

# Kanara Saraswat

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF KANARA SARASWAT ASSOCIATION

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July 2019

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## *Tribute to Padmabhushan Dr. Girish Karnad*



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Thespian, Director  
and Thinker*

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## Kanara Saraswat

A Monthly Magazine of the  
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### IN THIS ISSUE....

From the President's Desk	5
Kiddies' Corner: Drawings: Krishna ... <i>Pratyusha Savkur</i> ; My Doll ... <i>Umika Prasad Hattangadi</i>	9
Our Cover:	
Padmabhushan Dr. Girish Karnad - a Tribute	10
Lord of the Hills! ... <i>Kavita Karnad Samuel</i>	11
A Tribute to a great legend – Padmabhushan Dr. Girish Karnad ... <i>Sharad G. Koppikar</i>	13
माझे काका गिरीशबाप्पा गेले... <i>प्रमोद कर्नाड</i>	14
Girish Karnad - A Special connect ... <i>Asha Vombatkere</i>	15
The Wings in the City ... <i>Veena Bantwal</i>	15

150th Birth Anniversary of Rao Bahadur Shripad Subrao Talmaki	16
Military Musings: Fauji Lingo ... <i>Maj Gen B N Rao (Retd)</i>	18
Extraordinary People: Dadarao Bilhore; Alagarathanam Natarajan	19
Land of the Ancestors: Is South Asia the Cradle of Humanity? ... <i>Gayatri Madan Dutt</i>	20
Ballot Paper	23
Atmabodh (Part 10) ... <i>Dr. Sudha Tinaiker</i>	25
American Midwest Konkani Association ... <i>Anil Bhat</i>	26
<i>Parisevanam</i> :	
Once Upon A Dream.... Bhavanishanker Kandlur	30
Canara Union Drama Competition – 2019	34
On Papri And Other Things ... <i>Sudhir Vombatkere</i>	35
India and the Paradigm of Development ... <i>Dinesh Tallur</i>	36
There I would be (Poem) ... <i>Kedar Kate</i>	37
I dream a dream (Poem) ... <i>Vanita Kumta</i>	37
खाज... <i>विद्या कागल</i>	39
जावे त्यांच्या वंशा... <i>डॉ. सुनंदा कर्नाड</i>	40
आभाळ फाटले पळा रे पळा... <i>शैलजा वैद्य (मासुरकर)</i>	41
घरटं... <i>स्मिता बळवळ्ळी</i>	42
...त्यांचे पाय जमीनीवर असतात... <i>शरद कोपिकर</i>	44
हांव विस्सरलों... <i>मुरलीधर बेट्टाबेट</i>	45
निसर्ग... <i>लता कर्नाड राव (उल्लाळ)</i>	45
किमया... <i>निर्मला कलंबी</i>	45
सन्तकृपा... <i>दुर्गा कुमठा</i>	46
Personalia	50
Here & There	52
Our Institutions	53
Classifieds and Domestic Tidings	54

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## *From the President's Desk....*

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### **Dear Friends,**

We all have heard and read about the need to change. As they say, the only thing in life which is constant is the change that happens in your life. When I did a Google search on 'change', I found 32 quotes to inspire positive change. All these quotes are of famous personalities like Albert Einstein, George Bernard Shaw, John F. Kennedy, Mahatma Gandhi, Winston Churchill, etc.

A couple of these quotes which I found very inspiring were –“Be the change that you wish to see in the world”, by Mahatma Gandhi and “To improve is to change; to be perfect is to change often”, by Winston Churchill.

One of the most thought-provoking quotes I got recently on 'change' was in the English translation of the famous Italian novel 'The Leopard' written by the Italian author Giuseppe Lampedusa which captures the revolutionary events of Italy's unification in the 19th century.

A character in this novel declares that “if we want things to remain as they are, everything needs to change”– the most contradictory statement I ever came across on the subject of 'change', as compared to all the quotes or statements I read so far. This statement made me think about this contradiction; and the more I analysed, the more I found that there was no contradiction at all in this statement.

If we become successful in life, we would like that success to be constant in our life. But to keep this success factor constant, we will then need to change as the circumstances change. We cannot have the same formula for success to remain constant, if want to be constantly successful. Remaining constantly relevant in life, relevant in the society that you live in and the times you live in, is a constant challenge. Things around you and the complexities surrounding you keep on changing. But if you want to remain relevant constantly, as this statement in the novel 'The Leopard' says, then you need to continuously change.

The constant change that you want to pursue for keeping the things as they are, can be always ambiguous as the well-known poetess Gilda Radner said in her famous poem –

“I wanted a perfect ending.

Now I've learned, the hard way,  
that some poems don't rhyme,  
and some stories don't have  
a clear beginning, middle and end.

Life is not about knowing, having to change,  
taking the moment and making the best of it,  
without knowing what's going to happen next.  
Delicious Ambiguity.”

Yes, life is ambiguous. But we need to change if we want things to remain as they are.

**Praveen P. Kadle**

---

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(From l to r) Great grandmother Vatsala Mangesh Kadle, grandmother Mangala Gurudatt Nadkarny, mother Gautami Kerekatti, daughter Aashvi Gaurav Kerekatti.  
Aashvi was born on 10th May 2019.



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## Padmabhushan Dr. Girish Karnad - A Tribute

### Celebrated Scholar, Playwright, Thespian, Director and Thinker

Girish Karnad, one of the greatest literary figures of Indian literature passed away on 10<sup>th</sup> June 2019 at the age of 81 in Bengaluru. A Rhodes Scholar, he won fame as a Playwright, translator, film director and actor and screenplay writer. His career spanned over five decades. Girish Karnad, a man of unquaestionable integrity, was known for his commitment to freedom of expression. He is survived by wife Dr Saraswathy Ganapathy and children Raghu Karnad and Shalmali Radha.



He was the Director of Film and Television Institute of India (FTII) in Pune, Director of the Nehru Centre in London and Chairman of the Sangeet Natak Akademi. He won multiple awards in both theatre and cinema. He was a recipient of the 1998 Jnanpith Award, the highest literary honour conferred in India. The Indian Government also awarded him the Padma Bhushan.

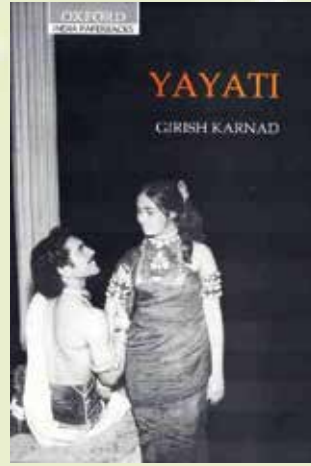
Girish Karnad was born in Matheran, in present-day Maharashtra, in 1938 to Krishnabai (née Mankikar) and Dr. Raghunath Karnad. His initial schooling was in Marathi and later in Kannada. In Sirsi, Karnataka, he was exposed to travelling theatre groups and Natak Mandalis as his parents were deeply interested in the plays of the iconic Balgandharva era. As a youngster, he was an ardent admirer of Yakshagana and the theater in his village. His family moved to Dharwad in Karnataka when he was fourteen, where he grew up with his two sisters and a niece.

He earned his Bachelor of Arts degree in Mathematics and Statistics from Karnatak Arts College, Dharwad (Karnataka University). Being very keen to study abroad, after graduation, he went to England and studied Philosophy, Politics and Economics at Magdalen in Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar (1960–63), earning his Master of Arts degree in all the three subjects. Karnad was elected the President of the Oxford Union in 1962–63.

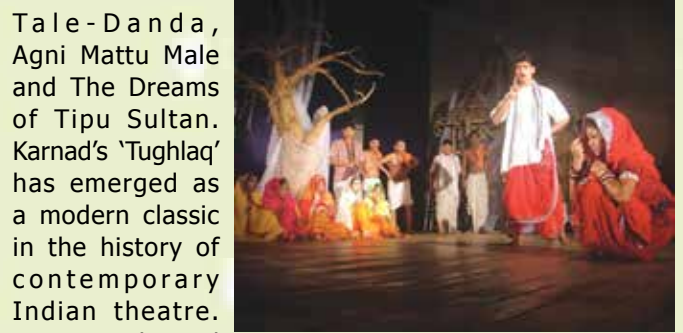


After coming back to India Girish Karnad wrote his first play

Yayati at the age of 23 in 1961. For four decades he composed plays writing in Kannada. He also translated his plays into English. His plays have been translated into some Indian languages and directed by famous directors like Ebrahim Alkazi, B. V. Karanth, Alyque Padamsee, Satyadev Dubey and Vijaya Mehta to name a few. Karnad's famous plays include Tughlaq, Hayavadana, Angumalige, Hittina Hunja, Naga-Mandala (see photo), Tale-Danda, Agni Mattu Male and The Dreams of Tipu Sultan. Karnad's 'Tughlaq' has emerged as a modern classic in the history of contemporary Indian theatre. He explored mythology and history with the vision of a modernist, resulting in the creation of great theatrical works. (The photo on the left shows the first scene of Girish Karnad's second play, Tughlaq.) He was active in the world of Hindi and Kannada cinema as well, working as an actor, director and screenwriter, and has earned awards. He won four Filmfare Awards, of which three are for Best Director – Kannada and the fourth a Filmfare Best Screenplay Award. He was a presenter for a weekly science magazine programme called "Turning Point" that aired on Doordarshan in 1991. He made his movie and screenwriting debut with the adaptation of U R Ananthmurthy's seminal Kannada novel 'Samskara' in 1970. The film won the President's Gold Medal in 1971.



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As an actor he played a diverse fare of roles. He ventured into the parallel cinema movement of the '70s with the Shyam Benegal-directed Nishant and Manthan. He played the lead role in Basu Chatterjee's Swami opposite Shabana Azmi. Karnad played Swami's father in the TV adaptation of R K Narayan's Malgudi Days.

As a director, he helmed Kannada films such as Vamsha Vriksha, Tabbaliyu Neenade Magane, Ondanondu Kaladalli, Kanooru Heggadithi and Hindi films Godhuli and Utsav.

As the chairman of Sangeet Natak Akademi, he was the brain behind organising Nehru Shatabdi Natya Samaroh in 1989 in Delhi which was planned as a retrospective of modern Indian theatre. It was truly a great Indian theatre festival in which dramatic masterpieces were featured under the directions of Indian theatre legends like Utpal Dutt. It was Karnad's idea that young theatre practitioners and audience should watch great productions staged in the course of the

last five decades.

As a public speaker and activist, he raised his voice for saving the secular fabric, freedom of expression and composite culture. Despite all he had achieved Girish Karnad encouraged discussion and dissent. One of his friends remarks, "He let the younger generation evolve, indulged them, allowed them to question, fight with them, criticise them... that was a different journey." He goes on to say, "When people such as Karnad depart the world, you must thank them for living a life that empowered, inspired and even instigated at times. They have left you with moments you cherish; they leave you a different person."

But it was the identity as a playwright that he most associated with, often drawing from the rich mythological and historical legacy of the country to weave stories about current sociopolitical issues. Indeed that is how he will be best remembered for years to come!

---

*Our Cover contd...*

*Much has been written about Girish Karnad in the newspapers and much said about him in the media too. We present here a couple of articles from those who knew him intimately. And our respect for him grows!*

## **LORD OF THE HILLS!**

**Kavita Karnad Samuel**

Krishnabai's labour was long and difficult. A humungous baby was stuck inside her. Covered in perspiration, Krishnabai the brave nurse, who had delivered so many babies of other women, was pushed to the verge of fatigue. But she had faith in her husband, a well-known doctor of his time. Just after midnight, he gave her an injection and soothed her brow saying it's only a matter of time before the baby is born. The magical words had their effect on her. Early the next morning, on 19<sup>th</sup> May, 1938, in a room covered with pre-monsoon clouds on the mountain of Matheran, she delivered a baby boy with a very large head.

Being born on a mountain, they named him Girish- Lord of the Hills. His head, people humorously observed, was disproportionately large compared to his body, even as he grew to be a toddler. They began to address him as 'Hodda Bodaa Shaabdu' (Large headed oaf). Little did these people know that this 'Hodda Bodaa Shaabdu' would grow up to conquer the intellectual empire one day!

The life details of my legendary uncle Shri. Girish Karnad are available at the flick of a button today. What is little known is the human being behind this larger than life personage. Through my memories of him, you will get a glimpse of the beautiful human being that he was.

I grew up addressing him as 'Bappa' or father, because he was the only real father I knew. My biological father was

too engrossed in his world of music to acknowledge me as his progeny. From the time the realization of my existence dawned, Bappa was constantly in my life. It was a time of living in a small house, sharing the living space and a single bathroom and toilet. I grew up with no concept of 'elbow room' or marking out territories. Bappa and I slept in the living room on mattresses unfolded on the floor. He read books till the wee hours of the morning, and I learnt to fall asleep with the light on, and the sound knowledge that Bappa was right here to battle all the demons who dared to appear.

As I grew up, I was inundated with dolls from every country of the world, much to the envy of my peers. Soon I realized, that wherever in the world Bappa went, he returned with a doll of that country for me. The Russian doll had a fur cap and coat, the Japanese doll was made of porcelain, the American doll was as tall as me and it talked! My mother had to commission a cupboard only to accommodate all these toys and eventually had to request Bappa to stop buying any more, for want of space.

A constant source of worry to my mother was my ability to blank out at the prospect of dealing with numbers. Mathematics never, and still does not, make sense to me. She turned to Bappa for help. Having majored in Mathematics, he took on the mantle to carve an Einstein out of me. Never did I need a tuition or extra class in Maths, as I had an

in-house tutor. He would get up early in the morning or burn the midnight oil, regardless of how fatigued he was after his shootings or play rehearsals, to drill some love of numbers, some algebraic formulae or geometric equations into my thick skull. If I passed my school years seamlessly, all the credit goes to Bappa, for he had the patience of the mountains to repeat the steps of a sum endlessly, till it sank!

His stint as the Director of Film and Television Institute of India at Pune was the most memorable for me. Mum and I went to Pune every weekend during those five years. Every weekend, we would be treated with International films projected for the students. And the discussions that followed with the students for analysing the film, would fly a few feet above my head. But just to watch Bappa teaching grown-ups was a treat to my limited understanding.

In about 1978, Bappa took on the ambitious project of directing the Kannada film "Ondaondu Kaala Dalli" (Once Upon a Time). He chose the exotic locales in the remote forests of Dandeli and rural Karnataka for the shooting. During every school break, I would pester my mother to let me go for the shooting, no matter the location. Bappa transmogrified into a slave driver during the day and a caring man I always knew, after pack up. I developed a self-protection technique of avoiding him during the shoots and never leaving his side after pack-up. We lived in tents for the most part of the shoot. After dinner, Bappa would sit with a few of us, look up in the starry sky and point out the constellations. His knowledge was astounding. He pointed out the shape of the Orion's belt constellation being that of a hunter holding a bow, by standing in that pose. By the light of the bon fire, this supremely fit man, standing with his arms outstretched, holding an imaginary bow and arrow, about to shoot the projectile, is one of my core memories and the most joyous one.

In 1983, I was giving the SSC exams, but my mind was anchored in the goings-on at Chickamangalur, where Bappa was directing the film "Utsav". On one of his visits to Bombay, I pleaded with him to take me with him for the next schedule. My mother was reluctant to let me get distracted from my studies. After all, a galaxy of stars like Rekha and Shashi Kapoor would prove enough distraction. Bappa had no heart to disappoint me, nor did he want a failure on hand due to him. Eventually, he convinced my mother to let me go with him and promised her that he would personally tutor me every evening. The man was true to his word. After 'Lights; Camera; Action; Cut; Pack-up', he would seek me out and correct the sums given to me for practice the previous evening. I passed SSC with flying colours, but it was Bappa who scored big.

Intellectuals like Shyam Benegal, Govind Nihalani, B.V Karanth, dotted the landscape of my childhood. Today I regret not being old enough or intelligent enough to integrate their amazing thoughts, so abundantly flung in active discussions with Bappa. The point here is that Bappa was just the awesome, loving father to me, never the celebrity with airs and tantrums. His simple cotton kurtas and pajamas bore no signs of celebrity-dom. The innumerable Gold Medals, National awards, Dnyanapitha, Sangeet Natak Academy Award, President's medals, Padma awards, the certificates and so many more commendations, both National and International, were received with quiet dignity and pushed in the cupboard till they lost their sheen. They did not see the light of day until the INTACH Museum of Dharwad coaxed him to donate them for public viewing. Hence I never realized how fortunate I was to grow up in the presence of greatness. Humility was his core strength and greatness.

Once Bappa was married and the family shifted to Bangalore, the distance between us grew. But on the day of my wedding, I realized he was my good old Bappa for me. On 1<sup>st</sup> October, 1990, he received the news that his protégé and favourite actor, Shankar Nag died in a horrible car accident. But keeping aside his overwhelming grief, Bappa stayed put throughout my wedding and orchestrated the entire goings-on. His signature as witness on my marriage certificate bears testimony to his love and commitment to his first God-child.

Two years ago, Bappa was diagnosed with Intestinal Lung Disease (ILD). It is the same disease that had killed my father three years earlier. He was attached to an oxygen concentrator twenty four by seven. But even in this condition, the man would regularly call to inquire about my mother's health and well being and never forget to wish on birthdays. We celebrated his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday as a family with aplomb in Merkera, Coorg. At this time, he bid farewell to all of us saying he was ready to leave his earthly shell. But even death did not dare close in on him until he had written and published his last play, Rakkasatangadi.

On the night of 09<sup>th</sup> June, 2019, surrounded by his wife, children, Bappa said his final good -byes before going to bed. Early next morning, his children found him cold.

A man like Bappa never dies. He simply merges with his beloveds in their thoughts, memories and lives. I for one thank the Divine for being born in the family of a man, whose life is an ode to the human spirit that knows no limits of intellectual or creative inspiration. Bappa rests in peace in my heart, my soul, in my thoughts and deeds. I only celebrate his life; mourning his death would be an insult to such a man.



## A Tribute to a great legend – Padmabhusan Dr. Girish Karnad

SHARAD G. KOPPIKAR

Girish Karnad was not only my classmate but also my childhood best friend. His father Dr. Raghunath Karnad being a doctor in Government Hospital used to get transferred regularly. So Girish did his education first from a Marathi medium school and later from Kannada medium school. Since he was a brilliant student he didn't face any problems studying in both languages. He used to visit us only during May vacation. But after his father's retirement they got settled in Saraswatpur (Dharwad). From ninth to eleventh (then SSC) we used to go together to Basel Mission High School. On the ground behind Saraswatpur we used to play together and after sunset when we used to sit, he used to narrate stories of ghosts and deities in his own way.

Girish liked to read English novels of renowned authors even though being from Kannada medium. His main hobby was to draw pictures of renowned people and used to send it to them for collecting their autographs. He had even got an autograph of famous writer William Somerset Maugham on a picture drawn by him which he added to his collection. In 1952 he had drawn a picture of the famous scientist Albert Einstein and had sent it to him to get his autograph. One day while returning from school the postman gave him an envelope. When Girish opened it he was disappointed to see that there was no picture of Einstein, instead there was a small note written by Einstein himself along with his autograph. The note said "I didn't keep my picture because I liked it but the picture that you had drawn behind my picture fascinated me and so I have kept it with me as a memory". Girish started wondering as to what he had drawn to fascinate such a famous scientist. Then he remembered and told me that it was a picture of a one and half year old naked boy with his back towards us and looking over his shoulder slightly.

In 1952 Shrimat Anandashram Swamiji was to come on 8 days tour to Saraswatpur (Dharwad) so Girish said that we should also do something during the ongoing preparations of Swamiji's visit. Keeping in mind of his 3 close friends – me, Dr. Suresh Kalambi and Capt. Ashok Gulwadi he wrote a small Konkani skit "Barainathille Kagad". He had instructed us not to show our backs to the audience while delivering the dialogues and also to speak loudly if the mike was not working properly. The paper indeed was blank but when held above a candle the golden letters started appearing. He had written the words using lemon juice. So such was his creativity at that time. His other friends should not feel offended so he wrote and directed one more Konkani skit for all including four of us and his younger sister Leena too.

In Saraswatpur one day during a function organised at Modern school, famous Kannada writer Dr. Shivram Karanth was invited as the chief guest, so Girish and I had gone to get his autograph. Looking at his stern face we were both afraid to approach him but Girish somehow gathered courage and requested him for his autograph to which he obliged. On 29<sup>th</sup> May 1953, when Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay

became the first mountaineers to climb Mount Everest, Girish and I obtained a picture of Tenzing and decided to draw his portrait. After drawing Tenzing's portrait I asked Girish that though we had drawn his picture but how will we send it to him as we didn't know his address. Then Girish told me since Tenzing had become "World Famous" we will just write "Tenzing Norgay, Darjeeling" and send it which will reach him. To our astonishment we not only received back his autograph but a postcard with his photo on it. I have still preserved it with me all these years. When I was working in Glaxo Laboratories in the Time Office, Smt. Shanta Gokhale – famous writer, journalist and theatre critic, used to sit beside me. She was a PRO (Public Relations Officer) in Glaxo.

She had written an article in Glaxo News of May 1984 issue about Girish and me obtaining Tenzing Norgay's autograph 31 years back.

Girish had taken Arts in Karnataka College, Dharwad and all the 4 years he stood first class first. In B.A. final he made history by standing first in Karnataka University securing 84% in 1958. His record was broken by a girl after 12 years in 1970. In 1974 April, when I had gone to Shirali along with my wife Deepa to attend Rathotsav that time Girish had just received Padmashri award and was invited to be honoured by Shrimat Parijnanashram Swamiji. After lunch when another friend Dayanand Bhat and I were standing near the gate the volunteers suddenly rushed to a car shouting "Girish Karnad aaiylo". Girish Karnad got out of the car accompanied by his mother. He immediately after seeing me waved his hand and while passing by he told me to come to his room as we had met after 12 long years. He told me that he had become the Director of the FTII (Film and Television Institute of India) of Pune and also invited me to visit it.

In 1980 September when Girish got married to Dr. Saraswati, without fail he had sent two separate invitations - one for his marriage at Suryavanshi Hall and another for reception at Hotel Sea Rock. He had the same love and affection towards me after all these years.

Recently when his movie "Tiger Zinda Hai" got released, I watched it and I saw that he was wearing an oxygen tube. I immediately called him to ask him about his health. He told me that he had breathing problem and had to wear it always. Though he did not want to act in the movie but the director Kabir Khan insisted that he was the only one to fit that role and so he acted with the tube on which became the part of the film.

After all these years we were in touch of each other and whenever I used to send him an email, he used to reply back promptly. Girish was a gem and a down to earth person. Such was our bonding, love and affection towards each other. With his sad demise our bonding got over. I pray to God that his aatma attains sadgati. He will always remain as an important part of my memories.

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## माझे काका गिरीशबाप्पा गेले...

प्रमोद कर्नाड

प्रख्यात नाटककार, अभिनेते, पटकथा लेखक, दिग्दर्शक पद्मभूषण डॉ. गिरीश कर्नाड, ज्यांना मी 'गिरीशबाप्पा' म्हणायचो, ते निवर्तले...! एक थोर व्यक्तिमत्त्व ज्यांना भारत सरकारने 'ज्ञानपीठ पुरस्कार' या साहित्यातील सर्वोच्च सन्मानाने गौरवांकित केले होते, ते वयाच्या ८१व्या वर्षी या जित्या-जागत्या रंगभूमीवरून 'एक्झिट' घेऊन अकस्मात निघून गेले.

आम्ही मूळचे धारवाडचे! कर्नाटकमधील धारवाडमध्ये 'सारस्वतपूर' नावाची एक टेकडीवर वसलेली टुमदार बंगल्याची एक वसाहत, तिथे गिरीशबाप्पांचा आणि माझ्या वडिलांचा बंगला होता. कोल्हापूरहून आम्ही भावंडे सुटीत धारवाडला जायचो. इतके प्रसिद्ध असूनही गिरीशबाप्पा तिथे स्कूटरवर फिरायचे आणि तेसुद्धा पिशव्य घेऊन बाजारहाट करायला. धारवाडला आम्ही दुपारी त्यांना घरी जेवायला बोलावले होते. तर स्कूटरच्या डिक्रीतून काकड्या, लिंबू, गाजर काढत पिशव्या सांभाळत हे आमच्याकडे हजर!... तर कोणताही अहंभाव नाही. इगो नाही. सर्वसामान्यांप्रमाणे हेलमेट घालून मस्त फिरणार आणि मुख्य म्हणजे इतकी असामान्य बुद्धिवादी व्यक्ती असूनही पाय जमिनीवर. वास्तविक, कर्नाटक विद्यापीठाचे मेरिट होल्डर, फर्स्ट क्लास, फर्स्ट विद्यार्थी. स्कॉलरशिप ऑक्सफर्ड युनिव्हर्सिटीत पुढील शिक्षणासाठी परदेशी गेले. शिकून आल्याबरोबर चेन्नई (त्या वेळचे मद्रास) येथे मोठ्या कंपनीत गलेलट्टु पगाराची नोकरी मिळाली; पण यांचा पिंड कलाकारांचा. तिथे मद्रासमध्ये नाटकवाला ग्रुप जमवला. त्यांची पत्नी डॉ. सरस्वती गणपती यांची ओळखही त्याचवेळी झाली. 'दहा ते पाच' या नोकरीत जीव रमेना आणि नाट्यलेखन, अभिनय यासाठी दिली नोकरी सोडून. ऑक्सफर्डचा स्कॉलर, मोठा पगार, सुरक्षितता असूनही कलेसाठी तरुणपणी जोखीम घेणारे हे खरे कलावंत. ते धारवाडला आले. विपुल लेखन सुरू झाले.

कन्नड चित्रपटाचे लेखन केले, अभिनयही केला. त्यास राष्ट्रीय पुरस्कार मिळाला. चित्रपटाकडून नाट्यसृष्टीकडे मोर्चा वळविला. त्यांनी लोककथेवर (फोक स्टोरीज) आधारित नाटके लिहिली. जी आजच्या जीवनमानाशी जुळणारी होती. हयवदन, नागमंडल, तुघलक ही नाटके तुफान गाजली. मूळ कन्नडमधील लेखनाचे लगेच मराठी, बंगाली, तामिळ वगैरे भाषांत अनुवाद होऊन ही नाटके भारतभर गाजली. हयवदन व नागमंडल विजयाबाई मेहतांनी मराठीत केली व गाजली. विजय तेंडुलकरांनी त्यांच्या 'तुघलक'चा मराठीत अनुवाद केला.

गिरीशबाप्पांनी सांगितल्यामुळे एनसीपीए मुंबईला 'नागमंडल'चा पहिला प्रयोग पाहण्यास मी सपत्नीक गेलो होतो. बाजूच्या सीटवर पाहिले तर अमरीश पुरी बसलेले, नाटक संपताच त्यांना मी माझी ओळख करून देत विचारले, 'आपने इसके पहलेवाला हयवदन देखा था क्या? त्यावर ते अचंबित होत म्हणाले, 'अरे भाई, देखा था क्या? किया था... किया था! हिंदीवाला. कितने शोज किए मैंने, गिरीशसाबने तो मुझे लाया इस

इंडस्ट्रीमें' मी खजील झालो. कारण मला हे माहीत नव्हते. पण त्यांना गिरीशबाप्पांबद्दल प्रचंड आदर होता. पत्नीला बोलावत त्यांनी म्हटले, 'अजी इनसे मिलीए, ये गिरीश कर्नाडसाबके भतीजे हैं,' अमरीश पुरी, सोनाली कुलकर्णी अशा अनेकांना गिरीशबाप्पांनी या क्षेत्रात आणले. शेखर सुमनला 'उत्सव'मध्ये त्यांनीच आणले. गिरीशबाप्पा 'फिल्म अॅण्ड टेलिव्हिजन इन्स्टिट्यूट' पुणे येथे प्राचार्य तथा संचालक म्हणून काही काळ कार्यरत होते. संगीत नाटक अकादमीचे ते पाच वर्षे डायरेक्टर (प्रमुख) होते. लंडनच्या एनसीपीए म्हणजे नॅशनल सेंटर परफॉर्मिंग आर्ट्सचे तीन वर्षे संचालक होते. कलेशी जोडल्या गेलेल्या नियुक्त्या त्यांनी स्वीकारल्या. 'स्वामी' चित्रपटात त्यांनी उत्तम अभिनय केला. अलीकडे 'टायगर' आणि 'टायगर जिंदा है' या बिग बजेट चित्रपटांतही 'रॉ चिफ'ची भूमिका त्यांनी अप्रतिम केली होती. श्वसनाचा विकार जडल्यामुळे ऑक्सिजनची नळकांडी नाकात व सोबत बॉक्स घेऊन ते हल्ली फिरायचे. 'टायगर जिंदा है' मध्येही त्यांनी ऑक्सिजनच्या नळ्या लावून काम केले. प्रेक्षकांना ती स्टार्ईल वाटली.

राज्य बँकेत वरिष्ठ अधिकारी असताना माझे बंगळुरूला एक ट्रेनिंग झाले. शेवटच्या दिवशी ते मला न्यायला गाडी घेऊन कॅम्पसच्या दारात आले. मला पोहोचायला अर्धा तास उशीर झाला. तोपर्यंत त्यांच्या गाडीभोवती चाहत्यांची ही गर्दी. बापरे! ते माझी वाट पाहत होते. मी येताच 'अरे बस- बस लवकर' म्हणत तिथून पळ काढला. प्रसिद्धीपासून नेहमीच लांब राहिले. प्रसिद्धी आपसूक त्यांच्या मागे जात राहिली.

माझ्या मुलाच्या लग्नाला नेरुळला त्यांना बोलावले. शूटिंग सोडून काही तासांसाठी फ्लायट पकडून ते बंगळुरूहून खास आले; पण सगळे नातेवाईक पाहताच त्यांच्यात रममाण होत तीन दिवस मुंबईला राहिले. असे कुटुंबवत्सलही ते होते. दुसरी गोष्ट म्हणजे ते अत्यंत स्पष्टवक्ते. जे मनात असेल ते मीडियासमोर छातीठोक न घाबरला मांडत. यापूर्वी एकदा त्यांच्या मृत्यूची अफवा उठली होती आणि त्याच दिवशी मी त्यांच्या बंगळुरूच्या घरी त्यांच्यासमवेत जेवण घेत होतो.

आज मात्र ते खरंच नाहीत...

ईश्वर त्यांच्या आत्म्याला सद्गती देवो, हीच प्रार्थना.

### शुद्धिपत्र

कृपया जून २०१९च्या "कॅनरा सारस्वत" अंकाचा संदर्भ घ्यावा. सदर अंकात, पृष्ठ संख्या ३७ वर प्रकाशित झालेल्या "पुस्तक परिचय" सदरात पहिल्या परिच्छेदातील पहिली ओळ प्रस्तुत पुस्तकाच्या लेखिका श्रीमती नीला बलसेकर ह्या विज्ञानशाखेच्या छापली गेलेली नाही. नजरचुकीबद्दल आम्ही दिलगीर आहोत.

- संपादक मंडळ

## Girish Karnad

### A Special connect

ASHA VOMBATKERE, MYSURU

Girish Karnad is no more. I knew he was not keeping well but his passing came as a shock nevertheless.

Much has been written about his work as a playwright. As a student of English literature I studied his plays, both English and the English translations of his Kannada plays. Needless to say, I enjoyed them immensely.

But what I find more admirable and important than his world-acclaimed work is his courage, to stand for values that he cherished and his becoming humility even when he was at the height of his amazing talents in theatre and films. He took right-wing bigotry head-on, and also never failed to criticize the political left when he thought fit. He did not believe in binaries, abhorrent to him. To him, what was important was to speak his truth. Nothing, not even death-threats, deterred him from standing up for what he thought was right.

The short film on his life documents little gems – and bring out his humility, his sense of humour, his ability to laugh at himself, his passion for whatever he set out to do, and his pride in the community to which he belonged, his Konkani roots. Chitrapur Saraswats are indeed fortunate to have had such a giant of a man in such a small community. He was a great among other great Chitrapur Saraswat men and women before him and yet others contemporaneous with him.

In his passing, we have lost a fearless activist, a powerful voice for the voiceless, a forthright speaker of truth to power and a keeper of social conscience. His personal presence at meetings supporting people's causes always gave a fresh impetus to the movement and huge encouragement to the participants.

I would like to end on a personal note although I have, unfortunately, not had the privilege of meeting Girish. There is a special, one might say even intimate, "relationship". In the documentary on his life, he reveals with wry humour and candour that when his mother Krishnabai was two months into her pregnancy while expecting him, she didn't want another child, and decided to have an abortion. So she and her husband went to a gynaecologist named Dr.Madhupalati Gune. They waited for a couple of hours, but for some reason, the doctor didn't turn up that day. So they returned home and decided to forget about the abortion!

And so we have Girish Karnad.

The reader might well wonder how I connect with this episode. Well, in 1965 I went to Poona (now Pune) as a new bride, when my army husband was there in the College of Military Engineering. When I was two months pregnant, I had a threatened abortion. I was advised by my aunt Kilpadi

Vatsala, to immediately consult Dr. Madhumalati Gune, one of the city's best gynaecologists. Although she was quite old by then, Dr.Gune was wonderful, and she saved my baby.

And so we have Sadashiv, our first son, now 53 years old.

Girish and Sadashiv were both saved by Dr.Madhupalati Gune – the former by her chance absence and the latter by her fortuitous presence. Both Girish and Sadashiv were fortunate that their mothers went to Dr.Madhupalati Gune, although with a gap of 27 years. Dr.Madhupalati Gune was a fortunate common factor in our lives.

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## The Wings in the City

VEENA BANTWAL

I) The Sparrow's Wings they wander –  
The Sparrow's Wings they search;  
Not a tree in sight –  
Not a branch to perch.

II) Wings in a concrete jungle-  
Wings on a futile search;  
Wings in the big city –  
Wings missing the greenery.

III) The Sparrow's Wings they flutter –  
The Sparrow's Wings they fly;  
Through dust, fumes and smoke –  
Through dull, greyish skies.

IV) The Sparrow's Wings they flutter –  
The Sparrow's Wings they fly;  
When from this fluttering –  
Tired the Wings become;  
Shelter of shady trees they seek  
But few and far they come.

V) The City needs more greenery –  
The City needs more trees;  
Save our green shelter-  
Save the green Trees.

# 150th Birth Anniversary of Rao Bahadur Shripad Subrao Talmaki

(Photos on page 28 and 29)

The Kanara Saraswat Association and SVC Cooperative Bank Ltd paid a tribute to their founder Late Rao Bahadur Shripad Subrao Talmaki on the occasion of his 150<sup>th</sup> birth Anniversary.

A three day programme was organized on 24th, 25th and 26th May 2019 at Yeshwant Natya Mandir, Matunga (West), Mumbai. The programme was thoughtfully planned to cater to all age groups and tastes. On the first two days the programme started with a short documentary on Rao Bahadur Talmaki produced by Chitra Palekar on the occasion of the Centenary of the SVC Co-op Bank. The documentary captured Talmaki's profuse work in the sphere of Co-operative movement as well as in the social sphere.

## **On the 24<sup>th</sup> was the acclaimed professional mythological musical drama – 'Sangeet Soubhadra'.**

This play was originally written by late Annasaheb Kirloskar and the first performance was in 1882! In 2012 the classical Singer Rahul Deshpande (grandson of late Vasant Deshpande) revived it and reproduced it. The story revolves around the betrothal of Subhadra, the sister of Balaram and Krishna. Subhadra is in love with Arjuna. Krishna knows this and wants them to marry. However Balaram wants to marry her to Duryodhana. Krishna being the 'obedient' younger brother of Balaram cannot be seen to act against his will. The play shows how Krishna gets his way with his mischievous and wily ways getting Subhadra to marry Arjuna with Balaram's blessings! Rahul Deshpande himself acted as Narada. The sets and the songs were a feast to the eyes and ears.

## **On the 25<sup>th</sup> was a Konkani comedy - "Golmaal Once Again".**

Uday Mankikar , our Associate Editor has captured the essence of this performance in his inimitable way.

Uday Mankikar reports - "Golmaal Once Again" - Golmaal Again & Again  
Kanara Saraswat Association, on 25th May, 2019 presented a hilarious two act Konkani drama "Golmaal once Again" rewritten and directed by Bipin Nadkarni, original play being "Under Secretary" written by Late Prabhakar Nadkarni of Delhi.

The drama "Under Secretary" was first presented at the Konkani Sahitya Samiti's Konkani Natyamahotsav in the early 60's. Stalwarts like Late Hattangadi Eknathmaam, and Late Haldipur Mohanmaam were in key roles. It was presented as a situation comedy at that time.

Konkani Sahitya Samiti did not stage any dramas from 1973 to 1976 and was revived in 1977 with a Konkani play "Moms Good Bye" written by Late V. P. Nadkarni and directed by Late Dada Mavinkurve and the Konkani Natyamahotsav was started again from 1978.

During the 1978 Natyamahotsav, Talmakiwadi group,

consisting of Manu Ulpe, Dr. Uday Andar, Shailesh Kulkarni, Late Ganesh Sthalekarmam, Smita Mavinkurve, Sushama Nadkarni, Roopa Mankikar and Vasant Patankar presented 'Under Secretary'. It was directed by Uday Mankikar under the guidance of Late Dada Mavinkurve and presented in the form of Slapstick comedy. The same group gave 5-6 performances of this play. Some artists were replaced by late Kishore Kailaje, late Suresh Andar, late Avinash Trasi, late Savitri Sthalekar and Deepa Andar in these shows depending upon their availability. All these details are given just to establish that this play "Under Secretary" is an evergreen play and the plot is such that it can never get outdated.

Talmakiwadi CHS Ltd. celebrated its Platinum Jubilee in the year 2016 and as a part of the celebration, Bipin Nadkarni was requested to present a comedy play. He selected this play, modified it, made it apt for the present day theatre trends, changed its name to "Golmaal 4" and presented it. Dr Uday Andar, Sunil Ullal, Anand Nadkarni, Harish Chandavar, Uday Mankikar, Smita Mavinkurve and Deepa Savkur participated. It was a great hit.

For presenting the same drama, on 25th May 2019, all of us who acted in 2016, requested Bipin to stage the same with yuva artistes and accordingly, except Harish Chandavar, he took all youngsters for the said performance. Bipin is well known for his creativity. He again modified the script, changed the title from "Golmaal 4" to Golmaal Once Again" and presented it on 25th May, 2019 in front of a knowledgeable Bhanap audience.

Synopsis: Shankar Bhatkal is in for a big shock to see his house completely refurbished by the time he returns home from work in the evening. His trusted servant Baluram congratulates him on being promoted as the CEO of his Bank. Shankar's wife Saroj, then reveals the plot behind the makeover.

Saroj, in a bid to impress her Delhi friend Pushpa, tells her that her husband Shankar Bhatkal has been recently promoted as the CEO of his Bank. Little does she know that Pushpa with her husband Prakash Sharma , Director Textiles... would be visiting them the next day. Saroj requests Shankar to act like a CEO for one day but he refuses. In a dramatic turn of events, his friend Kishore ends up playing Saroj's fake CEO husband whilst Shankar ends up being Baluram, the servant of the house.

Added to the confusion is the advent of Akka a k a Padminakka a k a Premier Padmini who gives a surprise visit to their house.

What ensues is a riot of comedy of gags, situations and characters till the final truth is revealed and Saroj has to confess her mistake of trying to put on a false act.

The selection of the artistes was very good and suitable

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Register names of Boys & Girls with KSA Marriage Bureau.

Contact: Usha Surkund -8108294931 or Dilip Sashital -9920132925 or Geeta Kulkarni - 9969552759



for their respective roles. Yatin Mavinkurve and Mitali Putali as Shankar and Saroj, Arjun Rao and Riddhima Savkur as Prakash and Pushpa, Vikram Padbidri as Kishore, Ketaki Mavinkurve as Retired Jailor Premier Padminiakka and Veteran Harish Chandavar as Baluram and smashing Sakharam regaled the audience for one and half hour. The performance was an example of perfect team work. Each one did justice to his/her respective role with correct diction, expression and body movements. The synchronization was so perfect that audience was kept laughing from start to end. The credit goes to Bipin Nadkarni for the excellent rewritten script, his thoughtful innovative direction, beautiful acting of all the artistes, excellent appropriate background music by Anuj Sashital and able backstage support by Roopa Mankikar, Savita Padukone, Kanika Nadkarni, Amrita Padubidri, Sunila Mallapur, Dhanashree Mallapur and Anand Nadkarni. The artists got a standing ovation for their super performance.

The play began with very inspiring "Naandi" written by Prof. Sadhanatai Kamat and composed by Geeta Yennemadi. Geeta Yennemadi sang it herself with the artistes of the play. This was followed by an innovative, humorous announcement by Bipin Nadkarni that set the momentum. The sets and the lighting was exceptionally good and added beauty to the performance.

I would like to mention here some of the spontaneous views mentioned by the appreciative audience.

- There are no words to express the satisfaction of entire audience, as the performance from each and every artist acting in this play was exceptionally good.

- The announcement in the beginning itself behind the screen by Bipin Nadkarni was so humorous, that we all could imagine what was in store for us in the next two hours. What is most important is that probably, even a highly professional group would not have matched the performance of what all of you as amateurs have given to the audience.

- Bipin, you have not only given an extraordinary show, but also given a platform to young talent and brought a touch of class to this drama. All artistes were brilliant and acted with professional ease.

- Play was riot of laughter, and we should continue with it.

These youngsters had rehearsed for almost two months. I was invited for the Muhurta. Subsequently, I could not attend the rehearsals for one or other reason. During the last week of April, Bipin asked me to come for the rehearsals. The play was all set then. I went and was so impressed that I did not miss a single rehearsal afterwards, till the final performance. It was two hours of laughter for me, everyday, for almost three weeks. These youngsters stay beyond Matunga (except Mitali and Ketaki), Harish at Matunga, Yatin at Andheri, Riddhima and Arjun at Kandivali and Vikram at Goregaon. But they used to come for the rehearsals in time from their respective workplaces. I never saw them tired, their energy was exceptionally good, all the time they were charged to give excellent performance. Their chemistry was also very good. They always used to enjoy the rehearsals, try to give their best and were loyal to the Director. They grasped what

the Director was trying to convey and were also ready to improvise. These are some of the qualities of a talented, determined, dedicated actor. I am sure, in the near future, these artistes will bring laurels not only to themselves but to the Konkani stage too. The Konkani theatre is in their safe hands.

I wish them every success in their future shows and request our knowledgeable Bhanap audience to encourage them, support them to propagate our mother tongue Konkani and also strengthen our Konkani stage. I am sure that there will be many more shows of this play and as rightly said by Sunil Ullal, we will have to change its title from "Golmaal Once Again" to "Golmaal Again and Again"!

### **On the 26<sup>th</sup> May the audience was in for a veritable treat – a musical one this time.**

The morning started with a tabla solo by young Rudra Bellare. Lehera was given by Kedar Bhagwat. Rudra captivated the audience with his fine strokes.

Then followed a mind-blowing program from the young, talented and versatile Samira Koppikar who is a Music Director, Composer, Singer, Song-writer and Performer. Samira is an accomplished singer and has some hit songs to her credit. She was nominated as "Female Vocalist of the Year" at the Mirchi Music Awards 2018.

Samira began her Bollywood journey as a Music Director & Composer with her song 'Maati ka Palang' which received critical acclaim in the Music Reviews. She has proved her mettle as a composer too and has sung her own compositions as well. She was also nominated for "The Best Music Album" at the Filmfare Awards 2018.

Starting her career with singing jingles, she went on to perform at the Montreal Jazz Festival.

She has trained in Hindustani Classical from several Gurus - Smt Neela Nagpurkar, Pt. Mohinderjeet Singh, Pt Pranab Kumar Biswas, Pt Bhavdeep Jaipurwale, Smt Geeta Prem, Pt Sunil Borgaonkar, Smt Rajashree Pathak and in Western Vocals from Jennifer Fernandes & Maureen Bismarc. She has a strong stage presence and performed with her own Band.

For her stage performance on the morning of the 26<sup>th</sup> of May, Samira rendered many of her yet to be released compositions, as well as few of her Bollywood hits. Her peppy version of the lullaby 'Zoi...Zoi' which her maternal grandmother used to sing was enjoyed immensely by the audience. Her soulful rendering of the memorable Madhubala hit 'Aayiye Meherbaan' was well-appreciated. Amit Savkur's singing in his sweet voice enhanced the programme.

Abhay Nayampally's (also known as Guitar N Abhay) solo performance was amazing. His mastery over Carnatic music combined in fusion with a western touch gave a different feel to the original compositions rendered by him with ease and expertise. Abhay played the raga 'Nata'. He also lent him magical touches on the electric guitar to Samira's songs.

All in all it was an event to be remembered!!

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## Fauji Lingo

MAJ GEN B N RAO, AVSM, VSM & BAR (RETD)

Everyone is familiar with the English lexicon. One has even heard of Hinglish. But military lingo combines not only Hindi and English but also words from other languages. Sometimes words are simply shortened like "Side disquali ho gaya" meaning that the team has been disqualified. Welcome to the world of 'Fauji' Lingo.

English words are mispronounced by choice or adapted to suit the convenience and pronunciation of troops; and one must not forget that our troops hail from various parts of India. But apart from the regimental language i.e. the language spoken in the 'paltan' e.g Marathi in Maratha battalions, or Punjabi in units of the Punjab and Sikh regiments or Tamil in the Madras regiment etc, the common language adopted by the entire army is Hindi. All courses of instruction for soldiers are imparted in Hindi. Officers largely speak English and also converse fluently in Hindi and also their own regimental language.

I recollect many years ago, as a Subaltern, the very first time I was interviewing an Other Rank (Jawan) when I was doing my infantry tenure with a battalion of the Rajput Regiment. The jawan had applied for leave and I asked him why he needed the chutti? He replied "Sahab, family ko baccha hone wala hai. Shayad scissor hoga". I was taken aback by the use of the word 'family' for wife but in the minds of the jawans 'family' is synonymous with 'wife'. Not surprising really considering that if he is killed, his wife will receive a family pension. If he is posted on active service his wife is allotted separated family quarters, Wives attend the family welfare centre. If she has to travel by rail he is given a family warrant. The OR married quarters are referred to as family lines.etc. But the word 'scissor' conveyed that the baby was likely to be delivered through caesarean section.

Gorkha troops are very simple and they have difficulty remembering long and unfamiliar names. So they have their own system of mnemonics. Once when Admiral Mountbatten as Supreme Commander of the South East Asia Command visited a Gorkha artillery unit in Burma he asked a Gorkha Gunner if he knew his name. The Gorkha Johnny replied. "Han Sahab. General Mountain Battery Sahab." Similarly Field Marshal SHFJ (Sam) Maneckshaw, who was himself from the Gorkhas, was endearingly and simply titled Sam Bahadur by his Gorkha troops.

In the National Defence Academy, cadets are categorised as non-vegetarian, egg-vegetarian and vegetarian to make the catering officer's provisioning task easier. But many cadets become 'mauka-terians' because when they feel like having a glass of milk they become vegetarians, or if a vegetarian fancies having an omelette he becomes an egg-vegetarian and of course if the chicken appears mouth watering, many a vegetarian has a go at it. Real opportunists: these hungry cadets!

The jawan is commonly referred to as 'Thambi' in South Indian units, or as 'Banda' in Punjabi speaking units, 'Kancha' in Gorkha units and 'Pandu' in Marathas and so on. In some Gorkha units having too many troops of the same name like Limbu or Gurung or Chhetri, the soldiers are identified by the last two figures of their personal number. So if the officer orders "Chattis ko bhejna" No 36 is promptly sent for.

It is not very surprising to hear an officer tell his wife that the bulb in the bathroom or the battery of his car has gone 'dix' (dysfunctional). It means that it is of no use any longer and needs replacement. This dix is not to be confused with diks - meaning small round metallic discs used in the unit armoury when a person is issued his weapon. Riks lena is not catching an autorickshaw but taking risk.

Blood 'tasting' means blood testing and food 'testing' stands for food tasting which the Duty Officer is supposed to do in the unit langars. In the same vein 'murky' bulb is a mercury bulb and 'sexy' blue refers to the colour saxe blue found in the regimental flag. 'Borning' date refers to the date of birth. And 'ragda' does not refer to ragda served at chaat parties but to some gruelling physical punishment. 'Bekar-di' rum means Bicardi rum which does not give sufficient kick.

And if a Gorkha soldier tells you that he is from 'thud-ate' what he means is that he is from the Third Battalion of the Eighth Gorkha Rifles.

Troops in high altitude areas are supplied with accelerated dehydrated frozen foods, commonly referred to by troops as 'dy-harted.' And 'climattin' means the acclimatisation process in high alti (tudes) that newly inducted troops are subjected to.

Relaxation' Range is not a place to take it easy; quite the contrary. It stands for Reflex Action Range. 'Hotjar' is a howitzer and 'missile screw' does not imply a rogue missile but to the missile crew. The problem of 'mass-karela' was solved after the cook produced a tin of Mackerels and Maska Drill is to be interpreted as 'musketry' to which the suffering recruits are subjected.

'Haftewala' is not the cop collecting illegal fines but the jawan who comes to you daily to pass on the battalion orders; and "daily' is the parade state tally which is put up to you once a week. A 'discipline case' is actually an indisciplined soldier. '1 Ton' and '3 Ton' are not measuring weights. They refer to military load carrying vehicles.

A military unit posted near the coast line spread the word that they were becoming MBBS. A hasty clarification had to be issued to the Regimental Medical Officer that his therapeutic domain was not under threat of an infantry take over; it was simply that the unit was preparing for 'amphibious' operations.

When I was in AOC Centre, Secunderabad, as a junior

Major, the Centre tailor, a Sardarji, insisted that I get a pair of Terelene trousers made from him. When I declined because I found Terelene trousers very slippery he said he would make me a "brake-an-wali" pant; meaning a trouser with brakes. What he actually meant was that he would put in a strip of felt around the inside of the waistband to increase friction between the trouser and the shirt so that it wouldn't slip.

And Ordnance storekeepers tasked with supervising the loading and unloading of railway wagons differentiate

between a four-wheeled covered wagon and the larger eight-wheeled covered wagon by referring to them as 'bogie' and 'boga' respectively.

Army personnel have their own earthy way of expressing things. Unending are the examples and it is impossible to record all of them in this article. Army life is full of humour and laughter. There is never a dull moment. But what matters in the end is that the military lingo makes for effective communication.

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## Extraordinary People

### Dadarao Bilhore

The loss of a child is enough to change any life. But how does one deal with such a devastating blow?

Dadarao Bilhore lost his 16-year-old son to a road accident – thanks to a pothole. Within a month of the child's tragic demise, Bilhore began a crusade that changed into a lifelong journey. He now fills up every single pothole he comes across in Mumbai.

Armed with broken paver blocks, gravel, stones and a shovel, from 2015 to date, he has filled over 600 potholes.

Known as the 'Pothole Dada of Mumbai', he has also been relentlessly fighting to bring legal justice against errant contractors and civic authorities and does not plan to quit until fair reparations have been made.



"Every pothole that I've filled so far is like a 'Shradhanjali' to my son Prakash. For I don't want anyone else to suffer an irreplaceable loss that we have to live through for the rest of our lives. How long can one depend on the civic bodies, who continue to wait for yet another person to succumb before filling up the potholes? We are all taxpaying members of the society, and if we don't become watchdogs of the administration, this will continue to happen. It's time we put an end to it, and for change to happen, we should come and stand together as a society."

Read more about Dadarao's fight against the potholes of Mumbai at <https://www.thebetterindia.com/152280/mumbaikar-potholes-dadarao-bilhore/>

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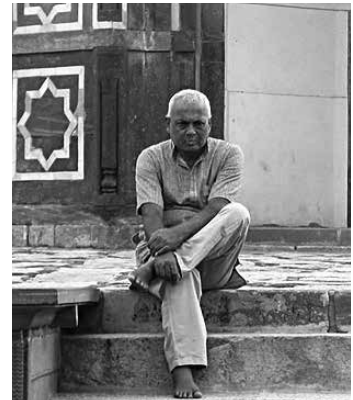
### Alagarathanam Natarajan

After moving back to India from London, Natarajan partook in many endeavours to uplift underprivileged members of society. But the sweltering heat of Delhi summers prompted the man to turn his attention to water and how he could help to alleviate this issue.

By placing a water cooler outside his own home, his eyes opened to the grim reality of water poverty. People couldn't walk even a fair distance to quench their thirst. Extremely saddened, Natarajan took it upon himself to install several matkas, or earthen pots, in various parts of South Delhi.

This feat has now earned him the moniker of 'Matka Man'. He refills each one of them through a van that he drives around himself.

"What propelled me was the indifference we all have for the poor. They don't even have water in this age and



time. Instead, the state sells water to them in mobile carts. The best I have learnt in this journey is there is no limit in giving to the community, water has just been the beginning for me and my learning every day is a wonderful experience and cleansing for the soul. I am 70 years old, and I have learnt from my early days that never take no for an answer. Living in Panchsheel park, I hope one day I can make this colony an example of kindness and care to the nation. We must lead by example, and I am the first example—I say this not for self-praise but for the lack of a better phrase."

You can read more about The Matka man at <https://www.thebetterindia.com/160308/delhi-london-cancer-water-news/>

(Extracted from: [www.thebetterindia.com](http://www.thebetterindia.com))

# Land of the Ancestors: Is South Asia the Cradle of Humanity?

GAYATRI MADAN DUTT

Researchers have found that the genes of humans worldwide are 99.9% identical. This is taken as evidence to indicate that we are all descended from the limited genetic pool of one small clan of ancestors. This clan is thought to have barely survived the catastrophic explosion, about 75,000 years ago, of a volcano named Toba in present-day Indonesia which caused the near-extinction of several life forms. Thus, all humankind, descended from that small band of fortunate survivors, is closely kindred. How, then, did we begin to look different from one another? How did we spread to the far reaches of the earth? And, importantly, where did our story begin? An attempt is made here to examine these questions.

Scientists today are of the opinion that the modern human lineage originated in Africa. Thereafter, they say, human numbers expanded on that continent. Then, a small group, leaving its ancestors behind, migrated, in an event which is known as 'Out of Africa'. Departing from East Africa, this group is thought to have travelled eastward via the coastal route along the Arabian Sea. It eventually reached South Asia, settled there, multiplied, and then spread out across the world. This is the hypothesis of modern human origins which today enjoys high consensus.

However, many scientists and thinkers, both past and present, have suggested South Asia as another possible candidate region which could have witnessed the first emergence of humanity. This essay explores the South Asian-cradleland hypothesis, taking into account recent work conducted in the field of human genetics.

Since the description of the human maternal genetic lineage involves a complex narration, only the simpler genetic diversification of the human paternal lineage will be dealt with here.

The earliest 10% of human paternal ancestral genes, named A and B, are found only in Africa today. The remaining 90%, named C to T, are believed to have arisen after humans left Africa and settled in South Asia. This would mean that after the abrupt early exit 'Out of Africa', the major chunk of modern human evolution, including the development of full-blown language and culture, would have occurred in the new South Asian setting. If this is the case, then there should be some lingering evidence of a sharp cultural break between these two peoples, that is, those who stayed on in Africa and bear the early African genes, and those who left Africa and bear the later South Asian-derived genes. However, investigators have found that these two groups show far-more-than-expected core affinities, and share a deeply intimate relationship in the spheres of both language and myth. How is there this almost seamless cultural continuity among all humans?

The most economical explanation would be that the African genes, A and B, too originated in South Asia and that all of humanity and its basic 'cultural package' formed in South Asia

before the separation took place. Thus it would be, not Africa, but South Asia, which would emerge as the likelier human cradle, from where the entire human diaspora launched out.

How this diaspora acquired its physical differences and then dispersed to the distant regions of the earth is one of the greatest stories in the history of humankind. It would be a fascinating exercise to trace its odyssey.

The 'Out of South Asia' scenario of this human dispersal, as opposed to the 'Out of Africa' model, is proposed below:

The earliest (so-called African) ancestral groups bearing paternal A and B (found almost exclusively today in groups such as the Khoi and San tribes of South Africa and the Pygmies of West-Central Africa), separated from the small surviving human gene pool in South Asia, after a fairly long period of culture formation. They lingered on at the western peripheries, before gradually moving further westward via the coastal route along the Arabian Sea into East Africa, carrying with them an early suite of languages and myths.

Human numbers, even after some initial expansion, would have been low in that early time. If even a small group or a large family clan moved out, the cradleland could become almost completely depleted of an entire genetic branch. However, as geneticist Spencer Wells has noted, today, about 5% of 'descendant' early 'African' genes are found in southern India, largely among a tribe living in the Madurai district of Tamil Nadu. Why are they 'descendant' genes? And what caused the 'Africans' to leave South Asia?

This may be why: Hunting and gathering was the only mode of subsistence in that early era. As humanity proceeded towards full behavioural modernity, there would have been a ferment of new ideas in South Asia, and experimentations with new ways of living. Some groups may have become uncomfortable with these new behaviours, such as acquiring total control over fire (which they would have regarded as a sacred totem), as well as the early beginnings of agriculture, animal domestication and metal use. They decided to leave, causing the first divisions in that early human society. It is often the orthodox elderly segments of populations which retreat in the face of change, while the younger element among them which is more accepting of innovation, stays on. If this is a valid reasoning, it may explain why the earliest 'ancestral' (perhaps slower-mutating) genes of the elder folk who moved away, are found in Africa, while the 'descendant' (perhaps faster-mutating) genes of the younger people who stayed on, are found in South Asia.

It is interesting to note that in their mythology, the San Bushmen of South Africa, who bear the earliest paternal A and B genes, recall that humanity was once a unity, and that it separated into different groups when disagreements and clashes broke out on the issue of fire. (Source: The research work of Alan Barnard, anthropologist at the University of



Edinburgh, who lived with, and studied, the San people for many years.)

(The march of the majority of humanity towards the complexities of 'civilisation' was inevitable. The retreat of simple-living hunter-gatherers from the 'civilising centre' was also inevitable. But today, as we of the 'civilised set' are finding that "the world is too much with us" (in the words of the poet, William Wordsworth), we have slowly begun to value our gentle 'first people', represented today by groups such as the playful, non-confrontational San Bushmen, mentioned above, and the nature-centred, peace-loving Bastar Gondi, as also the tranquil Bhutanese and many other Himalayan tribes of South Asia.)

After the separation of the 'African' groups, the other humans in South Asia grew in numbers and, along with their languages, underwent further genetic diversification into more groups and families. Then, some groups scattered into, and settled in, the four contrasting climatic zones of South Asia, where they began to microevolve according to the dictates of their climates. Thus were formed the four human types or so-called 'races' bearing a variety of physical variations.

We may take a short interlude here: It will be noticed how each of the four present 'races' of South Asia, of varying complexions and body-types, is perfectly matched to its respective climate: South Asians are dark in the south: dark melanin pigmentation protects them against dangerous hyper-absorption of Vitamin D from the hot tropical sun's ultra-violet radiation; they are brown to 'wheatish' in the milder climes of the central subtropical region; they are fair in the chill lower-Himalayan-temperate zone as an adaptation, in contrast, to allow more absorption of Vitamin D which decreases as we move away from the equator and the tropics into higher latitudes, and also to protect against frostbite which is highly injurious to dark skin; South Asians are xanthic or 'golden' in the icy high-Himalayan-arctic belt because of more fat stored just below the skin as a shield against the cold, this fat often tinged yellow (seen today, for example, among Chinese people) or red (seen today, for example, among the 'Red' Indians of North and South America) due to beta-carotene retention from ingesting a probable diet, in that early time, which was rich in Himalayan green and red algae plants which grow profusely on glaciers and in melt-water rivers; xanthic South Asians also have smaller-made compact body frames for more efficient blood-and-oxygen circulation in freezing conditions, and bear narrowed slit eyes due to the epicanthic eye-fold which acts as a shade against snow-glare.

It will be asked: how can we tell that the ancestors of arctic-Himalayan people could have consumed a large proportion of algae in their diet? The life-ways of ancestors are conserved with respect by their descendants. Today, during festivals in the Himalayan region, there is a religious tradition of consuming algae-based foods as, for instance, among Manipuri tribes, and also among the Monpa tribes of Arunachal Pradesh during their Losar festival. An act done with sacred intent marks it out as intimately linked to

ancestors. It would seem that these tribes have diligently preserved this practice in reverent commemoration of the important role that algae plants played in the diet of their very early forebears. (During digestion, green algae converts to its sister-colour, which is yellow.) The practice of algae consumption seems to have been carried by migrant communities, probably already bearing the yellow-and-red-algae-tinged complexions, from their Himalayan cradle to their new lands spread across South-East and North-East Asia, and thereafter to the Americas. Remnants of several types of food algae, in this case, seaweed, dated to as old as 14,000 years ago, were found in the excavated habitation sites of humans at the site of Monte Verde in southern Chile, almost at the tip of South America. Today, algae, again in the form of mostly seaweed, remains a major dietary resource, particularly in China, Japan, Korea, Taiwan, and among Native American communities too. The famous Japanese dish, sushi, is a seaweed-wrapped preparation.

Regarding the 'making' of the modern human 'races', geneticists H. Harpending and A. Rogers have, in fact, detected human genetic signals which suggest that the 'races' formed first, probably within a small region, before they spread worldwide. This would disprove the 'Out of Africa' theory, and support the 'Out of South Asia' theory, since 'race' formation within a circumscribed area could only have taken place in Himalayan-blessed South Asia, the sole region in the world where widespread richly contrasting habitats % hot, mild, chilly and hyper-cold % occur uniquely side by side, and continue, to this day, to harbour the 'races' that they sculpted.

We will now return to our genetic story... Thereafter, all the differentiated groups bearing paternal genes C to T, which were born of the remaining 'African' genes that had stayed on in South Asia, expanded outward. (It would be their sojourn and acclimatisation in the Himalayas that would prepare human groups to quickly adapt to cold environments when they migrated to the glacial northern latitudes of Eurasia and North America.)

Readers may refer to the maps given below to track the movements of genes out of South Asia. The maps also stress South Asia's vital central position, highlighting it as the most likely source region of the human diaspora.

Geneticist P. Underhill has, indeed, suggested that C arose in South Asia, rather than Africa, since C has its highest diversity among the populations of South Asia. After its advent, C moved east, and then took two routes: south towards Australia and north to East Asia; some C subgroups then moved in a curve west into Mongolia, and some continued north, later veering east into North America. This map shows the estimated route of C:



Today, C has, in jest, been given the

sobriquet 'Genghis Khan's gene', after the famed Mongolian conquerer who bore the C gene and spread it.

Geneticists T. Altheide, M. Hammer and A. Chandrasekar have proposed that the 'conjoined twins' DE too, like C, probably arose in South Asia. DE have a unique history. Although they are closely related, they seem to have undergone surgical separation, D going east towards Southeast and East Asia, and E (not shown here) going west towards the Middle East, Europe, and to Africa. This map shows the estimated route of D:



It is amazing to find (as the arrows in the above map indicate) that D genes are shared by such varying groups as the dark

African-type Andaman Islanders and the fair Mongolian-type Japanese people. This would demonstrate how two related groups scattered into contrasting South Asian climate-zones, underwent differing microevolution through climate adaptation, and developed quite different physical features over time. (Our present 14<sup>th</sup>. Dalai Lama too bears the D gene.) (Source of Maps of the Estimated Routes of C and D: C-C. Wang and H. Li.)

Language researcher, George van Driem, has boldly proposed that "the Indian subcontinent may have been the ultimate primordial fatherland" of most of the world's paternal genes and language families. Van Driem notes that paternal ancestral F\*, K\*, N\* and R\* have all been found to have also arisen in South Asia.

Van Driem locates Ancestral F\* around North-West South Asia. G, H, I, J and K were its descendants. F\*'s child, K, became Ancestral K\*, located around the Punjab region. K\* engendered all the remaining sub-clades: L, M, NO (which are placed together because they did not split for a long time), P, Q, R, S and T, some of them initially within South Asia itself. Thereafter, they moved away in different directions. The maps below (Sources: M. Raghavan and colleagues, and G. van Driem respectively) show 1) the position of F\* in South Asia and the initial spread areas of all its descendants, and 2) the position of K\* and its descendants:

We will now take up the story of R. R genes that have a major presence today in Central Asia and Europe. But R has been shown to be present in its original ancestral form in South Asia, which van Driem refers to as R\* % (Ancestral K\*'s child) % and is seen at high levels in the Indus-Saraswati region. R\*'s subgroup R1 too is thought by many geneticists to have had a South Asian origin.

We come now to a point of high debate. Many scholars hold

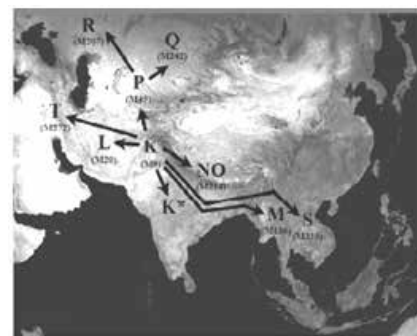
that R1's offshoot, R1a and its subgroup, R1a1a, originated around Central Asia and is the especial and crowning 'Aryan' genetic signature whose bearers "invaded" (or migrated into) South Asia from the northwest. However, recent research, such as the 2010 study led by P. Underhill and the more recent 2015 study led by G. Lucotte, have demonstrated



that both R1a and R1a1a show greatest diversity and are found in their oldest forms in South Asia, and therefore would have also originated, like their ancestors

R\* and R1, in the South Asian region.

This would render suspect the grand old popularly-named 'Aryan Invasion Theory' (AIT) which has long insisted that a prehistoric incursion from the Central Asian Steppes brought a new 'race':



the 'Aryans', and a new speech-family: the 'Indo-Aryan' languages, into South Asia. This cannot be correct, according to the proposal made in this article, which emphasises South Asia as the original natal area of all human 'races', and of every one of the world's language families, all of whose seeds have been shown to lie within Sanskrit.

(There would, of course, have been later return migrations/visits from around the world, back into the South Asian heartland in prehistory, and the Persian, Greek, Kushan, Hun, Turk and other historical entries into South Asia from the northwest are well documented.)

The above narration, then, lists the proposed first journeys that humanity's paternal genes undertook from South Asia to the four corners of the earth.

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*Editorial Committee*

**KANARA SARASWAT ASSOCIATION**  
**Election to the Managing Committee 2018-2019**

As per the Election Notice dated 01.04.2019 published in Kanara Saraswat magazine of May 2019 valid nominations have been received from the following Five members against three vacancies to be filled up for the Managing Committee for the year 2019-2020

- 1) SHRI KOMBRABAIL HEMANT RAGHUVIR
- 2) SMT ASHWINI (KULKARNI) PRASHANT
- 3) SHRI PANDIT RAJARAM DATTATRAY
- 4) SHRI SURKUND KRISHNAKISHORE ANNAJIRAO
- 5) SHRI ULLAL SUNIL GOPALKRISHNA

Therefore the Elections will be held to elect 3 members. Ballot paper for the Elections is published separately. All the members of the KSA are requested to cast their votes by putting X against any three candidates in the Ballot Paper and return it to the Returning Officer, Kanara Saraswat Association (Regd). **Not later than 7 .00 pm on 7th September 2019 in a closed envelope marked "Ballot paper"**.

**Please note:**

- 1) If more than one Ballot paper is received from the same member, all the Ballot papers will be rejected.
- 2) If a member votes for more than 3 candidates, the voting paper will be invalid.
- 3) The ballot paper should be accompanied by Xerox Copy of any one of the following:
  - a) Passport, Driving license, PAN Card , ID Card issued by Railway for Season Ticket
  - b) Identity card issued by Employer , Pensioner Card, Senior Citizen card  
provided the signature of the members appears therein.
  - c) In the absence of the above proof the member may get his signature attested by a gazetted Office / Bank office in the following format and submit along with the Ballot paper

**Format**

(X)

( Signature of Mr/Ms \_\_\_\_\_ )

Signed in my presence

(Rubber Stamp in case of authentication by Gazetted / Bank Officer)

**d) The Ballot papers without the ID Proof is liable to be rejected.**

**P.T.O FOR BALLOT PAPER**

## BALLOT PAPER

1. Shri Kombrabail Hemant Raghuvir

2. Smt. Ashwini (Kulkarni) Prashant

3. Shri Pandit Rajaram Dattatray

4. Shri Surkund Krishnakishore Annajirao

5. Shri Ullal Sunil Gopalkrishna

.....  
.....  
Name & Address .....

.....  
.....  
.....

Membership Number ( if Known) .....

Signature

If necessary Xerox copy of this form can be sent duly filled in.

## Atmabodh

The tenth instalment of the de-mystification of a compact and insightful spiritual text by our erudite contributor Dr. SUDHA TINAIKER

In the previous verses, Âtmâ was described in its true nature, as that which is not available as an object of perception to the senses, that which has no attributes (निर्गुणः) that which has no form (निराकारः) and that which is actionless (निष्क्रियः). Then there is a possibility of inferring that Âtmâ is nothingness (शून्यः). This is the tenet of a branch of Buddhist philosophy that nothingness is the stuff of this Universe. Our scriptures prove that the basis (अधिष्ठानम्) of this Universe is existence-consciousness which is a positive entity, a presence which pulsates in every living being as "I am", "I am". It is available in and through every non-living being as the "is-ness".

This is what the next few verses try to explain:

अहमाकाशवत्सर्वं बहिरन्तर्गतोच्युतः

सदा सर्वसमः सिद्धो निस्सङ्गो निर्मलोऽचलः ॥३५॥

This verse explains the awareness-consciousness as the very अधिष्ठानम् of the individual (explained in the Vedantic literature as त्वम् पद the meaning of the word "You"). This consciousness manifests in every individual as "I am" (अहम् अस्मि). What is the nature of this अहम्? Vedanta says that I am the consciousness which pervades the whole Universe inside out. This is a positive entity which never wears out nor is it subject to any loss. It is present everywhere homogeneously as the inner dweller and controller of every living being (अन्तर्यामी). Vedanta always gives the example of space and light to illustrate the all-pervading consciousness principle. Like space and light, though present in and through every living being, consciousness is not tainted by the defects of the objects it pervades. It is un-involved, ever pure and blemishless. Being all pervading it is steady and has no movement. MahâNârâyanaupanishad explains the same in verse 23.5 – अन्तर्बहिश्च तत्सर्वं व्याप्य नारायणः स्थितः we also see the same in Bhagavad Gîtâ 13.15 बहिरन्तश्चभूतानाम् अचरं चरामेव च

Now the same consciousness is explained from the point of view of तत् पद (ishvara) and also the one-ness of the individual and ishvara (जीवेश्वर ऐक्यम्).

नित्यशुद्धविमुक्तैकमखण्डानन्दमद्वयम्

सत्यं ज्ञानमनन्तं यत्परं ब्रह्माहमेव तत् ॥३६॥

Brahman, which is the अधिष्ठानम् of this entire Universe, referred to as तत् पद is the existence consciousness which is eternal (that which is not limited by time). It is ever pure and blemishless not being afflicted by the Universe it pervades. It is ever-free; not limited by time and space. It is one unbroken, indivisible existence without a second.

It pervades everything. The whole Universe exists in it. It is infinite, complete and total. It is the very existence, consciousness and the infinite which is the very crux of the entire manifest Universe. The most important thing to note here is that it is not different from "Me"—I am that very Brahman (ब्रह्माहमेव).

By repeated listening, constant rumination and contemplation over the one-ness of the jîva and ishvara (महा वाक्यः) one is able to abide in one's true nature. For such an abidance in Âtmâ, preparation of the mind is extremely important. A focused and sharp intellect alone can understand the true purport of the mahâvâkya. Such a complete understanding releases the person from the grip of ignorance and its consequences. The next verse says;

एवं निरन्तराभ्यस्ता ब्रह्मैवास्मीति वासना

हरत्यविद्याविक्षेपात्रोगानिव रसायनम् ॥३७॥

By constant practice of jnâna yoga (श्रवण, मनन, निदिध्यासन) the one-ness of jîva and Brahman is clearly understood. This clear understanding is capable of destroying the delusion born out of ignorance of one's true nature. Such clear understanding is compared to a medicine here. When the correct medicine is given in correct dosage for a specific disease, the disease is cured. Self-ignorance is the disease which robs a person of the reality of his unlimited nature and manifests with symptoms of delusion and sorrow. The only medicine for this disease is Self-knowledge.

What is contemplation? This topic is very beautifully dealt with in the 6<sup>th</sup> chapter of Bhagavadgîtâ. Âchâryâ Shankarâ summarizes the entire chapter in a few verses.

विविक्तदेश आसीनो विरागो विजितेन्द्रियः

भावयेदेकमात्मानं तमनन्तमनन्यधीः ॥३८॥

Nidhidhyâsana or contemplation is the process of assimilation of what one has heard from the Guru. The Guru explains the purport of Vedanta, which is nothing other than जीवेश्वर ऐक्यम् explained by the महावाक्यम् तत् त्वम् असि. Lord Krishna in Bhagavadgîtâ calls it Dhyâna yoga. Initially, it requires the contemplator to follow certain disciplines a few of them are explained here; sitting in a quiet place where one is not disturbed by the surroundings like the banks of a river, a hill or a quiet corner in one's own home. The contemplator then has to withdraw his sense organs and focus only on the "I am" which is constantly pulsating in every jîva, to the exclusion of all other thoughts.

How one does it is explained in the next verse.

(To be continued..)



# American Midwest Konkani Association

ANIL BHAT

Even though Konkani is spoken in various dialects, it is difficult to find the use of the word "Amchigele" in any other dialect than ours. It means "Our people". And, our people can be found in every corner of the world. The Chicago metropolitan area, which is the American Midwest region, is one such small corner where you will find Chitrapur and Goud Saraswats socializing with each other through the American Midwest Konkani Association, or AMKA for short (<https://amkachi.org/>).

The American Midwest Konkani Association (AMKA) was established in 1985 to bring Konkani-speaking people of the Chicago metropolitan area together, forming a community of shared culture and values. At any given point in time, the association has had 100-150 families as members. Every year, a new committee is nominated by the outgoing committee to take over the reins and operate it for another year.

Annually, the association organizes four events: Ugadi in April, Sports Day in June, a picnic in late July or early August, and Diwali in late October or early November. Our members also strive to make a difference in the community through volunteering efforts such as visits to nursing homes for the elderly, packing nutritious food for children in poor countries, or raising funds for charity through arts and crafts.

Our Ugadi and Diwali functions feature stage performances by children and adults, delicious food, and art competitions. At times, we show our appreciation for plays written by Amchigeles by performing them at the functions. Ugadi and Diwali functions also serve as a sales channel for articles made by "Samvit Sudha" and local businesses selling Indian jewelry and clothing.

The annual picnic is highly anticipated by the community, and a welcome break in summer. It is organized at a park or a forest preserve suitable for recreational activities such as volleyball, cricket and rowing. The event typically ends with a game of bingo. We try to adopt a unique theme for our choice of clothing for the picnic every year to add an element of fun. One of most popular themes is Hawaiian.

AMKA's activities have always centered around the family. All our activities are representative of the organization's motto, "Aammi melnu khelnu askaa". Over the years, friendships are formed, children play and grow up together, greying members move on to other priorities in their lives, and new families looking for a connection to their roots join AMKA. Fortunately, AMKA has withstood the test of time, and it continues to grow in strength every year. We celebrated 25 years of success in the year 2010.

The connections formed through AMKA are utilized by some of our most active and long-time members to preserve and enrich our culture. A decade or so ago, two of the founding members of AMKA, Mrs. Nirmala Bangalore and Mrs. Sandhya Kamath co-authored a book of Konkani recipes complete with a Konkani-to-English translation of ingredients à la Rasachandrika for North American Konkani people. Messrs. Bangalore and Kamath solicited recipes from

across the community. Copies of the book continue to be in demand even today.

In another example of utilizing connections formed through AMKA, Mrs. Prema Gulwadi initiated a Prarthana Varga<sup>1</sup> to teach young children about Chitrapur Saraswat heritage and imbibe cultural values through stories from the puranas. And, finally, a few amateur musicians came together to form a jazz band called Soul Curri, which performs at our functions and for private family gatherings.

In the current age of social media and smartphones, organizations such as AMKA have assumed greater significance because of their ability to bring people together in the physical world regardless of whether it is to perform a Bollywood number, a Konkani play, a jazz song or a bhajan; or to compete in a game of Antakshari, Konkani trivia, badminton or carrom; or to enjoy the summer together in the sun; or to simply relax and indulge in Panchaidika.

We hope AMKA survives for generations to come. As long as recent arrivals to American shores continue to seek and maintain cultural ties, and as long as their descendants wish to preserve our heritage, AMKA and similar organizations throughout the United States will thrive in some shape or form.

**Editor's Note:** The activities of AMKA's Prarthana Varga was highlighted in the June 2019 issue of KSA Magazine – please see page 17.

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# Chitrapur Heritage Foundation

711 Daylily Court, Langhorne, Pennsylvania, USA

## Connecting US Amchis to Chitrapur Math

Founded in 2005, Chitrapur Heritage Foundation (CHF) is a Section 501 (c)(3) not-for-profit charitable organization. The mission of CHF is to provide a vital link for Amchis in the US to stay actively connected with our Chitrapur Math and our Guruparampara. Currently, CHF Chapters are located in four main regions across the US. Over the past decade, Amchis in the US have supported students' education, temple restoration & cladding, and promoted women's empowerment in the villages of Chitrapur and Shirali.

The activities of CHF include:

- Facilitate the collection of annual "Vantiga" payment from every earning Saraswat in the US - "Vantiga" supports and maintains the upkeep of our spiritual centers in Bengaluru, Gokarn, Mallapur, Mangaluru, and Shirali;
- Promote cultural heritage by supporting temple restoration projects and maintenance of Chitrapur Museum archives;
- Support education of 100 students at the Srivali High School through the "Sponsor-A-Student" Scheme; and
- Preserve the rich cultural heritage of the Chitrapur Saraswat community in the US through Monthly Satsang and Prarthana Varga for children, and by celebrating festivals like Yugadi, Ram Navami, Gokulashtami, Ganesh Chaturthi, Navratri, Diwali.

## American Midwest Konkani Association



AMKA Jazz



AMKA Sports



AMKA Sports



AMKA Ugadi 2019 attendees



AMKA Ugadi 2018 food



AMKA Ugadi 2018 kids



AMKA Ugadi 2018

For more information, please contact Arun Heble (arheble@yahoo.com) Tel: +1-215-666-3200 or Pramod Mavinkurve (pmkurve@gmail.com). Tel: 908-616-1497.



On the 24<sup>th</sup> was the acclaimed professional mythological musical drama – ‘Sangeet Soubhadra’.



Arjun, Balam, Subhadra and Krishna



Rahul Deshpande as Narad



Subhadra and Rukmini

On the 26<sup>th</sup> May the audience was in for a veritable treat – a musical one this time.



Sameera Koppikar



Rudra Bellare's Tabla Solo with Kedar Bhagwat giving the Lehar



Amit Savkur



Abhay Nayampally - Guitar



Bipin Nadkarni who directed the play (Golmaal)

Snapshots from the Programme celebrating the 150th Birth Anniversary of Rao Bahadur Shripad Subrao Talmaki (Article on page 16)

On the 25<sup>th</sup> was a Konkani comedy - "Golmaal Once Again"



Uday Mankikar, well known actor and director, encouraged and appreciated the young cast of the play (Golmaal)



On the 25th was a Konkani comedy - "Golmaal Once Again"



Shankar and Saroj - enacted by Yatin Mavinkurve & Mitali Puthli - Mallapur



A tense moment - Mitali & Harish Chandavarkar



Kishore & Prakash - enacted by Vikram Padbidri and Arjun Rao



Pushpa and Saroj - Actors - Riddhima Savkur-Rao & Mitali



Enter Padminakka - actor - Ketaki Mavinkurve



The full cast of the play

# ~~~~~ Parisevanam ~~~~~

## ONCE UPON A DREAM....

What made Bhavanishanker Kandlurmam donate a silver mantap for the utsava murti of Lord Bhavanishankar during Kankanjali –the 50<sup>th</sup> birthday-commemoration of our Mathadhipati Parama Pujya Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji? The story of a man who journeyed from Puttur to Zurich without leaving his roots behind

If I were to tell you that the Managing Director of Credit Suisse A.G.Zurich Switzerland has advised our Yuva-s to “religiously do japa, perform puja and dedicate yourself 100% to whatever you take up,” what would your response be? Either you would dismiss me with a “You must be joking.” Or you would permit me to introduce you to an amazingly successful Chitrapur Saraswat gentleman named Shri Bhavanishanker Kandlur. Born in Puttur, South Kanara, educated in Mangaluru, initially working in Mumbai and for over 26 years now – based in UK, USA and Switzerland, Bhavanishankermam’s life story reads like a modern fairy tale, except for the applause-worthy fact that his meteoric rise in the exclusive world of super-success on an international map has been due to “hard work, perseverance, self-discipline, dedication, passion, ambition and the drive to conquer new heights year after year!”

Over and above all the qualities listed above is Shri Kandlurmam’s long and strong association and deepening bond with his ‘maternal home’ – the Shri Chitrapur Math. Here is his ‘truth-is-stranger-than-fiction’ story, in his own words-

“My parents –the Late Shri Suresh Rao Kandlur and Smt Seetha Kandlur brought me up in Mangaluru where I studied

at the iconic Ganapathy High School and graduated with a degree in commerce from the Government College. After a few stints of work-life at Thomas Cook under the expert tutelage of Shri Ramakrishna Hemmady, at the Shamrao Vittal Co-operative Bank under the guidance of Shri. P. P. Bhat, The Bank of Credit and Commerce International, the American Express Bank Mumbai which gave me postings at London and New York in various capacities, then the Standard Chartered Bank , London and finally in 2010 I joined Credit Suisse, London from where I was relocated to Zurich, Switzerland in 2012.

Today I work there as the Managing Director.”

Hear what he has to say about his strong connect with our Math and Guru and how this has empowered him to give of his best to the world outside -

“My earliest recollection of our Math is when my paternal grandfather- Ved. Kandlur Dattatreya Bhat was Pradhan Archak at Shri Samadhi Math, Dattatreya Sannidhi and Shri



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‘Tvameva Mata cha Pita Tvameva’  
Bhavanishankermam and Vijayapachi with Pujya Swamiji



Umamaheshwar Temple, Mangaluru. My connect with our present Mathadhipati Parama Pujya Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji began with their first visit to Shrimat Anantheshwar Temple, Vittal in December 1997.

"Ever since my upanayanam at age 15, I have religiously performed Sandhya vandan and Deva-puja of the deities at my home. Till today I continue to perform the same along with japa and yogic exercises as taught by Pujya Swamiji. Every morning my entire puja routine takes almost an hour. This is the best way to begin my day for it enables me to face all the challenges thrown up at work.

" I took mantra diksha in the year 1999 at Khar Math, Mumbai and I have been religiously practising this irrespective of which part of the world I am in".

Some years ago Bhavanishankermam was blessed with a dream in which he was directed to offer a silver lalki in seva to Lord Bhavanishankar. He immediately contacted Pujya Swamiji and was told he would be informed when and in what form to offer the seva. The 'golden' opportunity came during the Kankanjali utsava which took place at Santa Cruz, Mumbai to commemorate the 50<sup>th</sup> birthday of our Mathadhipati- Parama Pujya Sadojat Shankarashram Swamiji. That was when Kandlurmam offered a silver mantap for the utsava murti of Lord Bhavanishankar.

For the last four years he has been the Chairperson of the Shashti Organising Committee at Shri Anantheshwar Temple and from 2018 he has also been a trustee of the Shri Umamaheshwar Temple. Earlier, Kandlurmam has been Treasurer and President of the Saraswat Samaj, UK. He has also performed a lot of seva-s for Shrimat Anantheshwar Temple like the renovation, re-installation of the 'dhwaja sthamba' and much else..

The Divine Power is a bhukti-mukti pradayak... its Blessing ensures both material prosperity and spiritual progress. Speaking of his brilliant, award-studded professional journey on an international canvas, Kandlurmam happily

proclaims, " I attribute 100% of my professional success to the Grace of our Guru Parampara, Lord Bhavanishankar and Lord Anantheshwar".

This is how the outstanding track-record reads-

Bhavanishanker mam has been consistently winning awards since the year 2000 with American Express Bank as 'Greatest Achiever, Sales Excellence in the years 2000, 2004, 2005, 2006 and 2007. In 2013 he was awarded with 'Top Client Advisor with Credit Suisse' in Zurich. In 2016, he got triple awards for 'Best Relationship Manager', 'Contributor of the Year' and first member of the 'IWM CEO Club 2016'. This year, once again on 6<sup>th</sup> March in the fourth International Wealth Management Conference, held at Burgenstock, Lucerne, Switzerland the CEO of Credit Suisse AG, Zurich-Tidjane Thiam conferred on Kandlurmam the highest award of Credit Suisse AG Zurich - Best Relationship Manager. The CEO said that his hard work, skills and experience, plus

the qualities his colleagues see in him have earned Kandlurmam a position of particular importance for the future with the bank. The CEO also invited him to be a member IWM CEO club 2018 within the International Wealth Management Division for his exceptional performance and achievements that have distinguished him among his colleagues. "Bhavanishanker is a great role model of IWM's entrepreneurial spirit and winning mindset and he epitomizes meritocracy – a key element of the bank's conduct and ethic standards," the CEO commented.

This globe-trotting sadhak ,whose exceptional success on the career-front is more than matched by a strengthening connection with his roots, sums up the reasons for his sparkling success story in just three words: hard work and dedication.

" I attribute 100% of my professional success to the Grace of our Guru Parampara, Lord Bhavanishankar and Lord Anantheshwar".



'Tvameva Bandhu Sakha Tvameva'

\*\*\*\*\*

*Photo credit :  
Jaikishan Kandlur*



# SHRĪ CHITRĀPUR MATH®

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|| Shrī Mātre Namaḥ||

## Invitation

### Mallāpur Chāturmāsa - 2019

Dear Sādhaka,  
*Jai Shaṅkar !*

In the Divine Sannidhi of Parama Pūjya Shaṅkarāshram Swāmījī II in the Sacred Shrī Guru Math, Mallāpur, our Guru Parama Pūjya Shrīmat Sadyojāt Shaṅkarāshram Swāmījī has graciously consented to observe the *Chāturmāsa-Vrata* during *Vikari-saṁvatsara* from *Āshādhā-shukla-pūrṇimā* ( Tuesday, 16<sup>th</sup> July 2019) to *Bhādrapada-shukla-pūrṇimā* (Friday, 13<sup>th</sup> September 2019).

Shrī Guru Math, Mallāpur provides the right environment to make the *Chāturmāsa* period a spiritually enriching experience for all *sādhaka-s*. We are blessed to be in the divine presence of our Guru in this *punya-kshetra*.

We invite you to participate in all programmes with your wholehearted enthusiasm and make it a truly joyous *parva*. Your generous contribution through various *sevā-s* listed hereafter will help us to accomplish the various activities planned in these two months. Please feel free to contact our coordinators if you need any details. The names and contact details of the coordinators and the *sevā* list are on page 2.

We look forward to seeing you in Mallāpur.

Yours in service of the Math, the Guru and the Guruparamparā,

**Nandan Baīwālī**

Convenor,

**Shrī Chitrapur Math Mallapur – Chāturmāsa -2019**

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# Arrival of Parama Pūjya Shrīmat Sadyojāt Shaṅkarāshram Swāmījī

Monday, 15th July, 2019 Receiving Parama Pūjya Swāmījī at Mahāgaṇapati Temple with Pūrṇa-kumbha-swāgata and Shobhā-yātrā to Shrī Guru Math  
 ◆ Pādaprakṣhāna ◆ Welcome Speech by Convenor, Chāturmāsa Committee ◆ Upadesha by Parama Pūjya Swāmījī

DAILY PROGRAMMES	Daily Programmes (Subject to change)	Guru – pūrṇīmā	Chāturmāsa- vrata-samāpti	
	Details of day to day programmes will be announced on the notice board on the previous day	Āshādhā-Shukla-Pūrṇīmā (Tuesday, 16 <sup>th</sup> July 2019)	Bhādrapada-Shukla-Pūrṇīmā (Friday, 13 <sup>th</sup> September 2019)	
	06.00 am	Suprabhātam	Suprabhātam	
	07.30 am		Jalābhishēka by HH to be followed by Sāmūhika-prārthanā	
	08.00 am	Sāmūhika-sādhana : Sādhana-Pañchakam Gāyatrī-Anushtāna	Maṅḍala-pūjā Shrī Vyāsa-pūjā by Parama Pūjya Swāmījī	Sāmūhika-sādhana : Sādhana-Pañchakam Gāyatrī-Anushtāna
	09.00 am to 11-30 a.m.	Bhajana-sevā by sādha-s	Bhajana-sevā by sādha-s	Bhajana-sevā by sādha-s
	12-00 Noon	Mahā-pūjā	Mahā-pūjā	Mahā-pūjā
	12-15 a.m.	Shrī Pādukā-pūjana* Tīrtha-vitarāṇa* Shrī Bhikṣhā-prasāda-vitarāṇa* Santarpaṇa	DHARMA SABHĀ Shrī Pādukā-pūjana, Paṭṭakāṇikā, Tīrtha-vitarāṇa, Shrī Bhikṣhā-prasāda-vitarāṇa, Santarpaṇa	Shrī Pādukā-pūjana* Tīrtha-vitarāṇa* Shrī Bhikṣhā-prasāda-vitarāṇa* Santarpaṇa
<i>Note: Shrī Pādukā-pūjana and Shrī Bhikṣhā-sevā can be performed on Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays</i>				
3-00 to 4-30 p.m.	Guruparamparā-Charitra-Paṭhana by sādha-s, Vimarsha, Gīrvānapratishthā sessions and other such		4.00 pm – Gaṅgā-pūjana.	
6-00 to 7-00 p.m.	Cultural programmes by sādha-s	6.00 pm Dīpanamaskāra Maṅgalārati, Aṣṭāvadhāna-sevā, Prasāda-bhojana	Simollāghana and Shobhā-yātrā	
07-30 p.m.	Dīpanamaskāra Nitya-pūjana by Parama Pūjya Swāmījī, Maṅgalārati, Aṣṭāvadhāna-sevā, Prasāda-bhojana	Chandra-grahaṇa  Grahaṇa-sparsha 11.54 pm Grahaṇa-Mokṣha 3.49 am  Grahaṇa-kāla-sādhana by Sādha-s.	After arrival of Swāmījī – DHARMA SABHĀ -Kṣhamāyāchana and expression of gratitude by the Convenor -President's Address -Āshīrvachana by Parama Pūjya Swāmījī, Dīpanamaskāra, Maṅgalārati, Aṣṭāvadhāna-sevā, Prasāda-bhojana	

SPECIAL SEVĀ-S	Chāturmāsa-poshaka-sevā	₹. 25,000.00
	(One day Viniyoga at all Samādhi-s and Shrines + Shrī Pādukā-pūjana + Shrī Bhikṣhā-sevā + PaĒer)	
	Yajamāna-sevā ( One-day Breakfast + Prasāda-bhojana + Sarva-Samādhi-Devatā-sevā + Shrī Pādukā-pūjana + Shrī Bhikṣhā-sevā + PaĒer )	₹. 15,000.00
	Santarpaṇa-sevā ( One-day Prasāda-bhojana + Pañchāmṛta + Kṣhīrāna Naivedya at Guru Samādhi + Shrī Pāduka-pūjana + Shrī Bhikṣhā-sevā + PaĒer)	₹. 10,000.00
	One day Breakfast and Prasāda-bhojana (Shrī Pādukā-pūjana + Shrī Bhikṣhā-sevā + PaĒer)	₹. 5,000.00
One day Prasāda-bhojana (Shrī Pādukā-pūjana + Shrī Bhikṣhā-sevā + PaĒer )	₹. 3,000.00	

	Names	Contact Numbers	E-mail - ID
Convenor	Shrī. Nandan M. Baīwallī	+91 9448073577	nandanmbalwalli@gmail.com
Special Sevā-s	Shrī. Naresh U. Gaṅgollī	+91 9869731221	naresh.gangolli@gmail.com
Homa-s, Mahārudra etc	Shrī. Keshav B. Sorāb	+91 9449238821	seva@chitrapurmath.in
Accommodation	Shrī. Arun S. Ubhaykar	+91 9632334700	ubhaykar_arun@rediffmail.com
Cultural Committee	Shrī. Mahesh Kalyāṅpur	+91 8097048963	mkalyanpur@hotmail.com

## CANARA UNION DRAMA COMPETITION – 2019

The Canara Union Annual Konkani One-Act Drama Competition 2019 for the **Naimpally Gopalkrishna Memorial Trophy** will be conducted from Friday 1<sup>st</sup> November, 2019 to Sunday, 3<sup>rd</sup> November, 2019. This Competition has been very popular over the years and an event all art lovers eagerly look forward to every year. Let us all contribute and continue this tradition and make this year's 'NGM – 2019' a memorable one.

PLEASE NOTE: THE YEAR 2019 BEING BIRTH CENTENARY YEAR OF THE LEGENDARY THEATRE PERSONALITY LATE PROF. PU.LA. DESHPANDE. IT IS PROPOSED TO STAGE PLAYS PENNED BY/INVOLVING HIM AS A TRIBUTE TO HIM. ALL THE PARTICIPANT TEAMS ARE REQUESTED TO CHOOSE ONE OF HIS PLAYS FOR THE COMPETITION. THE DIRECTORS MAY PLEASE COMMUNICATE WITH EACH OTHER TO AVOID REPETITION OF PLAYS.

The number of dramas staged on each day will depend on the number of entries. And the prizes won, will be distributed on the last day. A panel of judges will decide the award for the following prizes,

1) Best Drama	Naimpally Gopalkrishna Memorial Trophy and Cash Prize	15) 2 <sup>nd</sup> Best Child Artiste	Cash Prize
2) 2 <sup>nd</sup> Best Drama	Trophy and Cash Prize	16) Best Comedian	Trophy and Cash Prize
3) 3 <sup>rd</sup> Best Drama	Trophy and Cash Prize	17) 2 <sup>nd</sup> Best Comedian	Cash Prize
4) Best Director	Trophy and Cash Prize	18) Best Music (Live)	Trophy and Cash Prize
5) 2 <sup>nd</sup> Best Director	Cash Prize	19) Best Singer	Canara Union Trophy and Cash Prize
6) Best Actor	Trophy and Cash Prize	20) Best Background Music	Trophy and Cash Prize
7) 2 <sup>nd</sup> Best Actor	Cash Prize	21) Best Theme	Cash Prize
8) Best Supporting Actor	Trophy and Cash Prize	22) Best Script	Trophy and Cash Prize
9) 2 <sup>nd</sup> Best Supporting Actor	Cash Prize	23) Best Stage Craft	Trophy and Cash Prize
10) Best Actress	Trophy and Cash Prize	24) Best Lighting	Trophy and Cash Prize
11) 2 <sup>nd</sup> Best Actress	Cash Prize	25) Debut Director	Cash Prize
12) Best Supporting Actress	Trophy and Cash Prize	26) Debut Actor	Cash Prize
13) 2 <sup>nd</sup> Best Supporting Actress	Cash Prize	27) Debut Actress	Cash Prize
14) Best Child Artiste	Trophy and Cash Prize	28) Best Play viewer's choice	Trophy and cash prize

1. ONLY Season Ticket Holders will select "Best Drama - Viewer's Choice"
2. Canara Union will provide Front Curtain, Backdrop, Side wings, General Lighting, Stage with Sound System, 8 Microphones.
3. Any other stage requirement apart from the above to be borne by the respective troupe
4. Each troupe based at Bangalore will be paid an amount of Rs.4000.00 (Rupees four Thousand only) towards "Rehearsal & other incidental expenses".
5. Each outstation troupe would be paid Rs.7000.00 (Rupees seven thousand only) towards "Rehearsal & other incidental expenses".
6. The duration of each play should not be less than 45 minutes and not more than 75 minutes, which includes erection and dismantling of sets. The Jury will disqualify the drama/troupe if the above conditions are not fulfilled.
7. It will be the responsibility of the troupe to obtain permission of the playwright and pay royalties, if any.
8. The entries for the competition should be given in writing with particulars of:
  - (a) Name of the troupe
  - (b) Name of the Drama
  - (c) Name of the Director
  - (d) Tentative name of cast
  - (e) A synopsis of the drama
9. Entries with the above details, along with Earnest Money Deposit of Rs.1000/- by cheque favouring 'The Canara Union', should reach the Canara Union office by 6.00 pm on or before 10 September 2019.
10. On the drama being staged, the **Earnest Money Deposit** (Rs.1000) & "Rehearsal & other incidental expenses" (Rs.4000/- OR Rs.7000/- as the case may be) will be transferred by NEFT to the same account as per the details noted in the

cheque that is deposited initially by the troupe. Troupes failing to stage the drama will forfeit the Earnest Money Deposit.

11. Last date for withdrawal of entries will be by 6.00 pm on 13 September 2019.
12. The dates and order of staging the drama will be decided by draw of lots on 13<sup>th</sup> September 2019 at 7 p.m. The Director or One representative of each participating troupe is requested to be present at the draw.
13. Any change in the date and order of staging, after the draw of lots, will be by mutual consent of the participating troupes, in consultation with the organizers. The last date, if any, for rescheduling will be 16<sup>th</sup> September 2019.

NOTE:

- § The minimum number of entries will have to be 4 (Four). In the event of the entries being less than 4 (Four), Canara Union Arts Section reserves the right to conduct the above event as a 'Drama **Festival**' instead of a '**Competition**'. Whether a Festival or a Competition, the participating troupes shall be paid "Rehearsal & other incidental expenses" amount as mentioned above. However no prizes will be awarded in the event of a Drama Festival.
- § One 3rd prize will be awarded in certain categories if the entries are 6 in number or more.
- § Only Drama's staged in the NGM Canara Union Competition before the year 2004 may be performed again this year.

Sd/-

Sri. Anand Nagarkar

Honorary Secretary for Arts and Culture

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## On Papri And Other Things

SUDHIR VOMBATKERE, PUNE

I make a "to-do" list whenever I go out so that I don't miss out any chores, which may need an additional trip (or two) to complete the tasks. You know, "bank", "vegetables-fruits", and such.

We love Gujarati snacks like papri, ganthia, kakhra, and always try to keep a small stock of these, purchased from Mansukhlal's new shop not far from our home. Asha had asked me to buy four 100-grams packets of papri, from Mansukhlal's shop, and I dutifully wrote "Mansukhlal" on my list before I went out the other day.

There were other tasks to be done, each involving searching for a parking space and walking to the place of business. In the day's planned "circuit", I parked some distance from Mansukhlal's shop and ambled across. There were some customers at the counter when I got there, and it took a little time to meet the proprietor and exchange pleasantries with him. He then asked what I would like to purchase. I could not for the life of me recall what it was that I had come to purchase, and noticing my confusion, he gently said, "Don't worry, take your time. This happens to all of us". I took out the to-do list but all it said was "Mansukhlal".

There were other customers waiting, so after a minute or two, I told him that I would do some other chores and come back when I recall what it was I needed to purchase. And off I went to the Bank where I got my passbook updated after waiting in the queue at the automatic passbook updating machine. After that I went, passbook in hand, to meet the Manager to remind her that I needed the bank's Form 16 to

file my IT Return.

When I eventually got back to Mansukhlal's shop, I discovered that I had left my passbook on the bank manager's table. Damn! I'll pick it up the next time I go to the bank, if it doesn't get misplaced or lost, I thought.

I entered Mansukhlal's shop and without hesitation ordered four kachoris. Packed and paid for, I drove home. As I was parking the car, I received a jolt as the word "papri" suddenly came into my consciousness. Gosh, I thought, now Asha is going to give me a lecture!

I went up to our flat, let myself in with my key, and quietly placed the purchases on the kitchen counter before announcing my return. Asha's response was, "You did not take my call! What were you doing?" I apologized, "When I had put my phone on "silent" yesterday at the music performance, I hadn't restored the ring, and sorry I didn't hear your ring". She said, "I was calling to tell you that I found that we already had papri in the cupboard and I did not want papri. Now I don't know what we'll do with so much papri".

I smiled to myself. Asha loves kachoris. But this is what happens with advancing age. Pushing eighty years of age, I once told my son who was visiting, that there were some things which needed to be urgently done, because I did not know how much longer I had to live. Prompt came his reply in one running breath: "No hurry, Daddy, you'll live to be a hundred. Only the good die young". And we laughed and laughed together for a long time.



# India and the Paradigm of Development

## Can India afford to become a developed country?

DINESH TALLUR

This term has suddenly assumed currency with a recent remark by Donald Trump, President of the USA. India as a country is unique. It should not try to pursue and emulate the western model of a developed country or prosperity. The parameters that define the conventional developed economy may not be applicable in the case of India. It is not only unsuitable but also dangerous and could drive the country into utter chaos. We need to develop our own indices to measure the prosperity and development of India rather than the borrowed model. I am making an attempt to apply the western model and see the implications of being "developed" (if we still want to call it so).. Here are some observations backed by data.

1. Per-capita Waste – One characteristic feature of the current "development" model is the inevitable offshoot (or hidden cost) i.e., Per-capita waste. The per capita waste of some of the most developed countries in the world, like the US, is around 3,200 grams/day while in India the lower of the range is at 200 grams/day. With a population which is already 4 times that of the US, if we become a developed nation, the amount of waste that we would be generating will be approximately 4 million tonnes/day compared to 1 million tonnes/day of the US. Generally, one quarter of the waste is recycled while three quarters of it is either incinerated or landfilled. With the total land, which is roughly 1/3rd of that the US, the whole of India's land will have to be used for landfill. While you start visualizing the filth/froth that would float on the lakes/rivers if we do this, also think (one may not be able to visualize this easily) of the contamination to the aquifers/under ground water bodies. We will have our coastline brimming with stink and squalor as all the waste can't find the land to fill. The whole of the country could potentially and gradually become a garbage yard without anyone noticing it.

2. Per-capita energy consumption- Another index of economic prosperity or wealth of a country is its per-capita energy consumption. The US has a per-capita consumption of 12,071 units (Kwh/person/per year) versus 1122 of India. If India were to become a developed country (by the current yardstick), the energy consumption would go up by more than 10 times. This means the installed power base has to be increased from the current 350,000 MW to 35, 00,000 MW. More than 60% of this has to come from coal-fired thermal power plants which is the current situation. This implies that the current 1200 tonnes/day of particulate matter dispersed into the air in the country will rise sharply to 12000 tonnes/day. With only 1200 tonnes/day, we see the current air quality in the country has a particulate matter at 60 micrograms/cubic meters. This far exceeds the WHO guideline of 20 micrograms/cubic meters. One can't envision what would the air quality will be when we have 10 times more particulate matter pumped into the air. (Literally as it would all be dust

laden air everywhere and visibility could be hardly a few meters).

3. Mobility: Another reflection of the richness is the mobility – number of cars – again a comparison to the richest country in the world though similar reference can be taken for any other developed country - 811 cars per every thousand population in the USA to 17.6 vehicles per 1000 population in India. If we were to get as rich as the USA, there would be 106 crores cars on the roads versus the current 2.34 crore cars. If we are facing the excruciating traffic congestion, frustrating bumper-to-bumper drives and seemingly endless honking on India roads with only 2.34 crore cars in the country, one can't imagine how we can afford to hold and accommodate 106 crore cars, leave alone the massive carbon sink that we can provide to absorb and neutralize the emissions that these cars will spew. Carbon sink is a technical term and a discerning reader can contact yours truly or google for a deeper understanding.

It is not limited to the above indices, similar impact can be quantified and extrapolated from other perspectives as well like health care, sanitation, education, environment, agriculture, urbanization and a host of other spheres of social life. These are in the immediacy of the tangible physical world that we can notice but there will be invisible and long term damage in the cultural and emotional spheres of our lives. There are religious ethos, belief systems and demographic reasons that are characteristic of India and that are highly non-linear that can't just be extrapolated.

In our morbid pursuit of materials, lifestyles and economic prosperity that suit western societies, we are oblivious of the damage that we can potentially cause to our own society and the country. Let us have new, different and more enduring definitions for the words "developed", "wealth", "prosperity", "luxury", "differently"; Let us learn to look at not just the monetary cost but the social cost of things; some items may come cheap or may look attractively priced; but don't amass them just because you can afford; because what you pay is a monetary cost but there is a social cost which doesn't show up on the price tag but someone somewhere ends up paying..

Can we move away from material and consumption based economy to an economy that doesn't need material objects to get rich or to distribute wealth? Is this a mirage or a wishful thinking? Let's begin... somewhere. Or now here.

Minimalism could be the maxim..(um...)

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## There I would be....

KEDAR KATE

I wish,  
I could be  
With no one but me,  
Enjoying my company  
Beside the rough sea.

I rest by the shore  
Below the palm shade,  
Mesmerized by the blue marvel,  
A beauty that ever would fade.

In the golden hot sand  
I embed my feet,  
At the intersection  
Where nature's elements meet.

In the vast sea  
I wade by its splashes,  
Brushing my feet  
In the frequent clashes.

Among the clear skies  
I feast on the silence,  
Drowned in thoughts  
Away from city menace.

There I'd be,  
Just among the sea,  
Away from the daily caper,  
Discovering the real me.

## I dream a dream

VANITA KUMTA

I see not the boundaries of caste, creed, language  
nor religion,  
nor do I vie for special status or reservation.

I am looking forward to the day,  
When such man made boundaries will dissolve  
and the world at large will integrate,  
When nature will bloom and forests will beckon,  
When none will die of starvation,  
and there will be enough water to quench the thirsty,  
but none to waste, natural resources will flourish  
taking care of the twain,

When none will be illiterate and jobs will be aplenty for  
vibrant minds,  
When none will be mighty or any weak,  
and none will hurt another with weapon nor speech.  
Environment will be untarnished and health will be  
at its peak.

Minds will be sane and rejuvenating constantly  
with the ring of love and affection cast far and wide.  
Channelising the expenditure on arms and armaments,  
for the good of humanity,  
for the preservation of nature, for the flourishing of the  
ecosystem,

With respect for life and living.  
Would that we aim to build such a paradise,  
We could, if we would concentrate our thoughts to  
energise such action,  
To build not destroy, for PEACE not WAR, goodwill to all.

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## खाज

### विद्या कागल

पूर्वी आम्ही मैत्रीणी नेहेमी भेटलो की प्रथम नजर एकमेकींच्या साड्यांवर जायची आणि नंतर दागिन्यांवर जायची. नवं काही दिसल कि समजायचं यांची मुंबई किंवा पुण्याची फेरी झालेली दिसतेय! परंतु हल्ली वाढत्या वयोमानानुसार आम्ही आमचे 'दागिने' शरीरावर नव्या रुपाने ल्यायला लागलो आहोत. आणि आमच्या गप्पांना एक वेगळंच वळण लागतंय. आत्ताचे हे दागिने, म्हणजे नवख्याने शरिराला बिलगणाऱ्या ह्या तक्रारी! तर त्यांना, अगदी एका नव्या रितीने जोपासाव्या लागतात, आज आम्ही नेहेमी प्रमाणे 'लेडीज नाईट आऊट' ह्या सबबी खाली 'Our House' इंडीयन रेस्टॉरंट मध्ये भेटलो होतो. गप्पांना अगदी ऊतच आला होता. काही वर्षांपूर्वीच्या साड्यांची जागा, नातवंडांनी घेतली होती. आता नातवंडे देखील मोठी होऊन उडाली होती. अन् त्या नंतर दुसऱ्या क्रमांकावर असलेल्या दागिन्यांनी, शारिरीक 'दुखण्यांची' जागा घेतली होती. आता सुद्धा प्रत्येकीने आपल्या पर्समधून त्यांची खाजगी दुखण्यांची यादी काढली. एक एक अवयव, कंबर, सांधेदुखी, पोटाचा घेर, एव्हढंच नव्हे तर, आमच्या डोक्यावरच्या केसांनी, त्यांच्या 'स्वखुशीने' दाढी मिशी बनण्याचा निर्णय घेणे... छे ग बाई! पुरुषांना नाही समजायची ही व्यथा, हे सारेच्या सारे गहन प्रश्न झाडून तपासले. ह्या साऱ्या दुखण्यावरचा सोपा उपाय म्हणजे 'रामदेव बाबा' हे देखील ९०% ठरले.

आतापर्यंत चुपचाप बसलेल्या सुचित्राला कंठ फुटला! .....

एक महिन्यापूर्वीच तिच्या गुढ्याची सर्जरी झाली होती. ती म्हणाली, ए, कधी तुमची कुणाची पाठ खाजते का? ते देखील, मध्य रात्रीची?..... सर्वत्र एकदम शांतता पसरली आम्हा सगळ्यांचे डोळे हे मोठे झाले आणि पुढे या संदर्भात ही आणखी पुढे काय सांगणार? यांचे विचारचक्र डोक्यात फिरू लागले.

एकटी म्हणाली, 'dry skin असावी!'. ....त्यानंतरचा अर्धा तास 'कुठचं E vitamin चांगल?' या वर चर्चा झाली. नंतरचा अर्धा तास आम्ही 'राम देवबाबा' च्या आयुर्वेदीक उपचारांवर घसरलो. आम्हाला वर्तमान काळात ओढून आणलं ते, सुचित्राने!!....अग खाज! ....खाज काही नुसत्या dry skin मुळेच होते अस कुणी सांगितल तुम्हाला?....

इतका वेळ चुपचाप असलेली वनिता म्हणाली, 'अग सोपंय ग ते....मग त्यात काय मोठ्ठ एव्हढं? अग...खाजवून घ्यायची!...सुचित्रा म्हणाली, 'अग, पण माझ्या गुढ्याचं ऑपरेशन झाल्याने एका कुशीवरून दुसऱ्या कुशीवर होता येत नव्हतं तेंव्हा! आणि दुसऱ्या हाताच्या फ्रोजन खांद्यामुळे तो हात बरोबर त्या 'नेमक्या' ठिकाणी पोहोचत नव्हता ना!... म्हणून अजितला तरी सांगाव असा विचार मनांत आला. नेहेमी प्रमाणे अजितने माझ्या बाजूला पाठ करून खर्जातला सूर लावला होता. आणि माझी पाठ देखील मला स्वस्थ झोपू देत नव्हती. जणूकाही दोन चार मुंग्या माझ्या पाठीवर वारूळ बनवण्यात दंग होत्या, अशी दुहेरी पिडा 'पाठीशी' लागली होती. मी वैतागून अजितला माझ्या कोपऱ्याने ढोसल, अन् जरा माझी पाठ खाजवायला सांगितलं....तर कुशी न बदलताच त्याने हात माझ्या पाठीवरून कसाबसा फिरवला, आणि म्हणतो कसा, ए, don't concentrate on that all the time. तू, तुझा आपला

जप कर! मन शांत होईल बघ!..आणि दुसऱ्या क्षणाला आपला तोच 'खर्जातला' सूर सुरू केला! ...अरे... दोन चार मुंग्यांनी तुझ्या पाठीवर वारूळ बांधायच ठरवल तर काय करशील?....ते....बघायचंय मला.... अस स्वगत बडबडत मी पांघरून डोक्यावर ओढून निद्रादेवीला मनोमनी सांगड घालायला सुरवात केली....

सुचित्राने एक मोठ्ठा श्वास घेतला आणि पुढे सांगू लागली,अग,सकाळी जागी झाले ते देखील खर्जाच्या गजराने! किती एनर्जी आहे बघ अजून अजितला, या वयात देखील!....पण,नको तिथे वाया घालवतो! ... माझ्या रक्तात भिनलेली 'बायको' जागी झाली होती. असू दे ते!

तर, रात्री मला स्वप्न पडलं आणि स्वप्नात एक म्हैस भीतीला तिची पाठ घासत होती. तिचे दोन्ही डोळे अर्धे बंद होते. दोन्ही कान मागे सरले होते. जे मनी ते चिन्ती! एकूण काय, जणू दुर्गा माता मला आदेश देत होती!... ए वेडे, अस काय निराश होतेस? बघ बरं, ही जनावरे तर कुणावर अवलंबून राहूच शकत नाहीत! नाही तुझा नवरा वेळेवर कामी आला, तर काय झालं? ...तुम्ही बायका किती चतुर असतां! ..विचार कर आणि उपाय शोध! असा आशिर्वाद देवून , ती नाहीशी झाली. .. मग काय विचारात! .... मी नव्या उमेदीने जागी झाले! दुर्गामातेच्या कृपेने माझी ईच्छा पूर्ण झाली होती. एक सुंदर कल्पना दुर्गामातेने माझ्या ओटीत घातली होती. मी लगेच फक्कड मसाल्याचा चहा केला. आणि माझ्या मना सारखंच घडलं!..... त्या मसाल्याच्या सुगंधाने आपल काम केलं...आणि अजित....व्वा.... आज काही खास??...म्हणत बाहेर आला. मी म्हटलं, "अरे बाहेर बघ ना! कसा धोधो पाऊस पडतोय काल रात्री पासून! आणि हो, घश्यालाही चांगला नाहीका?..बापरे पहा ना आज बाहेर पडायची सोय नाही बघ! अस म्हणत अजितने चहाचा कप तेंडाला लावला. गरमागरम पोह्याची बशी त्याच्या पुढे ठेवतां ठेवतां मी म्हटल, अरे हो रे... पण ना....मला Back scratcher हवयं. ते तेव्हढं आणुन दे बाबा!.... पोह्याचा पहिलाच घास त्याने घेतला होता. मला क्षणभर वाटलं, बहुधा आपण 'गोत्यात सापडलो आहोत' हे त्याला त्याचवेळी समजलं होतं. खाताना त्याचं डोकं वरखाली हलत असल्याने, मी तो होकारच समजून घेतला! अजितला देखील स्वादीष्ट चहा आणि पोह्यांनी, मी त्याला कसे पुरेपुर फशी पाडले, हे पूर्णपणे समजलं होतं. मीपण खुशीत होते. 'नवऱ्याचं प्रेम पोटापासून सुरू होत, हृदयापासून नाही' ही दुर्गामातेनी दिलेली दीक्षा, आज कामी आली होती.आणि चहा-पोहे संपताच त्या धोधो पावसात प्रियतमेची इच्छा पूर्ण करायला अजीत बाहेर पडला! नाहीतर नेहेमीची, मला एक मिनीट मला स्वस्थ बसू देत नाहीस,.... आंघोळ करून जातो,..पेपर वाचून जातो,....ह्या पावसांत काय हे तुझं तुणतुण??...ही जपमाळ बाहेर आली नाही. अर्ध्या तासांत माझी अनमोल तलवार (back scratcher) माझ्या हाती आली! आता मला नवीनच स्वातंत्र्य मिळाल होत. केंव्हाही कुठेही पाठ खाजवायला लागली कि ही 'तलवार' छान कामी येते बघा! इथे त्या म्हशीसारखी भिंतही नको -किंवा अजीतची दादागिरीही नको!

त्या क्षणापासून माझ्यात राणी लक्ष्मीबाईच अवतरली! तलवारी सारखी

मी बँक स्कॅचर हातात उंच करून प्रथम, परवा पासून खाजवत असलेली जागा व्यवस्थित खाजवून घेतली. माझी स्थिती देखील त्या माझ्या स्वप्नांतल्या म्हशीसारखीच झाली. तृप्ततेने माझे डोळे मिटू लागले, मान उशीला मिठी मारायला आतुरली. आ...हा..हा..काय ते क्षण! हळूच पाठीच्या दुसऱ्या बाजुला खाजवायला लागल. ....ते मस्त खाजवून घेते न घेते..... तेव्हाच उगाचच गुढ्याच्या पाठी खाजल्यासारखं वाटलं..ते संपेपर्यंत माझ डोकं !!..... अरे देवा...माझी बँक स्कॅचर आणि मी! मी आणि माझी बँक स्कॅचर! अरे ही तर 'रब ने बनाई जोडी' असे दिसत होतो.

आता कशाला बाई नसती चिंता!

हाती back scratcher हो लागता!

'अग अशी काय करतेस गांडुळासारखी! पडशील बिडशील....' ह्या अजितच्या आवाजाने मी भानावर आले ग!....खरच ग बाई, ही 'खाज' देखील एक उतार वयातली मोठी व्यथाच आहे पहा! .....

आतापर्यंत आम्हा साऱ्याजणींची हसून हसून मुरकुंडीच वळली होती.

काहीजणी डोळ्यांतून ओघळणारं पाणी पुसत, तर कुणी पोट चक्क धरून, 'आवरा ग बाई ह्या सुचित्राला! असं हाताने सुचवत होत्या.

मला फार पूर्वी कधी तरी वाचून विस्मरणात गेलेली एक वेल्हाळ ओळ मनात लखव करून चमकून गेली - Life is not just about facing the storms, it's enjoying the rains too. आणि माझं घड्याळाकडे लक्ष गेलं!.....बापरे २० मैल ड्राईव्ह करायचंय! माझा सिंड्रेला टाईम म्हणजे ९:३० वाजले होते.

अहो, हल्ली मी रात्रीची बाहेर पडले ना तर, माझ्या मुलीला माझी हजेरी हवी असते! नाहीतर लगेच फोन येतो, 'मा ..... मममम! कुठे आहेस तू.....अग १० वाजून गेलेत....तू रात्रीची एकटीच कुठे बाहेर गेलीस तर काळजी वाटते ग!...' तिचा फोन यायच्या अगोदर गाडीत असले कि, मी तिला सांगायला मोकळी हो अल्पना, जवळ जवळ पोहोचलेच मी!

पण ह्या उतार वयातील मन मात्र अगदी स्वच्छंदी बनत. जीवनातील नव्या वाटचालीतील ही खुमारी काही वेगळीच असते!

## 'जावे त्यांच्या वंशा...'

डॉ. सुनंदा कर्नाड

मराठी भाषेतुली ही म्हणी तुम्ही आयकून आस्का. प्रति एक मनुषू जन्माक येत धोर्नु मरसरी, विंगविंगड स्थितीतू बदलतं वत्ता. बाल्यावस्थेथावनु वृद्धत्वाक पाविल्यांक मस्त फंता ह्या म्हणीचो वापर कोर्नु, स्वतः गेल्या दुर्बलतेचे समर्थन कोर्का जात्ता. हातपायांतुलें त्राण कमी जात्ता. आनी नाती हात्ताक धोर्नु तांडता. 'आज्जा वगवगी चमक' म्होणू. कान्नाक सम आयकू येना म्होणू, होड्डानें उल्लोका पडता म्होणू सुत्रेगेली गौजी सम आयकता आनी वायट दिस्ता. दोळ्याक सम दिस्सना म्होणू चषो घेंवचो, डॉक्टराने सांगल्यारी ऑपरेशनाचेरी खर्च जात्ता, म्होणू पूत बेजारता, आता कसलें कोर्चे? तेन्ना तांगिली समजूती घालूक म्होणका पडता, 'चेर्डा, 'जावे त्याच्या वंशा तेव्हा कळे' मजवारी म्हांतारो जायनाफुडे कळतले मगलें दुःख!

म्हांतारपण म्हळ्यारी 'शापू कि वरदान', म्होणू संभ्रम जात्ता. सगळी सात्र, पाय्यांक हात लावून नमस्कार करताती तेन्ना सुख दिस्ता. खंयी वैर चढतना देवतना चल्ली हात धरता तेन्ना कितलें समाधान दिस्ता. 'Senior Citizen' म्होणू बैसूक सीट दिताती. लाइनात उबरुका पणा, ट्रेना तिकिटाक कन्सेशन मेळता- एक ना दोनी वे? तेन्ना 'म्हांतारपण' म्हळ्यारी वरदानचि म्होणू दिस्ता.

तेंची 'शापू' म्होणू दिस्ता उगडासू कमी जात्ता तेन्ना! अगदी उगडासानें जपून दवरलेली वस्तू जांक्का तेन्ना मेळना. 'गुर्तू मेळ्ळो वें' म्होणू काणें विचारल्यारी, नाव सांगू जायना. खंयी मेळ्ळेली, म्हळ्ळेलें उगडासू वर्ना. पूरा 'स्मृतिभ्रंश' जाल्यारी पळोचें नाक्का! एक्क प्रश्नू पुनः पुनः विचारचे, घरच्यागेळो गुर्तू मेळना जांक्चे, आनी एकळ्याने उठावनू खंयी भायरी गेल्यारी परत घारा येवच्याक पत्तो विसोरचें! अस्लें भयंकर अनुभव

वैच्याथांयी येव नये!

म्हातारपणांतू आनी एक दुःखदायक अनुभव म्हळ्यारी एकेक कोर्नु सर्व दांत वच्चे आनी त्या जागेरी कवळी बसोचें! मस्तजणांक ताज्जोय त्रासू जात्ता. तोंडाक रूची ना, दांताने चाबुक जायना, खाल्लेलें पचना. एक आनी दोनी वें? मगल्या मायेंक एक न्हयी चार फंता कवळी कोर्नु हाळ्ळी! मस्त खर्चु जाल्लो, जाल्यारी तांगेली तक्रारी चालूचि! 'दांताक' धारचि ना मस्त फंता म्हणा फुडेन हांवें म्हळ्ळें 'आई, धारवालो आयला, तुमगेल्या दांताक धार काड्या?' मगलो जोक आयकना फुडेन कोपच्या बदलाक मस्त हास्ली, आनी म्हणाली, "राब, तुक्का म्हांतारपण येनाफुडे कळतलें." आजी कळता, आनी नकळत हांव म्हणता, 'जावे त्याच्या वंशा तेव्हा कळे!'

### INVITATION FOR YOUR LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

Dear Readers,

This year the festival of Diwali will be celebrated in October. Our October issue will therefore be our Diwali issue.

We request you therefore, to send us articles, poems, stories, drawings and paintings, cartoons - to be published in this issue. The only condition is make the articles about 800 - 1000 words long. Your contributions should reach us by September 10th latest. So please put your pens to paper or your fingers on the keyboards and ... Let the Creativity Flow!!

.... Editorial Committee



# आभाळ फाटले पळा रे पळा

शैलजा वैद्य (मासुरकर)

आपल्या बालपणी राजकन्या, राक्षस, जादूगार, ससा आणि कासव, अशा बऱ्याचशा ठराविक गोष्टी ऐकायला मिळत असत आणि त्या आपण आपल्या आजी, आई, आत्या ह्यांच्याकडून चविष्टपणे ऐकत झोपी जात असू. त्यापैकीच एक गोष्ट म्हणजे एका पिटुकल्या भिऱ्या सशाची होती. तसा तो लहानच होता. पण एकटा असला नि कुठे खाटखुट आवाज आला, पावसाचे थेंब किंवा झाडाचे पान जरी पडले तरी बिचारा घाबरून जात असे. लाल मोठेसे गुंजेसारखे डोळे फिरवित, एवढीशी झुपकेदार शेंपटी हलवित आणि लांब कान पाडून किंवा मध्येच टवकारून अस्वस्थपणे तो इकडून तिकडे उड्या मारीत असे किंवा आपल्या बिळात जाऊन सर्व शांत होईपर्यंत नाहीतर त्याचे आई-बाबा येईपर्यंत वाट बघत बसे.

त्या दिवशी मात्र कहर झाला. पिटुकला एकटाच खेळत होता. जोराचे वारे सुटले नि तेवढ्यात एक पिंपळाचे मोठेसे पान त्याच्या अंगावर पडले. झाले! त्याला वाटले आभाळच फाटले आणि त्याचाच एक तुकडा अंगावर पडला. ह्या विचाराने तो इतका सैरभैर झाला की, पळत सुटला. वाटेत जो भेटेल त्याला “अरे, आभाळ फाटलंय, पळा लौकर” असे सांगत पुढे जाऊ लागला. मग काय, गोष्टच ती, त्याची बरचशी दोस्त मंडळी घाबरून त्याच्या मागे पळू लागली. कोंबडी, मांजर, कुत्रा, शेळी असे जमत गेले. अचानक त्यांना एक शहाणी गाय भेटली व तिने त्यांना समजावले आणि ते त्या सर्वांना पटले देखील. तोपर्यंत वारे थांबले होते आणि आसमंतही शांत व स्वच्छ झाला होता. पिटुकल्यालाही त्याची चूक कळली होती. त्यामुळे ओशाळून त्याने सर्वांची माफी मागितली व घरी गेला.

ही गोष्ट सांगायचे तात्पर्य काय तर अशीच काहीशी घटना आमच्या मुलांच्याबाबतीतही घडली होती. कामानिमित्ताने माझ्या यजमानांची बदली अबुधाबीला झाली होती. सुमारे ४० वर्षांपूर्वीची गोष्ट आहे ही. शाळेच्या निमित्ताने मुले पुण्यातच हॉस्टेलमध्ये होती. सुट्टीसाठी येताना बरेचदा त्यांच्याबरोबर माझी भाची पण येत असे. समवयस्क असल्याने त्यांचे चांगले जमत असे. एका सुट्टीत ही तिघेही आली व आम्ही कधी दुबई कधी अल्एन अशा आसपासच्या ठिकाणी त्यांना नेऊन बघण्यासारख्या काही गोष्टी/एमिरेटस दाखवायचो आणि तिथे कोणी ओळखीचे असेल तर त्यांनाही भेटून घरी परत यायचो.

एक दिवस संध्याकाळी अनिल व त्याचे वडील शेजारच्याच इमारतीत एका मित्राकडे गेले होते. मी लवकर स्वयंपाक करून मुर्लीबरोबर बाहेर एखादा फेरफटका मारून यायचा बेत केल्याने घाईत होते. त्या दोघांचे आत-बाहेर चालले होते नि “आटप ना” असा धोशा सुरू होता. अचानक काही तुटल्या-फुटल्यासारखा आवाज येऊ लागला. इकडे तिकडे बघताना, गॅसच्या शेगडी जवळच्याच (working range) काही फरशा वर उकलून येताना दिसल्या. हा प्रकार मलाही नवीनच होता. आता स्वयंपाक घरातील सर्वच फरशा वर येणार की, सर्वच्या सर्व गॅसच्या

शेगडीसकट खालच्या मजल्यावर पडणार हेच कळतेना. डोळे विस्फारून मी भयभीत होऊन बघत होते. काही सुचेना. तोपर्यंत मुली चपला घालून “चल पटकन बाहेर नाहीतर आपणही खाली पडू. जाऊन डॅडींना सांगू या” असे म्हणत मला बाहेर ओढून नेत होत्या. मनात विचारांचा गोंधळ उडाला होता. भारल्यासारखी मी त्यांच्याबरोबर दाराबाहेर आले आणि आम्ही ८व्या मजल्यावरून खाली जायला लिफ्टमध्ये शिरलो. खाली येताच बिल्डिंगच्या बाहेर पडून भराभर चालायला लागलो.

सुदैवाने थोड्याच अंतरावर बापलेक येताना येताना दिसले आणि मला जरा धीर आला. आमची लगबग आणि घाबरट, रडवेले चेहरे बघून ह्यांनी विचारले “काय झालंय? तुम्ही तिघीही अशा काय दिसताय?” मुर्लींनी आधीच सांगायला (नव्हे आरडाओरडा करायला) सुरुवात केली होती. “डॅडी आपलं स्वयंपाकघर बहुधा खालच्या मजल्यावर पडले असेल एव्हाना! आता काय करणार? तिथल्या फरशा वर येत होत्या.” ह्यांनी हसायलाच सुरुवात केली. सिव्हील इंजिनियर असल्याने काय प्रकार असावा हे त्यांच्या लक्षात आले असणार! मी वैतागून म्हणाले, “अहो, हसता काय, काही गंभीर प्रकार असेल तर!” तेव्हा Brutus you too अशा नजरेने बघत हे मला म्हणाले. “अहो इंजिनियरीणबाई असे काहीही नाही. काही वेळा आजूबाजूचा कमी जास्त दाब किंवा कमी सिमेंट-वाळूचे प्रमाण ह्यामुळे एखाद्या विशिष्ट भागातील फरशा वर येतात एवढेच. उद्याच गवंडी बोलावून ते नीट करून घेऊ या. चला घरी, काय तो उलगाडा होईल.” ह्यांनी एवढ्या खात्रीने सांगितले, धीर दिला तरीही माझ्या मनात धाकधूक होतच होती. खरंच असं असेल ना! खालच्या मजल्यावर आपले स्वयंपाकघर पडले असेल तर एव्हाना बिल्डिंगमध्ये बॉंबाबॉंब, धावपळ चालली असेल. ह्या विचाराने मी अजूनही अस्वस्थ होते.

आमच्या बिल्डिंगमध्ये शिरलो तर सर्व शांत. वॉचमन पण आरामात बसला होता. लिफ्टपाशी. चला हा तर शुभशकुनच म्हणायचा! पण लगेच आगाऊ मनाने टोचणी दिली की, त्या खालच्या मजल्यावरचे लोक कुठे बाहेर गेले असतील म्हणून कळले नसेल! लोचट विचार येतच होते. ८व्या मजल्यावर पोहोचून ह्यांनी घराचा दरवाजा शांतपणे उघडला. आम्हां बाकी सर्वांची उत्सुकता, भीती आता शिगेला पोहोचली होती. ह्यांच्या पाठोपाठ आम्हीही घरात शिरलो अन् मनावरचा दगड (की फरशा) दूर झाला. ह्यांचे म्हणणे अर्थातच खरे ठरले होते. ह्यांची स्वारी माझ्याकडे बघून मिस्कीलपणे हसत होती.

आणि अचानक तो खट्याळ, भिऱ्या पिटुकला ससा माझ्या डोळ्यासमोर आला. जणु काही तो मला चिडवून म्हणत होता. “कशी जिरली, गोष्ट ऐकताना माझी चेष्टा करून हसत होतीस ना लहानपणी, आता कळले का?”

“सॉरी हं” असे म्हणत त्याला गोंजारायला नकळत माझे हात पुढे झाले पण तोपर्यंत तो लबाड पळून गेला होता!

## घरटं...

स्मिता बळवळी

आईची जेवायला पानं घ्यायची घाई चालली होती. दुपारचा डबा थंडगारच खायचा. रात्री तरी गरम गरम पोट्यात जाऊ दे अशा भावनेने माऊली जेवण करत होती. एरवी माशाच्या वासाने लगेच ताटं घ्यायला येणारा आलोक आज आत कसा आला नाही अजून, ह्याचं आईला जरा नवल वाटलं असेल. डोक्यात काहीतरी ऑफिसचं टेन्शन. आई ह्या विचारात असतानाच आलोकने हाक मारली. “अगं आई, इकडे ये ना जरा!” “अरे चल जेवायला बसू या ना. नऊ वाजत आले.” आईचं उत्तर. आलोक म्हणाला, “अगं जेवू थोड्या वेळाने. आधी जरा ये ना इथे. बोलायचं होतं तुझ्याशी.” आलोकच्या आवाजातील गंभीर सूर ओळखून आईने गॅस बंद केला आणि पदराला हात पुसत लागलीच बाहेर आली. समोर खुर्चीत जाऊन बसली.

आलोक म्हणाला, “आई, माझ्या ऑफिसमध्ये एक मीरा नावाची मुलगी वर्षभरापूर्वी नोकरीला लागली. आमची चांगली मैत्री जमली आणि आता आम्ही त्यापुढचा विचार करत आहोत.”

आई म्हणाली, “तुम्ही पसंत केलंय ना एकमेकांना मग झालं तर! पण काय रे आलोक, तुझे इतके मित्र, मैत्रीणी घरी येत असतात. तिला नाही आणलंस कधी घरी. बरं तिचं पूर्ण नाव वगैरे सांगशील की नाही आणि तिच्या घरच्यांचा होकार आहे का?” आलोक म्हणाला, “ती सुद्धा आजच बोलणार आहे घरच्यांशी. उद्या कळेल काय निकाल लागतो तो. चल जेवूया.” एवढं बोलून तो ताटं घ्यायला स्वयंपाकघरात गेला. जेवतानाही आज गंभीरच होता. मीराच्या घरून होकार मिळतो की नाही, ह्याचं टेन्शन असावं बहुधा. म्हणून आईनेही जास्त विचारपूस केली नाही. उद्या कळेलच सारं, असं वाटलं तिला.

सकाळी आलोक ऑफिसला गेल्यावर, आई बाकीची कामे आवरत होती. खरं तर ती आता रिटायर झाली होती. पण सकाळीच सर्व आवरून घ्यायची इतक्या वर्षांची सवय. शिवाय इंटरनेटवर बसून आपला ‘ब्लॉग’ लिहायची उत्सुकता असायची ना तिला! त्याचं काय झालं. आई होती अगदी सुगरण. ऑफिसमधल्या तिच्या मैत्रीणींना तिच्या हातचे पदार्थ फार आवडायचे. तिलाही वेगवेगळे पदार्थ करायचा छंद. त्यामुळे तिने रिटायर होत असताना, एका मैत्रीणीने तिला सुचविले की “तू ब्लॉग लिहीत जा. त्यावर छान छान रेसिपी लिही. आम्हाला आणि इतर बऱ्याच बायकांना त्याचा लाभ घेता येईल.” शिवाय तुझा वेळही उत्तम जाईल. आईला ही कल्पना फार आवडली. आलोकनेही तिला ब्लॉग लिहायला शिकवले. घरातली कामे उरकली, की ती निवांत ब्लॉग लिहीत असे. आलोक परत घरी येईपर्यंत तिचा वेळ छान मजेत जात असे. आज मात्र कामे करता करता बरेचसे विचार मनात थैमान घालत होते. कशी बरं असेल मीरा. नाव छान आहे. पण ह्या आलोकने तिला घरी का बरं आणलं नाही आजपर्यंत. स्वयंपाकघरातील खिडकीतल्या झाडांना पाणी घालताना, तिचं लक्ष समोरच्या झाडावरील घरट्याकडे गेलं. अरेच्या! आज किलबिलोट कसा ऐकू येत नाही. काही दिवसांपूर्वीच चिमणीने घरट्यात अंडी घातली होती. मग काही दिवसांनी पिळ्ळांची

चिवचिव कानावर पडू लागली. त्यानंतर चिमणा, चिमणी, पिळ्ळांना उडायला शिकवताना दिसली. इवलीशी पिळ्ळां, एवढुशा पंखांची फडफड करत घरट्यातून फांदीवर आणि परत घरट्यात अशी ये-जा करताना बघून गंमत वाटे. आज कशी दिसत नाहीत! अरे, पिळ्ळांना पंख फुटले, नाही का? आता गेली असतील घरट्यातून भरारी मारून! विचारांमध्ये रमलेली आई, फोनच्या आवाजाने भानावर आली. लगबगीने जाऊन तिने फोन उचलला. आलोक फोनवर म्हणाला, “आई, आज रात्री मी आणि मीरा बाहेर जेवायला जाणार आहोत. तू जेवून घे हां.” त्याने फोन ठेवला.

आई, रात्री जेवण उरकून पुस्तक वाचत बसली होती. आलोक घरी आला. त्याचा गंभीर चेहरा पाहून आई काहीच बोलली नाही. तिने पाण्याची बाटली पुढे सरकवली. आलोक पाणी प्यायला आणि म्हणाला, “आई, मी मीराला लमनाला नाही म्हटलं.” आईला कळेचना की ह्याने का नाही म्हटलं. उत्तर तर त्याच्याकडून अपेक्षित होतं. “अरे, काय झालं आहे ते जरा सविस्तर सांगशील का?” अधीर होऊन आई बोलली.

आलोक म्हणाला, “आई, मीरा आणि तिच्या घरचे मासमच्छी खात नाहीत. मी खातो हे त्यांना मान्य आहे पण... मीराला ह्या घरात म्हणजे मासमच्छी जिथे बनवली जाते, तिथे राहायचं नाही, म्हणे. “आईला कळत होतंही आणि नव्हतंही. ती नुसतं “म्हणजे?” एवढंच बोलू शकली. आलोकचा आवाज तिच्या कानावर पडला. “आई, मीराला वेगळं, नवीन बिन्हाड थाटायचं आहे. पण मी तुला एकटीला सोडून जाणार नाही.” आईने बोलण्याचा प्रयत्न केला, “अरे, पण आलोक...” आलोक तिला थांबवत म्हणाला, “नाही. अजून चर्चा नको. माझं मत ठाम आहे.” आणि आपल्या खोलीत निघून गेला.

रात्री आई आणि आलोक दोघंही अंथरुणावर नुसते पडून होते. डोळ्याला डोळा लागली नाही दोघांच्या. सकाळी घाईत आलोक ऑफिसला निघून गेला. आईची रोजची कामे सुरू झाली. स्वयंपाकघरातील खिडकीतून आईची नजर घरट्यावर पडली. तिच्या मनात विचारांचं चक्रच सुरू झालं. “पक्ष्यांचं बरं असतं नाही! पिळ्ळांना जोपासायचं. त्यांच्या पंखांमध्ये बळ येईतो त्यांचा सांभाळ करायचा. पण पिळ्ळांनी घरटं रिकामं केलं की चिमणा चिमणी आपल्या वाटेला निघून जायला मोकळी. घरट्यात किंवा पिळ्ळांमध्ये गुरफटून जात नाहीत ती आपल्यासारखी. आता आपलं घरटं रिकामं झालं तर... पण हे करायलाच हवं आलोकच्या सुखी जीवनासाठी परत एकदा मी एकटी पडणार हा विचार तिला flashback मध्ये घेऊन गेला.

आई आणि बाबा दोघंही बँकेत नोकरीला होते. आलोकने नुकतीच इंजिनिअरिंगला ॲडमिशन घेतली होती. एक दिवस अचानक अपघात झाला आणि बाबा, त्या दोघांना पोरकं करून निघून गेले. आईची नोकरी होती आणि आलोकलाही मेरिटमध्ये आल्याने स्कॉलरशिप मिळत होती. प्रश्न आर्थिक परिस्थितीचा नव्हता. पण तिच्या आयुष्यात जी अचानक पोकळी निर्माण झाली होती, त्याचा तिने धसका घेतला.

संध्याकाळ झाली तरी दिवा न लावता, आई अंधारात बसून राहायची, कुणाशीच जास्त बोलायची नाही. अगदी खचून गेली होती. आलोकला आईची ही अवस्था बघवत नव्हती. बाबा खूपच विनोदी स्वभावाचे होते. त्यामुळे घरातील वातावरण नेहमी हलकं फुलकं असायचं. आता घरात पसरलेली शांतता, त्या दोघांनाही सहन होत नव्हती. आलोकने ह्यावर उत्तम उपाय शोधून काढला. तो त्याच्या मित्र, मैत्रिणींना घरी घेऊन येत असे. आलोक घरात नसला तरी त्याचं मित्रमंडळ आईला भेटायला येई. “काकू आज भेल करा ना! नाहीतर पावभाजी, पाणीपुरी chikan biryani, fish fry... अशी त्यांची फरमाईश.” आईला हौस होतीच वेगवेगळे पदार्थ बनवायची. ती मग उत्साहाने सगळं बनवून घायची त्यांना. हळूहळू आई त्या धक्क्यातून सावरली. आलोकने आईला चायनीस, पास्ता, केक ह्याचे क्लास करायचे सुचविले. त्यामुळे ती शनिवार, रविवारीही मस्त राहू लागली. आईला त्याने कॉम्प्युटर क्लासलाही हद्दने पाठविले. हे सगळं आठवलं आणि “किती गुणी आहे ना माझं बाळ! किती काळजी घेतली माझी” असा विचार आला तिच्या मनात. पण त्याचा संसार मात्र फुलण्याआधीच कोमेजणार... तेही माझ्यामुळे. छे, छे! आज बोलणारच मी आलोकशी, असा निर्धार केला तिने.

आज आलोक संध्याकाळी ४ वाजताच घरी आला. आईला म्हणाला, “आई, मला ऑफिसच्या कामासाठी ८ दिवस पुण्याला जावं लागणार आहे. ७ची बस आहे. मी तुझही तिकीट काढलं आहे. तू मावशीकडे राहा. पण आई प्लीज, तिथे मीराचा विषय नको. मावशीजवळ ह्याबद्दल काही बोलू नकोस.”

पुण्यात ८ दिवस मावशीकडे म्हटलं तर मजेत गेले. पण दोघांची मनं थान्यावर नव्हती. मनात कल्लोळ माजलेला होता. रविवारी संध्याकाळी दोघं माय, लेक घरी पोहोचली. आई चहा ठेवायला आत गेली. इतक्यात बेल वाजली. आई बाहेर आली. समोर एक मुलगी बसली होती. नाजूक आणि गोड वाटली ती आईला. आईच्या मनात पुढचे विचार येण्याआधीच आलोकने ओळख करून दिली. “आई, ही मीरा.” काही वेळ शांततेत गेला. कुणालाच काय बोलावं ते सुचेना.

थोड्या वेळाने मीरा बोलू लागली. माझ्या शेजारी बसून कोणी मासमच्छी खाल्ली तर माझी हरकत नाही. मित्रमैत्रिणींमुळे सवय झाली आहे. पण घरात मासमच्छी आणलेली कधी बघितलेली नाही ना! त्याचा वास... वगैरे. तुम्ही ते खाता. अन्नच आहे ते तुमच्यासाठी. पण मी जर त्याकडे किळसवाण्या नजरेने पाहिले, नाक मुरडले तर... तुम्हाला त्रास होईल, नाही का! असा विचार करूनच मी वेगळं राहायचा निर्णय घेतला.” एक आवंढा गिळून ती पुढे बोलू लागली, “काही दिवसांपूर्वी माझा मावसभाऊ त्याच्या खास मैत्रिणीला मावशीच्या घरी घेऊन आला. त्यांच्या लग्नाला मावशी व काकांनी सहज होकार दिला. पण त्या मुलीने वेगळं राहायची अट घातली. ते ऐकून मावशी आणि काका मनाने फार खचून गेले. एकुलता एक मुलगा, एवढं मोठं आलिशान

घर. मावशी जेव्हा आपलं दुःख बोलून दाखवित होती, तेव्हा मी सुद्धा हळहळले. तेव्हा मनात असा विचार आला की मी ही तुम्हा दोघांना दुःखाच्या खाईत लोटत आहे का? पण ह्यावर तोडगा सापडत नव्हता.” एवढं बोलून मीरा गप्प झाली. एक नकोशी वाटणारी शांतता पसरली. फलंदाज जसं कोणत्या प्रकारचा चेंडू गोलंदाज फेकणार ह्याचा अंदाज बांधत असतो, अगदी तशीच मनःस्थिती होती आलोक आणि आईची. मीराच्या पुढच्या वाक्यांवरच आलोकच्या आयुष्याचा ‘गेम’ अवलंबून होता.

मीराला शांत बसलेलं पाहून आईला वाटलं की, आता खरं तर माझी पाळी आहे बोलायची. “तुम्ही वेगळं राहायला माझी काहीच हरकत नाही. दोघं सुखात असलात म्हणजे झालं.” असं तिला बोलायचं होतं. पण ह्या भावना मनापासून आल्या नव्हत्या. त्यामुळे हे शब्दात नेमकं कसं मांडावं ह्यात मेंदू गुंतला होता.” काही केल्या आईच्या तोंडून शब्दच फुटेनात.

मीरा आता आईच्या दिशेने वळून बसली. आईची बेचैनी आणखीन वाढली. मीराच्या शब्दांनी शांतता भंग पावली. “काकू, मला ह्या सगळ्याची सवय कधी होईल किंवा होईल अथवा नाही ह्याची मलाच कल्पना नाही हो. मला आलोक मनापासून आवडला आहे. त्याची साथ आयुष्यभर मिळावी अशी स्वप्ने रंगवली आहेत मी. पण तुम्हाला एकटं टाकून, सुखाने संसार करणं आलोकला जमणार नाही, हे मनोमन ओळखलंय मी. आपण... आपण दोघांनी... थोडं adjust करून घेतलं तर जमेल का आपल्याला एकत्र राहणं?”

मीराने इतका जबरदस्त बाउन्सर टाकला होता की आई आणि आलोक निःशब्द झाले. कानावर पडलेल्या शब्दांचा अर्थ उलगडायला आईला थोडा अवधी लागला. परत शांतता पसरली. पण ह्यावेळी मात्र आई बोलती झाली. “हो गं हो. तुला ह्या सगळ्याचा त्रास होऊ नये ह्याची मी नक्कीच काळजी घेईन. तू ऑफिसमधून येण्याआधीच मासमच्छीची कामे उरकून घेईन. पण ते खाल्ल्याशिवाय आलोकला चैन पडत नाही ना!” मीराने नुसतं डोकं हलवलं. पण तिचे डोळे हसले, असा भास झाला आईला.

अशा ह्या परिस्थितीत दोघांच्या मनाचा ठाव घेणं, मुश्कील होतं. दोघांनाही मनोमन जाण होती की, “ये सफर आसान नही” पण दोघांनीही पावले उचलताना एकमेकींचा विचार केला तर ह्या आयुष्याच्या प्रवासातील खाचखळग्यातूनही वाट नक्कीच सापडेल अशी आशा असावी दोघांच्याही मनात.

आलोक अजून खुर्चीला खिळूनच बसला होता. “अरे आलोक, मीराला तुझी खोली नाही का दाखवायची?” ह्या आईच्या शब्दांनी तो भानावर आला. “मी चहा करून आणते.” असं म्हणून आई स्वयंपाकघराकडे वळली.

आईने चहाचं तपेलं गॅसवर चढवलं. आईचं लक्ष झाडावरच्या रिकाम्या घराकडे गेलं. आपलं घरटं आता रिकामं होणार नाही, ह्याचा आनंद आईच्या चेहऱ्यावर स्पष्ट दिसत होता.

## ... त्यांचे पाय जमीनीवर असतात

शरद कोपिकर

काही लोक असे असतात कि माझ्यापेक्षा जास्त शिक्षण घेतले. किंवा माझ्यापेक्षा चांगली नौकरी मिळाली. किंवा मोटार घेतली कि त्यांना असे वाटते कि हा माझ्या लेव्हलचा माणूस नाही म्हणून माझ्याशी बोलायचे टाळतात. पण काही माणसे असे असतात कि ते मोठे उद्योजक असतात. नौकरीमध्ये मोठ्या हुद्द्यावर पोचलेले असतात. नामवंत लेखक मोठा सिने कलाकार वगैरे असतात. पण सर्वांशी सारखे वागतात. एवढे मोठे नाव कमावलेले असले तरीही त्यांचे पाय जमीनीवरच असतात. इंग्रजीमध्ये म्हणतात की **Down to earth**. असे काही माझे अनुभव इथे लिहीत आहे.

मी ग्लॅक्सो वरळीला नौकरी करित असताना आमचे पर्सनेल डायरेक्टर श्री. हुमायून धनराजगिर होते. ते उंच आणि देखणे होते. त्यांची आई १९४० मधल्या सिनेमात काम करणारी झुबेदा म्हणून नटी होती. नवाबाचा मुलगा असल्याने त्यांची धनराज महाल म्हणून कोलाब्याच्या ताजमहाल हॉटेल मागे मोठी इमारत आहे. धनराजगिर नंतर काही वर्षे मॅनेजिंग डायरेक्टर होते. जेव्हा ते निवृत्त झाले तेव्हा त्यांचा निरोप समारंभ आमच्या मोठ्या कॅन्टीन मध्ये आयोजित केला होता. ते जेव्हा पत्नीसह आत आले. त्यांच्यासाठी मधे रस्ता ठेवून दोन्ही बाजूला हॉल तुडुम्ब भरला होता फॅक्टरी आणि ऑफीसच्या कर्मचाऱ्यांनी. त्यांच्यावर फुलांचा वर्षाव करत होते. मी आणि माझा सहकारी मोहन शिरोडकर पण उभे होते. एवढी गर्दी असताना धनराजगिरांनी जवळ आल्यावर माझे आणि शिरोडकरचे हात हातात घेतले. त्यात काही सर्व आले. आम्ही दोघे बस स्टॉपवर जात होतो. तेव्हा त्यांची गाडी आमच्या जवळून गेली. तेव्हा त्यांनी आम्हांला दोघांना हात हलवून शेवटचा निरोप घेतला.

त्यानंतर एम्डी म्हणून आले श्री. व्ही. त्यागराजन्. १९९५ साली ग्लॅक्सो कंपनीने ऑल इंडिया डिपोज आणि ब्रांचीस बंद करायचा निर्णय घेतला. तिकडच्या सर्व ऑफीसर्सना मुंबईतल्या ऑडिटोरियम मध्ये बोलावून निरोप द्यायचा म्हणून एक निरेप समारंभ आयोजित केला. त्याची जबाबदारी आमच्या वेल्फेअर ऑफीसरकडे दिली. आम्हांला प्रत्येकाला कामे वाटून दिली. तो दिवस उजाडला. सर्व जण आखून दिलेल्या आसनावर स्थानापन्न झाले. सुरवातीला श्री. त्यागराजन्नी एक छोटेसे भाषण केले. नंतर एकेकाला कंपनीतर्फे चांदीचे तबक दिले. इतके सुंदर आयोजित केल्यामुळे समारंभ लवकर संपला. त्या सर्वांना चहा कॉफी नाशत्यासाठी जायची विनंती केली. श्री. त्यागराजन्नी वेल्फेअर ऑफीसरला सांगितले कि मला तुमच्या स्टाफला भेटायचे आहे म्हणून. आम्ही सर्वजण स्टेजवर गेलो. तेव्हा ते म्हणाले आजचा समारंभ छान आयोजित केला. आम्हांला धक्काच बसला जेव्हा प्रत्येकाला नावानी म्हणजे भट, शिरोडकर, कोपिकर, छेडा, वागळे म्हणून हाक मारली आणि हात मिळवले. ते प्रथम ग्लॅक्सोत आले ते आमच्या खात्यात ट्रेनी म्हणून. आमच्या शेजारी बसून काम शिकून घेतले. पुढे ते मार्केटींगला गेले. तिथून त्यांना स्पेनला सिंगापुरला पाठविले. परत आले ते डायरेक्टर म्हणून. मग ते एम्डी झाले. एवढा काळ मधे गेला पण आमच्या पाच जणांची नावे ते विसरले नाहीत.

खूप वर्षांमागे माझ्या भाच्याच्या मुलीचे लग्न आणि रिसेप्शन जुहूच्या हॉटेल सीप्रिसेस मध्ये लॉनवर ठेवले होते. मी माझ्या पत्नीसह आणि दोन मुलांसम वेत तिथे जरा लवकर पोचलो. टेबल खुर्च्या मांडून ठेवल्या होत्या. पण कुणीच आले नव्हते. म्हणून आम्ही एका कोपरातल्या टेबलवर जाऊन बसलो. तेवढ्यात एक मध्यम बांध्याचे गृहस्थ आमच्याकडे आले. माझ्यापुढे हात करून म्हणाले. मी अशोक चंदावर. मी म्हटले. मी तुम्हांला ओळखतो.

ते म्हणाले. ते कसे काय. मी म्हटले. माझी बहीण तुमच्या ऑफीस मध्ये रिसेप्शनिस्ट म्हणून कामाला होती. आणि माझा भाऊ शामराव विठ्ठल बॅन्केत होता. ते म्हणाले. म्हणजे तू सुशीलाचा आणि श्रीनाथमामाचा भाऊ का. मी म्हटले. हो. तेव्हा लोकांनी येईपर्यंत आमच्या जवळ बसून खूप गप्पा मारल्या. एवढ्या मोठ्या फेअरडील कॉर्पोरेशनचे मालक पण त्यांच्या बोलण्यात किती नम्रता आणि मृदुपणा होता. लोक आल्यावर ते आमचा निरोप घेऊन गेले.

काही वर्षांनी आम्ही लोणावळ्याच्या तुंगलीला तीन चार दिवस राहायला गेलो होतो. परत यायला गाडी दुपारी साडेचारला होती. म्हणून आम्ही कार्ल्याच्या श्री दुर्गापरमेश्वरी मंदीरात गेलो. आणि महाद्वारातून आत जात असताना एक गाडी आली. त्यातून श्री. अशोक चंदावर त्यांच्या पत्नीसह उतरले. ताटात ताजी फुले आणि मिठाईचा बॉक्स ठेवून पुढे आले. आम्हांला पाहिल्यावर मला विचाराले. तू सुशीलाचा भाऊना? एवढा मोठा माणूस पण ते विसरले नाहीत, एवढ्या वर्षांनंतरसुद्धा. समाधीची आरती झाल्यावर देवीची आरती सुरू झाली. तेवढ्यात एक फूल देवीच्या अंगावरून खाली पडले. आरती झाल्यावर भटजींनी श्री. अशोकजींना बोलावून ते फूल आणि मिठाईचा बॉक्स दिला. श्री. अशोकजी सरळ आमच्याकडे आले. त्या फुलाच्या पाकळ्या आणि मिठाई आम्हांला दिली आणि विचारले. तुम्ही आज इथे राहणार का? मी म्हटले. नाही. आमची गाडी दुपारी साडेचारला आहे. ते म्हणाले. बरे. आम्ही येतो. आमचे घर इथे मळवलीला आहे. त्यांना श्रीमंतीचा अजिबात गर्व नाही. त्यांचे पाय जमीनीवर आहेत.

आणखी एक व्यक्ती आहे. ती म्हणजे श्री. गिरीश कार्नाड. तो माझा बालमित्र आणि वर्गमित्र. शालेय शिक्षण संपले. मी मुंबईच्या रूपारेल कॉलेजमध्ये भरती झालो. त्याने धारवाडच्या कर्नाटक कॉलेजमध्ये पहिल्या वर्षापासून बीए पर्यंत पहिला येऊन इतिहास घडवला. न्होड्स स्कॉलरशिप मिळवून इंग्लंडला उच्च शिक्षण घेऊन आला. मद्रासच्या ऑक्सफर्ड प्रेसचा मॅनेजर म्हणून नियुक्ति झाली. तिथे असताना इंग्रजीमध्ये दोन नाटक लिहीली आणि ती खूप गाजली. नंतर कन्नड तामीळ मराठी हिन्दी सिनेमात नट म्हणून काम केले. काही कन्नड सिनेमांचे दिग्दर्शन करून चारपाच राष्ट्रपति पदके मिळवली.

१९७४ मध्ये मी माझ्या पत्नीसह रथोत्सव पाहायला शिरालीला गेलो होतो. तिथे मला कळले कि परिज्ञानाश्रम स्वामिजींच्या हस्ते गिरीश कार्नाडचा पद्मश्री मिळाल्याबद्दल सत्कार होणार आहे म्हणून. दुपारी मी आणि माझा मित्र श्री. दयानंद भट मठात प्रसाद भोजन करून बाहेर आलो. तेवढ्यात कार्यकर्ते गिरीश कार्नाड आले म्हणून धावत एका गाडीजवळ गेले. त्यातून गिरीश आणि त्याची आई उतरले. मला पाहिल्यावर लांबूनच गिरीशने हात उंचावून आपली ओळख दाखवली. जवळून जाताना तो म्हणाला कि नंतर खोलीत ये खूप गप्पा मारू म्हणून. त्याने गप्पा मारताना सांगितले कि तो आता पुण्याच्या फिल्म इन्स्टीट्यूटचा डायरेक्टर झाला आहे म्हणून. तिथे यायला आणि पाहायला पण सांगितले. आम्ही मुंबईला सासत्रांच्या कार मधून आलो. पुण्याला पत्नीच्या मामांकडे रात्री मुक्काम केला. सकाळी गिरीशला भेटायला गेलो. तो म्हणाला कि पहिल्यांदाच परीक्षा कंडक्ट करतोय म्हणून थोडे टेन्शन आले आहे. म्हणून एका माणसाला सगळी खाती दाखवायला सांगितले.

१९८० मध्ये सूर्यवंशी हॉलमध्ये लग्नाला आणि हॉटेल सीरॉक मध्ये रिसेप्शनला आठवणीने मला बोलावले. आता बेंगळूरला स्थाईक झाल्यामुळे अधून मधून ईमेल करून एकमेकांची चौकशी करित असतो. एवढा मोठा होऊन सुद्धा त्याचे पाय जमीनीवर आहेत.

## हांव विस्सरलों

म्हणताती, म्हांतारपण आयलें उगडासु उणे जात्ता  
तांतूलोची एकू हांव विस्सरलों म्हणता।  
घरांतु टी.व्ही. आयलो  
हांव न्यूजपेपर वाचुक विस्सरलों।

घराबागलांतु कार आयलें  
हांव चमकणेची विस्सरलों।  
हात्तांतु मोबाईल आयलें  
हांव लेटर्स बोरोवचिची विस्सरलों।  
हात्तांतु कॅलक्युलेटर आयलें  
हांव टेबल्सची विस्सरलों।

घरांतु ए. सी. आयलो  
हांव झाडांचे थंड वारेंची विस्सरलों।  
दुकानांतुल्या परमळी सेंटाच्या वासाने  
हांव खऱ्या फुल्लांचो परमळी वासु विस्सरलों।

नित्य फास्टफूडाच्या खाणाने  
बायलेने केलेलें रुची जॅवण हांव विस्सरलों।  
फ्रिजांतुल्या थंड उदकाने  
हांव मडक्यांतुल्या थंड उदकाचें समाधान विस्सरलों।

स्मरणशक्ती वाडुक, बायल नित्य बदाम खावच्याक दिता  
काली कित्लीं बदाम खालीं तेंची हांव विस्सरलों।

हासुनाक्काती मज्जेरी, हांव विस्सरल्यारी  
म्हणताती सगळे जण, घोरोघर मातीच्याच चुली।

(मुरलीधर बेट्राबेट हांगेल्या “गुलदस्ता” ह्या कोंकणी कवितासंग्रहांथाचु  
साभार)

## निसर्ग

निळ्या निळ्या आकाशात  
सोनेरी किरणांची उधळण करत  
ढगाआडून लपाछपी खेळत  
येणारा सूर्य आवडतो मला!!  
दवबिंदूनी न्हाऊमाखू घातलेली  
मंद सुगंधाने अस्तित्व सांगणारी  
हळूच लाजत लाजत उमलणारी  
टपोरी गुलाबाची फुलं भावतात मला!!

पहाटेच्या शांत रम्य समयी  
कुहू कुहूच्या मधुर बोलानं  
आसमंत दुमदुमवून टाकणारी  
कोकिळा आकर्षित करते मला!!

हिरवीगार झाडं, पक्ष्यांची गोड किलबिल  
रंगीबेरंगी फुलपाखरांची हालचाल  
वाऱ्याच्या झुळका गार शितल  
मोहवून टाकतात मला!!

रिपरिप ओघळणारे पाणी पावसाचे  
खडकातील रौद्र हास्य धबधब्याचे  
फेसाळ पाणी धुंद समुद्राचे  
बेधुंद करून टाकते मला!!

– लता कर्नाड राव (उल्लाळ)

## “किमया”

काळोख जाहला, वाटे अंधार  
वाटते, नको नको हा संसार ।

लागते टोचणी जशी टाचणी  
स्मरतात जुनी, नवी बोलणी ।

डोळ्यास मुळी ना लागे डोळा  
सुविचारांचा झाला चोळामोळा ।

जीवनाचा सुटेल का कधी गुंता  
परि कशास हवा हा देहाचा चोथा ।

माझे म्हणुनी सारे केले  
संकटकाळी कुणी न उरले ।

दुसऱ्या सांगे ब्रह्मज्ञान  
राहिले परि कोरडे पाषाण ।

विचार करता माथे थकले  
नकळत डोळे पेंगू लागले ।

झोंबू लागला पहाट वारा  
फुंकर घाली जखमी पाखरा ।

आकाशातील शुक्र चांदणी  
बोलू लागली मनुष्य वाणी ।

येतेस का माझ्या संगे राणी  
मन तुझे गे निर्मळ पाणी ।

नाचू, खेळू, गाऊ गाणी  
प्रकाशत राहू या तारांगणी ।

रातहि सरली, पहाट झाली  
दिव्य चांदणी, मनी प्रकाशली ।

– निर्मला कलंबी  
(निर्मला कलंबी यांच्या “किमया”  
या कवितासंग्रहातून)



## सन्तकृपा ।

### दुर्गा कुमठा

एकदा सन्तश्रेष्ठः ज्ञानेश्वर महाराज एकस्मिन् ग्रामे वासमकरोत्। नैके भक्ताः ज्ञानेश्वरं मेलितुं तस्य वचनं श्रोतुमगच्छन्। तेषु एकः बालकः श्रद्धया प्रतिदिनं दर्शनार्थं गच्छति स्म। तस्य ज्ञानेश्वरं प्रति निष्पापा भक्तिः आसीत्। एकदा सः बालकः ज्ञानेश्वरमुक्तवान् यत् भवता अस्माकं गृहं भोजनार्थम् आगन्तव्यमेव। तदा ज्ञानेश्वरः तं बालकमुक्तवान् यत् अपरेद्युः एव तैः अन्यग्रामं स्थलान्तरं करणीयम्। किन्तु तेन बालकेन किमपि न स्वीकृतम्। तदा तस्य निर्व्याजप्रीतिं दृष्ट्वा ज्ञानेश्वरः उक्तवान् यत् वयं चत्वारः बान्धवाः भोजनार्थम् आगमिष्यामः। सः बालकः अत्यानन्देन सवेगं गृहं प्राप्तवान्। 'अम्ब, श्वः अस्माकं गृहं मम ज्ञानेश्वरमहाराज सबान्धवम् आगमिष्यति'। रात्रौ सः अम्बां सम्यक् शयितुमपि न दत्तवान्।

प्रातःकाले शीघ्रमुत्थाय सः रुचिकरं भोजनं पक्तुम् अम्बायाः साहाय्यमकरोत्। तदा इन्धनार्थम् आवश्यकानि शुष्ककाष्ठानि अपर्याप्तानि इति दृष्ट्वा सः काष्ठसञ्चम् अस्पर्शत्। किन्तु तेषु काष्ठेषु स्थितः एकः सर्पः तमदशत्। तस्य विषेन तस्य निष्पापस्य बालकस्य प्राणोत्क्रमणं जातम्।

अहह! तस्य माता तु हृदयस्पर्शी विलापं कृत्वा भूमौ विलोडनमारब्धवती। तदा तस्याः पतिः अवदत् 'मा शोचतु। जानाम्यहं पुत्रशोकस्य व्यथा। किन्तु एषः विलापस्य समयः नास्मिन्नपि क्षणे ज्ञानेश्वर महाराजः आगमनं भविष्यति।

शोकाकुलौ आवां दृष्ट्वा कथं सः भोजनं करिष्यति? पुत्रस्य इच्छापूर्त्यर्थं तु अलं शोकेन।

शोकाकुलापि चेत् वराकी सा पतिवचनस्य आदेशानुसारं भोजनं पक्तवती।

भोः, चत्वारः दिव्य- अतिथीनाम् आगमनं जातम्। पुत्रशोकं दूरीकृत्य अतिथीनां पादप्रक्षालनं कृत्वा प्रीत्या तौ भोजनं परिवेषितवन्तौ। सहसा ज्ञानेश्वरं स्मरणं जातं तस्य बालकस्य। तदा 'अस्माकं पुत्रः निद्राधीनः अस्ति। अस्तु, प्रथमं भवन्तः भोजनं कुर्वन्तु, अनन्तरं तम् आह्वयामि' इति पिता अवदत्।

किन्तु ज्ञानेश्वरः तु सर्वज्ञः एव। झटिति सत्यपरिस्थितीं सः ज्ञातवान्। तस्य दम्पतेः अभ्यर्थनां दुर्लक्षीकृत्य ज्ञानेश्वरः तं मृतं बालकं प्रति अगच्छत्। बालकस्य शीतं कलेवरं स्पृष्ट्वा अवदत् - 'वत्स, उत्तिष्ठ। अहं मम सहोदरैः सह भोजनार्थम् आगतः किन्तु त्वं तु इदानीं शयनं करोषि। त्वया विना कथं भोजनं शक्यम्। शीघ्रमुत्तिष्ठ, अस्माभिः गन्तव्यम् अन्यं ग्रामम्।' इति उक्त्वा बालकस्य मस्तके हस्तं स्थापितवान्।

तत्क्षणं तस्य दिव्यस्पर्शेन मृत- बालकस्य शरीरे प्राणसञ्चारः जातः। सः नेत्रे उन्मील्य तस्य आराध्यम् अपश्यत्। अतीव हर्षेण सः उत्थितवान्। बालकस्य मुखे अन्नस्य ग्रासं संस्थाप्य ज्ञानेश्वरः तस्य सहोदरैः सह सहर्षं भोजनं कृतवान्। अस्ति यदा सन्तकृपा, न करोति कालः धार्ष्ट्यं तदा ।



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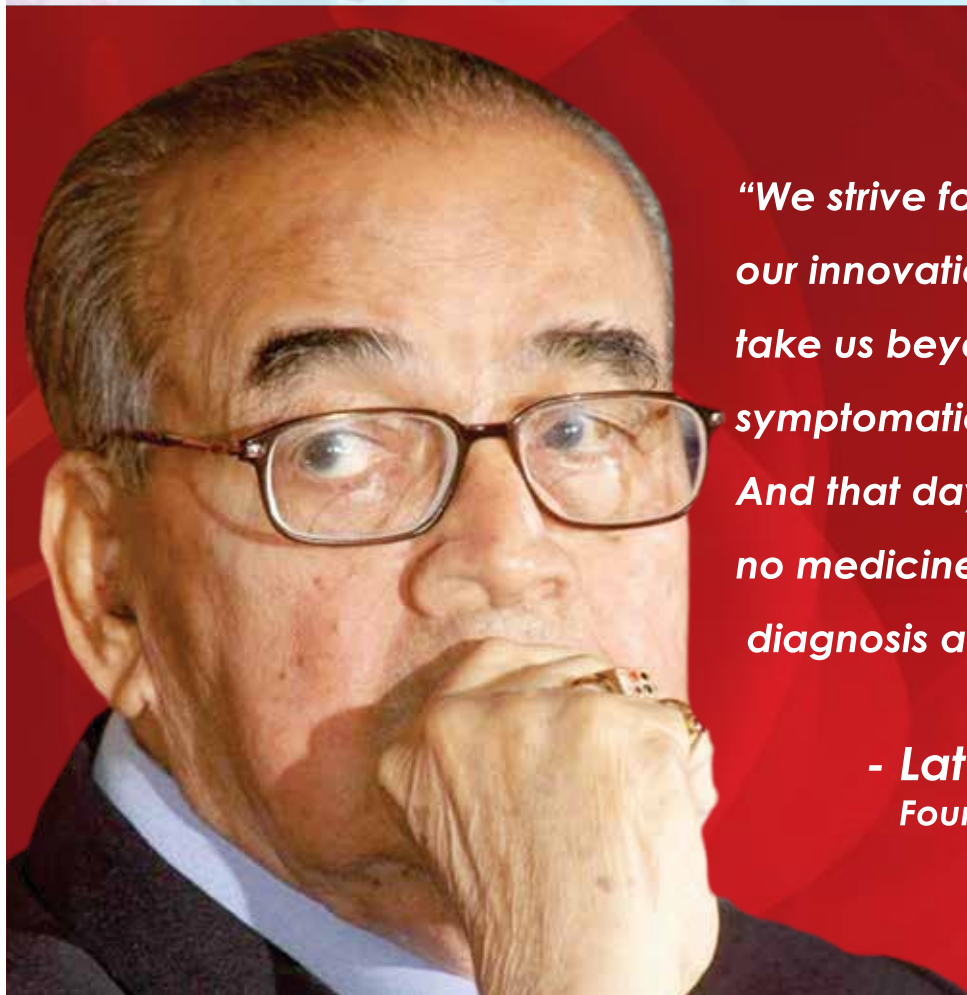
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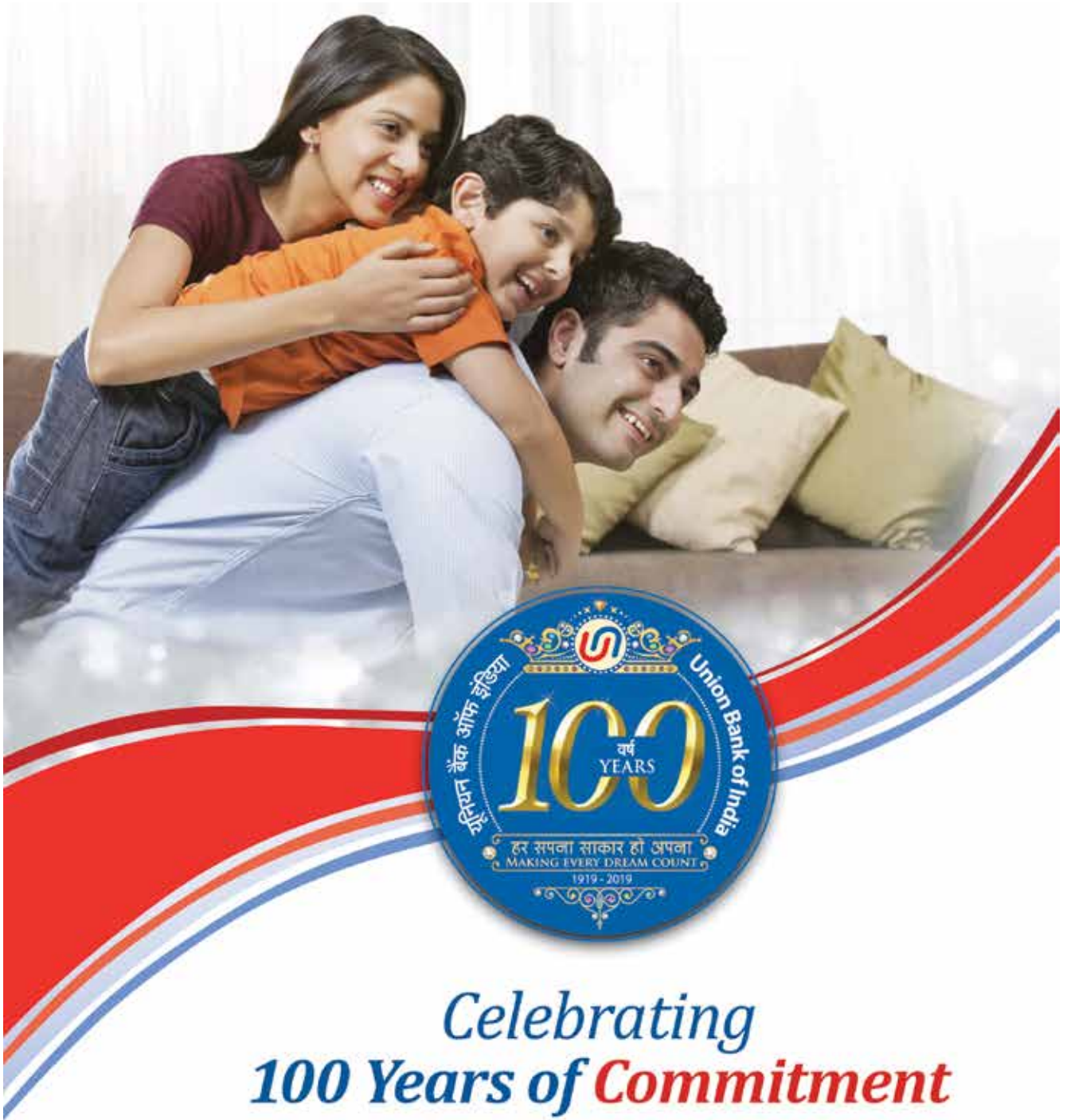
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## Personalia

**Anandita Vivek Hemmady**, daughter of Vivek and Archana Hemmady of Pune was recently chosen as the Student Of The Year of her batch 2017-2019 in PGDM . She was chosen to deliver the valedictory speech at the convocation ceremony held recently.

This award is given to a student who excelled in academic, co-curricular as well as Institutional activities. A student of Durgadevi Saraf Institute of Management Studies, Anandita, with a CGPA of 9.2 completed her PGDM in Operations and Supply Chain Management. Prior to MBA, she had completed her BE in Electronics and Telecommunications.



Always multi-faceted, she has always been active right from school days and won several awards. Her Final Year project in B.E. was approved by Nashik Municipal corporation and was part of the Kumbhathon (which was in place to make the Kumbha Mela at Nasik successful). Her project which was a kiosk placed at strategic places gave pilgrims numbers of essential facilities provided by the NMC, along with the nearest emergency contact rooms and medical facility.

She is presently working with Reliance industries Ltd as an Assistant Manager

**Sanjana Chandawarkar**, graduated in November 2018, from the University of New South Wales (UNSW), Sydney, Australia in the 6yr Integrated degree programme - **B.MechanicalEngineering (Hons.) and Masters in Bio-Medical Engineering**. She works as a 'Quality Engineer' with a bio-medical company that design and customise surgical guides for knee implants.

Hailing from a family of artistes and educationists, both, from her maternal and paternal sides, Sanjana is the great grand-daughter of late Shri Umanath Dongerkeri, a veteran Konkani playwright and poet, grand- daughter of Smt. Anuradha and late Shree Vinod Dongerkeri, and Smt. Tara and late Shri Ramkrishna Chandawarkar.

At age 5, Sanjana had commenced learning 'Bharatnatyam' and completed her 'Prathamika' certification through the **Nalanda Dance Academy, Mumbai**. At age 10, she migrated to Sydney with her parents Sandeep and Vandana and continued her study of 'Bharatnatyam' from the 'Sanskriti School of Dance'.

She recently presented her 'Arangetram' in Sydney, on

30<sup>th</sup> March 2019, that left spectators spell bound and with a divine experience. A local newspaper in Sydney, named 'Indian Link', in their May 2019 edition featured a full page about Sanjana commending her mesmerising performance with an attitude of service to the Almighty.

She is a natural choreographer and a connoisseur of all dance forms – including Indian classical, bhangra, folk and contemporary forms.



**Kshipra Gurunandan Bhat:** Blessed with a kind and gentle nature, she has a spiritual bent with has particular devotion to Shree Swami Samarth Maharaj of Akkalkot, whose sketches and paintings she has created, adorn her home. Despite living away from India she has deep-rooted affinity to Indian tradition, has the Saraswat taste



buds and loves to recite our Math Deepnamaskar and bhajans from 'Antarangini'. Kshipra Gurunandan Bhat, 28, is a neuroscientist currently working on her PhD at the Basque Centre for Cognition, Brain and Language in San Sebastián. She is a recipient of a prestigious grant from "la Caixa" Foundation and the European Union's Horizon 2020 research and innovation programme under the Marie Skłodowska-Curie grant. Kshipra has presented her work at the biggest international conferences in her field in USA, Canada and Europe, winning several awards.

Kshipra is the only child of Bina and Gurunandan Bhat (Bhandikeri) of Dattaprasad CHS, Bangalore, and the grand daughter of late Nalini and late Ramesh B. Gangolli of Karnatak CHS, Mumbai, and Anjani and late Ravikiran Bhat of Sanjaynagar, Bangalore. While in her 10th std, she won the 1st prize in an interschool Spelling Bee competition of



all ICSE and CBSE schools of Bangalore. She stood first in the Konkani community in Bangalore in her 10th std board exams. She did her undergraduate studies in mathematical sciences, topping her university and went on to work at the Centre for Artificial Intelligence and Robotics, DRDO for two years. Here, her work led to the publication of two papers in international journals, and she was awarded a scholarship by the Foundation of Mathematical Sciences of Paris to study Applied Mathematics at the University of Paris. After her studies in Paris, she decided to apply her skills to studying the brain, and worked at the Centre for Neuroscience, IISc (Indian Institute of Science), Bangalore and NBRC (National Brain Research Centre), Delhi. Her work here led to her winning another scholarship, this time for an MS in Neuroscience in Spain. Within a couple of months, she was offered a PhD position. She won the highly competitive and coveted La Caixa scholarship which involved a lengthy process of multiple evaluations and interviews. This scholarship awards a higher stipend as well as covers trips to international conferences and laboratories.

The same enthusiasm, determination and hard work that have been the driving force behind her numerous achievements in academics, have also led to many outside it. She has trekked to Stok Kangri, the highest trekkable peak in India. During her time in Paris, she used the savings from her stipend to travel solo across 27 countries in Europe. Besides experiencing enriching cultures and cuisines, she also did a

solo climb to the famous "Mytikas" peak of Mount Olympus (the Greek mountain of the Gods) and travelled beyond the Arctic Circle to the Santa Claus village in Finland. Even more adventures came her way when her phone was stolen and a series of events led to leaving her without money or a way to contact anyone. She met every challenge with steely resolve and a cool mind, and returned home safe and sound. A few years later, inspired by the local culture in the Basque Country, she started training in Olympic weightlifting and became part of the regional team. She won a silver medal at the district-level and represented her university in the national level competition. That summer, she coaxed her parents to accompany her on a month long motorbike ride to Ladakh. Their adventures included riding the couple of Royal Enfield Bullet-500s to Khardung La, the highest motorable road in the world, through Kargil to Zaskar Valley, over rocky roads and across swirling streams, paths more suited to trekking than riding. She is an avid hiker, having done several hikes and climbs in the beautiful mountains of Spain and France.

She is also enthusiastic about scientific outreach, having given talks in Bangalore (at Christ University, Canara Union, Nightingales Elders Enrichment Centre and Yuvadhara ) as well as in Barcelona and San Sebastián about her work in neuroscience and the winding path that led her there. She recently gave a lecture to a packed audience in San Sebastián during the "Pint of Science" global science festival which is held in 400 cities across 240 countries.



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## Here and There

**Bengaluru : Pujya Swamiji's Visit:** The laity was blessed with the Divine presence of Parama Pujya Shrimat Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji from 25<sup>th</sup> May to 1<sup>st</sup> June. On 26<sup>th</sup> May, there was Pada puja and Shri Bhiksha in the morning and in the evening there was a musical workshop Aarambha by Smt Aditi Upadhya. Parama Pujya Swamiji performed Devi Pujan on 28<sup>th</sup> May during which Bhashya Pathan and Ashthavadhana Seva were rendered. Ganapati Atharvashirsha Homa was performed on 30<sup>th</sup> May followed by Dharmasabha and the laity was blessed with Ashirvachan by Parama Pujya Swamiji. There was Pramana Patra Vitarana to the students of Girvana Pratishtha, at the August hands of Parama Pujya Swamiji. On 29<sup>th</sup> & 31<sup>st</sup> May and 1<sup>st</sup> June, volunteers demonstrated the new Pranayama technique taught by Pujya Swamiji. On June 1<sup>st</sup> the laity rendered the Niropa Geet written by Shri Ananthakrishna Hirebet and music set by Smt Meera Balsaver

**Special Programmes:** The Samaradhana of P.P. Shrimat Parijnanashram Swamiji I was observed on 3<sup>rd</sup> May 2019 with Deepanamaskar, Bhashya Pathana, Devi Pujan, Ashtavadhana Seva and Prasad Vitarana.. Shri Shankara Jayanti was observed on May 9<sup>th</sup>. The Chief Guest Vidushi Smt Lalith J Rao distributed the prizes to the prize winners and participants of the competitions held on the occasion of Shri Shankar Jayanti and then gave an inspiring talk. This was followed by Deepanamaskar Bhashya Pathan and Shri Shankaracharya Pujan.

**Varga-s:** Yuvas helped with the calendar distribution and vantiga collection during the Yugadi function held at Canara Union and also offered seva during the Rathotsav activities at Shirali. Five yuvas participated in the Carpentry workshop at Shirali on 20<sup>th</sup> April. About 6 yuvas participated in the Kara Seva Shibir at Shirali from 5<sup>th</sup> to 12<sup>th</sup> May. On 18<sup>th</sup> May, 12 yuvas offered Shrama Seva at Bengaluru Math. On 26<sup>th</sup> May, 2 yuvas accompanied Smt. Aditi Upadhya in Aarambh - a musical workshop. The yuvas volunteered in all activities during Parama Pujya Swamiji's visit (25<sup>th</sup> - 31<sup>st</sup> May). 8 yuvas organised an impromptu Garba session on 30<sup>th</sup> May for the laity.

The series of talks by Smt. Dr. Sudha Tinaikar on Aparokshanubhuti continued on every Tuesday.

**Reported by Saikrupa Nalkur**

**Dharwad:** On May 17,18, 19, 2019 the Bhanaps of Dharwad were treated to a veritable feast for the intellect and the soul, for on these days Shri Rajagopal Bhat, Dharmapracharak, Shri Chitrapur Math was kind

enough to deliver lectures on "Shiva Sankalpa Sooktam" which is a fascinating analysis of the mind. It was heartening to note that several members of the Gouda Saraswat Samaj attended the lectures, and expressed as keen a desire as us, to continue to hear Rajagopal Bhat-mam's future lectures.

**Reported by Nandita Mudbidri**

**Hubli:** Members of Hubli Sabha participated in Guru Pujan performed at Shri Shiva Krishna Mandir on the occasion of



Janmotsav of Param Pujya Parijnanashram III on June 15<sup>th</sup>.

**Reported by Maithili Sirur**

**Mumbai – Dadar:** On 3<sup>rd</sup> May, Samaradhana of HH Shrimath Parijnanashrama Swamiji I was observed. The programme organised by Shri Dinesh and Smt. Rekha Karkal, and Mohit Karkal, included Katha Kathan by Shri Dinesh Karkal and recitation of the Marathi poem "Oadh Guru Sannidhyachi," written by Mohit Karkal, depicting Swamiji's Mahima. This was followed by Devi Anushtanam, Mangalarati and Prasad Vitarana.

On the auspicious occasion of Shankar Jayanti, i.e. 9<sup>th</sup> May, sadhakas enjoyed participating in "Kreedaa," a game on the life of Adi Shankaracharya. This was followed by recitation of shloka 17 from Vivek Chuda Mani and Nirupan, and Bhajans on Adi Shankaracharya. Sunila Rao pachi and Sudha Bhat pachi were the co-ordinators for this wonderful programme conducted at MMM Hall.

One of our yuvatis, Aastha Nadkarni, participated in the Karaseva Shibir, held at Shirali from 5<sup>th</sup> to 12<sup>th</sup> May. As always, it was a thrilling yet serene experience, as she joined Shibirarthis from other Sabhas in their endeavour to connect with our Math and Guruparampara.

7 of our sadhakas offered seva at Karla Math from 5<sup>th</sup> to 12<sup>th</sup> May, during Seva Saptaha, which culminated in the Dadar Sabha Sannikarsha on 12<sup>th</sup>. 25 sadhakas were in attendance for the Sannikarsha and amongst them, Dr. Chaitanya Gulvady and Smt. Supriya Hattangadi performed Shri Guru Pujan.

**Reported by Mohit Karkal.**

**Mumbai Grant Road :** Shankar Jayanti was observed on 9<sup>th</sup> May by singing stotras compiled by Adi Shankaracharya from our StutiManjari. The program ended with Deepnamskar and Aarti.

From 23<sup>rd</sup> May to 1<sup>st</sup> June Shri Chitrapur Guru Parampara Parayan was done by 20 sadhakas and sadhikas. The venue was Shri Datta Mandir in the Wadi. The 'Mangal' of this was held on 2<sup>nd</sup> June with Dharmapracharak Shri Rajagopal Bhat's Upanyas. He explained very lucidly the 1<sup>st</sup> shloka of our Sabha Samapti prarthana. The programme ended with Aarti and Prasad bhojan.

On 4<sup>th</sup> June, we observed the Punyatithi of Shrimad Pandurangashram Swamiji with Gurupoojan.

**Reported by Smita Mavinkurve**

**Mumbai - Santacruz :** We observed the Punyatithi of His Holiness Shrimat Pandurangashram Swamiji on 4<sup>th</sup> June 2019. A screening of Ashirvachan (discourse) by His Holiness Shrimat Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji, delivered at Anandashram Kanhangad, (Ramnagar) was shown to the devotees who had gathered in large numbers for the same. This was followed by Deepanamaskar, MangalArati & Prasad.

Our (purush) laity members perform Shri Gayatri Anushthan every 2nd and 4th Sunday of the month. Their participation has been continually good.

**Reported by Kavita Karnad**

**Mumbai - Thane:** A One Day 'Fun and Learn Sanskrit Shiviram' for all was organized by Girvanapratishtha at Anandashram Math, Khar on 1st May, 2019. One person from Thane Sabha attended the session.

Samaradhana of H. H. Shrimat Pratham Parijnanashram Swamiji was observed on 3rd May at the residence of Smt. Vasanti Chittar and Smt. Geeta Waman, Mulund. The event saw excellent participation of 21 sadhaka-s across all age groups. They performed Gurupoojanam, sang bhajans, and read pratham adhyay of Sri Guruparampara Charitra.

Three yuvati-s from Thane sabha attended the Kara Seva Shibir held at Shirali between 5th and 12th May.

**Reported by Savni Haldipur**

## Our Institutions

### Saraswat Mahila Samaj, Gamdevi

Tha Samaj thanks the following donors for their generous donations.

#### Medical Relief Fund

Dayanand S Kodange Rs. 15,000/-  
In memory of Archana D. Kodange

#### Scholarship Fund

(late) Sarla Kalthod Rs. 10,000/-  
Deepa Uday Andar Rs. 10,000/-  
Subhash S. Chikramane Rs. 15,000/-

The following Donations received during April 2017 to March 2018 were not printed in the last year due to oversight.

We apologise to the donors for this lapse....Editorial Committee

#### Medical Relief Fund

Kalindi Kodial Rs. 50,000  
(In memory of Meenakshi & Nagesh Bijur)  
Priya Santosh Bijur Rs. 100,000  
(In memory of Dr. Harish R. Kodial)  
Shrinath D. Talgeri Rs. 30,000  
Shyamala S. Taigeri Rs. 30,000

## Distress Relief Fund

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Suman Kodial Rs. 5,000  
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(In memory of Suneeti Koppikar & Shanta Nadkarni)  
Padmini Kishor Rao Rs. 5,000  
Nirmala Vasant Kalambi Rs. 10,000  
(In memory of Kamaibai & Ratnakar Ugrankar)

## Forthcoming Programs

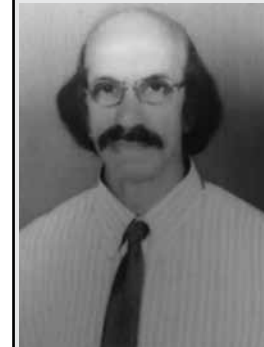
**Fri. July 12th 2019** at 3.30 p.m. in the Samaj Hall - Ashadhi Ekadashi Celebrations

A programme of devotional music, "सूर काव्य का रसपान" based on the Life and works of Sant Soordas by Saraswati Vrindgaan. Music composed by Smt. Geeta Yennemadi. Commentary by Smt. Kalindi Kodial.

Prasad sponsored by Smt. Geeta and Smt. Shyamal Yennemadi in memory of Smt. Varadabai Mulky and Smt. Lalita Yennemadi.

Refreshments sponsored by Smt. Geeta Yennemadi in memory of Smt. Sumitra and Shri Krishnamurti Nadkarni and Smt. Lalita and Shri Devrao Yennemadi.

## Errata



Shri Ravindra B. Tonse's prize-winning essay titled 'My Dream of a New India' was printed in our June 2019 issue. His photo and details were inadvertently left out. We publish them here.

Shri Tonse was born on 23rd June 1946. He joined the Central Bank of India and retired from there as officer. He is now settled at Dharwad.

Our apologies for the lapse. ..  
..... Editorial Committee

## CLASSIFIEDS

### BIRTH

**May 17** : A Baby Boy (Ariv) to Shraddha and Soham Bijoor in Mumbai. Grandson to Usha and Ravindra Bijoor and Sneha and Sudhir Pendurkar.

**May 27** : A Baby boy (Shivin) to Sneha and Shreekar Basrur at Seattle, WA. Grandson to Nandini and Bhavanishankar Basrur, Hema and Sanjiv Kamath.

### FLAT FOR SALE

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### PUROHIT

For all Dharmik Vidhis Contact Shukla Ruthwik Bhat (Santacruz- East) – Contact No 9740670573

## DOMESTIC TIDINGS

### BIRTHS

*We welcome the following new arrivals:*

- May 5 : A baby boy (Prayâsh) to Sneha (nee Ullal) and Pranav Savkur.  
May 17 : A baby boy (Ariv) to Shraddha (nee Pendurkar) and Soham Ravindra Bijoor at Mumbai.  
May 23 : A daughter (Shanayah) to Reshma and Narendra Murdeshwar at Pune.  
May 27 : A baby boy (Shivin) to Sneha (nee Kamath) and Shreekar Basrur at Seattle, WA.



**Vinay V Gangavali**  
Phone: 2380 0460  
Mobile: 9892407934



**WE ACCEPT OUTDOOR CATERING  
ORDERS FOR  
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MARRIAGE, THREAD CEREMONY AND  
ANY OTHER OCCASIONS.**

3-5/18, 2nd Floor , Talmakiwadi, Tardeo,  
Mumbai - 400 007.

## THREAD CEREMONIES

*We bless the following batus:*

- Apr 28 : Pratham Sirur (age 9) (from Hubli) at Shri Chitrapur Math, Shirali.  
Apr 29 : Nihar Sirur (age 7) (from Hubli) at Shri Chitrapur Math, Shirali.  
May 1 : Jeetesh Amembal at Shri Chitrapur Math, Bangalore.

## MARRIAGES

*We congratulate the young couple*

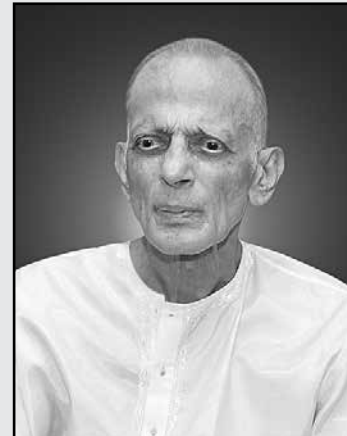
- Apr 22 : Shreeya Raghavanand Haridas with Hrishikesh Ramchandra Shahapurkar at Mumbai.  
May 25 : Sachin Arvind Dhadeshwar with Ashwini Ashok Saranghe at Goregaon, Mumbai.  
May 26 : Divya Durgesh Haritay with Gautam Sunil Undale at Belgaum, Karnataka.

## OBITUARIES

*We convey our deepest sympathy to the relatives  
of the following:*

- May 24 : Dhadeshwar Ramananand Annaji Rao (68) at Chennai.  
May 25 : Chandavar Krishnarao (85) at Sorab, Shimoga Dist.  
June 1 : Savkur Mohan Rao (Kuttymam) (82) of Talmakiwadi at Shirali.  
June 1 : Sujata Gajanan Trikannad (nee Manjeshwar) (81) of Ullal at Mangalore.

## Ramkrishna N Hemmady



(DOB – 23rd February 1928)

Passed away after a prolonged illness  
on 29th March 2019 in Mumbai

Deeply mourned by:  
Children - Anand & Shobhita Hemmady  
Asmita & Brahmanand Kandlur  
Grandchildren – Tanuj, Tushar & Ansh  
Hemmady, Bijoor & all relatives

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