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- Editor

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TRIPLE STREAM:

THE VANISHING ART OF LETTER WRITING

*I.V.Chalapati Rao **

Editor

We lament the loss of many good things and positive features of the by-gone times. The demise of the written letter is one of them. Hand written letter has a personal touch and offers emotional satisfaction to the sender and the receiver. It is an intimate communication between two people. We cannot but recognize its sentimental aspects. The time spent by the writer in penning it, after carefully thinking about the matter and the language and going to the nearest post box to mail it before the clearance time and adding post script when some important point is forgotten - all these activities show concern and care. What is on the recipient experiences! In fact, people used to eagerly look for the arrival of the postman and ask him, 'Is there no letter for me?' Such was the expected pleasure!

Those days are gone. Internet browsing, e-mail and calculators have driven out the habit of reading books, writing letters and simple arithmetic. Electronic revolution has rung the death knell of the written word and the art of slow and heart-felt communication. With the arrival of the mobile phones even e-mails have become less frequent. This is the age of pre-fabricated greetings, expedient electronic mailers, social net-working websites, SMS, chatting on the net, twittering, etc., soul-less mechanization of life!

The hand-written letter was gradual in

its approach with enquiries about health, conveying welfare, weather and family particulars and then coming to the main point and more important things. Now it is instant communication without emotion, sentiment and feelings. It is mechanical and soul-less. We are increasingly isolating ourselves in this digital world. We are in a hurry.

Letter writing is a skill. Its practice will improve vocabulary and presentation skills. Letter writing is an art form which promoted social intercourse and helped people to make friends. Pen pals were common in those days. Lovers used to pour their hearts out to their sweet - hearts. Those were really exciting times when postmen were looked upon as important persons. According to our scriptures Rukmini Devi wrote a letter asking Sri Krishna to carry her away from her home and marry her because her father and her brother were unwilling to give her to Sri Krishna. She sent the letter through a trusted messenger and eagerly waited for the reply. Letters were carefully preserved like treasure trove. There is a custom, "lovers should return their letters when they quarrel". Today you don't have such courtesies and civilized practices. The disappointed young man throws acid on the girl! There is no courtship and wooing between the couples through letter writing expressing fine sentiments and poetic feelings. These are the days of instant advances and immediate marriages. These hastily contracted

weddings do not last beyond the celebration of the first hundred days.

Practice of letter writing improves one's standard of English and handwriting. Legible and beautiful handwriting looks better than any cold printed letters. There are famous letter writers whose frequent letters were a source of knowledge, wisdom and culture to their children. For example, G.K.Chisterton's letters to his son who was a student studying in the hostel are famous all over the world. Lucas, Belloc and many others enlightened the world through their letters. Jawaharlal Nehru's letters to his daughter Indira Gandhi, when the former was in the jail are useful to our own students as a source of general knowledge and history.

Herace Walpale and Oliver Goldsmith also used the technique of letters in their books.

Anjali Joseph's first novel *Saraswathy Park* is the story of a letter writer, who sits outside the General Post Office in Bombay and dreams of a life. There was an interesting novel under the title *The Postman Never Rings Twice*.

In England there was the practice of writing novels through letters of the main characters. Such novels were called Epistolary Novels (novels through epistles or letters). In 18th century Richardson wrote his famous epistolary novel *PAMELA or Virtue Rewarded* in which Pamela writes letters

about her virtuous life. As a parody Fielding wrote his own novel *Joseph Andrews* in which Joseph writes letters about his own virtuous life in satire! Similarly Rabindranath Tagore wrote a novel in which the story is narrated through letters of the main characters. Thus even novels can be written through letters. These are only examples of such novels which exist in literature.

Once Ramsay Macdonald wanted to see Gandhiji. At the same time a postman came walking from a long distance to see Gandhiji. Mr. Winston was with Gandhiji. He was asked whether he would first see Mr.Ramsay Macdonald or the postman. Gandhiji smilingly said that he would first see 'the man of letters' (the postman). Gandhiji was known for letter writing.

Students should be given training in different types of letters, private, business, official, etc. In administration demi-official letters are very important for the executives. Drafting is a special skill in which every word is to be weighed and measured for clarity, brevity and vigour of the view point. There are books written by specialists on official correspondence and executive communications. Letters not only inform but inspire and motivate people. Through Computers/Internet you cannot give human touch and personal flavour to ideas. Let us give training to our children/grand children in the art of letter writing.

“Good conversation is a declining art. It is one of the few untaxed amusements left for the civilized society.”

- I.V. Chalapati Rao
Editor

GENERIC IMPACT ON TRANSLATION ACTIVITY: A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF TRANSLATING EXPERIENCE OF 'SCIENCE POETRY' AND SHORT STORY

*Ch.A.Rajendra Prasad **

**"Poetry is what is lost in translation."-
Robert Frost (as quoted in Dudek: 2003)**

Perhaps it is not always necessarily so. Hence, while sensing some possible reasons, for the above categorical apprehension, like, no two languages being equivalent in the matters of lexical and grammar categories and the differences in the cultural ambiances of any two languages, this paper attempts to disprove the pessimistic view of Robert Frost, of course with due reverence for the poet-critic.

However, keeping in view the focus of the paper-- *Generic Differences and Its Impact on Translation Activity* --it begins with the probing of the 'what' and the 'how' of translation activity. In fact these fundamental issues have always been matters of great debate and discussion. In continuation of the same spirit, the present article explores the shaping, the monitoring and, at times, the limiting role of the genre in translation activity with reference to translating 'Science Poetry' and Short Story in Telugu into English.

At this juncture, it is necessary to acknowledge the special situation/difficulty prevailed in the translation of literature, in

general, and poetry in particular: "In the case of literature, and poetry in particular, translation becomes even more difficult due to the importance of sound. Sound, and the specific meaning attached to the sound itself, is almost impossible to translate, but carries the "music" of the poem. All this led Schopenhauer to look more closely at the analogy of poetry and music, expressing his conviction that 'Poems cannot be translated; they can only be transposed and that is always awkward'" (Dudek, 2003). Taking cognizance of the expressed difficulty of translatability of sound and music of the SLT (Source Language Text) to the TLT (Target Language Text), this article also attempts to validate the possibility of transference of 'sense' / meaning along with the creation of the sound / music effect on the possible lines, in the sense, observation of rhyming and alliteration of its own in the translated version.

Before embarking upon exploration of the issues in question it may be recalled that translation, not with standing generic differences, is never a mechanical transfer of meaning from source language to target language. Whatever be the genre of the text in SL, when it is translated into a particular TL, there have always been attempts on the part of the translator to be conscious of the cultural and linguistic backdrop of the text in SL. Accordingly, a translator most of the times

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is found negotiating and mediating to do his constructions rather reconstructions in a particular TL. Hence, it is not difficult to recognize the overarching influence of the 'what' and the 'how' of the SL text on the translation activity.

Understandably the translation activity pertinent to creative writings in genres like Short Story and Poetry do demand translator's informed awareness about the generic features concerned and the ability to carry out the same into the TL text obliquely referred to by Nida (as quoted by Ernst-August Gutt) while explaining his theory of equivalence focusing on the differences between "Formal Equivalence" and "Dynamic Equivalence:"

"Formal equivalence focuses attention on the message itself, in both form and content. In such a translation one is concerned with such correspondences as poetry to poetry, sentence to sentence, and concept to concept. Viewed from this formal orientation, one is concerned that the message in the receptor language should match as closely as possible the different elements in the source language. This means, for example, that the message in the receptor culture is constantly compared with the message in the source culture to determine standards of accuracy and correctness. The type of translation which most completely typifies this structural equivalence might be called a 'gloss translation,' in which the translator attempts to reproduce as literally and meaningfully as possible the form and content of the original." (Gutt: 1990).

Hence a translator's output in TL

should read like a short story or a poem, as the case is. In other words, with a view to ensuring the necessary ambience in the output in TL--be it poetic or be it of short story-- a translator must reasonably be grounded, if not well-versed, in understanding the 'what' and the 'how' of the SL text or at least must have developed an intuition about the mechanics and the making of a poem or a short story. These critical insights into the creative activity of SL text on the part of the translator will help him/her to safeguard and carryover the necessary creative flavor: "Skill in literary translation depends not just on a good knowledge of both the source and the target languages. It is essentially a creative endeavor, calling for literary sensitivity and cultural awareness."

Against this backdrop, in the first place, a quick reviewing of the features that ensure the necessary aesthetic ambience related to the genres that are under discussion is warranted. As it is conventionally believed / followed, poetry in all literatures aesthetically functions through the language features like rhyme and rhythm, and also through alliteration and pun, and also word-pictures (imagery). Coming to Short Story, keeping in view the historicity of its origin, it can be understood that it essentially glories in the use of language, particularly different from Poetry, in a day-to-day's way of use of language, yet not in a prosaic way. In addition to this, some of the above-mentioned language features are always in use in Short Story also.

But the crux of the issue that should get our attention is the acknowledgement of the fact that these features are culture specific to a large extent. In view of this situation, it

may be reiterated that while translating a poetic text from a source language to a target language the use of language is always problematic. Hence this article while dealing with the generic matters and its impact on the translation activity takes into consideration this issue also.

The Genre Shaping and Monitoring Features of the Translation Activity with Reference to 'Science Poetry' in Telugu (SL) to English (TL):

As has been stated already, a poem after being translated should still read and sound like a poem, and should still be evocative/thought-provoking, and of course still be precise and sweet. Science Poetry while retaining these features understandably deals with science thematic component. Further 'science poetry' being poetry in the first place naturally blends aesthetics with scientific facts. In a similar vein, the other generic features like rhyme, alliteration, word-pictures and pun do play monitoring role.

Against this backdrop, once retrospectively viewed, it is discernable for me that my translation of 'Science Poetry' in Telugu into English confronted with the monitoring presence of the above-said generic features in the SL text. In the same breath, it may be added that it is also realized that there are certain generic features specific to poetry in SL. Hence they remained irreconcilable in the translated version.

1. Textual Instances of Genre Shaping and Monitoring Translation Activity: 1. Influence of Generic Features of Poetry like Rhyme, Alliteration, Pun and

Word Pictures (Images) and Refrains of SL text on TL text:

Example-A

Ozo Path (from *Cosmos in Logos*: 2010)

When eye-sight went naked
When sweetness failed
What was gained?

In the tear-cement mixed
Callous City
The urine drops of machine fell on the road
Breaking into rainbows
Many lives live in without harmony
A warring environment
Inflation of mean nature
When life fails to revive up!
Cosmos of
Un-controllable
Flames of stars--
The conscience of
Endless
Un-cultures forces.
Filtered in the center of
Whirlwinds
In the tissue of mind cells

Oh able-bodied persons!
Protect Ozone layer!

Analysis:

As can be seen above, in the translation of the first stanza of the poem entitled, *The 'Ozo' Path*, all the three lines of the first stanza were made to end with the sound particle / suffix, 'ed'. In a similar way, there is alliteration of the word, "when". More

importantly the key-words, like, "naked", "sweetness", are chosen with a view to being images suggestive of word-pictures like in the case of the text in SL.

The pun in the title, *The 'Ozo' Path*, is centered on the word, "ozo" in the SL text. It is a derivation from the scientific word, Ozone, and it is also a phonetic representation of the word "ozo" in Telugu (in turn, the word is a borrowed one from Sanskrit which has remained as a great contributor to many modern Indian languages) which means 'right'. Hence the title obviously carries the pun with two connotations-being ozone path and being righteous path.

Limitations Experienced by the Author-Translator:

The pun effect in the title--as demonstrated above--can not be carried on into the TL text as the pun is specific to Indian languages.

Example-B

Live in the Present (from *Cosmos in Logos*)

Keeping eyes half-closed
 If past is regurgitated
 Then youthful age has gone by!
 If erotic thoughts of yesteryears revived
 Then youthful age has gone by!
 If ponds are ruffled
 Since they reflect today's looks
 Then age has gone by!
 If mirrors are broken
 Then age has gone by!
 That person's behavior must have changed!

Hereafter unable to do anything
 Unable to say anything new
 If present is considered as a farce
 Then that person's youthful age has gone by!

Analysis:

This example substantially reveals my attempt to carry on with rhyme impact from the SL text to TL text. In the first stanza, the suffix "ed" and the phrase "gone by" are made to be repeated. Similarly, the line-end particles like "ing" and "s" continued to appear. In fact, the phrase, "gone by" appears throughout the translated version of the poem, and thereby, while bringing in aural aesthetic beauty, actually assures artistic unity.

Another example of alliteration and repetition may be cited, like, the words/phrases, "knowledge", "beauty", "who travel". So, the translated version of the poem, while sporting equivalents of the words of the SL text, reflects the translator / author's attempt to infuse aesthetics thereof.

Perhaps, another poetic device that is in force may be focused on. It is found as 'contrasting' or juxtaposition of contrasts. Interestingly, the title of the poem, *Live in the Present* and the vocabulary of the text of the poem in the SL text reveal this element. Hence attempt is made to sustain the same in a substantial way. Example may be cited:

Contrasting (Vocabulary) words or phrases: "gone by" "regurgitated" "travel".

Since contrasting is used in a big way in the SL text, attempt is made to retain the same in the TL text.

As is seen above, it may be reiterated that the aesthetic aspects of the poems in SL have become shaping and monitoring devices for the translator. Accordingly, the author translator tried to retain the original aesthetic features to a large extent.

The Shaping and the Monitoring Features of the Translation Activity with Reference to Short Story in Telugu (SL) to English (TL):

In the first place, a quick overall review of the generic features pertinent to 'style', of short story writing and the 'language' used thereof will be of some help:

In case of short story, choice of vocabulary, idiom and syntax of contemporaneous and matter of fact nature narration naturally dominant. In fact all these devices of the short story some times could be deviant from standard expression with a view to giving a special effect-do matter. Hence the same is given due consideration in translation act.

While being guided by the general generic features of short story writing, it may be reiterated that the translation activity of the short story is monitored by the "formal equivalence" theory advocated by Nida. In addition to these, the author-translator took into consideration linguistic and cultural gaps between the SL and the TL, and had made necessary mediation. However, some gaps remained unbridgeable.

With a view to exemplifying the above, an extract from the beginning of the translated version of the short story, *The Leader*, (Prasad, 2004) is quoted here:

"Yet another letter arrived from Aruna. I felt like tearing it up into pieces and throwing it into dustbin without reading. For some reason, I couldn't do it. I kept it in my pants pocket, and tried to pretend as if nothing happened. But it didn't work. In my fist-sized heart, I was feeling cyclones, tidal waves and tornadoes.

Generally Aruna's letters are short. They contain ten or twenty words. But those ten or twenty words are like weapons spitting fire at me. Sometimes she addresses me as my dear ex-comrade! Other times she begins, "Abhinava Tikkana," who ran away from warfront. And yet other times, she begins her letters like, "send a draft for one thousand rupees to this person", ... "help that person, here is how". Sometimes she throws in a quotation such as, "The person who is involved in a 'movement' dies only once. But a deserter will die hundreds and thousands of times".

Analysis:

In consonance with the generic features of Short story that have been foregrounded, the translated version of the short story attempted to retain the matter-of-fact tone of the narrator-protagonist with appropriate use of lexis. Another dominant feature of the narration of the short story in question is its postmodernist fragmentation in its syntax. Accordingly, similar structural construction in the translated version is maintained.

While being monitored by the above-stated generic aspects of the SLT, the author translator attempted to mediate and bridge gaps of the nature of linguistic and cultural as

detailed below:

The first word of the beginning sentence of the translated version of the short story is "Yet" as seen herein, "Yet another letter arrived from Aruna". This word is in fact is an addition to what would have been a very formal equivalent sentence of the translation: 'Another letter arrived from Aruna'. But the word, "Yet" is added with a view to carrying out the weary note present in the narrator-protagonist's voice of the short story. This is an instance of the judicious mix of formal and dynamic equivalences.

The sentence ends with the word, "Aruna", which is the name of the woman protagonist of the short story. In the SL context, "Aruna" name has revolutionary connotations-- linguistically and culturally in SL context. However, the revolutionary fervor can not be carried out to the TL text in view of the difference in TL linguistic and cultural context. Hence the author-translator assumes this as an instance of 'gap' that remains. Of course, an explanatory footnote might help the TL readers, though to some extent only.

Another instance of unbridgeable gap of cultural and linguistic nature is the use of the phrase, "Abhinava Tikkana". In the TLT, a footnote is appended explaining the infamous one-time runaway warrior and army chief of a Telugu kingdom from the battlefield. However, it is not difficult to gauge its

insufficiency in giving full import of the expression.

Keeping in view the foregoing discussion and analysis, the generic impact on the translation activity may be reiterated **by way of conclusion:**

In both instances of translation activity, i.e., 'Science Poetry' and Short Story, which have been referred to above, the author of the article allowed himself to be monitored by the seminal generic features with a view to not only "carrying across meaning"-which actually is the etymological meaning of the word, translation [2Wikipedia (Online): 2010] but also sustaining the generic features and the corresponding import of the SL text in the TL text. As has been stated already the sustaining of generic features and their impact alone can help literary translation retain its aesthetic beauty.

Notes:

Since 'Science Poetry' as a genre is yet not established in literary and critical canons, the phrase is put in single quotes with a view to highlighting the newness of the genre. However, the author of the article feels that like in the way of Science Fiction, 'Science Poetry' can exist. The rationale for the independent existence of Science fiction can be applied for 'Science Poetry' also, of course with some modifications.

Whatever the mind of man conceives and believes, the mind of man achieves.

- Napoleon Hill, 'The Law of Success'.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Courtesy: Sri Aurobindo's Action-July, 2010

It was a busy morning, about 8:30, when an elderly gentleman in his 80s arrived to have stitches removed from his thumb. He said he was in a hurry as he had an appointment at 9:00.

I took his vital signs and had him take a seat, knowing it would be over an hour before someone would be able to see him. I saw him looking at his watch and decided since I wasn't busy with another patient, I would evaluate his wound. On examining it I saw it was well healed, so I talked to one of the doctors and got the needed supplies to remove his sutures and redress his wound.

While taking care of his wound, I asked him if he had another doctor's appointment this morning, as he was in such a hurry. The gentleman told me no, that he needed to go to the nursing home to eat breakfast with his wife.

I inquired as to her health. He told me that she had been there for a while! As she is a victim of Alzheimer's disease.

As we talked, I asked if she would be upset if he was a bit late. He replied that she no longer knew who he was, that she had not recognized him in five years now.

I was surprised and asked him, 'And you still go every morning, even though she

doesn't know who you are?'

He smiled as he patted my hand and said, 'She doesn't know me but I still know who she is.' I had to hold back tears as he left, I had goose bumps on my arm and thought, 'That is the kind of love I want in my life. True love is neither physical nor romantic'.

True love is an acceptance of all that is, has been, will be, and will not be.

Peace is seeing a sunset and knowing who to thank. The happiest people don't necessarily have the best of everything; they just make the best of everything they have.

I hope you share this with someone you care about, I just did... Life isn't about how to survive the storm but how to dance in the rain.

The road to success is not straight. There is a curve called Failure, a loop called Confusion, speed bumps called Friends, red lights called Enemies, caution lights called Family. You will have flats called Jobs.

But if you have a spare called Determination, an engine called perseverance, insurance called Faith, a driver called Almighty God, you will make it to a place called Success. Pass it on to ten people who, you want to see blessed.

MANIFESTO OF A POLITICIAN

*Vasudeva Murthy.H **

Election notification is on.
Parties in the fray for power
Begin preparations on war footing
To woo the electorate to win power
Either by hook or crook.
Did I say?
To capture power?...No... I am mistaken
To serve the poor.
One manifesto we scan
If it is a yard stick to measure a politician.

Shower of multifold boons
To the electorate.
Free power, free food grains,
Roti, kapda aur makan
For all the needy.
Charming prices for the farmers' outputs,
Oh... what not...how benevolent he is!

Mind... this is the season of elections.

The sheepishly ignorant
Of the majority polity
See god in him.
Selfless is he, service is his motto
His padayatras, his caressings of slum
children,
His tears for the miserably handicapped and
diseased
Make him a hero in their eyes.

He is honest, his friends say.
He is honest and selfless, his relatives say.

He is honest and humble, his followers say.
Hence he should indeed be an honest man.
He pledges just a single rupee salary for
himself.
Oh, how noble he is!

Do you believe he is otherwise?
The other side of him is absolutely black.
Overwhelmingly selfish
Owning acres of fertile lands
Which yield bountiful crops.
Three or four mansion-like houses
For residential purpose.
In a posh locality
Five star hotels in the heart of the city.

He is honest, noble. For he takes one rupee
as his salary!

The unlettered, the unrefined", the innocent
voters
Believe his words. . . sweet coated pills
And bring him to power.
Alas! That is the end of him for the voter.
Even once in a blue moon he is not to be
seen.
Blame him not that he is forgetful of his
promises.
How can we expect him to remember all
such things?
When he is busily engaged otherwise.
If it is otherwise, then how is he a politician?
He will be a real man.

* Poet, Anantapur

FEMINIST PERSPECTIVE IN 'A JEST OF GOD'

*Dr. Soundarya Joseph **

Feminist thought is a major influence on many Canadian women writers of fiction. Women's Liberation Movement motivated Canadian women writers like Margaret Laurence and Alice Munro to dismantle traditional patriarchal culture to liberate women from the chains of domestic slavery and bondage. Thus, the *leitmotif* of Canadian Literature is regarded as the "Survival" *motif*. Furthermore, the women protagonists in the novels of Canadian women writers are engaged in the dialectics of survival. "It is essential for them to redefine the term survival, which is not a mere continuance of life in the same old traditional fashion. It is for them to challenge to better their own personal existence" (Sunaina Singh). In this regard, the feminist perspective of Margaret Laurence is considered the most important among the living Canadian women novelists of today. The most prominent of her works are known as the Manawaka novels. The strength of these novels lies in Laurence's presentation of the psychic-social conflict of the woman protagonists "whose pilgrimage through life is a quest for justice, liberty and equality, projected through the medium of sexual politics and wrestling with their personal demons, striving through self-examination to find meaningful patterns in their lives" (Nancy Bailey).

Considering Laurence's probes into human character, the women characters in

Manawaka fiction are all humanized and individuated women and much in keeping with that of a liberal feminist as it is with one of the unique features of Canadian thought. Whether a Canadian Writer writes about men, women, or animals, he/she has the humility to make his or her complaint more of a plea than a demand. She says, "There really is room for an unlimited number of different points of view" (Graeme Gibson). Therefore, moving to Western criticism, as a stance, there are problems of identity, cohesion among the feminist themselves and with male critics, along with blindness to one's religion, culture and heritage.

In *A Jest of God*, part of Rachel's quandary springs from the condition of her female dominated world, a world that mitigates by its condition, against her growing naturally out of her adolescence, perhaps. That condition traps her as much as the isolation of the shrinking town. The only two male figures that give her a new lease of hope are, 'her grade two student James Doherty towards whom she feels a great maternal affection which strengthens her longing to be a mother herself, and Nick Kazlik through whom she seeks sexual gratification in their short-lived summer romance in Manawaka. Therefore, Rachel's human predicament will be viewed and judged on two levels; firstly, the realization of her physical, sexual and emotional need and secondly, her renewed relationship with her mother. Rachel's desire for sexual love, although it seems central to the novel, is in

* writer, Visakahpatnam

fact another aspect of her desire to reach out, to escape out of herself into another's identity. At this moment of crisis, Nick Kazlik comes into her life as a salvation to provide an outlet for her repressed sexual desires, which would have turned Rachel into a frustrated eccentric spinster on the verge of neurosis. But, Rachel's sexual encounter with Nick turns out to be a short-lived summer romance.

On the night of their first date, Rachel encounters her first sexual experience of which she speaks: "how it would shame [her], to have him know it hurt, at [her] age, with only one possible reason for it-the reason being her first sexual experience." For her, sexual gratification was a language to express herself and a means of liberation however temporary or short-lived it may be. Here, we find that Rachel is trying to boost her low self-esteem by seeking sexual gratification which she deems as the only way to establish her identity as a woman. She is so desperate to establish her self-identity that she ignores the fact that she could get pregnant at her age. She is not concerned about the consequence that may follow after her liaison with Nick. Although Laurence is trying to point out man's irresponsible attitude in the act, she continues to depict Rachel in the above situation to highlight the amount of despair experienced by Rachel in asserting her selfhood against all odds. She says "I'm certain of nothing and yet I'm certain of that. I never knew before" (196). She feels herself caught in a trap, unable to escape without bringing disgrace upon herself.

Furthermore, having belonged to the Scots-Presbyterian descent, Rachel is probably well aware that women were questioned and disgraced for having illegitimate

relationships. Much to Rachel's astonishment, her eventual desire to give birth when her baby turns out to be a tumour, albeit benign, adds to her frustration. Rachel "turns out not pregnant but suffering from a cervical tumour. Death instead of life, gets it?" (Dennis Duffy) In this context, Margaret Atwood's comments are illuminating. She uses the 'tumor' to prop up one of her survival theories, when she says "a malignant one would at least have been growing. (Patricia Morley) Here, Atwood is trying to highlight the futility of Rachel's attempt to become a mother. However, Atwood fails to recognize both the physiological fact that even benign tumor grows and the fictional fact that this tumor brings about Rachel's emotional and spiritual growth.

Rachel's difficulty in resisting internalized class discourses increases her feeling of alienation from members of her own generation. The conflict between Rachel's outward, public conformity to Manawaka's outdated social codes of behaviour, and her own internal discourse of resistance becomes so extreme that it ultimately causes her near mental breakdown, forcing her to struggle to free herself from her mother's 'obsolete class perceptions. Her role as "the mother now" (225) also suggests that she can articulate her different class-based ideologies, and it relegates her mother's discourses of exclusion to a disempowered position.

Furthermore, Rachel is often in two minds, caught between two directions. She has difficulty in moving out of her tight and fearful self because her warring interior voices cannot agree on what to say to the outside world. The small town of Manawaka, in which Rachel lives, also speaks with two voices-

Scots-Canadian and Ukrainian. Hence, the dual ordeal faced by Rachel is marked by the feminine problem of coming to terms with her body, physically, sexually and emotionally on one side, and her reconciliation to her mother on a fresh note in the mother-daughter relationship on the other. In this regard, Rachel Blau Du Plessis' 'Washing Blood', the introduction to a special issue of *Feminist Studies* on the subject of motherhood, describes her own experience in adopting a child, to recount her dreams and nightmares and to meditate upon the "healing unification of body and mind based not only on the lived experiences of motherhood as a social institution [...] but also on a *biological power speaking through us*" (Rachel Blau Du Plessis) (emphasis added). Therefore, when Rachel decides to adopt her own mother as her child and finally declares "I am the mother now" (225), she finds an outlet to vent her

repressed feelings as well as to assert her identity through motherhood which is a unique feature of womanhood and which is deprived to man. It is in this context that, Margaret Laurence's feminist perspective is traced through the novel, in Rachel's voice.

Margaret Laurence shows uncommon courage in making this book to confront social and deep personal stupidities, and fears in the womb of her narrator. Rachel Cameron's story is "a study of anxiety bordering on madness, and of the society that nurtures these fears." Margaret Laurence observes that Rachel's partial victory in *A Jest of God* is due to her beginning to learn the rules of survival. Rachel's victory, however limited it may seem to the reader, is an enormous victory for her for Margaret Laurence herself says "It is a triumph, in a sense, just to survive.

A PENNY....

I. K. Sharma *

"A penny for your thoughts pious. . ."
"Take the penny: here they are!"

"A bamboo tray -
Short slats across - secured - smelling fresh -
Green under gray, freshly cut
Only the country twine is not inviting
But, sure it is the only padding possibly
The passage is a symbol
A chariot of human dignity
For the one that leaves behind

Good, bad: debts and balances
Passion, pass-book, pension and all
The tray is devoutly to be wished for
For far worse the ways could be
Getting burnt in a bomb blast
Or crushed into pulp under a giant wheel
I wonder, what happens to those in prisons?
Welcome I the tray
There'd be four at least to bear
Any other company is optional though
There'd be a few for seven steps at least
Chanting 'RAM NAM SATYA HAI!'"

* Poet, Jaipur.

ODE TO MY DEAR "MARI"

*Dr. A. R. Rao **

Just four months old - Her mother is
Yet - To a regal height of four feet - She
grew,
Dwarfing all her companions around.

One fine morning - Did I notice - To
my surprise,
Her First-born - A green tiny Bud,
All curled in - Like a Human Fetus,
Coming out of her green shrubby
'womb'.

Not even seven days - It was,
That young one Blossomed
Into a Beautiful, Elegant, Attractive Damsel.

On a high pedestal - Like a Queen,
Grand and Majestic - She is,
Overlooking her pigmy comrades
around,
With Love - Kindness - Sympathy.

Wearing green flowing Garments,
Her whole body bedecked with Golden
Ornaments,
Glittering in bright sunshine,
Dancing merrily - To the tune of humming
wind,
Stood - She - With her Head so high,

Alone - She is - To be envied by all,
Waiting perhaps - Eagerly -
Patiently,
For her Golden Companions - To
come and join her

What a Beautiful, Magnificent sight - She
made:
She is my 'GOLDEN MARI',
The First-blossomed flower of the Season,
In my tiny little Garden.

Despite all her Gaity and Beauty,
Alas: - Frightened - Always - She
appears to be,
That jealous hands of some wily
woman
May snatch away her Freedom,
Only to wear her on her tresses.

"Don't you worry - My Dear,
With watchful eyes - I will ever see
That no one touches you-

Sure - I am - You will LIVE
Your FULL LIFE - with your Glory
and Beauty.
My Best Wishes - I offer you - For
a Long LIFE
My DEAR MARIGOLD".

* Chief Health Officer(Retd.), Plot-4,
Midhani Enclave, Kanchan Bagh, Hyderabad.

A SNAPSHOT VIEW OF THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

*Satchidananda Dhar **

Liberal Hindus and followers of some other non-Christian faiths too, accept Jesus Christ as an Incarnation of God. Followers of Jesus look upon him as the 'Son of God'. Jesus himself said- 'I and my Father' are but one. Here, by the term 'Father' he meant God. Sri Ramakrishna, the latest and the greatest of all avatars, has confirmed the godhood of Jesus by his personal experience of a unique spiritual realization. However, non-Christians and even some Christian sects differ in their interpretations of the acts and sermons of Jesus. But in spite of that, his message has a universal value and a general appeal, because he is the 'Son of God' and the 'Son' and the 'Father' are but one.

Christ's message is best summed up and explained in his Sermon on the Mount. Each incarnation comes mainly to fulfil the particular needs of the particular age, people and the place. But there exist in their life and sermons some universal elements which inspire the people of all ages. The Sermon on the Mount by Jesus is one such set of divine utterances which, if followed, can make our life blissful and perfect.

Bliss is the goal of our life. But how to attain that? Jesus said to his disciples: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit. . . Blessed are the meek. . . Blessed are the merciful . . . Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for

they shall be called the children of God. '

Jesus inspired his disciples to maintain an absolutely pure life of renunciation because, spirituality and purity are the only strength of an individual and of a religious order. He said to his followers:

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt has lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? . . . Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.

Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

This sermon of Jesus is most important and should be remembered by the preachers of any spiritual order. First 'be' and then 'make'.

A real avatara comes never to destroy the universal truth that had been realized by his predecessors. Rather he descends to revive and fulfil the forgotten ones. This truth we find in the divine life of Sri Ramakrishna. Regarding this essential characteristic of the Incarnations of God, Jesus said: 'Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy but to fulfil.' This declaration by the 'Son of God', Jesus, has been well demonstrated by Sri Ramakrishna for the whole world of the modern age. Not mere tolerance 'but also the acceptance of all religions have been taught

* Courtesy: Bulletin of the Ramakrishna Mission, Institute of Culture

by Sri Ramakrishna and preached by his disciple Swami Vivekananda to the modern world.

Love for all-friends and enemies, good and the bad-is another teaching of the universal religion. Sri Ramakrishna was 'an ocean of love'- 'Premapathar'. 'He was LOVE personified', said Swami Vivekananda. Jesus also taught his followers to love all. From the Mount he declared, 'But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you. . . .'

Sri Ramakrishna taught not only to love all but also to 'serve' all. So, his chief disciple Swami Vivekananda emphasized the 'service' of all as 'worship of all as God' and 'worship of Jiva and Shiva' has become the spiritual motto of the Ramakrishna Mission.

Jesus, like the sages of the *Upanishads* taught his disciples to make charity in secret and not to boast of their gifts. Said Jesus:

Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do that they may have glory of men. . . . But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

Sri Ramakrishna advised his disciples to practise spiritual disciplines in secret, 'in a corner, in the forest and in the cave of the mind'. We find exactly a similar sermon of Jesus on meditation and prayer. Jesus said, And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as

the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

Jesus also taught his disciples how to pray. His advice on prayer was that it should be 'sincere' and done' in secret'.

Jesus said: 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven'.... 'For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' Lust for gold is a great bar to spiritual progress and the attainment of bliss, for none can love God and gold at the same time. Said Jesus: 'No man can serve two masters; . . . Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.' His advice was to depend on God only because God gives all to one that depends on Him:

Therefore take no thought, saying, what shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Where withal shall we be clothed? for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take

thought for the things of itself.

In *The Gita*, the same thing is said that God Himself takes the burden of a devotee who depends on Him alone.

Be therefore perfect

Perfection and realization of God or Brahman is the goal of our life. God alone is perfect. To be perfect means to become God Himself. The *Upanishads* say-'One who knows Brahman becomes Brahman Itself!':

Jesus, in his Sermon on the Mount inspired his disciples to attain this perfection which is the highest goal of human life. He said: Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.'

The Sermon on the Mount is the quintessence of all spiritual scriptures as it inspires us to become pure and perfect through renunciation and love. Swami Vivekananda said, "Any man who truly realized the truth of the Sermon on the Mount would be perfect, and become a God immediately."

SAND

*Dr. R. R. Menon **

Dry, bone-dry silence.
Even the usually howling wind has
settled down to a quiescence
for a few moments. Whether tree
or plant or shrub, it joins this eerie,
soundless world of the graveyard
diet of quietude. A free mixture
of beauty, solitude and rapture,
mothering a million groans
in its hard, white belly.

Here neither laughter nor wails
evoke a response... Like a wall
the echoes rebound creating
a transient world of sound. doomed
to death. Time, like a python, inters

everything in its entrails.
What pulsates is the ultimate unconcern,
the courage of despair, the screw's last turn.

Sand is the end-winner,
like money, like death, lying low,
surpassing all, unwilling to allow
anything to grow even smaller.
The sparse growth here and there
might fancy for a moment, being tall
and mighty, till the winds do tear
sand across the face to subdue
it to desert- white, its erstwhile hue.
Sand separates land and water,
and is at home with either,
but lives its own life, like a daughter.
Sand might seem silly or bland,
but can build up pressure within, and
force wind to transform into sand-storms
that could eerily defy all norms.

* Poet, IAS, Chief Secretary,
Bangalore(Retd.)

JINGLES AND WHISPERS

*Dr. V.V.B. Rama Rao **

"Stain it may stem, but how about the rank
stink?"
Whispered the maiden to her next on the
seat.
"Hate I to sit by her side, what use is a rag?
Shameless, some sure are, doubtless!"
Knit-brows said to the lounge buck.
Business and profiteering reached the
zenith-
Came right up to Eve's private parts.
"Thank god I'm with you in the class,
Born under a makeshift tarpaulin roof,
Living in a slum where water is rare,
How can I afford priced hygiene
accessories?"

Whines she, lamenting into a friendly ear.
"I have just three saris worth the wear,
My daughter whispers to me - 'Whisper'
The mill-owner gives my little mother a
stipend
Even a rag is hard to come by,
Cursed are the likes of us all along,"
Moaned the housewife.
"The memsaab's tee vee puts dreams in her
head
I'd seek some rags from mistress's linen
cupboard,'
Says the decrepit granny, part-time ayah,
Narrowing her gray-lashed eye, sighing.
Jingles all the way
Whispers and sighs all around.

* Creative Writer & Translator, Delhi

THE SUN AND THE MOON AND THE STARS

Original Hindi Poem by Shambhu Badal

*Translated by Rajesh Kumar **

Early morning
The sun
Imprisoned
The stars
The moon
In the alcove of radiance.

When the evening terminated
The stars
The moon
Broke open the doors
To breathe in liberty
And captured the sun
To put him away
In the room
Of darkness
And moonbeams.

* Suraj Ghar, Jabra Road,
Korna, Hazari Bagh (Jharkhand).

"NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN HISTORY AND INDIVIDUAL SELF: THROUGH THE EYES OF NIRAD CHAUDHURI, NAIPAUL AND COETZEE."

*Dr. Ravindra nath **

This essay examines the tussle between objectivity and subjectivity in the autobiographical works Nirad Chaudhuri and selected works of Coetzee and Naipaul. Can an Individual who is at the mercy of History escape its jaws through Reason or critical temperament refusing to bow before its supposedly immutable laws?

Autobiography is a literary form that describes the fashioning of an authorial or individual self in a specific national historical milieu influenced to an extent by the global economy. In the specific milieu, factors such as family, occupation, caste, religion, race, gender etc., exert their influence on the individuality of the autobiographer.

There are many affinities as well as differences between autobiography and history. The former focuses on the life story of an individual self while the latter dwells on the life story of a nation. Both are complementary. Autobiography can be a source of history and at times even history proper. History as well as autobiography is "selective" in relation to facts or experiences.

Although the selection of facts is unavoidable in all autobiography, it may affect

objectivity due to inseparable influence of the past and the present selves. "The present self does not simply view, as a passive spectator, the processes by which one has become oneself" (Forguson 145).

Another problem in attaining autobiographical objectivity is the personal stake in story-telling. Forgunson writes that the autobiographer's subjective/emotional involvement in the past may distort his judgement during reconstruction unlike that of a biographer who may be more objective (146-147).

Still another problem is the lack of scope for independent assessment with regard to autobiographer's memory. Memory is a means to reveal the past (Shapiro 428). The autobiographer can use his memory to generate and to guide the search for relevant facts, including documents to be studied, people to be interviewed and to filling in gaps in his story. As long as an autobiographer relies on documents, his body of historical data is as objective as any historian's (Forguson 149). He can also use his memory to "test" documentary sources unlike a biographer, thus providing him with an additional, if not always reliable method of verification (Forguson 142).

Though the element of objectivity is "ideal" in history and autobiography, one must

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also see the presence of subjectivity. In truth every man is a subject to himself and as part of a society is seen and treated as an object of study by others. The recognition of the inevitable element of subjectivity does not undermine the importance of history. It gives life and meaning to history and promotes critical temperament.

Chaudhuri's Notion of the Objective Method of History : Chaudhuri relies on memory and reveals the historical process of the birth of a nation through his autobiographical works. He maintains that he has arrived at his ideas after much reflection and laborious enquiry. In order to counter the plausible allegations regarding his clinical objectivity, he says that he too has experienced emotions at times during the freedom struggle, which rose and fell in a cyclical pattern. He also states that he has adopted an objective attitude towards the freedom struggle in particular and the increasing barbarisation of Indian civilization in general. He writes that the objective method comes to the writing of history when all the facts are discovered and the presentation remains. The objective method is a map to avoid "dangerous shoals and rocks" to navigate through the currents of history (1951, 352).

Chaudhuri calls the objective method as "the dogma of impartiality" (1951, 352) and this method "does not conceive of judging to be true vocation of history, from grounds moral as well as historical" (1951, 353). He quotes Lord Acton to elaborate the method of objectivity as follows, "History to be above evasion or dispute must stand on documents not on opinions" (1951, 353). Chaudhuri writes that the historian must state facts in a

detached manner withholding his opinions and his ethical judgement. His position is that of "a spectator who stands on a balcony and watches a crowded street under him" (1951, 353).

Chaudhuri also thinks that it would be absurd to measure the former usefulness of institutions which have evolved from certain conditions with notions of their present defects. He cites examples of the caste system, position of women in India and the French Revolution. He advocates investigation of conditions of origin, evidence of contemporary men, no judgement, and comparative estimate of women in others' books and in our own books.

How far is Chaudhuri from Objectivity?

If one reads *The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian* or *Thy Hand, Great Anarch!* for the sake of the comprehensive or near comprehensive account of the freedom struggle, one is left dissatisfied. If one compares Sumit Sarkar's *Modern India 1885-1947* or *India's Struggle for Independence* by Bipan Chandra and any other such texts, one is forced to admit the yawning gap between Chaudhuri's description and professional historians' account or the autobiographical narrative of freedom struggle by Nehru and Rajendra Prasad. This comparison is entirely justifiable as Chaudhuri wanted his work to be treated as history. If he merely wanted to pen a literary account of his self, he would not have dealt with the theme of freedom movement on such a scale and commented about national leaders in a direct fashion. In fact he reinterprets history of our freedom struggle to justify his own intellectual evolution. Of course, Chaudhuri has not had the benefit

of enormous research gone into the freedom movement and innumerable facts unearthed at the time when he wrote *The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian* in 1951. But the sequel to it *Thy Hand, Great Anarch!* came out in 1987. Chaudhuri in Oxford had closed his mind to this new research and stuck to his earlier formulations. It is doubtful whether Chaudhuri is aware of historical works of Percival Spear, Bipan Chandra, Sumit Sarkar et.al.

His *The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian* hardly mentions the role of the labouring classes. Chaudhuri's view point ignores the interests of the working classes, peasants, tribals or women and other marginalised groups. In his *Thy Hand, Great Anarch!* Chaudhuri merely offers a sketch of the revolutionary movement. He thinks that the revolutionary movement expressed insane vengeance and the entrance of the women in the movement was sinister. He sees "great courage" in the Deputy Magistrate of Chittagong during the Chittagong uprising but in the Bengali revolutionary movement merely a sickness sans capacity for action (Chaudhuri 1987, 292). His antipathy to communism is clear when he says that "it arises in individuals from egotism denatured beyond reason by envy and hatred and in its collective application it destroys liberty" (Chaudhuri 1987, xxii).

Chaudhuri calls his approach to history intellectual in contrast to the psychological approach taken by Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Tagore and Gandhi (1967, 18). He refers to nine tenths of Indians as "frozen masses" (1971, 26; 1967,27; 1965, 133). This intellectual creed led to erecting "a barrier of intellectual isolation which was to become

more and more impenetrable with years" (1951, 361). At the end of his *The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian*, he writes that his conception of Indian history was no longer "purely external" (479). He says that all along he had been in sympathy with the entire process and he could not be accused of non-committal thinking.

When we look-at Naipaul's critical reaction to India in his *Area of Darkness*, the result seems to be a little different. He sees India fond of its ruins or past, the land of quietism, "the largest slum" and an area of defecators. It appears like a sanitary inspector's report that condemns more and understands less about poverty of India. In his tryst with India, Naipaul gets annoyed, dejected, intimidated and pronounces India as guilty of poverty. Indian history is seen as fragmented, adaptation of the alien civilization and bereft of self-criticism. It cherishes tradition, myth and ruins rather than reason.

Naipaul's reaction is understandable in view of his position as an outsider who has been in a love- hate relationship with India. But Nirad C. Chaudhuri's critical reaction has been the outcome of a Herculean intellectual effort. He has paid the price of life-time labour to achieve objectivity and final escape from the Continent of Circe. Naipaul has also put in the same effort to understand India's heart. He finds Indian civilization as wounded whereas Chaudhuri wounds fellow Indians and himself through his criticism and to remain unsentimental. Naipaul engages with India periodically and compulsively whereas Chaudhuri left India that appeared to him irredeemable and to save at least his own soul. Naipaul has somewhat moved away from his

former attitude towards India and writes in reference to million little mutinies against layers and layers of distress and cruelty. He writes "India was set on the way of a new kind of intellectual life; it has given new ideas about its history and organisation. The freedom movement reflected all of this and turned out to be the truest kind of liberation" (1998, 518).

Coetzee's novels, *The Life and Times of Michael K*, *Youth* and *Disgrace* portray the anguish of a sensitive individual caught in the web of turbulent history. They also show an individual's struggle to understand his predicament when swayed by overwhelming currents of history. The tension between impersonal history and individual experience goes on forcing the subject to become aware of his consciousness.

In the novel mentioned first, Michael K, a semi-literate African battles against the octopus of history to survive through his ingenious mind. He refuses to act as a partisan in a century that coerced individuals to choose between the systemic violence and the liberation of struggle. In order to save his skin, Michael lives like a Robinson Crusoe on a deserted farm. Both the forces of Establishment and Opposition treat him as a pawn in the game of their power. But the modern Crusoe seeks refuge in loneliness, "lunacy" and final escape from prison to get out of the vicious circle of historical conflict. In the novel, the educated voice of the narrator sympathizes with the plight of the commoner hero and appreciates the latter's ingenuity in slipping through the deadly embrace of history. The doctor, like a typical middle-class individual is a reluctant accomplice as well as an adversary of the Establishment.

The novel, *Youth*, unfolds the growth of a hero who tries to get away from tradition and tumultuous politics of South Africa into the safe haven of London. But the latter is also not immune to history. He struggles to find his individuality in literary, political and sexual aspects. He suffers from bouts of inescapable ennui, typical of the middle class people who don't have to fight as ferociously as the privileged or the wretched for their place in the society. London cures him of romanticism by teaching the hard fact of wage slavery. The journey from adolescence to manhood is fraught with many trials, tribulations and compromises.

The protagonist of the novel, *Disgrace*, is a professor in a technical institute. He suffers from alienation and the oppressive ambience of conformism. His love for the poetry of Byron does not stop him to exploit a girl student who is herself confused over what she wants. Cornered by the authorities, he refuses to accept his "mistake" and moves into the countryside to live with his daughter. The daughter, a child of the revolutionary sixties, chooses to live and work on a farm. After the arrival of the father, things appear normal until the idyllic life is marred when three black youth pummel the ex-professor and molest his daughter. The world crumbles for the father but his daughter prefers silence and a sense of resignation to reporting the matter to the authorities. She chooses to marry a farmer. The hero torments himself to understand his state and his daughter's sense of resignation and falls into self-pity. He experiences moments of erotic passion and half-hearted compassion for his pet dogs which he hands over one after another to be killed in a slaughter-house. He fails to acquire the

fortitude, understanding and compassion of his daughter.

In the novels of Coetzee mentioned above, one can observe the tussle between the individual self and impersonal history. While, in *The Life and Times of K*, the tussle ends in favour of the former, it ends in compromise and defeat of self vis-a-vis history in his novels, *Youth* and *Disgrace*.

Coetzee's heroes manage to get out of the vicious circle of history with varying degrees of success. As a white writer, his perception of political stakes was rather different from that of any black man. He empathises with his country's history and artistically endeavours to negotiate the tensions between the Whites and the Blacks. He does his best to enter the psyche of liberal whites,

and tries hard to remain away from the oppressive, conflicting, disturbing and loathsome apartheid. His artistic integrity helps him to probe into the hearts of the blacks and female characters in a style notable for its frankness and power.

Chaudhuri, Naipaul and Coetzee share an ambivalent attitude to their object of examination. This is a result of the clash between the old and the new. The synthesis between the East and the West was called mimicry by Naipaul and as an inevitable domination of the West by Chaudhuri. Unlike Naipaul and Chaudhuri, Coetzee plumbs his artistic self to reach the hearts of the others-- liberal Whites, Blacks, females etc. He has chosen the position of a native- outsider. The tussle between subjectivity and objectivity seems recurrent and eternal.

OH! TEACHERS, OH! STUDENTS

*C.S. Murthy **

Oh! Teachers! your responsibilities are really great
In moulding the 'Tiny Tots' into figures great,
Into Nation Builders and the Saviours of Motherland
From the vagaries of poacher's "militant errand"!

Oh! Students! The torch bearers of destinies, get mature,
On your shoulders rests the burden of the

country's future!
Don't burn your energies in acts of destruction
Let the fire in you help the country's reconstruction!

Oh! Politicians! Please leave for God's sake
The field of Education, to test your might, why stake
The poor students' future and make them scape-goats?
Turn to some other avenues please to secure your posts!

* Writer, Car Nicobar.

THE MIND AND THE STORMY OCEAN

Remez Sasson *

Swami Ananda and his disciple Ranga were strolling on the beach by the ocean. It was a cold day and the wind was blowing strongly over the ocean, raising very high waves.

After walking for some time, Swami Ananda stopped, looked at his disciple and asked: "What does the choppy ocean remind you?"

"It reminds me of my mind. Of my rushing and restless thoughts", answered Ranga.

"Yes, the stormy ocean is like the mind, and the waves are the thoughts. The mind is neutral like the water. It is neither good, nor bad. The wind is causing the waves, as desires and fears produce thoughts", said Swami Ananda.

"I wouldn't want to be on a boat, in the middle of the ocean, in a storm like this", said Ranga.

"You are there all the time." Responded Swami Ananda and continued, "Most people are on a rudderless boat in the middle of a choppy ocean, even if they do not realize it. The mind of most people is very restless. Thoughts of all kinds come and go incessantly, agitating the mind like the ocean's waves."

"Yes", Ranga interrupted him, "You don't have to tell me. This is the reason I am with you. I want to calm down the waves of

my mind."

Swami Ananda looked at Ranga for a while, smiled and said: "You don't calm the ocean by holding the water and not letting it move. What is necessary is to stop the wind. The wind is made of your thoughts, desires and fears. Don't let them rule your life. Learn to control them by controlling your attention, and then the ocean of your mind becomes calm."

"And how do I do that?"

"Suppose it is possible for the ocean to disregard the wind, what would happen then?": asked Swami Ananda.

"The waves would cease. But no one can stop the wind."

Swami Ananda looked at him with a mysterious smile and said: "Why not? The wind, the ocean, and thoughts are all within the mind. When you can control the mind, you can control everything within it. But first you have to control your mind, which means you have to control your attention."

"Yes master", said Ranga, "this is what I am trying to do. You say whoever controls his mind can also control the wind. Can you do that?"

"First learn to calm down the ocean of your mind, and then find out if you can calm down the ocean. It is better to learn to control the mind, than enjoying mental tricks. When you calm your mind, you can calm down everything."

* Courtesy: Sri Aurobindo Action, June 2010.

GLIMPSES OF A MAN WITH HIS WAKING VISION

*Dr. Kalipada Pradhan **

A statement may appeal to one as significant and one may take note of it, but its full import may be felt much later. A statement of this nature I have in mind while writing this topic on Manoj Das as the unparalleled master of narration and passionate advocate of transcendence. We continue to realise the import to the full upon reading his short stories and novels both in Oriya and English. As a social critic of the first order, Das is relevant to our time and contemporary in his approach and tone as an ever-evolving literary personality where "scholars the world over found in his short stories and novels, Indian ethos at its authentic best. He is acknowledged as one of the ablest interpreters of India's literary and cultural heritage" (*The Hindu*, Friday Jan. 26.2007). The country's foremost bi-lingual writer thinks that he believes in literature that is inspired, not invented.

Das is different from others against the backdrop of contemporary Indian scene. Much of what he says has important relevance for our times. What truly matters for him is the inner life of human beings. He holds out before us the immense possibilities of the outer life changing in the light of the inner life, the vision of a transformed humanity. To be critical of our times is not being pessimistic. As a social critic, Das is critical of his time but he is not pessimistic. "... but for my exposure to Sri Aurobindo who assures us that all human calculations fail before the evolutionary force behind our life. And he foresees man as an evolving being, despite all signs to the contrary,

proceeding towards a meaningful future." (*Sunday Express*, 1st April, 2001). The impact of Sri Aurobindo on his writing works is very subtle and profound. It sustains his faith in the future of man. As a prolific writer and a consummate artist, he exposes contemporary maladies at social and individual levels more than he attacks and disapproves more than he criticises. His love for the village India, or humanity at large makes him explore the inner world of humanity. It is his voyage into the depths and his plunging into the limitless depths of human mind and consciousness. His preoccupation with the individual and his inner world of sensibility adds a new and significant dimension to his works.

Manoj Das is the most illustrious living fiction writer of the country. He has been effortlessly and spontaneously writing beautiful pieces out of simple creative zeal or social commitment, that have been unique among present generation of writers. Born in Balasore, the coastal district of Orissa, on 27 February, 1934, to be exact, in 'Sankhari', a village, the 'citadel of sweetness before the terrible cyclone, followed by famine', as told to the writer by Manoj Das. There is no contradiction or identity crisis so far as he is concerned. He is an Indian writer writing in both the languages-- Oriya and English. But he basically wrote in Oriya in his early stages, later on switched over to English.

Affluent writer of a quaint charm, Das, astonishingly is a creative writer. He has a lot of creative writings - more than eighty books in Oriya and English to his credit that earned

* Headmaster, Jahalda, West Bengal

him international celebrity. As a scholar, thinker and distinguished fiction writer, Manoj Das is well-known all over the country and abroad. Writing came to him spontaneously just as one of the means or activities of expression since his early childhood days. The first verse he wrote was a satire intended to snub his family maid who was like his elder sister, because she would not let him eat sweets to his heart's content.

"His exposition of man as a transitory, evolving being and my quest into the nature of suffering and meaning of life drew me to the Mother at the Aurobindo Ashram at Pondicherry in 1963". His quest, however, led him to mysticism and, after serving as a lecturer in English at Cuttack for four years, he, along with his wife, Pratijna devi, a scion of the Raj family of Kujang whose parents were renowned freedom fighters, joined the Sri Aurobindo Ashram at Pondicherry in 1963 which became their permanent abode. He teaches English literature as well as the works of Sri Aurobindo at the Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education and Pratijna Devi teaches psychology.

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar once wrote: "A country that includes among its literary classics a collection like the *Katha-Sarit-Sagar (The Ocean of Stories)* can never fail to cultivate the 'short story' as a perennially fresh and fascinating art form. In our own time masters, like Tagore, Premchand, Masti, Mulk Raj Anand and Vaikom Muhammad Basheer have made their mark as exemplars of the art. And Manoj Das is of the same class... his stories, convincingly autochthonous, have by virtue of their own Indianness won for him a discriminating world audience." ('Manoj Das'.

Sahitya Academi).

He has been a regular columnist for some of the major newspapers in India such as *The Times of India*, *The Hindustan Times* and *The Hindu*, major Oriya dailies like *The Samaj* and *The Dharitri* and the editor of a prestigious monthly, *The Heritage* (1985-1989).

Vijay Tendulkar once observed: "Manoj Das, like Graham Greene and R.K. Narayan, is a deft spinner of yarns. He is also crisp in his style and very much at ease with English, which' is not his mother tongue. Narrating an Indian experience in a language which is alien or not Indian, without losing the original Indian charm and ethos is a difficult task. Das succeeds in this like Narayan." This is an accurate summing up of this master's, achievements. Apart for his creative writings, he has now been associated with the philosophy and yogic literature of India. As a student of mysticism, he has recently edited a volume titled. *Streams of Yogic and Mystic Experiences* under the comprehensive project History of Civilisation.

Though Manoj Das has been recognised as an English writer, the main inspiration of his creative sensibility is not certainly Western but the Indian tradition of folklore, spiritual writings and our own deep cultural consciousness. His uniqueness lies in this that his stories mostly in humourous frames are essentially comments on varied aspects of modern life -- mice and men of our time. They are relevant to our time as well as to the future, for they concern the eternal values and purpose of life. They are presented in an ancient frame with fusion of Das's own vision and technique. He has stories with hardcore

realism, stories of psychological import, satires in the garb of folktales, as well as man's encounter with supra and infra human elements. A poet at heart, Manoj Das combines the old art of story telling with modern ideas and techniques. A Manoj Das story might contain fantasy, humour, nostalgia, satire and irony all at once. The method he adopts goes back to the old tradition. It would be more appropriate to call him a "teller of stories" than a "writer of stories". He goes on criticizing the gigantic falsehood passing as life-style, value system and even philosophy of living in the name of culture. His early works contained stories that were realistic in terms of the problems and issues of the grosser part of human life. He continued with his realism, but explored its deeper, wider and higher planes, being inspired from within by the philosophy of Sri Aurobindo. He exposes the follies and foibles of individuals and the new politics after independence. In a story like *Mystery of the Missing Cap* the social criticism veers round the upheaval the new kind of politics caused in the rural life of India, in the minds of goody men unable to adjust their mental frame to contain its impact. In a story like *The Kite* the observation is on the gulf that prevails between a man in his own private world of thoughts, dreams and passions on one hand and the society keen to safeguard public discipline on the other hand. So on and so forth. The message in such cases does not need to be pronounced. There are events and incidents galore to frustrate us today. Nevertheless, this is what we the human beings have made of our world and this is the world we have to live in. He has a short story entitled *He Who Rode the Tiger*. That is an allegorical portrayal of what we, the present generation of vainglorious people, are going

to make of the promising future. We have no hesitation to sacrifice it to our stupidity.

His stories are highly psychological, flavoured with intelligent sarcasm and ultimate optimism. Innocence of a child, helplessness of the powerful and transformation of the proud are themes of many of his stories. A lot of other stories cast complete absurdity and strangeness into a tale of believable facts. Hollowness of modern life, pompous sophistication and shabby sub worlds of modern society -- A powerful searchlight focused into the dark nooks of human subconsciousness and feelings of guilt. Das's life has broadly been divided into two stages - Pre-Pondicherry and Post-Pondicherry. So, his journey as a writer-thinker has been from gross and physical portrayal of human oppression and misery to complex delineation of human psychology from primitivity-barbarity and bestiality to enlightenment coupled with spiritual upliftment-- an inner progress from the path of evolution from *Aranyaka* (The Primitive Man) to *Amruta Phala* (Nector Fruit) in respect of thematic treatment with his unique craftsmanship. Every situation in his stories and novels is a glimpse of the contemporary scene, yet significantly, the age-old India vibrates throughout the story. The numerous ripples of laughter and sighs of anguish along the narration surprisingly get absorbed in a calm that is the India of eternity with a humble realisation based on the visionary lines: "When I saw a lotus blossoming out of as filthy stuff as mud, with the intervention of sunlight. I don't see why a godly race cannot emerge out of the present muddy humanity, with the intervention of Grace" (The Statesman Festival - 2003 P.-27).

ON AIDS DAY

*V. Chiranjeevi **

Oft have I seen Lucy Gray,
When her school I've gone by.

A cute little girl is she,
Endearing and guileless in talk.
Unwary of the unforeseen,
She leads her pretty life.

The joy of her parents,
And the envy of her neighbours,
Brilliant is she in her studies,
And exemplary in demeanour.

Spends she her days without a care,
Ever seeing nothing but good in others.
As she grows in years,
Holds she a promise of a great future.

* Retd. Lecturer, (604, Indrani Aparts Behind LIC Office), Ongole.

Alas! Life is not life, if it's not strife,
Cursed be the day, when some illness
overtakes her
The doctor gives it a name,
And an injection into the bargain.

The devil must be lying therein,
Sad! It is the beginning of an end.
The dreadful AIDS enters her body frail,
And suffers she for no fault of hers.

Day after day the evil one eats her away,
To the chagrin of her loving parents.
Helplessly they watch their dear ones
Moving closer and closer to the end.

Hence, beware of the needles of death,
That takes away your breath.
Be wary, lest an innocent life,
Should come to hopeless grief.

THE RIVER

*Shambhu Badal **

The river is tender-hearted!
Stones-thorns-the thirsty
Whosoever comes
With her soft, long wrists
Braces

* Suraj-Ghar, Jabra Road,
Korna, Hazaribag, Jharkhand.

Petting the fish
In the face of pollution
Inhabits races
Humming-dancing
Carrying the boats
The river runs
Further
Further.

Dr. B.R. AMBEDKAR (A LEGACY)

*Dr. Agarala Eswara Reddi **

On April 14th every year, we celebrate the Jayanthi of Ambedkar. This year it was his 120th birth anniversary. He is now hailed as a Modern Manu especially because he is the scion of the defeated people who were banished from the touch, sight and even hearing of cultured people. Born in an untouchable mahar family of Western India, he was humiliated by his high caste schoolfellows. He is the official draftsman and spokesman of the Constitution of free India and he will live forever in the minds of every thought provoking Indian. Ambedkar was the uncrowned king of the scheduled castes in India who considered him as a saviour. He was an opponent to Gandhiji because Gandhiji wanted the Hindus and the Scheduled Castes while Ambedkar denounced Hinduism and considered it as a curse of his people.

Ambedkar hated the separate quarters for Harijans in our villages like American ghettos for Negros. He protested against that social separation. Dr. B.R. Ambedkar was a combination of a scholar, a revolutionary and a statesman that we rarely come across in democratic societies.

Ambedkar's criticism of Gandhiji's campaign against untouchability and Harijan uplift seems to be uncharitable to many. Dr. Ambedkar opposed Gandhiji till the end and ultimately found salvation in Buddhism.

Between Gandhiji and Ambedkar who is supreme? Instead of wasting our energies over such an argument, it is always advisable to consider these two personalities who were responsible for an epoch-making event and they were great and magnificent in their own spheres. The Hindu society underwent a considerable change with the advent of democracy in India.

We have been trying to keep the caste forces alive to serve the personal ends of some people. The growth of industrialization and urbanization has helped in disintegrating the caste structure.

The impact of western education modernised the outlook of the people and they came to realise that the caste structure was hindering the integrated growth of the country. Rapid industrialization provided work on the principle of common employment and naturally the caste factor was being shunned by the Management. The different castes working under common employment and the caste factor have amalgamated into an industrial force. Similarly townships were created and the employee's colonies have forgotten the orthodox caste barriers and began living in one area.

Everybody is treated alike in the eyes of law for the same offence committed. This shattered the basic philosophy of caste. Caste federations and caste societies stand unhealthy in the process of national integration. In the

* Former Speaker,
A. P. Legislative Assembly, Tirupati.

larger interests of the society and the nation, it is desirable to ban such associations. Inter-caste marriages should be encouraged as part of the philosophy adumbrated by the late Ambedkar.

Ambedkar did his B.A. from Bombay and in 1918 he went to Columbia University, USA. He took his M.A. in Economics in 1915 and Ph.D. in 1916. The same year he got enrolled in the London School of Economics and Law.

In 1923 Ambedkar was called to the Bar and he set up his legal practice in Bombay. In a few years he had built up a formidable reputation as a lawyer who championed the cause of the untouchables. Ambedkar himself launched several papers and weeklies like Mook Nayak (1919), Bahishkrit Bharat (1927) and Janata (1930).

Given Ambedkar's impressive legal background it is quite surprising that he became a member of the Viceroy's Executive Council in 1942 and held the portfolio of law. As Chairman of the Drafting Committee of the Indian Constitution, he piloted the Bill. As the first Law Minister of Free India he sponsored an important piece of social reform legislation, the Hindu Code Bill. He contested Mahatma Gandhi's claim to speak for Harijans. He renounced Hinduism and became a Buddhist, together with 2, 00,000 fellow untouchables at a ceremony in Nagpur.

Mahatma Gandhi objected to the provision of separate electorates for the Scheduled Castes (Untouchables) which in his view separated them from the whole Hindu

Community. Though in prison, Gandhi announced a fast unto death, which he began on September, 10 the Poona Pact (1932), an agreement between the Hindu leaders in India granting new rights to untouchables was signed ultimately. Ambedkar was a unique phenomenon. He was truly a colossus, humane and progressive.

Ambedkar's life and mission will continue to be relevant and remain a source of inspiration. By his hard work, keen intellect, perseverance and sound judgement he was able to overcome humiliation he faced in student days. Ambedkar believed that education was an effective instrument for the upliftment of the downtrodden. Thanks to Dr. Ambedkar, the dalits have been able to become top Civil Servants, Engineers, Doctors, Teachers, Lawyers and Scientists.

The greatest homage one can pay to Dr. Ambedkar is to introspect, by remembering his prophetic observations and initiate pragmatic and practical social action to establish an egalitarian society in India, a cherished dream of his.

The Law Department of the Columbia University based in U.S.A. has started the Ambedkar Chair from this academic year with the joint cooperation of the Indian Government and the Government of U.S.A. the Indian born economist Jagadeesh Bhagavathi got two scholarships. The Bharath Ambassador Srimati Meera Shankar has expressed her sense of appreciation over these awards. Ambedkar's life is a great testimony for the amelioration of human rights and it marks a social development.

RETROGRESSIVE GROWTH

*Khaja Shujath Ahmed **

This article seeks to draw the kind attention of the readers to a few questions which are fundamental in nature and global in character. Is the so called scientific and technological advancement, which modern generation boasts of having achieved, worthy of admiration? Has this advancement really helped man come out of certain age old menaces like poverty, illiteracy, disease, deformity and non availability of safe drinking water? To what extent has this ensured man's moral and ethical upliftment? What amount of honesty and transparency has been guaranteed as far as the system of governance around the globe is concerned? Above all are the man in particular and the society in general at peace? Though holding a certain kind of view is not going to influence the course of events, one should remember that history has the habit of repeating itself. A chaotic existence like ours is bound to perish paving the way for a new order to emerge, perhaps a more sustainable one.

The very fact that industrialization has taken the world forward is highly non-sensical, as it has only damaged the blue planet beyond recovery. The worst effects of so called industrial development are quite visible in the form of soil pollution, water pollution and air pollution. Even though the productivity levels were enhanced due to industrialization, it has

certainly curtailed the life span of each living being and has endangered the existence of the globe. Though problems like food shortage, lack of quick transportation facility, no access to medical treatment etc seemed to trouble man in the past, the natural resources at his disposal, were at least available to him in their purest form, which in turn meant safe and secure life. Prior to the dawn of this industrialization, though living in isolation people were at peace in their own worlds leading a very simple and an equally natural life, reposing their full faith in Almighty God. As the modern man seemed to have developed a tendency to control everything around him, he has lost faith in destiny. This has rendered him restless and mechanical as a result of which the spiritual fabric of the society at large is weakened.

We certainly owe a lot to the advancements made in medical sciences as it has helped the man fight the menace of epidemics successfully. Vaccination has, undoubtedly protected our generations from a number of diseases with the help of its preventive mechanism. That being so, the birth of certain new strains of viruses and bacteria is attributable to the climatic change, which again is the result of industrialization. Too much dependence on antibiotics has hampered miserably the human immune system. As many viruses and bacteria have grown drug resistant, some opine that man will soon enter into a pre antibiotic era. The life style of the modern man has made him vulnerable to

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cardiac problems and so many other psycho-somatic disorders. The ancient man on the contrary, worked naturally and took lot of fiber enriched diet, which ensured good health and hence no question of serious health complications and hence no corporate sort of medical care required. Surprisingly enough, disease and disaster hit the poor more. And it is this section of the society who can not afford the most expensive treatments. Enough damage has been done to the globe by the most influential people who have made their monopolies every where in affairs of the world and it is the poor and the helpless who had to bear the brunt. Can this be called a sustainable growth?

Engrossed totally in enjoying the fruits of telecom revolution, we have ignored to realize the ill effects of the same. For almost a decade now, the present generation has been habituated to an indiscriminate use of mobile phones and internet. This has lead to the mushroom growth of cell phone towers. Though radiations caused by cell phone towers are harmless when they are below 400 M.W, there are areas in our metropolitan cities which are besides being densely populated are the most dangerous zones, as the radiation levels there are more than 4000 M.W. Though the immediate damage doesn't seem to occur, more than permissible levels of radiation are bound to cause health hazards of the greatest dimension, making our younger generation highly susceptible to dreadful diseases like cancer. Is it not an extreme aberration from the kind of rosy future, we are promising our children?

Indiscriminate use of internet and easy access to any kind of information has not only

encouraged cyber crimes, but also the ethical issues like chastity and purity of heart and mind are at stake. Surfing porno webs, chatting etc have degraded our younger generations morally. Spread of violence and terrorism around the globe, blowing up WTC in America and attack on Indian parliament are attributable to the ill effects of so called IT revolution itself.

To speak of the Indian context, are the liberalization and subsequent emergence of multinational companies any steps to alleviate poverty? Global imperialism and capitalism have only widened the gap between the poor and the rich. Though indirectly, are we not being controlled by IMF and World Bank? Moreover, the ill effects of globalisation are best visible in the form of adoption of Western and European styles of living by educated Indians. Modernization for us Indians should not mean westernization, we should strive hard to evolve our own natural progressive styles of living, which were abundant in our ancient cultures.

There is a dire need for a serious introspection of the whole issue. The think tank, the intellectuals, academicians, theologians, administrators, scientists and the policy makers around the world should spend a great amount of time and energy to assess the ill effects of science and technology and frame new strategies to reprioritize the things to ensure what can be called a truly sustainable growth, and not a retrogressive growth.

I personally feel that overhauling the education system entirely and introducing the comparative study of religions is the need of the hour. And, that only will ensure moral upliftment of the generation which could be a

sure-cure for the ills of modern chaotic world. Man has not come on to the blue planet only to invent things or learn to control the surroundings. Living an uncivilized life is not his purpose either. Man has been asked to remain God fearing and worship the Almighty

as an obedient servant, and to make right decisions in the affairs of the world his top most priority. This will only ensure successful life here and high rewards in the hereafter is the essence of all religions.

HUNGER

*Bhavana S. Chary **

With impoverished masses in bitter Struggle;
By hunger and starvation carcasses of
cattle;
strewn every where, plague causing peril;
With scavengers, the vultures, feeding on
them terrible!

The prices soaring heavily, beyond the
common man's reach;
Poverty stricken masses, one, many and
each;
For want of food, shelter and water, they
beseech;
People perform rituals for the rain God to
please!

Children famished and reduced to a
skeleton;
Hardly surviving a mouthful in division;

Pleading to God, to cause rain, from his
abode in heaven;
Offering help to the masses in under-
developed nations!

From toddlers to adults, all beyond
compare,
Scarcity of grains, for people, none to
spare!
Is it God, a fowl game or fair?
People languishing, with nobody to care!

The earth cracking and dried and parched;
Under the sweltering heat, the ground is
scorched;
Infants, clinging on to their mother's tightly
clasped;
With every means of sustenance blocked!

* Satna, MadhyaPradesh

THE SIGHT (KANUKALI)

*Malladi Ramakrishna Sastry **

Its a new moon day. In the Munsif, cattle shed, Karanamgari's cow is in labor. The whole village assembles there.

In fact, on hearing the news about Karanamgari's white cow's pregnancy, the villagers put their fingers on their noses-muttering "what a wonder!" After collecting dime charges, Sahadevudu, coming from a neighboring village, examines the cow, holding this and that side, percussing on the belly, and finally, by around noon, says-it could be pregnancy. No sooner does Karanam hear it than he jumps into air with pleasure and gets *rudrabhishekam* performed in the temple.

There is, of course, a reason behind the celebration! It is almost three decades since Karanamgari's wife came to live with her husband! In a year or two, she may attain menopause, and so the need for the man to lay the fire in the hearth during even daytime for those 'three days' in every month would cease. Which means, for the past thirty years, as though cursed, she has been regularly spreading the hem of her sari in the veranda and lying down those 'three days' of every month-never missed her periods; the routine has not deviated even by three or four days either side. In which Ganga have all their prayers and vows drowned?

And even the she-calf nurtured by them appeared to have inherited the tradition of the mistress of the house. All the calves of her age have by now even seen grandchildren. This one has, however, not bothered. It doesn't even appear to have had that *salasala*-'heat'.

And all of a sudden this preternatural event...

Labor pains are advancing. The poor dumb creature! Somehow bears the unbearable pains. Once in a while, it stops winking. Karanamgaru starts praying to all the gods. He restlessly strolls to and fro. Whenever the cow bellows "Ambaa!"-that great man makes an enormous effort to hold back his tears.

Finally, all his prayers have been answered-the crisis passes off. Karanamgaru gets all the rituals associated with the birth of a child meticulously performed. He baptizes the new-born he-calf after his father, Narasayya. He distributes jaggery and almonds to the whole village. After celebrating the completion of the first month of delivery, he purchases national savings certificates worth hundred rupees. He gets the insignia of Anjaneyaswamy and a tiger's claw charm prepared for adorning his neck. Day-by-day the he-calf grows-physically and mentally-healthy and hale.

With the passing of a year, one day, when a girl from the 'Alla' family, tying her hair round, instead of walking on the road that

* Translation into English
G. R. K. Murthy
Editor, C.P.Brown Academy, Hyderabad

everyone takes, ambles around the elephant foot yam fields, one end of her sari is blown aside by the wind, and it becomes a red rag for Narasayya; seeing which Narasayya gets panicky, jumps up at once and tries to butt her with his just sprouting horns. Shocked, the lass, somehow gathers her courage, and runs back to the village. Many assemble. Shouting, "Who is that?" everyone takes a shaft in hand. The lass, recovering from the shock by then, says, "Narasayya". On hearing her reply, some laugh, while others jeer.

The lass's father pleadingly complains to Karanamgaru. After listening coolly, he sends him back satisfied, saying, "A childish act! Won't you let it off, bava!" Thereafter, he spansks Narasayya, left and right, on the face, saying-"Why would the inheritance go wrong!"-and in disgust, chiding his father-"Though born differently, the mindset has not changed!"-cajolingly reprimands Narasayya, "This is no good for us! Shouldn't you be accepted by others! You have to be honorably married off. But if you behave like this, who would give you bride?" Then on, as Appayya, the priest, has said, "Bad habits seldom die hard"; one complaint or the other is piling at the door.

One day, in the very morning, Narasayya has eaten away half of *Avadhanulu's madi dhovathi*. Yesterday it was the turn of Venkammatta's step daughter: the wig that she had been protecting from the sight of every living being all these days by hiding it somewhere in the seventh floor of a building, when put under the sun, in front of the kitchen doorway, for drying, Narasayya, attracted by it, somehow, jumped over the bare wall and holding the wig in the mouth ran

away, despite the poor lady crying, from behind, "What have you got to do with it!" Are these deeds meant for those who want to live and prosper! Fearing Narasayya's deeds, no lady could dare come on the main road!

Wouldn't it frustrate Karanamgaru too? When he already looks like a bull, is it appropriate either to beat or scold! In utter disgust, Karanamgaru curses Narasayya's mother in anger, "To which rascal-bull did you bear this fellow!" Hearing it, the poor mother doesn't pick to mouth even a blade of grass.

"A bad guy being anyway bad, why don't you leave him stamping as 'Bull' for the good of villages," suggests Munsif, who is otherwise not known to intervene in any matter. But Karanamgaru does not have the heart for it.

Though not given birth to him, nor carried him on the hip-after all he has reared him all these days! However, realizing that this way it is no longer good, on an auspicious day, Karanamgaru engages the blacksmith for making a cart with a low base-sufficient enough for one man to sit-so that he can ride it alone. One day, he drags Narasayya under the yoke and placing himself in the cart hurls the whip. That's all! Narasayya's feet are no longer on the ground! Pulling away the cart with deadly speed, he climbs the river bank. At the very first hurdle, Karanamgaru is thrown off the cart, and somersaulting thrice, of course without his nose getting soiled, he rolls down almost ten feet, and settles down finally on a thorny bush.

With it, Karanamgaru's head reels. Of

course, with that fall, he could not come again in public!

Thereafter, Narasayya, recovering, runs away from there.

Narasayya keeps on moving, moving and moving, grazing whenever he wants, staggering now and then, running till the hooves wear out, with no destination-crossing fields-crossing rivulets and orchids-finally settling down in a manyam, wandering towards a corner of it, scared...!

One day, sometime in the morning, from a little away, there comes a rumbling sound. Some creature moves. Hears a cry, "Ammo!" Narasayya, bellowing suddenly, jumps up. There, a lass, shaking like a tall, thin stem of a reed, trembling like a dry leaf in the blowing wind stands with an averted face, like a sunflower. Right in front of her is a butcher holding her firmly-tightly holding the upper part of foreleg. She droops her neck. As he jumps, Narasayya gores the butcher's belly, and in one stroke throws him off somewhere.

"Ambaa!" bellowed Narasayya!

"Anna!-Basavanna!,"-cries the lass. Throws arms around the neck. Resting her head on hump, crying incessantly, she caresses the dewlap.

The lass starts moving forward-Narasayya with an erect tail, shuddering at every sound, follows her like an escort.

As he ambles along the alley, there comes a palm grove; crossing the grove he

sees a canal bank, beside it is a blinking light, behind it is a hut.

In front of that hut, an old man, Munsif's look-alike, staring all around, holding a hand over his forehead, sensing the coming of the lass from a distance, shouts, "Ammei!" The lass-galloping to him-saying "thata", cries at once. Hearing-hearing the cry, the old man goes to Narasayya and holding his chin in his hand kisses his forehead.

Without tethering him, the old man brings hay and puts before him. He gives him bellyful of bran-water. That night Narasayya has a wink there.

It is dawn. Sunrays hit the eyes. Narasayya opens his eyes. The eyes are filled with light-right before him the lass, tied to a post, stares in confusion.

Narasayya-suddenly gets up. Putting one step behind another moves towards that side. All of a sudden-the body of the lass trembles. Jumping and hopping, she untethers herself and runs far away, stops for a while and looks back leeringly. Narasayya starts running.

Running and running, till the sun becomes hot, she stops at an orchid under the shade of a tree. As they stand, the grass under their feet crushes down a foot below.

By eventide, the lass starts walking towards home. But-Narasayya-doesn't allow a step forward towards home.

The couple moves away beyond the sight of human beings.

After a long time, one day, at dawn, before the darkness is decimated fully-after the first crow of the cock and before its second-Narasayya is blessed with Son.

Seeing the newly born infant-Narasayya remembers his birth. He remembers the ecstasy that his father had experienced. Father reflected in his eyeballs. As soon as the infant can stand on his feet, taking mother and child along with him, Narasayya, without letting his feet touch the ground, in one go, comes to his village.

As they reach the outskirts of the village, the sun sets. Taking bath in the tank beside the temple, bowing before the temple, and leaving the mother and child there itself, Narasayya goes all alone in search of his mother.

She is not where she is supposed to be-not even the remnants of tying-post; moving from that side, he comes to the front yard of the house. There is no front door, nor is there the roof above a wider patch.

Narasayya goes inside the house. The cart on which his father used to sleep is placed along the wall, full of dust and cobwebs. There on one side of the cart are termites-the whole house is covered with weeds, gigantic swallow worts and thorn apple twigs. In disgust, Narasayya hits his head against the wall.

From there he comes to Munsif's house. Snoring is audible from the pyol. "Yes! That's Munsifnaidu." Conforming to childhood intimacy, felt like greeting him by scratching with his horn. As he bends his head forward, on the ground there is a pair of chappalls-the eye that sees them just freezes-the leather is of his mother's!

Without letting any sound out of his mouth, grinding his teeth, Narasayya bows to his mother by touching the chappalls with his forehead, and moving away a little farther by dragging his feet, bellows, "Ambaa!" that reverberates all around.

That bellowing is greeted by two more bellows. Narasayya jumps towards the side from which the bellows are heard, that is the border of the village-where the members of his family are supposed to be-where are they?

There are again echoes of bellows! Narasayya runs to that side! Mother and childbodies are there-no life. The spotted wild cats sitting there snarl.

The first jump is of Narasayya's-three become one lump in their fight; each lump, getting reddened, falls separately.

Two horns, in their last gasp-from that reddened heap-rise a little and bellow, "Ambaa!"-fall to the ground!

"The teacher is the first letter; the student is the last letter; knowledge is the meeting place; instruction is the link."

- The Taittiriya Upanishad

CELEBRATE FAILURE

*Rajiv Khurana **

It was the two brothers and the British clergymen J.C. Hare and A. W. Hare who said in 1827, "Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping." The Hare brothers certainly had a good Horse sense. Failure is nothing new. It strikes us all. But some of us are quite motivated enough to make it a way of life. Perhaps, the poor Indian hockey team has inspired us a lot. They are very good at taking the chances and converting victories into defeat.

More than success it is the failure that attracts attention. No one is interested to know how you won. People are always keen to do paralysis by analysis for all the failures. Such analyses are more like peeling an onion. Take the layer off one by one and you get nothing but tears. No one of course wants to learn from failures of others. People are generally comfortable with experiencing failure themselves. Why go for a second hand experience when the first hand failure can come to you without doing anything.

People in organizations fail for different reasons. The list of reasons is not exhaustive. You can however, use any of the following ways to put yourself on the fast pedestal of failure. If these reasons for failure fail, try some creativity.

I dislike upgrading myself.

Knowledge is added and expanded everyday. Internet has made my life miserable. From where do I get so much time to keep myself abreast with everyday developments? People have been using their old knowledge and skills for so long and nothing has happened to them. What do you think will happen to me if I remain a canvasser for OKNP - Old Knowledge New Pay.

I love status quo.

Taking higher responsibilities is very risky. The more you are responsible for, the more you will make mistakes. And the more mistakes you make you get exposed to the risks of KOTA - Kick on the A** (wrong place). Less work, less errors and live life without terror is my motto.

I delay/avoid decisions.

All is pre-destined. No one can solve problems. The problems get resolved sooner or later. We just need to be patient. Decision-making is risky too. What if things go right? It will make my superiors give me more responsibility. This way my risks will keep multiplying. I can't risk my comforts of inertia.

I hate feedback.

Someone said, "Feedback is the weapon of champions." Who wants to be a champion? I

* Courtesy: HRD News Letter
International Management Trainer & Author.

just want to be me DTMWTU - Don't Trouble Me I Won't Trouble You. I practice live and let live. When I don't expect people around me to change, why should I religiously note down all the feedback that comes my way and disturb my peace by getting into a never-ending cycle of self-change.

I hate to seek help.

I am a strong person. I believe in my capabilities. I know what I need to do. What can others do for me? Nothing. I only expect 'nothing' from them. Beyond that would be an interference into my private sphere and I love my solitude.

I love bad mouthing others.

What is life without excitement? And how can we have excitement without creating or going through troubles? People love 'masala'. The bland food is disliked by average Indians. How many people will hover around you to listen to praise about others for hours and hours? Try that with criticism and people will spend their hours to add their 'masala' to it to make it more 'chatpata'.

I hate team work.

What's new? We Indians are primarily the 'lone rangers'. Be it sports or organization, we have mastered the art of running and managing a one man team. I - ME - MYSELF is the 'mantra' I have inherited. I like it a lot. It gives

me the strength to claim all achievements of people around me as my success stories. It's of great help when I have to expect increments or appear for a job interview.

Surprisingly, failure has its bright side also. Tom Cannon, the British Professor, Consultant and Author once said, "Failure plays a surprisingly prominent part in many business success stories. Henry Ford, it is said, only developed the Model T because the tractors he built were failures. Edison's 'ticker tape' machine worked, but his failure to secure the patents 'forced' him to look for new areas for work-like developing electric lighting. It is surprisingly hard to find successful managers who got it right first time. The willingness to get up after getting knocked down and to learn from failure is perhaps the single most enduring feature of greatness in managers."

Failures can give protection. That's what the US government is doing. They are printing billions of dollars to put life into the dead businesses and allowing bonuses to the celebrity failed leaders.

Once you fail and give it up, no body will bother you again. Less aspirations leading to less expectations can put you in the comfortable shell of self-imposed salvation. But if you are beaten with the bug of achieving success, try a different recipe. A fall in a pit will add to your wit. Failure will become the mother of success.

'When the wind is blowing in one direction the boat is to be sailing in a different direction. It depends on the way the sail is set.'

MARLOWE' S HEROES

G. Somaseshu *

Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593) was "a man of fiery imagination with immense, though ill-regulated powers, who lived a wild Bohemian life and while still young was killed in a drunken brawl". (W.H. Hudson). According to Eliot, Marlowe was "a poet of torrential imagination" and was a "deliberate and conscious workman". Just like his personality, the heroes in his plays are egoistic, self-willed and passionate with a glow of meteor-like radiance burning themselves to a glorious downfall. Their fundamental character is rather simple when compared with that of Shakespeare's heroes who appear complex with a kaleidoscopic halo around them. In this aspect Marlowe can be listed with the Greek Tragedians who combined force, vigour and beauty in their simple-drawn characters. This sole concentration on specific traits imparts a sort of centripetal force to Marlowe's heroes.

Most of his plays are one-character plays in the sense that other than the hero, all other characters are subordinated and are not given scope to develop fully. Thus Marlowe's heroes remain supreme, unattainable and superhuman. Never does a Marlowian hero come down from his pedestalled dignity. This dramatic intensity unperturbed by other elements gives us a clear-cut portrayal of a majestic figure standing like an "Attic statue" in a Greek pantheon. The hero pursues his own path straightforward and sparkles down

like a jet of fire. Perhaps this effect of immediate and intense appeal sometimes results in lack of variety and reality to overcome this impending monotony. Marlowe skillfully modulated the shades of one and same quality and development of stimuli or motivating forces behind the action. The inner spiritual struggle of Faustus serves as a good example. In *Edward II* also, the predicament of the King between his devotion to his friend and the outward pressure of other royal subordinates is clearly shown.

Marlowe's heroes are practical and they never get tired of their scheming intellect. They are mighty and never stoop down even at the moment of their downfall. Edward II is a weak and sentimental king. Yet his brave speeches, spirit of constancy and power of endurance account for his royal might. Many critics look on Edward II as a feeble character and are surprised to see a character so feeble coming from the mighty hand of Marlowe. But might does not mean mere physical prowess. Edward struggled to the utmost possible extent to turn the situation in his favour. But the grip of circumstances engulfed the King so powerfully that there was no scope to succeed. Yet, comparatively speaking, Edward seems less powerful before his predecessors like *Tamburlaine* and *The Jew of Malta*.

Marlowe breathed the sublimest lyric poetry through his characters. This made them speak more god-like, wielding the power of

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passion and sensuous beauty. In this aspect Marlowe showed more romantic exuberance, than Hellenic austerity. This sort of lyrical exuberance fits in more with his passionate heroes and enraptures the audience so much that they tolerate to see the monstrous deeds of *Tamburlaine* and Barabbas. *The Jew of Malta*.

In *Dr.Faustus*, Marlowe's description of Helen is one of the superb lyrical outbursts.

“Was this the face that launched a thousand Ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium? Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss”

Without this lyrical touch, Marlowe's heroes would have become melodramatic ruffians and murderers. *Tamburlaine's* sublime love for his Zenocrate and Barabbas' lyrical justification of his cruelty with well-chiseled words make them seem to us tolerable and even enchanting. The dramatist's mastery lies in making disagreeable characters agreeable. Marlowe's heroes, inspite of their admiration for beauty, did not yield to the feminine characters. Generally, Marlowe's women characters are phantom like, dreamy and fragile. Edward's wife may be an exception.

In all Marlowe's heroes, ambition for power, fame, wealth or privilege is the prime motive that drives them headlong to their destruction. "All the heroes of Marlowe are brave, boastful, ambitious, adventurous, rebellious, imaginative and sometimes thoughtful also". And again, "Marlowe's heroes reflect or typify the very essence of the Renaissance spirit which found its expression during the 16th century in the craving for unlimited knowledge, wealth, power sensuous

enjoyments and also in the unconventional attitude towards God, morality... and with a spirit of adventure and craving for freedom". -- T.K.Dutt.

Marlowe frequently uses recurring images such as Icarus soaring towards the sun, eagle flying aloft or a shooting star to indicate the prime motive of his heroes i.e. their ovevaulting ambition.

Marlowe, inspite of being a dramatist, was considered a subjective writer stamping his personality on various heroes he created. His personal vigour, boundless ego, intense passion, appreciation of beauty and vivacity are reflected in his characters.

Some critics opine that the predominance of lyrical element in Marlowe's plays looms large and lessens the dramatic effect. This is true to some extent. The poet himself seemed to know this drawback since he exercised some restraint in his last plays. Yet one should not forget that this excess of lyrical beauty elevated his characters to a supernatural level. The human element is not altogether missing if one tries to observe the subtle reasoning of Barabbas, the last speeches of *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus*. *Tamburlaine* is a unique play where one finds the human element in the least. The hero swings from monstrous depths to etherealized godly levels but scarcely in between. In his actions and feelings *Tamburlaine* is above human.

The absence of wit and comic relief makes Marlowe's heroes look more like classic characters in whom consistency and dramatic intensity to utmost effect are

maintained without any interruption. Even if Marlowe tried, he would not develop that subtle blending of story with comic element as seen in Shakespeare.

In Shakespeare's heroes, the catastrophe is generally preceded by repentance or a condition of pathos. But Marlowe's heroes fight till the end with firm purpose and reckless vigour. Many critics called Marlowe an atheist, discerning his interest in science and logic. But to call a dramatist bluntly as an atheist is not tenable. The treatment of characters cannot be completely identified with the personal views of the playwright, however subjective he may be. Marlowe, like other Elizabethan scholars, adopted a sceptical and critical attitude, towards religious dogmas. Though it was true that Marlowe was once summoned before the privy council for his alleged heretical views and was indicated on charge of blasphemy by one Richard Baines (just before his death), he was not an atheist. "Marlowe's attitude to religion was not purely atheistic but merely unconventional". -- T.K. Dutt. We can say that the individualistic and impassioned young playwright was dissatisfied with the contemporary religious doctrines of his age.

Taking one central theme, that is

ambition and avarice, Marlowe presented his characters in various shades. Marlowe's art finds semblance in later-drawn characters like Milton's Satan and Shelley's Prometheus. Shakespeare's *Richard II* and Shylock owe much to Marlowe's *Edward II* and Barabbas. The classic intensity and romantic exuberance compounded with original vigour made Marlowe one of the greatest pioneers of dramatic art. He showed the way to other English dramatists so that they could add their own lustre and enrich the English drama. As Matthew Arnold aptly remarked "Marlowe gave the drama passion, and poetry was his most precious gift." --- Likewise Shakespeare indirectly acknowledged his gratitude to this "rapturous lyrist of limitless desire" (Boas) in the following lines.

"Dead Shepherd, now I feel thy saw of might
whoever loved that loved not at first sight ?"
" (As You Like It)"

To Conclude:

"Marlowe sums up for us the Renaissance passion for life, sleepless in its search and daring in its grasp after the infinite in power, in knowledge and in pleasure."(William Vaughn Moody and Robert Morss Lovett).

Graham Bell was desperately trying to invent a hearing aid for his wife who was partially deaf. He failed in inventing it but in the process discovered the principles of the Telephone. Can we call it chance or luck? Good luck is what opportunity meets preparations. Without effort lucky coincides do not happen.

RAJA YOGA A PRIMER FOR HAPPINESS

A. Krishna Kumaran *

Introduction:

The natural predisposition of human nature is to be happy. What with the pressures of earning a living in the economically interdependent modern society and the temptations of our reptilian brain and limbic system-prompted emotions and passions most people are unable to enjoy that tranquil state. *Raja yoga* was developed in ancient India to achieve that tranquil state. *Yoga* literally means union or joining, and in the context of *Sankhya* system of philosophy it is the union of the human soul with the supreme (universal) soul.

Raja Yoga system was described by Patanjali in 196 mostly one-line-aphorisms or *Sutras* (literally thread, used to mean principles) distributed in four sections. Practitioners of *Raja Yoga* claim that rigorous practice of this system leads one to the super-conscious state, the condition called in Sanskrit *Moksha or Nirvana*. Liberation (*Moksha*) is interpreted in the religious context as freeing the soul from the cycle of birth and death. Extinction (*Nirvana*) has the same meaning, extinguishing the birth-rebirth cycle of soul. *Raja Yoga* is unique in that it prescribes eight practical steps each with a subset of concrete behavioral standards. The eight steps of the program, are arranged in hierarchical manner. Patanjali described *Yoga Sutras* as though it is a laboratory manual or

cook book delineating the actual steps one need to follow. Those who had followed these steps affirm that by systematic practice of the prescribed procedures one can attain not only mental peace and tranquility but also some supernatural powers. The aim of this article is to provide an insight into the common causes for one's inability to attain peace of mind and tranquility and to analyze the logical basis if any, of the prescribed activities in the *Raja Yoga system* to understand the basis for altering one's mind.

In the Indian spiritual literature in addition to *Raja Yoga* three other paths were described to achieve *Moksha*. The other three paths are *Bhakti Yoga* (devotion to a deity), *Karma Yoga* (duty-dictated activity renouncing the outcome) and *Jnana Yoga* (understanding of self, non-self and the universal self). All four systems of *yoga* have the same goal, that is, to lead to union of the human soul with the supreme soul and thus achieve uninterrupted happiness termed by psychologists as the super-conscious state and by religious people as *Moksha or Nirvana*. Although all four paths are equal, the rationale for four different *yoga* paths is based on the proposition that the suitability of a specific *yoga* system to an individual depends on one's innate nature (*guna*). Traditionally, the human nature (*guna*) is regarded to be one of three types: *sattva* (benign and understanding), *rajas* (heroic and confident) and *tamas* (sluggish, dull and resentful). Individuals are classified into three types based on the

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predominance of one of these three *gunas*: *sattvik*, *rajasik* and *tamasik*. *Sattvik* individuals are suitable to practice any one of the four paths. Similarly, *Bhakthi Yoga* path may be followed by all individuals irrespective of their nature (*guna*). *Raja Yoga* may be appropriate for all persons with good health.

Eight steps of Raja Yoga

Raja Yoga system to achieve *Moksha* or uninterrupted state of happiness requires assiduous practice to modify certain behavioral, emotional and physical activities. These activities are grouped into eight steps and all eight steps are described in a single aphorism or *sutra* (II; 29: The numbering of chapters (Roman numerals) and sutras (Arabic numerals) are from The Yoga Sutras of Patanjali, 1990, Translated by Sri Swami Satchidananda, Integral Yoga Publications, Buckingham, VA). The first two steps called *Yama* (restraint or control) and *Niyama* (= taming) prescribe control of behavior and emotion respectively. The third step *Aasana* (seat or posture) prescribes performing specific bodily postures (*hata yoga*) in order to maintain voluntary muscles in tone and joints supple. The fourth step *Pranayama* deals with control of breathing. While normal breathing is autonomous, in *Pranayama* breathing is brought under voluntary control. Voluntary control of breathing affects the autonomous nervous system. These four steps impinge on activities external to mind while the next four deal with the mind. The fifth step *Prathyahara* (= drawing back i.e., control of senses) affects directly the mind. The objective is to ignore the sensory inputs. Maintaining a placid state of mind on a single thought for short periods is the sixth step,

Dharana (holding). In *Dhyana* (meditation) the seventh step, mind is trained to concentrate on a single thought for longer periods. In the final stage called *Samadhi* (= concentration, completion or collection and also meaning tomb), the object of thought is extinguished and the mind concentrates on a non-existent object (*soonya*). The *Samadhi* state leads to uninterrupted happiness, the super-conscious state.

The premise of *Raja Yoga* as presented by Patanjali is that regular practice of these eight prescribed activities to perfection would lead to *Moksha* which may also be characterized as freeing the mind from the emotional bonds. Many *sadhus* claim to 'have achieved that state. But very few who achieved that state by practicing these *Raja Yoga* steps left any written records of their experiences in simple lay man's terms. One exception is the account given by Swami Vivekananda in his book on *Raja Yoga* compiled from his lectures delivered in the 1890's in New York, N. Y. (In 'Vivekananda, The Yogas and Other Works'. 1984; 3rd Edition; Published by Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Center, New York, NY).

***Yama* and *Niyama* directives steer the mind to tranquility**

The ostensible goal of *Raja Yoga* is to escape from the limitation set by emotion-based urges and thus uncover the hidden qualities of mind to bring forth the understanding of the abstract. How are the prescribed behavioral modifications included in *Yama* and *Niyama* relevant to achieve the objective?

The five *Yama* instructions, nonviolence (*ahimsa*), truthfulness (*satyavachana*), non-stealing (*astheya*), child-like behavior (*brahmacharya*), and moderation in setting goals (*aparigraha*) all appear to prevent situations that evoke fear in an individual. The word *himsa* is literally translated as hit, torment, strike or kill and *ahimsa* implies abstaining from these activities. Hurting another individual leads to retaliation and the fear of retaliation subconsciously disturbs peace of mind. Thus the admonition about *ahimsa* makes sense.

Similarly truthfulness (*satyavachan*) helps peace of mind by eliminating fear of discovery of lies. The potential effects of not observing *astheya* (non-stealing) also include fear. In all settled societies individuals possess and protect their private property. In the early history of human civilization theft must have elicited a violent response from the owner. The possibility of violent response would normally trigger fear in the thief. Even today anxiety of discovery, reprisal by the owner and punishment by the state are sources of fear.

The term *brahmacharya* is traditionally translated as celibacy. However in the context of *Yoga Sutras* it depicts a behavior appropriate to the *Brahmacharya* stage of life i.e. a seeker of knowledge. In general this behavior involves engaging in activities needed to accomplish the task at hand without concerning oneself with elaborate plans for the future. Naturally such a life style promotes peace of mind. Thus all the *Yama*-prescribed behavioral modes aim to reduce or even eliminate fear or angst and create conditions necessary for peace of mind.

The five *Niyama* directions help to manage emotions. Human behavior is influenced by emotions at two levels. The basic emotions, inherited from our evolutionary animal past, are triggered by hunger, sleep, fear and sex. (*aahaara, nidra, bhaya and mythuna*). The higher tier of emotions, acquired during the course of civilization are generated by *dharma* (custom or convention-dictated duty), *artha* (possession of material objects), *kaama* (wish or desire for pleasures and/or property) and *moksha* (redemption of soul, *moksha* also literally means death). To bring emotions under control five activities are included in *Niyama* step of *yoga sutras*. Cultivation of purity of thought (*saucha*), contentment implying self denial-associated humility (*santosh*), penance or austerity-associated-bodily mortification (*tapaha*), study of spiritual books dealing with reality (*sat*) and myth (*midhya*) and the concepts of individual soul and universal soul (*svadhyaya*) and surrender of ego to God (*Ishwara pranidhanani*). While the *Yama* instructions require avoidance of activities, the *Niyama* directions require active implementation.

***Aasana* and *Pranayama* assist maintenance of the physical body**

Patanjali recognized the intimate nexus between mind and body, and prescribed *Aasana* and *Pranayama* in order to maintain the body in a healthy condition as a part of the *Raja Yoga* regimen. In fact people with ill health, those who are obese or weak are regarded unsuitable for *Raja Yoga*. In the *Yoga Sutras* *Aasana* is mentioned in the context of a comfortable posture that allows one to be seated for long periods without interruption

(II;46-48). *Pranayama*, on the other hand brings the involuntary breathing cycle under voluntary control and was described in one aphorism. Inhalation, exhalation and holding breath static either in the lungs or out of them are to be regulated in space, time and number which could be long or short (II; 50). Thus the first four steps of *Raja Yoga* are strategies to control behavior and emotions and to maintain a healthy body as a prelude for preparing the mind to enable it to focus.

Prathyahara, Dharana and Dhyana are exercises of the mind

Concentration of mind is essentially a modification of the thinking process. *Prathyahara, Dharana* and *Dhyana* are stages in the modification of the thinking process. These three steps are described as internal or integral to mind while the previous four steps are considered external to mind. Mind normally wanders from one thought to another in a random manner. *Pranayama* prepares the mind for concentration but does not completely prevent wandering of the mind. *Prathyahara* is an important step in the mastery of *Raja Yoga* and it is a difficult step. It requires constant practice. No aids to achieve this end were mentioned in *Yoga Sutras*. The only advice in the Sutras was 'recognize the wandering mind and immediately bring it back to its quiet state tirelessly'.

Dharana is concentration of thought on a single place, object or thought. In other words in mastering *Dharana* one may focus on any single thought (or object) (III; 1). *Dhyana* is the continuous retention of that thought for long periods (III; 2). There is no

mention of specific length of time to distinguish *Dharana* from *Dhyana*. Obviously *Dharana* is concentration for periods shorter than in *Dhyana*. In describing the purpose of *Asana* as the ability to stay in a place without discomfort for long periods suggests that *Dhyana* state must be maintained for more than a few minutes.

One reaches the final *Samadhi* state when the object of thought is devoid of form or substance (III; 3). *Samadhi* is thus qualitatively different from the *Dharana* and *Dhyana* stages. While in *Dhyana* mind concentrates on a specific identifiable thought or object, in *Samadhi* mind remains thought-free. In other words the object of thought is extinguished in *Samadhi*. According to Patanjali a *Raja Yogi* having mastered *Dharana* and *Dhyana* enters *Samadhi* stage (described as *samyama*) which is called seedless *Samadhi* (*Nirbija Samadhi* III, 8). By persevering in this *Samadhi* state one attains the supreme state of independence (*Kaivalyam*), a state of total liberation. In addition, one would acquire several extraordinary powers. Examples of such powers are knowledge of past and future, and knowing the thoughts of others just from distinguishing facial signs.

Rationale for the choice of the prescribed sequence of *Raja Yoga*

It is significant that this eight-fold path of *Raja Yoga*, believed to have been compiled by Patanjali probably as early as 5th century B.C., recognized the intimate connection between body and mind and between lifestyle and happiness. *Raja Yoga* assumes that brain has some untapped abilities that can be

unleashed by curbing random wandering thoughts. *Yoga Sutras* suggest the eight part behavioral modifications, physical and mental exercises that help unleash the hidden powers of the brain. The steps suggested appear to be very logical and suggest a deep understanding of the basis for peace of mind and happiness. More importantly how did these scholars (although Patanjali compiled the *Sutras* it is likely in this author's opinion that a group of scholars designed these steps) come up with this eight-part process?

Firstly, the yogic scholars considered fear and emotional attachment to objects and family and ego constitute the main obstacles to fully utilize the brain. The life style prescribed in the *Yama* and *Niyama* programs prevents situations that cause fear and anxiety and blocks ego and passion-generated emotion. Nonviolence, truthfulness and non-stealing are directly aimed at preventing fear while, scholarly or detached life style with modest aspirations are aimed at preventing anxiety. Surrender of ego (*Ishwara Pranidhanani*), self-knowledge (*Svadyaya*), and contentment (*Santosha*) are practical steps to control emotions. Wholesome and virtuous thoughts (*Saucha*) and not indulging the body (*Tapah*) also help control passions. Control of fear and taming of emotions is just a prelude to liberate the mind from its limitations.

To fully utilize the untapped potential of the brain the *Raja Yoga* system recognized the need for a healthy body and trained brain. Physical exercises (*Asana*) help maintain a healthy body. Thinkers of the times realized that brain is the seat of the mind, and that the brain acts both at the conscious level and the

unconscious level. For example, heart beat, respiration and digestion are not under conscious control of the brain and yet are controlled by brain. Breathing exercises (*Pranayama*) was prescribed to be in contact with the subconscious mind and prepare the brain to concentrate. As noted in an earlier article (Marg, 3; pp 11-15) *Pranayama* is shown by physiologists to affect the autonomous nervous system which is not under control of the conscious brain. It is surprising that even though existence of the autonomous nerve system was then unknown these scholars developed an activity that affects it.

The final four steps deal with intentional stopping of spontaneous brain activity. As noted above brain is active at conscious and subconscious levels. When not engaged in conscious activity such talking, eating, listening to music etc many thoughts pass continuously through the brain. These thoughts are spontaneous and random. One is not aware of the subject of thoughts until they arrive. Nor can one predict the sequence in this train of thoughts. In prescribing four-part mental exercises to stop this spontaneous, random train of thoughts they considered the sources of thoughts. Sense organs are one source. To block this source of interruption *Prathyahara*, probably the most difficult part was prescribed. The objective of *Prathyahara* is to disrupt the communication from the sense organ to the brain. When this step is successfully mastered light, sound, smell etc. stimuli may be received by the sense organs but the resulting nerve impulses are blocked from the brain centers. This step may be compared to being absent minded. Thus one potential source of random thought is blocked. Obviously these scholars did figure

out that the communication between the sense organs and the brain that interprets the message can be interrupted. **The suggested progression from holding one thought for short periods (*Dharana*) and after mastering it, holding for longer periods (*Dhyana*) and finally having a mind free of thought (*Samadhi*) obviously demonstrates the careful planning in designing the eight-part *Raja Yoga*. Even if one may not reach the *Samadhi* state in the process one certainly gets at least**

a healthy body with peace of mind and pleasant interpersonal relationships, the primary ingredient of happiness. In defining *Moksha* as a mental state that can be achieved by following a clearly defined set of activities *Raja Yoga* removes the mystery of God and salvation. Thus *Raja Yoga* which western philosophers consider it to be a part of Hindu religion is in reality a rational practical approach to the mystery of salvation.

FAMINE STALKS THE EARTH ELSEWHERE

*Dr. N. Sarma Rachakonda **

Famine stalks the earth elsewhere, and reaps
 Its rich harvest of famished human flesh.
 The genius of the human race has dared
 To land upon the moon; unlocked the gene;
 Unbound he atom's force; transplanted hearts.
 So hard indeed to believe that a world
 Which made such rapid strides would lack the vision
 The means, the wherewithal to save a part
 Of its own populace from jaws of death.
 How come, the arsenals are overfull?
 "Nero"s have brains enough for a nuclear war

But not enough to bar the famine's spread.
 The monsoons fail, the weather itself may take
 A new pattern for worse, while continents
 Wither with ease within the famine belt.
 The vast Sahara gains a hundred miles across.
 The heart's desert is vast as ever,
 And human souls still seem to show some dark
 Benumbed patches; and scenes that chill
 And curdle blood to marrow's depths
 No longer touch our complacence. Oh God!
 Let heart and brain unite to fight this drought.

* Maharanipect, Visakhapatnam.

CONVERSATION: A SOCIAL SKILL

*Y.Somalatha **

We are all interested in conversation. Some may consider it as delightful pastime and others may look upon it as informative. It is a pleasant combination of both. Above all it reveals human nature. As we are naturally inquisitive or curious about people, their intentions, motives, interests, way of life, we wish to be part of a conversation.

Conversation is an everyday experience - more often informal than formal. However, rarely it is an achievement. When it diminishes your self-esteem or makes you feel like an insignificant bloke or inflicts moral pain, you understand you have not yet learnt the skill of conversation. As teachers of English, members of civilized society and makers of culture, it is time we learnt this highly required skill.

Rev. Sydney Smith (18th - 19th centuries) says "one of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation." When conversation is smooth, natural and quick in changing over from person to person, without competition or vanity, it feels like celebrating life. The four word 'mantra' in conversation is "what is your opinion?" Further, occasional touches of humour and compliments make you an agreeable person to listen to and talk to.

The pre-requisite to be a good

conversationalist is keen listening. Most of us in our anxiety to speak would not listen. The loss is ours which is multi-fold. Firstly, we lose the good impression of the speakers. Secondly, we miss upon the valuable ideas they put forth, and thus we lose the chance of improving our skills.

Usually very long conversations irritate the participants. One might speak for a very long time using "hesitation features" like 'um', 'er' or use prelude like 'guess what? Do you know what happened?' The speaker expects the listener to respond with a nod, say 'Really!' 'How sad!' 'Unbelievable!' etc. If the speaker says "in other words" we should become aware that he is merely going to start afresh. Here is an anecdote for you: Bernard Shaw was once invited to speak at a dinner, and he was the last to speak. The speeches were long and too many, but the audience waited patiently for Shaw to speak. When Shaw's turn came there was a roar of applause. When the encomium subsided Shaw said "Ladies and Gentlemen! The subject is not exhausted, but we are," and sat down.

The obverse of long conversation is long silence. If there is a long 'studied' silence in a conversation, it indicates reluctance, rejection and jealousy of other's success in proving a point. To be good at conversation one should prudently avoid lengthy speeches and bitter calculated silences. While long silences are a taboo in conversation, pauses

* Head Dept. of English, Andhra Univ. Campus Kakinada - 5

are welcome at appropriate places. A pause indicates that the speaker has made a point and his turn has come to an end, and there is an opportunity for another person to take over. Any conversation without well-timed pauses is a third rate conversation.

A signal feature of good conversation is politeness. Politeness aims to please in conversation but not to shine in it. A polite gentleman or lady would speak calmly and stop when there is nothing more to say.

In a well-bred conversation, we may come across a few ironical attitudes:

Mutual respect pretended
Contempt of others disguised
Authority concealed
Attention given to each in his turn

The end result is: "we sit making polite conversation and feeling rather uncomfortable."

Listen to these so called academics talking to each other:

A: I enjoyed your book a lot
Who wrote it for you?
B: I'm glad you liked it
Who read it to you?

Certain things ought to be deliberately avoided in an agreeable conversation. Interrupting the flow of conversation is always considered rude. Instead of interrupting, one should take his turn to speak at a well-judged pause.

Remember that conversation is a leisurely activity. Hence, one should not

exhibit symptoms of impatience of being pressed for time. One should relax and create a mood of mutual good will.

We should know that calling a participant into questioning is not the mode of the gentle art of conversation. The ambience should create an abundant scope for free expression, but never compelled answering to questions.

One should forewarn oneself from succumbing to tempting moments to say the wrong thing. If one feels the thing might be touchy even for a single individual in the group, one should avoid it altogether.

One should never attempt to monopolize the conversation in order to be known. In that case one will be talking much and saying nothing at all. Conversation is an opportunity to exchange ideas, understand new things and improve oneself. It is not for anyone to snub or criticize someone uncharitably.

As one is not Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, one should never attempt to venture to talk to someone unwilling to listen. To hold one's dignity is the best in such a situation.

Sometimes accent or the way one utters words poses problems. A Malayalee and a Punjabi met at a party and began to converse in English. Because of the influence of their mother-tongues, they could hardly understand each other. The Punjabi lost his patience and said - with a strong Punjabi accent - "the trouble is that you speak with a strong British accent and I speak with a strong American accent."

A girl and a boy were talking. The girl said: "marry." The boy's heart fluttered and he questioned: "marry who?" The girl said "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Truth is the most essential ingredient in conversation. Mark Twain says: "if you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything." Alas! In postcolonial psyche, truth is marginalized, giving centrality to sweet and vicious lies. Nobody speaks in earnest. Sir/Madam, there is no serious conversation. A senior colleague of mine said to me one day, "You ought to listen to her because in that heap of chaff there must be a grain of truth." Thereafter I practiced listening between the lies. I know I need to imbibe the quality of solid judgment to separate the grain from the chaff.

Fortunately or unfortunately "your conversation is your advertisement." The moment you speak, people look into your mind. But most of us, most of the time overshoot the advertisement. For a casual 'how are you?' one may open the charter of one's pains, aches, colds, coughs, headaches

etc. Some of us feel offended when conversation moves away from the personal: a famous actor, who was boring his listener with a never-ending monologue about his action in one of his latest films, suddenly interrupted himself -- "But I am talking all about myself," he apologized. "Let's talk about you. How did you like me in that role?"

Unlike the actor mentioned, we should use you twenty times more than I.

Emerson says, "Conversation is an art in which a man has all mankind for competitors." Let conversation be a competition with one another in good sense and good humour. That is good going.

Harsh words come, from a thoughtless mind, Sweet words belong to a heart that's kind.

So, think well and speak well in taste. Since life is largely a process of communicating with people, there are abundant opportunities to practice the gentle art of conversation. Seize every occasion.

'I am a part of all I have met. Yet all experience is an arch where gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades forever and forever, when I move. How dull it is to pause, to make an end to must unburnished, not to shine in use'.

- Alfred Tennyson

'If you want to increase your success rate, you must increase your failure rate'.

- Thomas Watson, Founder of IBM

A WONDERFUL MESSAGE!!!

Courtesy: Internet

On the first day, as President Abraham Lincoln entered to give his inaugural address, just in the middle, one man stood up. He was a rich aristocrat. He said, "Mr. Lincoln, you should not forget that your father used to make shoes for my family." And the whole Senate laughed; they thought they had made a fool of Abraham Lincoln.

But Lincoln --- and that type of people are made of a totally different mettle. Lincoln looked at the man and said, "Sir I know that my father used to make shoes in your house for your family, and there will be many others here... Because the way he made

shoes; nobody else can. He was a creator. His shoes were not just shoes; he poured his whole soul in it. I want to ask you, have you any complaint? Because I know how to make shoes myself. If you have any complaint I can make another pair of shoes. But as far as I know, nobody has ever complained about my father's shoes. He was a genius, a great creator and I am proud of my father".

The whole Senate was struck dumb. They could not understand what kind of man Abraham Lincoln was. He was proud because his father did the job so well that not even a single complaint had ever been heard.

WHEN THE GREAT SCORER COMES

*K.V.V. Subramanyam **

When the Great Scorer comes
He asks not how many runs you made
Nor does He look for piled up sums
He asks how straight was your blade

With the great scorer on terra firma
He asks not how many wickets you took
But only how you performed your Karma
And how many thickets you shook.

When the great scorer descends on earth
He spies your stance, role and gait
Sees whether you radiated mirth

And cheer renewal of hope and faith

When the great scorer eyes from heavens
He records your urge to cleanse
The soil that is at sixes and sevens
With native hue of wisdom and sense.

When the great scorer records your deeds
Done in broad daylight and open space
Replete with moss, ivy and weeds
Are your acts marked by charm and grace

When the great scorer knows one and all
He scarce needs another umpire or third
To discern whether you play ball
For the divine scorer has the final word.

* IPS Retd., Hyderabad

INTERNATIONAL MATH PRIZE NAMED AFTER LEELAVATI

Courtesy: The Hindu

The executive organising committee of the International Congress of Mathematicians (ICM) has decided to name a one-time international prize of Rs.10 lakh for popularising mathematics after *Leelavati*, the immortal mathematical treatise by the Indian mathematician, Bhaskaracharya.

The prize, to be given for outstanding contribution to public outreach on mathematics by an individual, would be awarded at the closing ceremony of the meeting of the ICM at Hyderabad in August.

Press Officer for the conference, G.Madhavan, said, the Committee was making efforts towards making the prize a regular feature in future sessions of the ICM. The issue would be discussed at the next general assembly of the conference, which was likely to be held in Korea. This is stated to be the first ever international prize for popularisation of mathematics.

The ICM meets once in four years and is the biggest and most prestigious meeting of mathematicians. It would be for the first time in its century-old history that a meeting of the congress is being held in India.

A 12th century treatise, *Leelavati*, is one of the basic mathematical texts that are acclaimed by mathematicians across the

world. In the book, devoted to arithmetic and algebra, the legendary Bhaskaracharya posed a series of problems in elementary arithmetic as challenges to *Leelavati* and follows them with indications of solutions.

The work was a main source of learning to the then state-of-the-art arithmetic and algebra in medieval India. Historical research shows that the work had immense influence in the Middle-East and that a Mughal Emperor even commissioned a Persian translation. The translation was rendered by, Abul Fazal, a vizier of Akbar, who also authored the *Akbar-nama*, the official history of Akbar's regime in three volumes and a Persian translation of the Bible.

According to one legend, which is traced to early Persian translations of the work, *Leelavati* was none other than the daughter of Bhaskaracharya and that he named the book after her as the book itself arose out of his efforts to distract and console her with mathematics.

As per the legend, *Leelavati* was distraught and Bhaskaracharya sought to console her with mathematics, after a planned wedding for her had to be cancelled as the auspicious time fixed for the marriage was missed, thanks to her playing with a device for measuring time.

'When the wind is blowing in one direction the boat is to be sailing in a different direction. It depends on the way the sail is set.'

RAFI MOHAMMAD - Magician of the Voice

I.V. Chalapati Rao

Music, the queenliest of the fine arts is the one art form that is universally loved by civilised human beings of all ages and climes. Sama Veda itself is transmitted through music. It is interesting to find that Shakespeare's more refined heroes are lovers of music. On the other hand his villains hate music.

Mohammad Rafi, a name to conjure with, shone on the musical firmament of Bollywood and strode like a colossus for four decades with around 22, 000 songs marked by versatility. In the post-Saigal period there is no body to hold a candle before him. He sang in twenty languages. He died in July, 1979 at the age of 56. The magic of Rafi's voice holds listeners spell bound. K.L.Saigal prophesied that he would one day eclipse him. A single song made him immortal... *Suhane rat dal chuke*. It is indeed a surprise how he did not catch the rolling eye of our Central Government. The Central Government will do an honour to itself if it confers 'Bharat Ratna' on him posthumously.

Rafi took his music lessons in Lahore from Ustad Wahid Khan. One day when Rafi was 13 years old, he went with his brother Hamid to a music concert of K.L.Saigal. As there was a power failure Saigal declined to sing. Hamid went to the organizers and asked whether Rafi could be permitted to sing to engage the audience. That was an opportunity for the young singer. The audience appreciated his performance. Shyamsunder, the well-known composer was among the audience.

He was highly impressed and invited him to Bombay. Hamid took him to Bombay without the knowledge of their father. But he had the blessings of his mother.

Rafi immortalized the music lyrics and video recordings of many musicians, lyricists and film makers. Rafi's voice suits any occasion - be it bhangra, ghazal, qawwali, lullaby, classical, romantic songs, folk songs, bhajans, patriotic songs, playful numbers and rukhsati song. He left behind a rich legacy. In any programme of songs requested by the radio listeners - Apke Farmayish - Rafi's songs will be in great demand. No one has been able to recreate the Rafi magic.

Mohammad Rafi was born in a small village called Kotla Sultan Singh near Amritsar. When he was a child, the family relocated to Lahore. He used to follow a fakir who was singing in his neighbourhood. Noticing his keen interest in music his brother Hamid encouraged him and gave him all the help. Music Director Naushad Ali said: "A lot of credit for Rafi's success must go to Hamid". His path to success was not a bed of roses. It was strewn with stones and thorns. The brothers had little money. They lived in Bhendi Bazaar and had to walk a long distance to the studio in Dadar to meet Shyamsunder. They filled two pillow cases with 'Chana' (gram) and lived on that meager diet for days. Finally Shyamsunder gave him a song in the Punjabi film *Gulbaloch* and a second song in a Hindi film *Gaonki Gori*.

For some time Rafi worked with Naushad who says "When I heard Rafi, I liked his voice. I was already doing a film at that time, *Shahjahan* with Saigal. Being a fan of Saigal, Rafi requested me to give him an opportunity to sing with Saigal. I gave him one line in the song *Roohi mohi mere sapnoko rani*. I gave him the first full song to sing for me in *Anmol Ghadi* - it went like *tera khilona toota balak*. Then again he sang for me in *Dillagi*. *Is duniya may aye* and *tere koonche main*. He used Rafi's voice to the maximum.

Although Mohammad Rafi became popular afterwards and worked for other music directors, he clicked specially with Naushad who fully explored the possibilities of the whole range of his voice. Rafi had a tremendous range. He showcased the peaks of his excellence in films like *Baiju Bawra* in which his song *O duniya ke rakhwale...*, stole the hearts of the people. While raising his voice to the highest pitch he did not know that blood was oozing from his vocal chord. Naushad had to ask the sound recordist to stop the recording! Such was his concentration and total identification with the song.

If any, his match can be found only in Lata Mangeshkar, the queen of melody. Together in their duets they are inimitable-co-rivals and twin incomparables. Once Lakshmikant Pyarelal, the famous music director said about him "Before Rafi when we invented a tune we used to search for suitable singers, but when he came on the scene, he put a challenge before us that you dare compose a tune which he could not sing". According to Ranjandas Gupta, Lata Mangeshkar herself paid the greatest tribute

to Rafi: "He was not only India's greatest playback singer but also a wonderful person. I am yet to come across another artist so modest, dignified and unassuming. He was one singer whose vocal range could outclass any other singer whether it was me, Asha, Mannade or Kishore bhayya".

Rafi lent his voice to Dilip Kumar, the thespian in *Leader*. He sang for Shammi Kapoor in *Janglee*. He sang for the famous Director Guru Dutt in *Kaghaz Ke Phool*. He sang imitating the comedian Johnny Walker's voice in *Pyaasa*. He could bring fame even to an ordinary actor like Joy Mukerji in *Ek Musafir Ek Haseena* and *Ziddi*. Shammi Kapoor was his fan. He said "It was amazing the way Rafi *saab* adapted himself to what I wanted him to do. I used to be terribly involved in my songs and I attended all the recordings. Rafi *saab* splendidly responded to my suggestions".

Rafi sang a few duets with Lata Mangeshkar. She said "Our songs together are so lovely that it is a pleasure to listen to them over and over again". Some of their hit songs are in *Goonj Uthi Shehnai*, *Sehra*, *Love Marriage*, *Asli Naqli*, *Pakeezah*.

Rafi's voice could express infinite variety of feelings and emotions - love, tragedy, romance, pain, separation, pathos, hatred and devotion. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru called Rafi "Magician of the Voice".

With all his gifts and extra-ordinary popularity, he was humble to the core. His admirers wondered how such a self-effacing man could sound so commanding when he sang in certain situations. He had great respect

for all his music directors, young and old. He considered them as his 'gurus'. He carefully studied the persons for whom he had to sing and then creatively reproduced the shades of

their voice. His last song (swan song) was in the film *Aass Paas*. It has been three decades since he died and for generations to come, his melodious voice will be remembered.

WE PINE FOR PEACE

*Late Sri S.K. Chari **

Behind the veil of terror peace sheds tears;
In chilling storm of violence calm shivers;
Progressive steps falter in eternal fear;
Gusto of madness sweeps away near and dear;

"Peace for progress" is an empty slogan,
To be soon filled with shouts of war dragon;
Suspicion and hatred cut blooming life
To divided pieces of eternal strife;

Mother Earth groans under thumping arson;

* Poet, Hyderabad

Raining clouds flee when war forecasts
hasten;
Just built hutments crash under air attacks;
Development retreats when progress
cracks;

U.N's appeal is all in wilderness;
Big powers quite often lack in oneness;
Conquering trends and plundering games
sweep
Small, helpless nations and bury them deep;

Peace, alas, victim of exploitation,
Is crushed under selfish ostentation,
Is swept aside for self domination -
We pine for peace to save God's creation.

This poem was an entry for poetry competition of American Poetry Association, California, U.S.A. He lived in Hyderabad.

SHOOTING

*Damal Kannan **

My teacher for shooting class is Henry
He taught me to shoot a female stark
We moved on to a hilly terrain
He saw a female stark

And started at me shouting to shoot
Then I remembered my friend Tara
Who used to fear the dummy gun used for
Diwali
Hence failed in my first attempt.

* Indira Nagar, Bangalore

READERS' MAIL

I have enjoyed reading the latest issue of Triveni. It's get-up and the quality of paper as well as the contents are excellent. I am pleased to find that writers and poets from different parts of India are contributing articles and poems. I am glad to find that the journal is truly national.

Apart from your editorial, I particularly like the articles on Vedic Military Science and 'The Tempest - an Allegory of Man'. The former explains the glory of our ancient culture and the latter is a piece of sound literary criticism - some of the poems are interesting as slices of life.

**- Niranjan Das
Ahmedabad**

We are swallowing your culture capsules and wisdom pills every three months. The quote in your 'Get Back to Gradualness' Thoreau could say "Let Shakespeare wait, I have an appointment with this dew drop now" has gone too deep into my heart.

Our Triveni is attracting more and more persons day by day. I wish more and more people should be benefited by it.

**- Dr. C. Jacob
Narsapur(W.G.Dist.)**

I can understand how difficult it is to edit a journal of international reputation like Triveni and I read in one of the copies of Triveni a writer saying that the journal is so successful because a right person is at the right job. I endorse his statement with pleasure.

**- D. Surya Rao
Vijayawada**

BOOK REVIEW

MUSE CLAD IN COSTUMES by **Bernard M. Jackson and H. Tulsi**: edited and published by H. Tulsi, "Metverse Muse", 21-46/1, Kakani Nagar, Visakhapatnam, 530009, A.P. India, Price Rs.300/- British Pounds 18, pages 240.

This is a book on poetry which provides basic information on the format of poems and the factors that go to make the music the poems present about which the present day students of English literature have no idea.

Bernard M. Jackson is an English poet who is an international review writer of repute now and Dr. H. Tulsi is the poet editor of "Metverse Muse," a journal of poetry that has gained national and international fame. The two main parts of the book deal with prosody and 'fixed form poems' and the third with the index to poets and poems included in the book.

The first on prosody helps the enthusiastic would-be poet with the basic knowledge needed to understand the 'technical' aspects like accent, rhyme and metre which is the need of the hour and the second part leads the reader on from the sonnet of the early times to the modern haiku. Dr. Tulsi handles the first part with professional ease and Mr. Bernard, the prime part of the book which deals with articles with examples on formatted poems, old and new, including Indian poems.

Dr. Tulsi has been a frequent contributor of her poems to TRIVENI and we are glad she brought out this book as a timely gift to lovers of English poetry and we congratulate her on her excellent effort.

- D. Ranga Rao.

Name of The Book: IPE in the Early Years

Author: Prof. V.V.Ramanadham

The book appears to be the outcome of the reflections of the founder-director **Professor V.V.Ramanadham** on the institution he founded nearly two decades ago.

The concept of 'Public enterprise' gained momentum after the government of India has adopted public enterprise as the main thrust of economic policy. The public enterprise, in many quarters, was considered as a hand maid of government's economic policies. The discussions at seminars and studies on public enterprises gave strength to the idea of establishing an institution and Osmania University was regarded as the appropriate place for its set up.

The main activities of IPE consisted of in-depth research on public enterprises; the research projects were conducted under grants from Research Programs of the Planning

Commission. The projects typically covered areas, such as Top Management Structures, Productivity and Wage incentives, Managerial compensation and motivation and the Problem of huge Accumulated Deficits etc. These research projects later helped other activities of IPE like 'seminars' or 'courses'. Another important area of activity of IPE was the special assignments entrusted to it by the various public enterprises. Case-writing was yet another important dimension of IPE's activities, as cases have become a very significant tool of teaching.

IPE, initially was an extension of the Department of Commerce of Osmania University. Later it became independent and had its own organization structure. Professor Ramanadham, with his vast experience, both within and outside India, in public finance and enterprise studies and by virtue of his early association with IPE, has eminently covered the early history of IPE for the present generation.

- Kharidehal Venkata Rao, Hyderabad

Name of The Book: Glimpses of Life

No. of Pages: 202

Author: Dr. J. Babu Reddy, I.A.S(Retd.)

Price: Rs.300 U.S. \$15

Dr. J. Babu Reddy is a prolific writer and poet in English and Telugu of international fame. He has won many awards for his poetry. The present book is a collection of poems, some of them culled from half a dozen anthologies already published by him.

In many verses he expresses his response to love, nature, beauty and life. As he has visited more than 35 countries in the world, he describes his impressions and experiences in fine phrases and beautiful language. In *Life* he expresses his desire to probe the secret of life and death. He wonders what could be the meaning of life. Essentially he is a poet of romantic love, philosophical enquiry and a tireless pursuit of the eternal values of life. He is a believer in the supremacy of human values.

In his more serious poems we find an under current of Advaita Philosophy of the Upanishadik thought "*Let us eschew duality and duplicity*". In *All in One* he says "You are the means. You are the goal. You are the picture. You are the painter". In the poem *God in Man* he quotes the Mahavakyas 'Tatvamasi' and 'Aham Brahmasmi'.

Some of the poems captivate the reader with their flights of imagination and delightful descriptions. Every poem is marked with brevity and packed with meaning. When once the reader starts reading, he/she will be unwilling to put down the book.

It is a must for all libraries.

- I. Sreedevi, Chicago(U.S.A.)

New Life Members

The following is the list of Donors & Life Members who have joined the TRIVENI family during August 2010 - September 2010. The **TRIVENI FOUNDATION** welcomes them heartily with thanks.

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18 Annual members have also joined Triveni family during this period.

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If you did not receive your copy of **TRIVENI**, email us at trivenijournal@yahoo.com or write to Triveni Foundation, 12-13-157, Street No.2, Tarnaka, Hyderabad-500017. Phone: 27014762.

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