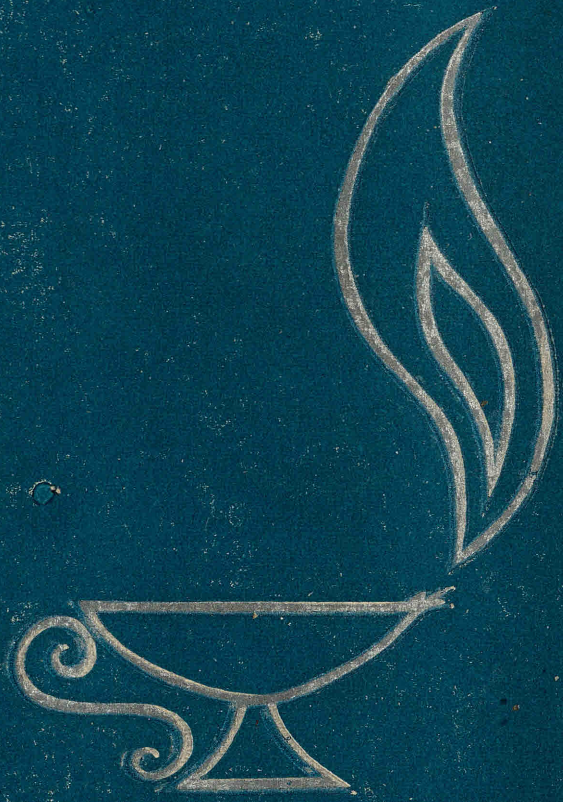


Mount Carmel College

Bangalore

1970



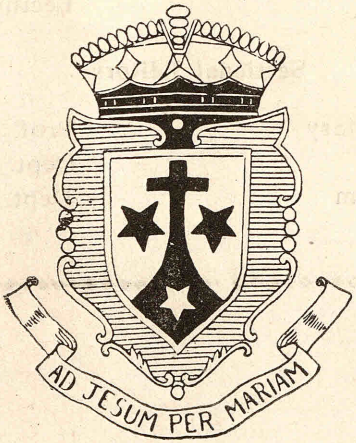
ANNUAL

OF

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE

BANGALORE

MYSORE



OF THE CONGREGATION OF TERESIAN CARMELITE SISTERS

1970

EDITORIAL BOARD (1970

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St. Teresa of Avila

declared

Doctor of the Church

by Pope Paul VI

in Rome on September 27, 1970

To Pope Paul The Sixth

St. Teresa would have loved one such as you,
O Holy Father! Wait a little while
And Jesus, his saints and angels too,
His Mother, with loving, welcoming smile,
Will call you to their state of bliss "forever".
Well have you taught and lived eternal laws:
From their adherence, no power you could sever:
Faithful, great Pope, to God's undying cause.
Unswerving, what sorrows you have known!
Such Age has not been since the Church was built.
All o'er the world your children hear each groan,
Each prayer, each sigh, caused by unfilial guilt.
Christ's Vicar! "forever, forever" be
In the bright Circle of Eternity.

Bangalore, India
September 1970

SISTER MARY ANTOINETTE,
Teresian Carmelite

This poem along with a Spiritual Bouquet, garland and sandal-wood Souvenir, were presented to His Holiness, Pope Paul, through His Excellency, Archbishop Caprio. The acknowledgement is printed on the reverse.

Secretariat of State
N. 170. 686

From the Vatican,
3rd November, 1970

With much pleasure I acknowledge receipt, on the Holy Father's instructions, of the spiritual bouquet representing the many prayers and sacrifices which were offered in loving tribute to His Holiness by the Sisters of Mount Carmel Convent, Bangalore, and by those who were associated with them.

The tender sentiments of affection and loyalty to the Vicar of Christ expressed by this prayerful gift could not fail to be appreciated by the Holy Father, and he bids me give assurance that in his own prayers he will make remembrance of all who joined in presenting him with this thoughtful token of their devotion.

Invoking upon them and their dear ones abundant heavenly blessings, the Holy Father very cordially imparts to them his paternal Apostolic Blessing.

Yours Sincerely in Christ,
(Sd.) J. BENELLI

Mount Carmel Convent,
58, Palace Road,
Bangalore - 1.

Editorial

December 31, 1970, marked the close of another year. None can stem the progress of time. It rolls on, regardless of what we feel or do. And as I look back in retrospect, I become aware of the winds of change blowing from all directions, affecting us in the College and the world outside.

Focussing our attention on the College, we find the year has been one of remarkable peace and progress. The heat and controversy generated by the selection of the delegates to Expo '70 did not affect us much. Our students realised that no academic progress can be a reality unless education is pursued in an atmosphere of peace and tranquillity.

The Convocation of 1969 held in March 1970, was unique in the sense that each College was given the privilege of having a special function, after the solemn and colourful ceremony at the University, at which the diplomas were distributed to the new graduates. Reception to our new graduates however, has been a regular feature in this College for some years.

A new block, the hostel annexe, which will accommodate sixty students in June 1971, is under construction. The present hostel students—those who will return and out-going students, watch the rising of this massive structure with a curious mixture of pleasure and regret.

We wish to thank Sister M. Emmanuel, the Editor-in-Chief of this Annual for some years, for her valuable services. We wish her many years of fruitful service in our sister College in Mysore.

Turning our attention to activities outside the campus, we are distressed to find that chaos and violence still plague our country. There seems to be no respect for human life. Security of life and property seems to be a thing of the past. Respect for authority has lost its value. In "The Angry Seventies", Barbara Ward warns us, we are heading towards a crisis.

The International horizon is still overcast with dark clouds. The atmosphere of the whole world is pervaded by feelings of suspicion and hatred. Conference of diplomats, very often only serve to aggravate hostile feelings. Animosity continues and spreads hatred, sorrow and misery. Innocent people, like airline passengers are hijacked by terrorists, who spurred on by revenge and hatred, play their cruel game of extortion with mighty governments. The root of all violence is hatred. There can be no lasting peace as long as men continue to hate each other. Pope Paul VI in his speech in Hong Kong equated "love" with "peace". Where there is no love, there is no peace.

But through the dark cloud of gloom burst forth a dazzling ray of sunshine, when in Rome on September 27, the Holy Father declared St. Teresa of Avila, "the valiant woman", the first woman doctor of the Universal Church Her claims to this title are chiefly, her wide knowledge of the Scriptures and her deep sanctity. Her life was marked by a deep spirit of prayer and sacrifice. The world can be saved only by these two powerful weapons.

The year 1970 has been of particular interest to all those involved in education. The United Nations Organisation had designed the year 1970 as the International Education Year. This gives us an opportunity to evaluate our educational programmes and to plan for the future. The need for educational reform is increasingly felt and one of the chief problems now facing the students is that education today has no relevance to the life of the student. To what extent this is true or not, it is necessary to investigate and then to apply the remedies. Let us look forward to an era when our educational programmes will be meaningful; when we can give our students a programme that will spare them much heart break and frustration and will lead them to higher levels of achievement, intellectual, social, moral and material, for themselves and the whole of humanity.

We extend our thanks to our printer, block maker, our contributors, who have displayed a variety of interests, and also to our advertisers who have helped to make the publication of this magazine possible.

St. Teresa of Avila Hailed.

On the 27th September, Mount Carmel College was en fete to celebrate the Doctorate bestowed on the great Saint Teresa of Avila. As Teresian Carmelites we, Sisters, experienced a special pride and joy in this unique event. Our filial love and devotion could not limit itself to one celebration but found expression in several concelebrations and conferences.

On the 27th September there was a concelebrated Mass offered by the Archdiocesan Clergy, followed by tea and a lively discussion. Due to the inclemency of the weather and other reasons many were absent. Those who had the good fortune to attend. found the discussion with Rev. Father Toner C.ss.R. most fruitful and interesting.

The feast of Saint Therese of Lisieux was set apart for the clergy, sisters and laity. Rev. Father Peter Ward C.ss.R , was the Chief concelebrant. Msgr. S. Aranjo in his talk following the Mass, praised the deep spirituality and the solid doctrine of her writings which earned for her the first doctorate conferred on a woman by the Church.

Our last celebration was on the feast of Saint Teresa of Avila. It was the day on which a special conference had been arranged for the Sisters of the city. Rev. Father Benito D'Souza, the Convent Chaplain celebrated the Mass and Rev. Father T. Long C.ss.R. in his short homily reminisced on his visits to the Spanish convents hallowed by their associations with the Saint.

Since the 27th September was the actual day in which the doctorate was conferred at Rome, we manifested our greatest rejoicing on that day. Priests, Religious and friends shared our joy as we sang in procession to our beautiful chapel. Here His Grace, our Archbishop concelebrated the Holy Sacrifice with four Reverend Fathers.

The chapel was filled to capacity with students, guardians and friends who blended their voices with ours in glad unison. His Grace in his homily explained the two important conditions for the declaration for the Doctorate — proof of great sanctity and outstanding knowledge of scripture and theological doctrine. He also dwelt on her unique privilege of being the first woman doctor in the Church, her unrivalled loyalty and devotion to it and her profound spirituality. He also sounded a note of caution against the danger of sterile activity where work is

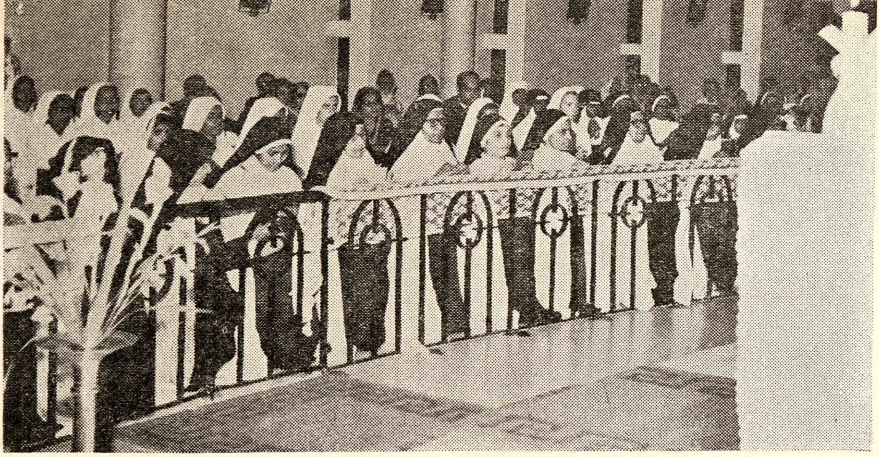
divorced from prayer. The renovation of vows befitted the occasion and we joyfully renewed our commitment and was strengthened and encouraged by this fresh mark of the Church's esteem of her virtue and zeal for souls.

Holy Mass was followed by light refreshments after which the invitees proceeded to the College auditorium to enjoy a brief but very interesting and opportune cultural programme. "Angels Unwares" introduced the audience to an instance of the charming blend of kindness with deep spirituality, so characteristic of the great Spanish Mystic.

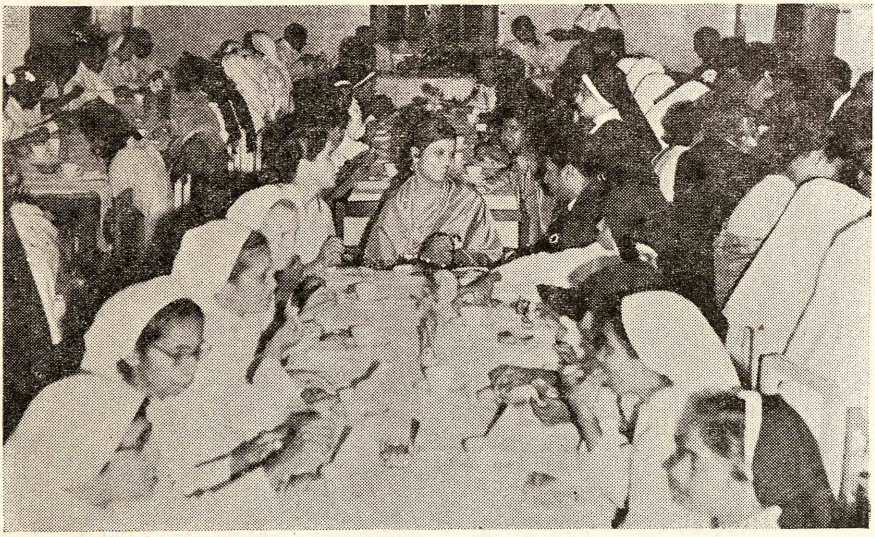
It was an excellent finale to a glorious evening which must have endeared the lovable Saint still more to the enthusiastic audience.

S. M. D.

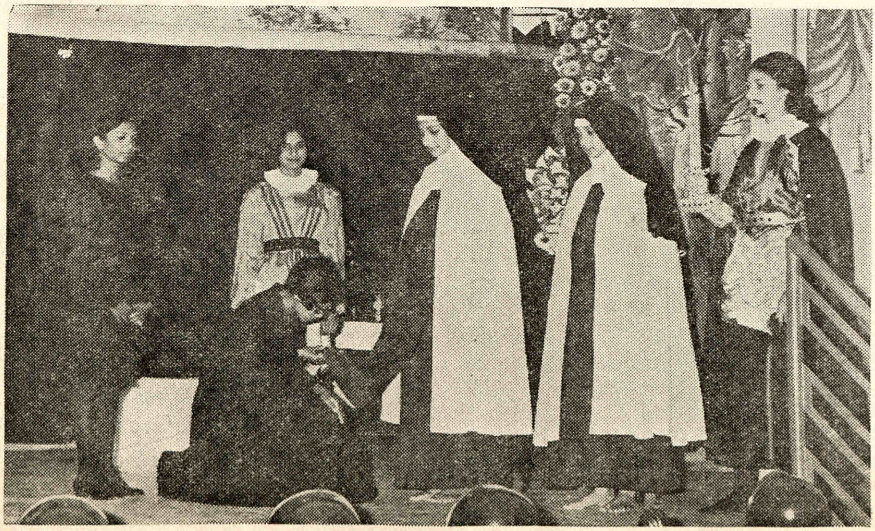
TERESIAN CARMELITES CELEBRATE AT MCC THE HONOUR CONFERRED ON ST TERESA OF AVILA



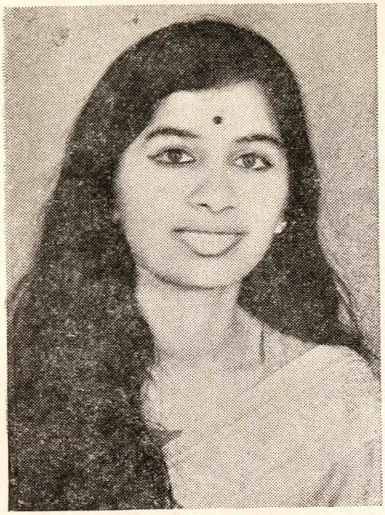
Sisters renew their vows during Mass



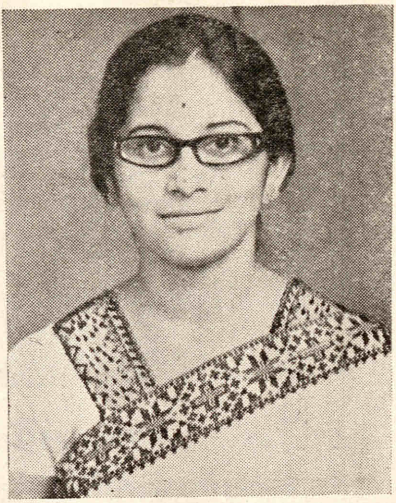
At the "Agape", after Mass



THE GALAXY OF SUPERLATIVES



Miss Nirupama Menon
Secured the First Rank at the B.A. degree examination, 1970.



Sandhya Thandeswara
again the Debator for the year



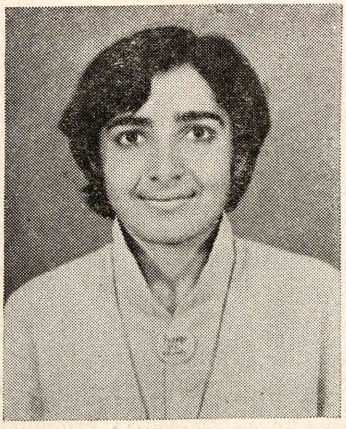
Anita Sood
Mysore State's First Lady in Sports and Athletics



Nirmala Uthiah
Fastest Woman in India



Pramila Uthiah
Best N.C.C. Cadet in our State



Kiron Grewal
Best Swimmer in the State

We Appreciate

Carmel Hill Monastery,
Trivandrum-14
February 2, 1970

Rev. Sister Emmanuel,
Editor,
Mount Carmel College Magazine,
Bangalore.

Dear Sister Emmanuel,

I thank you most sincerely for the "Annual of Mount Carmel College 1969" you kindly sent. I note with immense joy the wonderful progress your College makes from year to year in educational activities, especially in securing distinctions n academic studies without neglecting the various extra-curricular programmes.

I pray God that Your College be a torch of truth and love to the India of today, which has lost sight of the beautiful Gandhian message of Satya.

I suppose you all are doing well. Please convey my best greetings to dear Mother Antoinette and other Sisters. Let God bless you.

I remain
Yours devotedly
(Sd.) Father Eliseus, O.C.D.

National Catechetical & Liturgical Centre

St. Mary's Town,
Bangalore-5.
February 9th, 1970

Reverend Mother Antoinette,
Mount Carmel College,
21, Palace Road,
Bangalore-1.

Dear Mother Antoinette,

This is to thank you for your kind remembrance of me and for sending me a copy of your College magazine, 1969.

While going through the pages, I was impressed by the enthusiasm and dedicated perseverance of those in charge of the College. Though the years succeed one another and though the work to be done is the same, I notice that you look at every year with a new awareness, with new enthusiasm, with determination. This newness and freshness is expressed through the pages of your magazine. I wish that every year be for you a new year of creation and everyday a new day of creation, to the singing of "This is the day the Lord has made....."

Wish you further success and more abundant blessings of God in the coming year.

Yours devotedly in Christ,
(Sd.) D. S. Amalorpavadas
Director

ARCHDIOCESE OF BANGALORE
Education Secretariate

Archbishop's House,
18, Miller's Road,
Bangalore-6
February 11, 1970

Dear Sister Principal,

I must thank you for your thoughtfulness and kindness in favouring me with a copy of your College Annual.

I went through it with great interest, struck by the variety of topics and the facility of expression of your contributors.

I do think that you should not be content to allow the more gifted of your writers to stop at the bonds of mere Journalism – but should encourage them to aspire to be the authors of tomorrow. Where else, except in an atmosphere like that of your College could potential writers find the incentive and guidance to prepare themselves for a literary career?

You have my best wishes and prayers for every success in all your endeavours in your chosen field of Women's Education.....

Yours sincerely in O. L.,
(Sd.) Stan Aranjo

Chandigarh-11
(Punjab)
February 23, 1970

Dear Mother Antoinette,

I thank you very much for the 1969 College Annual you so kindly sent me. Needless to say I read it from cover to cover, so interesting is it.....

(Sd.) Father Francis, O.F.M. Cap.

De Nobili College,

Poona-14

....." A few days ago I received your College Annual. I glanced through it, but have yet to go through it in somewhat greater detail. It is very good and the get-up is in good taste. Congratulations to Sister Principal and the Editor... ."

(Sd.) Bro. Stanley Satur, S. J.,

Carmelite Monastery,
Aquem, Margao,
Goa
March 10, 1970

Dear & Rev. Mother,

Many thanks for the "Annual of Mount Carmel College, Bangalore". As usual I felt very happy to read about the progress you are making in the field of education. I congratulate you for having started Moral Instruction Conferences for all your students, without distinction of religion. When I hear about the student trouble in many parts of India, your efforts to reform them gives me great consolation .....

Yours sincerely in J. & M.
(Sd.) R. F. Lucas, O. C. D.,

Convocation 1969

A Convocation is a landmark in the life of a student, signifying a successful stage in his or her career. Though the students were eagerly looking forward with a sense of fulfilment and happiness to the Convocation of 1969, there were reports that the practice of conferring degrees at Convocations had been given up in view of the unpleasant incident during the Convocation of 1968. The Convocation of 1969 was arranged with hesitation and as the day of Convocation approached, there was a lurking fear in the minds of students and authorities alike, and every one was anxious that the function should not be marred by ugly incidents. These fears and doubts fortunately proved unfounded and the Convocation of 1969 was a grand success.

As a winner of a gold medal and a cash prize, I was fortunate, and I should confess, a little proud to sit in front of this vast and distinguished gathering. I watched the proceedings with satisfaction and happiness.

The ceremony included reading out a few sentences in Kannada by the Chancellor and the Registrar of the University. Though the Chancellor was a stranger to Kannada, his attempt to speak in Kannada a few sentences was laudable. Kannada was not the mother tongue of the Registrar either, but our handsome and charming Registrar spoke so well that none could discover that he was not a Kannadiga.

The Convocation address by Mr. Hidayatullah, the then Chief Justice of India, was sublime and profound. He made a deep and lasting impression on the young and impressive minds of the students. His address delivered *ex tempore* – rather unusual at a Convocation – revealed his noble and many – sided personality, drunk deep in the ancient and rich traditions of India. No wonder that this fine representative of the best in India rose to occupy the highest judicial office of the country. In spite of the ' generation gap ' it was clear that he had a sympathetic understanding of the younger generation and a keen insight into the working of their minds. He was in complete harmony with the modern, young minds and his advice to parents and elders to reorient their outlook in tune with the demands of the modern age was both timely and purposeful. The vast gathering of students applauded his speech spontaneously. There is no doubt that the speaker left the Convocation with a fine impression of the students of the infant University of Bangalore and the students could congratulate themselves that they had erased the wrong impressions which sullied their fair name at the previous Convocation.

The Convocation of 1969 was unique in a certain sense. For the first time, there was a departure from the ugly old practice of receiving the degree certificates from the hands of the University clerks or peons. This year the new graduates received their certificates from the Institutions in which they last studied. Immediately after the Convocation ceremony at the University, about a hundred Mount Carmel graduates assembled at their College. Clad in our colourful academic robes, we marched to the music of " Pomp and Circumstance ", to the College auditorium, where we were received by the Chief Guest, Mr. Thandeswara, Editor, " Intergrated Management ", Mother Superior and the Principal. After a brief cultural programme, Sister Angel Mary, our Principal welcomed the Chief Guest. This was followed by the distribution of the degree certificates by the Chief Guest. In his graduation address, he eloquently and clearly outlined the place of women in society and emphasised the importance of students maintaining their contact with their Alma Mater. A new graduate then proposed a vote of thanks. After the curtain went down on the College University Anthem and the National Anthem, all were served light refreshments.

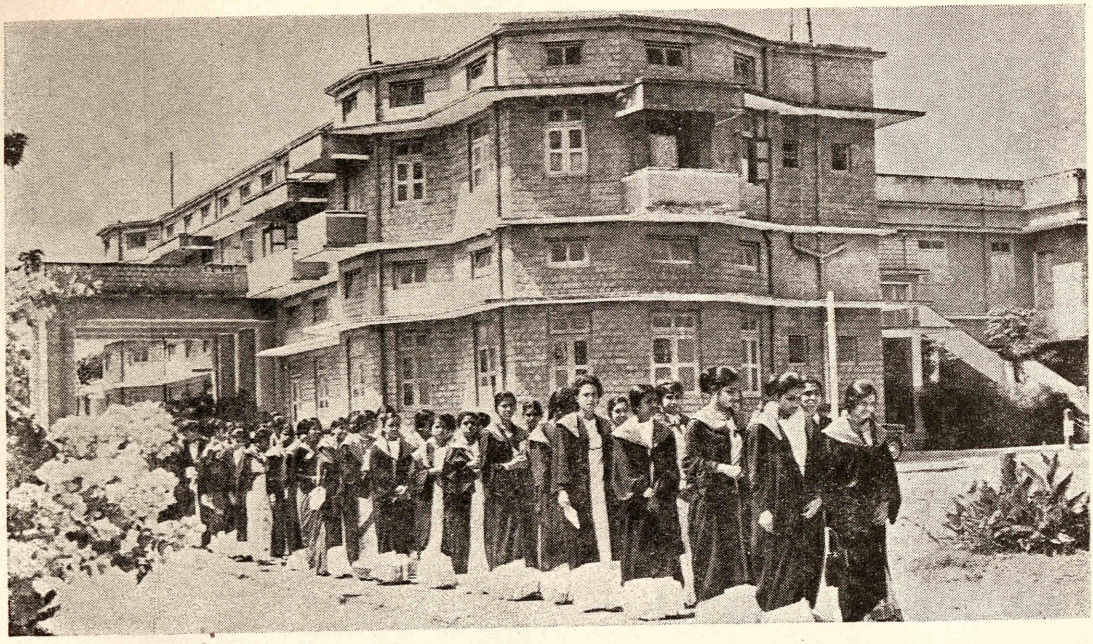
The new graduates were entertained by the University authorities and the members of the University Senate in the evening. There was a pleasant surprise in store for them : Mr. Hidayatullah, accompanied by the Vice Chancellor, went round the 'Pandal' and spoke to a large number of students individually. This gesture on his part endeared him to the student community all the more.

The function came to a close with a cultural programme got up by the present students from the several colleges. The talents exhibited at the cultural show proved that the students can make a mark not only in the academic field but also in other walks of life as well.

The Convocation of 1969 was a memorable one and some of us are looking forward to the privilege of attending another Convocation.

I must express my gratitude to my Alma Mater Mount Carmel College, for helping me and hundreds of students to go forth into this world with hope and courage and the service that we can render to this reputed institution is to act as responsible citizens and contribute our best to overcome the socio-economic problems of India through democratic and peaceful means.

VASUMATHI HANUMAN,
Former Student.



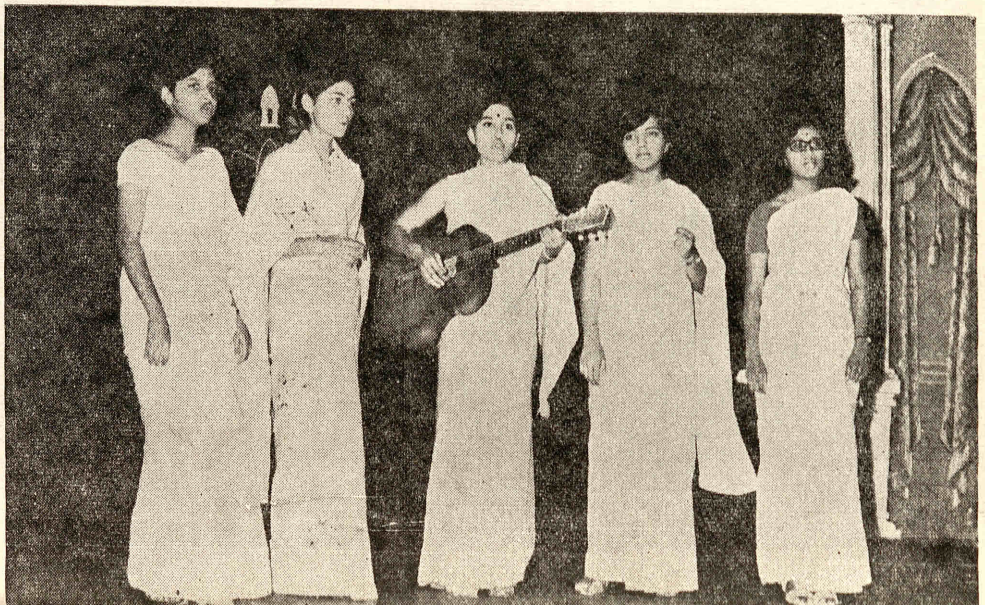
Graduates of 1969 proceed to the College auditorium to receive their Degree Certificates



Miss Vasumathi Hanuman receives the President J. F. Kennedy Memorial Gold Medal for securing the first Rank at the B.A. degree examination of 1969 from Mr. Thandeswara, Chief Guest



Dr. R. Magal, Associate Director, Callison College, Chief Guest at the Inaugural meeting of the College Associations, with Vice Presidents, Secretaries and Prefects of 1970 - 1971



The Associations begin to function on a happy note, with music and song

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE, BANGALORE

Parents' Day 1970

Under the Distinguished Patronage of

Mr. T. K. TUKOL

(Vice-Chancellor, Bangalore University)

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1969 - 1970

Sir, Mrs. Tukol, Rt. Rev. Monsignors, Rev. Fathers, Sisters, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honour to present before this distinguished gathering the report of the working of the College during the academic year 1969 – 1970.

STRENGTH

Increase in strength has been a regular feature every year, from the very start. Though we would like to limit the numbers to create ideal conditions, the **challenge of the times – the usual rush for admissions, with pressure from all sides,** had to be bravely encountered. The strength at the close of the year, was 1444 and 1464 at the commencement.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS

Exam.	No. Apppd.	No. passed in all parts at the first attempt	Percentage of passes	No. passing in part I, II, III, IV
Pre-University :				
Arts	147	110	74.8	126 98 110 —
Science	333	172	51.6	314 317 170 —
Degree :				
B.A. I Yr. (R.S.)	112	50	44.6	103 107 67 73
B.Sc. I Yr. (R.S.)	222	135	60.4	207 209 169 218
B.A. II Yr. (R.S.)	61	34	56.6	53 51 40 59
B.Sc. II Yr. (R.S.)	124	82	66.1	113 113 82 119
Final B.A. (R.S.)	81	66	81.5	—
Final B.Sc. (R.S.)	160	131	81.1	—
I Yr. B.A. Hons. (English)	34	29	85.3	34 33 Minor I 32 Minor II 32 Major 29
I Yr. B.A. Hons. (Pol. Sc.)	29	23	89.7	29 26 Minor I 26 Minor II 27 Major 29

II B.A. Hons. (English)	28	27	96.4	Minor I & II 28 Major 27
II B.A. Hons. (Pol. Sc.)	21	20	95.23	Major 21 Minor I 20 Minor II 21

DISTINCTIONS GAINED

	Part	Rank	First Class	Second Class
Pre-University :				
Arts			30	51
Science		8th	35	53
Degree :				
B.A. II Year	I		4	19
	II		5	6
	IV		19	15
B.Sc. II Year	I		7	47
	II		5	27
	IV		61	38
Final B.A.		I & IX	2	28
Final B.Sc.			15	75

STAFF

There were fresh recruitments to the Physics, Mathematics, Chemistry, Zoology, Home Science, English and History Departments. In September 1969, Sister M. Rosarita, Head of the Department of Economics left for Fordham University, New York to work for the Ph.D. degree.

CONFERENCES & SEMINARS

Name of Teacher	Summer Courses / Seminars	Duration
Mrs. I. Sampath	Seminar in Applied Linguistics, Madras	3 Weeks
Sister M. Josephette & Sister M. Genevieve	Seminar on Personality Development, Bangalore	2 Weeks
Sister M. Christabelle	Seminar on Sacred Liturgy, Bangalore	2 Weeks
Sister Angel Mary	Seminar on Mass Communications Media, Bangalore	2 Weeks

EXTRA - CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

The 11 various Associations worked very satisfactorily. While opportunities were provided under the auspices of the several associations for debates, essay contests and cultural activities, our students participated in extra-mural activities as well.

SPEECH – DEBATE WRITING

The National College Old Boys' Association Inter-Collegiate Debate in English	T. Sandhya	II Prize
St. Joseph's College Students Union, Inter-Collegiate Hindi Debate	Saroj Bala	II Prize
Inter-Collegiate Gita Recitation prize for the Gita Yagnya Samitha Endowment Prize conducted by the M.E.S. College (Sanskrit)	K. Chandrika	I Prize
R. V. Teachers College, Fourth Inter-Collegiate Impromptu Speech Competition in English	T. Sandhya	II Prize
M. R. Narasimha Ayyangar Memorial Inter-Collegiate Elocution Contest on Library Service conducted by the Mysore Library Association, Bangalore	T. Sandhya	II Prize
Inter-Collegiate Sanskrit Recitation Competition held by Amar Bharati Parisksha Samithi	Rema Nagarajan	III Prize
The Y.M.C.A. Inter-Collegiate debate in English, Govt. Law College	T. Sandhya	I Prize
Govt. Law College Old Students Association Inter-Collegiate Debate in English	Geetha Candade	Prize for best Lady Speaker
The National College English Association Inter-Collegiate essay-writing contest for T. M. Babu Shield	Mini Menon	I Prize & won the rolling Shield with her team mate, Sudha Rao
Catholic University Students Inter-Collegiate debate in English	Leola D'Souza	I Prize & won the rolling Shield

For Best Cultural Programme presented on Catholic University Students Day		The College won the Institutional Cup
Ramjibhai Kamini Memorial Essay Competition conducted by the Forum of Free Enterprise on a *National* Level	T. Sandhya	IV Prize
Inter-Collegiate Art competition conducted by the French Cultural Centre, Bangalore	V. Bhanumathi	V Prize

SOME OTHER STUDENT PROGRAMMES & ACTIVITIES

Six students taking Political Science as a major subject were deputed to attend the Parliamentary Course in Political Science conducted at Vidhana Soudha. Miss Sandhya Thandaveswara was the only lady student selected by the Bangalore University to attend and participate in the Seminar conducted in Bombay, as a part of the National Book Fair, by the National Book Trust in India. Leola D'Souza and Rose Sebastian attended the two day conference on "Should Students Eschew Politics" conducted at the Ecumenical Centre, Whitefield. Miss T. Sandhya was one of the student speakers at this conference. Lakshmi Menon and Kausalya Shivaraman made remarkable contribution to the seminar conducted by Bangalore Jaycees. Four students participated, with Miss Gemma Britto, Lecturer, Dept. of Chemistry, as guide, in the symposium on "What Educational Pattern will meet the needs of our Society" conducted under the auspices of the Chinmaya Mission, Bangalore. Miss T. Sandhya was also selected to participate in the Mock Parliament conducted in Delhi, by the Y M.C A.

SPORTS & GAMES

The year has been one of numerous and brilliant achievments in the field of sports & games, Nirmala Uthiah the State and All India sprint star, bagged the 50 100 and 200 metres titles at the Youth Congress meet, and Anita Sood and Asha Shetty secured first places in High Jump and Long Jump respectively. At the Kempegowda meet, Nirmala completed a grand sprint double, and Anita Sood claimed the topmost place on the victory stand in High Jump. At the Mysore State Olympics Mary Philip, Pramila Uthiah and Anita Sood secured first places. At the Annual College day Sports, Anita Sood won the individual Championship. At the District and Divisional level sports Nirmala claimed the 100 and 200 Metres and Anita Sood the high jump. At the State level Dasara Meet, Nirmala Uthiah, the track Queen gave an outstanding display to win top honours among women. Our relay quartette did not fail to attract attention, at the All India Meet when Nirmala Uthiah created a new record in Sprints. At the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Meet our girls dominated in every event and Nirmala Uthiah, Jaya Grandhi and

Anita created new records. We claimed the individual championship with a big lead. At the Mysore State Athletic championships, Nirmala created a new record (she is the only athlete to equal the National record). Mary Philip, Nirmala Uthiah, Anita Sood, Jaya Grandhi and Asha Shetty, were selected to represent the University at Baroda and they won the athletic trophy. At the Mysore State Golden Jubilee Meet, Anita Sood won the high jump title at the XXIV National Games held at Cuttack, Nirmala Uthiah became the fastest woman in India. Our Basket Ball team won the Youth Congress as well as the Inter-Collegiate trophies. Our soft ball team became the Inter-Collegiate and State Champions. Mary Philip represented the State in Basket Ball at Calcutta. She was selected as the All Star player. Ujwala and Suleka represented the University in Tennis and Shuttle Badminton respectively.

N C. C.

195 Cadets were enrolled in the year 1969-1970. Three Cadets, U/O C. Lalitha, Corporal Mythreyi, and Sergeant Madhuri P.B., took part in the shooting competition in September 1969. 33 Cadets attended the Annual Training Camp held in Bangalore in October 1969. Two Cadets, U/O's C. Lalitha and P.K. Mary were selected to attend the Republic Dav parade in New Delhi. In January 1970, 52 Cadets appeared for the First aid examination conducted by the St. John's Ambulance Association. In May 1970, several of our Cadets attended the All India Summer Training Camps held at Kodaikanal and two attended the training camps held in Kodakunda (A.P.) Two of our Cadets who were selected for the Advanced Leadership course held at Ranibhet (U.P.), fared remarkably well and secured the first prize for shooting, drill and good turn out. Two teams recently participated in the First Aid Sri. Chandrashekar rolling shield competition conducted by the St. John's Ambulance Association.

SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE

The year 1969–1970 was one of remarkable progress for the Social Service League. This unit consisted of several selfless young women. I would be guilty of a glaring omission if I do not mention the names of two outstanding members of this League, Miss Kausalya Shivaraman and Miss Usha Goyal. Under the inspiring leadership of Sister M. Jane, Moderator, the members of this unit not only made their routine visits to the Cheshire Home and Home for the Aged, but also visited St. Michael's Home for Foundlings, where they distributed toys, sweets clothes and medicines, that were collected as alms by the members. They also worked in the slums of Sheriff garden. Here one group taught sewing to groups of women and girls. Another group taught little boys and girls to read and write Tamil.

Besides helping three children with the year's school fees, the League also assisted six destitute families.

Ranger Team

Besides the weekly meetings, the Ranger team had a few major activities. 18 Rangers were enrolled in August, at which function the State Organising Commissioner was present. Regular weekly visits were made to St. Martha's Hospital where Rangers helped in preparing dressings, taking temperatures, sponging and bed-making. The team went on a day's hike to a nearby farm. They also took part in a camp-fire organised by the North Zone. Our Rangers participated in a Seminar on "Youth Today", organised by the Society of Moral and Social Sciences. The Ranger leader took a 12 day course of training. The year's activities were brought to a close by our Rangers participating in the Thinking Day rally.

EXCURSIONS & TOURS

Apart from the usual trips to places of interest in the City and within the State, there was a major educational tour made to the North. The "whirlwind trip" through Madras, Calcutta, Darjeeling, Kalimpong, Sikkim, and Bombay turned out to be a most rewarding experience. The highlight of the tour was the audience with the Queen of Sikkim.

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL INSTRUCTION

Four well qualified Religious teachers conduct religion classes for the Catholic students every day. Terminal examinations are held and prizes awarded to the best students of each section.

Moral instruction is imparted to all other students. Terminal examinations are held and prizes awarded.

DEVELOPMENT AND EXPENDITURE

Scholarships, Freeships and other Fee Concessions :

1.	Central Govt. Scholarships	....	39
2.	State Govt. & University Scholarships	....	84
3.	Freeships	....	151
4.	Other Scholarships	...	8
5.	Help towards books, free meals, special fees, transport, educational excursions provided by the Poor Students Fund, aided by the University Grants Commission,	....	165
	Total Amount Spent	...	Rs 4713
	Poor Student Scholarship awarded by the College	...	1 (Rs. 300)

EQUIPMENT

2522 Volumes were added to the library. We are very grateful to the University Grants Commission, the U.S.I.S., Bangalore, Madras & Delhi, to the British Council, Madras & Bangalore and Forum of Free Enterprise, Bangalore for their donations of books and periodicals.

HOSTEL

The hostel accommodated 130 students. The general health was good. Dr. (Mrs.) Ambujakshi visited the hostel at regular intervals and checked on the health of the inmates. There was an excursion to Pearl Valley, Bangalore, during the year. Hostel socials and other annual features of our exuberant hostelites were very enjoyable events.

GENERAL REMARKS

As I present to you this chapter of the year's activities, I realise that though much has been done, much still remains to be done. We look forward to years of increasing and efficient service to the Country, State and University.

We are anxious to make improvements in the College and hostel. We have been trying over the past year to provide more accommodation and better amenities in the hostel by requesting the State Govt. and the U.G.C. for subsidies. By November 1970, we will be able to adequately equip our new and spacious laboratories, with the generous assistance given us by Zentralstelle, West Germany, interested in the socio-economic development of our country.

CONCLUSION

It is my pleasant duty now to thank our teaching and non-teaching staff for making our work a success. Let me also thank our alumni and our present students whose work and achievements have passed into history. We also extend our thanks to the parents and guardians of our students, our friends and well-wishers, the Officers of the University and the general public for their sympathy and encouragement and finally, all those who have been with us this evening. Chiefly do we wish to express our indebtedness to our esteemed Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Tukol for their gracious presence. We need hardly assure the Vice Chancellor that he could always expect our fullest co-operation.

Yours in Service,

SISTER ANGEL MARY
Principal

PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE YEAR 1969-70

HOSTEL PRIZE

Giovanna Braganza

RELIGION

Pre-University — June Muriel
Degree — Patricia D'Cruz (II Honours)

MORAL INSTRUCTION

Pre-University — K. Usha
I Degree — Rema-Nagarajan
II Degree — Mini Menon (II Hons)
III Degree — Banu Thomas (Home Science)

ENGLISH

Pre-University — Rajkumari K. (H.E.L)
I English Hons. — Veena Rao (Pol. Sc)
II Degree — Usha Chabria (Home Science)
I Degree — Lester R.M. Marten (CBZ)

PART II (Languages)

	Sanskrit	Kannada
Pre-University	B. Gunasundari	D.N. Geetha
II Degree	Chaya Patankar	N K. Lakshminarasamma

TAMIL

Pre-University — Shobana
II Degree — Dhanalakshmi

	Hindi	French
Pre-University	Mukta Sinha	Sudha R. Rao
II Degree	Abhyanakar Alkarani Ramachandra	Mary Jean Verghese
Honours	Jyoti Naidu	Saraswathee N.L.

PART III ARTS

Pre-University — S. Uma
I Degree — Gita Raghunath Rao
II Degree — Nirmala Chandra-shekaran
III Degree — Nirupama Menon

PART III SCIENCE

Pre-University	—	Shamala A.R. (PCM)	II Degree	—	Girija S. (CBZ)
Pre-University	—	Mira Kheny (PCB)	III Degree	—	Rehnuma Jehan (CBZ)
Pre-University	—	Bina Atmaram (CBZ)	I Degree	—	Taralika Rane (CBZ)
					Betty Zachariah (PCM)

HOME SCIENCE

Pre-University	—	Nandini Shenoy	II Degree	—	Jaya Venkateshwaran
I Degree	—	Sharada Shyam Lulla	III Degree	—	Kathleen Satur

PART IV

Social Science — Jaya Venkateswaran (II H.Sc.)
General Science — Roseline Richard (II B.A.)

FOR RANKS IN UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION

Veena Ramaswamy — 8th Rank — Pre-University — P.C.M.

Nirupama Menon — 1st Rank — Degree — Arts

FOR AN OUTSTANDING STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY DEGREE EXAMINATION

Nirupama Menon

Principal's Prize for Best Prefect

Dury Rozario

Principal's Prize for Best Student

Nirupama Menon

Principal's Prize for Best Sportswoman

Nirmala Uthaiah

Dr. B.D. Laroia Prize for public Speaking — T. Sandhya

PRIZE ENDOWMENTS

1.	Mr. Joseph Chowriappa	Prize : Pre-University Science, CBZ
2.	Mr. B. G. Shantappa	Prize : (a) Pre-University Science, PCB
3.		(b) Third Year Degree Science
4.	Rao Bahadur S. L. Mathias & Sons	Prize : Third Year Degree Arts
5.	Mr K. J. Joseph Pothenkullam	Prize : (a) First Year Degree Arts
6.		(b) Second Year Degree Arts
7.	Mr. K. Srinivas Rao	Prize : For an outstanding student at the University Degree Examination–Final
8.	Dr. Miss D. M. Satur	Prize : Pre-University Home Science
9.	Smt. Rukmini Varma	Prize : History
10.	Miss Christine Pinto	Memorial Prize : English, Second Year Degree Examination
11.	Mr. W. H. Lowe	Prize : For Religion, Degree Section

Man's Moon

Strange. The way the favoured earthling took the news that the bright gold of Diana's kingdom was, in reality, an ugly, harsh-skinned, dead world. Irrevocably lost is the charm, the orb'd splendour of the planet that dances attendance on Earth, allegedly influencing horoscopes, telescopes, lovers and lunatics. Nobody can be accused of crying for the moon anymore, and it's quite typical of the inherently contradictory cussedness of human nature.

At any rate, the whole range of emotions of which the human psyche is capable, has gone into this mass hope and fear.

For a start, our race, perhaps badly needed such a binding experience. An experience that would jolt us into seeing the real point (apart from its excellent phraseology) in Kennedy's impassioned cry of "the burden and the glory" of human civilization. The stirring audacity of the vulnerable space suit and ship hurling themselves into risk and probable death, forced us to see ourselves in a clearer perspective. The ceaseless wranglings and back-stabbings on which nations exist, seem so infinitely ridiculous from the moon ..

"And behold the blue planet, steeped in its dream." Dream? What dream? Apparently on earth we cannot afford to dream. Dream and starve—say the industrious. Too true. Thus we are filled with a frustrating sense of the duality of existence. One part of us realises the urgent need of a total freeing of the spirit, a splendid world-view, while the other half cannot blink at the existence of jobs, insurances pensions and death duties.

We cannot but feel sorry about the loss of a great deal of the romance, connected with the moon. The recent display of a piece of 'moon rock' is, in a poetic sense, extremely depressing and the Man in the moon, a grim hoax. One feels cheated everytime one looks at the moon. Are all the other planets equally unresponsive? Are we, then, the only free expression of the Sublime Will? It all leads to some very sobering conclusions.

MINI MENON
Final Year English Honours

WINDOWS

A bit of garden framed in a window,
A panel of green
A panel of red.

'Tis enough for the soul
To contact Him.
'Tis enough, such glimpses
However dim.

A spring-board of Nature
I would make,
To leap into the waters
Of the Lake.

S.M.A.

Sweet are the uses of Adversity

It was Disraeli who remarked that grief is the agony of an instant, the indulgence in grief, the blunder of a life-time.

Life brings not only happiness but also much sorrow in its train. Misfortunes occur when we least expect them and not all are able to face the vicissitudes of life with stoic fortitude. The story goes that when Anaxagoras was informed of his son's death he maintained an icy calm and retorted, "I never supposed I had begotten an immortal". Self control and restraint such as this sounds mythical but one can cultivate the art of enduring lesser misfortunes with patience and equanimity.

Byron and Scott were both lame. It embittered Byron who ever railed at his deformity. Ever conscious of it, his mind frequently reverted to it and deprived him of all happiness. When at a public gathering he became the cynosure, he attributed it more to his limp than to his fame. Scott on the other hand never brooded over his disability and did not speak of it even to his dearest friends. Observing it, Byron once wrote to Scott "Ah Scott I would give my fame to have your happiness".

Those who suffer an impediment in speech may derive consolation from the fact that several eminent men have suffered from a stutter to some degree or other. Aesop, Aristotle, Virgil, Erasmus, Goldsmith and Maugham were a few among them. Somerset Maugham claims that his stammer influenced his life more than anything else. "Had I not stammered" he writes, "I would probably have gone to Cambridge as my brothers did, perhaps have become a don and every now and then published a dreary book about French Literature.

In the presence of trouble some grow wings, others buy crutches. Helen Keller rose above a triple handicap to become one of the world's most outstanding figures, and remains an inspiration to the seeing and non-seeing everywhere. "I, who am blind can give one hint to those who can see", she said. "Use your eyes as if tomorrow you would be stricken blind Hear the song of a bird, the mighty strains of an orchestra as if you would be stricken deaf tomorrow. Touch each object you want to touch as if tomorrow your tactile sense would fail. Smell the perfume of flowers, taste with relish each morsel of food as if tomorrow you would never taste and smell again. Glory in all the facets of pleasure and beauty which the world reveals to you. Make the most of every sense".

Pessimists that we are, we poison our days brooding over events that will eventually pass into the limbo of forgotten things. The Chinese have a saying

"When the moon is fullest it begins to wane, when it is darkest it begins to grow". At some period or other misfortunes confront us and bearing up courageously helps one emerge a stronger and nobler personality. When confronted with failures or setbacks and steeped in gloom we would do well to recall this incident in Cowper's life. Subject to a fit of depression, he ordered a cab and bade the driver take him to London Bridge. Very soon a dense fog settled down upon the city. After a futile attempt to reach his destination the cab driver admitted that he was lost. The poet requested the man to drive him back home. On arriving home, Cowper wanted to know what the fare was but the driver refused to accept any money as he had not been able to drive Cowper to London Bridge. The poet however insisted that the man accept the fare saying, "Never mind that. You have vased my life. I was on my way to throw myself off London Bridge". Going to his desk in his room he snatched a pen and wrote these words which form part of a familiar hymn.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform
He plants His footsteps on the sea
And rides upon the storm".

Kalyani Davidar
Dept. of English

Music Has Charms

Music that softer on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes

If life were just the drab repetition of petty joys and sorrows, success and failures, eating and sleeping. that makes us puppets of Fate, it would be unendurable, not worth the living. But in each one of us there is something deeper and finer than this something that we prize–which we call a soul. It is a precious thing to love music, cherish it, give it expression, for it will enable your life to blossom into fuller beauty.

Music is the mother tongue of Mother Nature–the song of the bird, the rippling brook, the thundering wave, the sighing breeze–all are her melodies. Yet glorious above all these glories is the man-made music.

At the roll of the drums, the savage heart quakes and at the bugle's call brave men march out to die. The mother croons a lullaby and tired little eyes find rest.

As we listen to the harmony of an orchestra rising and falling, in expressive melody, something is stirred within us. We are swept into unknown realms of romance, leaving behind all the cares and worries of life.

Music has spoken in her universal language, the language we all love; the great language we all understand to a greater or lesser degree. A few pages are not sufficient to treat the vast possibilities of Music and its importance to you and me. A large volume would hardly cover such a wide subject in its all depth and magnificence. However, I would like to picture the endless pleasure that music can bring to our lives, and its great importance.

As years go by, music brings to us blessings in ever increasing degree. Then too it strengthens the bonds of friendship existing between friends. Music brings to us an opportunity for self expression. It gives an opportunity for modest display and all these are proper for an average individual. Novelty appeals to everyone. We are constantly looking for something new – some new experience – some new thrill. Music satisfies that longing. The joy of playing a new piece of music is that of some fascinating game.

Music is so elemental and universal a thing, that it can be recommended to anyone and you feel assured that a study of music is worth the time and effort. Every person recognises within himself an inborn longing for music. It is rare indeed that we find a person who does not love music. Perhaps, you say, that you can only listen. But to listen intelligently is in itself a great accomplishment of this fascinating art. It is in itself an indication of musical talent.

CECEILA MASCARENHAS,
P.U.C. – H.E.E.

Affiliations

(or Tribute to Mysore, my home for over two decades)

" Don't you like Mysoreans, Keralites, Madrasis ? "
I like them all, immensely ;
But do not feel constrained to stay
With any for a day.
That is all !

Therefore perhaps, a certain imperviousness,
To all that is charming in Mysore–
This ancient, princely State–
The Country, the People,
So courteous, simple and hospitable ?
My soul seems to await ever the taking off
For another Strand
Where all must some day land !
Mysoreans, Keralites, Madrasis.

Such inner consciousness alone can make me
Understand myself–
A constant restlessness where'er I be–
Deep under–current of the waves :
A consciousness of evanescence
And of a greater unity.

S.M.A.

What Poetry Means To Me

Last year I travelled by bus across the American Continent with thirty other students from twenty-six different countries. Our way of thanking every community we stayed with was by putting up an informal show for them, sometimes in a hastily pitched-up tent and sometimes perhaps just under the open sky with the cold night and a sprinkling of stars for companions. Perched on a low stool with only a single light focussed on me I would recite poetry – some of my own, others of my friends, but mostly the works of great men – from Spain's Federio Garca Lorca to India's Tagore; from America's Walt Whitman to Russia's Pasternak. It was one of the most heartwarming experiences for all of us, for it was then through poetry that we actually bridged the cultural, economic and political gulfs between our countries and our peoples. There could never have been a more sincere and universal feeling than this – because for the first time we were being launched on to a plane where we were encountering each other as people and not as living dolls. If it were not for the efforts of men like Dylan Thomas and Auden at "turning blood into ink" that sense of being in us would long since have been replaced by the sense of being one of the doomed. We would be nothing more than "wretches never born and never dead".

Poetry has very many functions – from a very trivial point of view it can "delight" us because it is 'so sweet' or because it sounds so 'nice' But, we are abusing poetry when we attribute to her only these mundane functions. Her true greatness can be seen when we trace poetry through the different eras in history. No matter what progress has been made, whether in the field of Science or Arts, poetry is the ultimate expression of the age. Poetry reveals to us the minds of the men then, their tiny fears, their towering aspirations, the ways by which they helped others solve their problems – like suffocating injustices and the dehumanising trends of history. However, the moment poetry begins to sermonize and preach it fails. If the poet is able to term his suffering in relation with humanity as such and then help in getting us to help ourselves, then he has gone a long way. Yeats described the function of modern poetry as:

"I seek an image of the modern mind's discovery of itself". Yeats tried to usher in, an emergence of faith in man through the mediation of poetry. Eliot's lines:

> "Put your shoes at the door,
> Sleep, prepare for life,
> The last twist of the knife",

has led to the complaint that our poetry is merely negative, alienated and pessimistic and therefore performs no concrete function other than to disillusion us. I

disagree. The Poetry of today, " cuts painfully into the bone so as to affirm the marrow ". Poetry serves a liberating function for it reawakens our sensibility. We in India are so used to seeing the hardships of day-to-day living, that we have become numb to everything with a shallow sensitivity. Poetry is the concrete and immediate realization of life for it makes us realise the terrible silent poverty of most of our lives. It suggests the vast, beautiful things in life that are ours for the asking. In short, it suggests an ideal, for example the new literature in America has been in a large way responsible for the struggle for the redefinition of older values that is currently taking place there. Allen Ginsberg said : " I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving. hysterical, naked ". It shocked the Americans (more the young) enough into starting a nation wide hunger for a more spiritualistic way of life. The gulf between the rich and the poor made Havana Greeves cry these words-"They work, they toil, they starve and die. They sit, they eat, play and lie".

Modern poetry by breaking barriers both in stylistic and expressional devices manages to shock us back to reality. It injects hope into us like Leonard Cohen does : " Perhaps a mind will open in this world, perhaps a heart will catch rain. Nothing will heal and nothing will freeze, but perhaps a heart will catch rain."

If poetry can make two people feel like one, if it can bring unity in all levels of society, if it can help us understand ourselves, then poetry is Man's highest expression of his creative soul.

SHOBA RAGHURAM,
II Year English Honours

In Praise of Beauty

Beauty is a flower that's rare and wild,
It's the love between mother and child.
Beauty is found on sun-kissed mountains,
Gushing brooks and sparkling fountains.

It's present in music – "Classic" or "Beat",
In golden fields of ripening wheat,
In animals, birds, butterflies and people,
In moonlight that bathes the church steeple.

It's found in dewdrops caught in gossamer
In the tender, green leaves of an early summer
There's beauty in blue clouds and summer skies
It's all around you, so open your eyes ! !

Seek it out everyday in trifling things,
Be it in dragon flies or butterfly wings.
So look for it people – search high and low
For beauty in anything sets the heart aglow !

BARBARA ANN GOMES,
I Year B.A.

Housing Through The Ages

The word " House " conjures up an image of a shelter made up of walls, floors, doors, windows and a roof overhead, while the word " Home " conjures up an image of a shelter in which the inmates are united by a bond of affection, kinship, happiness, shared joys and sorrows. " It is the bed on which blossoms the bunch of flowers which we call love and affection, dream and desire, hope and happiness ".

The foundation for a happy home is a good house. Good housing is an essential requirement for a good society. The fact that a good home required a good house is accepted all over the world. Dr. Whilley in his paper presented at the VIII Biennial conference of the All India Home Science Association rephrased Emerson's famous quotation by saying " tell me what kind of housing a society has and I will tell you what kind of society it is ".

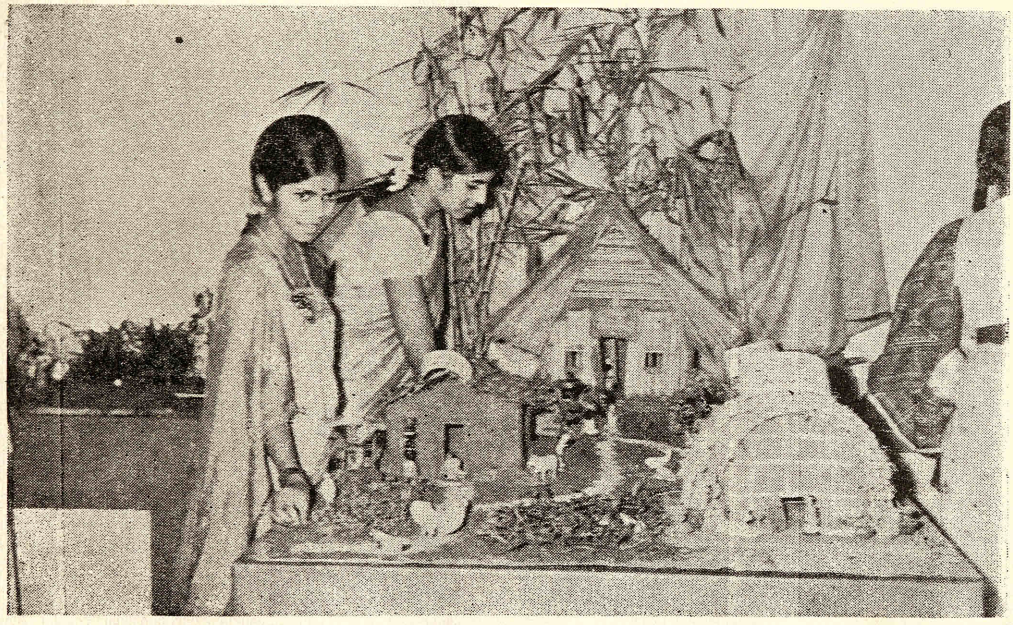
Housing is one of the three prime necessities of life and house building is one of the oldest arts in the world. Housing began when the early man, before the dawn of civilisation to protect himself from the fury of wild beasts and nature lived on trees and in caves. The earliest men had no fixed habitation as they had to move from place to place in search of food or prey. Tree tops and caves were dwelling places. This food gathering stage of culture in this simple and primitive state prevailed through the lower Paleolithic period.

Man being an intelligent and social being is never satisfied with his lot. He is always trying to find means to improve his state of living. During the middle Paleolithic period people lived in domed huts or round houses with conical roofs. Tents were also in vogue.

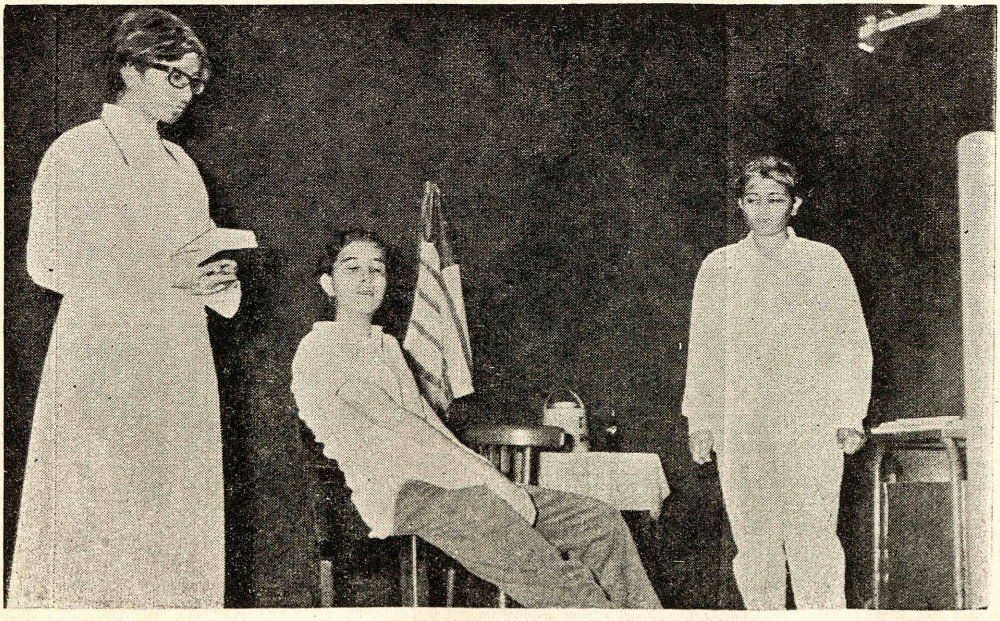
During the end of the Paleolithic age there was a transition from mere food gathering to food cultivation. They supplemented their grown food largely by hunting and collecting wild growing vegetables. The families, for protection against raiders and wild animals lived in compact settlements. The houses were solid and made of stone. But this food cultivation stage was given up partially when the food producers started rearing and breeding of animals. The dwellings of these pastoral nomads were tents with erect, cylindrically formed walls and a conical or dome shaped roof. They were spacious and easily erected, dismantled and transported.

It was only during the beginning of the Neolithic period when the plough was invented that agriculture was the major occupation of man. He left nomadic life. The settlement was made on a definite territory and this resulted in the emergence of a village.

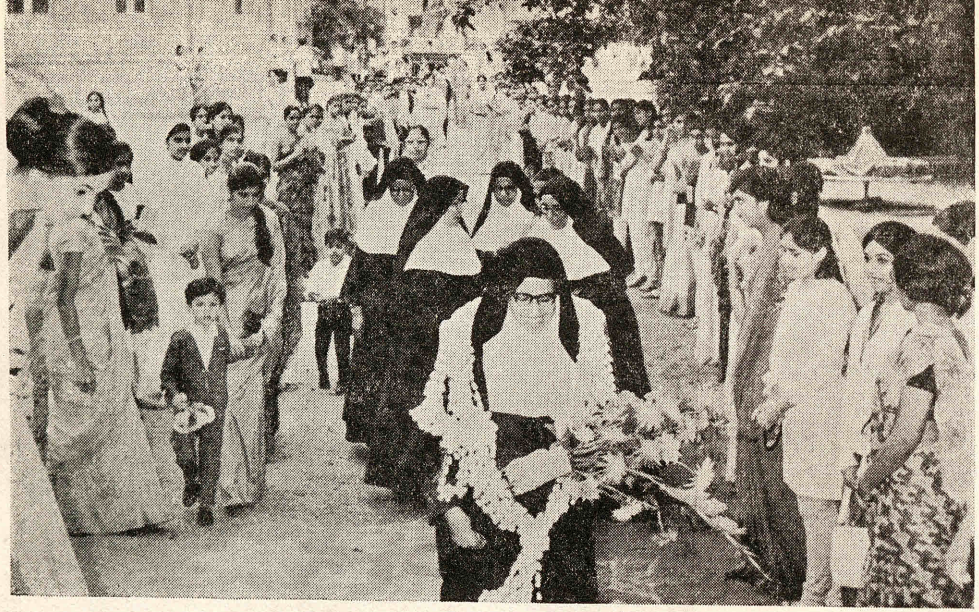
Home Science Exhibition on Principal's Day (1970)



Theme: Housing thro' the Ages



A Scene from 'The Valiant'
Staged on Principal's Day



Staff and Students greet the Principal
on
Principal's Day

Students greet the Principal as she walks down to the auditorium for a Cultural programme on Principal's Day.



The Ministerial staff pose for a picture with Rev. Mother General, Mother Superior Principal and Vice-Principal on Principal's Day

A village usually consists of a cluster of houses with the cultivated land surrounding it. The houses in a village in India belong to two categories-the 'pukka' houses made of bricks, cement and roofed with tiles usually owned by landlords and fairly well-to-do farmer, swhile the poorer farmers live in 'kaecha' houses, usually made of stone, mud-cake or bricks with thatched roofs.

With the advent of industrialisation there was a sudden trend towards urbanisation which is prevailing today. Townships sprang up around industrial areas. Housing in the urban areas wamarkedly different from housing in rural areas. Urban housing has gone throughs various architectural periods and has resulted in the complex sophisticated houses that we see today.

The evolution of housing will not cease here. With the advent of each new age there will be a change in the physical structure of a house, but its essential purpose of providing shelter and security for a family will prevail.

USHA CHABRIA
Final Year Home Science

Dieting !

I began a diet — "its easy" !
Keeping it up ? — "less so" !
For the less I eat it seems,
The poundage — it grows more !

The chocolate cake is tempting,
My stomach — it does groan,
And what I am supposed to do,
Is stifle my sad, slow moan !

The rice is so delicious,
Forget the starch in it,
Bang the calories in potatoes,
I'll finish up that bit !

Oh, hang that mag !
Tear out that page !
I'll never be a model,
If I diet till I age ! !

VIDYA K. DALWANI,
I Year Home Science.

Psychology of Anonymous Letter Writers

Modern society is not a gentle society. A glance at the daily newspapers and magazines is enough to provide a record of atrocity and violence that will some day terrify the future historians. The streak of violence runs like a black thread through the shining surface of our apparently civilized world. We find cruelty at every step, at every level of society, Even our very conversation is often full of sarcasm destined to hurt and insult deeply. Millions of us still take voluptuous pleasure in witnessing barbaric games as boxing and bull fighting. The popular fiction of our time is also full of gory details. The key factor of the tremendous success of Ian Fleming is his talent for portraying scenes of vicarious sadism.

The sadistic urge finds its expression in many ways. At one extreme stand such human monsters as Gillesdle Rais and Countess Bathory, often referred to as the Bloody Countess but we do not always require whips, leather belts, knives or torture racks to be sadists. The simplest instruments for maligning and injuring others are the tongue and the pen. Psychological sadism of this sort is nearly universal but with certain individuals it takes the form of neurotic compulsion. It becomes a compulsive need. In this category we can include the writer of anonymous letters full of insidious attacks against their victims.

Now, anonymous letters evidently are written by psychological sadists to hurt and malign others by casting aspersions on the integrity and character of their victims. The writer takes every conceivable precaution to hide his identity. The reason for this being the fact that he cannot substantiate his dirty allegations against his victims. The content of these letters is very often full of lewd and slanderous remarks, sometimes so much that it becomes awfully repulsive and disgusting to a man of sensitive and gentle nature.

It may be argued that the writer of such anonymous letters does not always experience any enjoyment or excitement. Well, the answer is simple. It is still sadism. Havelock Ellis says, "In a mild degree pain, whether witnessed in others or experienced in themselves, can for many people, especially neurotically disposed, evoke a pleasurable psychic state. ..... A certain element of pleasure or satisfaction is possible."

These vile anonymous letters are sent directly either to the victim or individuals connected with the victim, namely friends, relatives or others. In either case the innate desire of the writer is to humiliate, hurt and destroy his victim directly or by means of other persons.

Psychological studies indicate that such writers of anonymous letters are those who suffer from inner fears, feelings of inferiority and insecurity, sometimes accompanied by an over-ambitious nature. Sadism becomes precisely a mode of search for identity in these individuals. It is an ultimate expression of their fears, feelings of inferiority and insecurity. This urge to hurt and injure is one way by which such individuals try to assert their identity, their existence. In a way they want to say: "Look here. I exist. I am something because I can hurt you. I can make you suffer".

The psychological sadist feels himself to be weak and is usually a moral coward and sycophant. Havelock Ellis writes—"The strong man is more apt to be tender than cruel or at all events knows how to restrain within bounds any impulse to cruelty."

Often enough, these sadists start a vicious circle. In the words of Dr. Woodword, "Neurosis feeds on neurosis. The victim of a psychological sadist, himself undermined and unstable now, turns on others. The chain of cruelty grows." To check this chain, the least we can do is disbelieve those letters. Don't succumb to their evil charm. Ignore them and throw them in the garbage can.

ANURADHA BHATTACHARYYA
Final Year English Honours

Music of the 70s

I read somewhere, the other day, an article by some one unquestionably of the generation that began in the 20 s, in which he sweepingly described all contemporary music as being 'amplified caterwauling', and reminiscent of 'catcalls that one is accustomed to hearing from the front stalls at a particularly bad staging of a bad play'. Why, do such people ask, does modern music have to be so ugly, so tuneless, chaotic and noisy, as compared with the beautiful sound of 'the old, familiar music'?

With the possible exception of literature, music has today probably the largest responsive public of any art form and has suffered less from public apathy than from public antipathy. Modern music is not ugly, although there is, of course, ugly modern music. But this gibe has been hurled at new music with such regularity through the centuries, that it can be disregarded in the same way as one disregards one's great-grandmother's age-old remark of, "What IS the world coming to?!" Rock, beat and folk music, as well as the classics need to be understood. Their independence gives them a penetration to the depths of sensual awareness, involving conscious participation from the listener whether felt in the urge to get up and move, or a slower process-allowing the sound to sink through to the recesses of intellect. People look to music for casual relaxation, expecting all music to cater to this need, ignoring and condemning any which does not. What is newest and least familiar in art takes time to find its public and it is difficult to convince the average listener that his failure to enjoy it at once, is natural and to persuade him to acquire a taste for it. The not so-well-informed listener who gets a thrill from a Beethoven symphony does so only because the style and content are familiar and easily recognisable. A lot of people say they 'understand' Tchaikovsky, but what goes on in his works is just as complex as what goes on in-say, '2000 light years from home' by the Stones. But it is hard to persuade a Tchaikovsky fan that the 'Polovtsian Dances' are not half so enjoyable as music by the Doors, or that the 'Pathetique' not nearly as moving as good blues or soul compositions. A man who knows what he likes, tends to like what he knows and is unwilling to tune his tastes to the times, unwilling to admit the truism that art can be appreciated and enjoyed on many different levels of enjoyment, whether intellectual, educational, or purely emotional. I know that we (of the generation that began in the '50s) are able to get sky-high equally well on Schubert symphonies as on Soul. We adjust. But such adjustment is seemingly impossible for people who long for the old, familiar, heart-broken mooing of countless clean-shaven,

pink-faced, smiling-boy-next-door singers who sprang up in the '30s. This condemnation of contemporary music is all tangled up with the over-all reaction to long hair, anti-war slogans, flowers and pot. They don't understand the language or the attitude. How, they ask as they look with horror at John Lennon, can 'that thing' produce Music? We say 'Listen to the WORDS'. They try once, shake their grey heads and end up saying 'Is it in English?'.

Have you met people who mistrust music if it appeals to the senses very readily? Ye olde polkas and waltzes urged them to get up and dance–but now when they view Youth as it 'gyres and gimbles in the wabe' (sorry, Lewis Carroll) and feel that the insistent beat is irresistible, the immediate reaction is that it must be immoral! Antiquity for you–! This attitude is irritating to the normal listener who sees it as evidence of cultural snobbery. True, perhaps, for I admit that Beethoven, Bach and Handel had a more sophisticated public than any contemporary musician today whether it is Donovan or Delius. John Lennon or Lennox Berkeley. Many interested listeners are deterred from investigating modern music as a spontaneous experience because they feel unable to cope with the technical details. Why brother? It is the end that should be considered and not the means-for ultimately it is experience that counts. Very often the melodic content is totally obscured by strangeness at first–the 'language of new sound has to be learned, consciously acquired. Those who are obsessed by its 'ugliness' object strenuously to the noise (is that all you can think of to object to?). But some of today's music is far quieter than the passionate compositions of Beethoven–or even of Elvis (The King?!) and his dated rock n'roll.

In defence of contemporary art, we can only recall that all art has been criticised in its time and that Beethoven was once accused of chaotic workmanship. People and music must change like everything else with the age and in 20 years time, we, with our trendy, with-it, (neat? smooth? what are the words anyway?) likings for acid rock and unhemmed threads (dig my wide vocab!) - will be as behind times as today's middle-aged and not-so-middle-aged man who thinks that grass is something that cows eat and that LSD stands for Licensed Sandwich Distributor ..... !

LALCHUMI RALTE
IInd Year Eng. Hons. M.C.C.

A Haunting Memory

It was somewhere round mid-day when I woke up to find myself in a cosy, comfortable bed with a nurse looking at me anxiously. I was startled to see that kind face with anxiousness stamped on it looking at me. Who is she? Where am I? What is that nurse doing here? What has happened to me? These questions came into my mind all at once and I had to close my eyes and relax a little before I could answer my own questions.

My head was aching badly and my leg seemed too stiff to be moved and it hurt badly when I tried to move it Oh God! What has happened to me? I wondered.

Then it all came back to me. I had been engaged in a friendly fight with my sisters in the bedroom of our flat on the 6th floor. I had been near the window, half seated on the window sill when my sister, in fun, made a gesture of pushing me down. I was not on my guard and thinking that she was really going to do it, I just moved back a little and then, before I could save myself, before my sister could do anything and before either of us realised what was happening I was lying on the lawn beneath the window. I had fallen down from the sixth floor and had lost consciousness!

I was rushed at once to the hospital where my parents learned that my leg had been broken and I had a concussion in the brain. They also learned that I could not be moved from the hospital for atleast a month. I remained unconscious for four days and it was, when I finally woke up that I found myself in that hospital with the nurse looking at me.

Seeing that I had regained consciousness, she gave a sigh of relief. Smiling. she asked me how I was feeling Having lost a lot of blood, I was too weak to answer her. I tried to smile back in reply. Very soon the doctor arrived and testing the rate of my pulse, instructed the nurse to give me something light to eat. And then, I lay thinking. How had I fallen? How did I feel when I was falling and as for how I felt after I had fallen, I could not remember.

A few days passed by and I gained some strength. Now was to come another trial. The Doctor entered the room with a pathetic smile on his face. He very kindly enquired how I felt and spoke some encouraging words to me. He seemed a little hesitant. Obviously some bad news was awaiting me. Hesitatingly, the doctor broke the news. Asking me to bear it bravely, he told me that I was to be crippled for life. I wanted to cry out, but the tears did not come

to my eyes. I lay still staring at the doctor, as though I had died with my eyes open. As I did not speak at all on hearing the news, the doctor waited for sometime and then left me to myself, thinking that, that would be the best way to let me digest the news.

About five years later, when I was asked about the fall which had crippled me for life, I shuddered to think of it. The memories rushed back to my mind. Memories of pain and agony, how it had hurt me when I had moved my leg, and my head which had ached so badly that I had felt like banging it against a wall. Oh God, how would it be if I had to go through it all over, again !

KAUSALYA SIVARAMAN,
Final Pol. Sc. Hons.

The Intellectual In A Developing Nation

Edward Shils was perhaps the first to focus on a new beast that had come to the fore in the human race – the intellectual. A number of studies have appeared regarding this strange being – some dealing with the impact of foreign education on him. More recently, after the collapse of parliamentary power in some nations, and the establishment of military regimes, the study of the intellectual in uniform has come into existence. In almost all these studies, the intellectual is attributed the role of a modernizer. the articulator of dissent and a formulator of new goals and purposes. Sometimes he is observed as a man tormented by his own sense of alienation – most of us are aware of Pandit Nehru's classic statement – stemming from the clash between two cultures to which he feels he belongs. And what of the intellectual's own views? He sees himself as performing the function of relating universally held human values to the concrete situation in which he is placed. In this respect he is concerned with the cultural and moral or normative expression, structure and meaning, purpose and direction.

Rather than utilize the sociological perspective, I will try to describe the present day intellectual as he is defined by his dilemmas, by examining his internal conflicts rather than his external pressures.

Despite all the changes in the political situations of many nations, the intellectual himself has never changed – mainly because the process of social transformation continues everywhere. He is faced with the same problems that Shils analyses, but the changes are in the perspective under which he looks at his dilemmas, in his sense of self awareness, and in his responses.

The first and foremost dilemma remains that of his relation to power. As long as he has a clear view of the future of the country, of the goals that have to be pursued and the methods of achieving them, he is inevitably fascinated by power as the unavoidable means to translate his ideas into reality. But unfortunately the slowness of change, the usual compromise that characterizes administrative responsibility and the need to cater to popular prejudices and preoccupations in order to firmly establish his power base in any political structure, do violence to his clarity of vision of the future and to the vigour and directness he finds essential in tackling any situation. These sordid conditions pose a threat to his integrity and creativity as an intellectual.

Then again, political and administrative ideas are concerned with order-and with 'orderly' change. While politicians and administrators are aware of the importance of the intellectual's contribution, they are suspicious of the 'freedom'

which he ardently supports. After the wave of post war nationalism and the independence of many nations, the intellectual's awareness of power, its function and its character have changed. He is aware of not only the need for a strong central Government capable of conducting the tasks of nation building and economic development against obstacles of tradition, ignorance and backwardness, but also recognizes the importance of establishing and developing countervailing forces within society to limit the abuses of power to ensure voluntary participation, initiative etc. Intellectuals have ranged themselves on both sides of the situation, but whatever their place, it is clear that a sufficiently large number should stay away from direct political involvement. This is essential if they are to form intellectual institutions and voluntary associations in order to secure a balance between state power and the power of society.

A new situation confronts the intellectual in a country that has newly acquired independence. He finds it difficult to break the reserve with which his own ideas are greeted. During the struggle for independence, the risks involved in defying a colonial ruler made the power role of the activist intellectual more broadly and naturally accepted. But now he has made the ironic discovery, in a new nation where deep communal cleavage and suspicions still exist, that the more convincing his disinterest in political power, the more his political power, the more his political ideas are taken seriously beyond the boundaries of his own solidarity group. He also finds himself in a paradoxical situation. If he wants to seek power for himself he can only gain his end by sacrificing – for the sake of gaining mass support – the very motivation that he needs to mobilize more widely in order to achieve his modernization goals, which is the reason why he became interested in power in the first place.

The inability of Nations to overcome economic stagnation despite all efforts point another role for the intellectual. The failure of the nation to achieve economic stability has prompted many people to fall back on the traditional structure of social organisations on the security of their community or tribe, thus trading the insecurity of a new orientation and the pursuit of new goals for the safety and emotional comfort of tradition. This regression furthers the vicious circle of underdevelopment. Only through their intellectuals can these communal groups squarely face the new problems of modern existence.

No less crucial is his task in establishing a continuous dialogue with his peers coming from other solidarity groups. In the absence of cross communal dialogue there is very little prospect of developing co-operation – the first step in overcoming stagnation. The intellectuals should form a strong and separate identity – one that can cut across the hard lines of division in society – without cutting their roots in communication with their own group. There is a definite need to develop

strong, national, transcommunal intellectual institutions. But this calls for personal communication between intellectuals. If the cross communal dialogues are reduced to polemics in newspaper editorials without any personal communication between intellectuals – it will be impossible to preserve some degree of civility in the resolution of serious political conflict.

As one who is by virtue of being an intellectual concerned with diverse possible courses of action and the formulation of alternative choices, the intellectual easily assumes the role of the articulator of dissent in his society. But how is dissent to be expressed in terms of a 'Loyal' national opposition? Countries that have acquired independence after a long and violent struggle, place a premium on loyalty, solidarity and disciplined conformity. The intellectual now has to take into account the social and political consequences of his action. He requires, apart from a cool head, a thorough understanding of his country's situation and general direction of developments. But for all his efforts he may misjudge the level of tolerance and still have to risk it.

The problem of whether to meet a threat to the basic freedom of a society frontally or indirectly – to bring changes by working outside the system or in it is greater in developing countries. The potential violence of emotions that characterises nation building, confronts him on all sides. He realises that many of his notions of modernization are doomed to remain lifeless thoughts unless connected with the deep seated sources of feeling, drive and purpose that lie embedded in new nations. A frontal attack would prove useless and leave him isolated. Therefore he would have to look at tradition with new respect, build a relationship with it and reinterpret traditional values in order to rearrange a new pattern.

It is now realised how culture bound is the notion that modernization automatically implies the western model. Soviet and Japanese progress have had a liberating effect on these narrow concepts. Equally important is the general collapse of faith in capitalism or communism. The magic of ideologies are lost to the intellect of the present day. He stands on his own feet and is not concerned with the psychological need for outside approval. Instead of fostering ideologies, he professes faith in the social sciences and what these could do for modernization.

To define the problems of their society in terms of their new sense of national purpose, to sharpen the vision of the kind of society they want theirs to transfom into, to relate emerging value-patterns to changing social realities, to illuminate the road ahead are some of the challenges to be faced, says Mr. Soedjatmoko.

The complexities of his relationship to power, reason and traditions, as well as to dissent, illustrate the magnitude of his task. In performing his function he will have to operate on the national level, in the communal framework as well as in the area of transcommunal relationship.

He has one more important function – to bring about a linkage with the rapidly changing outside world. A world that itself is in crisis – and that is bound to affect the fate of his country for better or worse. The capacity of his nation to understand the nature of the changes in the world, to evaluate properly the direction of its movement as is humanly possible, to plot a course that is in line with the interests of the people, that capacity is very much dependent on the quality of its intellectuals and the breadth of their vision.

This account inevitably raises the question as to whether I have exaggerated the role of the intellectual. It may be true to some extent – perhaps I have not been describing the role that he is playing but one that he should play – a description that defines the challenge than describes an actuality. Nevertheless, the challenge one must admit is ever present, and the intellectual is the best man to face and interpret it. He is up against tremendous risks – not first the penalties of jail or unemployment, but the humiliation of being considered irrelevant. His achievement so far might be small but it is not success or failure that is the measure of meaning of a man's life, and if this statement reminds us of the Bhagvad Gita, I can only say that the freedom that the intellect craves and needs he must fight for himself.

NIMMI OMAR.
II Year English Honours.

Tempo

This word is fascinatingly exotic. It reminds one of the throbbing drums of South Africa, of swaying bodies, pattering feet keeping time to lilting music issuing forth from " heavenly instruments". The word 'tempo' brings to mortal minds the graceful dancing, ethereal figures belonging to both the Orient and the Occident.

But alas! In the town of Jammu, through winding uphill roads, swaying and lilting dangerously, go happily the grotesque, blue painted 'Tempo'. They are you have guessed it.... a mode of transportation, a means of conveyance in this modern space age. Travelling at breakneck speed they hurtle down the roads, speedy enough to make the passengers' hearts land on the moon. These tempos with a carefree, three wheeled, two - headed lamp, advance rapidly towards an unsuspecting person and without regard to his inner tormented soul, miss him by millimeters and give him a very down-to-earth feeling, that makes him think he must be near accident prone.

It is not that alone. The seating capacity being only seven passengers, it is to over-flowing capacity that this Romantic (with a big R) object is filled. This results in the precarious balancing of this road-roaming vessel. It happens that many a time the balance is a wee bit unbalanced and then we see the horrifying spectacle of the Tempo hitting the kerb at full speed and thudding to a halt with a general confusion of the bewildered passengers uttering frantic cries.

This vehicle of commuting resembles more a martian space craft than an earthly object. The mouth is a little pointed with its beady, staring headlamps giving the impression that it is carrying out a staring contest with the other vehicles who dared to scurry about on the roads.

Being once told that this mechanical contraption has aquired the appealing name of 'Tempo', one can fully agree with the dictionary meaning defining 'Tempo' as the 'degree of movement', the only difference being detected is how much this 'degree' extends to.

After knowing the literature of the Tempo, one can easily shed the (mis) conception of hearing rythmic lingo and resign ourselves to the fact that this vessel sends forth an unattractive rattle and the impatient call of the driver is heard above it!

VEENA RAO,
II Year Pol. Sc. Hons.

Fiji and the Fijians

No one is sure when the indigenous people first arrived on these islands. It is historically believed that in 1642, Abel Tasman, a Dutch navigator sighted the islands without making any attempt to land – perhaps not suspecting that one day they will be the home of a great nation.

For many years since then, the islands were by-passed by other sailors because of the suspected hostility of the inhabitants. The dangerous reefs in the surrounding waters too did not offer much of a welcome.

However, in the late eighteenth century, sandalwood, an item in great demand those days was discovered in Fiji. The scramble for the precious wood which ensued, has left the islands bereft of sandalwood even to this day. The rush lasted till the early decades of the nineteenth century. None the less it brought the natives in contact with Europeans. Trade developed between the two communities. Sea foods and other native products were exchanged for canned foods, alcohol and guns. Thus the two evils of Western civilisation were conveyed to the inhabitants. Inevitably tribal wars began on a great scale. The Fijians acquired a taste for alcohol. People like notorious Charles Savage – a shipwreck who openly practised and professed polygamy catalysed further the rate of moral deterioration of the people. Fortunately the missionaries entered the scene at this time and helped to restore some of the damage done.

The old King Cakabau (pronounced Thakombav), tired of war and the moral decadence of his people, found solace in Christian teaching. He accepted Christianity. Later, the religion of the King became that of the people.

However, the frequent wars, mounting debts and loss of control over his own people forced the King to seek help from the western countries. The British came in at this point, and on October 10th, 1874, Fiji was ceded by King Cakabau to Queen Victoria, the Queen of Britain.

With the formation of a stable government, English merchants and planters took more interest in Fijii. Labourers were needed and the only solution to the problem was to turn to India. In the year 1879 the first batch of 400 men and women were shipped to Fiji. After that, the stream of Indian labourers continued. When the deteriorating conditions in which the labourers had to live in Fiji were publicised in India, the Indian Government was forced to put a stop to the so called "Identure System" in 1920. Thus the traffic of the Indians stopped but Indians



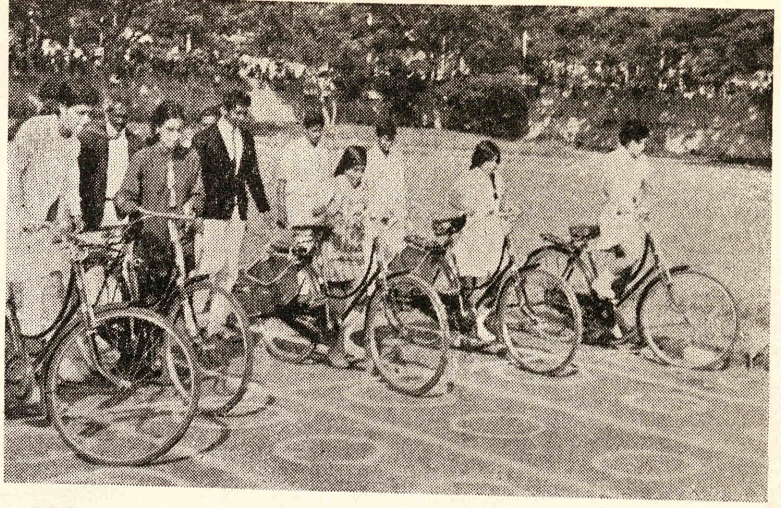
Air Vice Marshal V. Sri Hari
takes the Salute after the
March Past

Air Vice Marshal V. Sri Hari, Chief Guest is greeted on arrival by Sister Angel Mary, Principal and Sister M. Imelda, Vice Principal.

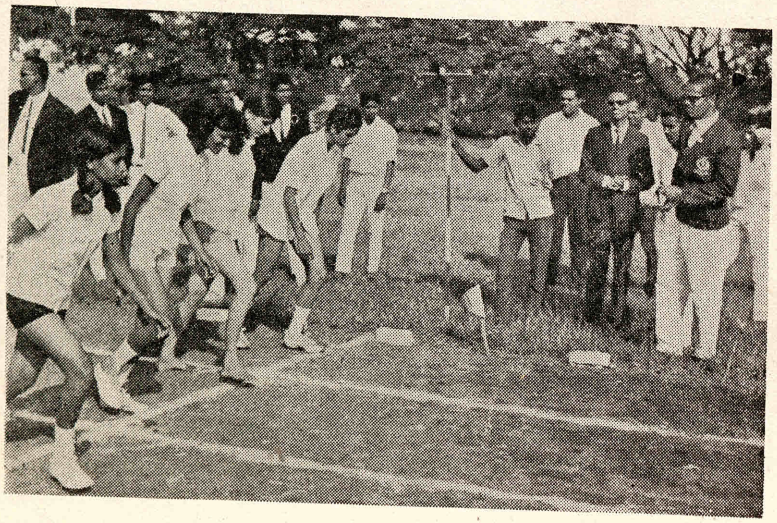




Nirmala Uthiah, the Sprint Queen easily secures the First Place in the 400 metres race



Cycle race in slow motion



Waiting anxiously for the whistle to start the 200 metres race



'Who buttons first'? say the Nursery School kids

continued to migrate to Fiji as free immigrants. Today they form more than half of the half million population.

Indians were not the only immigrants. The Chinese and the people from the nearby islands came, though in smaller numbers, to settle in the fertile Fiji. On such a firm foundation was built the multiracial society of Fiji.

The two major races mixed from the beginning without hesitation and to a great extent adopted each other's culture and traditions. Though English is the official language, Hindi and the native Fijian language, are spoken and understood by most people of Fiji.

Indians still maintain their religion in Fiji. Festivals like Diwali are celebrated with great gusto. Indian music in the form of folk songs, Indian film songs, and Indian films themselves are very popular.

In Fiji there are many fiestas of which the Hibiscus Festival is perhaps the best known and most popular, There is a whole week of cultural programmes by different races and groups of people. The festival is rounded off by choosing a Hibiscus Queen, an event which is the highlight of the week.

With so much harmony and fun, Fiji is, with justification often called a "paradise." The lovely. breezy palm strewn golden beaches, with the blue sea spreading from it to the horizon are breath-taking scenes.

Fiji falls right on the 180th meridian line. Hence when the world sleeps or moves drowsily towards the oncoming night, Fiji wakes up to be the first to greet the rising sun of the new day.

On October 10th, 1970 when Fiji became independent a different sort of day dawned. We look to the future with confidence and hope.

SUBHASHNI PRASAD,
I Year B.Sc. (C.B.Z.)

Asian Message to 'Star-Spangled Banner'

Give me your rags,
And I will wear them on my arms,
Saying to the passerby —
Give me not your pennies
Shining on a platter.
I do not want your sympathy,
Dripping in oil splendour.

If you will take in,
Let me teach you the Gospels of Love
Let me sway you,
To dream of purple hills
And yellow lilacs
Of arms that can envelop you in softness
Of eyes that can be as deep as truth.

If you will come,
I will take you to a land,
Lovelier than your shiny car.

SHOBA RAGHURAM,
II Year English Honours.

Flying Tour of Europe

September 24 - October 28, 1970

Part One : Rome

(Brief and " impressionistic ", rather than exact, for which unusual mode, the author begs the indulgence of the reader. There may possibly, be an error or two of detail).

The great event that started it for me was the Doctorate to be conferred at Rome, on Mother Teresa of Jesus, Spanish saint and mystic of the fifteenth century

We Travel Along Singing A Song

aged cannot have a home in their own homes, with the pace of modern life, its interests and needs However, the old people we saw everywhere, both men and women, were very peaceful and happy. The Sisters waited on them in a wholly dedicated way. I should not fail to mention in passing, that in this and other convents in Rome and Europe we met many Indian nuns from Kerala, who seemed very poised and happy and were receiving an excellent training in various forms of service to humanity. Some of them would return to India after their training.

The convent of St. Catherine of Siena is a picturesque, red-bricked one, as with buildings in many parts of Europe. It stands on a hill-side and commands a view of similar structures on surrounding elevations. The air was cool, bracing

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The great event that started it for me was the Doctorate to be conferred at Rome, on Mother Teresa of Jesus, Spanish saint and mystic of the fifteenth century (1515 – 1582). The declaration was to be made on September 27, in the great basilica of St. Peter, the heart of Rome, which city St. Teresa considered to be the heart of the Christian world.

My companion was Sister M. Bernardine of St. Teresa's Convent, Ernakulam, Kerala, the present Mother House of the Congregation of Teresian Carmelite Sisters.

We emplaned from Bombay, at about 1.30 a.m., on the 24th, reaching Rome at about 7.30. As the plane neared the coastline of Italy, we were asked to watch out for the island of Cyprus below us, and a view of Mount Vesuvius on our way to Rome. At Rome we were met by two priests who had been commissioned by their Superior, Very Rev. Father Gasseling, S. C. J., to drive us to the Convent arranged for our stay, St. Catherine of Siena, at Via Luigi Guanella. The Convent provides a home for the old and elderly. We noticed that this type of service widely prevails in Europe, unlike in our own country, where the chief service of the Sisters in general, is education. Homes for the aged are now, an imperative need in Europe. The reason seems to be a quite unnatural one, namely that the aged cannot have a home in their own homes, with the pace of modern life, its interests and needs However, the old people we saw everywhere, both men and women, were very peaceful and happy. The Sisters waited on them in a wholly dedicated way. I should not fail to mention in passing, that in this and other convents in Rome and Europe we met many Indian nuns from Kerala, who seemed very poised and happy and were receiving an excellent training in various forms of service to humanity. Some of them would return to India after their training.

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and curative, so that my sore tonsils, the result of vaccination and innoculation Previous to the journey, cleared at once! It was a relief and left me more energetic to face the physical challenges of the remaining days of our travel.

Transport is a big problem in Rome and Europe in general. With a meagre allowance of currency, one cannot indulge in a taxi, but has to choose between walking miles or using the " Firmata " (bus) service. You can get the Firmata easily but whether you will get to your destination depends on your agility and ability to keep standing in it ; the seats are few, the passengers very many and there is the real hazard of falling forward on your face as the firmata hurtles onwards, the impassive " conductor ?" sitting at his till. I heard a woman foreigner exclaiming laughingly " experience Roman "! The roads are rather narrow and winding too, in the outskirts of the city, so that unless we are very alert, a passing car could dash us down as we leave our gates. Cars and scooters pass swiftly, at the rate of 60 or 70 miles an hour and there are several hundreds on the road at any point of time, until late at night. They are small, many of them of the Fiat type and, we were told, very cheap. In England, cars, they say, have to be scrapped every three or four years, for the motorways at least ! Well, that speaks of affluency too, in Europe, Italy excepted.

To digress a little, my impressions of the Continent and England were, a substantially higher standard of living, great discipline and efficiency, hard work, very hospitable, friendly and helpful people, when services are asked — otherwise each minds his own business, as the saying goes — and very interested in our Country. It was a genuine, appreciative interest in us and in our culture. To say " we come from India " or, as we pompously framed it in French, brushing up (very badly) our school French " nous sommes deux Soeurs de l'Inde " was to arouse immediate interest and helpfulness. What did not appeal to us was the *tempo* of life. Everybody seemed to be in a hurry all the time, intent on the work of the day and, to all appearances, unoccupied with any other thought. We longed, at times, to be back in our Country, where, even if the day has been long, one can relax and live in the Spirit for the rest of the day, including the hours of sleep! I am not implying that it is the sleep of the just, but the sleep of real peace that " knits up the raveled sleave of care ". The calm and peace of the East are what the West really needs. They are still with us in some measure, thank God and may we never lose the " contemplative " attitudes !

Our days in Rome were spent in flying visits to places of pilgrimage. Among these were, St. Peter's Basilica and the Church of St. John Lateran or, the Church of the Holy Redeemer, where are preserved the most sacred relics, those of the Passion and Death of Christ. The Church was built by the Roman Emperor Constantine, whose mother St. Helena is venerated here. It enshrines the "Santa Scala"

or the steps of Pilate's palace, which Christ descended to take up His Cross: a nail of the Crucifixion and three prongs from His crown of thorns: three fragments of the Cross, fragments of the Pillar of Flagellation, of the Cave of Bethlehem and of theHoly Sepulchre: the tablet over the Cross, bearing the inscription " INRI ". Here too, is the index finger of St. Thomas which the celebrated " doubting " Apostle, was permitted to place in the side of the Redeemer, to prove His Resurrection — (the 19th Century of the death of this Apostle in India, will be celebrated in 1972, at Madras chiefly, the place of his martyrdom.) The heads of Sts. Peter and Paul are in a reliquary that is not exposed to the public. One sees only the pillar on which it stands. A beam of the cross of Dismas, the Good Thief forms the lintel of an entrance to the Chapel of the Holy Cross.

The superb Pieta of Michael Angelo in the Pauline Chapel of the Basilica of St. Peter, attracts the artistic and devout from all over the world. As for the Basilica itself, a Church built by Constantine, over what was believed to be the site of martyrdom of the great Apostle (64-68 A.D.) and re-built in later ages, it is for seeing rather than description and one prefers to stand silent in the immensity of its atmosphere, which is the greatest feature of it. Great architectural features too, there are—the arches, the dome, the high arms of the facade, on which stand, at equal intervals, statues of the great saints of Christianity, including founders of Religious Orders. On a colonnade in the square stands the inspiring statue of St. Teresa, " Mother of the Spiritual life ", by Bernini. In the interior of the Basilica, at the entrance, is a huge, bronze or iron statue of St. Peter, holding a large key. In the Crypt of the Basilica is an altar to St. Peter and here excavations began in recent years, as we know, to prove the place of his martyrdom.

The next morning, the 27th September, was wholly spent in the Basilica. Seats had been given us on the Spanish delegation stand, by the kindness of the Carmelite General, V. Rev. Father Michael Angelo, O.C.D. There were 13,000 pilgrims from Spain alone and perhaps about 20,000 persons made up the vast assembly. The interior of the Basilica was a glittering sight with its red-carpeted floors and grand-stands cordoned off; Swiss guards stood outside and there were functionaries within, to direct. On the dais in the centre, stood the Altar facing the people. Television perches gave the modern touch. The Spanish delegates kept coming in, attired in their picturesque national and provincial dress, each group carrying its banner, proudly displaying the name of the province – Segovia, Salamanca, Burgos, Avila, Madrid, or whatever it was. Lastly, arrived Prince Carlos, the heir designate to the Spanish throne and his charming Princess, who threw kisses to her people while approaching the stand!

The ceremony commenced at 9-30. There was a request earlier made, that by the special wish of His Holiness, the Pope, there should be no cheering or

applause while he entered. His entry was simple, on foot, beneath a canopy and followed by many Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy. The inevitable large group of boy acolytes. cherubic and so important, trooped in from one side. The Mass proceeded. There was an instruction given on St. Teresa and the decision of the Pope and Council that she deserved the eminent title of Doctor. This was followed by much applause but the peak of enthusiasm was reached when His Holiness, in a fairly long exposition of the Saint's remarkable contribution to the Church's teaching, declared her to be a Doctor of the Church. The applause was instantaneous, thunderous and continuous for several minutes. It was sheer human joy, praising God and praising His creature, who by cooperation with grace had reached a dazzling height of spiritual attainment.

At the end of the magnificent service, Pope Paul VI left the Basilica in the Seda Gestatoria, the Pontifical Chair of State. held aloft by red-uniformed gonfaloniers. His Holiness, smiling and relaxed. turned to bless on every side, the cheering crowds of pilgrims. A minute before the clock struck twelve, the audience window of the Papal apartments opened on the huge crowd in the square below and the Angelus (salutation to the Virgin Mary) was recited by His Holiness and the pilgrims. That was his adieu tous. The ever memorable day was over, except for a Thanks-giving Service in the evening organised at " Teresianum ", the Carmelite Institute attached to the Generalate or resident house of the General, which is the power-house of the whole Order. Unable to find seats in the nave of the Church we perched ourselves on a spiral stairway leading to the pulpit, which, we hope, escaped the camera men. We were told that we had been seen in live television that morning and so, we were taking a risk !

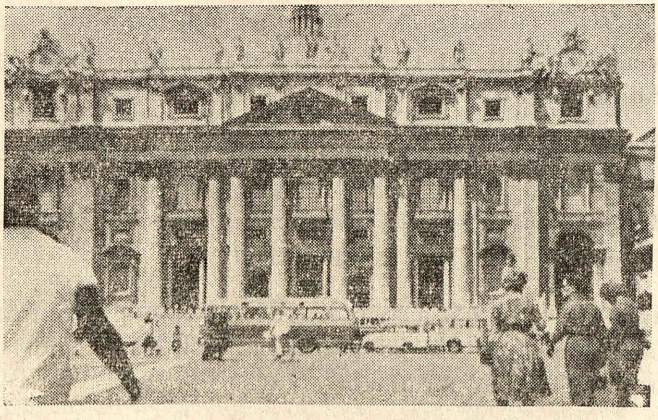
The Catacombs remained to be seen, the most famous being that of Pope and Martyr Callistus (early third century A.D.) which lay miles out of the City. It preserves very well, the atmosphere of the early ages of Christianity, when Christians were hunted down and put to death for their faith. The Catacombs were the burial places of Christians, which Roman law permitted but was intolerant of worship by Christians there. We saw the prone, marble figure of St Cecilia, weltering in her own blood from her half-severed neck ; we saw also, the tombs of several known martyrs, all of whom had remained true to their convictions, which is the main thing, as Robert Bolt brings out so well, in the life of St Thomas More " A Man For All Seasons ". Tolerance is the flower of human civilization and culture and the realisation of this is a hopeful feature of our times. Returning from the Catacomb of St. Callistus, we were directed to a small Chapel, on the floor of which was a stone bearing the words " Quo Vadis " (where goest thou ?"). It is believed that the stone marks the spot where Christ met St. Peter, when the Apostle in fear, was fleeing from the danger of capture and death by the

Roman Emperor Nero. Peter, reproached by the Master, returned to Rome. On the way to the Catacomb we had passed the vast, crumbling Colosseum or Amphitheatre, where Christians were thrown to wild beasts, for the amusement of the Roman populace.

On Monday, September 29, we left the Eternal City. After the not-too-gruelling checks at the Customs and Pass-port Offices of the Air-port, the payment of the " tax " and the inevitable delay of the flight, both of which latter features are adding weights to air travel, our plane took off for Spain. We were all eagerness to reach this virile, rugged land sanctified by the presence of St. Teresa, who is known throughout Spain by the simple appellation " la Santa" – " the Saint ".

SISTER M. ANTOINETTE
Teresian Carmelite

November, 1970



Front view of St. Peter's Basilica, Rome

Japan 1970 - Hello, Goodbye

Take off from Madras, 6th September, was smooth ; it passed in a dream. On board the plane, we set down to the enjoyment of the unfamiliar. The unknown, streaked with rainbow fascination, stretched ahead.

Underneath, the sea was upon us in a jewelled flash, and beside our windows, silence and sky seemed to stretch into a synthesis with eternity. It seemed strange, all at once, and hard to comprehend, that we were on our way to The Rising Sun Country.

Meanwhile we broached quiet with conversation. Many of us had never got to know each other, and now, somewhere over the south-east periphery of an earthly continent, we exchanged conversation with our companions.

We were over Thailand within two and a half hours of flight from Madras. Rice fields, clustered with the greenery of jade, magnificently rolled beneath us, revolutions of loveliness. And then, in a twist of the plane's nose, we were over Bangkok.

Our interim halt at Bangkok was uneventful — we stayed out on the tarmac beside our plane for half an hour before boarding the craft again. Destination now was Hongkong,

Enroute we flew over Cambodia and Vietnam. The maelstrom of gunfire and battle seemed strangely tranquil — from 50,000 feet in the sky, our planet seems almost virgin soil unturned. The cacophony of civilization is refined out of existence.

We flew across the South China Sea and then over the hills, and finally into Hongkong. Sunset pillowed the city in purple and red.

Never before had we seen so much of the twentieth century crowded into the brief span of a mere glimpse. Multi-storied buildings, the children of Lloyd Wrights and Le Corbusiers, seemed to present a reckless challenge to the sky. Somewhere, 25 miles distant, Red China lurked.

Kai-Tak airport, at first a concrete runway emerging out of the sea, proved amazingly complex and yet ordered. Chic, mini-skirted airport girls escorted us in buses to the glass-fronted terminal.

Later, we learned that we would be held up in Hongkong overnight.

Excitement throbbed a tempo as the bus that was taking us to the Hongkong Hyatt Hotel, where Air India had arranged for our stay, motored its way through technicolour streets, vivid with Chinese and Western flamboyance, spiced with a thousand and one flavours of enchantment.

Hongkong never sleeps at night. The street, children of the neon gods, populated with hotels, discotheques, and shopping arcades, beckon with a mystery that is eternal temptress. Modishly dressed Chinese youngsters, a la Carnaby Street, mini-skirted, maxiskirted, long-haired, throng the thoroughways around the clock. The spirit of Suzie Wong breathes everywhere.

Sampans crowded the sea at takeoff from Kai-tak airport the next morning – myriad atomic ants in a woodblock print sea.

Our jet flashed over Okinawa – shattered quicksilver and jade in the ocean. An hour and a half later Tokyo Bay rolled into vision, minutes after our plane touched down at Haneda International airport. We were in Japan at last.

We had lunch at Haneda, and then proceeded to the airport lounge to await departure for Osaka. It was at Haneda, over lunch, that we were exposed for the first time to the celebrated cult of Japanese friendliness. Very few Japanese speak English, and none among us could word in Japanese, but Friendship apparently, knows no barriers. The sari provides perpetual fascination to the Japanese, and we had hardly seated ourselves in the restaurant, than we were asked questions about India — " Indo " — and the sari. Many of us learned our first words of Japanese at that table – words like "thank you" – " Domo Arigato " and "Hallo"– " Konichiva ". It was wonderful.

We boarded the All Nippon Airways Boeing 727 for Osaka at about four o'clock that evening 45 minutes later we were at Osaka International Airport. Outside, our bus to Otsu, where we would be staying, waited.

Our drive to Otsu took us along a super expressway, beautifully planned, with traffic flyovers, and passing through many traffic tunnels, each electrically illuminated. Outside Osaka, well along the highway, we passed the Senri hills site where Japan at that time was hosting Expo 70. It seemed the sky had dissolved in light as an illuminated Expo 70 zipped by our windows.

We were at the Youth Hostel Centre in Otsu by 7.15 p m. Alighting from the bus, we were initiated into our first Japanese custom. We had to remove our footwear, and put on special rubber slippers provided us by the hostel. In Japan a guest or any person entering a house removes his shoes before entering, and wears slippers to walk indoors.

The room windows looked out upon Otsu and Lake Biws, the largest fresh water lake in Japan. Otsu, a small town is very Japanese in make-up ; the small winding streets and shops, the houses with grey tiled roofs, the roof edges slightly up-tilted, have a traditional Japanese flavour.

The next morning we set forth to see what we had come almost half way across the world to look upon. From the hostel, we walked down along a narrow footpath (that even crossed a stream at one place !) to the bus-stop. We headed for Otsu station, where we were scheduled to board a train that would take us to Ibaraki station, our destination being the Expo East Gate which is nearest to Ibaraki.

The trains were miraculously fast. They had automatically operated doors. Otsu was almost 40–50 kms. from Ibaraki but the time spent in travelling seemed very short.

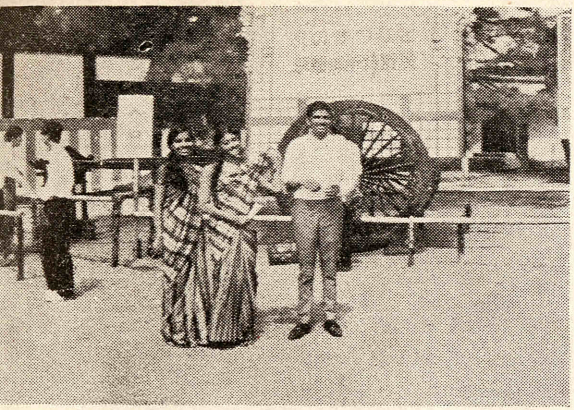
1970 has rightly been characterized as the Year of Japan. Inside the Expo, everything was a testimony to the spectacular enterprise of an eastern nation, and its people. It was almost as if we had entered a city of the future — the pavilions each endeavouring to outdo the other in a concept of futuristic architecture. We also had our glimpse of the Expo monorail.

We intended to visit the Indian pavilion first. Before we could get there, however, we were bombarded by hundreds of friendly Japanese, who, fascinated by the sari, asked us a million questions about where we came from, and wanted to have their photographs taken with us. Giggling school girls in navy blue and white asked us for autographs.

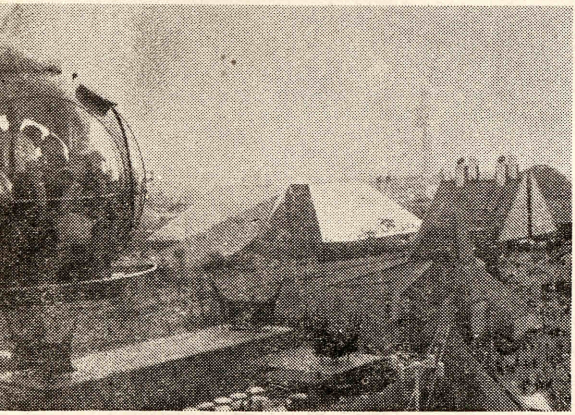
On our way to the pavilion we passed the Tower of the Sun — a huge monumental structure, almost totemistic in its ritual appearance. In the Plaza before the Tower, a band played Auld Lang Syne in haunting strains that blended strangely and yet beautifully with the atmosphere of dynamism that is everywhere present in the Expo. A hundred smartly dressed Japanese girls in red and cream, marched into the arena in preparation for the " Farewell Expo 70 " to be held five days later on September 13th.

The Indian pavilion, blending in its cascading waterfall and structure, the old and new in the Indian universe, was subdued, subtle, and intelligently conceived. Shehnai music piped gently through the pavilion, and India — bullock cart, colosssal sunset, and changing times — seemed once more at our feet. Ancient Indian art and sculpture, dancing gods and hungry mortals, similing

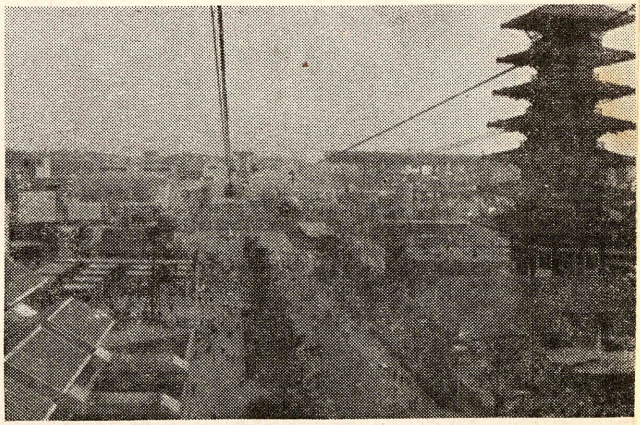
Our Delegates at Expo 70



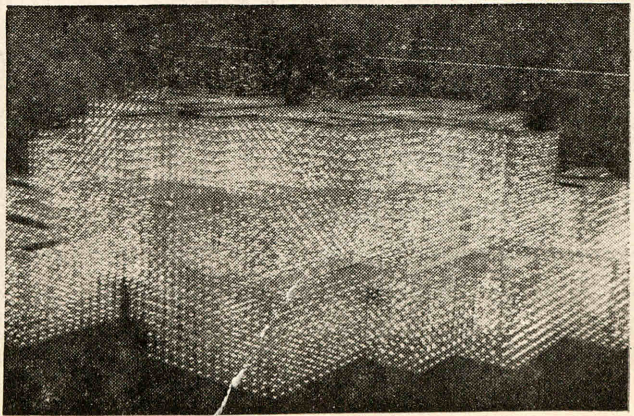
Miss Nirupama Menon and
Miss Jyoti Naidu (Ranger)
with a friend



Far Back — Canadian Pavilion
Middle — Portuguese Pavilion
Bottom Left — Malayasion Pavilion
Upper Left — Sky-ride Capsule

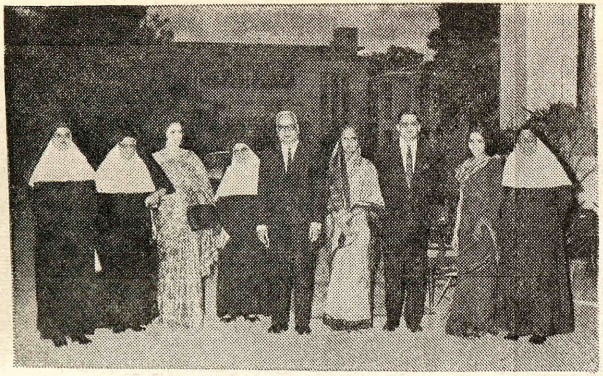


Right — Japanese Furukava Pavilion
Left Bottom — The Italian Pavilion

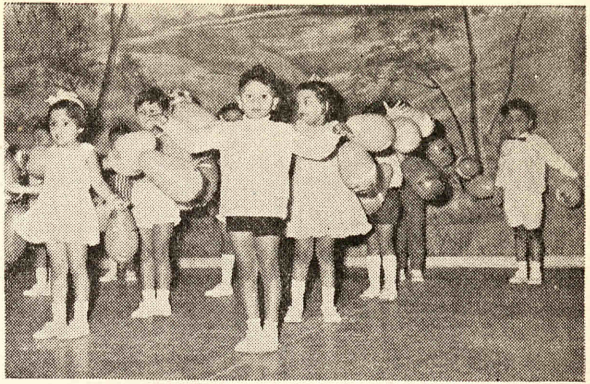


The Switzerland Pavilion
illuminated at night with
35,000 Lights.

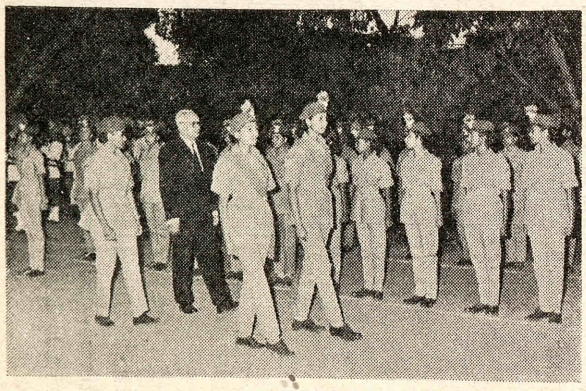
PARENTS' DAY
Celebrations



Mr. T. K. Tukol, Vice Chancellor, Bangalore University, Chief Guest, Mrs. Tukol, Mr. T. P. Issar, Registrar and Mrs. Issar, greeted on arrival by the College authorities



Balloon Drill by the Nursery Tots



Mr. T. K. Tukol, Vice Chancellor, inspects the College NCC unit that presented him with a Guard of Honour

A Scene from " Twelfth Night " Staged on Parents' Day —→



peasants and tribal belles, a lifelike replica of the Taj, India's progress into modernity, were all displayed and depicted. Indian hostesses, as ornamental as the exhibits themselves, resplendent in deep-coloured silks, stood by, answering a thousand questions put to them by Japanese visitors. Another attraction at our pavilion was Dilip, the White Tiger, specially imported from India for the occasion of the Exposition. Dilip, asleep in his cage, when we saw him, seemed felinely oblivious of all the admiration he received from visitors.

Next we walked down to the Canadian pavilion. In the court at the centre of the pavilion, a majestic water spectacle played the hours away, and a young Canadian pop group, sang its way into the hearts of a thousand spectators.

At the Portuguese pavilion, we savoured the aroma of antiquity — Vasco da Gama, Henry the Navigator, and the Age of Discovery, lived once again in the ancient maps, portraits and tapestries.

Our visit to the Japanese pavilion was memorable. Here, queueing up to enter the pavilion was a stream of people almost a mile long. And here too, we were introduced to that marvellous fabric of Japanese patience that sustains men, women and children throughout the process of moving up a long queue, stolidly bearing the murderous rays of a squint-eyed sun.

The Japanese contribution to the Exposition consisted of five pavilions in all. The first pavilion depicted the Dawn of Japan, its Cultural Evolution, Heritage, and its interchange of trade and civilization with other nations; and the second devoted itself to Japanese industry and living. The third showed "Nature in Japan and its Utilization". The theme of the fourth was Japanese science and technology, and the fifth concerned itself with Japan in the twenty-first century.

Entrance to the pavilion was on an escalator which carried us into the 'Genesis of Japanese culture". Metal pipes, symbolizing the ancient Japanese cedar, were blended with a symphony of cymbals and music that suggested the first dawning of the Light of Knowledge in Japan. Inside the pavilion, all was sweetness and light. We saw the panorama of Japanese history unfold before us. Priceless tapestries and silks, an ancient samurai's uniform, a little girl's collection of dolls hundreds of years ago, Buddhas smiling and impervious, a painting by Hokusai, a Bunraku puppet show (Bunraku along with Kabuki and Noh, is one of the traditional Japanese dramatic forms), and then the fertilization of East and West with the coming of Commodore Perry in 1854, were all displayed and described.

The other four pavilions, mainly devoted to Japan's spectacular advance in the past and present century, related the magnificent story of Japanese enterprise, Japan's inventive and adaptive capability. The Japanese credo of excellence and quality in industry and the utilization of natural and artiffcial resources, was everywhere evident.

In the final pavilion, we saw an 8-screen film 'Japan and the Japanese'. Each screen was 16 m. in height and 48 m. in width — together the 8-screen film projected the view of the ethereal Fujiyama in the passing of the year's four seasons. The total effect was beautiful !

The world famous Magic Lantern Theatre at the Czechoslovak pavilion, proved fascinating. As we entered. there flashed upon the theatre screen. a picture of an artist painting the portrait of a girl. Suddenly, in the magic of a moment, the girl ran out of the screen, and then, as if the panorama of the spell widened. the artist followed her across the stage and everything seemed to complete the fairy tale effect as the girl ran back into the picture, and a bewildered artist was left alone on the stage.

Our ride on the Rinetsu Kinebow Ropeway was equally memorable. The Ropeway fashioned in the manner of a cable car , took us on a magical mystery tour around the Expo. Seen from the great height at which the Ropeway took us, the Expo seemed a great splendour of dance, amusement and discovery.

The Soviet Pavilion, a tall structure in crimson, capped by a sickle, had on display the stupendous output of Russian culture and technology. We saw the richness of Russian art and culture, the violets and golds of Byzantine ikons, and Russia's ancient blood-splattered history. Exhibits ran the whole gamut from ancient to modern.

In more ways than one, the USSR pavilion was dedicated to Lenin, creator of the Soviet state, and Father of the Revolution. The tale of his charisma and great destiny was told in the photographs and paintings by Russian artists, and also in quotations from his personal manifesto of philosophy.

Soviet space technology and its achievements were also emphasised.

The British pavilion was soberly dignified. Particularly interesting at this pavilion, was the opportunity we had of hearing tape re-runs of famous voices — we heard Dylan Thomas, Richard Burton and finally a haunting rendition of Greensleeves.

We entered the U. S. Pavilion the hard way, sweltering 5 hours in a queue to see it. It was torturously hot, but the Japanese friendliness and charm made up for the discomfort. One particular lady, I remember, insisted on sheltering at least one of us under her umbrella all through the way.

The mood of Modern America — the sight of Young America — the voice of Black America, were all captured in the photographs displayed in the pavilion, There was also an exhibition of paintings, among them a Winslow Homer and an Andrew Wyeth. America and the American way of life were analysed in a very refreshing mode of depiction. The decor of a Quaker house seemed a picture out of the era of Miles Standish and the Mayflower. The display of American folk-art was beautiful — American Indian handicrafts were also shown.

At the the U. S. Pavilion we were also able to see the Apollo 8 spacecraft — the first manned spaceship to orbit the moon — authentic astronaut space-suits, and a fragment of moonrock. It was take off into the unforgettable.

Among the many other pavilions we saw, Italy and Greece were particularly interesting. The Greek pavilion, built like an ancient temple of Hellas, had on display historic and priceless sculpture, coins and mosaics. The Italian contribution was devoted both to ancient and modern Italy. Renaissance Italy was well depicted in bronze sculpture and the paintings of old masters. On display was also a gleaming low-slung Ferrari, car of tomorrow, serving to show that Italy while being the home of Caesars is also the creator of conquering cars.

Seeing the numerous pavilions was not our entire experience at the Expo. We met a thousand people, and at the restaurants and eating places we savoured Japanese food, met and talked with friendly Japanese restauranteurs and tried eating, often with comic results, with chopsticks! The experience of give and take amidst the pleasant air of friendship, was truly synonymous of the Expo symbol — " Progress and Harmony for all Mankind ". The Japanese character is all composed of quiet and gentleness — in many ways they were the best people we had ever met in a lifetime!

The next day, our delegation visited Kyoto — ancient flower garden of Japanese civilization and culture. In Kyoto, many moons ago, the star of Japan's greatness arose. The city is an ancient one, and here even today, traditional Japan lives — the spirit of the samurai still lurks in the castles and palaces. Here, we saw the Nijo castle garden — an ocean of quiet and tenderness, the Golden Pavilion, the temple of the Thousand Buddhas and the Heian shrine. The Golden Pavilion, constructed in the 12th century is surrounded by a superlatively beautiful

garden, with tranquil trees, and winding footpaths. Here, the sun is a fiery-footed trespasser, and peace is mirrored in the crystal pool of water crossed by a myriad stepping stones. That garden was the loveliest spot I have known.

At Kyoto, we had lunch at an authentic Japanese wooden inn, served by waitresses in kimonas. We sat on the floor, in a room with sliding screens, on straw-mats or tatami, and partook of a truly Japanese meal. We had a sip of saki, or rice wine, too.

At Kyoto the next day, we boarded the famed Bullet Express for Tokyo. Introduced in 1964, the Bullet is the fastest train in the world, travelling at about 200 kms. per hour, and covering the distance from Osaka to Tokyo in under four hours.

The Bullet stops for only 3 minutes at only two stations between Tokyo and Osaka. The stations are Kyoto and Nagoya. Passengers have to board and get their luggage on the train in these 3 minutes — it is fast work! We were led to that part of the platform where our compartment would come to a stop. This afforded easy boarding.

The ride on the Bullet had the quality of a dream. Inside the air-conditioned train, the doors were automatically manipulated, one could walk the entire length of the train if one wanted : which is exactly what some of us did. We enjoyed every minute of it, watching the landscape accelerate past us in a flash. The journey was perfect.

The bus from Tokyo central station took us over the heart of Tokyo, through the Marounouchi business district, nerve centre of the world's largest city, across a confusing number of highways, byways and flyovers. The flyovers were certainly fascinating — Tokyo is, in many ways, the meeting place of old and new. At these cross roads, the vision of the future takes shape.

We were lodged at the Olympic village, in the Yoyogi Youth Hostel. Built in 1964, for the Tokyo Olympics, the Youth Hostel is near the Olympic National Stadium and the Swimming Pool.

Soon after we arrived, a Japanese-Indian friend took us for a drive around Tokyo. From the car window we had a flashing glimpse of the 40 storey World Trade Centre, tallest building in Tokyo, the Tokyo Tower, tallest structure in the world, the Imperial Palace Garden, and the headquarters of the Japan Communist Party. The drive lasted exactly 40 minutes and were back at the Youth Hostel, hardly believing that we had seen a space age city in the space age time !

The Tokyo city trains and subways are stupendously fast and economical. Ginza, 22 kms. away from our Hostel could be reached by train in 15 minutes. Shinjuku station, two stops from Sangubashi (the station nearest our Hostel) is the largest in the world, handling 3 million people daily. The underground subways are clean, well-lighted, and most department stores have window displays underground.

Taxis with automatic doors, and multi-coloured department stores fascinated us. The Japanese have a proverb about the latter — " You can get everything except an atom bomb at a department store !" Each storey of a store was devoted to one type of goods — cosmetics, jewellery and perfumes on one, clothes on another, records, musical instruments which included electric organs, on the next, radio and transistor equipment, cameras on the one after, household goods on another, and food on the basement storey. False eyelashes were very much in evidence at the cosmetics department !

We were taken on two conducted tours during our stay at Tokyo. On the first we saw Great Tokyo alone. Among the places we visited were Tokyo Tower — a television tower completed in 1958, standing 333 metres tall, higher than the Parisian trademark Eiffel, and boasting a better construction. We took an elevator up the tower, to the observation platform, and watched the majesty of an unparagraphed and spectacular Tokyo, as it stretched below us. It was a clear day, except, of course, for the always prevalent smog, and it seemed to us that we could see forever — well, almost !

Tokyo Tower also boasts a wax museum a la Madame Tussaud ; many of us were startled out of our wits to see a lifelike, frowning Napoleon, bearing down upon us from an alcove. The wax effigy of the French-Corsican seemed amazingly lifelike !

We also saw two Buddhist and Shinto temples, and shopped in the famed Asakusa arcade, where it is said one can breathe in the sights and sounds of traditional Japan. Last, on our day's schedule we saw the Meiji Shrine and garden, dedicated to the memory of the Emperor Meiji, who led the Japanese exodus into modernity and progress. The garden, abounding in tree and shade, is an extremely well favoured spot with young people.

The next conducted tour took us outside Tokyo to Kamakura and Hakone. Kamakura, 30 miles outside Tokyo, is famed for its great Bronze Buddha, the second largest statue of its kind in Japan. The Kamakura Buddha built in the 13th century has weathered time placidly ; peace still rests upon its eternal features.

Like Hakone, 50 miles from Tokyo, affords a view of Mount Fuji on a clear day. We took the ferry across the Lake, saw the U. N. village from a distance (the village has different types of houses, each depicting a style of dwelling prevalent in a particular country), but could not see the Fujiyama as visibility was practically nil in slashing rain and wind.

At the Hostel, everyday, we met young Japanese people. The boys and girls were very eager to learn English from the Indians. They were very friendly, and often in our spare time, a big group of us would gather and sing some of the songs all of us knew — folk songs in English, like 500 Miles, and Where Have All the Flowers Gone, were popular repertoire. Many of us learned Japanese songs too.

We left Tokyo on 19th September. The night before we left, our delegation held a cultural programme of dance, song and drama. The show was well received by our Japanese audience.

We were sad at the thought of parting with a country, which in a short while, we had come to hold high in our affections. In the twelve days we had stayed in Japan, we had all acquired a wider understanding and tolerance, and most of all, we had strengthened the ties of friendship and personal contact between our two countries. Our experience amply justified the phrase which the Youth Hostels Association uses as its motto : " Wandering one gathers honey ".

Our two day stay at Hongkong was extremely busy. Hongkong is a world-famed shopper's Garden of Eden : the customer is tempted by goods from every corner of the world. We succumbed to the lure too !

We also took the Star Ferry from Kowloon (where we stayed) to Hongkong Island, where, in many quarters, Old China still exists. The world of Hongkong is unforgettable — the small alleys with frolicking children, carefree and dirty, washing hung out to dry on a precarious pole from the 14th storey of a skyscraper, the restautrant. Crossing back to Kowloon at night was unforgettable — Hongkong looked like a neon blaze out of a Hollywood movie — a million lights necklaced the throat of night.

And then it was all over, all too soon. We boarded the Air India Boeing once again and headed for home. Madras, 6 hours after Hongkong, seemed, strangely homely ; and touching down in a slight drizzle, we discovered it was good to be back.

That two week trip into the fantastic, had the quality of a never-to-come again uniqueness. We would never be the same again — everyone of us had been haped by this experience, our lives had been filtered and strengthened anew. We had been drained of all petty prejudices, and we had triumphed in securing a wider understanding of the world. We realised that all of us had explored what for us had been before untrekked, and that we had come back enriched by that adventure.

NIRUPAMA MENON.
(Former Student.)

A Traveller's Joys

Youth is a period of excitement and enthusiasm, and the prospect of setting out on a tour with companions of one's age group, is an opportunity that brings out all the pleasure that one can get from such an experience.

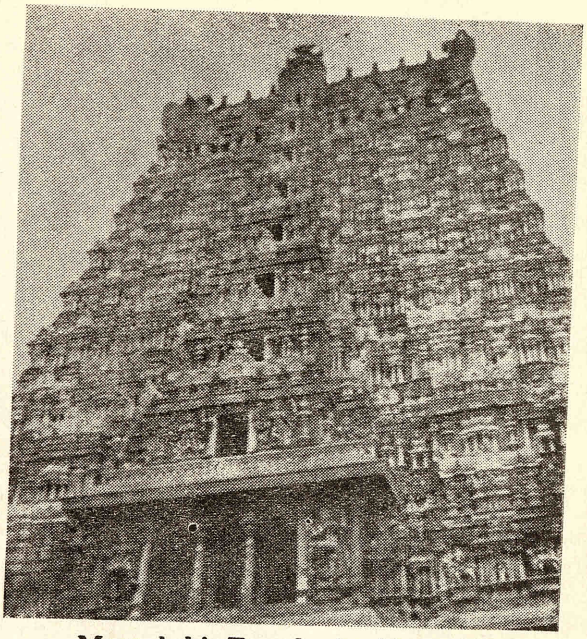
The 17th of October dawned bright and clear, although the previous day was wet and damp. With nature smiling on us, over fifty Mount Carmel College students boarded a " luxury " bus, at 7.00 a m. to make a tour to the South of the country and enjoy the attractions that that part of the country had to offer. With hearts beating with excitement and faces beaming with joy, we drove on amidst laughter and song, punctuated with eats and drinks till we arrived at Salem, where we made a brief halt. Here we were the guests of one of our College mates. After a sumptuous lunch we proceeded to the historic city of Madurai, and arrived at dead of night, at Fatima College, situated in the most picturesque setting. Early next morning we set out to visit the renowned Meenakshi temple. We were fascinated not by the aesthetic splendour of the temple, with its elaborate carving and tapering gopurams alone, but were also much impressed and moved to see thousands of devotees throng before the deities in worship. One could not but pause to reflect upon the simple faith and reverential attitude of the worshippers who were oblivious of the crowds of tourists that elbowed their way through the throng of pilgrims.

Our next stop was at Kanya Kumari, popularly known as Cape Comorin, the Southern extreme of the three cornered sub-continent. The heavy showers dampned our spirits and the sea being rather rough, we decided not to attempt a voyage to the Rock Memorial of Swami Vivekananda. We felt the alluring power of the large expanse of water, the confluence of the three seas and while speculating upon the natural beauty of the place, we remembered Swami Vivenkananda, the great patriot, prophet and teacher who had been inspired by the loveliness of that setting many years ago. The Gandhi Swarak is simple in structure and stands amidst the sands of Kanya Kumari. Enroute to Trivandrum, we halted at Sri Padmanabha Temple. At Trivandrum we visited the famous zoo, the acquarium and the beach.

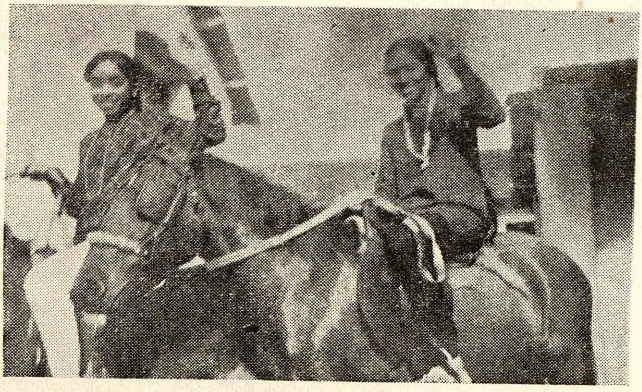
We proceeded next to Ernakulam, passing Alleppey and Cochin on the way. The Cochin harbour was an imposing sight and we spent a few happy hours at St. Teresa's Convent, which operates a large High School and College for women. Some of the places of interest we visited here were the Maharaja's palace, (?) Bolgotty Island, Willingdon Island, the Dutch Cemetry and the Jewish Synagogue



At Tatapuram, Kerala



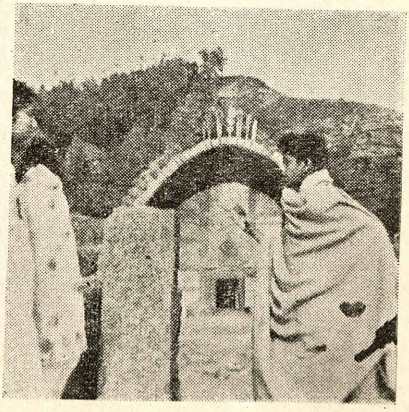
Meenakshi Temple in Madurai



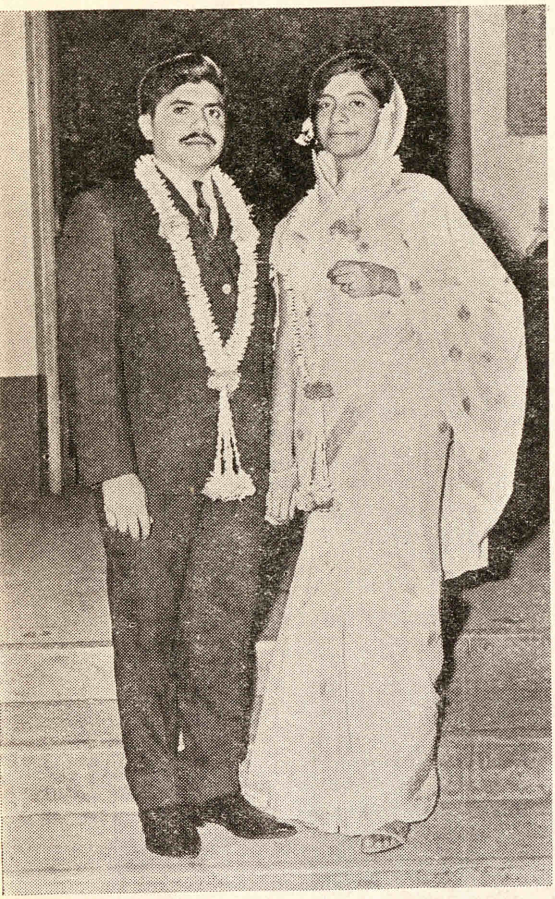
Pony Riding in Ootacamund



The Toda Tribes in Ooty



CONGRATULATIONS



Miss Dorothy Albuquerque (Class 1970)
now, Mrs Hugh Vas





Miss Vasanthi Menon (Class 1969)
now, Mrs Krishna Kutty

in Cochin. With heavy hearts we left Ernakulam on October 23. Next we proceeded to Trichur where we visited the Malapuzzha dam and the aquarium constructed in the form of a fish.

After spending a night at Coimbatore, we came to Coonoor, in the Niligiris, where we were enchanted by the scenic beauty. Sim's park was the chief attraction in Coonoor. Ooty, the summer resort of the wealthy and race goers welcomed us with its wealth of hills and flowers, although the trip to Ooty was rather dangerous with so many hair-pin bends. We found groves of eucalyptus trees of various species. Pony riding is a favourite pastime in this region. An interesting type of people, the Todas, a tribal people lived high up on the hills, in simple one-roomed houses. Today the Tamil Nadu Government has several development programmes for them.

As we followed the Ooty - Mysore road, skirting the lake, where we went boating, we saw the rising landscape to the left – the suburbs of Kandal. An enormous boulder, 13 feet high overlooked the valley. It had a commanding vantage point, where stood the Crucifix. The silent, lifeless, humiliated figure of Christ arrests the attention of the pilgrim and the tourist immediately. On the last night of our stay at the " Woodlands " hotel in Ooty we had a lively camp fire.

Our youthful exuberance gradually lost its potency, and we were eagerly looking forward to our return to Bangalore. After a few hours in Mysore, we returned on October 27, to Bangalore full of happy memories and interesting anecdotes to relate to our friends.

NAJMA WAHAB,
I B.Sc.

The Picnic

We wandered thro' the towns,
With caps and gaudy gowns,
Commenting at the passers-by,
Who seem to race at speed quite high :

'You're late for parade, ole boy,
Your tyres are flat, you goof',
'Dubs not allowed when police are about
Make it snappy old man and get down.'

By fluke the bus met us,
And what a scramble did we make !
The passengers aboard, were feeling out of sort
With such nit-wits all around.
They seemed dumb-struck and spell-bound.

At last the meadows greeted us,
As if to say, ' Welcome, and thro ' us delightfully pass,
We love to hear your songs so fine,
All dressed up in your gowns that shine,"
They led us then way down to a canyon,
Full of limestone that looked pure gold,
" Fetch some, fetch some, all be bold
The canyon's filled with Mckenna's gold ".

At once one whom we call 'Koli'
Displayed to us some rolly-polly,
With a friend she thundered down below,
A thud, a cry, they seemed beaten hollow.

Walking, singing, dancing, hopping,
Bullock-cart driving and water wading,
We passed the day in blissful ease.
No books, no pens, no don'ts, all do's,
We all go home to have a snooze.
Down in the town once more,
We dreamed of College and the tests that bore

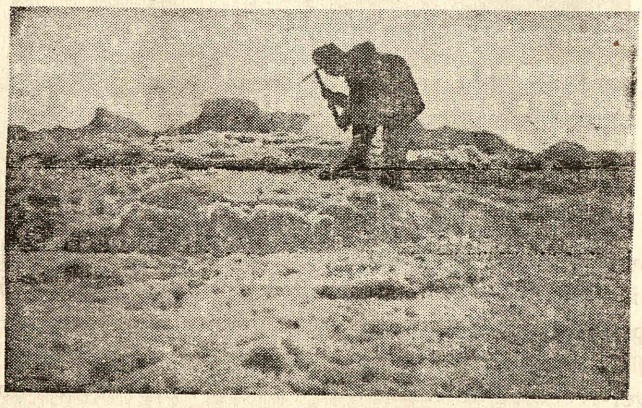
' All good things must have an end,
For life on earth would never blend '.
We parted then, all good friends,
Hoping to meet the next month end.

JUNE MURIEL,
II Year English Honours,
N. C. C. Cadet.

Mountaineering — an Experience

Unfolding the reminisences of the past, one feels young, zealous and full of vitality to trek the snow-covered, glistening mountain and leave far behind the fashion, vogue and trumpery of city life. The craving for being back in the mountains persists : " I will be back soon to drink deep the immense pleasure they offer." Being in the mountains, has made me realise their vastness and my smallness. The mountains inspire something divine and broaden the sphere of thinking. Their magnanimity and grandeur have made me aware of our insipidity and insignificance.

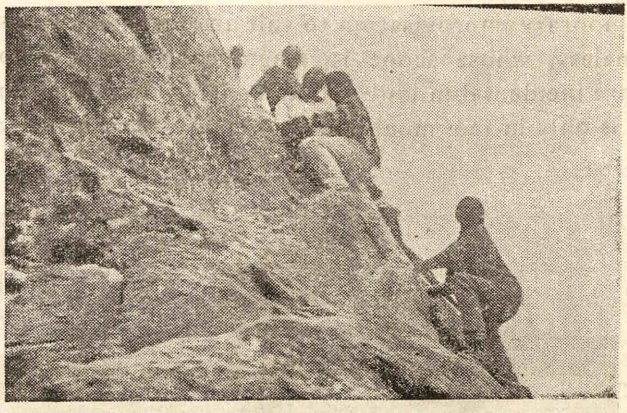
Atop the mountains, one is humbled by their vastness, power and grandeur and begins to appreciate nature, unburdening their minds of trivial thoughts and unimportant things. On a mountain top, a man feels himself to be no interloper on life's stage, no temporary improvisation to suit an obscure purpose, but an entity whose span is timeless, whose scope is magnificent, beyond conception, whose birth and death are incidental milestones on a splendid road without beginning and without end. It is only in the mountains that real tranquility and content can dawn upon man.



Mountain-climbing has always been a struggle between man and nature, but the struggle, nevertheless, is with a beloved opponent, a struggle with something greater than oneself, carried on with all respect and in all humility. It calls for great skill and involves physical exertion and only through striving and suffering shall one learn to realise himself, to gain an awareness. to enlarge his moral stature, to discover truth and joy. The mountains have a mysterious way of getting the best out of man. There is no other pursuit which brings about such complete physical, mental, emotional and spiritual integration, as mountaineering. It develops team-spirit, endurance, courage, tolerance and faith in oneself. The adventures in mountaineering have been unveiled even by Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great English writer: " He that mounts the precipices wonders how he came

thither, and doubts how he shall return. His walk is an adventure and his departure an escape. He has a kind of turbulent pleasure between fright and admiration".

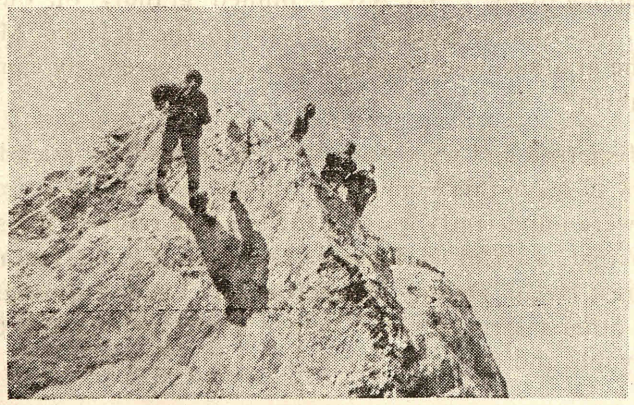
The Himalayan mountaineering Institute, Darjeeling, is housed on the western spur of the Birch Hill, about 6,800 ft. above sea level and has become an important centre for mountaineering and tourist attraction. It commands a magnificent, panoramic, picturesque view of the snow covered, massive Kangchenjunga (28,208 ft), the third highest peak in the world. It was erected with the help of the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research in 1954. The Institute conducts intensive and comprehensive, basic and advance courses so as to give an opportunity for trainees from all walks of life to develop their capacity and skill in mountain-climbing of all kinds.



Mountaineering is an open air activity requiring the very best of mental, moral and physical fitness. It also asks for self-reliance, self-confidence, an adventurous spirit, spirit to tackle obstacles, readiness to take risks, tremendous endurance, stamina, firmness, perseverance and above all determination. One has to toil and aim at an ever-receding objective with a strong will. A mountaineer is subjected to a very searching test ; the reserves of his courage and fortitude are called in and he has to resolve to attain triumph in the face of overwhelming odds. Even though he does not attain his objective, he learns to appreciate the virtue of sacrifice, the value of physical exertion, and above all, the spirit of comradeship. Difficulties may appear almost insurmountable, but they have to be tackled with patience, perseverance and determination.

Having been selected for the 73rd Basic Mountaineering Course we made headway for Darjeeling. We reached the " Queen of Hill Stations ", Darjeeling, on the 21st October, 1970 by the romantic toy train of the Hill Railway which we took from Siliguri. At the Institute we were joined by girls from other places. We were altogether thirty two in number The 47th Advance Course comprising

nine girls had also arrived. Our accommodation was good and we enjoyed our stay. The campus consists of a well stocked library, a wonderful museum and a lively zoological park which gives a fillip to its students. For the first six days we resided at the Institute and got acclimatized. We were given physical training in the mornings and during the day we went on progressive long marches, carrying heavy loads in ruck-sacks on our backs. Lectures were given on various aspects of mountaineering, high-altitude physiology and Glaciology. Talks on the history of mountaineering in the Himalayas as well as on general hygiene and first-aid were given so that we might put them into practice, while doing the course. We were then divided into eight groups, comprising four girls each. Each group was named after the traditional mountaineering gear,"A Rope" and it had an instructor at its head to teach, guide and take care of the trainees throughout the course. We were then issued all the mountaineering gear and were given instructions on the theory and practice of setting it up, handling and preserving it with care.



On the 27th of October, we went trekking all the way up to the top of "Tiger Hill" (8,500ft). Early next day, we were up to witness the majestic sunrise along with a number of tourists. This beautiful and magnificent sight captivated everyone present over there, but it did not last long. It hardly lasted a minute, and it was gone, imprinting its beauty on every onlooker's mind. We rested the next day and on the 29th of October we began our long trek to our base camp in western Sikkim, 60 miles from Darjeeling. On our way, for two days we halted to acclimatize ourselves at Yokesang and Bakkim. During the trek we camped at night at Peimyanchi, Bakkim Yokesang and Zongrilla. We pitched tents and stayed in them during the night. After nine days of trekking we reached on Nov. 6, an altitude of 15,000 ft, our base camp. Chaurikyan. It is a valley surrounded by glistening, snow-covered mountains all around it. On November 7, we had training in Rock Climbing and brushed up our knowledge of knots etc. On November 8, we went to the

Rathong Glacier. There we learned to walk on ice with crampons. While returning to the base camp we experienced six inches of heavy snowfall. The next day we proceeded to the same glacier and learned the art of step cutting on ice. On the 10th we cut a maximum number of single and double steps. The technique of rappelling was imparted to us the next day. We were taught the back, stomach, side and shoulder types of rappelling. on rock and on ice the following day. We scaled the "Vidan Chand Peak" (17,500ft) on November 13, enjoying and confronting boldly all the obstacles on our way.

We began our trek back to Darjeeling on the 15th and reached the Institute on the 20th. The next day was kit-return day and we all said good-bye to the gear that helped us all our way during the course. The same evening we enjoyed a "Bada Khana" given to us and entertained the guests later.

The following day marked the close of our course and we graduated with the Silver replica of the "Ice Axe" pinned grandly on our sky-blue jersey. The Chief Guest, Mr. Sunder Rajan, Secretary, to the Defence Ministry, presided and conducted the graduation ceremony. The whole ceremony came to an end with the National Anthem.

We soon dispersed and were busy wishing our dear friends goodbye. We were feeling sorry to leave this enchanting abode, but we had to turn back, for our anxious parents were impatiently waiting for our safe return. We soon bid adieu to our revered Principal, Lt. Col. N. Kumar, Director of Field Training, Shri Tenzing Norgay, the Everest Hero, Deputy Director of Field Training, Shri. Nawang Gambu, and all other instructors who helped us throughout our course and made our stay an enjoyable and memorable one.

"They have not only been near to us but also very dear, for they have always been part of our history and tradition, our thinking and our poetry, our worship and our devotion; they are in our blood and are part of our make-up..... , According to our mythology they are the abode of the gods. " They are. and will always remain, an endless source of inspiration to poets and artists, and a standing challenge to intrepid mountaineers and a soothing balm for nerves frayed by the stress and strain of present day life.

P. AMBUJAM,
Final B A. (Hons) Pol. Sc.
N. C. C. Cadet

Report of the six-weeks Refresher Course Sponsored by the Directorate of Extension, Government of India, New Delhi, and held at Mount Carmel College, Bangalore

Mount Carmel College, Bangalore was for the first time requested by the Directorate of Extension, Government of India, New Delhi, to organise and be host to a six-weeks refresher course for Mukhya Sevikas from South India. We took up the work on the 19th October, 1970 with an inaugural address by Dr. Arikeri, Director of Agriculture, Mysore. There were fourteen participants from Mysore Andhra, and Kerala. Miss Padmasini Asuri, the Regional Home Economist, Sister Liguori, Head of the Home Science Department, and Sister Josephette, Lecturer in Foods and Nutrition were mainly responsible for all their courses. Foods and Nutrition and Audio Visual Aids were the subjects handled by the above mentioned persons, who spared no effort to teach the participants all that was new in these fields.

There were lectures, and demonstrations by experts on subjects like Horticulture, Agriculture, Applied Nutrition, Balwadi Programmes, processing and preservation of foods.

The participants went to Mysore to attend classes at the C.F.T.R.I. for a week. Here they were taught various methods of rodent control, household pest control, and infestation control with minifume tablets, 'activated clay', and treatment of gunny bags. Then fumigation, and rat baiting methods were explained. While at Mysore they visited and had discussions with Welfare, Applied Nutrition and Block Development Officers.

A study tour was arranged for five days from 23-11-1970 to 27-11-1970 to Kudige, Kollegal and Mandya. Here Mahila, Mandal Child Welfare projects, Sericulture, and dairy farms were visited.

On 27-11-1970 the participants returned to Bangalore and after an evaluation session set up an exhibition to display their charts, and prepared diets for women of middle income groups doing moderate work, and weaning diets for children. In the centre of the display they did the basic five food groups with all the food stuffs, in rangoli. This was a very instructive exhibition which was well appreciated.

Rev. Father Volken, S. J., Director of the Indian Social Institute, Bangalore, brought the six weeks course to an end with an inspiring Valedictory address on 28-11-1970. The participants were relieved on the 29th of November 1970 to return to their centres in South India fully refreshed by their experience.

We at Mount Carmel College have tried to do our bit for Rural Development through this project. We hope that in the future we will be able to contribute to the making of a Better India.

SISTER LIGUORI
Hd. of the Home Science Dept.



Delegates who attended the six weeks Refresher Course in Applied Nutrition with Miss Padmasini Asuri, Regional Home Economist, Sister Angel Mary, Principal, Sister M. Liguori, Head of Home Science Department, and Sister M. Josephette, Lecturer in Foods and Nutrition



Winners of the Trophy after the First Inter Collegiate Debate at M.C.C. with Judges, Principal and Vice Principal.



MCC Students proudly receive the Trophy after the Debate

A. I. C. U. F. Regional Leadership Camp

The All India Catholic University Federation of the Karnatic Region held a five-day Regional Leadership camp at the Fatima Retreat House, Mangalore, from October 18 to October 23, 1970. Present at the camp were about sixty AICUF delegates from South Kanara, Mysore and Bangalore. The theme chosen for this camp was, " The Young see visions and the Old dream dreams ".

The Inaugural Session was held on the 18th evening at 5 p.m. at the Fatima Retreat House, venue of the camp. The camp was inaugurated by the hoisting of the National flag and the lighting of the symbolic deepam by Rev. Fr. Stan Vas, the Vice-Principal of St. Aloysius College, Mangalore and the Chief Guest of the evening. The National Anthem was sung.

A warm welcome and a brief introduction was given by the Regional Chaplain, Rev. Fr. Francis Martian. He stressed the need for active participation on the part of the delegates and impressed upon us a sense of seriousness and responsibility. A portion of the Gitanjali was read. A brief Inaugural Address was given by the Chief Guest, Fr. Vas who pointed out the dire necessity of organising similar leadership programmes. He expressed a keen interest in Youth movements like the AICUF and wished the AICUF and this camp all success. The address was followed by a brief prayer service and a hymn. The dedication prayer was said as the participants raised up their files as a symbol of dedication to the student community and India. The Inaugural Session was followed by a business meeting at which the camp elections were held. Patrick Colaco was unamimously elected camp-leader and Leola de Souza and Cletus D'Souza were elected camp secretaries. The appointment of responsibilities was made and the Steering Committee was formed. This session was followed by the celebration of Holy Mass at 7-30 p.m.

Each day began with flag-hoisting. A theme for the day was stressed through personal prayer and a striking song. Morning prayer followed immediately.

The talks by eloquent speakers each morning were followed by group-discussions and a General Session. The first day of the camp was confined to Personality Development. Inspiring talks were given by Rev. Fr. Frank Toner. A working paper was also dealt with during the workshop discussions. The themes for the following days were, " I as a Christian ", " I as an Indian ", "I as a Student" and " The AICUF and I". Enlightening talks on these fields were given by noted speakers and student leaders. These talks were followed by interesting discussions

on Religion, Politics, Student Responsibility, and the Mission and Challenge of the AICUF.

Holy Mass was celebrated each noon at which all the delegates participated actively. The liturgy was adapted suitably in order to make the Mass more meaningful and relevant. They were all Guitar Masses.

The afternoons were devoted to Group Dynamics and Leadership techniques. These sessions were beautifully conducted by specialists in the respective fields. The Leadership Techniques sessions comprised Speech training, Hat-debates, Organisational techniques, Intelligence tests etc. Each evening interesting sessions were held on Public-speaking, Youth problems of sex, religion, education, insecurity and an interesting item on the daily newspaper. The participants appreciated this session because it impressed on them the value of daily newspaper reading. These sessions also broadened our outlook on National and International issues.

Supper and camp evaluation each night was followed by an hour's entertainment which by far was the most delightful session of the day. Talent in the form of songs, dances, games, jokes, was brought to the surface by our youthful, eager, talented participants. The daily schedule terminated with a spontaneous night prayer and reflection.

The five-day leadership programme was brought to a close on the 23rd evening We were privileged to have in our midst Rev. Fr. Claude D'Souza, the National Chaplain, and Anand Nayak, National full-timer. A talk on " India needs you " was given by Fr. Claude D'Souza. The high-light of the camp was a grand Mass celebrated in the Indian style at which Hindi and Sanskrit hymns were sung, A commentary on the significance of the hymns and readings was made during Mass. It was indeed heart-warming to see the participants in traditional Indian costumes. Mass was followed by a solemn " Light " procession at which the delegates carried lighted deepams to the assembly hall while singing a song on " light ", called " This little guiding light ". The concluding ceremony was most impressive as the delegates assembled round the illuminated map of India. Camp impressions were made and certificates distributed by the National Chaplain. The hymn. " We Shall Overcome " was sung with great spirit and joy as the participants moved round in the map of India holding hands. After a scrumptuous dinner, the grand finale was the entertainment round the roaring camp-fire which proved that the camp was indeed a SMASHING SUCCESS ! ! !

LEOLA DE SOUZA,
AICUF President

F. S. A.

Perserverance and determination have brought about a new awakening in the activities of the F.S.A. The year 1970 has shown the enthusiasm, co-operation and goodwill of the Association members of the F.S.A. and well-wishers.

The F.S.A. meetings held during the year have borne fruit in that a benefit Film Show was conducted and the proceeds utilised to promote the interests of the College and offer monetary assistance to deserving students, particularly to children of former students. The Association has also been registered.

Mrs. Vasumathi Rao has been re-elected President, and Miss Lorna Raymond, Secretary-cum-Treasurer. Our new Vice-President is Miss N. Saraswathi of class 1957.

The F.S.A. contributed in a small way to the success of the dance recital given recently by Miss Padma Subrahmanyam, the famous dancer from Madras. The Association held a Speech contest, " Former Students versus Present Students. " The Present Students won the Rolling Shield.

Sister Angel Mary, our Patron and Sister Jesuine Marie, the Moderator of our Association, have always been willing to render any assistance we wanted.

Progress is slow, but steady.

LORNA RAYMOND,
Secretary

Student Government

The Student Government started, with great plans for the academic year 1970 – 1971, having held the elections at the close of the academic year 1969 – 1970. But when the College year started in June 1971. Miss Kausalya Sivaraman the President, found herself alone at the helm of affairs. Miss Sally Cherian, Vice-President, could not return from Singapore, due to some trouble with her passport. Miss Nirmala Uthiah, Secretary, involved in Sports and Athletics, resigned from the Secretaryship and Miss A. Shamala, Treasurer left the College. So Miss Kausalya Sivaraman was forced to elect new office bearers. So Miss Jyoti Naidu war elected Vice President, Miss Sarah Gonsalves, Secretary and Miss Vidya Dalwani, Treasurer. Before the Government could begin to function, the heat generated by the agitation over the selection of the delegates to Expo '70 sparked off a 'strike', which was followed by the closure of Colleges for six full weeks.

The Student Government has helped in conducting the extra-curricular activities of the College. A bold step was taken by the Student Government this year when it organised an inter-Collegiate debate for the first time in the history of the Institution. The organisation of it did credit to the Office bearers. Before the close of the academic year we also intend to have an Art Competition. We look forward to more co-operation from our fellow-students.

Secretary

In the Service of Love

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin". This is exactly what we, the members of the Social Service League, have realised during our work and visits to the various slums and in our contacts with the needy, the disabled, the blind and the maimed.

1970 was indeed a year of intense activity. The year started with the provision of clothes and money towards the marriage expenses of a poor girl in the Tannery Road slum area.

Four school boys and two College girls were supplied with books and fees to continue their studies for the current year 1970-1971.

Besides working in the Sheriff Gardens, we also adopted an indigent slum at Motinagar, near Hebbal. The population is composed of multi-lingual groups, who live harmoniously trying their best to improve their miserable lot. Water is their greatest need. We managed to contribute our own mite and begged from friends to set up a pumpset here in December 1970. This project will help them to a certain extent. As most of the people and children are under nourished, medical aid posed a serious problem. We bought some medicines and begged for more from various sources. These along with a thermometer, cotton, gauze, disinfectants and a First Aid Kit were installed in a small medical room, which for the present, constitute our dispensary. Two trained nurses have volunteered their services. We have contacted several doctors and hope to receive a favourable response from some of them. It is indeed rewarding to see how the people, who were once indifferent to us open to us when we come to them and tell us of their problems.

At the Sheriff Gardens, we did house visiting. Some of our members taught needle work to the women who were anxious to learn how to make their own garments. A few others taught Tamil to the little boys who were unable to attend school. Medicines, food, clothes and sweets were distributed to the children.

We took toys, sweets and clothes to the little ones at St. Michael's Home. The tots endeared themselves to us. We celebrated Independence Day at Bederhalli and conducted sports and games for the slum children, who thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Games were organised for women. Prizes were awarded to the lucky winners. Sweets were distributed to all. Rice, wheat, medicines, soap and clothes were distributed to the destitute, the maimed and the blind.

Our recreation groups are eagerly awaited by the dear folk at the Cheshire Home and the Home for the Aged. We entertain them with stories, music, song and dance. Some long for conversation and we sit by them listening to their sorrows and cheering them. During our Christmas visit this year we added a violin and harmonica recital, to our usual programme. Every one enjoyed this new feature. The old men at the " Home " were all excited. They could scarcely believe that girls could play these instruments so proficiently.

We look back with deep gratitude to the good God who enabled us to bring some relief and to cheer our less fortunate sisters and brothers. We hope to do more in the Service of Love, during the next academic year.

JUNE D'ROSARIO,
Secretary, S.S.L,



In ever affectionate remembrance

MISS H. SEETHALAKSHMI, M.A.
Tamil Lecturer

Miss H. Seethalakshmi, was born of highly respectable parents at Manappadam, a village of Palghat district, of the present Kerala State, on 16th May 1934. Her early education was at San Thome Convent School, Madras and Kamala Bai Girls' High School, Bangalore. She completed her High School education at Shri. Sharada Vidyalaya Ramakrishna Mission Girls' High School, Madras (1946-1950), and the Intermediate Course of Madras University at Nirmala College, Coimbatore (1950-1952). At Madras she completed the B.A. Hons., at Pachaiyappa's College and the M.A. degree course in 1956.

From 1955-1956 she did research under Dr. R. P. Sethu Pillai of Madras University on the topic "Dresses and Ornaments in India".

An alert and intelligent student, she secured several prizes during her College courses, for essay writing, oratorical and music contests. She was popularly known as the "Nightingale" of Pachaiyappa's College!

From 1956-1957 she worked as Tamil teacher in St. Raphael's High School, Madras.

In 1957 she was appointed to the Staff of Mount Carmel College, Bangalore, then under Mysore University. She remained here, a much appreciated member of the Staff until 1970, when she expired after a brief illness, on 23rd April, at 6-45 P.M. Though reduced to great physical weakness towards the end of her life, afflicted with diabetes as she was, she ever remained zestful, cheerful and hard-working, "putting life into others" literally. Her loyalty to the Institution was unquestioned as were her affection for and interest in her many students. The results in Tamil have been consistently good, proving that success seldom comes of itself but is preceded by the daily, hard grind of work.

May her dear soul rest in peace!

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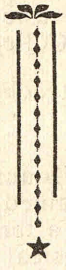
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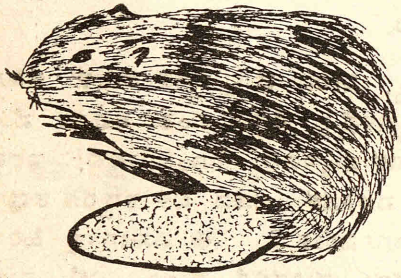
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'And They Spoke in Diverse Tongues'

ನೋಡಲು ಮುದ್ದಾದ, ಅಳಲನ್ನು ಹೋಲುವ, ಪುಟ್ಟ ಆಕಾರದ 'ಬೀವರ್' ಪ್ರಾಣಿ ಆದಿಯಿಂದಲೂ ಮಾನವನಿಗೆ ಸೋಜಿಗವಾಗಿಯೇ ಉಳಿದಿವೆ. ಅವುಗಳು ಕಟ್ಟುವ ಅಣೆಕಟ್ಟುಗಳು, ಅದರಿಂದ ನಿರ್ಮಿಸುವ ಜಲಾಶಯಗಳು ಇಂದಿಗೂ ಅಚ್ಚರಿಯ ಸಂಗತಿಗಳು.

ಅನೇಕ ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಹಿಂದೆ ಬ್ರಿಟನ್ ಬೀವರ್‌ಗಳ ವಾಸಸ್ಥಾನವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ಈಗ ಇವು ಅಮೆರಿಕದ ಸಂಯುಕ್ತ ಸಂಸ್ಥಾನಗಳಲ್ಲೂ, ಕೆನಡಾ ಮತ್ತು [illegible]

ಬೇಕಾದ ಕಚ್ಚಾವಸ್ತುಗಳನ್ನು ಸಾಗಿಸಲು ಉದ್ದವಾದ ನಾಲಿಗೆಗಳನ್ನು ತೋಡುತ್ತವೆ. ಇವು ತಮಗೆ ಅವಶ್ಯಕವಾದ ವಸ್ತುಗಳನ್ನು ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಚ್ಚಿಕೊಂಡೋ, ಎದೆಗೆ ಅವುಚಿಕೊಂಡೋ ಹೊತ್ತು ತರುತ್ತವೆ.

ಚಳಿಗಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಮೇಲಿನ ನೀರು ಮಂಜುಗಡ್ಡೆಯಾಗಿ ಹೆಪ್ಪುಕಟ್ಟಿದಾಗ ಒಳಗೆ ಈಜಾಡಲು ಅನುಕೂಲವಾಗಿರುವಂತೆ ಜಲಾಶಯಗಳನ್ನು ನಿರ್ಮಿಸಲು, ಸಣ್ಣ ಪುಟ್ಟ ಹಳ್ಳಗಳಿಗೆ ಅಡ್ಡಲಾಗಿ ಕೊಂಬೆಗಳು, ಮಣ್ಣು, ಕಲ್ಲು ಮುಂತಾದುವುಗಳನ್ನು ಹೊತ್ತುಹಾಕಿ ಅಣೆಕಟ್ಟು ಕಟ್ಟುತ್ತವೆ. ಈ ಕಾರ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಅನೇಕ ಬೀವರ್‌ಗಳು ಪಾಲ್ಗೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತವೆ. ಅಣೆಕಟ್ಟಿನ ಕಾರ್ಯ ಪೂರ್ಣವಾದನಂತರ ಅದರ ಸುತ್ತಮುತ್ತ ತಮ್ಮ ವಸತಿಗಳನ್ನು ನಿರ್ಮಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತವೆ. ಇವು ಕಟ್ಟುವ ಅಣೆಕಟ್ಟುಗಳು 3 ರಿಂದ 4 ಅಡಿಗಳಷ್ಟು ಎತ್ತರವಿದ್ದು ಸುಮಾರು

300 ಅಡಿಗಳಷ್ಟು ಉದ್ದವಾಗಿರುತ್ತವೆ. 'ಮೊನಾಟಾದ' 'ಜಫರ್ಸನ್' ನದಿಯ ಬಳಿ ಕಾಣುವ 2140 ಅಡಿ ಉದ್ದದ ಅಣೆಕಟ್ಟು ಇವುಗಳ ನಿರ್ಮಾಣದಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲಾ ಅತಿ ದೊಡ್ಡದು.

ಇವುಗಳ ವಸತಿ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಶಂಖಾಕೃತಿಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದು, ನೀರಿನ ಮಟ್ಟಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಆರೇಳು ಅಡಿಗಳ ಎತ್ತರದಲ್ಲಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಮಣ್ಣು, ಮರದ ಚೂರು, ಕಸದ ಕಡ್ಡಿಗಳನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಸೇರಿಸಿ ನಂತರ ಅವುಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ ನಯವಾಗಿ ಮಣ್ಣು ಮೆತ್ತಿ ಕಟ್ಟಿದ ಈ ವಸತಿ 15 ರಿಂದ 25 ಅಡಿಗಳ ವ್ಯಾಸವನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ ಆಹಾರವನ್ನು ಶೇಖರಿಸಿಡುವ ಉಗ್ರಾಣವೂ ಇರುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ವಸತಿಗಳು ದಡದ ಬಳಿ ಇದ್ದರೂ ಅವುಗಳ ಬಾಗಿಲು ನೀರಿನಲ್ಲಿರುತ್ತವೆ. ನೀರಿನಿಂದ ದಡಕ್ಕೆ ಸುರಂಗಮಾರ್ಗವಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ವಸತಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹಿರಿಯ ಬೀವರ್‌ಗಳು ತಾವು ನೆಲದಮೇಲೆ ಮಲಗುತ್ತವೆ. ಆದರೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಮರಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಹುಲ್ಲು, ಎಲೆ, ಮರದ ತೊಗಟೆಗಳಿಂದ ಮೃದುವಾದ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯನ್ನು ಸಿದ್ಧಪಡಿಸಿಕೊಡುತ್ತವೆ. ಮುಂದೆ ಮರಿಗಳು ದೊಡ್ಡದಾದ ನಂತರ ಆ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಗಳು ಅವುಗಳ ಆಹಾರವಾಗುತ್ತವೆ.

ಬೀವರ್ ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣ ಸಸ್ಯಾಹಾರಿ. ಎಲೆಗಳು, ಹುಲ್ಲು, ರಸವತ್ತಾದ ಕೊಂಬೆಗಳು, ತೊಗಟೆಗಳು ಇತ್ಯಾದಿ ಇವುಗಳ ಆಹಾರ. ಈ ಆಹಾರವನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮ ವಸತಿಗೆ ಸಾಗಿಸಿ ಅದು ನೀರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕೊಚ್ಚಿಹೋಗದಂತೆ ಅದರ ಮೇಲೆ ಕಲ್ಲುಗಳನ್ನು ಹೇರುತ್ತವೆ. ಈ ಸಂಗ್ರಹ ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ಚಳಿಗಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಪಾಡುತ್ತದೆ.

ಚಳಿಗಾಲ ಮುಗಿದು ಬೇಸಿಗೆ ಬಂದ ನಂತರ ಇವು ಮರಿಗಳನ್ನು ಹೊರಕುತ್ತವೆ. ಬೀವರ್ ಒಂದೇ ಬಾರಿಗೆ ಎಂಟು ಮರಿಗಳನ್ನು ಹಾಕಬಲ್ಲದು. ಈ ಮರಿಗಳಿಗೂ ಬೆಚ್ಚನೆಯ ತುಪ್ಪಳವಿರುತ್ತದೆ.

ಬೀವರ್ ಒಂಟಿ ಜೀವಿಗಳೂ ಹೌದು, ಸಂಘ ಜೀವಿಗಳೂ ಹೌದು. ಸಹಕಾರ ಭಾವ ಇವುಗಳ ಹುಟ್ಟುಗುಣ. ಅವುಗಳು ಕಟ್ಟುವ ದೊಡ್ಡ ದೊಡ್ಡ ಅಣೆಕಟ್ಟುಗಳು, ತೋಡುವ ನಾಲೆಗಳು ಅವುಗಳ ಸಹಕಾರ ನಡತೆಗೆ ನಿದರ್ಶನಗಳು. ಅನುಭವಿಗಳಾದ ಹಿರಿಯ ಬೀವರ್‌ಗಳ ನೇತೃತ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ಉಳಿದುವು ಸಹಕಾರ ನೀತಿಯಿಂದ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡುತ್ತವೆ. 'ಬೀವರ್‌ನಂತೆ ದುಡಿ' ಎಂಬ ಮಾತು ಅವುಗಳ ನಿರಂತರ ದುಡಿಮೆಯನ್ನು ಸೂಚಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಸಹಕಾರ, ಶಿಸ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಆಜ್ಞಾಪಾಲನೆಗಳ ಫಲವಾಗಿ ಅದ್ಭುತ ಇಂಜಿನಿಯರಿಂಗ್ ಯೋಜನೆಗಳನ್ನು ಸಾಧಿಸಿವೆ. ಈ ಎಲ್ಲ ಕಾರ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ನಿರ್ವಹಿಸುವುದು ಅವುಗಳ ಹುಟ್ಟುಗುಣವಾದರೂ ಅವು ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತ ಪ್ರಾಣಿಗಳೆನ್ನುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಶಯವಿಲ್ಲ.

ಇವುಗಳ ಈ ಎಲ್ಲ ಕೆಲಸಗಳಿಂದ ಮಾನವನಿಗೆ ಅಡಚಣೆಗಳುಂಟಾಗದೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಅದು ಎಣಿಕೆಗೆ ಸಿಲುಕುವಷ್ಟು ಆಗಾಧವಾದುದೇನೂ ಅಲ್ಲ. ಮಾನವನಿಂದ ಮಾತ್ರ ಈ ಪ್ರಾಣಿಗೆ ಅಪಾಯ ತಪ್ಪಿದ್ದಲ್ಲ. ಮಾನವನೇ ಇವರ ಮುಖ್ಯ ಶತ್ರು ಎನ್ನಬಹುದು. ಪ್ರತಿವರ್ಷ ಅಮೆರಿಕ ಮತ್ತು ಅಲಾಸ್ಕಗಳಲ್ಲಿ 1½ ಲಕ್ಷ ಬೀವರ್‌ಗಳನ್ನು ಕೊಲ್ಲುತ್ತಾರೆ; ಅವುಗಳ ಉಣ್ಣೆಗೆ ಗಿರಾಕಿ ಹೆಚ್ಚು. ಕರಡಿ, ತೋಳ, ಕಾಡುಬೆಕ್ಕುಗಳು ಇವುಗಳ ಇತರ ಶತ್ರುಗಳು. ಇಷ್ಟೆಲ್ಲಾ ಅಡಚಣೆಗಳಿದ್ದರೂ ಇವುಗಳ ಸಂತತಿ ಬೆಳೆಯುತ್ತಲೇ ಇದೆ.

ಬೀವರ್‌ಗಳ ಅಪಾರ ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಸತತ ಶ್ರಮದ ಫಲವಾಗಿ, ಕೇವಲ ಕಲ್ಲುನೆಲದಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿದ ಹಳ್ಳ ಕೊಳ್ಳಗಳಿರಬೇಕಾದಲ್ಲಿ ಈಗ ಲಕ್ಷಾಂತರ ಎಕರೆಗಳಷ್ಟು ಹುಲ್ಲುಗಾವಲುಗಳಿವೆ. ಇವುಗಳ ನಿರಂತರ ದುಡಿಮೆಯಿಂದ ವಿಸ್ತಾರವಾದ ಫಲವತ್ತಾದ ಭೂಮಿ ಮಾನವನ ಕರಗತವಾಗಿದೆ. ಮಾನವನ ಇಂದಿನ ಇಂಜಿನಿಯರಿಂಗ್ ಯೋಜನೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಈ ಪ್ರಾಣಿಗಳ ಕೌಶಲವೇ ಮೂಲವೆಂದರೆ ಅದು ಅತಿಶಯೋಕ್ತಿಯೇನಲ್ಲ.

RAJESWARI. B.S.
II Year B.Sc., (C.B.Z.)

ರ ಕ್ತಾ ಕ್ಷಿ
ಮತ್ತು
ಹ್ಯಾ ಮ್ಲೆ ಟ್

ಕೆಳದಿ ರಾಜ್ಯ ವೈಸೂರಿನೊಡನೆ ವಿಲೀನವಾದ ಸಂಗತಿಯನ್ನೇ ಕಥಾಸಾರವಾಗಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು, ವರಕವಿ ಕುವೆಂಪುರವರಿಂದ ರಚಿತವಾಗಿರುವ ದುರಂತನಾಟಕ 'ರಕ್ತಾಕ್ಷಿ'. ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ ಷೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರನ 'ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್' ನಾಟಕದ ಪ್ರಭಾವ ಬಹಳಷ್ಟುಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಕಂಡು ಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ಕಥಾವಸ್ತು ವಿನ್ಯಾಸದಲ್ಲಿ, ತಂತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ, ಪಾತ್ರ ರಚನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ, ಬೆಳವಣಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ, ಮುಕ್ತಾಯದಲ್ಲಿ 'ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್‌ಗೂ' 'ರಕ್ತಾಕ್ಷಿಗೂ' ಬಹಳ ಸಾಮ್ಯವಿದೆ. "ಇದು ಕನ್ನಡಕ್ಕೆ 'ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್' ಕಾವ್ಯ" ಎಂದು ಎ. ಆರ್. ಕೃಷ್ಣಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಿಗಳು ಹೇಳಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಆದರೆ ನಾಟಕದ ಮೊದಲು ಕಂಡುಬರುವ ಸಾಮ್ಯ ಅದು ಮುಂದುವರೆದಂತೆ ಕಂಡು ಬರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ನೆನಪಿಡಬೇಕು.

'ರಕ್ತಾಕ್ಷಿ' ನಾಟಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಪ್ರಣಯ ಪ್ರಕರಣ ಎಲ್ಲರ ಜೀವಕ್ಕೂ, ಬಿದನೂರು ಸಂಸ್ಥಾನಕ್ಕೂ ಮುಳುವಾಯಿತಾದರೆ, ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಪ್ರೇಮ ಪ್ರಸಂಗ ದುಷ್ಪರಿಣಾಮಕ್ಕೆ ದಾರಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಚೆಲುವಾಂಬೆ ನಿಂಬಯ್ಯರ ಪ್ರೇಮವು ದುಷ್ಟದಾರಿಯನ್ನನುಸರಿಸಿ, ಮೊದಲು ದೊರೆ ಬಸವಪ್ಪನಾಯಕರ ಕೊಲೆಯಿಂದ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾಗಿ ಕೊನೆಗೆ ದೇಶಕ್ಕೆ ದ್ರೋಹ ಬಗೆಯಿತಾದರೆ, ಬಸವಯ್ಯ ರುದ್ರಾಂಬೆಯರ ಪ್ರೇಮವು, ತುರುಣಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ಫೂರ್ತಿತುಂಬಿ ದುಷ್ಟಶಿಕ್ಷಣಕ್ಕೆ ದಾರಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. 'ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್' ನಾಟಕದಲ್ಲೂ ಎರಡು ಪ್ರೇಮ ಪ್ರಕರಣಗಳು ಚಿತ್ರಿತವಾಗಿವೆ. ಗರ್ಟ್ರೂಡ್ ಮತ್ತು ಕ್ಲಾಡಿಯಸ್‌ರ ಪ್ರಣಯವು ರಾಜ ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್‌ನ ಕೊಲೆಗೆ ಕಾರಣವಾಗಿದೆ. ರಾಜಕುಮಾರ ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್ ಮತ್ತು ಒಫಿಲಿಯಾರ ಪ್ರೇಮ ಅವಳ ಹುಚ್ಚಿಗೂ, ಆತ್ಮ ಹತ್ಯಕ್ಕೂ ಮೂಲವಾಗಿ ತತ್ಪರಿಣಾಮವಾಗಿ ಅತನ ಸಾವಿಗೂ ಕಾರಣವಾಗಿದೆ.

'ರಕ್ತಾಕ್ಷಿ' ನಾಟಕದ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭದ ದೃಶ್ಯ 'ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್' ನಾಟಕದ ಮೊದಲ ದೃಶ್ಯವನ್ನೇ ಹೋಲುತ್ತದೆ. ಕಾವಲುಗಾರರಿಗೆ ಮರಣ ಹೊಂದಿದ ರಾಜನ ಭೂತದರ್ಶನವಾಗಿ ಅವರು ರಾಜಕುಮಾರನ ಗೆಳೆಯನಿಗೆ ಅದನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸುವುದೇ ಇದರ ಅಂಶ. ಆದರೆ 'ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್' ನಾಟಕದಂತೆ ನಾಲ್ಕಾರು ಪಾತ್ರಗಳನ್ನು ತರದೆ, ಕೆಂಚಣ್ಣ ಮತ್ತು ಹೊನ್ನಯ್ಯ ಇವರಿಬ್ಬರಿಂದಲೇ ಈ ದೃಶ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕುವೆಂಪುರವರು ಪರಿಣಾಮಕಾರಿಯಾಗಿ ಚಿತ್ರಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ; ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಪಾತ್ರಗಳನ್ನು ತರದೆ ಸನ್ನಿವೇಶದ ಗಂಭೀರತೆಯನ್ನು ಜನರಿಗೆ ಅರಿವು ಮಾಡಿಕೊಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಯಾವ ಸುದ್ದಿ ರಹಸ್ಯವಾಗಿರಬೇಕೋ ಅದು ಇಬ್ಬರಿಗೇ ತಿಳಿದಿರುವುದು ಮೇಲು ಎಂಬಂತಿದೆ ಈ ದೃಶ್ಯರಚನೆಯ ತಂತ್ರ.

ಈ ಭೂತದರ್ಶನ ಪ್ರಕರಣದ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ವೈಶಿಷ್ಟ್ಯವೆಂದರೆ, ಕುವೆಂಪುರವರು ಭೂತದಿಂದ ರಂಗದ ಮೇಲೆ ಮಾತನಾಡಿಸುವ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನವನ್ನು ಕೈಬಿಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾರೆ. "ಅಲೌಕಿಕ ಶಕ್ತಿಯಾದ ಭೂತದಿಂದ ರಂಗದ ಮೇಲೆ ಮಾತನಾಡಿಸುವುದಕ್ಕಿಂತ, ಸೂಚ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಅದನ್ನು ತಂದು, ಉಳಿದ ವಿವರಗಳನ್ನು ಬಸವಯ್ಯನಿಂದ ನಿರೂಪಣಾತ್ಮಕವಾಗಿ ಹೇಳಿಸಿರುವುದೇ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಸೂಕ್ತವೆಂಬಂತೆ ತೋರುತ್ತದೆ. ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಇದಾದ ಮೇಲೆ ಒಂದೆರಡು ದೃಶ್ಯಗಳ ನಂತರ ಕಥನ ನಿರೂಪಣೆ ಬರುವುದು, ಸಹೃದಯರ ಕುತೂಹಲವನ್ನು ಕಾಯ್ದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದಲೂ ಪರಿಣಾಮಕಾರಿಯಾಗಿದೆ" ಎಂಬ ವಿಮರ್ಶಕರೊಬ್ಬರ ಮಾತು ಸತ್ಯ.

ಎರಡು ನಾಟಕಗಳ ಪಾತ್ರ ಸಂಬಂಧದಲ್ಲಿ ವ್ಯತ್ಯಾಸವಿದ್ದರೂ ಪಾತ್ರ ಸ್ವಭಾವದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೋಲಿಕೆ ಇದೆ. ಗರ್ಟ್ರೂಡ್ ರಾಜಕುವರ ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್‌ನ ಸ್ವಂತ ತಾಯಿ ಮತ್ತು ಕ್ಲಾಡಿಯಸ್ ಸ್ವಂತ ಚಿಕ್ಕಪ್ಪ. ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಚೆಲುವಾಂಬೆ ಬಸವಯ್ಯನ ಮಲತಾಯಿ, ನಿಂಬಯ್ಯ ಸೇನಾಧಿಪತಿ ಮಾತ್ರ. ಸ್ವಪ್ನಮುದ್ರಿತಜೀವಿ ಬಸವಯ್ಯನ ಸ್ವಭಾವದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಂಡುಬರುವ ಕೆಲವು ಅಂಶಗಳು ಹಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್‌ನ ಪಾತ್ರದಿಂದ ಪ್ರೇರಿತವಾಗಿರುವಂತಿದೆ. ಅವರಿಬ್ಬರ ಮಾತಿನಲ್ಲೂ ನಾವು ಸಾಮ್ಯವನ್ನು ಗುರುತಿಸಬಹುದು.

> "But two months dead, nay, not so much, not two,
> .....within a month,
> Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
> Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
> She married"

ಎಂಬ ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್‌ನ ಮಾತು ಬಸವಯ್ಯನ ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿ:

> "ನೀವು ತೀರಿಕೊಂಡಿನ್ನೂ ವಾರಗಳು ಕೂಡ
> ಕಳೆದಿಲ್ಲ. ನಿನ್ನ ಮಸಣದ ಮೇಲೆ ಹೊಸ ಹಸುರು
> ಕೂಡ ಹಬ್ಬಿರಲಾರದಿದೆ; ಅತ್ತವರ ಕೆನ್ನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ
> ಕಣ್ಣೀರು ಬತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ. ಆಗಲೇ ಚಕ್ಕಂದ
> ದಿಂದಿಹಳು ಆ ದುರುಳ ನಿಂಬಯ್ಯನೊಡಗೂಡಿ" ಎಂದಾಗಿದೆ.

"Frailty, thy name is woman" ಎಂಬುದು ಎಷ್ಟು ಅರ್ಥಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿ ಬಂದಿದೆ:– "ಚಂಚಲತೆ, ನಿನ್ನ ಹೆಸರೇ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯಲ್ತೇ?" ಈ ಎರಡು ಪಾತ್ರಗಳಲ್ಲಿರುವ ವ್ಯತ್ಯಾಸವೆಂದರೆ, ಬಸವಯ್ಯ ನಾಟಕದ ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲೇ ತನ್ನ ಅಂತ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕಾಣುತ್ತಾನೆ, ಆದರೆ ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್ ನಾಟಕದ ಕೊನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾಯುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್‌ನ ದುರಂತಕ್ಕೆ ಅವನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ನಿರಂತರ ಅನಿಶ್ಚಯತೆ ಮತ್ತು ಅನಿರ್ಧಾರಗಳೇ ಕಾರಣವಾದರೆ ಬಸವಯ್ಯನ ದುರಂತದಲ್ಲಿ ದುಷ್ಟಶಕ್ತಿಗಳ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ವಿಧಿಯ ಕೈವಾಡವೂ ಇದೆ.

ಉಳಿದ ಪಾತ್ರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, 'ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್‌ನ' ಕ್ಲಾಡಿಯಸ್‌ನನ್ನು ನಿಂಬಯ್ಯನೂ, ಗರ್ಟ್ರೂಡ್‌ಳನ್ನು ಚೆಲುವಾಂಬೆಯೂ ಬಹಳ ಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಹೋಲುತ್ತಾರೆ. 'ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್' ನಲ್ಲಿ ಬರುವ ಮಂತ್ರಿ ಪಲೋನಿಯಸ್‌ನಿಗೂ 'ರಕ್ತಾಕ್ಷಿಯ' ಲಿಂಗಣ್ಣ ಮಂತ್ರಿಗೂ ಬಹಳ ವ್ಯತ್ಯಾಸ. ಕಪಟನೇ ಮೂರ್ತಿವೆತ್ತಂತಿಹ ಪಾತ್ರ ಪಲೋನಿಯಸ್ ದಾದರೆ, ನ್ಯಾಯನಿಷ್ಠೆಯೇ ಮೂರ್ತಿವೆತ್ತಂತಿಹುದು ಲಿಂಗಣ್ಣಮಂತ್ರಿಯ ಪಾತ್ರ. ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್‌ನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತ ಹೊರೇಷಿಯೋನ ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬದಂತೆಯೇ ರಚಿತವಾಗಿದೆ ಬಸವಯ್ಯನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತ ಹೊನ್ನಯ್ಯನ ಪಾತ್ರ.

ಮುಖ್ಯಪಾತ್ರ ರಕ್ತಾಕ್ಷಿ. ಬಸವಯ್ಯನ ಪ್ರೇಯಸಿ ರುದ್ರಾಂಬೆಗೆ ಸರಿಹೊಂದುವ ಪಾತ್ರ ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್‌ನ ಪ್ರೇಯಸಿ ಒಫಿಲಿಯಾ; ಆದರೆ ಅಂತಃಸತ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ಇಬ್ಬರಿಗೂ ಬಹು ವ್ಯತ್ಯಾಸ. ಆಂಗ್ಲ ವಿಮರ್ಶಕ ರಸ್ಕಿನ್ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾನೆ, "..... among all the principle figures in Shakespear's plays, there is only one weak woman — Ophelia" ಆದರೆ 'ರಕ್ತಾಕ್ಷಿಯ' ರುದ್ರಾಂಬೆಯದು ಕೆಚ್ಚೆದೆಯ, ವೀರ ರಮಣಿಯ ಪಾತ್ರ. ಪ್ರಿಯನ ಅಣತಿಯಂತೆ ದುಷ್ಟಶಿಕ್ಷಣಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಸೆರಗುಕಟ್ಟಿ ಎಲ್ಲ ಕಷ್ಟಗಳಿಗೂ ಎದೆಯೊಡ್ಡಿನಿಂತ ಧೀರರಮಣಿ ಅವಳು. ಪ್ರಿಯನ ಅಗಲಿಕೆಯಿಂದ, ತಂದೆಯ ಸಾವಿನಿಂದ

ಹುಚ್ಚಿಯಾಗಿ ಆತ್ಮಹತ್ಯೆ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡ ಒಫಿಲಿಯಾಗೂ, ಪ್ರಿಯನ ಸಾವಿನಿಂದ, ತಂದೆಯ ಬಂಧನದಿಂದ ರೊಚ್ಚಿಗೆದ್ದು ರಕ್ತಾಕ್ಷಿಯಾಗುವ ರುದ್ರಾಂಬೆಗೂ ಅಜಗಜಾಂತರ.

ನಾಟಕದ ತಂತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಷೇಕ್ಸ್‌ಪಿಯರನ "ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್" ನಾಟಕ ಪೂರ್ಣ "ಮನಃಶ್ಯಾಸ್ತ್ರ" ವನ್ನವಲಂಬಿಸಿದೆ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಬಹುದು. ಕುವೆಂಪುರವರು ಮಾನಸಿಕ ಹೋರಾಟವನ್ನು ಆದಷ್ಟು ಕಡಿಮೆ ಬಳಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್ ಬಳಸುವ 'ನಾಟಕದೊಳಗಿನ ನಾಟಕದ' ತಂತ್ರ 'ರಕ್ತಾಕ್ಷಿ' ಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಬರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. "ಮನಃಶ್ಯಾಸ್ತ್ರ" ವಿನ್ನೂ ಇದೀಗ ಕಣ್ಣು ಬಿಡುತ್ತಿರುವ ನಮ್ಮ ನಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ, ಅದರ ಬಳಕೆ ಅಷ್ಟೇನೂ ಪರಿಣಾಮಕಾರಿಯಾಗಿ ಕಂಡಿರಲಾರದು.

ಹ್ಯಾಮ್ಲೆಟ್‌ನ ತರ್ಕ ಭೂತದ ಮಾತಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಮತ್ತು ತನ್ನ ತಾಯಿಯ ಮೇಲೆ ತನ್ನ ನಾಟಕ ಬೀರಿದ ಪ್ರಭಾವದ ಮೇಲೆ ನಿಂತಿದೆ. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಬಲವಾದ ಬುನಾದಿಯಿಲ್ಲ ಕುವೆಂಪುರವರು ರಾಜನ ಕೊಲೆ ಮಾಡಿದ ತಿಮ್ಮಜಟ್ಟಿಯನ್ನೇ ನಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದೆ ತಂದು ನಾಟಕಕ್ಕೆ ಬಲವಾದ ತಳಪಾಯ ಹಾಕಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

'ರಕ್ತಾಕ್ಷಿ' ನಾಟಕದ ಕೆಲವು ಅಂಶಗಳು ಭಾರತೀಯ ಹಿನ್ನೆಲೆಯನ್ನೊಳಗೊಂಡಿದೆ. ಹೈದರಾಲಿಯ ಗೂಢಚಾರನಾದ ರಾಮರಾಯ ಸನ್ಯಾಸಿಯ ವೇಷಧರಿಸಿ ಜನರ ಮೂಢನಂಬಿಕೆಯನ್ನೇ ಆಧಾರವಾಗಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು ಸುದ್ದಿ ಸಂಗ್ರಹಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಹೊನ್ನಯ್ಯನ ಬಾಯಿಂದ ಹೊರಹೊಮ್ಮುವ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮಾತೂ ಭಾರತೀಯ ತತ್ವವನ್ನು ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. "ತುದಿಗೆಲ್ಲ ಸೊಗವಹುದು! ನೂರು ಜನ್ಮದ ಬೇವು, ನೂರು ಜನ್ಮಕೆ ಬೆಲ್ಲ."

ಹೀಗೆ ಎರಡು ನಾಟಕಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೋಲಿಕೆಯಿದ್ದರೂ, 'ರಕ್ತಾಕ್ಷಿ' ಒಂದು ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರವಾದ ನಾಟಕ. ಭಾರತೀಯ ಹಿನ್ನೆಲೆಗೆ ಸರಿಹೊಂದುವಂತೆ ರಚಿತವಾಗಿರುವ ಒಂದು ದುರಂತನಾಟಕ. ಕನ್ನಡಿಗರಾದ ನಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದೆ, ಹಿಂದೆ ನಡೆದಿರಬಹುದಾದ ಒಂದು ದುರ್ಘಟನೆಯ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆಯನ್ನೇ ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿ ತೆರೆದಿಡುವಂತೆ ರಚಿತವಾಗಿರುವ ಒಂದು ಕೃತಿರತ್ನ.

PARVATHI B.
III Hons. (Eng.)

ಕೈಲಾಸಂ ಕಂಡ ಕೀಚಕ

ಕೀಚಕನ ಪಾತ್ರ ಮಹತ್ವಪೂರ್ಣವಾದುದಾದರೂ ಆ ಹೆಸರಿನ ಹಿಂದೆ ಒಂದು ದುಷ್ಟಪ್ರವೃತ್ತಿಯ ಪೈಶಾಚಿಕತೆಯನ್ನು ವರ್ಣಿಸುತ್ತದೆ, ಮಹಾಭಾರತ. ತನ್ನ ಭಾವನಾದ ವಿರಾಟನಲ್ಲಿ ಪಾಂಡವರು ಅಜ್ಞಾತವಾಸ ಕಳೆಯಲು ಬಂದಾಗ ಅನೀತಿ, ಅಧರ್ಮ, ಅಸಂಯಮದಿಂದ ದ್ರೌಪದಿಯನ್ನು ವಶಪಡಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲೆತ್ನಿಸಿ ಭೀಮನಿಂದ ಹತನಾದವನು ಅವನು:

ಆ ಕತೆಯೇ ಕೈಲಾಸಂ ಅವರ 'ಕೀಚಕ' ನಾಟಕಕ್ಕೆ ಆಧಾರವಾದರೂ ಇಲ್ಲಿಯ ಕೀಚಕ ಅಲ್ಲಿಯ ಕಾಮಿ ಕೀಚಕನಲ್ಲ. ಕೈಲಾಸಂ ಅವರ ಕೈಚಳಕದಿಂದ ಅವನು ಶೂರನೂ, ರಸಿಕನೂ, ಶರಣಾರ್ತಿಗಳ ರಕ್ಷಕನೂ ಆಗಿ, ಎಲ್ಲಕ್ಕೂ ಮಿಗಿಲಾಗಿ ಅಮರಪ್ರೇಮಿಯಾಗಿ ರೂಪುಗೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾನೆ.

ಮಹಾಭಾರತದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೀಚಕನಿಗೆ ಅನೇಕ ಹೆಂಡಿರು ಇರುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಸೈರಂಧ್ರಿಗೆ ಮನಸೋತಾಗ ಅವನು ತಾನೇ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾನೆ, "ತ್ಯಜಾಮಿ ದಾರಾನ್ ಮಮಯೇ ಪುರಾತನಾ ಭವನ್ತು ದಾಸ್ಯಸ್ತವ ಚಾರುಹಾಸಿನೀ– ನನ್ನ ಹಳೆಯ ಪತ್ನಿಯರೆಲ್ಲರನ್ನೂ ಬಿಟ್ಟುಬಿಡುತ್ತೇನೆ. ಅವರು ನಿನಗೆ ದಾಸಿಯರಾಗಲಿ" ಎಂದು. ಆದರೆ ಕೈಲಾಸಂ ಕಂಡ ಕೀಚಕನಾದರೋ ಮದುವೆಯಾಗದವನು ಅಥವಾ ಆಗಲು ಮನಸ್ಸಿಲ್ಲದವನು. ಅವನೊಬ್ಬ ಭಗ್ನಪ್ರಣಯಿ. ಹಿಂದೆ ಸ್ವಯಂವರದಲ್ಲಿ ಧನುರ್ವಿದ್ಯೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಗೆದ್ದವರಿಗೇ ದ್ರೌಪದಿ ಪಣವಾಗಿದ್ದುದರಿಂದ ಗದಾಕೋವಿದ ಕೀಚಕ ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದ ನಿರಾಶನಾಗಿ ಮರಳಿದ್ದ. ಅಂದಿನಿಂದ ವರುಷ ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತೈದು ಕಳೆದರೂ ಅವನ ಮನ ವಿಜಲಿತವಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ದ್ರೌಪದಿಯನ್ನು ಪಡೆಯಲಾರದ ಅವನು ರಾಜ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಲ್ಲಲಾರದೆ, ತನ್ನ ಸ್ವಂತ ರಾಜ್ಯವನ್ನು ಭಾವನಿಗೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟು ನಿರಂತರ ದಿಗ್ವಿಜಯದಲ್ಲಿ ತನ್ನ ಮನದ ನೋವನ್ನ ಮರೆಯಲೆತ್ನಿಸಿದ. ಅಲ್ಲೂ ಅಪಜಯವ ಕಾಣದ ಜಯಪರಂಪರೆಗೆ ಬೇಸತ್ತ ಅವನ ಹಾರೈಕೆ ಸಾವೊಂದೇ.

ಕೀಚಕನ ರಾಜ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾರಿಗೂ ಯಾವುದೇ ರೀತಿಯ ಭೀತಿಯಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಯಾರೇ ಆಗಲಿ ಬಂದು, ತನ್ನ ಪರಿಚಯ ಸಹ ತಿಳಿಸದೆ ಆ ನಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಖವಾಗಿ ಜೀವಿಸಬಹುದಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಚಿಕ್ಕಂದಿನಲ್ಲೇ ಹರಿಶ್ಚಂದ್ರನ ಕತೆ ಕೇಳಿ ಚಂದ್ರಮತಿಗಾಗಿ ಮರುಗಿದ ಅವನ ಮನದಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂಡಿದ ನಿಶ್ಚಯ ಇದು– "ಉತ್ತಮರೆ ಅಧಮರೇ ಯಾರೇ ಇರಲಿ, ದುಃಖಾರ್ತರಾದವರು, ಈ ನಮ್ಮ ನಗರಕೈತಂದು, ಇಲ್ಲಿ ನರ್ತಿಸಿ ನಲಿದು, ರಾಯಕುಲದವರೆಮ್ಮ ಜೊತೆಯಲೇ ಕಲೆತು, ತಮ್ಮ ದುಃಖವ ಮರೆತು ನೆಮ್ಮದಿಯ ಬದುಕಿನಲಿ ನೆಲಸಲನುಕೂಲವಪ್ಪಂತೆ ಈ ನಾಡ ಮಾಡಬೇಕೆಂದು. ಇದೆ ಕಣಾ, ಕೀಚಕನ ನಾಡ ನೆಲದಗುಣ". ಪರದಾರಾ ಸೋದರ ಈ ಕೀಚಕ. ಸೈರಂಧ್ರಿ ಮಧು ಕೊಡುವಾಗ ಹೆದರಿದರೆ, "ನಡುಗದಿರು. ಕೀಚಕನ ನಾಡಿನಲಿ ಕೇಡಾಗದೊಬ್ಬ ಹೆಂಗಸಿನ ಮಾನಕೂ. ತಳ್ಳಂಕಗೂಳ್ಳದಿರು" ಎಂದ. ಎಂತಹ ನೈತಿಕ ಸಂಸ್ಕಾರ!

ಪ್ರಣಯೈಕ ಭಂಗವನಲ್ಲದೆ ಇತರ ಭಂಗವ ಕಾಣದೀ ಕೀಚಕ ನಾಟ್ಯವಿದ್ಯಾವಿಶಾರದ. ಉತ್ತರ, ಉತ್ತರೆಯರ ನಾಟ್ಯಗುರು ಈತ. ತನ್ನ ಹಿರಿಯರ ಭೂಮಿಯ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಅತಿವಿಶ್ವಾಸ, ಗೌರವ ಈತನಿಗೆ. ತಮ್ಮ ರಾಜೋದ್ಯಾನ ರಾಜವಂಶದವರ – ಉತ್ತರೆ ಅಭಿನವ್ಯಾವಿನ – ಸಂಗಮಸ್ಥಾನವಾಗಬೇಕೇ ಹೊರತು ಅನ್ಯರ ಸಂಕೇತಸ್ಥಾನವಾಗಬಾರದೆಂಬುದು ಇವನ ಆಶಯ. ಆ ಉದ್ಯಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಧಿಸಿದ ಸೈರಂಧ್ರಿ – ವಲಲರನ್ನು

ಅವನು ಪರಸ್ತ್ರೀ – ಪರಪುರುಷರೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದಿದ್ದುದರಿಂದಲೇ ಕೆರಳಿ ವಲಲನ ಮೇಲೆ ಆಕ್ರಮಣ ಮಾಡಿದ. ವಿನಶನಾದ ವಲಲ ಸುಮ್ಮನಿದ್ದರೆ ಹೇಡಿಯೆಂದು ಭಾವಿಸಿ, ಸೈರಂಧ್ರಿಯ ಮೇಲು ಹೊದಿಕೆಯ ಸೀರೆಯನ್ನು ಅವನಿಗುಡಿಸಿದ. ಆಲ್ಲಿಂದ ನಾಟ್ಯಶಾಲೆಯ ಮಲ್ಲರಂಗಕ್ಕೆ ಅವನನ್ನು ಕರೆದೊಯ್ದು ನ್ಯಾಯಬದ್ಧ ಮಲ್ಲಯುದ್ಧ ನಡೆಸಿದ. ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ವೀರ ಸೋಲಲು ಕಾರಣ, ತಾನು ತನ್ನ ಗುರುವನ್ನೇ ನಿಂದಿಸುತ್ತಿರುವೆನೆಂದು ತಿಳಿಯದೆ ವಲಲನ ಗುರುವನ್ನು ನಿಂದಿಸಿದ್ದು !

ವಲಲನ 'ಮೃತ್ಯುಬಂಧ' ಕ್ಕೊಳಗಾದಾಗ ಸಾಯಲಂಜುವುದಿಲ್ಲ ಈ ಧೀರ. 'ನನಗನುರೂಪನಾದ ವನ ಸಮಬಲನ ಸಮಕುಲನ ಸೆಣಸಿ ಸಾಯದೆ, ಬಾಣಸಿಗನಾದವನ ಬಾಹುಗಳಲಾಯ್ತೇ ಭಂಗ' ಎಂದಷ್ಟೇ ಪರಿತಪಿಸಿದ. ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಸೋಲಿಸಿದವ ಭೀಮನೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದಾಗ 'ಎನಿತು ಸವಿ ಈ ಸಾವು, ಭೀಮನಾದವನು ನೀನಿತ್ತ ಸಾವು' ಎಂದು ತೃಪ್ತಿಗೊಂಡ, ಈ ಕುಲವೂನಿ.

ಇವನ ಪಾಂಚಾಲೀಪ್ರೇಮ ಅಸದಳ. ಸ್ವಯಂವರ ಮಂಟಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಕಂಡ ಕ್ಷಣದಿಂದ ಅವಳಲ್ಲೇ ನಾಟಿದೆ ಇವನ ಮನಸ್ಸು. ಅವಳಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಮದುವೆ ಬೇಡ, ರಾಜ್ಯ ಬೇಡ ಇವನಿಗೆ. ಪಾಂಡವರ ಕೈಹಿಡಿದು ಪಡಬಾರದ ಬವಣೆಪಟ್ಟ ಅವಳಿಗಾಗಿಯೇ ಇವನ ಮರುಕ. ಅವಳ ವಸ್ತ್ರಾಪಹರಣ ಪ್ರಸಂಗದ ನೆನಪು ಬಂದಾಗ, "ಕತೆಯಾನದ ಕೇಳಿದಾ ದಿವಸ, ಕುತಕುತನೆ ಕುದಿಯಿತು ರಕ್ತ ನನಗೆ. ನಾನಂದಿನಾ ಸಭೆಯೊಳಿರುವೆನೆ – ಪಾಪದರ್ಶನನನವನ ಕಣ್ಗಳನೆ ಕಿತ್ತು, ತೋಳ್ಗಳನೆ ಸಿಗಿದು, ವಜ್ರದೀ ಮುಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದವನ ತಲೆಯನೆ ಕುಟ್ಟಿ ಶತಚೂರ್ಣ ಮಾಡುತಿದ್ದೆ" ಎಂದು ಮರುಗಿದ. ತಂಗಿ ಸುದೇಷ್ಣೆ ಸೈರಂಧ್ರಿಯನ್ನು ಮದುವೆಯಾಗೆಂದಾಗ "ಅಜ್ಞಾತ ವೇಷದಲಿ ರಾಜಕುವರಿಯೆ ಇರಲಿ, ಎಂಥವಳೆ ಚಕ್ರವರ್ತಿನಿಯೆ ಇರಲಿ, ಸ್ಥಾಣುವೆನಿಸಿದ ಕೀಚಕನ ಮನವ ವಿಚಲಿಸದು ಎಂಥದೇ ರತಿಜೀವರೂಪ" ಎಂದರೂ, ಅವಳ ರೂಪ ದ್ರೌಪದಿಯ ನೆನಪನ್ನ ಕೊಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದುದರಿಂದ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಮದುವೆಯಾಗಿ ಸುಖವಾಗಿಡೋಣ ಎಂಬ ಭಾವನೆಯೂ ಮನದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಮ್ಮೆ ಮೂಡಿತು. ಭೀಮನ ಮೃತ್ಯುಬಂಧ ಅವನ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ಮಧುರಬಂಧವಂತೆ. ಏಕೆ ಗೊತ್ತೆ? ತಾನು ಬದುಕುಳಿದಿದ್ದರೆ ದುರ್ಯೋಧನನ ಸಾವುಂತನಾದ ತನ್ನಿಂದ 'ದ್ರೌಪದಿಯ ಪತಿ'ಗಳ ವಧೆಯಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತೇನೋ ! ಅದೀಗ ತಪ್ಪಿತಲ್ಲವೆ? ಅವನು ಸಾಯು ಬಯಸುವುದು 'ಭೀಮನ ತೋಳಬಿಗಿತದಲೇ, ಪಾಂಚಾಲಿ ತಾ ಬಲ್ಲ ತೋಳ ಬಿಗಿತದಲೇ!' 'ಪಂಚಪತಿಗಳ ಪಡೆದು, ಪಡಬಾರದಾ ಪಾಡು ಪಟ್ಟು, ಎಷ್ಟು ನರೆನವಿರಾಯಿತೋ ನಿನ್ನ ತಲೆಯ ತುಂಬ!' ಎಂದು ದ್ರೌಪದಿಗಾಗಿ ಕನಿಕರಗೊಂಡ ಅವನ ಕೊನೆಯ ಹಾರೈಕೆ 'ಸುಖವ ಕಾಣಲಿ ಮತ್ತೆ ಪಾಂಚಾಲ ಪುತ್ರಿ ... ಸಂತೋಷವಾಗಿರಲಿ ಮುಂದೆ ಇನ್ನೆಂದೂ' ಎಂಬುದೇ.

ಸಾಯುವ ಮೊದಲು ಸುದೇಷ್ಣೆ ವಿರಾಟರನ್ನು ಕರೆಸಿ "ಉತ್ತರೆ – ಅಭಿಮನ್ಯುವಿನ ವಿವಾಹ ನಡೆಸಿ; ಪಾಂಡವರಿಗೆ ಮುಂದೆ ಕೌರವರೊಡನೆ ನಡೆಯುವ ಯುದ್ಧದಲ್ಲಿ ನೆರವಾಗಿ" ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿದ, ಈ ದ್ರೌಪದೀ ಪ್ರೇಮಿ. ಇವನ ದೂರಾಲೋಚನೆ ಎಂತಹುದು ! ತನ್ನ ಮರಣದ ಸುದ್ದಿಯಿಂದ ಪಾಂಡವರ ಅಜ್ಞಾತವಾಸದ ಗುಟ್ಟು ರಟ್ಟಾಗಬಾರದೆಂದು "ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಆ ನಾಲ್ವರೇ ರಹಸ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಕಾಡಿಗೊಯ್ದು ಚಿತೆಯೊಟ್ಟಿ ಇಡೀ ಕಾಡಿಗೇ ಕಿಚ್ಚಿಟ್ಟು 'ರಾತ್ರಿ ಬೇಟೆಗೆಂದು ಹೋದ ಕೀಚಕ ಕಾಡ್ಗಿಚ್ಚಿಗೆ ಬಲಿಯಾದ' ನೆಂದು ಸುದ್ದಿ ಹರಡಿ" ಎಂದ. 'ಅಗ್ನಿಪುತ್ರಿಯ ನೆನಪಿನಗ್ನಿಯಲಿ ಇದುವರೆಗೆ ಬೆಂದು, ಭೀಮ ಕೋಪಾಗ್ನಿಯಲಿ ಇಂದು ಉರಿದು, ಚಂಡದಾವಾಗ್ನಿಯಲಿ ಭಸ್ಮವಾಗುವ ಭಾಗ್ಯ – ಇದುವೆ ಸೌಭಾಗ್ಯವಂತೆ' ಅವನಿಗೆ.

ಈ ಕೀಚಕ ಸರ್ವಗುಣ ಸಂಪನ್ನನಾದ ಅಮರಪ್ರೇಮಿ, ಪಾಪ ! ಭಗ್ನಪ್ರೇಮಿ. ಮಹಾಭಾರತದ ಕೀಚಕ ಹತನಾದದ್ದು ದ್ರೌಪದಿಯ ಮೇಲಿನ ಕಾಮದಿಂದಾದರೆ, ಇಲ್ಲಿಯ ಕೀಚಕ ಹತನಾಗುವುದು ದ್ರೌಪದಿಯ ಮೇಲಿನ ಪ್ರೇಮದಿಂದ. ಕೈಲಾಸಂ ಕಂಡ ಕೀಚಕ ಒಂದು ಉದಾತ್ತ ದುರಂತ ಪಾತ್ರ.

MEENA ANAGOL
I Year, B. A.

ಕೌಟಿಲ್ಯನ ಕೌಶಲ

ಕೌಟಿಲ್ಯ ಅಥವಾ ಚಾಣಕ್ಯ ಎಂಬ ಹೆಸರಿನಿಂದ ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧನಾಗಿರುವ ವಿಷ್ಣುಗುಪ್ತ ತತ್ವಜ್ಞಾನಿ ಮಾತ್ರ ವಲ್ಲದೆ ಅಸದೃಶನಾದ ರಾಜನೀತಿ ಕುಶಲಿಯೂ ಆಗಿದ್ದ ವನು. ಅವನು ಬರೆದಿರುವ ಅರ್ಥಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ ಅಂದಿನ ರಾಜ್ಯ ಪರಿಪಾಲನೆಗೆ ಸಹಾಯಕವಾದ ಯುಕ್ತಿಗಳಿಂದ ಮಾತ್ರ ಕೂಡಿರದೆ ಇಂದಿಗೂ ಉಪಯುಕ್ತವಾದ ಗ್ರಂಥವಾಗಿದೆ. ತನ್ನ ಸಹಾಧ್ಯಾಯಿ ಇಂದುಶರ್ಮ ಮತ್ತು ಅವನ ಶಿಷ್ಯರ ನೆರವಿನಿಂದ ಅವನು ಮಾಡಿದ ದುಷ್ಪಶಿಕ್ಷಣ ಕಾರ್ಯ ಅವನ ಜಾಣ್ಮೆಯನ್ನೂ, ಚಾಣಾಕ್ಷತನವನ್ನೂ ಅರಿವಿಗೆ ತರುತ್ತದೆ.

ದಾಯಾದಿಗಳಾದ ನಂದರ ಕಪಟದಿಂದ ತಂದೆ ಮತ್ತು ತೊಂಬತ್ತೊಂಬತ್ತು ಜನ ಸಹೋದರರನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡು ದೀನನಾಗಿದ್ದ ಚಂದ್ರಗುಪ್ತನ ಸಹಾಯಕ್ಕೆ ನಿಂತು ಅವನಿಗೆ ರಾಜ್ಯವನ್ನೂ, ಯೋಗ್ಯ ಅಮಾತ್ಯ ನನ್ನೂ ದೊರಕಿಸಿದ್ದು ಅತ್ಯನೋಷ ಮತ್ತು ಅಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಕಾರ್ಯ. ಮೌರ್ಯಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯ ಸ್ಥಾಪನೆಗಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿದ ನಂದನಿಗ್ರಹ ಹಾಗೂ ಅಮಾತ್ಯಸಂಗ್ರಹ ಕಾರ್ಯ ಚಾಣಕ್ಯನ ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮದೃಷ್ಟಿ, ರಹಸ್ಯ ರಕ್ಷಣೆ ಹಾಗೂ ಕಾರ್ಯನಿರ್ವಹಣಾಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಎತ್ತಿ ತೋರಿಸುತ್ತದೆ.

ಕಾರಣವಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಯಾವ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ಕೂ ಕೈಹಾಕದ ಕೌಟಿಲ್ಯ, ನಂದರನ್ನು ಕೆರಳಿಸಲು ಉಪಾಯ ಹೂಡಿದ. ಅನ್ನಸತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಸುವರ್ಣಪೀಠದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು ನಂದರು ಬಂದಾಗ ಬೇಕೆಂದು ಅಲಕ್ಷ್ಯದಿಂದಿದ್ದು ಅವರ ಕೋಪಕ್ಕೆ ಪಾತ್ರನಾಗಿ ಅವರು ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಎಳೆಸಿ ಹೊರಗೆ ಹಾಕುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿದ. ಆಗ ಅವನ ಕಟ್ಟಿದ್ದ ಶಿಖೆ ಬಿಚ್ಚಿಹೋಗಲು, ನಂದರನ್ನು ಸಂಹರಿಸದೆ ಅದನ್ನು ಮತ್ತೆ ಕಟ್ಟುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ಪಾಂಚಾಲಿಯಂತೆ ಪ್ರತಿಜ್ಞೆ ಮಾಡಿದ. ಆ ಪ್ರತಿಜ್ಞೆಯನ್ನು ನೆರವೇರಿಸಲು ಮೊದಲನೆಯ ಕಾರ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಬಾಗುರಾಯಣನೇ ಮೊದಲಾದ ನಂದರಾಜ್ಯದ ಅಷ್ಟಸೇನಾಧಿಪತಿಗಳಿಂದ – ಯಾವುದೋ ದೇವಾಲಯದ ಜೀರ್ಣೋದ್ಧಾರ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಅವರ ಸಮ್ಮತಿ ಬೇಕೆಂಬ ನೆಪತೋರಿ - 'ಚಂದ್ರಗುಪ್ತನಿಗೆ ಅಭಿಮತವಾದ ಕಾರ್ಯ ನಮಗೂ ಅಭಿಮತ' ಎಂಬ ಬರಹದ ಕೆಳಗೆ ಸಹಿಗಳನ್ನು ಪಡೆದ. ಅಂದು ಬಲಿಷ್ಠನಾಗಿದ್ದ ಪರ್ವತರಾಜನ ಬಳಿ ಚಂದ್ರಗುಪ್ತನೊಡನೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಆ ಪತ್ರವನ್ನೂ ಮತ್ತು ಅರ್ಧರಾಜ್ಯ ಕೊಡುವುದಾಗಿ ಚಂದ್ರಗುಪ್ತನ ಹಸ್ತಾಕ್ಷರದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಪತ್ರವನ್ನೂ ತೋರಿಸಿ ನಂದರ ಮೇಲೆ ಅವನು ಯುದ್ಧಕ್ಕೆ ಬರುವಂತೆ ಒಲಿಸಿಕೊಂಡ. ಆ ವೇಳೆಗೆ ಪರ್ವತರಾಜನ ಮೇಲೆ ದಂಡೆತ್ತಿ ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಲಂಪಾಕದೇಶಾಧಿಪತಿಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಕಾಮರೂಪದೇಶಾಧಿಪತಿಯು ಯುದ್ಧಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗುವಂತೆ ಕೇವಲ ತನ್ನ ಒಂದು ಪತ್ರದ ಪ್ರಭಾವದಿಂದ ಮಾಡಿ ಪರ್ವತೇಶನಿಗುಂಟಾಗಿದ್ದ ಕುತ್ತನ್ನು ಪರಿಹರಿಸಿ ಅವನ ವಿಶ್ವಾಸವನ್ನು ಗಳಿಸಿಕೊಂಡ.

ಸಮರಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊರಡುವ ಮುಂಚೆ, ಕಾಶಿರಾಜ ಅಮಾತ್ಯರಾಕ್ಷಸನ ಆಪ್ತನೆಂದು ತೀರ್ದಿದ್ದೂ ಅವನ ಸಹಾಯ ಕೋರುವಂತೆ ಪರ್ವತೇಶನಿಂದ ಪತ್ರ ಬರೆಸಿನ. ಕಾಶಿರಾಜ ರಹಸ್ಯವಾಗಿ ರಾಕ್ಷಸನ ಸಲಹೆ ಕೇಳಿದ. ಅಮಾತ್ಯ ಅವನಿಗೆ, ಸಹಾಯಕ್ಕೆ ಒಪ್ಪಿರುವಂತೆ ನಟಿಸಿ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಸ್ವಾಗತಿಸಲು ಬರುವ ಚಂದ್ರಗುಪ್ತನನ್ನೋ ಅಥವಾ ಪರ್ವತರಾಜನ ಮಗ ಮಲಯಕೇತುವನ್ನೋ ಸೆರೆ ಹಿಡಿಯುವಂತೆ ತಿಳಿಸಿನ. ಚಾಣಕ್ಯನಿಗೆ ಬೇಕಾದದ್ದೂ ಇದೇ. ಕಾಶಿರಾಜ ಸಹಾಯಕ್ಕೆ ಸಮ್ಮತಿಸಿದಾಗ ಬೇರೆ ನೆಪಹೂಡಿ ಕಾಶೀಸೈನ್ಯ ತಮ್ಮ ಸೈನ್ಯದೊಡನೆ

ಸೇರದಂತೆ ತಡೆಗಟ್ಟಿ, ತಮ್ಮವರಿಗೇ ಅವರ ಕಡೆಯವರಂತೆ ವೇಷಭೂಷಣ ಹಾಕಿ, ಒಬ್ಬ ಸೈನಿಕನನ್ನು ಕಪಟ ಮಲಯಕೇತುವನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿ, 'ಕಾಶೀರಾಜನ ಸೈನಿಕರು ಮಲಯಕೇತುವನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದು ತರುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆ' ಎಂದು ನಂದರು ನಂಬುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿದ.

ಈ ನೊದಲೇ ಶತ್ರುಪಲಾಯನಜಪ ಮಾಡುವುದಾಗಿ ನಂದರನ್ನು ಒಲಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದ ಚಾಣಕ್ಯನ ಅನುಯಾಯಿಗಳು ಅಂದಿನ ಪೂರ್ಣಾಹುತಿಯ ಅದ್ಭುತವನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ನಂದರು ನಿರಾಯುಧರಾಗಿ ಊರ ಹೊರಗಿನ ಜಪಶಾಲೆಗೆ ಬರುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿದರು. ಸೆರೆಸಿಕ್ಕಿದ ಮಲಯಕೇತುವನ್ನೂ, ಪೂರ್ಣಾಹುತಿಯ ದೃಶ್ಯವನ್ನೂ ಅವರು ನೋಡಲು ಬಂದಾಗ ಪರ್ವತರಾಜನ ಸೈನಿಕರು ಅವರ ಮೇಲೆ ಧಾಳಿಮಾಡಿ ಅವರನ್ನು ಕೊಂದರು. ಪಾಪ! ಆಗ ಎರಡು ದಿನಗಳ ಯುದ್ಧದಿಂದ ಬಳಲಿದ್ದ ಅಮಾತ್ಯ ರಾಕ್ಷಸ ಒಂದು ಗಳಿಗೆ ನಿದ್ರಾವಶನಾಗಿದ್ದ. ಆ ಸುಸಂಧಿಯನ್ನು ಸಾಧಿಸಿ ಚಾಣಕ್ಯ ನಂದನಿಗ್ರಹಮಾಡಿದ.

ನಂದರು ನಾಶವಾದರೂ ಚಂದ್ರಗುಪ್ತನಿಗೆ ಕೆಡುಕನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡದೆ ಇರುವವನಲ್ಲ ನಿಷ್ಠಾವಂತ ರಾಕ್ಷಸ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ತಿಳಿದ ಚಾಣಕ್ಯ, ರಾಕ್ಷಸನ ಒಂದೊಂದು ತಂತ್ರಕ್ಕೂ ಪ್ರತಿಯಾದ ತಂತ್ರಹೂಡಿ ಅವನ ಉಪಾಯಗಳು ಅವನ ಮೇಲೆಯೇ ತಿರುಗಿ ಬೀಳುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿದ. ರಾಕ್ಷಸ ಚಂದ್ರಗುಪ್ತನನ್ನು ಕೊಲ್ಲಲು ವಿಷಕನ್ಯೆಯನ್ನು ಕಳುಹಿಸಿದರೆ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಪರ್ವತರಾಜನ ಬಳಿ ಕಳುಹಿಸಿ ತನ್ಮೂಲಕ ಅವನನ್ನು ಕೊಂದು ಅರ್ಧರಾಜ್ಯ ಕೊಡುವುದನ್ನು ತಪ್ಪಿಸಿಕೊಂಡದ್ದಲ್ಲದೆ, ರಾಕ್ಷಸನೇ ಅವನ ಮರಣಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣ ಎಂಬ ಭಾವನೆ ಬರುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿದ ಭಾಗುರಾಯಣನನ್ನು ತನ್ನ ತಂತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾಗಿಯನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿ ಮಲಯಕೇತು ಅವನೊಡನೆ ತನ್ನ ರಾಜ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಓಡುವಂತೆಮಾಡಿದ. ಇನ್ನುಳಿದವನು ಪರ್ವತೇಶನ ತಮ್ಮ ವಿರೋಚನ. ಚಂದ್ರಗುಪ್ತನ ಪಟ್ಟಾಭಿಷೇಕದ ಮೆರವಣಿಗೆಯೆಂದು ಹೊರಗೆ ಸಾರಿ, ಗುಟ್ಟಾಗಿ ವಿರೋಚನನನ್ನು ಅರ್ಧರಾಜ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಅಧಿಪತಿಯೆಂದಾಗಿಸುತ್ತೇನೆಂದು ನಂಬಿಸಿ ಅವನನ್ನು ಮೆರವಣಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕರೆತಂದು, ರಾಕ್ಷಸ ಏರ್ಪಡಿಸಿದ್ದ ಕಪಟ ಶಿಲ್ಪದ ತೊಲೆಯ ಕೆಳಗೆ ಅವನು ಸಿಲುಕಿ ಸಾಯುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿದ. ಹೀಗೆ ಒಂದೇ ಕಲ್ಲಿನಿಂದ ಎರಡು ಹಕ್ಕಿ ಹೊಡೆಯುವ ಜಾಣ್ಮೆ ಚಾಣಕ್ಯನಿಗಲ್ಲದೆ ಮತ್ತಾರಿಗುಂಟು! ಚಂದ್ರಗುಪ್ತನ ಶಯನಾಗಾರದಲ್ಲಡಗಿದ್ದ ಕೊಲೆಗಾರರನ್ನು ಪತ್ತೆಹಚ್ಚಿ ಕೊಲ್ಲಿಸಿದ. ಚಂದ್ರಗುಪ್ತನಿಗೆ ಔಷಧಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಷಬೆರಸಿಕೊಡಲು ನಿಯುಕ್ತನಾಗಿದ್ದ ರಾಜವೈದ್ಯನನ್ನು ಅದೇ ವಿಷ ಕುಡಿಸಿ ಕೊಂದ. ನಂದರ ತಂದೆ ಸರ್ವಾರ್ಥಸಿದ್ಧಿ ಬದುಕಿದ್ದರೆ ರಾಕ್ಷಸ ಅವನು ದತ್ತು ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವಂತೆ ನೋಡಿ ರಾಜ್ಯಕಟ್ಟುತ್ತಾನೆಂದು ಊಹಿಸಿ, ಕಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ತಪಸ್ಸು ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಅವನನ್ನು ಕೊಲ್ಲಲು ಕಟುಕರನ್ನು ಕಳುಹಿಸಿದ. ಆದರೆ ಆ ವೇಳೆಗೆ ಅತ ಯೋಗದಿಂದ ದೇಹತ್ಯಾಗ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದ.

ಹೀಗೆ ಚಂದ್ರಗುಪ್ತನಿಗೆ ಬಂದೊದಗಿದ್ದ ಅಪಾಯಶತಗಳಿಂದ ಅವನನ್ನು ಪಾರುಮಾಡಿ ಗಳಿಸಿಕೊಟ್ಟ ರಾಜ್ಯ ಉಳಿಯುವಂತಾಗಲು ಯೋಗ್ಯ ಮಂತ್ರಿಯೊಬ್ಬ ಬೇಕೆಂದು ಅಮಾತ್ಯಸಂಗ್ರಹ ಕಾರ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಉದ್ಯುಕ್ತನಾದ. ಅವನಿಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತು ರಾಕ್ಷಸನಂತಹ ಅಮಾತ್ಯ ಬೇರೊಬ್ಬನಿಲ್ಲವೆಂಬುದು.

ರಾಕ್ಷಸನ ಗರ್ಭಿಣಿಪತ್ನಿ ಅವನ ಗೆಳೆಯ ಚಂದನದಾಸನ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿರುವುದನ್ನೂ, ಅವಳ ಬೆರಳಲ್ಲಿ ಅವನ ಮುದ್ರೆಯುಂಗುರವಿರುವುದನ್ನೂ ಗೂಢಚಾರರಿಂದ ತಿಳಿದ ಚಾಣಕ್ಯ ಬಹುದೊಡ್ಡ ತಂತ್ರ ಹೂಡಿದ. ಯಾರೋ ಒಬ್ಬಳ ಪ್ರಸವ ಸಮಯವಲ್ಲಿ ಸೂಲಗಿತ್ತಿಯೊಬ್ಬಳ ಅಚಾತುರ್ಯದಿಂದ ಮಗು ಸತ್ತುಹೋಯಿತೆಂಬ ಸೋಗಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನಗರದ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಸೂಲಗಿತ್ತಿಯರನ್ನೂ ಬಂಧಿಸುವಂತೆ ಆಜ್ಞೆಮಾಡಿದ. ಅವನಿಂದ ನಿಯೋಜಿತಳಾದ ಸೂಲಗಿತ್ತಿ ಈ ರಾಜಾಜ್ಞೆಗೆ ಹೆದರಿದಂತೆ ನಟಿಸಿ ಚಂದನದಾಸನ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಆಶ್ರಯ ಕೋರಿದಳು. ಅಮಾತ್ಯ

ಪತ್ನಿಗೆ ಪ್ರಸವಕಾಲವಾದ್ದರಿಂದ ಆಶ್ರಯ ದೊರೆಯಿತು. ಪ್ರಸವ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಪದ್ಧತಿಯಂತೆ ಆಕೆ ತನ್ನ ಸುಪರ್ದಿಗೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದ ಅಭರಣಗಳನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಹಿಂದಿರುಗಿಸುವಾಗ ಆ ಸೂಲಗಿತ್ತಿ, ರಾಕ್ಷಸನ ಮುದ್ರೆಯುಂಗುರವನ್ನು ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಬದಲಾಗಿ ಚಾಣಕ್ಯ ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದ ಉಂಗುರವನ್ನು ಇಟ್ಟು ಬಂದು, ಅದನ್ನು ಅವನಿಗೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟಳು. ಮುದ್ರೆಯುಂಗುರ ತನ್ನ ಕೈಗೆ ಬಂದದ್ದು ಚಾಣಕ್ಯನಿಗೆ ರಾಕ್ಷಸನೇ ತನ್ನ ಕೈಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದಷ್ಟು ಸಂತೋಷ ತಂದಿತು.

ಬರೆದಿರುವ ವಿಷಯ ಅರ್ಥವಾಗದಂತಹ ಒಂದು ಪತ್ರವನ್ನು ಚಾಣಕ್ಯ ಜಾಣ್ಮೆಯಿಂದ ರಾಕ್ಷಸನ ರಾಯಸದವನಾದ ಶಕಟದಾಸನ ಮೂಲಕ ನಕಲು ಮಾಡಿಸಿ, ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ರಾಕ್ಷಸನ ಮುದ್ರಿಕೆಯಿಂದ ಮುದ್ರೆಹಾಕಿಸಿದ್ಧಾರ್ಥಕನ (ಚಾಣಕ್ಯನ ಅನುಯಾಯಿಗಳಲ್ಲೊಬ್ಬ) ಬಳಿಕೊಟ್ಟ. ಶಕಟದಾಸನ ಮೇಲೆ ರಾಜದ್ರೋಹದ ಆಪಾದನೆ ಹೊರಿಸಿ ಶೂಲಕ್ಕೇರಿಸುವಂತೆ ಆಜ್ಞೆ ಮಾಡಿದ. ಆಗ ಸಿದ್ಧಾರ್ಥಕ ಅವನನ್ನು ವಧಾಸ್ಥಾನದಿಂದ ಬಿಡಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಿ, ಮಲಯಕೇತುವಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಆಶ್ರಯ ಪಡೆದಿದ್ದ ರಾಕ್ಷಸನಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಕರೆದೊಯ್ದ. ಸಂತಸಗೊಂಡ ರಾಕ್ಷಸ ತನಗೆ ಬಹುಮಾನವಾಗಿ ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಒಡವೆಗಳನ್ನು ಒಂದು ಪೆಟ್ಟಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿರಿಸಿ ಅದಕ್ಕೂ ಅವನ ಮೊಹರಿನಿಂದಲೇ ಮುದ್ರೆ ಹಾಕಿದ, ಸಿದ್ಧಾರ್ಥಕ. ಆ ಉಂಗುರ ಚಂದನದಾಸನ ಮನೆಯಬಳಿ ದಾರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ತನಗೆ ದೊರೆಯಿತೆಂದು ಹೇಳಿ ಅದನ್ನು ರಾಕ್ಷಸನಿಗೊಪ್ಪಿಸಿದ.

ಚಾಣಕ್ಯ ಪರ್ವತರಾಜನ ಒಡವೆಗಳನ್ನು ಮೂವರು ಬ್ರಾಹ್ಮಣರಿಗೆ ದಾನಮಾಡಿ, ಅವರು ವರ್ತಕ ವೇಷದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೋಗಿ ರಾಕ್ಷಸನಿಗೆ ಅವನ್ನು ಮಾರುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿದ. ಈಕಡೆ ತನಗೂ ಚಂದ್ರಗುಪ್ತನಿಗೂ ವೈಮನಸ್ಯವುಂಟಾಯಿತೆಂಬಂತೆ ಕಪಟಕಲಹವಾಡಿದ. ಇದನ್ನು ನಂಬಿದ ರಾಕ್ಷಸ ಮಲಯಕೇತುವಿನೊಡನೆ ಚಂದ್ರಗುಪ್ತನ ಮೇಲೆ ಯುದ್ಧಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊರಟ. ಪಾಳೆಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಜೀವಸಿದ್ಧಿಯ (ಚಾಣಕ್ಯನ ಗೆಳೆಯ ಇಂದುಶರ್ಮ) ಮಾತು, ರಾಕ್ಷಸನ ಮೊಹರುಳ್ಳ ಪತ್ರ ಮತ್ತು ಪೆಟ್ಟಿಗೆಯಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿದ್ದ ಸಿದ್ಧಾರ್ಥಕನ ನಟನೆ, ರಾಕ್ಷಸನ ಮೈಮೇಲೆ ತನ್ನ ತಂದೆಯ ಒಡವೆಗಳಿರುವುದು—ಇವುಗಳಿಂದ ಮೋಸಹೋದ ಮಲಯಕೇತು, ರಾಕ್ಷಸ ಚಂದ್ರಗುಪ್ತನ ಕಡೆಯವನೆಂದೂ, ತಾನು ಮೊದಲು ತಿಳಿದಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಚಾಣಕ್ಯನಲ್ಲದೆ ರಾಕ್ಷಸನೇ ತನ್ನ ತಂದೆಯ ಕೊಲೆಪಾತಕನೆಂದೂ, ಈಗ ಅವನು ತನ್ನನ್ನೂ ಕೊಲ್ಲಲು ಈ ಸಂಚು ಹೂಡಿರುವನೆಂದೂ ನಂಬಿ – ಬ್ರಾಹ್ಮಣನಾದ್ದರಿಂದ ಅವನನ್ನು ಕೊಲ್ಲದೆ – ತನ್ನ ಬಳಿಯಿಂದ ಉಚ್ಚಾಟನೆಮಾಡಿದ.

ಇತ್ತ ರಾಕ್ಷಸನ ಸಂಸಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಆಶ್ರಯಕೊಟ್ಟ ತಪ್ಪಿಗಾಗಿ ಚಂದನದಾಸನನ್ನು ಕೊಲ್ಲುವಂತೆ ಆಜ್ಞೆ ಮಾಡಿದ ಚಾಣಕ್ಯ. ಇದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿದ ರಾಕ್ಷಸ ಮಿತ್ರನನ್ನುಳಿಸಲು ಬಂದೇ ಬರುವನೆಂಬುದು ಅವನಿಗೆಗೊತ್ತು. ನಡೆದದ್ದಾದರೂ ಅಂತೆಯೇ. ಚಾಣಕ್ಯನ ತಂತ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ಮತ್ತೆ ಸಿಲುಕಿ ನಿರಾಯುಧನಾಗಿ ವಧಾಸ್ಥಾನಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದ ರಾಕ್ಷಸನನ್ನು ಆಲ್ಲೆಯವರು ಚಾಣಕ್ಯನಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಕರೆತಂದರು. ಚಂದನದಾಸನನ್ನು ಉಳಿಸಬೇಕಾದರೆ ರಾಕ್ಷಸ ಮೌರ್ಯಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯದ ಮುಖ್ಯಾಮಾತ್ಯನಾಗಬೇಕೆಂದು ಚಾಣಕ್ಯ ಷರತ್ತು ಹಾಕಿದ. ವಿವಶನಾದ ರಾಕ್ಷಸ ಒಪ್ಪಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲೇಬೇಕಾಯಿತು.

ಅತ್ಮಾಭಿಮಾನಿ, ಸ್ವಾಮಿನಿಷ್ಠ ಅಮಾತ್ಯ ರಾಕ್ಷಸನನ್ನು ಆವನ ಒಡೆಯನ ವೈರಿಯಾದ ಚಂದ್ರಗುಪ್ತ ಮಹಾರಾಜನಿಗೇ ಮಂತ್ರಿಯನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿದ ಕೌಟಿಲ್ಯನ ಕೌಶಲ ನಿಜಕ್ಕೂ ಬೆರಗುಗೊಳಿಸುವಂತಹುದು. ಚಾಣಕ್ಯ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬೃಹಸ್ಪತಿಗೂ, ನೀತಿಪ್ರಯೋಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಶುಕ್ರಾಚಾರ್ಯನಿಗೂ ಸಮನೆಂದರೆ ತಪ್ಪಲ್ಲ. ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯಸ್ಥಾಪನೆಗಾಗಿ ಇಷ್ಟೆಲ್ಲಾ ಮಾಡಿಯೂ ತಾನು ಅಧಿಕಾರದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಲ್ಲದೆ ತಪೋವನಕ್ಕೆ ತೆರಳಿದ ಅವನ ತ್ಯಾಗಬುದ್ಧಿಗೂ, ಸರಳತೆಗೂ ಎಣೆಯೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಧನ್ಯಚಾಣಕ್ಯ!

MENAKA S.
II Year, B. A.

ಕೀಟಾಹಾರಿ ಸಸ್ಯಗಳು

ಸಸ್ಯಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿ ಗಿಡ, ಮರ, ಬಳ್ಳಿಗಳು, ಸೂರ್ಯಕಿರಣಜನ್ಯ ಸಂಯೋಗ ಕ್ರಿಯೆಯಿಂದ (Photosynthesis) ತಮ್ಮ ಆಹಾರವನ್ನು ತಯಾರಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದಲೇ ಸಸ್ಯವರ್ಗ ಸೂರ್ಯಾಭಿಮುಖವಾಗಿ ತನ್ನ ಬೆಳವಣಿಗೆಯನ್ನು ಉಂಟುಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತದೆ. ಕೆಲವು ಸಸ್ಯಗಳು, ಅಂದರೆ ಟೋಡ್ ಸ್ಟೂಲ್ (Toad stool) ಮತ್ತು ಫನ್‌ಗಯ್ (Fungi). ಇವುಗಳು ಮೊದಲೇ ಶೇಖರಿಸಿಟ್ಟ ಆಹಾರದ ಮೇಲೆ ಜೀವಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ಮತ್ತೆ ಕೆಲವು ಸಸ್ಯಗಳು ಕೀಟಗಳನ್ನು ಆಹಾರವಾಗಿ ಉಪಯೋಗಿಸುತ್ತವೆ.

ಇಂತಹ ಕೀಟಾಹಾರಿ ಸಸ್ಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸನ್‌ಡ್ಯೂ (Sundew) ಎಂಬುದು ಮುಖ್ಯವಾದದ್ದು. ಇದು ಕೆರೆಗಳ, ಸರೋವರಗಳ ದಡದ ತುದಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಳೆಯುತ್ತದೆ. ಬ್ರಿಟನ್ನಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಎರಡು ರೀತಿಯ ಸನ್‌ಡ್ಯೂ ಗಿಡಗಳು ಕಾಣಬರುತ್ತವೆ. ಮೊದಲನೆಯದು ದುಂಡಾಗಿರುವ ಎಲೆಗಳಿರುವ ಜಾತಿಯದು. ಎರಡನೆಯ ಜಾತಿಯ ಗಿಡಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲೆಗಳು ಅಂಡಾಕಾರದ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇರುತ್ತದೆ. ಎಲೆಗಳು ಹಸುರಾಗಿದ್ದು ತುದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಂಪಗಿರುತ್ತದೆ.

ಎಲೆಗಳ ಸುತ್ತಲೂ ಸೂಜಿಯಂತಹ ಮುಳ್ಳುಗಳಿದ್ದು, ಈ ಮುಳ್ಳುಗಳ ತುದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ರೀತಿಯ ದ್ರವ ಹಿಮ ಮಣಿಯಂತೆ ಪ್ರಕಾಶಿಸುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತವೆ. ಸಣ್ಣ ಕೀಟಗಳು ಎಲೆಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ ಬಂದು ಕುಳಿತಾಗ ಈ ದ್ರವಕ್ಕೆ ಅಂಟಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತವೆ. ಆಗ ಎಲೆ ಮುಳ್ಳಿನ ಸಮೇತ ಮುದುರಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತವೆ. ಕೀಟ ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿ ಜೀರ್ಣವಾದ ಮೇಲೆ ಮತ್ತೆ ಮುಳ್ಳುಗಳು ಬಿಚ್ಚಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತವೆ.

ಎರಡನೆಯದಾಗಿ ಬ್ಲಾಡರ್‌ವರ್ಟ್ (Baladder-wort) ಎಂಬ ಕೀಟಾಹಾರಿ ಸಸ್ಯಗಳು ಮುಖ್ಯವಾಗಿ ನೀರು ನಿಂತಿರುವ ಹಳ್ಳಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಬರುತ್ತವೆ. ಇದರ ಎಲೆಗಳು ಕೋಶಗಳಂತೆ ಇದ್ದು, ಈ ಕೋಶಕೆ ಬಾಗಿಲಿನಂತಹ ತೆರೆಯಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ತೆರೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಕೂದಲಿನಂತಹ ಮುಳ್ಳುಗಳು ಇರುತ್ತವೆ. ಕೀಟ ಈ ಮುಳ್ಳುಗಳನ್ನು ಸೋಕಿದಾಗ ಕೋಶ ಊದಿಕೊಂಡು ನೀರನ್ನು ಕೋಶದ ಒಳಕ್ಕೆ ಎಳೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದರ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ಕೀಟವನ್ನೂ ಎಳೆದು ಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತದೆ. ಆಗ ತೆರೆ ಮುಚ್ಚಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತದೆ.

ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಜಾತಿಯ ಕೀಟಾಹಾರಿ ಸಸ್ಯ ವೀನಸ್ ಫ್ಲೈ ಟ್ರಾಪ್ (Venusfly trap) ಎಂಬುದು. ಈ ಸಸ್ಯವು ಸನ್‌ಡ್ಯೂ ಕೀಟಾಹಾರಿಯಂತೆಯೇ ಕೀಟಗಳನ್ನು ಆಕರ್ಷಿಸಿ ಎಲೆಯ ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಸುತ್ತಲಿರುವ ಮುಳ್ಳುಗಳ ಸಹಾಯದಿಂದ ಹಿಡಿದು ತಿನ್ನುತ್ತದೆ.

ಏಷ್ಯ, ಆಸ್ಟ್ರೇಲಿಯಾ ಮತ್ತು ಮಡಗಾಸ್ಕರ್ ದ್ವೀಪಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ರೀತಿಯ ಸಣ್ಣ ಗಿಡಗಳಿವೆ. ಇವುಗಳನ್ನು ಪಿಚ್ಚರ್ ಪ್ಲಾಂಟ್ಸ್ (Pitcher plants) ಎಂದು ಕರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಇದರ ಎಲೆಗಳು ಹೂಜಿಯಂತಿದ್ದು ಮುಚ್ಚಳವನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಕೀಟಗಳು ಎಲೆಗಳ ಬಣ್ಣದಿಂದಲೋ ಅಥವಾ ಅವುಗಳಿಂದ ಹೊರಡುವ ಒಂದು ರೀತಿಯ ಸುವಾಸನೆಯಿಂದಲೋ ಆಕರ್ಷಿತವಾಗಿ ಬಂದು ಹೂಜಿಯಂತಿರುವ ಎಲೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದಾಗ ಎಲೆಯ ಅಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇರುವ ಜೀರ್ಣರಸದಿಂದ ಸಸ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಆಹಾರವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ.

ಬಟರ್ ವರ್ಟ್ (Butter wort) ಎಂಬುದು ಬೆಟ್ಟಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ, ತೇವವಿರುವ ಸ್ಥಳಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಳೆಯುತ್ತದೆ. ಎಲೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಒಂದು ರೀತಿಯ ಹಳದಿ ದ್ರವ ಇರುತ್ತದೆ. ಬೆಣ್ಣೆಯಂತಿರುವ ಈ ದ್ರವದ ಮೇಲೆ ಕೀಟ ಕೂತಾಗ ದ್ರವಕ್ಕೆ ಅಂಟಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತದೆ. ಎಲೆಗಳು ಆಗ ಮುಚ್ಚಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತವೆ.

ಈ ಕೀಟಾಹಾರಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಆಫ್ರಿಕಾ, ಮಾಲ್ಟಾ, ಹಾಗೂ ಸಿಸಲಿ ದ್ವೀಪಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಇನ್ನೂ ಭಯಂಕರವಾದ ಸಸ್ಯಗಳು ಇವೆ ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿದು ಬಂದಿದೆ. ಆಫ್ರಿಕಾದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಒಂದು ಜಾತಿಯ ಕೀಟಾಹಾರಿ ಮರವನ್ನು ಕಾಡುಜನರು ದೈವವೆಂದು ಪೂಜಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ, ಹಾಗೂ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ವರ್ಷಕ್ಕೆ ಒಂದಾವರ್ತಿ ನರಬಲಿಯನ್ನು ಕೊಡುತ್ತಾರೆ.

ಇಷ್ಟಾದರೂ ಈ ಸಸ್ಯಗಳು ಕ್ಲೋರೋಫಿಲ್ (Chlorophyll) ಅನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿದ್ದು ಆಹಾರವನ್ನು ಇತರ ಸಸ್ಯಗಳಂತೆ ಉತ್ಪಾದಿಸುತ್ತವೆ

USHA B. N.
P. U. C. (C.B.Z.)

उठो, उठो हे भारत वासी अशेष नहीं कर्तव्य सारे

पृथ्वी के स्वर्णिम कोने को,
लोहे जैसा तपता देखकर,
अश्रु - बिन्दु फूट पड़े दो
हृदय की पीड़ा को लेकर

स्मरण हो आया इतिहास पुराना
सम्राट अशोक का राज्य समान
सुख शान्ति अहिंसा सत्य
जिसमें थी भारतवासियों की शान

विस्मृत थीं अब तक जो गाथाएँ
फूट पड़ी वो ज्वालामुखी बन कर
फिर से रंग चढ़ा उन चित्रों पर
बोलीं वो सब सजीव बन कर

"क्या ये ही बतलाते हैं भारतवासी
क्या ये ही इनकी शान है ?
लूट, खसोट, ईर्ष्या, द्वन्द्व
क्या इसी में इनकी आन है ?"

" भूल गये क्या तुम उस भारत को
जिसने सदा सब प्रशान्ति से निभाया
जिसका पट सदा, सदा,
चाँद ने भी अकलुषित पाया । "

भूल गये तुम उस माँ को
जिसने तुम्हें दिया जीवन दान ?
जिसके रक्त की बूँद-बूँद में था
हित, प्रेम का सन्देश महान ? "

" कहाँ गई वो प्रेम शक्ति ?
विस्मृत हो गई सब प्रेम झंकार ?
क्या कभी लौट न आयेगी
असीम स्नेह की अस्फुट धार ? "

क्या लोहे की जंजीर तोड़ कर ही
अशेष हुए कर्तव्य सारे ?
क्या माँ को शांति का करना दान
नहीं था तुम्हारा कर्तव्य प्रधान ?

स्वाधीन हो कर भी हम भारतवासी
पराधीन ही रह पाये हैं
विदेशी बेडी तोड़कर भी
हम सूद - खोरी, चोरी में बँध पाये हैं ?

उठो, उठो हे चिर निवासी
जागो हे प्यारे भारतवासी
वीणा की स्वर लहरी से
छेड़ो कुछ ऐसी नवीन तान
जिस से यह भू ही नहीं
हो जाये नवीन वो आसमान

गढ़ो तुम ऐसा राज्य महान
जिस में गूँजे एक आह्वान
बंगाल, गुजरात, महाराष्ट्र, पंजाब
सब के स्वर में एक ही गान
जिस गुल्शन के काँटे
तुमने दूर किये सारे

उस गुल्शन में गुल भर दो अनुपम न्यारे
"उठो, उठो! हे भारतवासी अशेष नहीं कर्तव्य सारे।"

Shyama Pandey,
II Hons.

दिव्या

अपनी प्रिय सहेली 'पूनम' के नाम पर 'दिव्या' के कुछ शब्द

दिया मुझे यह नाम मिला है,
क्या मैं इसके काबिल हूँ?
मुझे किसी से उपनाम मिला है
क्या मैं इसके काबिल हूँ?

रास्ता विकीर्ण, मन जीर्ण - शीर्ण
राह में हैं काँटे अनेक
किन्तु 'पूनम' की रोशनी में
हटा दूँगी सब एक एक।

इस दीप की दिया सी ऊपर उठती जाऊँगी
या हवा के झोंकों से नमित जाऊँगी?
रहूँगी अटल कभी न विचलित कोई भी फल
या बह जाऊँगी संग पवन के कल कल?

तम हो चाहे जितना भी गहरा
प्रज्ज्वलित ही होकर रहेगा, स्वप्न सुनहरा
'पूनम' की रोशनी में दिया की जो लौ जलेगी
उसकी ज्योति अनन्त कल्प तक अमर रहेगी।

Shyama Pandey,
II Hons.

हवाई द्वीप - समूह

हवाई द्वीप - समूह प्रशांत महासागर की सतह से ऊपर शंघाई से लगभग ५००० मील दूर पश्चिम की ओर तथा मेक्सिको नगर से ३८०० मील दूर पूर्व की ओर स्थित एक मनोहर भूखण्ड है, जिस की प्रकृति रमणीयता विश्व भर को अपनी ओर आकर्षित कर रही है। इन द्वीपों की लम्बाई १७०० मील है। उत्तर से लेकर दक्षिण तक नीहउ, कवाय, ओहू, मोलोकाय, मोइ और हवाई आदि बारह द्वीपों के समूह का नामकरण सबसे बडे द्वीप हवाई द्वीप के नाम पर हुआ है। इसकी राजधानी ओहू द्वीप में स्थित होनोलुलु नामक नगर है।

मूँगे के द्वीपों से वलयित ये हवाई द्वीप, अनेक ज्वालामुखी पर्वतों के उपरिभाग हैं जिनकी घाटियाँ पहले ऊसर थीं। कालक्रमेण इन पर्ववों की घाटियाँ खाद भरी उपजाऊ मिट्टी से ढक गई तथा गगन - चुम्बी ताल - वृक्ष, यूकिलिप्टिस, संतरे, केले, नारियल एवं रंगविरंगी पुष्पों से लदे हुए वृक्ष और लताएँ दृष्टि गोचर होने लगी। यहाँ के जलवायु सूखी और समशीतोष्ण है, क्योंकि प्रशांत महासागर से स्पर्श पा शीतल पवन सदा इस ओर बहती रहती है। अतएव इसे 'प्रशांत महासागर का स्वर्ग' कहते हैं।

ईसवी १७७८ में 'द रेसोल्यूशन' और 'द डिस्कवरी' नामक दो जहाज़ों में प्रसिद्ध गवेषक 'कुक' ने अपनी मण्डली समेत इस धरती पर पदार्पण किया। तत्समय वहाँ के देशी पुरोहितों ने ऐसा माना कि 'कुक' के रूप में उनका एक प्राचीन देवता अति दीर्घ यात्रा करके अपने देश को लौट आया है। अतएव इनका हार्दिक स्वागत किया गया। देश के सभी मुखियों ने इनकी यथा - योग्य स्वागत के साथ - साथ शक्ति भर सहायता भी की। जनता ने इनके सामने फल अर्पित कर साष्टांग प्रणाम किया, मानो भक्त भगवान के सामने अपना तन - मन - धन अर्पण करता हो। इनको प्रशांत महासागर का भ्रमण करते हुए ऐसा सम्मान प्राप्त होना अभूतपूर्व था। परंतु यह सद्भाव व सम्मान अस्थायी रहा। अनेक लेखकों का विश्वास है कि कण्कों के इस अद्भुत सम्मान का इन नाविकों ने दुरुपयोग किया होगा। छोटी - छोटी बातों से इनके बीच वैमनस्य का बीजारोपण हुआ जो आगे चलकर एक विशालकाय वृक्ष में परिणत हो गया।

एक दिन कुक की मण्डली को ईंधन की आवश्यकता हुई तो वे अविवेक से या अनजाने में एक देशी मंदिर को तोड़कर उसकी लकड़ी और मूर्तियाँ अपने जहाज़ पर ले आये। उक्त घटना मानों नाविक और कणक्कों के बीच वैराग्नि को भड़काने के लिए वायु बन गयी। फल स्वरूप १४ फरवरी १७७९ रविवार को कणक्कों की एक भीड़ ने कुक और उसके साथियों को घेर कर

उन सबकी हत्या की, जिससे यूरोप में हवाई द्वीप के लोग असभ्य और क्रूर नाम से कुख्यात हो गये और इधर हवाइकों की दृष्टि में यूरोपवासी घृणित बन गये। तदनंतर अनेक वर्षों तक यूरोप के व्यापारी या नाविक वहाँ जाने का साहस न कर सके।

हवाई द्वीप के आदिम निवासी—कणक्का हृष्ट-पुष्ट, सुन्दर तथा साहसी होते हैं। इनका शरीर इतना गठीला होता है मानों काँसे की मूर्ति हो। महिलाएँ अतीव सुन्दर, उनके नेत्र विशाल और लावण्यमयी होती हैं। ये लोग प्रायः सरल, शांत, विनीत, विवेकी, सहज भावुक तथा आतिथ्य प्रेमी होते हैं। प्रकृति की सुरम्य गोद में पलने एवं जीवन की आवश्यक वस्तुओं की प्राप्ति निष्प्रयास होने से उनका शांति प्रिय होना स्वाभाविक है।

इन कणक्कों की साजाजिक, सांस्कृतिक और धार्मिक स्थिति अठारहवीं शताब्दी में आज से सर्वथा भिन्न थी। उस युग में इन लोगों की झोंपड़ी तरु के तने के सहारे पत्तों से बनी हुई होती थी। किसी विशेष प्रकार के पौधों की छाल का रस्सी के रूप में प्रयोग कर निचली शाखाओं को एक दूसरे से बाँधकर, एक भी कील के बिना इन आवासस्थानों की छत बनायी जाती थी। झोंपड़ी में फर्श पर सूखी घास बिछाते, लौकी की तुम्बी को बरतन के रूप में प्रयोग करते और दीवाल पर मछली का जाल, बंसी, कटारें, धनुष आदि लटकाते थे। 'टेरो' नामक कन्द से ये आटा तैयार करते, जिसे पोई (poi) कहते हैं और इसी से बनायी गयी रोटी इनका मुख्य भोजन होता है। ये लोग शकरकन्द, झींगा, विविध प्रकार की मछलियाँ, सूकर शशक के माँस या फलों के साथ यह रोटी खाते हैं। माँस पकाने का इनका ढंग निराला है। वह माँस बन्द घडे में रख कर वह घड़ा गरम पत्थरों के बीच रख दिया जाता है। पत्थरों से निकला ताप घड़े को लगता है और उस प्रकार उस में रखा माँस परोसने के लिए तैयार हो जाता है। ये योग भोजन के साथ-साथ 'आवा' (Awa) नामक मादक द्रव्य बड़ी चाव से पीते हैं। भोजन के लिए इन्हें मेज़, कुरसी, काँटे, चम्मच, चाकू आदि उपकरणों की जरूरत नहीं होती है। भोजनोपरांत पुरुषवर्ग बाहर बैठकर तम्बाकू पीते हुए पुरानी कहानियाँ सुनाते हैं, जिनका कोई आदि या अंत नहीं है।

ये लोग स्वभाव से किंचित आलसी हैं। अतः तनिक सा अवसर पाते ही अपना दैनिक कार्य स्थगित कर त्योहार मनाने में लग जाते हैं। स्त्रियाँ इन अवसरों पर पुष्पों से अपनी देह सज्जा कर प्रेम गान गाती हुई अनवरत नृत्य करती रहती हैं। जब तक थकावट से भूमि शायिनी नहीं होती तब तक नृत्य ज़ारी रहता है। धरती माता बड़ी उदार होने से आलस्य उनका सखा बना और उनके लिए जीवन का ध्येय केवल आनन्द मनाना बन गया।

कणक्कों को इस बात पर गर्व है कि वे कभी भी नरभक्षी नहीं रहे। कभी - कभी देवताओं को प्रसन्न करने के लिए नरबलि दी जाती थी; परन्तु इस बात पर ध्यान देते थे कि बलि का नर अपने समाज का न हो, बल्कि लड़ाई में पकड़ा हुआ कोई कैदी हो अथवा मृत्युदण्ड पाया हुआ कोई व्यक्ति हो। स्त्रियों को बलि - वेदी पर कदापि नहीं ले जाया जाता था। किन्तु उनको पुरुषों की बराबरी प्राप्त नहीं थी। महिलाएँ पुरुषों के साथ एक ही तम्बू में न रह सकती थी और न उनके साथ खा सकती थी। उनके रहने की अलग व्यवस्था होती थी। यों आभिजात्य नारियाँ शासक हो सकती थी जैसे कि सन् १८९१ में जब शासक 'कलकोआ' की मृत्यु हो गयी तब उसकी बहिन 'लिलियोकलनी' सिंहासनारूढ़ होकर १८९३ तक राज्य करती रही। इस जाति में स्त्री के द्वारा ही वंशपरंपरा आगे चलती है।

कणक्कों की अनेक आदतें अनुकरणीय हैं। ये लोग सौन्दर्य - प्रेमी, उच्च आदर्शवाले और न्यायप्रिय होते हैं तथा इतने विश्वस्त भी कि अपने प्राणों पर खेल कर भी मित्रों की रक्षा व वचन - पालन करते हैं। इनके मुखिया को 'अली' कहते थे जो शासक थे। मंत्रवादियों को 'कहुनास' कहकर पुकारा जाता था जो वैद्य होते थे और साधारण व्यक्ति को 'मक्काई नाना' जो केवल सामान्य प्रजा होते थे और कोई अधिकार नहीं रखते थे। हवाइयों का प्राचीन इतिहास मुखियों का उत्थान - पतन, परस्पर युद्ध, सिंहासन प्राप्ति, सीमा - विस्तार आदि गाथाओ से भरा पडा है।

किसी समय अगर एक ही मुखिया सम्पूर्ण द्वीप का राजा हो जाय तो वह सारी सेना, समस्त भूमि और तमाम प्रजा को अपनी निज सम्पत्ति मानता था। उसका नियम 'टाबू' (Taboo) नियम कहलाता था जो मंत्रवादियों का नियम था। इस नियम का उल्लंघन करने वालों को कठोर दण्ड की व्यवस्था थी। टाबू नियम के अनुसार राजा पर किसी भी व्यक्ति की छाया नहीं पड़ सकती थी। राजा का नाम लेना भी सर्वसाधारण के लिए वर्जित था। धार्मिक उत्सवों के अवसर पर लेश - मात्र भी आवाज़ न होने देते थे। यहाँ तक कि तत्समय यदि कोई छींकता या खांसता तो उसे मृत्युदण्ड दिया जाता था। स्त्रियों के लिए केले, नारियल, सुअर का माँस आदि भोजन - सामग्रियाँ मना थीं क्योंकि ये सब ईश्वर और पुरुषों के लिए सुरक्षित रखी जाती थी।

मंत्रवादी लोग जड़ी - बूटियों के प्रयोग से रोग निवारण करने में निपुण होने से प्रजा पर उनका इतना बड़ा प्रभाव था कि उनकी आज्ञा का पूरा - पूरा पालन होता था। कणक्कों के कट्टर धार्मिक होने से ये मंत्रवादी उन पर मनमाना अधिकार चला सके।

जिसने आदि मानव की सृष्टि की और जो प्रत्येक मनुष्य को अपने कर्म के अनुसार पुरस्कार या दण्ड देता है, उसी सृष्टिकर्ता के बारे में कणक्कों के मन में बहुत बडा भ्रम था।

उनका विश्वास था कि जो गुणी होते हैं उन्हें वह नारियल की छाया युक्त सुन्दर द्वीपों में ले जायगा और दुष्टों को प्रेतात्माओं से भरे अंधेरे और बर्फीले गर्त में फेंक देगा।

कणक्का दुर्दैवों पर भी विश्वास करते थे; जिन्हें अपनी समस्त विपत्तियों का जैसे कि ज्वालामुखी - विस्फोट, मेघ - गर्जन, बिजली, भूकम्प, तूफ़ान, रोग आदि का कारण मानते थे। कहा जाता है कि इन दुर्दैवों में सब से भयानक 'पेल' (Pale) और 'मोह' (Maui) थे; जो सन् १८२० में नर - बलि की नई माँग कर रहे थे। तत्कालीन शासक कमेहामेहा द्वितीय ने इन धार्मिक अंध विश्वासों को सदा के लिए रोक दिया।

हवाई द्वीप के आदिम निवासी कणक्कों के सामाजिक और धार्मिक इतिहास का विशद ज्ञान हमें निम्नलिखित पाँच शासकों के शासनकाल के इतिहास से प्राप्त होता है। इनमें सर्वप्रथम शासक कमेहामेहा प्रथम ने ई० १७८४ से १८१९ तक शासन किया। प्रजा उन्हें प्रशांत महासागर का नेपोलियत नाम से पुकारती थी। वे नीति - निपुण, विवेकी और चतुर शासक थे। वे अमरीकी नाविक 'ऐसक डेविस' और 'जॉन यंग' को ज़बरदस्ती रोककर उनकी सहायता से अपने देश की उन्नति करने से नहीं हिचकिचाए। वे जनता में बहुत लोकप्रिय थे। जब वे ८२ वर्ष के हुए तो जनता ने नरबलि देकर उनकी आयु बढ़ाने की कामना व्यक्त की। किंतु उन्होंने दृढ़ता पूर्वक इसे रोक दिया तथा इस अवसर से लाभ उठाकर अपने पुत्र 'लिहोलिको' को कमेहामेहा द्वितीय के नाम से सिंहासन पर बिठाना। उन्होंने १८१९ से १८२४ तक राज्य किया। सन् १८२४ में लन्दन में उनकी मृत्यु हुई। इसके बाद कमेहामेहा तृतीय ई० १८२४ से १८५५ तक और कमेहामेहा चतुर्थ ई० १८५५ से १८६३ तक तथा कमेहामेहा पंचम ई० १९६३ से १८७२ शासन तक करते रहे। इन शाशकों के शासनकाल में विदेशियों का आगमन लगातार होता रहा और उनकी सहायता से सभी स्थानों और क्षेतों में आधुनिकता पनपने लगी। सन् १८७२ में कमेहामेहा पंचम की मृत्यु से इस वंश का अंत हो गया।

आज यह जाति ह्रासोन्मुख है। जैसे - जैसे विदेशियों की संख्या बढ़ती गई, इनकी संख्या घटती गई। सन् १८३२ में इन द्वीपों में १,३०,००० कणक्का निवास करते थे, किन्तु १८५० होते - होते वे ६०,००० रह गये थे। सन् १९१७ में यहाँ ४,००,००० लोग रहते थे: परंतु उनमें कणक्का केवल २०,००० से कम और बाकी सब विदेशी थे। आज इस जाति की संख्या शायद और भी कम हो गयी होगी।

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By S. C. M.

"பரிதி வாழ்க"

1 அருட்பார்வை முகமதிலே அமைதி காட்டி

ERRATA

Page 2	द्विव्य	line 8	Read	पल	instead of फल
Page 5		line 5	Read	तम्बू	instead of तम्भू
Page 6		line 5	Read	Pele	instead of Pale
Page 6		line 5	Read	माँइ	instead of मोह
Page 6		line 20	Read	क्षेत्र	instead of क्षेत
Page 6		line 27	Read	इस	instead of इन
Page 6		line 27	Read	इगंल	instead of इगंस

4 காலையிலே எம்பணியைத் தொடங்கு தற்குக்
காத்துள்ளோம் வருவீரென் ருவ லோடு
மாலையிலே வீசுகின்ற மழலைத் தென்றல்
மகிழ்ச்சியினே மறவாது எமக்க ளிப்பாய்!

எஸ். பாரதி
அறிவியல், இரண்டாமாண்டு

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रहा और उनका सहायता से सभी स्थानों और क्षेत्रों में आधुनिकता पनपने लगी। सन् १८७२ में कमेहामेहा पंचम की मृत्यु से इस वंश का अंत हो गया।

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By S. C. M.

"பரிதி வாழ்க"

1 அருட்பார்வை முகமதிலே அமைதி காட்டி
அமிழ்தான ஒளிக்கதிரை அள்ளி வீசி
இருட்போர்வை தனைநீக்கி இதமாய் வெப்பம்
இன்பமுற எமக்களிக்கும் பரிதி வாழ்க!

2 கோடான கோடிமின் விளக்கை யேற்றி
குவலயத்தின் காட்சிகளை நுகர்வ தற்கு
நாடோறும் முயன்றிடினும் துல்ய மாக
நானிலத்தில் காட்டுதற்கு நினக்கீ டாமோ?

3 வான்மழையும், வளர்பயிரும், வற்ரு ஆறும்
வையகமும் வாழ்உயிரும் செழிக்க வைப்பாய்
கான்எழிலும், கவின்வனப்பும் காலப் போக்கும்
காலையிளங் கதிரோனே உன்னு லன்ரே!

4 காலையிலே எம்பணியைத் தொடங்கு தற்குக்
காத்துள்ளோம் வருவீரென் ருவ லோடு
மாலையிலே வீசுகின்ற மழலைத் தென்றல்
மகிழ்ச்சியினை மறவாது எமக்க ளிப்பாய்!

எஸ். பாரதி
அறிவியல், இரண்டாமாண்டு

மின்னுவதெல்லாம் பொன்னல்ல

பொன்மாலை நேரம். சூரியன் தன் கடமையை முடித்துக் கொள்வதற்காக மேற்கு நோக்கிச் சென்று கொண்டிருந்தான். அவனுடைய கிரணங்கள் பல இடங்களைப் பொன்மயமாக்கிக் கொண்டிருந்தன. அப்படிப்பட்ட இடங்களில் ஒன்றுதான், "கமல விலாஸ்" என்ற ஆடம்பரமான பங்களாவைச் சூழ்ந்த இடம். அந்தப் பங்களாவைச் சுற்றி பிரமாண்டமான பெரிய தோட்டம் ஒன்று இருந்தது. பிருந்தாவனம் இப்படித்தான் இருக்குமோ என்று வியக்கத் தக்க அளவுக்கு அங்கு விதவிதமான வண்ண மலர்கள் "நாங்களும் இவ்வுலகம் காண வந்திருக்கிறோம்" என்று கூறுவதைப் போல அழகுடன் மலர்ந்து காணப்பட்டன.

இந்த மாலை நேரத்தில் தோட்டத்திலுள்ள வாயில் வழியாகக் கப்பல் போன்ற ஒரு பெரிய நீல நிறக்கார் தவழ்ந்து வந்து 'கமல விலாஸின்' முன் நின்றது. அதிலிருந்து நவ நாகரிக மங்கை ஒருத்தி துள்ளிக் குதித்துக் கொண்டு இறங்கி, மாளிகையை நோக்கி ஓடினாள். செல்வக் குடும்பத்தில் பிறந்த செல்லப் பெண் என்பதற்கு அவளுடைய செழிப்பான மேனியும், அலட்சியமான பார்வையும் கட்டியம் கூறின. அம்மங்கை, "அப்பா" என்று கூவிக் கொண்டே தந்தையின் அறையை நோக்கி ஓடினாள்.

தந்தை ரங்கநாயகம், "என்னம்மா கமலா? இன்று மிகவும் மகிழ்ச்சியாகக் கல்லூரியிலிருந்து வருகிறாயே! என்ன விஷயம்?", என்று தன் ஒரே பெண்ணிடம் அன்பு குழையக் கேட்டார்.

கமலா உடனே, "அப்பா! அப்பா! வருகிற வெள்ளிக்கிழமையன்று எங்கள் கல்லூரியில் எல்லோரும் உல்லாசப்பயணம் போகிறார்களாம். நானும் போகிறேனப்பா" என்றாள்.

ரங்கநாயகம் தன் பெண்ணின் ஆசையைக் கெடுக்க விரும்பாதவராக, "சரிம்மா, அதற்கென்ன? உன் விருப்பப்படியே செய்" என்றார்.

கமலா, "நல்ல அப்பா" என்று அவருக்கே நற்சான்றிதழ் கொடுத்து விட்டு ஓடி மறைந்தாள்.

சீதா, பார்வதியம்மாளின் ஒரே பெண். அவர்களுக்குக் கலைமகளின் அருள் இருந்த அளவுக்கு அலைமகளின் அருள் கிடைக்கவில்லை. அவர்கள் தினந்தோறும்

பாடுபட்டு உழைத்து வாழ்க்கையை நடத்தினர். பணத்தின் அருமையை நன்கு உணர்ந்திருந்ததால், சீதா நேரத்தை வீணுக்காமல் தன் பாடங்களை ஒழுங்காகப் படித்து வகுப்பிலேயே முதலாவதாக வந்து கொண்டிருந்தாள்.

கமலாவும், சீதாவும் ஒரே கல்லூரியில் ஒரே வகுப்பில் படித்தாலும், அவர் களுக்குள் மலைக்கும் மடுவுக்கும் உள்ள வித்தியாசம் இருந்தது.

கமலா, நாகரிகத்தின் உச்சியில் நின்று கொண்டிருப்பவள். ஆகையால் "கமலாம்பிகை" என்ற பெயரைக்கூடக் "கமல்" என்று சுருக்கமாக மாற்றிக் கொண்டவள். ரங்கநாயகத்தின் ஒரே பெண்ணைகையால் தான் நினைத்ததை உடனே அடைபவள். அவளுடைய தந்தை எள் என்பதற்கு முன் எண்ணெயாக நின்று தன் மகளைக் காப்பார். கமலாவிடம் இருந்த பணத்திற்காக அவளைச் சுற்றி எப்பொழுதும் பெண்கள் கூட்டம் இருந்து கொண்டிருக்கும்.

ஆனல் சீதா ஏழ்மையிலேயே பிறந்து வளர்ந்தவள். தன் அன்ருட வாழ்க்கைக்கே கஷ்டப்பட்டு உழைக்க வேண்டும். அவள் தன் குடும்ப வருமானத் திற்கு ஏற்றவாறு எளிமையான உடை உடுத்தி கல்லூரிக்கு வருவதைப் பார்த்து கமலாவும், அவள் தோழிகளும் எப்பொழுதும் கேலி செய்து கொண்டே இருப்பர். ஆனல் இதற்கெல்லாம் சீதா சிறிதும் வருந்தவில்லை. எல்லோரையும் அன்புடன் நேசித்தாள்.

ஒரு நாள் சீதா தன் தாயிடம் உல்லாசப் பயணத்தைப் பற்றிக் கூறினுள். பார்வதியம்மாளால் பணம் கொடுக்க முடியாமலிருந்தது. இருப்பினும் தன் மகள் ஆசையுடன் கேட்டதால், தான் சிறிது சிறிதாகச் சேர்த்து வைத்திருந்த பணத்தி லிருந்து அவளுக்கு எடுத்துக் கொடுத்தாள்.

உல்லாசப் பயணத்திற்காக ஏற்பாடு செய்யப் பட்டிருந்த வாகனத்தில் கல்லூரி மாணவிகள் ஆடிக் கொண்டும், பாடிக் கொண்டும் சென்றனர். கமலா, எல்லா மாணவிகளுக்கும் தலைமை தாங்குபவள் போல் நின்று அளவுக்கு மீறி பேசிச் சிரித்துக் கொண்டிருந்தாள். இடை இடையே சீதாவைக் கேலி செய்து பேசவும் தவறவில்லை. சீதா உள்ளூற தன் ஏழ்மை நிலையை நினைத்து வருந்தினுலும் வெளியில் அதைக் காட்டிக் கொள்ளவில்லை.

இவ்வாருக மாணவிகள் பல இடங்களை உல்லாசத்துடன் சுற்றிப் பார்த்து விட்டு மதிய உணவிற்காக ஒரு சிற்றுண்டிச்சாலையை நோக்கி நடந்தனர்.

உண்டி முடிந்ததும்கமலா, தன் கைப்பையை எடுத்துப்பணத்தைத் தேடினுள். ஆனல் அது கிடைக்கவில்லை. பை முழுவதும் தேடியும் காணுமல் போகவே

அவளுக்குத் "திக் 'கென்றது. தன் நிலையைத் தன் தோழிகளிடம் கூறிக் கடனாகச் சிறிது பணம் கேட்டாள் அவளிடம் பணம் இல்லை என்பது தெரிந்ததும், எங்கே நம்முடைய பணத்தை அவள் வாங்கிக் கொண்டு விடப் போகிறாளோ என்று எண்ணி, தோழிகள் ஒவ்வொருவரும் ஒவ்வொரு காரணங் கூறி நழுவி விட்டனர்.

கமலா தன் தலையில் கையை வைத்துக் கொண்டு உட்கார்ந்து விட்டாள். தான் உண்ட சிற்றுண்டிக்கு எப்படிப் பணத்தைக் கொடுக்கப் போகிறோம்? என்று அவளுக்குப் பெரிய பிரச்சினையாகிவிட்டது.

அச்சமயம் சீதா அவளை நெருங்கி, "கமலா! வருத்தப்படாதே! என்னிடம் உள்ள பணத்தை நீ இப்பொழுது எடுத்துக் கொள். நான் பிறகு வாங்கிக் கொள்கிறேன்" என்று கூறித் தன் பணத்தைக் கொடுத்தாள்.

இந்த ஆறுதல் வார்த்தைகளைக் கேட்டதும் கமலாவின் கண்களிலிருந்து ஆனந்தக் கண்ணீர் பெருகியது. அவள் சீதாவை அணைத்துக் கொண்டு "சீதா! எனக்கு என்ன சொல்வதென்றே தெரியவில்லை. நான் மற்ற தோழிகளுக்காக எவ்வளவோ உதவிகள் செய்திருக்கிறேன். ஆனால் அவர்கள் எல்லோரும் எனக்கு ஒரு துன்பம் என்றதும் விலகிவிட்டார்கள். 'மின்னுவதெல்லாம் பொன்னல்ல' என்ற முதுமொழியை எனக்கு உணர்த்தி விட்டார்கள். ஆனால் நீயோ, நான் உனக்கு எவ்வளவோ கெடுதல்களைச் செய்திருந்தும், அவைகளைப் பொருட்படுத்தாது எனக்குத் தக்க சமயத்தில் உதவி செய்துள்ளாய். உன்னை எப்படிப் பாராட்டுவது என்றே தெரியவில்லை. இனி நீதான் என் உயிர்த் தோழி" என்று கூறினாள்.

இதைக் கேட்ட சீதாவின் கண்களிலிருந்தும் மகிழ்ச்சியினால் கண்ணீர் பெருகிற்று.

R. செல்லா
P. U. C. (H. E. L.)

விநோதமான தொழில்கள்

இந்த உலகில் வயிற்றுப்பிழைப்பிற்காக மக்கள் செய்யும் விநோதமான தொழில்கள் சிலவற்றைப் பற்றிக் கேள்விப்படும் போது சிரிப்பாகவும், வேடிக்கையாகவும் இருக்கின்றன. விந்தையூட்டும் பிழைக்கும் வழிகளில் சிலவற்றைக் கீழே காணலாம் :—

அமெரிக்காவில் ஒருத்தி அசையாது பொம்மைபோல் எட்டு மணி நேரம் இருப்பதன் மூலம் ஆண்டுக்கு முப்பதாயிரம் ரூபாய் சம்பாதிக்கின்றாளாம். அந்நாட்டின் தலைசிறந்த பல நகைச்சுவை நடிகர்களால் கூட – பாப்ஹோப் உள்பட அவளைச் சிரிக்கவைக்க முடியவில்லையாம். கால் மணிக்கு ஒருமுறைதான் அவள் கண் இமைக்கின்றாளாம்

நியூயார்க் நகர அதிகாரிகள், நகர்வாழ் மக்களின் பூனைகள் காணாமற் போய் விடுவதைக் கண்டுபிடித்துக் கொடுப்பதற்கென்றே ஒருவனை வேலைக்கு அமர்த்தியுள்ளனர். கடந்த மூன்று ஆண்டுகளில் அவன் கண்டு பிடித்தவை 5,000 பூனைகளாம்.

தங்கள் வீட்டு 'வால் நீண்ட' குழந்தைகளை அடிக்க விரும்பாத பெற்றோர்கள், அவர்களை அடிக்கும் வேலைக்காக, ஒரு கிழவிக்கு எட்டு ரூபாய் கூலி கொடுக்கின்றார்களாம்.

பெரிய ஓட்டல்களில் தங்கிச் செல்வோரின் உடைமைகளைக் கட்டித் தருவதில் அதிக பணம் கிடைக்கிறதென்கிறாள். காரியதரிசி வேலையையும் உதறிவிட்டு இதில் ஈடுபட்டிருக்கும் ஒரு நங்கை.

பெரும் திரைப்பட நடிகைகள் உணர்ச்சி வசப்பட்டு கூக்குரலிட வேண்டிய கட்டங்களில் தங்கள் குரல்கள் பாதிக்கப்படும் என அஞ்சுவதால் ஹாலிவுட்டில் இதற்கென ஒரு பெண் பின்குரல் கொடுப்பதற்கு மணியொன்றுக்கு ஆயிரம் ரூபாய்க்கு மேல் வருமானம் பெறுகின்றாளாம்.

மின்சாரக் கம்பளிகள் தயாரிக்கும் கம்பனியின் கம்பளிகளைப் போர்த்திக் கொண்டு தூங்கும் வேலைக்கு மட்டும் நாள் தோறும் மக்கள் க்யூவில் நிற்கின்றனராம்.

அமெரிக்காவில் இப்படி இருக்க, ஸ்வீடனில் நாய் வளர்ப்போர் வரிகொடாமல் ஏய்ப்பதைக் கண்டுபிடிக்கும் பகுதியில் ஒருத்தி வேலை செய்கின்றாள். இவளது

வேலை, வீடுகளின் முன்பு நின்று கொண்டு 'குரைக்க வேண்டியது' உள்ளிருந்து நாய் 'பதில்' கொடுத்தால், வீட்டின் எண்ணை அதிகாரிகளுக்குக் கொடுத்து விடுவாள். அதனைத் தொடர்ந்து சோதனை துவங்கும். இருபது நாய் இனங்களின் குரல்கள் தெரியுமாம் இவளுக்கு.

வியர்வையினுல் துணிகளுக்கு ஏற்படும் விளைவுகளை ஆராய்வதற்காக இங்கிலாந்து துணி ஆலையொன்றில் மங்கை ஒருத்தி பணிபுரிகின்றுள். 40 டிகிரி சென்டி கிரேடு வெப்பத்தில் அவர்கள் தரும் உடைகளை அணிந்து கொள்வதும், சிறிது நேரத்திற்குப் பிறகு அவைகளை ஆராய்ச்சிக்குக் கழற்றித் தருவதுமே அவள் செய்யும் வேலை.

மேலை நாடுகளில் மக்களுக்கு வழங்கும் நீரின் சுவைகளை அறிந்து சொல்லக் கூடிய திறன் படைத்தவர்கள் நகர மன்றங்களால் நியமிக்கப் பட்டுள்ளனர். நிறமும் சுவையும் இல்லையென நாம் கருதும் தண்ணீரில் குறைந்தது சுமார் பன்னிரண்டு வகை சுவைகளை இவர்களால் பிரித்துக் கூற முடியுமாம்.

ஆஸ்திரேலியாவில் பாலுணவு தயாரிக்கும் நிறுவனத்தில் இரண்டு வயது குழந்தைகூட வேலை செய்கின்றது. குழந்தைகளுக்கு மிகவும் பிடிக்கும் சுவையைக் கண்டறிய விதவிதமான சுவையுள்ள உணவுகளை இக்குழந்தைக்கு ஊட்டுகின் றார்கள். அதற்கு மிகவும் விருப்பமான சுவை விற்பனைக்குகந்ததாகத் தேர்ந் தெடுக்கப்படுகின்றது.

ஆதாரம் :— டெக்கான் ஹெரால்ட்

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Elur	....	St. Teresa's College
Ernakulam	....	"The Teresian" – St. Teresa's College
Guruvayur (Trichur)	....	"Assisi Blossom" – Little Flower College
Kottayam	....	Mount Carmel Training College Annual
,,	....	B. C. M. College
Kozhikode	....	St. Joseph's College
,,	....	Providence College
Madras	....	Devagiri College
,,	....	Loyola College
,,	....	The Ethiraj College
,,	....	Stella Maris College
,,	....	Queen Mary's College
,,	....	Vivekananda College

Mangalore	....	St. Joseph's Inter-Diocesan Seminary
,,	....	"Marylite" – St. Mary's High School
,,	....	St. Aloysius College
,,	....	St. Agnes College
,,	....	St. Anne's Training College
,,	....	Government Arts College
Mysore	....	Annual of St. Philomena's College
,,	....	'The Helicon' — Teresian College
Ootacamund	....	Government Arts College
Palghat	....	Mercy College
Palghat (Chittor)	....	Government College Chronicle
Quilon	....	'Pyari Ma' – Fatima National College
Secunderabad	....	"St. Ann's Bee-hive"
Tiruvella	....	Teacher's College Annual
Trichinopoly	....	St. Joseph's College
Trichur	....	"Marian Voice" – St. Mary's College
,,	....	'Vimla Rosni'
Trivandrum	....	The Mar Ivanious College Annual
Udipi	....	Don Bosco Club
Vijayawada	....	Andhra Loyola College

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AND

OTHER PARTICULARS ABOUT NEWSPAPERS

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