

The Faces Of Mayi...

It is very surprising about the strange capacity of our laymen... It appears that they, in their own way, comprehend the time in its totality and keep it in their mind... Their comprehension of the time cycle in their mind includes not only the past and present... It shows itself as including the future as well...! These thoughts in me were prompted when the people gave an unheralded name to this girl, Tunga, as the girl of a 'feminine breed'! The great grandmother of this Tunga... her name was Kashibai or something like that... Let us take it as Kashibai only... This Kashibai was one of the twin sisters... and these sisters had no brothers. Later this Kashibai married and in the course of her conjugal life, she gave birth to twelve children, one full dozen...! Bearing twelve children was not any unusual or strange thing in her times... The strange thing was... all those twelve children of her were girls only! This might have appeared as something special... Perhaps from then only the people might have started to build a logical pattern... This Kashibai's mother had two daughters born twins... then one of these twins had all the twelve children as daughters... Isn't it that the lineage of these women could be a feminine breed... that is... bearing only female children... And as if to concur with this thread of logic started by the people... one among those twelve daughters, Godubai... the mother of Tunga's mother... that is, Tunga's grandmother, gave birth to three girl children one after the other... As it has been generally believed... that, after three girl children in sequence, the fourth child would be definitely a male child... Believing this convention, Godubai conceived fourth time expecting a son... But the one she gave birth to was again a baby girl...! After that fourth female child the next was also a baby girl...! And then again, she gave birth to Tunga's mother, Krishnabai, as her fifth daughter. Then worrying that if ever she continued to bear children further, she might also become a mother of twelve daughters like her mother...! And performing the marriages of twelve daughters would definitely be a herculean task... For such a fear or might be due to the propaganda to bear lesser number of children in the changed times, Godubai didn't conceive further and therefore Krishnabai could have no younger brothers or younger sisters.

Now this Krishnabai, married to Kallopant of Kalliguddi, had three girl children... the eldest Ganga, the next Tunga and the youngest, Narmada... The people of the village while telling anything about these girls would definitely add the prefix, 'of feminine breed'... like... 'Ganga Tunga or Narmada of feminine breed'. Krishnabai could not swallow this title given to her children. Performing the marriage of girl children as it was, had already been a herculean task... and if the girls were marked by such nickname... of the feminine breed... getting them married off would be extremely difficult ...! This became a perennial heartburn for Krishnabai... If she would tell this worry of her to her husband, Kallopant, he would sometimes blurt out and taunt her only... 'How can anybody shut the mouth of the public...? The bastards of these people should have appended that nickname then to your name only... that would have saved me atleast...' . And some times he would console his wife telling, 'Hey... yours are all improbable

bothering ... these damsels are still too young... and you are worrying about their marriages right now...! By the time they come of age, who knows... how much the world would be changed...! You are doing like the saying that... worrying for nothing... somebody lost his sap...!'

These Ganga, Tunga and Narmada joined the government Kannada school in Kalliguddi village. There, the teachers in the school hearing their songs, rejoiced the melodious voice of these girls. They enquired one another-

'Hey Hucchannavar... from which house these Ganga Tunga and Narmada come...?' Hucchannavar teacher answered the query... 'Don't you know these girls...? They are the daughters of that Kakhndaki Kallopant... his three daughters...'.

The teacher then recollected... 'Oh... are these those girls...! My wife would be often telling about these... that... the three girls of feminine breed are pretty one prettier than the other... Hey... their voices are also pretty one prettier than the other... all is A-one...'.

The next Sunday that teacher himself came to the house of Kallopant. Kallopant did not know this teacher. He stared at the teacher and enquired 'whom do you want...?' The girls whispered, 'our teacher...' 'our teacher...!'

Kallopant told him 'please sit down...' showing the chair. Presuming that these girls might have misbehaved in the school and perhaps he had come to complain about it, he looked at the teacher as if asking what the matter was... The teacher understood the tumult in the mind of Kallopant and told to console him, 'no... nothing to worry *rayare*... I was just going this way towards the bus stand... and thought to meet you for a minute... therefore I came... Nothing else... Ham... I just wanted to say one thing about your daughters *rayare*... Their voicees are extremely melodious... I have heard them sing prayer and other songs in the school... You must be knowing it already... I need not tell it to you again... But still I felt to tell you... Please somehow arrange to train your children in music. I am sure that they would rise to great heights...'. Kallopant exclaimed belittling 'Mujeek...!' and told disinterestedly 'Ok... I will think about it...'. The teacher told, 'Rayara... please consider it... Take it to your heart and make some arrangement regarding this...' telling so much, he rose from the chair. Kallopant told him, 'What is the hurry... Wait... you can go after having a cup of tea...'.

The teacher said 'no... thank you... there is some urgent work for me... I am in hurry... I shall have the tea some other time', and went out.

The moment he went out, Krishnabai came running to Kallopant from kitchen and asked with anxiety 'Why did he come... what did he say...?' Kallopanta answered disinterestedly 'Hey... nothing special...'. Krishnabai mistook his disinterestedness and thought something disastrous had happened, and she sat most disturbed. Kallopant chided her, 'Hey... you are a fool... You make fuss of any small thing... That teacher appears to be a headstrong fellow... he comes all the

way to my house and tells... the voices of your children are very melodious rayare... and advises me to make arrangement to train them in mu..jeek...!’

Krishnabai told him in anger, ‘Why didn’t you tell this when I asked you about it...’ and continued her complaint, accusing him, ‘and... where is any concern in you for your children? You don’t know whether they are charcoal or diamonds... You don’t have any concern to know it also... Now a third person has to come and tell you the melody of your children... and you call him a headstrong fellow...!’ Kallopant said in a chiding tone, ‘look look... you started your tirade... You attach irrelevant meaning to every small petty things...’. Krishnabai responded persuasively ‘Don’t try to hide the fact by your chiding... That pious teacher has taken strain to come to the door of your house to show you a way of elevation... We couldn’t have thought of this at all... they say that... the medicinal plant in our backyard would never draw our attention...! Like that... we have no capacity to understand the worth of our own children. That pious man came and revealed it to us... Think what you should do next...’. Kallopant got disturbed at Krishnabai’s words. He started his tirade now... ‘Oho... you get musicians here in each street of this village of yours... Isn’t it! Where can you get any musician here to give your daughters training in mu..jeek...? That teacher instead of teaching the children coming to his school to write a few letters, visits houses of the children doing such headstrong business... Wait... I myself would once go to the school and lodge a complaint with the head master against this headstrong teacher...’. Disgusted by such attitude of Kallopant, Krishnabai went in grumbling...

The matter was not settled then... Krishnabai would remind the advice of the teacher often and persuade Kallopant incessantly. But Kallopant didn’t heed her persuasion... He would finish off his morning activities... then would leave the house for his fields and would spend an hour or two there... then he would come back to the house to take bath and would perform pooja. Then he would eat his lunch and sleep for two three hours... After the sleep he would drink his tea and would again visit the fields. Then in the evening he would wash his face and legs, perform *sandhyavandana* eat his dinner and sleep... This was the regular routine of Kallopant! Living so in Kalliguddi village he would often visit Belagavi and other cities to attend marriages and threading ceremonies and other functions in the houses of his relatives there. Then Kallopant would see the white clothes and soft conversations of his relatives dwelling in cities... He started to feel unhappy with the monotonous life in his village... He felt his life like that of a cattle being fastened to a peg before a manger...! In such mental tension, Kallopant began to think of shifting and to settle in Belagavi... ‘Any how... this... my wife has been pressing me all the while to get these girls trained in mu..jeek... We can definitely find music teachers in Belagavi to train these girls... Thereby she would also be happy... And regarding the fields and agriculture... I would visit Kalliguddi village once in a week to supervise the agriculture... And at the time of harvests and milling the sugarcane and jaggery making... let me stay in Kalliguddi for eight to ten days till those activities are concluded... If required... I would visit Kalliguddi twice a week... and I would instruct my serf Kencha to look after everything regarding farming, punctually and promptly...

Yes! Let me do so... Why live like a frog in a well... Kallopant thought so to himself and decided to shift to Belagavi.

That was a Friday... In the evening Krishnabai was lighting the lamp of ghee before the dieties in worship room. Kallopant was sitting in the hall, outside... Turning his face towards the kitchen, he called Krishnabai, 'Can you hear me... what are you doing sitting there... are you hearing me...?' Krishnabai quickly finished the lighting of the lamp and bowed before gods and came out hurriedly asking 'what do you want...?' Kallopant told, 'You used to bother me often about the mu..jeek training of your daughters... I have thought over it... I have decided to rent a house there in Belagavi and we would settle there after the coming *Holihunnivi*'. Krishnabai didn't believe his words... Disbelievingly she asked, 'What...! We are going to settle in Belagavee...! Then what about these fields and crops...? Who would look after them...?' Kallopant in the mood to make fun told laughingly, 'Regarding the fields...? We will lift them also with us to Belagavi...!' Krishnabai thought that her husband was just playing fun with her, and disappointed, she told him, 'I knew... I knew... You would never think of getting those girls trained in music... And you are just making fun... I have no leisure to respond to your frolics... Please don't disturb me by calling unnecessarily...', saying so she began to move... Kallopant persuaded her to stay back, and told her solemnly... 'Hey... Look... look here... It is not just a fun. I have really decided to shift to Belagavi... We will move after *Holihunnivi*. I shall visit Kalliguddi once in a week to look after the farming... Let us get our daughters trained in mu..jeek...'. Krishnabai felt as if her whole body was filled with happiness. She told him jubilantly, 'Ham... any how the purpose of their music training would be fulfilled... More than that... here our girls are nicknamed 'of feminine breeding'... If we go to settle in Belagavi... there in that big city who knows us and our lineage...? There we don't face any problem of getting our daughters married... That is what I am mainly worried about... Once you get these girls married off... there after you can keep me in this house in Kalliguddi... or keep me in a thatched hut in your fields... I am ready to live wherever you keep me then... Now the god has given you proper wisdom... That is enough for me', telling so Krishnabai went in to light another lamp of ghee before the dieties.

Kallopant took a house for rent in Shahapur area of Belagavi, and his family settled there. It was nascent rejoicing of living in a city... Kallopant would wake up after sunrise at seven o'clock... would take bath and eat breakfast like *poha* or *upama*... would drink tea... and then would put on his cap over his head and go out for a stroll... In the evening also he would go for a stroll in the market area... In this Belagavi what did you think of the market...? It was not lying isolated somewhere away from your house... The street outside your house itself would be the market... When you came out of your house you would be there in the middle of the market itself! On Saturdays it used to be much crowded... Other days though there would not be much rush the group of people like Kallopant, who migrated from the villages to Belagavi, would be wandering from end to end of the roads... In addition to this wandering in the market, what other work Kallopant took up was, visiting the temples of different gods according to the days dedicated to

the deities... He would visit *Military Mhadeva* temple on the day of Mahadeva, that is Monday, visited temple of *Durga* on her day, that is, Tuesday... *Raghavendra swami* mutt on Thursday, *Laxmi devi* temple on Friday and visited the temple of *Shanidevaru* on Saturday...!

Krishnabai also felt as if she was a newly married woman in that new environment... In Kalliguddi she was daily wearing nine meter sari, in old traditional pattern, without petticoat within... Now in Belagavi she started wearing petticoat and six meter sari like young maiden... She tied the flock of her long hair as a large bun behind, slightly lifted up, in the pattern of Belagavi and would fix garland of jasmines circling around it... In such make up, Krishnabai would look much younger... One day krishnabai stood before Kallopant in this get up... Kallopant gazed at her as if looking an unknown maiden and awed...! Krishnabai flushed, and asked shyly... 'why are you glaring at me like that...?' and blushed further. Kallopant told gasping, 'Hoom... you are looking like a young maiden...! This bastard... Belagavi... appears to reduce the age of women to make them maidens! Look Krishna... it is no wonder if we get another child...!' Krishnabai at once felt shocked and frightened... She suddenly remembered her grandmother who gave birth to twelve daughters and led herself to become a link in feminine breeding lineage... Remembering her grandmother, she was more frightened... We came to Belagavi to get our children trained in music... and more than that, to smoothen the way for their marriages... But what is happening here... She thought and chided Kallopant, 'You are doing something like that... what they say... if grandma worried for popcorn flour the granddaughter worried for...'. Kallopant cut her in the middle and said jovially... 'Ham... ham... complete that proverb... the later part... regarding the desire of the granddaughter... that part of the proverb is very important...' and laughed heartily... Krishnabai began a tirade... 'Enough, this is enough... it is not even three months that we came from Kalliguddi to Belagavi... within this short span only... it appears... you got totally rotten... Do you remember why we shifted to Belagavi...?'. Kallopant was still in his romantic mood and interrupted her and told... 'Ham ham... I am telling about that Bealagavi only... this Belagavi within a short span of three months, rendered you into young maiden...!' Telling so he again ended in a hearty jovial laughter... Krishnabai was alarmed and sensed some danger. She hurriedly ran inside... threw off her six meter sari and inner petticoat and wore her old nine meter sari in old traditional style as she used to do in Kalliguddi... came out and stood, stamping her feet, before Kallopant! Kallopant was shocked... and from the very next day he started to search a music teacher to train their young daughters...

Shamaraya of Udagatti village was Kallopant's evening walkmate... He was a landlord with the lands in Udagatti village granted by old rulers... He also had shifted from Udagatti to Belagavi a few years back for the education of his children. After shifting to Belagavi he sold a piece of his land in Udagatti, and purchased a house in Belagavi... Kallopant enquired him about the music teacher. Shamaraya told, 'Hey... I don't have any information about these musicians... If you need any information regarding purchase or sale of houses in Belagavi, you can ask me about that... I can get you a house of your own liking...'. Kallopant then enquired his other friends... They all said 'Hey... I have no information of any musician...'. And there in the house

Krishnabai was bothering him all the three times of the day... `Have you found any music teacher...?' `Did you get any music teacher for the girls...?' `What happened about the music teacher for our girls...?' Kallopant had enough of it... He cursed the music and thought in his mind... `who is the headlong fellow that made this mu..jeek... If I can ever get him, I shall beat him with seven pairs of chappals...!'

It was Thursday... the day of *Raghavendraswami*... Kallopant as per his routine paid visit to Raghavendraswami mutt and then as usual visited the vender outside the mutt who sold flowers. Kallopant was his regular customer and the shop owner was well acquainted with him... That flower merchant casually asked Kallopant, `what rayare...? I hope everything is all right...?' The question of music teacher was all the while bothering this Kallopant and he retorted suddenly to the flower merchant, `Ooo... how can I be all right...!' The flower merchant asked about what worried him: `why rayara... what happened...? what is the matter...? I hope your health is all right...'.

`Hey... I am all right any way... I need a mu..jeek teacher to train my daughters in mu..jeek... I have been struggling to find one since eight days... I have asked every one I met with... Umhoom... No one knows... This has become my headache these days...' Kallopant explained his problem. Then that *hugara*, the flower man, told smilingly... `Hey... look... very good thing happened... Why didn't you ask me earlier...? Every Thursday a *gavayi*, renowned singer. of our hugar community comes to this mutt to render music service to Raghavendra swami *brindavan*... His house is there in Thalakawadi or Vadagaon... I am not very sure of it... Priest Balachar in the mutt knows him. He would often tell me... that *gavayi* is of hugar, florist caste... but no bramhine of pure birth can equal his devotion towards Raghavendraswami... You enquire Balachari... you will come to know all about him...'. Kallopant hurriedly collected flowers from him and quickly went into the mutt as if running... But Balachar was very busy that day... as it was Thursday... there was heavy rush of devotees... Balachar had to do *mangalarati* to the *brindavan*... had to give *teertha*, sacred water and *akshata* to the devotees... and so on. Kallopant thought that he should come next day only to know all the details of the *gavayi*, and he returned to his house. In the house he announced, `I got a *gavayi*... I will get his address tomorrow...'. And the next day he went to the mutt and talked to Balachar about that *gavayi*... Balachar told, `Haam... that man who sings bhajans every Thursday in the mutt...? Ham... he sings very well... appears that he is very wellversed in *sangeet*... I don't know his name... his surname is Goravar... Now he is settled in Mangalavar peth of Thalakawadi...'.

Straight from the mutt Kallopant went to the extreme end of Mangalavar peth of Thalakawadi and walked down to find out the house of *gavayi*... that Goravar... It was Kallopant's psychology... that... first go to the farthest end and walk back... you would find it easier to walk back because you would be walking towards your house... and you would be coming nearer and nearer to the house which boosts your confidence...! And you would not feel tired also...!

Hoom... one can have one's own psychology...! And now also... Kallopant went to the farthest end of the street and started to walk back chanting a rhyme in his mind...

`Goravar Goravar where are you...

I am here I am here within your eeyarr...

Goravar Goravar what would you geeve...

Goravar can geeve you an angelus bell...`,

...and enquiring the people in the way for the house of Goravar... All the elders whom Kallopant enquired, said `umhoo... we don't know...'. Kallopant came across a small girl and asked her hesitantly... `Puttee... do you know the house of Goravar in this street...?' That girl enthusiastically replied... `What...? You want our Goravar teacher...? His house is there... come... I shall show it...' telling so, that girl immediately took Kallopant's hand in her hand as if he might get missed in the crowd, and led him to the house of Goravar...

There, *`Khela khela nandalala... hamasana khela khela nandalala...'*, a song in *Raag Bhimpalas* welcomed Kallopant... Poor Kallopant...! Such classical song was all new to him... He heard only the songs of Parijata drama and bhajans in his village... Hesitating he entered the hall... There was a dark complexioned man sitting with his eyes closed, with a harmonium before him. He was playing it, and singing a song to the accompaniment of music... He had long hair and a sharp straight nose slightly bent at its tip... He was immersed in his song and his head was waving sideways... Listening to his singing, Kallopant thought... `Aha... this singing appears to be something entirely different...'. About six girls of different ages who were learning music from him sat before him... When Kallopant entered the hall and stood there at the door, it appeared that the wave system there in the hall was disturbed, and perceiving it Goravar opened his eyes asking `what is it...?' He saw Kallopant standing in a state of confusion, there at the door. Goravar invited him 'Please... please, come in rayare'. The girls sitting before Goravar slid themselves to this and that side, sat more compactly and made room for Kallopant to sit... Kallopant came in and sat before Goravar, the music mastroe.

Goravar asked him... `Ham rayara... what is the matter...?'

Kallopant told, 'I am Kallopant from Kalliguddi village... I have recently shifted from my village to Belagavi with the intention of getting my children trained in mu..jeek... and now I came searching your house...'. Goravar responded with pleasant surprise, 'Ham... shifted from your village to Belagavi to get your children trained in music...!' and then looking at his students he told beaming with delight, 'look... how music can pull someone from somewhere...!'

`Please teach music to my children' requested Kallopant.

`Why not... why not... What is more valuable... your migration to Belagavi for the sake of music or my teaching music...! Are they girls or boys...?' Goravar asked.

`Girls... three girls... the eldest is in sixth standard, the middle one in fourth and the youngest is in third standard... Their teacher in Kalliguddi complimenting their voice persuaded me to get them trained in mu..jeek... That is why I had to shift from my village...`.

`It is all right... when do you send the girls for the class...?`

`Ham... today is Thursday... Tomorrow...? No... From next Thursday only... They are coming to their school here at Goa gate... After the school hours they will come here for the mu..jeek classes...`. Goravar didn't agree to it and told, `No no... that wouldn't do... They should come at seven in the morning... Let them come to me for four days in a week... They should practice in the home the remaining days` and thus he gave the ultimate time table.

This time table was not for the liking of Kallopant... He thought... if they have to come here by seven they should leave the house by six fifteen or six thirty... and if they should leave by that time they should wake up at five in the morning, and they start making all sorts of sound... Then my sleep in the morning hours is gone...! But he could get this music teacher after so much of his strenuous efforts... therefore Kallopant felt it not good to bargain about the timing... He agreed to it... enquired about the fees... and came out... Then he walked back along Mangalavarpeth street towards his house mumbling...

Goravar Goravar what did you geeve...

And Goravar bestowed me sleepless dawns...!

The music training of Ganga, Tunga and Narmada started with the *lakshana geeta of Bhupa raag*, `*Bhupa rupa gambheera shantarasa...*` the song that reveals the characteristics of *Raaga Bhupa*. The pleasantness of this raga belonging to *Kalyana* that became fully lively in the melodious voices of these girls...! Goravar was so happy and felt sincerely that he got gem like students... He thanked that teacher of Kalliguddi who was instrumental for these girls to come to Belagavi... He commended him as having very sensitive ears and also very good heart... Otherwise he wouldn't have gone to the doors of Kallopant to advise him to get his daughters trained in music... The music teacher in Goravar assumed his full size and started to teach music fully immersed in it... and these girls too were learning with full attention and fully immersed... The real teacher finds heavenly bliss when the students show equal response to the teacher's zeal for teaching...!

Goravar gave nick names to these girls as *Mayi*... *Mayi number one* to Ganga, *Mayi number two* to Tunga and *Mayi number three* to Narmada... During his classes, he would first sing and then call one of them to sing... `Hum... you Mayee... Come on... sing it...`. Then these sisters in confusion would look at one another's face and then would see Goravar master for clarification... Then Goravar would rectify himself telling `Ham ham... I didn't mention which

of you three has to sing... Hum... you Mayi number three... come on... start'. And then Narmada would get her throat cleared and start singing... The voice of this Narmada was all gadding... never stabilizing at any of the seven notes... and her melodious tone would ripple and wave ever like a dance through all the seven notes... *thai thaka thai... thai thaka thai...!* Then Goravar would immediately call her, stretching his right arm... 'Hey Mayi... Mayi... halt... halt... put your feet down on the earth... What if you fly like a butterfly without ever touching the ground...? The contact with the earth only can bring about the rooting and sprouting of the music... You shouldn't always fly like that without touching the ground'. Telling so he would always try Narmada to stabilize on notes... And Ganga's style was altogether different... Her voice would flow solemnly like a broad deep river like the Ganges...! There used to be a mystic depth in that flow...! Whenever Ganga started to sing, Goravar master used to get overwhelmed by it... and unable to comprehend the energy in it, he would tell gasping for breath... 'Hey you Mayee... Mayee...' and without understanding what to tell further he would take shelter under a solemn silence... Goravar master used to feel like a drowned man, coming out of water when Ganga's singing was over... Then he would recover the lost rhythm for his disturbed breath...! The learning capacity of Ganga was also extra ordinary... Therefore Goravar master told her, 'Hey Mayee... you pick up the notes and their movements quickly... You need not show it to me here... Practice in the home...'. In the class he usually asked Tunga and Narmada to repeat what he sang... Therefore Ganga had to practice herself in the house. Then about the middle one... Mayi number two...Tunga... her singing was like... not much deeper and also not so turbulent... It was like rippling stream of clear transparent shallow water... It was like a shallow, slowly flowing river... Goravar master used to feel absolute comfort in her singing... no fear of being driven away by the hurricane, and nor being drowned in a mystic depth...! Goravar taught them music for four years... He poured out everything he had in him...! These three girls could almost equal him in the knowledge of music system... But they were definitely exceeding their teacher by their gift of melodious voices... Their voice was almost a divine gift... They used to accompany Goravar master in his music concerts to assist him... When the tones of three different layers of these mayi were joined to the single strand of Goravar... there used to happen something like a heavy downpour of energy... and the audience would get awed...!

As it went on so... one Thursday evening, Goravar master came to the house of Kallopant... Now Kallopant shifted to a house in Thalakawadi area... Ganga and Tunga were admitted to Svadhyaya Mandira Highschool and Narmada was admitted to Nagazari Kannada Primary school, both located in Thalakavadi area... Kallopant preferred this house as it was nearer and at walkable distance to the children's schools and also to the house of Goravar master... Goravar master came, and being seated in a chair, he started to converse with Kallopant casually... he asked the information about Kalliguddi village... he told about his village also... 'Mine is Akkatangerahal village of Gokak taluk... my grandfather came over to Belagavi and settled here only... I am born and brought up in Belagavi only...'. Kallopant disinterestedly uttered 'ham...' 'Hoom...'. He was all the while thinking... why this Goravar has come... and he got some sort of suspicion about his visit and the feigned casual conversation... That suspicion increased

gradually and turned into a latent anxiety in Kallopant... Goravar master drank tea that was brought by Tunga and started asking the same questions and repeating the conversation he had already made... Evening passed and night descended and progressed... Goravar intended to say something and for some reason or the other, he could not tell it... and he was struggling all the while to tell it... Kallopant at last cast of his hesitation and told, 'Hey... look it is already night... and this is Thursday... I think you should now go to Raghavendraswami mutt for your mu..jeek service... I also have to get ready for my *sandhyavandana*'. Then Goravar master was compelled to tell what he intended to tell... 'Look rayare... I feel bestowed for having got such students like your daughters... Whatever knowledge of music I have, I poured it out completely to these Mayies... I have no new things to teach them further... I have come today particularly to make a special request to you... Please do not stop their music training at this stage... They are great lives destined to develop into excellent musicians... Please take them to Dharwad... Riches of music are there... there are, Rajaguru Manasur Mallanna and that great mother... Hanagalla Gangubai... If ever an opportunity to get to know the talent of these girls is created, Manasur Mallanna himself would take the responsibility of training these girls and imprint music on the tongues of these girls, getting them seated before him! This is the only request of mine... under any circumstances, please do not stop the music training of these girls...'. While Goravar master was telling these words, his eyes were wet and his throat was choking... Somebody behind the kitchen door sobbed suddenly... And Kallopant sat still as if struck by a thunderbolt of some solemnity... Then he nodded his head silently without any idea of responding to the request of Goravar master... And Goravar master as if to take promise stretched his right hand before Kallopant... and Kallopant placed his right palm Goravar's, as if it had to be done so only... Now Goravar master heaved a sigh of relief and mumbling 'Hum...' he rose from the chair and walked out without telling a single word... Kallopant remained unaware of the exit of Goravar... Krishnabai came out from the kitchen and asked Kallopant in a distressed tone... 'Hh..has he gone...?' Then Kallopant exclaimed 'Ham...?' and recovered his consciousness...

Thereafter these girls started to demand their father... 'you have promised Goravar master... we should go to Dharwad and settle there...', 'Appa... when are you taking us to Dharwad...?' 'Let us go to Dharwad...'. It became a constant headache for Kallopant... He abused Goravar master and Krishnabai... 'Hum... this queen of mine... under the pretext of that headstrong primary school teacher's advice pestered and made me move to Belagavi... She didn't leave me till she could drag and throw me here... And now again... this Goravar master comes here... and he advises to quit Belagavi and shift to Dharwad... and now this queen of mine and the three princesses want to migrate to Dharwad... It is all an unending saga... If I go on obliging their demands, they would ultimately lead me to get settled in the mental hospital there in Dharwad...! No... Nothing doing... no Dharwad... nor anything like that... Deciding so, Kallopant reprimanded the three daughters and their mother in deep desperation... Actually the condition of Kallopant himself was very delicate... While coming to Belagavi he gave his lands on rent to three serfs. Two of them turned out to be adamant and had stopped paying the rent since two years, and also applied to the land tribunal judiciary committee claiming the ownership of the

land as tenants... remaining one serf, perhaps because of lack of financial support, remained obliged to Kallopant and was giving the prescribed rent of the land and also didn't apply to the land tribunal committee... Infact this serf had not a single inch of land whereas the other two serfs had enough of their own land... Kallopant was trying to compromise with those serfs and to get their resignations by giving two acres of land to them as bait. For this he was trying to get the support of influential persons in Kalliguddi village and in Ramadurga taluk... For all these obligations and oppressions on him, Kallopant was paying visits frequently to Kalliguddi, Ramadurga, the taluk centre of his village... For such trips and to bribe mediators, and such other expenses there, was constant pressure on Kallopant. Amid such a cyclonic situation of Kallopant, this Goravar master had initiated a hurricane... Kallopant thought for himself... Hum... I too have acted gullibly... as that Goravar stretched his hand, without thinking for a second... I took my hand and placed over his...! When his work was over he should have told so and should have kept himself off from us... Instead he comes to my house and tempts these girls... And me...! I must be a fool myself... I should have told him to take care of himself instead of worrying for our family affairs... Hum... let me not heed his words at all... We should know our own conditions, and strive to live accordingly... thinking so Kallopant decided not to go to settle at Dharwad.

But his was the single mind, and three and half minds stood protesting against that single mind. The three complete minds were of the three girls and the half was of Krishnabai... It could be considered as half because Krishnabai didn't protest against that single mind of Kallopant openly... But Ganga, Tunga and Narmada started to observe *satyagraha*... The intensity of this practice of *satyagraha* by Narmada was particularly very high... It was always a sprinting style of Narmada... She proved her haste even in attaining puberty... She attained her puberty one year earlier than her elder sister Tunga could attain! One could see the terrible anxiety of Krishnabai then! All the while she prayed and vowed penance to every diety in all the temples on the earth, to bless puberty to her daughter Tunga, till Tunga could attain her puberty. Then she took Tunga to every doctor she came across to get her checked regarding the delay in her puberty... The doctors would tell Krishnabai a few consoling words and prescribe some tonics. Tunga was fed up with those tonics... Now also Narmada took leadership of the movement demanding the migration of their family to Dharwad and continuance of their training in music. Following Narmada was Ganga, who was manifestation of unassuming deep solemnity and Tunga who manifested tolerance that could sustain pressure of any intensity... If there were no leadership of Narmada for their movement, it would have failed quite early.

They would observe hunger protest on one day and the next day they would sleep the whole day with door of their bed room bolted inside... Poor Krishnabai would knock the door time and again and request her daughters to open and have their breakfast and lunch... 'Hey Nammee... Nammee' 'Hey Ganga...' 'Hey Tunga... open the door *bala*... come and eat two morsels of curd rice... Please come my dear daughters... you shouldn't starve... Come...'. Ganga and Tunga almost yielded to their mother's call and were about to open the door... But Nrmada's vigilance

prevented their temptations and they remained themselves locked in the room the whole day... Ultimately the single mind of Kallopant accepted defeat against these three and half minds! The father and daughters came to an agreement... they all would shift to Dharwad after the secondary school leaving certificate examination of Ganga... Behind this conceding of Kallopant there was the persistent counseling by Krishnabai... 'Look... who else is there for us besides these three daughters...? Why should we break their hearts? More over what is their demand... they are not demanding to fulfill any ill intentioned wishes... They are aspiring for higher training in music. Let us get them that opportunity... Why are you becoming so brittle...? What difference is there between residing in Belagavi and in Dharwad? It is all the same...'. Such counseling of Krishnabai gradually softened Kallopant... And the persistent demand of the three girls ultimately brought around Kallopant to concede.

Ganga's examination was over and she just passed. Krishnabai was all happy and she distributed sweets to the neighbors. All the three girls together visited the house of Goravar master to give sweets. He enquired about their further training of music and shifting to Dharwad... Narmada told it to her father and reminded him about their moving to Dharwad. Kallopant nodded assent... In Dharwad there was a person called Fakeerappa who was also a native of Kalliguddi. He was now settled in Dharwad. He was a tabla artist and linked to *Hindustani music*... He did run classes to teach playing the *table*, and he accompanied famous singers like Mallikarjun Mansur and Gangubai Hanagalla at their concerts. He was a part time teacher in the music department of the local university also and visited the department two days per week. Kallopant, when he visited Kalliguddi, collected all the informations about Fakeerappa and his address from his elder brother.

On one Sunday morning, Kallopant caught a bus to Dharwad... He took a *tanga* and gave the address of Fakeerappa. The house of Fakeerappa was very near to the bus stand. Kallopant felt sorry for having hired a tanga for such a short distance... Fakeerappa was in the house... He was surprised and thrilled to see rayaru of his village all of a sudden, there at his door. He welcomed Kallopant heartily... 'Hey... what a pleasant surprise... our rayaru of Kalliguddi...! Pleaes come in... please come in'. He dusted a chair with the towel on his shoulder and made Kallopant sit on it. Kallopant casually asked him, 'could you recognize me Fakeerappa...?'

'Hey... how couldn't I recognize you rayara...', said Fakeerappa.

Kallopant explained, 'No no... You left Kalliguddi long back... and I don't know you visiting Kalliguddi in near past... I almost forgot the memory of your face... I could associate you as Udikeri Fakeerappa only on the basis of your home address...'.

Fakeerappa laughed and said, 'Naturally... naturally... But, rayara, I have been visiting Kalliguddi once in a month or two... The old woman... my mother is still alive. She demanded me to visit her till she breathed her last... She is with my elder brother. You left Kalliguddi and you didn't visit it when I visited... That is how we didn't meet each other for a very long time...

I think... perhaps you rarely visit Kalliguddi...' saying so Fakeerappa went to the kitchen to tell his wife to make tea and came out and was seated. Kallopant asked, 'What else Fakeerappa... I hope everything is all right, and... how about your children...? What classes they are studying...?' Fakeerappa told with faded face, 'No rayara... I don't have any issue...'. Kallopant told consolingly, 'You are the only happy person on the earth... take it from me! Just look at me... I have been wriggling all the while like a spinning top for the sake of these children...', and laughed. By then the tea arrived. While drinking tea a boy in pajama appeared at the door. Fakeerappa invitingly told, 'Ham... come in Eesoor'. Ishvara came in and sat on the floor beside the tabla in the corner of the room. Fakeerappa asked, 'how about tea Eesoor...?' Ishvar answered negatively. Fakeerappa told Ishvar, 'Eesoor... Rayaru from our village has come... Wait for some time... I shall come to you after ten minutes...'. Ishvar said 'Ok sir...' and sat there silently... Fakeerappa then asked Kallopant, 'Hoom rayara... what made you come all of a sudden like this...?'

Kallopant told all in detail... he told the commendations of Goravar master regarding the musical abilities of his daughters... told about the extra ordinary situation in which he had to make the vow before Goravar master regarding the continuance of their music training... and all... '...now for the sake of mu..jeek training of my daughters it became almost obligatory for me to migrate to Dharwad... Now first of all I need a house to set our fireplace... After that... that Goravar master told a list of names of musicians... we should catch hold of one of them to teach my daughters... You are in the same line of mu..jeek... and you are living here since long... in this Dharwad... For all these helps, I have come to you... You must please help me in all these...'. Fakeerappa told, glaring at the tabla set placed on the mat spread in the corner of the room... 'Haam... my life is definitely linked to this... music... we can arrange for the music teacher for your daughters only after ascertaining their accomplishments in music... We can do it later'. And then he talked as if to himself... 'Hoom... and now you immediately need a house to settle...'. He thought for a while, and suddenly remembering something, he told Ishvar, 'Haam Eesoor... near your house there is that teacher by name Padagalli... the same... his mother went mad you know... ham the same one... He was telling that he was transferred to some where... Has he vacated the house?' Ishvar told, 'Not yet sir... he would vacate the house next week'.

'Is it so... then... Eesoor... do one thing... You know that Samaja Pustakalaya book shop... Don't you...?'

'Haam sir...'.

'After that book shop, the third house at the left side... there is a house situated on a high platform... In that house there is a person by name Kulakarni... he is village accountant of Kitturu... Go and find out whether he is in the house...'. Ishvar readily went out to bring the information about Kulakarni. Fakeerappa told Kallopant, 'Today is Sunday... Kulakarni must be in the house... he is the owner of the house that Padagalli teacher lives...'. Kallopant nodded satisfactorily. Ishvar came back and told that Kulakarni was at home. Fakeerappa rose from the

chair and told, 'Rayara... let us go immediately... We will speak to Kulakarni...' and both of them went out. That problem of the house was solved very smoothly... They got its rent fixed... as Kallopant didn't see the house, Fakeerappa only negotiated regarding the rent... Kulakarni told that he would get it painted after Padagalli teacher vacated the house... It was decided that Kallopant would move to Dharwad along with his family after the painting of the house was over.

It was an old house in the *Kamanakatti* area of Dharwad. It was very spacious one... There was a large courtyard in front with high compound walls and a big gate... There was a small stony structure in the middle of the courtyard, in which sacred basil was grown... After the courtyard, there was a large hall whose roof was supported by five pairs of pillars. The pillars were held in between carved wooden blocks at the top and at the base of each pillar... There was a large kitchen, a small room attached to the kitchen, to accommodate the idols of dieties... *devara mani*, or worshipping room! There were two large bed rooms, a spacious bath room and behind the bathroom there was a vast backyard. At the hind end of the backyard there was the toilet room and just by the side of the door to the backyard from the bath room, there was a deep well with a pulley fixed to the wall of the well above the ground level... There was plenty of space in the backyard to cultivate jasmines, roses dahlia and many other flowers... Krishnabai and the three girls liked the house very much... Very next day after they came to Dharwad, Narmada started to pester her father to get her digging tools. Kallopant scolded Narmada... 'Hey... what this girl is...! We just got into the house... we have not yet set the house in order... Before all those things she is pestering for digging tools...!' Krishnabai consolingly told Narmada... 'Hey Nammee... Keep quiet for some time... come here... take this boiler and keep it in the bathroom... That backyard doesn't run away somewhere... wait for two days. Thereafter you can get whatever digging tools you want...'.

But that volatile girl was not of a sort to keep quiet for two days... the next day only she took her elder sisters with her and went to the market in Subhas road... She was very eager to bring out the flowers hidden under the dust and she purchased the required tools for her urgent mission... The summer vacation of the girls was not yet over...still there were eight days. While Narmada was busy in her search for the flowers, Kallopant was busy in getting the leaving certificates, marks cards of these girls from Belagavi... He thought of admitting Ganga to Kittel College for arts course. Tunga was in ninth standard and Narmada in eighth. Kallopant thought of admitting them to Vidyaranya High school... The arrangement for their music training was yet to be finalized. Kallopant fully relied upon Fakeerappa for this. The girls felt something missing for not practicing the music, and they soon started their practice... It was felt as if the reign of *Gandharva*, divine musicians, descended there in the region of *Kamanakatti*...! Though Kallopant had no knowledge of music, he felt proud of his daughters for their melodious singing. He felt that he should arrange a suitable teacher for their training in music, and the next morning he went to Fakeerappa and discussed the matter of the music teacher. Fakeerappa told, 'I told

you that day only... first I must listen to their singing. Then I can assess what sort of music teacher they need... Let me listen to them first'. 'Why not... Why should we postpone that... You can listen to their singing today evening only', Kallopant invited Fakeerappa to his house in the evening.

In the evening at four, Ishvar came to Kallopant's house with the bag of tabla. The girls spread a large mat and made arrangement for their music concert. Ishvar kept the bag of tabla and told them, 'Fakeerappa sir wanted to know whether you have a harmonium here...'. The girls whispered among themselves, and Narmada said, 'for tuning we have tambura... There is a small harmonium also... If required it can also be used to support the pitch... But is there anybody to play harmonium... to give the tune...?'

Ishvar said, 'I can serve that purpose... then we don't need to bring harmonium...', and went back.

At about five fifteen Fakeerappa and Ishvar came together... Kallopant welcomed them and made Fakeerappa to sit in the chair by his side. Ishvar sat at the edge of mat, opened the bag and took out the set of tabla from the bag. Then he dragged the harmonium before him, pulled the bellows slightly and moved his fingers over the keys touching them lightly... Fakeerappa stretched his ears towards the tone of harmonium... German reeds produced sharp melodious tones... There arrived poha and tea... the plates and cups went back. Only Narmada wandered between the hall and kitchen. Then after about ten minutes the three girls came out, bowed to the harmonium and tabla and sat on the mat looking at their father.

'Hoom... this is Ganga... my eldest daughter. This is Tunga... and this is Narmada the youngest' Kallopant introduced his daughters. The girls silently moved their lips and folded their hands... Then Tunga took the tambura and started tuning it. Ishvar asked in low tone 'what scale you prefer...?' Tunga mumbled feebly... Ishvar nodded and held the tune by pressing the key. Fakeerappa rose from the chair and sat on mat on the floor pulling the pair of tabla before him. He took out the mallet from the bag and started tapping the tension batons till the tabalas were tuned to his satisfaction... After tuning the tambura Tunga nodded uttering 'Hoom...'. Ishvar stopped pulling the bellows of the harmonium... Then Fakeerappa looked at the girls... Ishvar too settled down, positioning the harmonium in front of him.

Ganga started *alaap* of *raag Multani... anibaddha vilambita*, that is, in slow speed and not restricted to the rhythm of time... On hearing Ganga's tone, Fakeerappa felt as if lost his ground and he suddenly bent forward and hurriedly placed his palms at the sides of the tabla... as if to hold the ground... and he kept his eyes shut... Eesoor forgot pulling the bellows of the harmonium and stared at Ganga incomprehensively... Then regaining his consciousness he again played harmonium and gave supporting tune... Holding each note... looking at each of them, tilting and observing them keenly and weighing each note one after the other meticulously... Ganga placed those notes one after the other creating the pattern of notes... she slowly went on

laying the foundation for the shrine of raga *Multani*... Now and then Tunga would come in and join her tone as if to support her elder sister... But Ganga was not caring for any help from her sisters and she went on herself like the one who performs her own meditation... she built the adytum and the pyramid like tower of the temple of the raga *Multani* and then looked at Tunga indicating her to take it and to proceed... Tunga joined with caution... she conducted the raga ahead in *nibaddha vilambit*, that is, at slow pace but restricted to *tala*, the rhythm of time... Fakeerappa suddenly came down to the earth and moved his hands on tabla... It was in fluent *teen tal*... Tunga led the raga that moved undulating on the floor like a snake... then it rippled like a stream of melody... Narmada used to come to the help of Tunga sometimes... then Tunga would smile casting a loving look at Narmada... Tunga reached the raga to the terminus of slow rhythmic path and then looked at Narmada indicating her to take the raga further... Aha...! There came the lightening...! Narmada shifted the raga to *dhrut* from *vilambit*, that is, to its rapidity from the slow pace... the pattern of notes rushed rapidly like an intoxicated large black bumble bee... It made Fakeerappa to falter... The fingers of Ishvar that were just supposed to hold a key pressed to support to maintain the pitch, were tempted to move and dance freely on the black and white keys of the harmonium... To hold them back and to keep them steady was a tedious job for him... The *dhrut* also danced in *teen tal*... Now the shrine of raga built by Ganga, the stream of raga that Tunga made to ripple and the dance of lightening that this Narmada created... all were merged and submerged interacting with each other... each one penetrating through the other... and all these happened there in that location... in that ten pillared hall of Kallopant's house...! A deeply founded solid stillness of enormous inertia and immeasurable volatility of oscillations hugged each other... and... Aha... Ahaha...! There stood a stable transparent pillar of lightening... and all along the length of that pillar the temporal time permeated and streamed towards the top and to the bottom... and then if the pillar were waving this way and that way... how any body sitting there in the hall could articulate his feeling and his volatile experience...! When the dance of the raga was completed and finished, the fingers of Fakeerappa didn't stop and played beyond his will over tabla and then ultimately rested on their own... Can ever the timeless one oblige the rhythm of this temporal time! And... hey... look here... when did those three girls vanished from the scene...! When Fakeerappa gained his consciousness there were those immobile table before him... and at an arm's distance there was the harmonium and Ishvar sitting besides it... And beyond these... there were those chairs set along the wall... and in one of the chairs, Kallopant was sitting showing great excitement over his face... Fakeerappa could see and recognize all these little by little...!

Fakeerappa got up, came and sat in the chair silently as if he were in a trance... Kallopant looking at him asked, 'Hoom... Fakeerappa... how was it...?' Even Kallopant experienced some novel experience that he could never comprehend... Fakeerappa didn't say anything... Then Kallopant asked 'Hoom... What do you say...?' Fakeerappa didn't answer even this question... Kallopant waited for a moment and asked again... 'How are they... Has Goravar taught any thing to them... or not...? Now it is your look out to choose a mujeek teacher for these girls'. Then Fakeerappa said, 'Hey... Goravar has definitely taught a plenty to your daughters... Your

daughters are the real gems... that is why Goravar had come to your house personally to persuade you to continue their music training... and he took promise from you in that regard... He really taught a great deal of music... Now it is only whetting and fine tuning... But don't think that it is an easy job... What they have learnt so far is one thing... the next training is a bit more important than the previous one... As one goes on achieving more and more, still many more things remain to be achieved...'. Surprised by the solemn tone of Fakeerappa, Kallopant sat silent in the chair. As if Fakeerappa decided to express whatever came to his mind... he began to tell again... 'The *Guru* from now onwards is very important ... he should make the student's body as his own residence and he should awake the music hidden in the body of the student... Whole body of the student should emit music... This can't be achieved by every student of music... It is possible only for those who are fully formed... ones that are like fully burnt vessels in the potter's oven...! And more over, all the teachers also can't possess such ability... Besides... there would be several obstacles in the way to achievement... Your children are definitely fully burnt vessels and they can emit music from their entire body... That is why Goravar had sent you here... The most suitable music teacher for your children is *Mansur ajjaru* or *Hanagalla Gangavva* sister... The problem with Manasur ajjaru is that... he is aged... and is suffering from asthma... If ever he listens to the singing of your daughters, he would definitely announce... I should be the *guru* for these girls...! But let us not trouble that great soul... *Hanagalla Gangavva* sister would definitely accept these as her students, if she listens to the singing of these girls... But one difficulty is... she lives in Hubballi. Your daughters must travel to Hubballi regularly...'. Kallopant didn't want this. He told, 'Hey... please suggest somebody that lives in Dharwad itself... It would be difficult for the girls to travel to Hubballi daily...'.

'No... your daughters deserve great teacher like Gangavva sister only... and moreover, smaller teachers have nothing more to teach your daughters... Now we should first get the acceptance from Gangavva... She is really a great teacher. We should think other things only after her acceptance...', Fakeerappa said assertively and told the plan for the next day, 'Haam... be ready by nine in the morning tomorrow with your daughters... We will meet Gangavva in Hubballi...'.

Fakeerappa got up early. He took bath quickly and ate his breakfast. He came to Kallopant's house by eight thirty in the morning... Kallopant and the girls were also ready by then. When they came to the bus stand it was already nine thirty. They caught a nonstop bus to Hubballi... By the time they reached the house of Gangubai Hanagalla, it was already eleven o'clock. Seeing Fakeerappa Gangubai expressed her pleasant surprise and said, 'Ababa... I got a rare vision of you today...' and laughed. Then looking at Kallopant and the girls, she welcomed them with a smile. 'Please come in... please come in...'. Fakeerappa told her, 'Hey yakka... I had come to you only a few days back... how can it be a rare vision...?' and laughed. When all got seated Gangubai told Fakeerappa, 'What did you say...! it was only a few days back you came here...! Do you mean two months a few days...?' and laughed. Then again she said, 'nothing else... on the sixteenth of the last month, there was a concert at Ravindra Kalakshetra in Bangaluru... I sent word to you. But you vanished somewhere then... Then I contacted Nakod in Hubballi...

He asked me not to worry and sent his son to accompany me on tabla... Hey... Fakeerappa, the concert there went on very well *tamma*... You see... I have been visiting Bangaluru since long... But every time I feel a hindrance bothering me... whether the people of those sides relish our Hindustani music or not... This time I felt very happy... the people relished and enjoyed the music immensely...'. While Gangubai was telling him about that concert in Bengaluru Fakeerappa was joining her in the middle... 'definitely...' 'what else... it were your singing...' 'yes... it should be so... it should be so' and so on...

'Hoom... keep it all that side... now tell me all about yours... Why did you bring this rayaru and these sisters with you?' Gangubai asked. Fakeerapp told the girls, '*Tangevvagolarya*... first get the blessings of this *akka*'. The three sisters got up and bowed before Gangubai touching her feet. Gangubai moved her right hand over their heads and smiling, looked at Fakeerappa. Fakeerappa told, '*Yakka*... yesterday I listened to their singing... Hey... the real mettles...! You are the only person to whet their singing... It can be done only by you... If you whet, these girls would become the real gems... You must bless these girls...'

'You know Fakeerappa... have I taken any student these days?' Gangubai told.

'Not like that yakka... Please listen to their singing first... then if you get convinced that these girls would hoist your flag high, then only accept them as your disciples... Otherwise don't accept. I don't pressurize you to accept, if their singing does not impress you', Fakeerappa told her persuading. Gangubai uttered 'Hoom...' and looking at the girls she asked them, '*tangevvagolarya*... do you like to sing?' The girls nodded their assent with joy. Gangubai told them, 'wait for a while' and facing inside she called 'Krishna... Krishna...'. 'Haam... I am sending...' words readily came from inside... Then a girl of about ten years brought large glasses filled to the brim with milk boiled with almond powder, sugar and saffron, placed in a steel tray. She held the tray before Kallopant. Kallopant and Fakeerappa lifted each a glass each... These girls looking at each other hesitated and told, 'no...' 'don't want...' 'Umhoom...'. 'That is milk boiled with saffron *tangevvagolarya*... good for your larynx... Hoom...! Take it... drink...', said Gangubai. But the girls hesitated to drink so much of milk... full of such large glasses... As if understood their hesitation, Gangubai told them, 'That is not very much... take it. To play with ragas you need energy... Otherwise you get tired in the middle... Hoom take it...'. Narmada lifted the glass first. Thereafter Ganga and Tunga also lifted... The girl who brought the milk then asked Gangubai 'How about you...?' Gangubai told her, 'For me...? Do one thing... bring a few spoons of the milk in a small bowl'. As they drank the milk Gangubai asked, '*Tangevvagolarya*... who taught you music?' Kallopant who had no opportunity to talk so far, now immediately told, 'Goravar master... He taught my daughters for four years...'

'Is it...? Trained for four years...! Good. Where does that Goravar master reside?'

'In Belagavi... Mangalavara peth...', Kallopant began to tell... Then Fakeerappa interrupted... 'You saw him yakka... Last but previous year in Savayi Gandharva utsav in Kundagol... the one

that accompanied Pundit Gudi... do you remember him...? Haam... the same... He is Goravar'. Gangubai screwing her eyes, tried to remember in introversion... remembered that concert of Pundit Gudi in Kundagol and the person who accompanied him... and uttered 'ham ham... that one... good... that was good...'. The girl from inside came and took away the glasses... Gangubai akka looked at these sisters and asked, 'Hoom... do you start...?' The girls nodded their assent... 'Then come there...' said Gangubai and took them to a platform in the corner with a mat spread on it, and tambura, tabla and harmonium were kept... Fakeerappa followed them and sat there before the tabla... Narmada picked the tambura... Gangubai asked 'Can you tune on tambura or you need harmonium...?' Ganga told 'Haam... tambura is enough...' and she took tambura from Narmada and tuned it, holding it to her ear and then she again handed it to Narmada... Narmada played the tune... 'tunye...tunye... tunyeee'. Fakeerappa set the tune of tabla... and he told her, 'you need not deal in detail... this is just a sample test...'. Ganga nodded as if agreeing...

In the same way... Ganga started *alap of Madhamad sarang*... Gangubai nodded as if approving it. When raga is not yet created it obliges the one who creates it... but once it was germinated and blossoms in the bosom of the singer... then it is over... Then the singer has to remain obliged to it... Fakeerappa told her to be brief... but who were there to obey his suggestion...! Even Fakeerappa himself was not there...! There reigned only *Madhamad sarang*. There was repeatedly reigning *shuddha rishabh* and reverberating *shuddha madhyama* that penetrates deeply into the bosom...

As Ganga used to do usually... she built the shrine and pyramidal tower of raga... Tunga led the transparent stream of raga to undulate and ripple... and Narmada took it to the dance with enormous turbulence...! All these as usual, merged and submerged... and there sprinkled the honey of adoration as between Radha and Madhava... After this was over, Tunga started '*Nirbala ke bala Rama...*' a bhajan of Suarudas, in raga Bhairav, briefly. Ganga left her sister to herself with her bhajan... But Narmada moved it in her own trembling style and made it a dynamic dance... and the excited Fakeerappa played different patterns on tabla fluently... After the conclusion of that bhajan, Gangubai suddenly stood up and walked to the girls and sat in their middle. Then stretching her both hands she hugged all the three girls and held them pressed to her bosom... The girls felt elated and excited! They submitted themselves to incomprehensible warmth in that hug, and they laid themselves in her arms with their eyes closed...

Though Kallopant could not understand all this, his eyes were moistened... He wiped his eyes with the edge of his dhoti... Now it was the responsibility of Fakeerappa to bring all there to the earth... He spoke... 'Hoom... Yakka... If you feel that I have committed a mistake by bringing these sisters to you... you can scold me...'. Gangubai became aware of the situation and came back to her seat. She laughed heartily and told Fakeerappa commandingly... 'Hey... you have done a highly commendable job... you deserve an award of silver bracelet...'.

Gangubai asked Kallopant, 'Rayara... where are you residing...? What I suggest is... leave these sisters with me... These are the lives that can bring kudos to all of us...'. Kallopant said, 'we are

residing in *kamanakatti* area of Dharwad...' and he could not respond to Gangubai's suggestion... Fakeerappa came and sat in the chair, by the side of Kallopant and asked him, 'Hoom rayara... what do you think of akka's suggestion...?' Then Kallopant told, 'We stay here in Dharwad... Will it not suffice if we send the girls here for two-three hours for two-three days in a week...?' Fakeerappa looked at Gangubai... She remained silent with her eyes closed for a few minutes and then said... 'You see rayara... music can't be generated in a contact of two-three hours... our elders used to say... you might be knowing it... in olden days while performing *yajnas*, the fire rituals... what were they Fakeerappa... the ones used to produce fire... ham... *arani*... the wood pieces of *Arali mara*, that is, *Ficus religiosa* tree... two wood pieces were rubbed one over the other to obtain the fire by friction, for the ritual... The souls of *guru* and *shishya* should also rub each other like these *arani*... by rubbing they would get subsumed... should get one into the other completely... then the ego of *guru* and the ego of *shishya* would get burnt and vanish and the real homogeneity would be attained... amid all these, music would sprout... Do you know how we earned these ragas and their notes... we lived for several years with our great *guru*... and all those years... and all twenty four hours of the days... we looked intently at the guru and plucked the notes that were hidden in the wrinkles on his forehead and on his face... in the waving of his arms... gaze of his eyes... and... in the waving of his head and jerks of his neck...! Searching those notes, we plucked them all... Stored them in our bosom... we heard, saw, smelt and tasted them all... and... and... we chose them one by one and put to build their patterns to make the ragas... When the things should to be like this... you say that you would send them for a few hours in a week...! What can anybody gain in just a few... six or eight temporal hours per week...?' Kallopant could not answer her question... Gangubai herself thought for a while and told him again, 'Now for the time being... we can do like this... Let these sisters come to me in the afternoon of each Saturday... They would stay with me on Saturday and Sunday. And let them go back on Monday in the morning... Let this arrangement go on for some time. Later we will think of still better arrangement...'. Kallopant again didn't understand what response he could make... If it were known to me earlier I could have rented a house in Hubballi itself. But the house rented now in Dharwad is more comfortable and regarding its rent, it is quite reasonable one... Presently let me not leave Dharwad... As Kallopant was thinking so, Fakeerappa whispered in the ears of Kallopant... 'Say yes to akka... say yes to akka...'. Kallopant ultimately said 'It is all right... presently we can do so...'. Fakeerappa said, 'It is fine...' and laughed happily. Meanwhile, Kallopant spoke to ask about the fees, 'And... your...'. Fakeerappa quickly interrupted him and said 'Hey hey... no no... rayara...! Don't ... don't ...'. He signaled and prevented Kallopant to complete his question... Kallopant in confusion looked at Fakeerappa. Fakeerappa whispered in Kallopant's ear 'Don't worry... I will tell you later...'. Then he told Gangubai, 'Hoom akka... give us permission... we will move'. Gangubai told, 'all right...'. Then Fakeerappa signaled the girls to bow before Gangubai. They bowed down and touched the feet of Gangubai... and then they all left.

The journey of music of Ganga, Tunga and Narmada began. They would stay in Gangubai's house on Saturdays and Sundays. The daughter of Gangubai, Krishna looked after these sisters with love... Now two Krishnabais were nurturing the bodies of the three sisters... and one Gangubai was engaged in sprouting and spreading the music in their bodies... And their admissions to the school and college was also going on... It became difficult to get admission for Ganga in Kittel college of Dharwad. Fakeerappa tried to influence through the people he knew. It didn't work. Ultimately Gangubai talked to the principal on phone. The principal happily gave admission to Ganga as she was a student of Gangubai... But Ganga went to the college only for about fifteen to twenty days only... One day when she came from the college, she seemed to brim over with anger and disgust... What happened to her to get so much upset, no body could come to know... She didn't respond to her mother and sisters on any count and sat in the room silently... the music practice on that day also lapsed. From that day onwards, Ganga didn't attend the college... she didn't have the mind to oblige advices of any body... Krishnabai persistently asked... 'Why Ganga...? What happened... can't you tell it to your mother...? Did any lecturer made any comments... what happened? Please tell me...'. But Ganga didn't utter a single syllable in response... When the persuasion by Krishnabai used to exceed she would go to the room and start the music practice picking up tambura, in her hands ... The case went to the court of Kallopant... No answers to his cross questions even... He tried to convince her by pleasing words of advice... He even tried to frighten her by shouting with anger... 'I shall hit you on your head...'. She sat unmoved like a rock... Fakeerappa came in the evening just to see the music practice of these girls. But instead, he had to conduct the hearing of the case of Ganga! He too could not find out any sense in Ganga's decision... He remembered his efforts in getting Ganga a seat in the college... Ultimately Gangubai akka herself had to recommend to get her admitted to the college... But still Fakeerappa didn't think Ganga's discontinuance of the college as any big hazard... If she doesn't want to go to college, let her not...! Why make such a fuss for that...? But seeing the horror that Krishnabai and Kallopant were feeling, Fakeerappa couldn't tell what he had in his mind... Finally he gave a verdict that could bring peace for the time being... presently we shouldn't bother Ganga for a week or two about the reason for her discontinuing the college... let us leave Ganga to herself... and after some time, if required, we would enquire... Krishnabai didn't like this verdict. She was much worried about the marriage of her daughter... She thought... now a days who would marry a girl if she doesn't acquire at least a B.A. certificate...! Ganga's discontinuing college gave a big shock to Krishnabai... She grumbled to show her discontent... Kallopant cast an angry look at all the three daughters and turned away from them.

Four weeks passed in these tumults... The month of August arrived. *Avidhava navami* occurs in this month. On *avidhava navami* and its next day, *Savayi Gandharva* days are celebrated in the Nadiger vade in Kundagol. Then music festival was organized in the name of *Savayi Gandharva*, a renowned musician who was scion of Nadiger family. Highly accomplished musicians from far off places would come to Kundagol and render music service in the honour of *Savayi Gandharva*... The first day younger musicians would render music service whereas the second

day would be reserved for the elders of fame. The famous elder musicians request the organizers to fix their service on the second day... They would come on their own and render their music service freely... That year Pundit Bhimasen Joshi was scheduled to come on the second day of the festival... If ever Gangubai happened to be in Hubballi during this festival time, she would definitely visit Kundagol and render her service... Hundreds of music lovers would arrive at Nadiger vade in Kundagol for this festival... Gangubai thought to introduce her new students to the world of music this year... She spoke to the organizers and fixed the music service by these three Kakhandaki sisters. Their concert was scheduled in the evening on the first day of the festival. The three sisters came to akka's house in Hubballi one week before the festival and stayed there for the whole week... Gangubai akka asked, 'which raga are you intending to sing...?' Ganga and Narmada whispered among themselves... Tunga remained silent looking at Ganga and Narmada... Narmada mumbled to Ganga, 'Hoom... we will sing that raga only', and Ganga told akka, 'How about rag *Multanee*...?' Gangubai thought for a while and told, 'You want to sing *Multanee*...? All right... Now you meditate that raga... and you would start the rehearsal in the evening'.

Ganga told, 'OK., akka...'.

Thereafter Narmada asked Ganga, 'Hey akka... Gangubai akka told to meditate the raga... You told her 'O.K.'. But do you know how to meditate a raga...?' Ganga told, 'Yes... meditating a raga... Don't you know it...? You would sing that raga within your mind... concentrate on the movement of the notes of the raga... and move your mind along with the movement of the notes... Then, the mind, keeping those notes in its interior makes a pillar... Then... then... leave that one that comes next... Presently do this much... so much is enough...'. But Narmada didn't leave her and persisted, 'You must tell me... hoom... what comes next...?'

'Hey Nammee... the thing that comes next is not much... But... but its realization is very very difficult... or we can say... it may never happen... If ever it happens... it drains out all our sap... Leave that... What I told now is enough, and itself is very difficult to achieve... Let us try to achieve this much', said Ganga, trying to convince Narmada. Narmada felt hurt and told Ganga with anger, 'Whether it gets realized or not... I don't want all those fabulous stories... You must tell what should take place next' and she persisted Ganga to tell.

'Hoom... Nammee... you are adamant and blunt... you never oblige me... I told you already... there is not much later... still you want to know... OK... listen to it... there after we ourselves should get merged in that pillar... there coinciding our steps with the notes we should start dancing with the raga... and then we should stretch ourselves all along the length of the pillar and should stand as the axis of the pillar... This is what you wanted to know lies next...' Ganga told Narmada, chiding. Narmada was astonished when Ganga told all these details... Goravar master taught us ragas... leave aside teaching this meditation of ragas... he never even mentioned any thing like this... that the meditation of ragas exists... And Akka of Hubballi also didn't teach it... When the things were like this, how could this Ganga know it...! It became a

mystery for Tunga and Narmada... And what Ganga told were all new and mysterious things... Narmada asked her to find it, 'Hey akka... how did you come to know all these things...? Goravar master never taught this... Akka also so far didn't teach this...'. Ganga told, 'I just learnt it from Akka...'. This surprised Tunga and Narmada... They persistently asked, 'When did Akka taught these things to you...? But she never taught it to me and Tungakka...!'. When the sisters persisted, Ganga told, 'No... not like that... I got it from seeing her in silence and in her rehearsals... She didn't yet teach us these things...'. Narmada arrogantly told in quarrelling mood, 'No... you are telling lies... you must tell us how you learnt these things...'.

Gangubai Akka sitting in the adjacent room overheard the conversations of these three sisters. To settle their quarrel, she told them consolingly, 'Hey *tangevvagolarya*... she might have kept her mind open and had attained it... It is possible for some people... Let it be... Don't worry about it... you will also achieve it gradually... Now you go ahead practicing as Ganga told you... move your minds with the notes of the raga...'. Tunga readily accepted and answered, 'Hoom Akka...'. But Narmada remained discontented... She thought that Akka of Hubballi would teach extra ordinary things only to Gangakka... And Hubballi Akka would give preferential treatment to our Gangakka... Such misconception was imprinted in the mind of Narmada...

In the morning hours they would try the meditation of raga Multani... After the lunch in the noon they were advised to sleep. In the evening they had to practice in the presence of Gangubai Akka. Narmada didn't like to sleep in the afternoon... What was bothering her was, if ever Hubballi Akka would teach something special to Gangakka while they were sleeping...! Gangubai told her convincingly, 'Look *bala*, though the meditation is mental activity, the body would also get strained... And you see... the mind is situated in the body only... That is why, you should give rest to your body... When the body gets rest, the mind gets fresh energy... If the mind has to assimilate all that you have achieved during meditation, you should give proper rest to the body. Otherwise all that you gained in meditation leaks out and gets lost...'. Then Narmada suddenly asked, 'Hoom... but if you teach Gangakka new things when we are asleep...?' Gangubai laughed heartily and told her chiding, 'Foolish kid... you nourish irrelevant things in your mind...', telling so, she affectionately pinched her cheek lightly and pulled her to her bosom and planted an affectionate kiss on her forehead... then patting affectionately on her back, she said, 'Look my kid... Any thing that I don't teach you would never be taught to your elder sister... be sure about it'. Consoling so, Gangubai made Narmada to sleep in the afternoon.

Gangubai Akka sent word through Fakeerappa that Kallopant and Krishnabai should both attend the musical concert of their daughters in Kundagol, without fail. Fakeerappa came and conveyed the message of Gangubai to Kallopant... Krishnabai in the kitchen overheard Fakeerappa and stretched her ears with curiosity to know what her husband would tell Fakeerappa... Kallopant now had great respect for Gangubai as she didn't take any fees and was teaching his daughters keeping and nurturing them in her own house... That day when they first went to Hubballi, he was about to ask the fees to be paid to Gangubai for teaching the music...Fakeerappa knowing my intention was alarmed and prevented me to utter a word further... Remembering that incident

Kallopant felt a sort of fear of Gangubai... Now when she sent words to come to Kundagol, he could not deny it and said, 'all right... we will come'. Krishnabai felt very happy. Then Kallopant asked Fakeerappa, where that Kundagol was and how to go there...

Then, husband and wife, came to Hubballi and caught a train there and reached Kundagol. Enquiring here and there they reached Nadiger vade, by about four thirty in the afternoon. When they reached vade, a concert of a youth was going on... Krishnabai saw her daughters sitting there on the platform. So far she didn't see Gangubai... She asked her husband... Kallopant indicating Gangubai who sat in the line of famous musicians, told her, 'Look... there... wearing that white sari with border of golden threads...'. As he was telling her those details, Krishnabai recognized her and started to get it confirmed by asking him... 'ham... there... she with sharp long nose slightly bent at the tip... sitting before our daughters... is it not she...?' Kallopant said 'yes...'. Krishnabai looked at her and her daughters again and again with contentment... By then Narmada saw them and told her sisters. They told it to Akka, and came towards Kallopant and Krishnabai... They took their father and mother inside, got them poha and tea... brought them back to the hall and found some place to sit for them... By now the concert of that young man reached to the terminal speed of *dhrut*... Ganga hurriedly took her sisters to the platform and they all sat behind Hubballi Akka...

Krishnabai now looked at the youth singing there at the music square... A handsome youth of twenty five or twentysix... Krishnabai asked Kallopant whispering,

'what is his name...?'

'How can I know...?' he also answered whispering.

'Not that... he would be a fine groom for our Ganga... Isn't he?'

'Shut your mouth and sit quietly...' Kallopant, staring at her with anger, retorted.

Krishnabai was a mother of a marriageable daughter... she would not have heeded her husband's snub, and would have continued her enquiry of a suitable groom with the people sitting around...! But then the concert of that youth was over and some body came and announced... Kakhandaki sisters... the disciples of Padmabhushana Gangubai Hanagalla... and all. Therefore Krishnabai stopped her search for a bridegroom and started to look in front. There her daughters rose... went to Gangubai Hanagalla and bowed to her... Gangubai caressed their heads and sent them patting on their back... and then her three daughters slowly walked to the music square and sat there and folded their hands to the assembly... Krishnabai told those sitting around her, 'these are my children...'. They didn't care it much and just uttered disinterestedly. 'Hoom...'. Ganga took the tambura from Narmada's hand and started to tune... Fakeerappa took out tabla and dagga from the bag... and sat looking at Ganga... As the tuning of tambura was finished, Ganga mumbled feebly, 'Hoom...'. Fakeerappa took out mallet and tuned the tabla... Tambura again went to Narmada's hands... Then there started the reign of the music... When they started to

sing, the people sitting around her whispered in her ears... 'are these your daughters...!?' Now Krishnabai was immersed in the music of her daughters and was sitting fully absorbed. She just uttered a disinterested 'Hoom...'.

They sang elaborately for one and half hours... the whole assembly felt as if it came back to the earth after touring through the musical world of *Gandharvas*... The assembly remained immobile and mute for about two three minutes as if in trance, and then suddenly, as if regained its awareness, gave thundering claps... Kallopant was overwhelmed and sat silently... Krishnabai shed tear drops of joy... The sisters came to Hubballi Akka and bowed before her. Akka's face was all smiles and it was joyous. She caressingly moved her hands on their heads and got them seated by her side and stretching her hands hugged all the three... Then she whispered some thing to them and the girls nodded and came to their parents and bowed to them... Kallopant affectionately caressed their heads whereas Krishnabai, with tears in her eyes, hugged her three daughters...

Following these girls, Fakeerappa came a few minutes later, to Kallopant... Kallopant held his hands in both his hands and pressed them so as to indicate his immense pleasure... Then Fakeerappa took the right hand of Kallopant and patted it to indicate his approval... Then announcement about the next concert was made... They became aware of the surrounding and along with the three sisters, they came out.

'Hoom... there is train at seven thirty... let us leave for Dharwad...' told Kallopant to Krishnabai. Krishnabai asked her daughters, 'Do you come with us...? Ask your Akka... If she agrees... we may all go together...'.

Ganga told, 'No... Akka told us to stay here both the days and to listen to all the concerts attentively... Tonight we go with Akka to Hubballi and come back tomorrow morning to Kundagol... We will come to Dharwad day after tomorrow in the evening'. Husband and wife consented, and Kallopant said, 'then we will move now... Hoom... Fakeerappa, we shall proceed...' and they proceeded towards railway station. Krishnabai had her head filled with the success of her daughters, and she was proud of them... All the time thinking about her daughters, she proceeded along with her husband towards the station...

In the last week of September the journey of Gangubai to northern India was fixed. Her music concerts were scheduled in Bhopal, Dehli, Lucknow and in several other places... There was the probability of Fakeerappa accompanying Gangubai. Akka didn't yet tell who would tour with her... After Kundagol festival she told who would accompany her... Krishna Hanagalla, Ganga Kakhandaki and tabla artist Fakeerappa Balappa Udikeri... The berths for these were to be reserved for their journey from the thirtieth of September... But before that, Akka had to get the permission of Kallopant and Krishnabai to take Ganga with her... She sent word through Fakeerappa to Kallopant to see her urgently... Kallopant immediately went to Hubballi Akka's

house along with Fakeerappa. Gangubai told the details of the journey... 'my daughter Krishna is also coming... You need not worry about your daughter Ganga... She is as good as my own daughter...'. Kallopant could not speak much before Gangubai and he answered, 'All right... you can take her with you...'. Gangubai told him again, 'It is not like that... The mother of Ganga may feel hesitant to send her daughter to such farther places... It would have been better if she had come with you today... Hoom... please tell her consoling words to boost her confidence... convey her that I shall look after Ganga just as her mother would...'. Kallopant said, 'Never mind... I shall tell her and convince...', and came back.

Narmada had immense desire to accompany Hubballi Akka in the journey to north India. She was terribly disappointed... Tunga had no such expectations. Just a few days back, Narmada had suspicion regarding that episode of meditation of ragas... She had a persistent doubt in her mind, that Hubballi Akka teaches extra ordinary things to Gangakka only... and Hubballi Akka has special preference for Gangakka... And now she is taking Ganga only with her to north India... This made Narmada terribly jealous towards Ganga and such jealousy dragged her to a tumultuous decision... She pledged to herself that she should achieve something that Gangakka could never accomplish... and she got submerged in a constant turmoil and ever kept on thinking... what should I do for that... what should I do for that...!

In Hubballi, on the way to Gangubai's house, there was a dance school... A board written as 'Gandharva Natya Sabha' was hung on its door facing the road. In the board, the name of the dance teacher, Pundit R.H.Jamadar was also written... These sisters were regularly reading the writing on the board while passing that way and laughed making fun of that school... They felt it very queer about a man performing dance...! The word 'man' would always bring to them the memory of their father... then they would imagine a picture of their father making an acrobatic dance before their eyes... and that would arouse them a spontaneous loud laughter... Now Narmada dragged by her envious feelings, she determined to learn dancing... Her sisters asked, 'then...? what about this music...?' She suddenly answered mockingly, 'for music...? For music there is Gangakka know...!' Feeling the pungency underlying Narmada's answer, the sisters kept quiet.. Krishnabai persistently denied Narmada joining the dance class and told, 'Hey look Nammee... That dance is not for the families like us... It is for 'those' women... Now you are learning this music that is as precious as gold... Continue with the music. And moreover, you got an invaluable music teacher that cares for you more than your own mother does...! And you have already learnt this music for more than four years... Now what folly of yours is this, that, leaving music, you want to join classes of that unworthy dance...?' And you know... Narmada was never an obliging daughter... She persisted adamantly. Then the case went to Kallopant... After listening to the musical concert of his daughters in Kundagol, it appeared that Kallopant was ever remained in a state of ecstasy... When the case came before him and complainant Krishnabai narrated that her daughter Narmada wanted to join dance classes... Kallopant without making any delay, gave the judgement, 'What...? Our Narmada wants to join dance school...? All right... It is fine... let her learn it...'. When Kallopant said yes... Narmada actually started to

dance there at that moment only... *thaa thai thaka... thaa thai thaka...*! Krishnabai was shocked... She thought that, on hearing the fancies of Narmada, Kallopant would get wild and would beat his daughter Narmada... But on the otherhand, without considering its pros and cons, Kallopant just permitted Narmada to learn dance! Krishnabai became wild and she pulled the arm of dancing Narmada firmly to stop, and thrashed her on her back... Narmada cried loudly, 'Ayyo... avva...' and said, 'leave me...' pulling her arm from the grip of Krishnabai. Krishnabai scolded her with anger, 'why should you cry... you, a slut...! Do you remember your age...? You are still behaving like a child... you have already attained puberty three years back... and you still conduct yourself like an immature young girl... I don't allow you to flirt with that dance and all... lie in the house...'. And then she turned towards Kallopant, 'you have no commonsense of what so ever sort... This girl is already a monkey... she would like to dance... and what are you doing...? You are giving her intoxicating drink...! When do you realize your responsibility god alone knows...'. And after this a tirade, Krishnabai went in, dragging Narmada with her...

Kallopant felt confused... 'look at this woman...what wrong did I do...? She scolded me thinking that I had no interest to get music training to these girls... And now she scolds me for consenting to get dance training for this Narmada...! Really... she is a queer woman...', grumbling so, Kallopant putting on his chappals went out to the market place... There infront of Dattatreya temple, Fakeerappa met Kallopant and asked, 'what rayara... you are looking pale... What is the matter...?' Kallopant told all about Narmada's dance class episode... Fakeerappa thought for a while and said, 'Nowadays... even the women of good lineages also learn dance... there is no taboo regarding dance like in earlier days... You need not worry about that... But the problem is... if Narmada stops going to Gangubai akka... I fear, akka might misunderstand... If Narmada says that she would learn both music and dance... it is difficult... it couldn't be managed by her... If she wants to learn dance at any cost, then we should convince Akka somehow...'. Kallopant made a humble request to and told Fakeerappa, taking his right hand into both of his hands and pressing them, 'Fakeerappa... you should only solve this problem... please see what to do now... you should only convince Gangubai Akka...'. Fakeerappa told, 'Now let us do one thing... let this Narmada continue with her music classes... Let her wait till Yugadi for her dance classes... By then I shall find some favorable time, and would convince Akka...'. Kallopant agreed to it and felt relieved...

On September thirtieth the team of Gangubai started its journey... Railway reservations were all done... They would reach Bhopal via Mumbai. Two days after they had left for their journey, holidays were declared for Tunga and Narmada. And the festivals of Navaratri also came... During the festival, in Nagareshwara temple, the diety was decorated, each day to represent one avatara of the ten avatars of lord Vishnu... Tunga and Narmada were after all high school going teenage girls... comfortable leisure of the holidays, delicious lunch including a sweet everyday, visiting the houses of friends, temples and markets, visiting Nagareshwara temple to witness the decoration of the diety in the evening... As they were involved in all such enjoyments, their days

passed without notice. This reduced the poignancy of determination in the mind of Narmada regarding her aspiration to go in for dance class...

After the reopening of the school, Krishnabai asked them in chiding tone: 'Hey Tungee, Nammee... Since one month... have you ever touched that tambura... You lazy girls... yours is only a starting gush...'. Then Tunga dragged her sister to their room and she took tambura and tuned it... Now they faced a problem... which raga should they sing...? It was always Ganga who used to pick the raga and start its singing by *alap*... As she was not present, they felt themselves blind... The envy again rose up in the mind of Narmada. She told Tunga, 'I am feeling bored... I shall go...' telling so she was about to go out... Tunga held Narmada's hand and pulled down and made her sit... She gave tambura to Narmada and asked her to hold it in order to provide supporting pitch... Then she started rag Nat... She tried to run the raga in *anibaddha vilambit*... but she felt helpless and felt as if tired... Narmada enjoyed Tunga's helplessness for a while, looked at Tunga, smiled, and then she suddenly took the raga to run it in *dhrut madhyama chaal*... Tunga felt relieved and smiled looking at Narmada... Like this, after reopening of the school, their music practice was also resumed. They attempted the meditation of ragas as explained by Ganga... They picked up raag *Bhoop*... It is *oudhava* raag with five notes... sa – re – ga – pa – dha... They tried to merge their minds with the notes of the raga... Narmada lost track and could not sit and concentrate even for five minutes... Tunga could pursue with it for fifteen to twenty minutes, but in her mind the notes did not appear... and chaos filled her mind... No note of *Bhoopa* could be realized there...! Hubballi Akka often told about the difficulty of the meditation of ragas... 'Look *tangevvagolarya*... this mind is terribly volatile... when you are trying to concentrate your mind on the notes of ragas... that mind... acting like a monkey... unoblingly jumps out of your control and goes to sit on the branch of a tree... with mocking smile and hiss...! You can succeed only by practicing this meditation incessantly... and then the notes of ragas would gradually start appearing...'. Tunga remembering Akka's advice continued to practice. But Narmada would run away within five to ten minutes...

On the twentieth of November Gangubai Akka's team returned from their journey... Gangubai's music concerts were organized in Bhopal – Dehli – Lukhnow and in eight more towns. In all those concerts, Gangubai Akka could project her disciple Ganga very successfully... Famous musicians commended Ganga and predicted her reaching great heights in the field of music... During this voyage of music, they visited the holy Mount Abu and stayed there for two days... This mount Abu remained imprinted in the mind of Ganga... As you all know, the Mount Abu is the central place of Prajapita Brahmakumari Ishwariya Vidyalaya... Ganga saw there girls of her age coming from different parts of the country to study meditation..! Two girls from Karnataka also came there, one from Shivamogga and another from Mandya... She met those girls and talked with them... They told something like *brahmanda*... *pindanda* which Ganga could not make out... But some thread of her of some of her previous births perhaps, unwound and got stuck to some hook of those Brahmakumaris and Mount Abu... The girls that came there created a constant pull on Ganga's mind and it worked slowly on Ganga without her being aware

of it... Ganga felt as if she knew them since long... For those two days, they met five to six times and whenever they came across, Ganga smiled at them looking with curiosity and they smiled at her with fondness...

Hubballi Akka purchased a sky blue coloured salwar – kammez - dupatta with special embroidery work of golden threads, which was a speciality of Lucknow, for Ganga... Seeing that dress Narmada's jealousy blazed again... She again put forward her old demand... 'if Gangakka makes her name in music, I should make my name in the field of dance... What is wrong in learning dancing...?' She argued with her mother giving several examples of women of very good social bearings and lineages, who had made their names in the field of classical dance... Krishnabai got confused and thought to herself... this girl tells many names of women belonging to very good households that learnt dance... Is it true...? She vows to make good name in the field of dance as Ganga is making her name in music... Foolish girl... talks as if she doesn't know any music... she herself sings so well... so melodiously... Hubballi Akka commended all these three sisters... I don't understand this zeal of Nammi for the dance... I feel as if blindfolded... Confused Krishnabai spoke to her husband in this regard... Kallopant explained Fakeerappa's formula... and told Narmada to wait till Yugadi... Thereafter Narmada reluctantly visited Hubballi Akka's house next five to six months without any interest...

One Saturday when they were going to Akka's house, Narmada suddenly pushed open the door of that Gandharva Natya Sabha and rushed in... Inevitably the other two sisters, Ganga and Tunga had to follow her and they also entered... There were about four girls of Ganga and Tunga's ages, moving their steps to the front and sides... moving their hands and bending their bodies to the rhythm of *natuvanga*, the rhythm, loudly announced by a man of thirty or thirty five years(...he might be that Pundit R.S.Jamadar, written on the board hung on the door...). He was not satisfied with the movements of the girls and uttered 'Umhoom...' nodding his head negatively... Then he keeping the bronze cymbal down, stood up and walked to the front of the girls. Reciting *natuvanga* he himself enacted the *mudras* and then told those girls... 'look... you should concentrate your mind on all the organs of the dance... not only on *mudras*... not only on facial expressions... not only on rhythm... and not only on the movements of the appendages and bends of the body... If ever the *nritya*, the dance has to be complete all these organs should be coordinated, compatibly merged and concentrated...'. That dance teacher spoke pulling and prolonging the vowels in each word... This peculiar style of his speech looked terribly funny to Ganga and Tunga and they were tempted to burst into laughter... They heard that the people living there Mysore side speak like this... They thought him to be from that region only. The dance teacher after his tips to the dance students, turned towards these sisters... came to them and asked...

'whaat doo yoo want...?'

Narmada fumbled and told confusedly, 'Haam... I dance... want to learn dance...'. As she was stammering, he told her assertively,

`Umhoom... eet ees n-o-t dance gaarl... eet ees nreetyaa... call it as *neeityaa*... or else yoo caan caall eet as... *Bharata naatya*...' he gave a small lecture with his prolonged vowels of each word... Narmada again stammered...

`ham... dance... no nritya... I want to learn...`.

`Yoo aall want too join the naatya...?' the dance teacher asked.

Ganga and Tunga hurriedly told, `no no... we are not joining... she alone... she only...'. Hearing their denial and their attitude towards the dance expressed in their words and tone... Narmada was hurt and she suddenly told emphatically-

`Haam... I... I alone will join... They are not joining... I want to learn nritya... I will join after Yugadi... how about the fees...?`

The dance teacher cutting Narmada short, told, `Ok... doo one theeng... yoo meet mee around yoogaadee...then I shaall geeve yoo the details...' and then hurriedly he said, `wait for a whaail...', Then he went hurriedly towards a cupboard, opened it and took out a four paged brochure with four coloured dance postures of his own printed in it, and gave it to Narmada... Narmada keeping it in her vanity bag walked out without looking at her sisters... Tunga looked at Ganga. Ganga screwing her eyes and looked consolingly and they came out following Narmada... Soon after coming out, Tunga forgot the tension and burst into a loud laughter... Ganga was alarmed and signaled at Tunga to keep quiet... But Tunga didn't notice it and she mimicked the dance teacher... `noo eet ees not daans... eet ees nreetya... shood caall eet bharata naatya...' and then burst into laughter... she would then suddenly stop her laughter and would again mimick and then laugh again... When she repeated this for two three times... Ganga saw the anger that was already dancing on the tip of Narmada's nose... Then she pinched Tunga's arm and hurriedly silenced Tunga by snubbing her... `Hey Tungee... keep quiet... too much is too bad`.

After visiting Gandharva Natya Sabha, Narmada never uttered the word dance... she began to say it as nritya or Bharat naatya... Krishnabai's turmoil was a bit reduced by this and she told to herself... what our Nammi is intending to join is not dance class... she says... that she is going to learn nritya and Bharat naatya... And... she says that Bharata was a great sage of our own tradition...

Before ugadi festival only, Kallopant planned shifting his residence to Hubballi... He thought... the eldest one abandoned permanently her college in Dharwad... these two elder ones, Ganga and Tunga should be going to Hubballi to Gangubai akka's house for their music... and this third... the youngest one... is already dancing happily telling that she would join the dance classes after ugadi... So she must also come to this Hubballi only, daily for her dance class... And now

the worry is about the high school of Tunga and Narmada... in Hubballi also there are hundred and one high schools in every street... We can get them admitted in one of these schools... Then... who else is there to remain in this Kamanakatti of Dharwad...? Only we two... me and this... my wife... What difference is there between Hubballi and Dharwad for us? They are one and the same... Then what fun is there in this kamanakatti...? Let me shift my family to Hubballi only... Thinking and deciding so, Kallopant told it to Krishnabai... These days Krishnabai was in great depression... Deep in her mind she was intensely feeling ill of dance training of Narmada... She was worried that the things began to go beyond her control... She was immersed in a guilt... I only induced him to root out and shift our family from Kalliguddi... that inducement is now going beyond our control and is taking shape of its own... and growing on its own... This terribly bothered Krishnabai... And now when Kallopant told her about shifting to Hubballi... Krishnabai sat silent... Kallopant asked repeatedly insisting, 'why...? Have you no mind to leave this Kamanakattee...?' Krishnabai said gloomily, 'What crematorium is there fixed for me here in this Kamanakatti! We have been moving away farther and farther from the central pole... What else is here for me... I shall come wherever you take me...'. Kallopant readily retorted, 'Ham... you only made me move away from that original pole...!' Krishnabai said in a defeated tone, 'Whoever it might be... Makes no difference... It is all disrupted once we shifted from our original station... we are taken away farther and farther... from here to there... and then from there to somewhere... moving perennially... And... and I am worried... where should we be ultimately reaching...!' Listening to these words of Krishnabai, Kallopant also felt gloomy and sat silent...

Any how, the festival of ugadi was celebrated in their new house in Hubballi only... This house was situated on the road to *Siddharoodha* mutt... It should be called a house because it had four walls to surround and a roof to cover...! Compared to the house in Kamanakatti in Dharwad, this house in Hubballi was tiny... How could these new RCC houses in Hubballi be as spacious and big as those old houses in Dharwad...? In this commercial city like Hubballi... where the trading greedy community would ever be thinking to earn money even from a fistful of dust! Then how could they waste the area by building big houses... Instead they would build two or more houses in the available site... You could find doors and windows only at the front side of the houses... At the left, right and back, other houses adjoin leaving no gaps. No backyards at the back of the houses... Narmada grumbled for the lack of a backyard... Krishnabai told her scolding... 'It is all because of you only... and now you are grumbling for the lack of the backyard...'. Just to avoid argument with her mother, Narmada kept quiet...

But, Ganga felt very happy for coming to this house... In the line of this house, towards Siddharoodh mutt, just at a distance of thirty to forty steps only, there was a centre of Brahmakumari Ishwariya Vidyalaya...! For this one reason only, Ganga pardoned all other inconveniences of the new house... Narmada was admitted to Gandharva Natya Sabha to learn nritya... The journey of Ganga and Tunga in music continued as usual... When Fakeerappa told Gangubai Akka about Narmadas desire to learn dance, Akka told, 'All right... Let her learn

dance... dance is also a *Gnadhrrva* vidya like music... Poor girl... you know Fakeerappa... that Narmada is still an immature young girl... She was learning music just like a parrot learns human speech... Haam... music is naturally residing in her body like in her other two sisters... therefore inspite of her imaturity it didn't appear irrelevant when she sang... How could that tender girl get the mental stubbornness required to conduct the meditation of ragas...! It is now heavy for her... Let her go for the dance for a few days... thereafter her zeal for music might again enlivened in her body...'. Gangubai Akka also told her observations comparing the mentalities of Narmada and Ganga... 'Look Fakeerappa... In the mind of Narmada *tamasa* is woken up... But the mind of Ganga is totally *satvika* and I am more worried about this Ganga... pure *satvika* is very difficult to be handled and harnessed...! *Tamasa* may gradually become tamed and then it would be harnessed for *samsara nataka*... the theater of human life... But it is very difficult with hundred percent pure *satvika*... As you know... goldsmith mixes copper to pure gold to make ornaments out of it... the same way, pure *satvika* should also be mixed with a bit of impurity of *tamasa*... Otherwise, it would not be made available for the drama of the human life...'. Fakeerappa told these conversations to Kallopant and he inturn reported them to Krishnabai... Both of them could not understand the essence of Gangubai's saying... and particularly Gangubai's words, 'otherwise it would not be available for the drama of the human life...' were totally misunderstood by them... They consoled themselves by saying... our Ganga would not be involved in any drama and theatrical activity... She will learn music for another two three years... Thereafter we will get her an excellent groom and will marry her off... Thereafter... ha ha ha... (they laugh...) she would be engaged with sa-re-ga-ma of her family affairs... and her music would then be accompanied intimately by her husband and children... Thinking so, they forgot the words of Gangubai...

Tunga was studying in the tenth standard... and Narmada in the ninth... Tunga would practice music from five thirty to six thirty in the evening for one hour. Thereafter she would focus on her studies... Narmada would go for her nritya classes from five thirty till seven forty five... After coming back from her nritya classes, she would enthusiastically narrate the news of natya sabha... Tunga should compulsorily listen to her news bulletin... She should also witness Narmada enacting the mudras, learnt that day in natya sabha... Narmada was closer to Tunga only... Sometimes she would perform nritya in the kitchen before her mother... Krishnabai would be very happy to see it and would commend her before Kallopant... 'Look... this our Nammee is highly talented... whatever she does... it would be excellent... Today she has shown her dance before me... I tell you... it was really wonderful...'. To that Kallopant would chidingly tell her, 'Hoom... and what were you going to do for that...? You wanted to block her learning dance by hook or by crook...'.

After her singing practice, Ganga would practice meditation of ragas... To start with, in the beginning... she would always meditate ragas *Marava* and *Puriya*... The flat *rishabh – re -* and *dhaivata – dha -* would slowly bring the melting of the mind... and in that pond of molten mind, the sharp *madhyama – ma -* would produce a crypt... the crypt that would lead in to a whirl

pool... The mind would then sink and burrow deeper and deeper and would merge with the interior...! After these ragas, there comes, that raga... which also flows slowly... Haam... yes! It would be *Yaman*! Ganga would tread slowly step by step on each note... cautiously and move slowly... slowly she proceeds to merge the interior with the exterior... and she should go on moving slowly to extend and expand deep... After *Yaman* comes *Shankara*...! It rushes as a thundering stream... the mind and body that are in thorough union would gain terrible speed and jump down as falls... corroding the substratum there... Ganga's meditation grew day by day... and then extended into nights even... and then the ferociously speedy falls makes a cleave in the floor beneath the mat she sat... The cleave gradually deepened and became wide... it extended and produced a subterranean path... and steps appeared there to enter into that path... And where did that subterranean path lead to ...? It led towards *Siddharoodh* mutt... Though it progressed towards *Siddharoodha* mutt, it did not reach Siddharoodha...! There was Brahmakumari Ishwariya Vidyalaya in the middle that obstructed... before Siddharoodha mutt...! Therefore the path reached Brahmakumari Ishwariya Vidyalaya and stopped there only...!

Krishnabai was horrified to hear the decision of Ganga... She pleaded before her daughter in all the ways... she wept... bowed before her own daughter... fell on the floor and wriggled with sobs... Umhoom...! It did not melt her body... and it didn't melt her mind...! Kallopant scolded and threatened... Umhoom...! It didn't bend her body... it didn't bend her mind...! Hearing the news, Gangubai Akka came running... hugged her disciple, caressed, pleaded and consoled... Umhoom...! Her body didn't respond and her mind didn't respond...! Perhaps that girl Ganga... might have found out the path to wash off the sins of the body and sins of the mind through the practice of ragas...! Petrified was her mind and enduring was her body...! And such daughter of Kallopant, wrapping a white sari around herself... left the house... Ham... she left the house on the fifteenth of August...! She left that house in Hubballi... surrounded by those four concrete walls... and she walked away farther and farther... to melt away into that enchanting mist of that Mount Abu...!

Gangubai visited their house often and consoled Krishnabai... Krishnabai hugging Gangubai told her lamenting... `You knew it... yes you knew it and foretold it... But we idiots couldn't understand it...! Blessed you are... you told it like a myth... we are ignorant fools you know... why didn't you tell us as to the ones like us...'. Gangubai without uttering a word kept on patting and caressing the back of Krishnabai... Krishnabai would keep her head on the lap of Gangubai and would weep for long... After such weeping for long, controlling her grief she would sit upright, wipe her tears and heave a deep sigh... Then standing up she would say, `I shall prepare a cup of tea for you...'. Gangubai would readily hold Krishnabai's arm and pull her down to sit again... Then it would be Gangubai's turn to lament...! She would land her head over the shoulder of Krishnabai... and would weep silently... Krishnabai caressing the head of Gangubai would exclaim `ham...!' and sit still silently shedding tears... as if submerged in trance... Later when Krishnabai would awake from her trance... she would come to know that, Gangubai Akka had already gone...

After Ganga went away from the house, Tunga stopped going to Gangubai Akka's house for music... Kallopant and Krishnbai didn't compell her to go... Gangubai Akka also didn't ask them to send Tunga for music... Once she stopped going to music classes, only books became her companions... She started studies for her matric examination with total involvement. She found happiness in reading science books and solving problems of mathematics... The learning of dance by Narmada was going on very well... She used to perform the mudras of Bharata natya before the disinterested eyes of Tunga as usual... Sometimes Tunga had to give her support by singing and had to recite *natuvanga* for her dance practice... Poor Tunga... what could she do...! She couldn't refuse as she had learnt music...

After Ganga went away, Kallopant was struck by gloominess... It appeared that he lost all his sap, and old age overtook him suddenly... And in Krishnbai, the fire of zeal that was ever alive burnt her bosom incessantly... She lost confidence in herself and she worried always for other two daughters... how can I preserve these remaining two offsprings... how can I get them married off and reach them to their normal family life... was all the worry in her. And she remained ever agitated, all the twenty four hours of the day, worrying for such aspirations regarding Tunga and Narmada... If ever Tunga delayed by five to ten minutes in returning to the house from her school, Krishnbai would be standing at the door looking all along the road, waiting for her daughter... And her life seemed to remain out of her body till Narmada would return from her dance classes... She was struggling ever to protect her daughters like the pupils in her eyes... The days passed like this... and three years passed after Ganga had left the house... Krishnbai would often visit Gangubai Akka's house with Tunga... Krishnbai and Gangubai were as if hit by equal misery by Ganga's going away... While Ganga was biological daughter of Krishnbai, she was taken for as her mental child by Gangubai... When Krishnbai and Gangubai would see each other, tears would trickle down from their eyes automatically... their throats would get choked... after passing these phases, only two of them could speak to each other... After whatever conversations between them were over, Gangubai would hold Krishnbai's hand and lead her to the platform where she practiced her singing... and would sing with Krishnbai sitting by her side... It would be a deeply involved singing for an hour or one and half hour duration... Krishnbai would sit with closed eyes as if lost in trance... What inarticulate thing beyond any speech would Krishnbai get by Gangubai's singing... nobody could know...!

Tunga took science combination and passed PUC in first class... She was admitted for B.Sc. course in the PC Jabin college... Narmada took arts combination and was studying in second PUC in Kadasiddheshwara College... she was not at all serious about her studies... and would go to the college as if for time pass...! And that too, just to console her mother Krishnbai...! She was fully involved in her Bharata Natya only...

It was Saturday... At four in the afternoon Krishnabai went with Tunga to Gangubai's house. She called Narmada also... 'Nammee... come... let us go to Gangubai Akka's house...'. But next month only, there was arangetram, that is, debut performance by the nritya of students of Gandharva Natya Sabha and annual festival of the school... Narmada was now fully busy with her dance... When Krishnabai called her, she told her, 'No *avva*... I must go for the practice of Geeta Govinda dance... I am performing the role of Radha... and our nritya teacher himself is performing the role of Govinda... To perform nritya with him is not an easy job, you know... Avva... Our sociology professor Joshi is there you know... his daughter Jotsna was first selected to play the role of Radha... By playing about half of the nritya, she was tired and she became all wet with sweat...! Then Sir told her frankly that it was not possible for her... Then he selected another sapless one... one called Shama... She is DC's daughter... She also could not sustain... After that Shama was over, two months back... Sir ultimately told me to perform the role... And you know... I am not one that is going to be defeated... I have been one step ahead of our Sir even...'. As Narmada told these things moving her eyes, head, neck and hands... a deep feeling of fondness aroused in the bosom of Krishnabai... and she thought... look... how full of life is my child... and she felt a bliss about her... She said Narmada warningly, 'Hoom... but you should come back from the dance school quickly, before it gets dark... Don't delay'. And then she told Kallopant, 'Myself and Tunga are going to Akka's house... Nammi is going for dance practice... I told her to come quickly. She will come much before we return... We may get a bit delayed. I have kept cooker readied and placed it on gas burner. By eight in the night, light the gas burner and put it off after two whistles of the cooker... You can get it done by Nammee also... And don't go out leaving the door open... Street dogs may enter into kitchen... Be careful...', giving these instructions she went with Tunga... After fifteen minutes Narmada left with a bag in her hand, saying, '*Appa*... I am going for the nritya practice...', and went.

Kallopant relaxed in an easy chair kept in the verandah... Several thoughts crowded in his head... Look... for these children we had to leave our native place... We wandered from one city to another city... from house to house... house to house... god alone knows how many houses we have changed... And ultimately we reached to this house in Hubballi...! Hoom... they say it Hubballi... *neither hoovu nor balli*... Look at this Ganga... tearing all the affections and relations she went away...! They say about that Akka Mahadevi... she also abandoned her house and went to Shrishaila... What did she attain by going to Shrishaila god alone knows... Hoom... this Ganga of ours... where did she go... haam... she went to that Mount Abu... What could she attain by going there...? Whatever she may achieve or she may not achieve... who knows... but for us... one thing is true... She abandoned us! The rest all is *maya*... Hoom... that Goravar master used to call these as *mayi*... Yes... *Mayi* number one! Where is that *Mayi* number one now...? The thoughts in Kallopant's head would move round and again reach the starting point... He felt tired by this... and closed his eyes...

And in his eyes...

The stage is set... beautifully decorated and ready... The garlands of jasmines are hanging from the ceiling... Plantain plants with waving leaves stood there... As the backdrop, there is a screen on which the grazing cows are painted... What a surprise...! Look...! those cows, as if alive, are ruminating! And now... they are coming... Who are they... these girls, singing and carrying earthen pots on their heads...?

Make haste, dear friends make haste

Let us go to Brindavan to sell the milk

Oho...! These are *gopikas*...! Under the pretext of selling milk and butter they are proceeding, carrying milk and curds, and pots of butter, with the sole intention of getting the vision of Madhava...

What does he give us, gold or diamonds?

Why need those? He gives himself to you!

And who is this? The enchanting lad of sky blue hue...! A plume of peacock fixed in his flock... and flute in his hand... Look...! He is teasing those *gopikas* and dragging their sari... They are requesting him...

Brother, we beseech, Father, we beseech...

.....

Brother? I am not yours; Father? I am not yours

What did he tell them...? What those girls told him...? He being all smile and they are fondly kissing him excited... and they both moving round and round dancing erotically...

Now... where did they go and hide... ? And now where from do they arrive...

And this...? which river is this...? Ham...?

Is it river Yamuna...?

Haam yes yes... And is not she Radha...?

No no... she is my daughter... our Narmada...

Umhoom... she is Radha! Don't you see the pain of separation from Madhava that is burning intensely in her eyes...?

OK... Let it be so... Let our Narmada herself be that Radha... But who is that lad coming from that side...? Is he Govinda...

Aha... this one is real Govinda!

Now tell me... after envisaging that experience of the separation and union of Radha and Madhava only, Jayadeva could sing that song... *Geeta Govinda*... Isn't it...? As *Geeta Govinda* had been there already for us to sing, these could not be real Madhava and Radha... aren't they?

No... on the other hand, it could also be like this... The amorous play of these here, Radha and Madhava, might have transformed the wind as sweeter and melodious... and such fertile wind itself could have given rise to this song... Haam... tell me now... if at all the music had to arise in the wind on its own, she must be the real Radha... isn't she? If ever she were your Narmada only, then the song would have come first and the dance should have followed it, however deeply involved it might be... When it is not so... they are real Radha and Govinda... they are not acting... not even the most involved acting... they are in actual ecstasy... They are engrossed... and they are in the real amorous play of love...

Look... there shines the full moon in that clear blue sky... The banks of the Yamuna are flooded with milky moonlight... Here in the wavy mirror of blackish waters of the river Yamuna... look... how that shining moon is being tossed by the waves... and look... how skillfully he is swimming... And there, in that blissful banks of Yamuna, these two... Radha-Madhava only are there!

Oh...! In that moonlit night on the banks of the Yamuna... a cold breeze blows and Radha shivers... Govinda hugs her tight and gives warmth to her body...

Look at this stupid girl...! How many times should I tell her to put on a sweater while going out... It is all futile to tell this girl... Now again, she has come without putting on her sweater...

No... no... you are again confused... She is not Narmada... she is Radha! Look, there comes the floral aeroplane, the Pushpaka... Arrives and lands there on the banks of the river Yamuna... Now Govinda holding her left hand in both his hands, is slowly walking rearwards... gazing at Radha rapturously... and slowly walking rearward, he is leading her towards that floral plane... Aha! How enchanting are his gestures...! And this Radha... with her crimson cheeks that are blushed, is treading happily, enjoying her deep abashment... She moves slowly putting her left hand in both the hands of Govinda... As shyness personified... she is treading slowly, step by step... as if to prolong the happiness of that treading with her left hand kept in both the hands of Govinda... towards that floral plane... Now they reach the floral aeroplane... Now, Govinda holds Radha by spreading his right arm around her shoulder, and holding her right hand in his left hand... is climbing her up slowly... now the first step... and then this is second... slowly... step by step... Now Radha standing on the last step, turns her face towards the banks of the river Yamuna... looks at the river and the banks... and then she enters into the floral plane putting her right foot ahead... And then the plane takes off...!

Oh... Ho...! They melted away...!

Haam...? what is that... was it a real plane...? Were they real Radha and Madhava... those that melted away in that plane...? And the girl that melted away...was she not our Narmada...?

Haam... yes... yes... she was definitely our Narmada only... I saw that black mole on her left cheek...

Ha ha ha... yes... yes! She was your Narmada only... but you can never get her back... she is already turned into Radha...!

Kallopant suddenly woke up, and jumped up and sat upright... He made a loud cry... 'Ayyo...', and jumping out of the easy chair, ran into the street, leaving the door of the house wide open... He ran towards Gandharva Natya Sabha of R.S.Jamadar... It was about nine in the night... The people in the road were astonished to see this old man running with such speed... They looked and found nobody chasing him... So they understood that he was not a thief... They thought he must be a lunatic patient and let him freely run his way... Kallopant running rapidly reached the building of Gandharva Natya Sabha... Its door was locked and the board hung above the door was not there...! There was a petty shop near that building... Kallopant in haste went and enquired, 'Here... in this building there was a nritya shala... Now I don't find its board there...' . The shop keeper was confused and told, 'Nritya shala...? Haam ham... you mean that dance school...? Hey... it is closed since fifteen days only... That dance teacher was saying that he would be going to some other country...'. A customer that came there by chance also said, 'Who...? That dance teacher Jamadara...? He was telling that he would leave Hubballi today by six thirty in the evening... He was telling so yesterday to the owner of the building...'. And he asked Kallopant, 'Why do you want him...? Have you given him any money...? If so just forget it... Who knows to which country he is migrating...'. Before that customer completed, Kallopant without caring what he was telling, started to run towards the house, as if some wild animal was chasing him... The shop owner and the customer were astonished to see Kallopant running with such great speed... They both laughed and uttered... must be a mental case...

And here, Krishnabai and Tunga came back from Akka's house by about nine fifteen or so... They didn't find Kallopant in the house... and the door was kept wide open... Krishnabai exclaimed, 'Ayya...!' and said to herself, 'For this reason only... I avoid to leave the house under his responsibility...'. She went to the kitchen and looked at the cooker... It was sitting on the gas burner coldly. She opened the lid and found the unbaked rice soaking... 'Look his irresponsibility... At least this Nammi should have taken care of this cooker... In spite of telling all in detail, everything here is left as it was... How this Nammi would manage her family after her marriage god alone knows... She would definitely bring me comments from her in laws...' grumbling so Krishnabai fixed the lid of the cooker, and keeping it on the gas burner she was about to light it... But by then, Tunga came from the room to the kitchen and told,

'Avva... Nammi is not in the room... Do you think that her dance practice could be prolonged till now?'

'What...? Nammi hasn't yet come back...? Look there... She must be in the toilets... How could the dance practice be held till nine at night...?' Telling so, she left the cooker there and came out to see for Narmada's chappals, to confirm her coming back to the house... As she came out, Kallopant came running, gasping for breath and collapsed on the sofa in the hall... Krishnabai

was shocked by the way he came running, and she rushed towards him, asking, 'Why...? What happened...? Why did you come running, so frightened...?' Kallopant was lying unconscious...

'Ayya... He is unconscious... Hey Tungee... bring here some water...'. Tunga hurriedly brought water gave it to her mother, and went back to fetch an onion... She pounded it and held before Kallopant's nostrils... Krishnabai sprinkled water on his face... Kallopant awoke, opened his eyes and mumbled wailingly, 'Ahaha... ayyayyo...'. Krishnabai felt alarmed and asked, 'Why... what happened...? Why are you so much frightened...? Where is Nammi...?' For Krishnabai's queries he faltered and spoke incoherently...

'Nammee...? Who that Radha...? Hoom... she went with Govinda...'.

'What...! our Nammee went...? Which Govinda...? Who is that Govinda...?'

'Umhoom... Not Govinda... Madhava... He is Madhava...'.

'What happened to you? You say Govinda and then Madhava... Please tell me properly... What happened? Where is our Nammee...?'

'No... Govinda... yes... with him... Radhe Govinda... to that beautiful Brindavan... Haam... They flew in aeroplane... there... look... there...' Kallopant faltered with his eyes wide opened and staring upwards...

'What are you saying...? Did you bid farewell to her going to aerodrome yourself...?' Telling so Krishnabai cried loudly.

'Hey... not these ordinary aeroplanes... floral plane... *pushpaka vimana*... and not at aerodrome... it was on the banks of the river Yamuna... There was bright moonlight...', when Kallopant faltered absurdly Krishnabai felt blindfolded... Listening to her husband's speech she got worried and feared whether he became mentally derailed... though imbalanced, his speech about Nammi gave her some hints that Nammi was lost, and this frightened her further... Krishnabai at that moment could only remember Gangubai Akka... She told Tunga, 'Hey Tungee... go to the nearby cross and call Akka from the telephone booth there...? I am not understanding anything...' and sat in distress just looking at the face of her husband. Tunga readily went and called Akka... Within fifteen to twenty minutes, Akka and her daughter Krishna came by an auto... Akka enquired Krishnabai and Tunga and then spoke to Kallopant... He babbled the same incoherent absurd words... the same Radhe Govinda... to the beautiful Brindavan...! Akka told her daughter Krishna and Tunga to go to the dance school and find what the matter was...

They first went to Gandharva Natya Sabha building... and there that Sabha was disbanded... its door was locked and its board was also removed... It was already ten thirty... They went to the neighboring houses... Those in the houses already had their dinner and had gone to bed locking the doors from inside... Tunga and Krishna knocked the doors and awakened them and asked...

'Here was that Gandharva Natya Sabha in the neighboring building... Where did they shift it to...?' The people in the houses responded impatiently, 'Hey... get lost... coming to disturb us in these odd hours... ', 'natya sabha or some slum... how can we know...', 'we don't know anything of that dance teacher...' telling so, they all banged their doors. But an old woman opened the doors of her house, and invited them cordially when Krishna and Tunga knocked the door... She told enthusiastically, 'Please come in... please come in... please be seated', saying so, she persuaded them to sit on her bed only... Tunga asked about the dance teacher,

'Ajjee... you know that dance school no... was it open today...? Did you see that dance teacher today...?'

The old woman in reply, began to narrate it like a story... 'Look my young daughters... you would listen to me if I tell you the truth and you would even... if I tell you a lie... Why should I tread to the hell by telling you the untruth... I am very much worried as to how should I tell you about that dance teacher... I feel frightened... Look my young sisters... he is said to be a notorious cheat... Do you know... a few years ago... he brought three charming girls of eighteen years from that side... they said from Madras or from somewhere else... Then he took them to Hyderabad and sold them there to an old sapless Arab... Let these girls be burnt... look at that old Arab...! For what sensuous purposes should he purchase those girls of fifteen-sixteen years... god alone knows! I don't know, whether you know this at least... one of those three girls... they said... she broke a bottle of alcohol and poked the sharp edge of the glass into his belly... the belly of that sapless Arab...! And then she died by hanging herself to a fan with her sari... And later...'. As that old woman tried to continue her story, Tunga blocked her trying to ask, 'Ajjee... let that story be aside... Tell me... whether that dance master...'. The old woman cut Tunga short, and told, 'Haam... haam... I am at it only... I am telling about that dance teacher only... Look my kids... You would listen to me, if I tell you lies or would listen even if I tell you the truth... To tell you the fact... that dance teacher is said to be very sober and a thorough... to the core... a gentleman... a pious man rather...! It is said that he has attained *gandharva vidya*, the music, by penance and *tapas*... They say... he often visited that heaven to perform dance in *Indra sabha*... before Indra himself... How could such a dancer of *Gandharva community* be accepted by the traders' community of our Hubballi...? Somebody was telling that... for such reason, he left this traders' world and shifted to the world of gods themselves, to perform his dance before them regularly...'

'My sisters... you would listen to me if I...', as that old woman opened her mouth to narrate some other marvel... these two girls suddenly stood up and ran out in hurry... The old woman felt offended, got wild and began to scold Krishna and Tunga... 'I know... I know you whores very well... you infatuated ones, came in search of him... You whores... I know your truth very well... you came in search of him with the only intention of sleeping with...', Tunga and Krishna ran quickly... ran fast so that the scoldings of that old woman should stop reaching them as quick as it was possible...

Tunga told Krishna, 'Akka... there is a girl near your house... She also attends dance classes with our Nammee... Shall we enquire that girl...?' They went to that house, knocked the door, woke them up, and got the door opened... Narmada's friend was already asleep... Playing a full Ramayana only that *Kumbhakarni* could be awakened... But that girl stopped going for the dance training one month back... She told, 'Yes... my friends told me... that Narmada and the dance teacher are practicing Geeta Govinda dance... and it appeared that Narmada and the dance teacher are really like Madhava and Radha... Appreciating the dance teacher and Narmada, they were telling me that... they... Nammi and our dance teacher... while performing the dance do not look like the dancers of this world...! Hoom... let it be... why did you come now...? what happened...? Has Nammi didn't turn up to the house yet...?' When that girl herself started to enquire Tunga and Krishna, they slowly rose up and walked out... They came back and told everything... Krishnabai started to wail with sobs clasping Gangubai Akka in her arms... After all...what could Gangubai Akka do...? She silently caressed Krishnabai's head and back lightly and lightly patted on her back as if consoling a young child to pacify... What else could she do...

Krishnabai sobbed and lamented for she could not possess the eldest and youngest ones of her three daughters... She vehemently cursed these Hubballi and Dharwad... and she persuasively told Kallopant, 'Enough of these Hubballi and Dharwad... I don't want anything more of these... Let us move out of these immediately...'. The disordered neurotic state of Kallopant also had broken her self confidence... He would speak coherently this moment and the next moment only he would speak incoherently like... 'look Abu mountains are getting spread over by the mist... and Radha Madhav came there for amusement... Gangoo and Nammoo would be meeting there daily...' and so on...

Inevitably, Krishnabai herself took the lead, shifted back to Belagavi and settled there... Now she had only two duties... nurturing her old aged mentally disturbed husband and protecting and retaining the only daughter remaining with her... keeping her within her own eye lids...! But she lost confidence in herself... 'All the while I kept watch on those two also... but still they dropped off and I lost ...'. This thought was bothering her always... She felt diffidence in herself and thought...when the things are so... how can I retain and keep this Tunga in my possession... Therefore she made Tunga discontinue her studies... and kept Tunga within the orbit of her sight in the house... She started to look for suitable groom for this nineteen year old daughter... When they first came to Belagavi and settled at Shahapur, there was a family with surname Kalaghatagi as their neighbor. A boy of that family came of age, and was working as a medical representative... Tunga was shown to him by a matchmaking agent. As Tunga studied science, the groom readily agreed to marry her... But his grandmother somehow through her companions traced Tuga's lineage of feminine breed and objected to her selection as bride for her grandson... She told, 'Don't go in for this bride... She is a girl of feminine breeding family'. The boy asked, 'Hey ajjee... what do you mean by feminine breeding family...?' His grandmother explained, 'That means... since four generations in her mother's lineage... her mother, her grandmother and

her great grandmother... all bore only female progeny... they never gave birth to a male child...'. The boy studied life science in his BSc course... He laughed and told his grandmother, 'Hey ajjee... sex of the child is not dependent on the field... that is, it is not dependent on the mother... It is dependent on the seed... that is, the father... What you are telling is absolutely unscientific and false... '.

'Pooh... you are a disgraced one... you are doing as if you never saw a girl...! He comes to tell me a story... area and seed and all like that... not depending on area and depending on seed...! Don't try to open this epic of your science before me...! If you have decided to marry that girl, go and marry her... But don't come to argue with me quoting all illusory matters like that science and all that stuff...' the grand mother scolded the boy... And that boy was also an adamant, it appears... He was proud of his science education... He neglected the advice of his grandmother and married Tunga... After the marriage of Tunga, Krishnabai went with Kallopant to Kalliguddi and settled there. She had the intention of retaining whatever lands they had still in their possession...

There in Belagavi as Tunga set up her family with that medical representative Ksheerasagara as her husband...

It was... the twentififth day of December.

And that... the Christian friends of Ksheerasagara, living in the camp area of Belagavi, took Ksheerasagara with them for Christmas party, and there they made him drink that blood red wine...

And that night... while Ksheerasagara was sleeping with his wife, he belched... 'dharr...!', and the sour smell of the wine he drank crept out and encroached into Tunga's nostrils... Tunga contorting her face chided her husband... 'Hum...! came drunk... no?'

Ksheersagara denyingly told... 'No... no... What drink...? Hey... no... I drank that mineral water only...!'

'Tell your lies to some immature girl... It will not do with me...', telling so, pretending anger, she rolled on the bed and slept with her back towards Ksheerasagara... Ksheerasagara felt her anger very charming and beautiful... pulling he turned her around towards him and hugged her tightly... Tunga wriggled to get relieved from his hold and told, 'leave me... please leave me...'. He didn't hold her to relieve... She pleaded persuasively... 'Please... not today... cchu.. cchu.. cchu.. leave me... let us not... not today...'. Ksheerasagara persisted and he had it... Tunga afterwards sat on the bed... wiped her sweat... visited bathroom, went to kitchen, drank water, and came back to the bed and slept...

And then... what day it was not known... but the time was... the interface between day and night or night and day, the dusk... That time Tunga took a brass pot, opened the door and walked towards the river to fetch water... Walking slowly towards the river... she looked ahead... there at the far end of the zenith was a brightly burning red sun... She felt... Aha...! How beautiful this sun is...! Often raising her head and seeing the sun frequently... she walked towards the river... It appeared that the sun was also advancing towards her... As that sun came nearer and nearer... what a surprise...! He was not the sun... limbs appeared to his figure... And as he came still nearer... on his face one could make out small eyes nose ears and mouth... and mustaches beneath the nose...! Haam... who he may be...? In mythologies... I heard... a demon called Indra came to seduce a woman called Ahalya... Still they call him a deity... But I think he must be a demon only... And this one... is he such a demonic person only...? Oh my mother...! What should I do now...! Tunga felt frightened and turned back and started to run towards the house... But look... he is coming towards her from ahead...! She turned to east... west... north... and south... she turned like a spinning top to all the directions... and that demon too appeared before her... She made up her mind and bravely walked towards the river... and now as he came before her... nearer and nearer... Tunga could see his broad ears as big as a winnowing pans... and mouth as wide as the doors of Mysore palace and canines extending beyond the mouth like the tusks... now... haa... she could see his eyes as red as bleeding wounds...

He took a single step to stand before her... like a toddy palm tree... standing before her like a toddy palm tree, he laughed... 'Hahhaa... hahhahhaaa...' like a demon *Keechaka*. Tunga shuddered with fear and urinated involuntarily as she stood there before him...

Then that demonic figure said, 'Don't get frightened, you lass...' a loud assurance came as if from the sky... Tunga raising her head, asked with folded hands...

'Appa... who are you, arriving here before me... Gandhrva or Yaksha or Kimpurusha...? Appa please tell me clearly who you are...'

'Hear me... you lass... my name is Anukasura... Let you be convinced that I am Anukasura... '.

'Appa...'

'Anukasura... Anukasu...'

'Haam haam... lord Anukasura... I have heard of Bakasura, Kakasura, Shankhasura, Kaunsasura, Chanura, Bhasmasura and many others... I have heard of hundreds of demons and their stories... But I never heard a name like this Anukasura...'

'Haam...'

`You... frightening almighty Anukasura... How is that your name is neglected by *Soota Shounakadi* sages of mythologies...? Aren't you that famous asura to be referred by those sages...?'

`Hey lass...' thundered Anukasura... 'If ever you try to ridicule me, you would be facing severe consequences... I am not a demon of olden days that are easily destroyed by gods, men, or by yakshas and gndharvas cheaply... as you have modern art, modern music, modern man... I am a modern demon... those old sages like Soota and Shounaka can not gauge my depth, power and greatness... I am all beyond their comprehension...'.

`Appa Anukasura... I am, after all, a foolish girl... I might have committed this mistake unknowingly... please pardon me...'

`Haam ham... I have pardoned you...'.

`Appa... you greatest among the demons... you Anukasura... I am all convinced of your name and fame... But I have not understood why you appeared here before me... Please tell me the purpose of your arrival here...'.

`Oh you lass...! listen to me to know that... I desired to take birth in this wide and long India and establish my reign... For that I decided to take birth through your womb...' when Anukasura told so, Tunga was frightened and started to run denying his request... Whichever direction she ran there appeared Anukasura before her... Tunga after running for long, she was tired, and she collapsed and fell immobile... The toddy palm like Anukasura stood before her and now he began to shrink... he shrank to the size of six feet... then to three feet... he shrank further to be measured in terms of inches... six inches... two inches... then he shrank further to the dimensions to be measured in centimeters... and ultimately in millimeters...! Shrinking continuously... he took the dimension of an atom... then bouncing like a ball he entered into the womb of Tunga...!

Tunga woke up making a loud cry and sat up suddenly... Ksheerasagara awakened by her loud cry, and asked, 'Why... what happened...?' Tunga sweated profusely and her clothes were all wet... Ksheerasagara sat by her side and consolingly asked... 'what happened...? Did you see any night mare...?' Tunga without telling a single word, hugged him suddenly and putting her face in his bosom, she wept and wept for long... Ksheerasagara lightly caressed her back and patted her to console and pacify...

And then... Tunga conceived... she bit sour raw mangoes... ate earthen pieces... vomited due to morning sickness... and desired to eat strange foods... She, swallowing sips of the tonics that her husband Ksheerasagara gave from the samples, supplied to give to the doctors... And Ksheerasagara took her to a famous hospital and registered her name and she underwent

periodical tests... The hospital people said everything was normal... Her *simanta festival*, ceremony to celebrate the pregnancy and to give her fruits and sari, was performed in the seventh month of her pregnancy, in her in law's house... and she was eagerly aspiring to go to her mother's house... Then all of a sudden, untimely labor pains appeared in Tunga, and she was quickly taken to the hospital... She suffered from the labor pain for about two hours and then gave birth to a male child...! But, the child was as small as a rat...! It was about six inches in length... hairs all over the body, like fur... and head as big as a sweet lime fruit... with small nose and ears... there was a mini mouth and closed miniature eyes... The doctor who conducted the delivery of Tunga told not to show the child to Tunga and arranged to keep the baby in an incubator... Cotton bed... and synthetic food supplied through fine plastic tubes... Ksheerasagara told Tunga convincingly, 'It is male child... Congrats... you have beaten our ajji's theory...! Kudos to you...! But the constellation of stars, the *jois* framing the horoscope of the child says, is not congenial for you to see the child till it would be of two months old... And moreover, the child is to be kept in incubator for two months... and you will see it only after two months...'. Tunga had all the anxiety to see her child... But as her husband and mother-in-law advised against it, she agreed not to see the child for the next two months...

The information that Tunga gave birth to a male child in the seventh month of her pregnancy was conveyed to Kalliguddi... Krishnabai in her anxiety only felt extremely happy... She wandered throughout the village distributing sugar to each one in the village, announcing, our Tunga gave birth to a male child! After that within two days, she purchased dry coconut, dry dates, gum and other items... and frying them all in pure ghee, she prepared *laddus*... She also prepared *Alavi laddus*, *keradaki*, *pathyeda karku*, and she readied many other stuff that are essential for the women during their maternity period... Then she went to Ramadurga and bought golden *ududara* of two *tolas* and silver anklets, *gilaganchi* to play, for her grandson. Taking all these, Kallopant and Krishnabai rushed to Belagavi... They first went to their daughter's house, kept all the things they had brought for their daughter and grandson in the house, and longing to see their daughter and grandson, they hurriedly came to the hospital...

Tunga was very happy to see her parents... She was all smiles... Kallopant sat in a chair and Krishnabai sat on the bed of her daughter, fondly caressing and patting her head and shoulders... She enquired her health... Then she asked, 'Hoom... how is our grandson...? Where is he...? Let us see him first...'. Tunga told, 'The *jois* told that the constellation of stars is not congenial for me... Therefore, he advised me not to see him for two months... And also, as it is premature delivery, his development is not complete... and he is kept in an incubator... I haven't seen him... you can see him... He is sleeping there in that incubator...', telling so Tunga indicated towards the corner of the room, where a square box, with a few red and green lights blinking, was placed. Krishnabai and Kallopant went near that machine, saw it all around. Electric wires and delicate tubes were connected to it... They wondered thinking... may be it is a new kind of cradle...! Tunga sent word to the doctor through the nurse... After ten minutes the doctor came. He first warned Tunga, 'look... you shouldn't ask to open the incubator often... That may cause

infection to the child, and may lead to complications... Then it would be very difficult to manage...'. And then he asked, 'Hoom... who is to see the child...? Come here...'.

Kallopant and Krishnabai went eagerly near the incubator... The doctor opened it slightly, just to have a peep at the child... It was a short one... of the length between tips of extended little finger and thumb of the palm... folded his limbs...and closed fist... and there... there between the thighs... the small scrotum of the size of a small areca nut and a miniature penis...! Krishnabai observed all with rhapsody whereas the intent observation of the child induced a nauseating disgust in Kallopant... This nauseating feeling in Kallopant became gradually more and more intense and unbearable, and he ultimately screamed loudly... 'Haaa... this is... this is *anuka*...!' Hearing the word that Kallopant had uttered screaming... Tunga all of a sudden was frightened and shocked... Then she also screamed loudly, and suddenly fell down from the cot, collapsing... Krishnabai overcome by terror, left her grandson there only, and rushed towards Tunga shouting 'what... what happened *bala*...!'. Kallopant also, came out of his emotion, and rushed towards Tunga... The nurse lifted Tunga from the floor and laid her on the cot, shouting 'Doctor... doctor...!', in anxiety. The doctor hurriedly closed the incubator and rushed towards Tunga and holding her hand assessed her pulse... Feelings of a deep shock and surprise appeared on his face... Instructing the nurse, 'sister... hurry up... quickly give her a prick of coramine... the pulse are very feeble', he assessed the heart beat with sthethascope...'. Nurse Mary ran and quickly came back with loaded syringe... She pricked its needle of the syringe and tried to push its piston... No... It resisted to move... Mary shouted with shock... 'Doctor...! Doctor...!' The doctor nodded to her and he started to press vigorously and strike with force with his closed fist, on the chest of Tunga... Krishnabai told screaming, 'Ayyo... doctor... it would pain my daughter...'. By the pressure on her chest, milk oozed from her breast and her blouse became wet... Nurse Mary screwed her face in pain... The doctor persistently pressed and hit the chest of Tunga... But it all went in vain... and then he went out of the ward with his pale face and drooped head, without uttering a single word... Mary stood immobile like a pillar... Krishnabai pulling the *seragu*, the end part of the sari of Tunga, was trying to cover Tunga's wet blouse, intently looking at Mary... Oh...! That vision of Krishnabai was so dead... and devoid of any emotion...! Mary became alarmed and ran out screaming 'doctor... doctor...'.

Now in that ward the ones that remained were... Krishnabai, the last link of that feminine breeding lineage, the mentally disturbed Kallopant... and another... that kept in the incubator... Anuka...!

These only...!