा, कुछ आगे बढ़ा,
फिर रुका चौंका और देखा,
देखा क्या ?
रुक औटो रिकशा खड़ी थी, पर वह नहीं ।

सोचा वह क्यों न आई,
हाँ, याद आया,
आज तो उसकी,
हडताल थी ।

घड़ी की सुई आगे बढ़ी
मेरी नजर अचानक ठिठकी,
शायद वही थी,
हाँ, हाँ, वही थी ।

पाठको,
सोचो मत,
चौंको मत,
वह कोई और नहीं,
“बी.टी.एस” की बस थी ।

मैंने हाथ उठाया,
वह रुकी,
मैं कुछ आगे बढ़ा, ख्याल आया,
शायद वही थी ।

बी. टी. सागर
तृतीय वर्ष—बी.एस.सी



जल्दी से जल्दी रुपये भेजने के लिये लिखा था। जाने पहचाने परिवारों में चकर लगा आई थी और कोई भी उधार देने के लिये तैयार न था। उसने अपना सब कुछ बेच डाला था और अब उसके पास हाथ की सोने की चूड़ीयों के सिवाय कुछ न था। वह गोपाल के बारे में चिन्ता करने लगी। अचानक उसका हाथ कलाई की सोने की चूड़ीयों पर पड़ा और वह तेजी से उठकर सराफ की दुकान की ओर चल पड़ी।

गोपाल इस समय बहुत खुश था। उसको घर से तार द्वारा रुपये आ गये थे। अभी वह कुछ क्षण पहले अपने भाग्य को कोम रखा था। उसे अपना भविष्य टूटना हुआ दिखाई दे रहा था। वह रात दिन एक करके पढ़ाई कर रहा था। लेकिन एडीमट कार्ड की चिन्ता उसे सताये जा रही थी। प्रिंसिपल भी कुछ न कर सके। तार से रुपये आ जाने पर उसे मानो ऐसा प्रतीत हो रहा था जैसे कि अन्धे को आँखें मिल गई हों। वह खुशी से उछल पड़ा। उसका भविष्य अब नहीं बिगड़ेगा और अपनी माँ की आशाओं पर पानी नहीं फेरेंगे।

वार्षिक परीक्षा समाप्त हुई। उसके पर्चे अच्छे हो गये थे और उसे उम्मीद थी कि अच्छे नम्बरों से पास हो जायगा। वह अन्य मित्रों की तरह विदाई लेकर घर को चल दिया। जब वह घर पहुँचा तो उसने अपने घर के दरवाजे पर ताला लगा हुआ पाया। पहले तो वह सोच में पड़ गया फिर इतने में एक पड़ोसी बाहर निकले।

उसने गोपाल को देखकर गले लगा लिया और कहा—“तुम्हारी माँ देवी है।” उसने तुम्हें रुपये भेजने के लिये अनर्थ कर डाला। पहले तो उसने अपनी कलाई की सोने की चूड़ीयों को बेच डाला तब भी पूरे रुपयों का बन्दोबस्त न हुआ। उन्हीं दिनों तुम्हारी माँ दयाचन्द के घर बर्तन इत्यादि साफ करने जाया करती थी। एक दिन उसने एक कमरे में से चुपचाप सोने की अंगुठी उठा ली और उसे बेच कर अगले दिन ही तुम्हारे लिये पूरे रुपये भेजे। जब दयाचन्द को चोरी का पता चला तो उसने तुम्हारी माँ को हवालात में बन्द करवा दिया। दयाचन्द को दया ने तनिक भी न हिलाया। उसी दिन से वह आज तक जेल में पड़ी हुई है। गाँव वालों ने भी उसके प्रति सहानुभूति न रखी। तुम्हारी माँ का यही अग्रार्थ था और हवालात में उसे झूठ न बोला गया।

यह सुनकर गोपाल के सामने मनो धरती घूमने लगी और खूब चिल्लाया। वह दौड़ा दौड़ा हवालात गया। वहाँ का दृश्य देखकर उसके सामने अंधेरा छा गया। उसने अपने माँ को देखा कि वह सोने की चूड़ीयाँ के बदले लोहे की चूड़ीयाँ पहने सो रही है। उसे दूर से देखते ही गोपाल मूर्छित होकर गिर पड़ा।

अनिल कुमार ओसवाल
द्वितीय वर्ष—बी.एस.सी.

आधुनिक समाज

मानव को इस घरा पूर शिघारे न जाने कितने अनगिनता वर्ष व्यतीत हो गये है लेकिन तत्कालीन वह केवल एक चीड़ा एक वस्तु तथा एक चाबी की खोज में इधर-उधर, दर-बदर मटकता रहा है और वह चाबी है—पैसे की, जिसने सर्वत्र सर्वस्व को वह और बना दिया है। बस ! यही खूबी ने मुझे अपनी लेखनी उठाने पर मजबूर तथा लाचार कर दिया है और इसी कारण मुझ में कुछ आदत सी पनप गई है। वास्तविकता में जिन पंक्तियों का निर्माण मैं करने जा रहा हूँ वह करना तो न था परन्तु क्या कर ! मैं आपसे पहले ही कह चुका हूँ न ! कि आदत से लाचार हूँ, कुछ आदत सी पड गई है। कितनी बार न जाने मैंनी अपने आप को समालना चाहा वश में रखना, चाहा परन्तु यह आदत ऐसे पीछे पडी है कि पीछा छोड़ने का नाम ही नहीं लेती, आप अत्यन्त व्याकुल हो रहे होंगे तथा यह जानने के हेतु भी अत्यन्त इच्छुक होंगे कि वह कैसी आदत, कौन सी आदत है। अच्छा ! अगर आप यह जनने के लिए इतने ही इच्छुक हैं तो फिर चलिए मैं आपका परिचय उस विचित्र तथा अदुभुत आदत से करवा दूँ। वह आदत है—केवल लिखने की।

आप जिस दिशा में भी स्वत्व की दृष्टि डाले, आप इस देश के किसी भी भाग में जले जाये, आपको एक साधारण खूबी अवश्य प्राप्त होगी तथा वह खूबी है—गरीबी की, मुख की तथा त्यास की। दिन प्रति दिन कितने व्यक्तियों का स्वर्गवास होत है शायद आपको ज्ञान नहीं। चलिए, आपका परिचय इससे भी करवा दूँ। मैं तो प्रति दिन दो व्यक्तियों को देखता हूँ गिनता पता इस विशाल संसार से हमेशा-हमेशा के लिये कट जाता है। इसका मतलब कि वर्ष को सात बीस व्यक्ति खत्म हो जाते हैं। यह तो केवल बंग लौर का अनुमान है। सम्पूर्ण भारत का अनुमान आप स्वयं ही लगा लीजिये। मैं इस बात का कदापि भी

दावा नहीं करता कि सब मनुष्य गरीबी के शिकार बनते हैं। परन्तु हाँ, ७५ प्रति शत के अवश्य ही हैं। लेकिन इसका कारण क्या है ? अगर मैं आप को इसका कारण बताऊँ तो मुझे पूर्ण विश्वास है कि आप मे से बहुत से मुझसे सहमत होंगे। तो लीजिये फिर, ध्यानपूर्वक सुनिये। इसका मूल कारण है—आधुनिक समाज। अगर समाज में झूठ, फरेब आदि कुर्चाएँ बाते प्रचलित हैं तो मैं आपको यह आश्वासन देता हूँ कि बहुत जल्द एक दिन वह भी आगा जबकि यह समाज भी उस भूखे, न्यासे, तंगे तथा गरीब व्यक्ति की भाँति सिसक-सिसक कर समाप्त हो जाये और सम्भव है कि एक कुचरित्र समाज होने के नाते कुछ निशानियाँ छोड जाये—आने वाली शताब्दियों के लिये। समाज को ऐसा ईर्ष्या रूपी रस प्रसार करने के लिये पैसा मध्य कारण है। आज समाज में ऐसे दो वर्क ऊपरा रहे हैं जो समाज के मुख्य सदस्य तो कहलाते हैं परन्तु पुनः-पुनः पूरी धन सम्पत्ति हडप कर जाते हैं और इसका शिकार समाज को बनना पडता है। अन्त में परिणाम यह होता है कि वह समाज के हेतु विद्रोही बन जाते हैं। बडे-बडे नेता भी ऐसे ही करते हैं। जगह-जगह भ्रमण करेगे और साथ-साथ भाषण भी देंगे और मुख्या तौर पर एक प्रकार से भाषण नहीं बल्कि एक सुनी हुई कथा के समान प्रत्यक्ष होता है। मेरा कहने का सारांश केवल इतना है कि आपको चन्द बाते सुनने को मिलेगी जो हर नेता के भाषण में उपस्थिति होती हैं। वह बाते हैं :— सच बोलना चाहिए, धर्म पान नहीं करो, चोरी नहीं करनी चाहिए, शराब नहीं पीनी चाहिए, बडे का आदर तथा सम्मान करना चाहिए इत्यादि। अगर अनेक घर जाकर दृष्टिपात करीं तो पूर्ण रूप से आपको दृष्टिगत होगा कि जिन आदरों का नहीं अपनाया चाहिये बडी खुश के साथ तथा संकोचहीन अग्रगण्ये ! बस, आडम्बर के हेतु कुछ सती कपडे बनवा लेंगे और बाकी घर की वस्तुएँ विदेश। संक्षिप्त में कहने

का सारांश इतना ही है कि आज सब भोग-विलास में लीन हो रहे हैं, किसी को अन्य के सुख-दुःख की कोई सुधि ही नहीं। यहाँ तक की उन्हें खुद भी इस बात का ज्ञान नहीं होता और यदि होता भी है तो तब — जब की ऊपर वाला परवाना इन सर्वश्रेष्ठ महाशयों की टिकटें काटने आता है। इतना होनेके बावजूद भी वे। दावा करते हैं कि हम देश का उद्धार करेंगे। और तुम क्या उद्धार करेंगे। पहले अपना उद्धार कर लो।

आज इस समाज की स्थिति उस मकोड़े के समान हो गई है जो स्वयं का जाल स्वयं बनाता है तथा स्वयं को स्वयं ही स्वयं के जाल में फँसाकर स्वयं का अन्त करता है। मानव आज इतना लालची हो गया है कि पैसे के हेतु अपने भाई-बन्धुओं तक का खून कर देता है। पैसे के मोह ने मनुष्य को ऐसे जाल में फँसा लिया है जहाँ से बेशक निकलना शायद उसके लिये सम्भव न हो। उदाहरण के लिये यदि आप को किसी नौकरी की तालाश है या कोई कार्य शीघ्र करवाना है तो आपको सबसे पूर्ण उस सरकारी महाशय की हुथेली पर वजन रखना पड़ेगा। घबराइये नहीं, आप चिन्तन कर रहे होंगे कि वजन। कौसा वजन? किसका वजन? इत्यादि। लेकिन आपकी शंका मैं दूर कर देता हूँ। वह वजन है — पैसे का आपने इधर पैसा रखा तथा उधर आपकी नौकरी खुली बाहों से, बेचैन आपका इन्तजार कर रही हैं। अगर इसे मैं स्पष्ट शब्दों में प्रकट करूँ तो यही कहूँगा कि रिश्तखोरी अपनी पराकाष्ठ पर पहुँच गई है। प्राचीन काल में मानव का स्वभाव ऐसा न था। बेशक उसकी आमदनी न्यून थी लेकिन वह प्रसन्न तथा सन्तुष्ट था, आवश्यकताएँ कम थी, सब के साथ प्यार तथा मिल-जुलकर रहता था। परन्तु आज समय बिल्कुल परिवर्तित हो चुका है। अन्तर केवल इतना है कि आजकल रामनाम की महिमा परमात्मा के बनाये चन्द व्यक्तियों के नामों तथा हाथों में समा गई है। किस समय और कब वह अमोद लाभदायक

हो यह ध्यान में रखना परमावश्यक है। पैसा ऐसा — एक ऐसा विष है जिसने शायद ही किसी को प्रभावित न किया हो। आज धन के हेतु इन्सान अपनी इज्जत, अपना ईमान, अपने सिद्धान्त तथा अपने आदर्शों को खुशी, संकोचहीन त्याग देता है, चाहे उसे अपनी जान की बाजी भी क्यों न लगानी पड़े। एक समय था जब गांधी, नेहरू, रवीन्द्रनाथ ठाकुर जैसी महान आत्माओं ने इस भू परजन्म लेकर इस “भारत माता” को एक नया रूप प्रदान किया। यह वह आत्माएँ थी जिन्होंने अपने जीवन के कुछ सिद्धान्तों को ध्यान में रखकर अपना जीवन व्यतीत किया। कितनी कठिनाईयों भेली, कितने दुःखों से दुःखित हुए परन्तु अपने धर्म से उस से मस न हुए। एक जमाना था जब भारत “सोने की चिड़िका” कहलाया जाता था। अब तो वह केवल एक कहानी बन कर रह गई है। क्या हम अब भी अपने प्रयत्नों से भारत को ऊँचा नहीं उठा सकते? क्या अब भी गाँधी तथा नेहरू जैसी महान आत्माएँ नहीं हैं? जरूर कर सकते हैं। फेवल मनुष्य में आत्म विश्वास होना चाहिए और गन्दे कीड़ों से परे रहना चाहिए जो दिन — प्रतिदिन समाज को खोखला बना रहे हैं। हम भोग विलास में इतने लीन हैं कि तीव्र गति से पतन की ओर जा रहे हैं। हम उस गड्ढे के किनारे पर पहुँच गये हैं जहाँ एक पग और धडाम से नीचे ओर शायद वहाँ से निकलने कुछ शताब्दियाँ लगे।

इसलिए मानव सावधान रहा! अगर तू इस संसार में एक आदर्श मानव का जीवन व्यतीत करना चाहता है तो इन सब मसारिक बन्धनों से सावधान रहा अभी भी तेरे उद्धार के लिये समय है। इस अमूल्य घड़ी को कहीं खो मत देना नहीं तो अपने इस अमूल्य जीवन से हमेशा-हमेशा के लिए हाथ धो बैठेगा और फिर पछतावे के सिवा कुछ बन होगा। जैसे की कहा गया है : —

“अब क्या पछताये, जब चिड़िया चुग गई बेत।”

अजय सेम
द्वितीय वर्ष, बी. एस. सी.

भारतीय नेता-राजाजि

भारतीय राजनीति के भीष्मपितामह राजाजी के निधन के साथ एक पीढ़ी का अन्त हो गया। गान्धी पीढ़ी के वे अन्तिम नेता थे। आप कुशाग्र बुद्धिवाले व्यक्ति थे। आजादी के दिनों में ही नहीं बल्कि गुलामी के दिनों में भी उनका नाम बड़े आदर से लिया जाता था। आधुनिक भारत के निर्माताओं में उनका प्रमुख स्थान था। राजनीति में वे अत्यन्त प्रखर व्यक्ति थे। राजाजी का चित्रण दो पक्षों में किया जा सकता है—राजनैतिक तथा व्यक्तिगत जीवन।

राजनैतिक जीवन :—ठीक 73 वर्ष पहले अर्थात् उन्नीस सौ में आपने वकील पद त्याग दिया तथा गान्धी जी के साथ रौलट ऐक्ट में शामिल हो गये। यह उनके राजनैतिक का प्रारम्भ माना जाता है। इसके पश्चात् आप तमिलनाडु के आजादी-आन्दोलन के नेता बन गये। सन 1937 में मद्रास में एक मन्त्री-मण्डल के मुख्य मन्त्री बने। उन दिनों में हरिजनों के लिये मन्दिरों में प्रवेश करना मना था। आपने इस अवस्था को तुरन्त मिटा दिया और कई क्रान्तिकारी परिवर्तन किये। आजादी के बाद आप बंगाल के राज्यपाल नियुक्त किये गये। आप स्वतंत्र भारत के प्रथम गवर्नर जनरल थे। सन 1952 फिर मद्रास के मुख्य मन्त्री चुने गये। इस प्रकार हम कह सकते हैं कि आप एक महान् पुरुष होने के नाते ऊँचे-ऊँचे पदों पर नियुक्त किये गये। राजनैतिक क्षेत्र में आपने कार्य अत्यन्त कुशलता से किये तथापि सन 1955 आपको 'भारत रत्न' प्रदान किया गया। इसी-लिए हम कह सकते हैं कि आप भारत के आदर्श सम्पन्न राष्ट्रीय नेता थे।

व्यक्तिगत जीवन:—व्यक्तिगत जीवन में आप एक धर्म परायण व्यक्ति थे। उनके व्यक्तिगत जीवन का एक आदर्श था और वह यह है कि यद्यपि मनुष्य सिद्धान्तों का विरोध करे लेकिन कभी भी किसी व्यक्ति निंदा न करे। यह सुनकर हम आश्चर्य होंगे कि आप

जितने राजनीति में कुशल और प्रखर व्यक्ति थे उतने ही सांस्कृतिक और धार्मिक क्षेत्र में भी। यह कथन सुनकर आश्चर्य इसीलिये होता है क्यों कि दोनों ही क्षेत्रों की मान्यताओं और परम्पराओं में चौड़ी खाई खुद गई है। प्राचीन काल में तो अवश्य राजनीति, धर्म का अङ्ग मानी जाती थी। इसी लिए राज-धर्म शब्द का प्रयोग भी मनु आदि के ग्रन्थों में मिलता है। पर अब पिछली एक दो शताब्दियों ने तो जीवन के लक्ष्य ही बदल दिये हैं। लेकिन गान्धीजी और राजाजि दोनों के जीवन में धर्म और राजनीति का अद्भुत समन्वय था। राजनैतिक मार्गप्रदर्शन के साथ धार्मिक साहित्य जो राजाजी ने समय-समय पर देश को दिया, वह इस देश की स्थायी सम्पत्ति है। उनकी आधुनिक पाखण्डी व्यक्तियों से तुलना नहीं की जा सकती। ये लोग विलासी जीवन बिताते हैं। वे दिन में पाँच बार खाना चाहते हैं और वह भी बड़िया भोजन जबकि गरीब किसान को दो समय का भोजन भी प्राप्त नहीं होता। उनके लिये संसार में सबसे बड़ी वस्तु दौलत है जिसके लिये वह मारे-मारे फिरते हैं। परन्तु राजाजी की ऐसी बात नहीं। उन्हें जो बात देश के हितायक लगती थी उसे वे अपनी कलम और वाणी से कहते थे। इससे यह स्पष्ट होता है कि आप में देश-प्रेम की भावना कूट-कूट कर भरी हुई थी। उनके बारे में प्रस्तुत कहावत सार्थक होती है।

परोपकाराय फलन्ति वृक्षाः

परोपकाराय बहन्ति नद्यः

परोपकाराय दुहन्ति गावः

परोपकाराय संता विमृतयः

संक्षेप में कहा जा सकता है कि राजाजि स्वतन्त्र भारत के आदर्शीय और आदरणीय नेता थे। उनका जीवन एक उज्ज्वल चरित्र के राष्ट्रीय नेता के रूप में स्मरण किया जायगा।

जोसफ पी. डी. पोन्ली,

द्वितीय वर्ष 'बी' से,

जीसस क्राईस्ट का व्यक्तित्व

कुछ वर्षों पूर्व महान पुरुषों को चरित्रों को ज्ञात करने के लिये अमेरिका में एक चुनाव हुआ। चुनाव को अन्त में जीसस ही एक ऐसा मनुष्य था जिसका चरित्र सबसे महान था। वास्तव में क्राईस्ट के व्यक्तित्व से बहुत लोग प्रभावित हुए हैं। आजका सरल और सामान्य जीवन सब को सुन्दर और आदरणीय लगा। उनको इस सरल जीवन का आधार था। — गहरा विश्वास और अलौकिक मानव प्रेम। उनका कहना था कि भगवान पर पूरा विश्वास करो तथा अपने भाई-बन्धुओं तथा मित्रों से प्रेम करो। इसाई धर्म वाले, जीसस को ही ईश्वर मानते हैं। बहुत लोग उनके रहन-सहन से इसलिये आकर्षित हुए। उनमें क्यों कि उनमें आडम्बर न था।

जल की शीतलता से क्रोध और विषम वासनाएँ शान्त हो जाती हैं, पुष्प की कोमल पंखुड़ी से किसी (झेंरे) को रोमांच हो जाता है, पर प्रेम से क्या होता है? प्रेम के माल से सारा जगत शान्त हो जाता है और सारे मानव खुश हो जाते हैं। अनुपम प्रेम के हेतु उन्होंने स्वयं को मानवों को कल्याण के लिए, सुख के लिए सौंप दिया। इस प्रवृत्ति का पूरा परिचय हमें तब होता है जब जीसस को सूली पर चढ़ाया गया था। उनकी इस कठोर मृत्यु ने मानव का उद्धार किया, शायद प्रेम की भावना जाग्रत करने में।

प्रेम का निवास स्थान तो काल है उसकी भषा इतनी सरल है कि जानवर भी उसे जानता है। चाहे मनुष्य का चरित्र कैसा भी हो, बुरा या अच्छा जीसस उन्हें प्यार करते थे। शूट बोलने पर या विश्वादात करने पर भी जीसस उन्हें अपना दोस्त कहकर पुकारते। एक बार उनके शिष्य पीटर ने उनकी उपेक्षा की परन्तु इन्होंने उसे प्रेम के भाव से देखा। इससे हमें उनकी उदारता का परिचय मिलता है। जीसस जब धरती पर रहते थे तो कई लोग उनसे घृणा करते थे परन्तु वापसी में उन्हें प्रेम मिलता था। पूर्व दिशा से आये हुये राजाओं ने जीसस का सम्मान किया। परन्तु स्वार्थी राजा 'हेरट' उनका दुश्मन बन गया तथा जीसस से उनका व्यवहार अच्छा न था। महात्मा गान्धी और स्वामि विवेकानन्द उनके भक्त थे।

अगर कोई व्यक्ति जीवन में प्रगति करना चाहता है तो उसे जीसस के उपदेशों पर ध्यान करना चाहिये क्योंकि उनके सारे उपदेश मानव जीवन से धनिष्ठ सम्बन्ध रखते हैं। उनके उपदेश जीवन को प्रेरणा प्रदान करने वाले हैं। जीवन का सबसे मूल्य आधार है — प्रेम। जो व्यक्ति उनके जीवन से प्रेरणा लेता है, वह जीवन में कभी किसी से घृणा नहीं करेगा, कभी असफल नहीं होगा, ईश्वर का त्याग नहीं कर सकता, मानवता को कभी नहीं छोड़ सकता।

जेकोब ऐ. के.

द्वितीय वर्ष बी. ए.

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