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CONTENTS

| | Page No. |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| Rabindranath Tagore on Education | I.V. Chalapati Rao 4 |
| Multi Culturelism in India | D. Ramakrishna 8 |
| A Tribute to Nathaniel Hawthorne | Dr. Soundarya Joseph 11 |
| All Life is Yoga | Sri Aurobindo 14 |
| Viswanatha Commends Vidya Dharma . . . | Dr. Kondal Rao Velchala 15 |
| Life and Death | O.P.Arora 17 |
| Indian Drama : A Genesis | Dr. N. Anil Krishna 18 |
| Poetry | M.S.N. Murthy 20 |
| Secularism is the Chief Weakness . . . | Dr. S. Radhakrishnan 21 |
| To Varenya | Bhavana S. Chary 23 |
| Mind or Heart, who is the Leader? | M. S. Srinivasan 24 |
| Hussain Sagar Lake | S. Vijayakumar 26 |
| Self Management in a Saturated Life | Dr. B. Parvathi 27 |
| Who am I? | Dr. Subhakanta Behera 30 |
| The Theme of Colonial Culture . . . | M. Nageswara Rao 31 |
| Civilisation and Culure | C. Rajagopalachari 33 |
| MirzaGhalib-World's Widely Read Poet | I.V. Chalapati Rao 34 |
| Celebration of International Women's Day | C.V.G Krishnamurthy 37 |
| Education and Ethical Importance | Dr. A. Venkat Yadav & K. Siddartha 39 |
| While at Repose | Dr. Suresh Chandra Pande 40 |
| Trees | Dr. C. Jacob 41 |
| No Matter | Kumarendra Mallik 41 |
| Pratap Sharma's Plays | VVLNS Prasad 42 |
| The Oxford Companion to English | Dr. P. Padma & Dr. P.Suneetha 45 |
| Biksham Dehi | Dr. J. Bhagyalakshmi 49 |
| Purandara Dasa the Foremost | Ramakrishna Rao Gandikota 50 |
| Down the Memory Lane | K.V.V. Subrahmanyam 52 |
| Kurukshetra - Network of Krishna's . . . | Dr. Manas Bakshi 53 |
| Contentment vs Achievement | S. Ramnath 55 |
| Inward Process of Yoga . . . | Sri Swamy Sivananda Saraswati 56 |
| Time in the Poetry of Philip Larkin | Dr. K. Rajamouly 57 |
| Book Reviews | 60 |
| Readers' Mail | 62 |

TRIPLE STREAM

RABINDRANATH TAGORE ON EDUCATION

"Alas! I have explored
Philosophy and Law and Medicine
And over deep Divinity have pored
Studying with ardent and laborious zeal,
And here I am at last, a very fool,
With useless learning curst,
No wiser than at first".

Goethe's 'Faust'

"Books are indeed a bloodless substitute for life. And too heavy syllabus is like the shoes of mandarin women". These according to Tagore are the curses of modern education against which he directs his satire in 'The Parrot Training', "The ignorant parrot which roamed at will and sang merrily, is caught in a golden cage, Its pinions are clipped and its feet are fettered, and it is stuffed with 'copies of copies of copies of text books'. At last it lies dead. The bird's education is complete". He admonishes teachers for their slavery to books and preoccupation with their pet theories and techniques of teaching. "Teachers should not be a mere vehicle of text-books. They must make their teaching personal. Lessons should come from a living teacher who can inspire, enthuse and touch the mind".

Tagore's writings express supreme scorn for the slavish system of education which encourages parrot-like repetition of lessons from the text-book.

Blissfully for Tagore, he did not live

to see the predominance of notes and guide-books whose mushroom-like proliferation is a symptom of further deterioration after his passing. In his prose-play *Mukta Dhar* the King's minister, who is perhaps the poet's mouth-piece, makes interesting comments on education and the teachers. "Day after day they repeat mechanically exactly what they have been told. Otherwise, things would not have been so smooth for them". The poet directs his satire against the History teacher who is infatuated with dates and statistics and even preaches class-hatred instead of spreading the gospel of love and internationalism; "Didn't our former king Pragjit with 293 men drive back an army of 31793 southern barbarians?" (*MuktaDhara*). He poisons the minds of the students against the people of the South.

Rabindranath is the true interpreter of India's rich heritage and the unifier of the East and the West. Western civilization is scientific, whereas Eastern civilization is human. Western approach is rational. Indian approach is experiential. He sought to reconcile and harmonize them. He believed that the basic principle of human life, as preached by the Vedas and the Upanishads, is synthesis (Samanvaya) - and harmony (Samarasya). He said "Truth lies not in facts but in harmony of facts." The poet's message is the only means to bring about emotional integration of our country cutting across all linguistic, regional and communal barriers. This will eventually

lead to the emergence of the One World. In this sense, he is the first evangelist of the Pancha Shila (the doctrine of co-existence). He is a global citizen. In his *Heroes of Bengal*, Tagore directs his irony against the lotus-eating, bespectacled student who relaxes in the easy chair and complacently thinks that he belongs to the greatest nation on earth because Max Muller certified that he was of the Aryan stock. What difference does it make whether one is an Aryan or a Dravidian? In Carlyle's language, what matters is the hue of the heart but not the colour of the skin.

Of University education as it obtained in those days and did not change since then, the poet said, "To our misfortune we have in our country all the furniture of the European University but not the human teacher. These teachers distribute their doles of mental food gingerly, raising walls of note-books between themselves and their students." Peppermints and confectionery cannot be a substitute for wholesome food. Students are reduced to "eternal rag pickers at other people's tables". Rabindranath was of firm opinion that education should be connected with the surroundings of the pupil and their daily doings and life's know-how. Gandhi also said "What does not relate to real life at every point is no education". Tagore had profound contempt for those who lost their cultural roots and spiritual moorings under the fascination of an alien culture.

True education comes even from the companionship of trees and the presence of Nature. No wonder, Thoreau, the philosopher, could say "Let Shakespeare wait; now I have an appointment with this dew drop." Tagore said "We have no right to rob

the child of his earth to teach him Geography, of language to teach him Grammar." Students are expected to know about their own surroundings before they claim knowledge of foreign countries. Under the prevailing system of education, they know the name of the longest river in the world, the actual height of the Alps, the flora and fauna of the African forests and the manners of the American Red Indian. But they do not know the name of the river which flows near their village, the historic fort that is a few miles from their house and the common flower that is picked in the street. He protested against this rag-and-bottle which was called Education. Late Dr. C. R. Reddy exclaimed "It does not show insight into the nature of University education, which should be research and creativity and the development of personality, and not, as the Universities are today distributing channels for the scant, muddy, slow, belated flow of western knowledge and discoveries."

With a view to countering these evils and creating in the minds of the young pride in their own heritage and a passion for a united world, Tagore founded at Santiniketan Viswa Bharati, a great experiment in education and world understanding, "the home for the spirit of India" which eventually developed into a sanctuary of world peace and international understanding. The motto of Viswa Bharati is YATRA VISWAM BHAVATI EKA NEEDAM (where the world becomes a single nest). It became a home for "the spirit of the nations of the world." As a centre and forging house of international culture it has brought the pupils into close touch with Nature and into more intimate relations with one another. Its ideal has been to use the different cultures of the East as a basis for establishing cultural

exchange between East and West. This is one of the greatest achievements of the poet through education. The school itself is a poem. He said "When I brought together a few boys and girls one sunny day in winter among the warm shadows of trees, I started to write a poem . . . but not in words". His later days were spent in the sylvan surroundings of his quiet forest retreat with its sal trees, ducks and reed beds.

Tagore proved by precept and example that education does not consist in memorizing obscure facts, grinding away at nights or in supplying statistical information. He was opposed to stiff-collar pedantry and stereo-typed methods of teaching. We cannot lightly dismiss Stephen Leacock's comment on the modern teacher when he said "I became a Doctor of Philosophy; the meaning of this degree is that the recipient of instruction is examined for the last time in his life and is pronounced completely full. After this no new ideas can be imparted to him." Leacock says about the students, "those who seemed the laziest and the least enamoured of books are now rising to eminence at the bar, in business and in public life; the really promising boys, who took all the prizes, are now able, with difficulty, to earn the wages of a clerk or a deck-hand."

Tagore's Santiniketan was intended to be an antidote to the besetting ills of modern education. It was based on the proposition that Nature is the first teacher. Of course the teacher needs skill in teaching. Still more, he needs knowledge and understanding of the nature of the task he is called upon to perform. As Alexander Pope said judiciously, "Men should be taught as if you taught them not,

and things unknown proposed as things forgot."

Tagore said that the use of literature for teaching the fundamentals of language is like trying to use a sword for shaving. "It will be bad for the sword and harmful to the chin." His views are in consonance with the latest theories and techniques of modern experts in linguistics. He strongly believed that education should be imparted through the mother tongue but English should be taught as a world language.

Tagore thus opened new horizons in education and thinking, and gave a relaxed look to class activities. Culture, Music and Drama were no longer 'extras', They became integral part of the curriculum and principal high-lights of life and tested means of education at Santiniketan.

Even in the field of education Rabindranath built bridges between the East and the West. The different systems of music and schools of art were blended in a pleasing amalgam. Classes were held out-of-doors, "in the brotherhood of trees and the watching birds". The poet's plays were performed at every term-end. Festivals were held to commemorate the lives of great men like Kalidas, Valmiki, Kabir and Raja Rammohan Roy. Tagore believed that, as Bertrand Russell puts it, "Reverence for human personality is the beginning of wisdom in every social question, but above all in education,"

Santiniketan is a synthesis of the ideals of the Western commissar and the Eastern 'yogi'. The open-air life, the premium on religious values, the intimate association of

the teacher and the student are features taken from the ancient 'tapovana' concept of education. The democratic procedures, the atmosphere of freedom, the post office, the hospital, the printing press and the workshop are ideas of work experience adopted from the West. This spirit of give-and-take permeates every activity in the school. He also started Sriniketan which is a sort of rural education scheme. It will be a blue-print for any plan of education and development with village as the central unit.

Tagore would have started a separate University for women as is evident from his conversations with Dilip Kumar Roy and his other friends. His works *Gora*, *Home and the World* and *Stripatra* (A Woman's Letters) bring out his attitude to women. He said, "I have always held that, essentially, woman is not man's competitor but complement . . . she must 'preside' over her world, which includes beauty". She should not hanker after the petty trifles that man pursues. This may look somewhat odd and irrational to the western reader who takes the conventional view that man and woman are just pieces of the same cloth. The poet even says, "Marriage is a training for both of them. Man learns to control himself and woman to express herself".

Above all, Tagore insisted that religion should be the background of education because it imparts a sense of fair play and appreciation of the ethical values of life. In Santi Niketan the glass-mandir, which was open to the air on all sides was the place where

prayers were offered. He knew that men should be good and that intellect and information are inadequate. He said "If intellect alone sufficed, Bacon would have been honest and Napoleon would have been just". There is close resemblance between the views of Tagore and Vivekananda who said: "Intellect! What is there in intellect? It goes a few steps and stops. Heart is everything. It can open the impossible gates . . . Information is not education. If information is education our encyclopedias are our gurus and our libraries are our rishis . . . it is better to assimilate four ideas than to memorize a whole library of books".

The programme at Santi Niketan begins with a prayer and ends with a prayer. However, it is not the religion of the fanatic that Tagore recommended. It is the poet's religion which considers the world as a family of nations, each nation being free to work out its destiny in its own way. It is the path of love that the poet or teacher shows but love is the only thing that human beings are permitted to carry beyond the grave. Knowledge should produce self-confidence qualified by humility as Tagore's following verse shows:

"Who is there to take my duties ?"
asked the setting Sun;
"I shall do what I can, my master"
said the earthen lamp.

The earthen lamp is humble, yet it is prepared to take up the duties of the Sun. The poet should create sunshine when the Sun fails.

MULTICULTURALISM IN INDIA

D.Ramakrishna*

According to A.L. Basham, the primitive men drifting into the Indian subcontinent since the old Stone Age were the ancestors of one of India's three main racial types--the Proto-Australoids, so called because of the resemblance to the Australian Aborigines. Subsequently the Paleo-Mediterranean are said to have come to South Asia from the West. The Aryans, the speakers of Indo-European language which was related to those of classical Europe came in waves. The earlier arrivals were round-headed (Brachycephalic) people of the type called Alpine or Armenoid. Later came the long-headed Caucasoids, similar to northern Europeans.

The majority of the earliest races that settled in India were the Proto-Astroloid, the Paleo-Mediterranean and the Caucasoids or Indo-Europeans. In fact, every race of Central Asia came to India. Turks came long before the Muslims. The Mongolians came to India over the Himalayan and north-eastern passes. The African slaves brought by Muslims merged with the general population. Some Persian and Arab traders settled among the west coast and married Indian women. Their descendants indistinguishably merged with the rest of the population. The Parsi fugitives who were expelled from Persia by Muslim invaders settled in India. Zoroastrianism, Islam and Christianity becoming native to the Indian soil are deeply

influenced by the tolerance of Hinduism. Muslim conquerors from about 1000 A.D. affected Hindu life and thought.

The Indus Valley Culture prevailed during 3250 B.C. to 2000 B.C. As S. Abid Hussain says, the religious beliefs and practices of the ancient inhabitants of the Indus Valley "are to some extent reflected in Hinduism. The figures shown on the seals provide ample evidence that they worshipped Shakti the mother goddess and sacrificed goats and other animals to her. There is no doubt that the Hindus inherited both these practices from them. Some seals have been found with representations of a god resembling Shiva." Use of the swastika and wheel as symbols of the sun is said to date from the period of Indus Valley Civilization. The traditions of the period also influenced belief in spirits and magic in Yajur Veda and Atharva Veda which is not in keeping with the teachings of the Rig Veda. As Sir John Marshall asserts, as a result of the excavations in Harappa and Mohanjo Daro, we have evidence of the presence in India of a highly developed culture that "must have had a long antecedent history on the soil of India, taking us back to an age that can only be dimly surmised." Many cultures merged indistinguishably into Hindu culture since the times of the Indus people and the Vedic Aryans. During the second millennium B.C., Aryan tribes with pastoral backgrounds came to the subcontinent from the north west and settled in the middle Ganges River Valley. In spite of attacks by Greeks,

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Muslims, Europeans and others, Hindu culture has maintained its tradition unbroken to the present day. Referring to Marshall's assertion, A.C. Bouquet says that the civilization of the Indus Valley was "a highly developed civilization which must have taken a very long period."

Dravidian culture was flourishing in South India when Indus Valley Civilization was being destroyed in north-west India by wild invaders around 2000 B.C. According to S. Radhakrishnan, we cannot say "whether the Dravidians were natives of the soil or came from outside." Dravidians came to India from the west by sea by the second half of the 1st millennium B.C. In prehistoric times there were cultural exchanges between the Indus Valley and South India. An important feature of the Indus Valley Civilization is its continuity, not as a political power but as a cultural influence. The religion of the Indus people is hardly distinguishable, according to Sir John Marshall, from "that aspect of Hinduism which is bound up with animism and the cults of Shiva and Mother Goddess." The religion, as per the earliest literary records, is that of the Aryans, though it was much influenced by the Indus people, the Dravidians and the Aborigines.

Among the Harappans, some were long-headed and narrow-nosed. They were the slender Mediterranean type found in the ancient Middle East and Egypt. They constituted an important feature of the Indian population today. The modern South Indian is said to be a blend of Mediterranean and Proto-Australoid, the two chief ethnic factors in the Harappa culture. The Harappa religion seems to show many similarities with those

elements of Hinduism which are specially popular in the Dravidian country. The Australian Aborigine and Negro elements were referred to by A.C. Bouquet also. As he says, "India is the home of many physical types, and much of the oldest surviving stratum of the population bears a not inconsiderable resemblance to the Australian black fellow. The very earliest inhabitants are now thought to have been Negritoes of the Andaman Island type." According to M.N. Srinivas, "The population of India is racially diverse, containing elements from six main racial types: the Negrito, the Proto-Australoid, the Mongoloid, the Mediterranean, the Western Brachycephals and the Nordic."

With its origins in Hinduism of the pre-Vedic times, Indian culture has been most tolerant, welcoming and absorbing diverse foreign cultures. Despite diversity of regional and sub regional cultures, languages and religions, there is a certain degree of homogeneity among Indians over the centuries. With a population around 1.5 billion, India consists of multiple cultures constantly reshaping due to interaction. In India there are over 33 languages, but only 15 of them got political recognition. As per the official reports of 2005, the population consists of 72% Hindus, 12.26% Muslims, 6.8% Christians, 1.87% Sikhs, 0.67% Buddhist, 0.51% Jains, 0.02% Parsis and the rest other non-religious groups. Indian tradition is determined largely by religion shaping social behaviour of the citizens. The majority of over 72% practice Hinduism. Within this majority, there are different belief systems and caste divisions. Hinduism has no specific founder and no specific "holy book" as a basic scriptural guide. The Vedas, Upanishads and

the Bhagavad Gita are all sacred texts for the Hindus. Hindus are free to worship Vishnu, Siva and other gods and goddesses. As believers in the Supreme Spirit pervading the Universe and present within each individual, they may worship Divinity in any form. Hinduism is tolerant and does not resort to conversions from other religions. Despite the attempts of foreign invaders to destroy it over the centuries or resort to conversions of Hindus, the ancient religion of Hinduism is flourishing today. As S. Radhakrishnan says, "Hinduism represents a development from the beliefs and practices of the Indus Valley Civilization to the complex of changing aspirations and habits, speculations and forms which are in vogue today." It is no superstition or abstraction but empirical, relevant to practical realities of life even in modern times. All the major religions of the world converged in India. In addition to the multiplicity of religions and languages, there are multiple castes.

As M.N. Srinivas says, "The essence of caste is the arrangement of hereditary groups in a hierarchy. The popular impression of the hierarchy is a clear-cut one, derived from the idea of Varna, with Brahmins at the top and Dalits at the bottom." Caste is generally associated with an occupation. Different castes are said to prevail among not only Hindus but also Muslims, Christians, Jews, Sikhs, Buddhists and Jains in India. Parsis are descendants of a group of Zoroastrian Persians who fled to India during the 7th and 8th centuries A.D. They are part of the Indian society now, like the Jews spread over the country. In recent years, large

numbers of Bhutanese settled in India, their spiritual head taking refuge in Dharmasala.

Since the Islamic invasions and Mughal rule, Muslim population in India gradually increased. Conversions from Hinduism added to the numbers. In pre-Independence days, there was conflict between separatist Muslim political leaders and organizations and the Indian National Congress. There were Hindu-Muslim riots. These conflicts are taking place sporadically even in the twenty-first century in sensitive areas in some of the major cities. But generally there is Hindu-Muslim amity.

By 1981 there was a tribal population of more than 50 million people with hundreds of groups. Many tribal groups rebelled. As David Brown says referring to South East Asia, "Intrinsic to ethnicity is its ideological character." Some rebellions with economic grievances were class-based, supported by Marxist political organizations. These tribal rebellions have been continuous in both the Northern and Southern regions of the country. Within each linguistic region, there are local castes and large caste clusters. Regional conflicts among different ethnic and linguistic groups are common. Migration of individuals or groups from one state to another and sometimes even from one region to another within the same linguistic state has been common in India. But sometimes such migrations result in conflicts. As Paul Brass says, "Conflicts between language, religious and ethnic groups tend to center around issues of jobs, educational opportunities, and local political power."

A TRIBUTE TO NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Dr. Soundarya Joseph *

Critic A.C. Coxe, contemporary of Hawthorne, was sure that Hawthorne had begun "the French era" in American Literature. Poe was of the opinion that Hawthorne had "done well as a mystic"; Hawthorne's friend, Herman Melville, had felt that "Shakespeare has been approached"; and Mrs. Hawthorne went to bed with a severe headache and a broken heart on listening to her husband read to her the conclusion of *The Scarlet Letter*, published in 1860. In our own day, Nathaniel Hawthorne is seen as an "heir to the Puritans." The man fascinates us and will continue to fascinate future generations because his work bears out the truth of Shakespeare's dictum: "What is past is prologue."

Born in Salem on July 4, 1804, Hawthorne was a year younger than Emerson, thirteen years older than Thoreau, and eighteen years older than Melville and Whitman. The founder of the American branch of the family, William Hawthorne, had come to Massachusetts from England in 1630 "with his Bible and his sword." This gentleman was "a soldier, legislator, judge; he was a ruler in the Church," as well as "a bitter persecutor, as witness the Quakers;" he was a man whose election could not be questioned. Nathaniel's father, Captain Nathaniel Hawthorne of the merchant navy, died at Surinam when the boy was very young, leaving the family with practically no money. Thus, in Hawthorne's case, the price of pedigree was misfortune.

The death of the father brought the family-his mother Elizabeth, his older sister Elizabeth, himself, and his younger sister Maria Louisa - under the care of Mrs. Elizabeth and Hawthorne's brother, Robert Manning. Because Harvard was expensive, Uncle Robert admitted Hawthorne to Bowdoin College at his own expense. At about this time, having rejected the law and medicine, Nathaniel set his sights on becoming a "writer of story books."

Hawthorne's performance at college was average, his friendships enduring, and he appears to have begun his career as a writer while yet an undergraduate. Longfellow was a contemporary of his at College, but Hawthorne found the future poet a bit immaculate for his liking, preferring the company of his more earthy friends in the Pot-8-0 Club, which met for "discussion at Ward's Tavern. One of these friends, Horatio Bridge was to put up \$250/- as security against loss to the publisher, for the publication of the first edition of the *Twice-Told Tales*.

Graduating from Bowdoin in 1825, Hawthorne published *Fanshawe*, at his expense and anonymously, in 1828, but later did his best to suppress this first novel which in part dealt with college life. Between the publication of *Fanshawe* and the *Twice-Told tales* in 1837, Hawthorne went through the "solitary years" on literary apprenticeship, making odd sums of money from contribution to popular magazines. During this period he tried to publish a collection of tales, *Seven*

* Asst Prof in English, SR Engineering College, Warangal

Tales of My Native Land - only to be greeted with rejections from the Publishers. Then appeared the *Twice-Told Tales*, a sufficiently substantial success for Hawthorne to want him to make a living out of his pen.

The second edition of the *Twice-Told Tales* appeared in 1852, the year of Hawthorne's marriage to Sophia Peabody - a cultivated young lady. The first volume of the new edition contained the original eighteen tales and one addition and the second volume consisted of twenty other uncollected tales. Poe and Melville considered the *Tales* an achievement in American writing. Wrote Poe: "Mr. Hawthorne's distinctive trait is invention, creation, imagination, originality - a trait which in the literature of fiction is positively worth all the rest." He then went on to say: "Mr. Hawthorne is original in all points." About the first edition, Longfellow had written 'live ever, sweet book,' and Henry Chorley's favourable review in the 'London Athenaeum' brought Hawthorne nearer to his dream of an American surpassing "the scribbling sons of John Bull." At college Hawthorne had been drawn to the great Augustans and, as a child, to Bunyan and Spenser - not in vain, for after the publication of the *Twice - Told Tales* Bryant could call Hawthorne's superlative style "the best written on either side of the Atlantic."

In the *Tales*, Hawthorne resembled Irving in setting a leisurely, indefinite, and not particularly precise tone. But he remains unsurpassed as a creator of dominant moods. This is clear from his treatment of Father Hooper's loneliness in *The Minister's Black Veil* or of cruelty in *The Gentle Boy*, for instance. And, like the *Tales*, some of the entries in Hawthorne's Note Books contain

the seeds of future flowering. Further, even a brief sketch such as *Endicott and the Red Cross* not only holds dramatic possibilities, as demonstrated by Robert Lowell's verse play of that name, but also the germ of a great novel, such as *The Scarlet Letter*. In this sketch is found that "there was likewise a young woman, with no mean share of beauty, whose doom it was to wear the letter A on the breast of her gown, in the eyes of all the world and her own children." This is Hester Prynne in embryo.

The relationship of these tales to Hawthorne's position as artist is of great significance. Speaking of the great difficulty in finding native materials to shape his art, Hawthorne commented: "I have seen so little of the world that I have nothing but thin air to concoct my stories of, and it is not easy to give a lifelike semblance to such shadow stuff." Hawthorne's 'thin air', like Melville's sea-breeze, was a tonic. If the tales and novels of Hawthorne are deficient in realism, this deficiency is more than made up by the writer's ability to fathom the human soul, drawing from its psyche the very essence of being. Even Gothic devices, such as the black veil of Mr. Hooper, have a philosophical and psychological significance. In this regard, Hawthorne is superior to Poe, who used such devices for effect, but, of course, effect and taste were more important to Poe than truth. It is this preoccupation with the inner substance which, for example, makes *The Gentle Boy* as effective tale - a short story. Likewise, a tale such as *Roger Malvin's Burial* illustrates, in a few brief pages, not only the effect of guilt on the human soul but also the process of expiation and redemption, conceived in the sacrificial metaphor of the

Hebrews, and bringing to one's mind meaning a kin to the Crucifixion itself, for Reuben Bourne had to sacrifice his only son in order to establish communication with God.

Like Shakespeare, Hawthorne was not averse to introducing the supernatural into his tales and novels. He relies on the Gothic tradition for these effects, but always as allegory to convey some deep spiritual truth. For him, such truth was reality and the greatest reality for Hawthorne was man's imperfection and sinfulness - his "innate depravity." The sobriety of old age has been thrown to the winds and experience is no teacher to them. In variation, this kind of compulsion leads Ethan Brand to his doom and pollutes the mind of Goodman Brown. This is Original Sin unchecked - man's attempt to put himself in the place of Providence, his tendency to create a self-centered universe of his own. For Hawthorne, no quest is justified if it is selfish and thus it is that in *The Great Carbuncle* Matthew exclaims: "But never again will we desire more light than all the world may share with us." The sun, not the Carbuncle, is universal and impartial in its benefits.

To illustrate these varieties, Hawthorne often equates physical deformity with spiritual decay, as in *Lady Eleanore's Mantle*. Lady Eleanore's trouble was that for her, the permanent marring of her body is the outward symbol of the lasting damage done to her soul by pride. The same idea is found in the sketch *The Hollow of the Three Hills*.

If Hawthorne was certain of human sinfulness, he was equally certain of the inefficacy of reform movements. In *The May-Pole of Merry Mount* the somber Puritans

may be outraged by the dancing and gaiety. They may even succeed in suppressing the uninhibitedness of the revelers, but they cannot change the hearts of these people. Granting that this form of entertainment was indecent to the Puritans, the truth is that the Lord and Lady of the May have discovered true love - a discovery which has elevated them to a level of reality which is superior to the attitudes of the reformers. Hawthorne developed such themes more fully in *The Blithedale Romance*, published along with *The Snow Image* in 1852. In his last complete novel, *The Marble Faun*, 1860, Hawthorne speculates on the educative value of sin. *The Blithedale Romance* is also a significant document on the impracticability of life too idealized.

The Twice Told Tales, as the selections from *Mosses from an Old Manse*, published in 1846 and revised in 1854, and *The Snow Image* prove, foreshadow Hawthorne's novels and tales by already expressing his basic outlook. Hawthorne also published the *Life of Franklin Pierce* in 1852, *Tanglewood Tales* in 1853, and *Our Old Home* in 1863.

Nathaniel Hawthorne died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, on May 19, 1864, while on a trip with his friend Franklin Pierce. He was buried in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord.

At Hawthorne's death, Emerson felt that the great writer would be forgotten. Emerson could not see that what Hawthorne wrote was closer to the heart of America than the *German Giant* transcendentalism. Hawthorne made conscience the springboard

of excellence and if transcendentalism did have the construction of a chronometer. It also failed in drawing responses from the human heart which, since Adam's Fall, has had to contend with destruction, misery, and woe. If

Hawthorne is remembered with fervour today, it is because he illuminates an essentially disillusioned period, our age, with rays of hope. As long as man recognizes sin, Hawthorne must endure.

ALL LIFE IS YOGA

Sri Aurobindo

The Yogin tends to draw away from the common existence and lose his hold upon it; he tends to purchase wealth of spirit by an impoverishment of his human activities, the inner freedom by an outer death. If he gains God, he loses life, or if he turns his efforts outward to conquer life, he is in danger of losing God. Therefore we see in India that a sharp incompatibility has been created between life in the world and spiritual growth and perfection, and although the tradition and ideal of a victorious harmony between the inner attraction and the outer demand remains, it is little exemplified. In fact, when a man turns his vision and energy inward and enters on the path of Yoga, he is supposed to be lost inevitably to the great stream of our collective existence and the secular effort of humanity. So strongly has the idea prevailed, so much has it been emphasised by prevalent philosophies and religions that to escape from life is now commonly considered as not only the necessary condition, but the general object of Yoga. No synthesis of Yoga can be satisfying which does not, in its human life or, in its method, not only permit but favour the harmony of our inner and outer activities and

experiences in the divine consummation of both. For man is precisely that term and symbol of a higher Existence descended into the material world in which it is possible for the lower to transfigure itself and put on the nature of the higher and the higher to reveal itself in the forms of the lower. To avoid the life which is given him for the realisation of that possibility, can never be either the indispensable condition or the whole and ultimate object of his supreme endeavour or of his most powerful means of self-fulfillment. It can only be a temporary necessity under certain conditions or a specialised extreme effort imposed on the individual so as to prepare a greater general possibility for the race. The true and full object and utility of Yoga can only be accomplished when the conscious Yoga in man becomes, like the subconscious Yoga in Nature, outwardly conterminous with life itself and we can once more, looking out both on the path and the achievement, say in a more perfect and luminous sense: "All life is Yoga".

**Courtesy: Sri Aurobindo's Action
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VISWANATHA COMMENDS VIDYA DHARMA CUM DAMPATYA DHARMA IN *VEYI PADAGALU*

Dr. Kondal Rao Velchala*

There are two prevailing theories in the world, regarding why out of all those persons born anywhere in the world, some happen to be physically, emotionally, behaviourally normal and some abnormal.

Viswanatha appears to have come forward much to the chagrin of his many critics who criticize him that he is not modern with Educational cum Dampatya Dharma theory in his novel *VEYI PADAGALU*, through which he seems to establish that, for the preservation of Loka Kalyana, good education has to be had first to have good Dampatulu, and good Dampatulu to have a good society, and a good society for a good world in that order. He also seems to say in other words that, bad education leads to bad dampatya dharma.

Himself being a great teacher and an educational philosopher par excellence, he saw damaging things happening in the field of education under the influence of western thinkers and rulers who were bent upon damaging the values, virtues and good things for which India was known from times immemorial.

The damage to education, according to Viswanatha started with the neglect of the native languages and the introduction of English as medium of instruction by the rulers.

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This he felt was deliberately done to kill our culture, our tradition and even our correct understanding and awareness of our history and heritage. Acquisition of education itself was made very difficult. As the learning of it even as a language became very burdensome to the learners as he discussed in his book *Vishnu Sharma English Chaduvu*.

The studies of culture, morality, ethics, religion, spirituality, aesthetics, literature and arts etc. became secondary to the study of sciences, technical and vocational courses, as they alone were encouraged in the name of employment. Thus, the emphasis of education was totally shifted from life to livelihood, from values to skills.

With that, Indian education became more and more materialistic and Indian life too more and more so, and morality, spirituality, simplicity and contentment which constituted the very basics of Indian heritage dwindled and decayed. *VEYI PADAGALU* not only gives an inkling into this decline but also an insight into what is still in store for us.

Vishwanatha Sathyanarayana was a very close witness to this transformation of India in general and Andhra in particular as a keen educationist, enlightened citizen and above all a visionary. He was a very great scholar who delved deep into the ancient and modern literatures and philosophies of the East and the West and was a humanist.

He wrote the novel VEYI PADAGALU with great understanding of India's past, present and future. That is the reason why it assumes the nature of a classic like *Maha Bharata*. It is in fact the modern *Maha Bharata*.

Though Viswanatha discussed many things in the novel, he paid utmost attention to education and family life considering them as the most crucial for preservation of the values etc.

Right kind of education instills consciousness that the good of the family, the good of the society and the good of the world are interdependent and inseparable. It drives home the sanctity of marital relations for the sake of the sanctity of the progeny which leads to the sanctity of the society and the world.

We have to have a Vidya Dharma to lead to Dampatya Dharma according to Viswanatha, and he asks whether we have it now, and whether the present day education is concerned with the creation of such consciousness.

He feels that if education has to be so, it has to be extensive, intensive and inclusive. He rightly feels that it should not only be formal but also non formal. It should not only be instruction-based but also exposure and experience based. And he also feels that, that education should be in one's own language or at least through the regional language, which is spoken and understood by large number of people in a region.

Though it has not been said explicitly in the novel, one has to surmise from the tone

and the tenor of it that if education goes wrong, the cultural and the spiritual understanding of the people would not be so high as to be able to appreciate the Loka kalyana Bhavana of the institution of marriage, and the marital relations would only be deemed to be for the conjugal purposes and not beyond. The Moksha or the realisation and redemption Bhavana would disappear and only Moha Bhavana would prevail, and that Bhavana would not only prevail in marital relations but also in all other relations leading to all kinds of conflicts which we are already witnessing all over the world.

Can the society and the world be safe in such a situation which is fast emerging, Viswanatha asks, leaving it to our wisdom to seriously think and debate.

He however ends the novel with a positive note that the Dampatya Dharma would still survive in India with all that which is happening adverse and undesirable.

He feels so, because of his immense love for Indian culture and immense faith in God. Even though out of thousand hoods nine hundred and ninety eight hoods are lost symbolizing the loss of so many good values, two hoods still remain, to mean Parvathi and Parameshvara, Prakriti and Purusha, and Pativrata and Ekapatnivrata.

His faith in God makes him believe that with all the undesirable and adverse that has happened and is still happening in India under the impact of the West, Indian culture would still survive to the largest extent because of the Dampatya Dharma which he expects to prevail. Look at the following Sloka in *Gita*,

that Good would come back to rescue whenever a need, an emergency arises.

*Yada yada hi dharmasya
Glanir bhavati bharata
Abhyuttanam adharmasya
Tada tmanam srjamy aha.*

The concluding sentences in VEYI PADGALU where Arundhati says nenu migiliti and Dharma Rao says avunu neevu migilitivi, idi naa jaati shakti are symbolical of the values of Dampatya Dharma, namely, Pativradya and Eka Patnivrata, and also to Prakriti and Purusha. But those values and Dharmas are possible only when men are very much conscious and to make them so is the function of education according to Viswanatha.

There is an implied aim of education to be inferred in the novel which relates to its purpose of making a man a Purusharathi, in other words, worthy and resourceful, in order to be liked and loved by the wife, as the Purushartha of the husband works as an inspirer and a motivator for the wife to be

devoted to her husband. One wonders why a wife should otherwise be so devoted at all, and for what reason?

What a wife considers as Purushatha depends upon her own back ground, culture and cultivation. It differs from woman to woman. Nevertheless each woman has the Purusharthas of her own preference in mind. A woman who does not consider a husband a Purusharathi may succumb to para chitta or distraction by heart or mind, leading to the birth of the abnormal progeny. Even our Scriptures have also stated it.

As already said, Viswanatha was an educationist of extra ordinary excellence who not only devoted his entire life to teaching, preaching and writing but also for practicing what he taught, preached and wrote.

He was not only a Marma Yogi but also a Karma Yogi, not only a man of views but also a man of extra ordinary visions, not only a vakta but also a pravakta.

LIFE AND DEATH

O.P.Arora*

Life and Death fighting over him
they put him in ICU...
Gadgets and masks, nurses and doctors
whispers, wistful, faces stuck to the glass...
His wife and his sister rushed to Guruji
prostrated, prayed, begged for blessings
Guruji closed his eyes, and smiled...

Yes, they brightened up, their eyes gleamed
but when they reached the hospital, he had
died
his sinking eyes, at the end, searching for
someone...
Baffled, horror written on their faces
they wept and cried: how could it be ?

* Poet, New Delhi

INDIAN DRAMA : A GENESIS

Dr. N. Anil Krishna *

Indian theatre may be broadly classified into (i) Classical or Sanskrit theatre (ii) Folk theatre (iii) Modern theatre. Classical theatre is the mainstream theatre which was patronized by both the ruling class and aristocracy. It is rigid, complex and sophisticated. Krishna Kriplani, a well-known authority on Indian Drama, opines that the tradition of classical Sanskrit drama had long been lost and had not, in any case, percolated the popular pattern of culture, except indirectly through what had survived in the folk traditions. However, Mr. Panicker, a dramatist of Kerala, adheres to the classical dramatic mode in presenting his plays.

Classical and Folk theatres are not antithetical to each other. They co-exist; they borrow and lend. Folk drama is primarily rural. The Jatra of Bengal, Nautanki, Ramlila and Raslila of North India, Bhavai of Gujarat, Tamasha of Maharashtra, Therukoothu of Tamilnad, Yakshagana of Kanara; and the Chhau mask dramas of Seraikella are the various folk theatre forms popular in India. The coming of the East India Company to India, however, eclipsed the popularity of the classical and folk forms. The British introduced the concept of the picture-frame stage, sowing seeds of modern theatre in India. This concept was initially influenced by the European theatre.

Modern drama in India may be

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classified into (i) Company drama (ii) Social drama (iii) Politically conscious drama. Company drama is the first phase of Modern Indian Drama. It deals with puranic and historical themes in proscenium. The Parsi company drama, Dharwad company drama, Surabhi company drama, Gubbiveeranna company drama and Mylavaram Company drama are offspring of the Company drama movement. By 1930 the puranic and historical themes gave way to social themes signaling the second phase of modern Indian drama. The period of social drama can be divided into (a) early social drama and (b) later social drama. The period of early social drama lasted for three decades, that is from 1930 to 1960. The predominance of the melodramatic element is perceptible in the dramas of this period. The later social drama, which has blossomed since 1960, sheds its melodramatic element and exhibits an unprecedented social consciousness. The dramatists after 1960s have become more socially conscious and hint at the futility of the existing order. Girish Karnad, Vijay Tendulkar, Satya Dev Dubey, Karanth, Mohan Rakesh, Nissim Ezekiel and Partap Sharma belong to the second phase of social drama. The establishment of the National School of Drama is a landmark of this period. The dramatists of this period did not abandon the proscenium. The present day Indian English drama has its roots in this period.

The third phase of modern Indian drama is the Politically Conscious Drama.

Politically conscious drama can again be categorized as (a) Leftist party related drama and (b) Politically conscious drama without any party affiliation. The period of politically conscious drama, in fact, begins in 1940 overlapping the period of social drama. Indian People's Theatre Association, a cultural wing of the communist party established in 1943, led the politically conscious drama. Indian People's Theatre Association (IPTA) is the first organized national theatre movement in India. Shambhu Mitra in Calcutta, Balraj Sahani in Bombay and Dr. Garigapati Raja Rao in Andhra Pradesh were the forerunners of political drama in India. The early period of the political drama which is pro-leftist was rhetorical, propagandistic and melodramatic. But the dramatist is firmly committed to the cause of establishing the egalitarian society. It was also a proscenium theatre. The upsurge of the communist party in the form of Telangana armed struggle in 1940s and the Naxalbari movement in 1970s influenced the political dramatists. The later period of the politically conscious drama witnessed various theatre forms.

By 1970 the politically conscious drama without party affiliation became popular. The dramatists belonging to non-party drama call themselves the outsiders in the modernist left theatre. They followed non-proscenium forms. Utpal Dutt, Badal Sircar, Prabir Guha in Bengal and Purnachandra Rao in Andhra Pradesh belong to this category. Utpal Dutt, a modernist to the core, used the Brechtian technique freely. The themes of his plays are anti-establishment. His play *Kallol* had to encounter an all-out attack from the establishment and he was imprisoned twice i.e. in 1965 and 1967 for his revolutionary

plays. He refused the Sahitya Akademi award for direction (Drama) in 1966.

Badal Sircar improved upon the two existing theatres (Indian Folk & European based proscenium theatres) and named his new discipline the Third Theatre. He is influenced by the European dramatists and by the Polish dramatist Grotowsky's "Laboratory Theatre" concept. His drama is meant for the urban middle class and the blue-collared section. Badal Sircar is the father-figure of all socially committed theatre-activists of our country. He is internationally known for his pioneering and "pace setting contribution in creating socially conscious, pro-working class, inexpensive, plastic and mobile alternative new theatre discipline." The theatre group Satabdi established by the Playwright Badal Sircar in 1987 helped a great deal in bringing theatre outdoors. In the beginning, Satabdi would perform both on and off the proscenium. But in 1973, members of Satabdi severed connections with proscenium theatre and concentrated on "direct communication with the spectators." Satabdi also rejected artificial aids such as elaborate costumes, props, make-up, lights and sound. In one of his plays *Julus*, Badal Sircar says that the play is meant to be staged on the roads.

He says: Processions are not meant to be performed in the proscenium stage. It has to be staged in an open space with the audience seated all around it, or on the floor of a large room. If performed within, the chairs and backless benches for the audience should be so arranged as to suggest a maze, with a road going in knots and rounds. The road will constitute the acting area, with the audience sitting on both sides of the road, the

way people stand on both sides of a street to watch a procession passing. The actors will have two entrances or exits.

Sircar also provides a diagram to explain his scheme. It is said that Badal Sircar's idea of theatre is influenced by Richard Schechner's "Environmental Theatre" and Julian Beck's "Living Theatre". A search of a 'full theatre' that will not be limited to an urban audience belonging to the middle and upper classes, nor did it tie down to backward values unrelated to the life and problems of the working masses of the country. He realized gradually that a flexible, portable, and inexpensive theatre is needed for the country.

The new mobile forms with greater portability have revolutionized the theatre medium with a sense of commitment. They reached out to the people. Habib Tanvir opines that "only full-time professional theatre or a dedicated group of artists of vision hanging together for a period of time could produce viable new forms of theatre, capable of reaching out to classes of people. And this

only if they turned to the grassroots of our life and our culture through sustained efforts, popularly supported.

There has been an explosion all over the world of new theatre forms. Pat Cassady and Marshall Cassady comment:

Theatre springs up everywhere. You can find it in barns, warehouses, banquet rooms, and churches. In Los Angeles, Manhattan, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, and dozens of other communities large and small. Plays go on in parks, in vacant lots, on street corners, and in open fields. Look for theatre in cultural centers, retirement homes, basements of private homes, and fraternal lodges. Theatre can exist in any space large enough for the performers and the spectators.

The theatre medium now exists in simpler environments. In the last couple of decades there has been a move to bring theatre to the people who would not have the means or inclination to attend a theatre otherwise.

POETRY

M.S.N. Murthy*

Scream comes from Burnings.
Cream comes from Churnings.

Cream is the remedy for Scream.
Consoling is the nature of cream.

Poetry, has these two features
Because it comes from

* Poet, Sainagar, Secunderabad

Burnt heart and churned mind.
Poetry is equal to pottery
The same clay, under our feet
when it is shaped and burnt
it gives coolness to water

The same simple common words
when they are burnt and shaped
That is Poetry.

SECULARISM IS THE CHIEF WEAKNESS OF OUR AGE

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan*

What are the chief causes of the present distress? When we refer to the causes of war, we may think of the remote, the primary, or the secondary causes. We may find the cause in Hitler's personal psychology, his evil genius, or in Germany's resentment of the war guilt clauses of the Versailles Treaty or of the refusal to return the former German colonies or the injured pride and romanticism of a great people. We may trace it to the breakdown of the Disarmament Conference of the League of Nations, or the clash of national ambitions in the overcrowded field of colonial expansion. But no one of these can be responsible for a catastrophe of this size. Each of them is an effect, a consequence, not a cause, what has wrecked the world so full of hope is the dominance of a false philosophy with its misleading assumptions, beliefs and values.

Civilisation is a way of life, a movement of the human spirit. Its essence lies not in any biological unity of race, or in political and economic arrangements; but in the values that create and sustain them. The politico-economic structure is the framework intended to give expression to the passionate loyalty and allegiance of the people to the vision and values of life which they accept. Every civilisation is the expression of a religion, for religion signifies faith in absolute values and a way of life to realize them. If we do not have a conviction that the values a civilization

embodies are absolute, its rules will become dead letters and its institutions will decay. Religious faith gives us the passion to persevere in the way of life and, if it declines, obedience degenerates into habit and habit slowly withers away. For example, the Nazi and the Communist faiths are secular religions. Any divergence in thought or belief from the authorized system is a crime. The States have become Churches with Popes and Inquisitions. We recite 'the liturgy when we are received into the cult. We sent out heretics and deliver them to employ the energies and emotions of religion. The secular faiths exhibit a driving power, a psychological dynamism, which seem to be lacking from the activities or those who try to resist them.

The character of a civilization is derived from its conception of the nature of man and his destiny. Is man to be regarded in biological terms as the most cunning of animals? Is he an economic being controlled by the laws of supply and demand and class conflicts? Is he a political animal, with a raw excessive politicalism occupying the centre of the human mind, displacing all knowledge, religion and wisdom? Or was he a spiritual element requiring him to subordinate the temporal and the expedient to the eternal and the true? Are human beings to be understood in terms of biology, politics or economics, or are we to take into account their family and social life, love of tradition and place, love of religious hopes and consolations whose history goes back far beyond the oldest civilizations.

*Former President of India. A great Philosopher and exponent of Indian Culture

The deeper meaning of the war is to help us to realise the imperfect conception of man's nature and his true good, in the imperfect conception of man's nature and his true good, in which we are all involved in our way of thinking: and our way of living. If we are not kin to one another, if all our attempts to bring peace on earth have failed, it is because there are obstacles, malicious, selfish and wicked, in the heart and mind of man which our way of life does not check. If we are humiliated by life today, it is not due to malignant fate. Our achievement in perfecting life's material apparatus has produced a mood of self-confidence and pride, which has led us to exploit matter instead of informing and humanising it. Our social life has given us means but denied us ends. A terrible blindness has afflicted the men of our generation, who do not hesitate to gamble in human sorrow, through hard economic laws in times of peace, and aggression and cruelty in times of war. The exclusion of the element of spirit from the human is the primary cause of the supremacy of matter which we find so burdensome and oppressive. The defeat of the human by the material is the central weakness of our civilization.

The *Bhagavadgita* points out that when men deem themselves to be gods on earth, when they cut themselves off from their origin, when they are thus deluded by ignorance, they develop a satanic perversity or egotism that proclaims itself absolute both in knowledge and power. Man has made himself autonomous and dispensed with obedience and humility. He wishes to be his own lord, to be 'as gods'. In his attempt to grasp and control life, build up a culture without God, he rebels against God. Self-

sufficiency is carried to extremes. Wars are a result of this apostasy, this exaltation of nature unmodified by grace. The dictators have put themselves in the place of God. They wish to abolish belief in God, for they can brook no rivals. Hitler was the unique creation, the prophetic spirit of the civilization to which we all belong.

When we witness the decisive degradation of values we are driven to exclaim with the Duke of Albany in *King Lear*: "It's the times' plague, when mad men lead the blind" . Because our leaders are not illuminated with the light from the great heights, but reflect only the earth-born light of the intellect, they will reap the fate of Lucifer and descend through the pride of intellect to the pit of destruction.

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.

He imagines that he is the roof and crown of things, and has blind faith in the physical and the mechanical, the tangible and the visible. Wealth and profit, rather than the satisfaction of human need, are the aims of industry and commerce. The world of truth, beauty and goodness is proclaimed to be a product of an accidental combination of atoms, destined to end as it began in a cloud of hydrogen gas. Rationalism, which is perfectly justified in rejecting the literal truth of ancient dogmas, has ended in a world-wide assumption that the reality of God is unacceptable. Man with his limitless urge to

power and the animal will usurp the divine prerogatives, and tries to build a new world on universal suffrage, mass production, Rotarian service, and occasional official compliments to a God of which he is not quite certain. Rootless secularism or the worship of man and the State, faintly flavoured by religious sentiment, is the modern faith. The theories which insist that man should live by bread alone are cutting off man's connections with the world of spirit, and integrating him totally in the worldly communities of class and race, state and nation. He is lured away from

his cherished dreams and metaphysical broodings and is getting completely secularised. Even those who repudiate materialism as a metaphysical creed and profess to be religious adopt the materialist attitude in life. The real values by which we live, whatever our professions may be, are the same as those of our enemies - the lust for power, the joy of cruelty and the pride of dominance. The world is filled with the clamour of pain which calls across the ages for justice. Need for Religion.

Courtesy : Akashicc January 2012

TO VARENIA

Bhavana S. Chary*

1. Roses are red, Violets are blue!
Sugar is sweet, and so are you!
You are a pretty little angel for sure;
Who learns more things, than one to four!
2. While from grandmother you hear bed time stories;
About giants, and fiends, nymphs and fairies!
As you take a dip from puddle to pool!
You show equal vigour, when going to school!
3. While in the playground, you gather for race;
People are stunned at your amazing pace!
Your skills at dance and music are equally good!
The teachers praise you as much as they could!
4. You ride on the hunch - backed camel;
You know how to skate and the cycle to pedal!
You can even ride a horse by sitting on the saddle;
You can gather beside your teddy for a cuddle.
5. Grandfather used to sing lullabies for the children
"Go off to sleep, my dear prince and princess."
While reciting shlokas from "Gajendra Moksham" ;
A mathematical wizard like the shrewd Ramanujam !
6. During the coming new year, be jolly!
Do not make a mistake or a folly!
Try bouncing the balls in the alley!
Take part in games, bold and bravely!

* Poet, Satna, Madhya Pradesh

MIND OR HEART, WHO IS THE LEADER?

M. S. Srinivasan *

The conflict between the mind and heart is one of the perennial problems of human development. Psychologists and philosophers, saints and sages have debated unendingly over the question of which is greater or which has to be the leader of life, mind or heart?

In general, since man is essentially a thinking being, mind is considered as superior to the heart. To keep the feeling and emotions of the heart under the strict and vigilant control of the intellect or reason is one of the well-known precepts of traditional wisdom. On the other hand, many poets, mystics and spiritual teachers viewed the heart as greater than the mind. In fact one of the fashionable assertions of new-age seekers and teachers is the superiority of heart over the mind. We hear many lofty statements like "things have to come from the heart and not the mind". There is an element of truth in this new-age wisdom. But when it is over-emphasised in a dogmatic manner, it leads to much error and a rather misplaced pride in being "a man of the heart". For merely having a "heart" or living in it, does not ensure that whatever that comes from it is true and good.

In this article we examine this issue of mind vs. heart not as an academic exercise, but as a problem of inner development in the light of integral psychology of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. .

Consciousness of the Heart

Firstly, we have to understand what we mean by the word "Heart". In popular psychology, "Heart" is that part of the psyche which "feels". It is distinguished from the "Mind" which "thinks". In a deeper and broader psychology "Heart" is the part of our consciousness which is the source of our instincts, sensations, feelings, desires, emotions, passions and vital energy. And our heart is not entirely unthinking or blind. There is a cognitive element in it, a mind or emotional intelligence by which it can know what it feels. Our heart is closer to life than our mind and therefore potentially capable of a greater and more effective understanding than the mind. As Sri Aurobindo says regarding the mind of desire, which is a part of the heart-consciousness "Its passion caught what calm intelligence missed".

Many spiritual teachers viewed the heart as a better instrument than the mind for the spiritual quest because it is in this part of our consciousness that the inner realities of the psyche and spirit become, or can become, concrete, experiential and dynamic. For, while the mind tends towards the abstract concept, the heart seeks for the concrete feeling and experience. But all these positive qualities of the heart do not necessarily make it superior to the mind. For neither our heart nor mind is of a single piece. There are many levels and layers in our heart and mind or in other words, hierarchy of heart and mind.

* From Sri Aurobindo's Action - October 2011

Let us first look at the hierarchy of our heart. According to the integral psychology of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, there are three layers in our heart consciousness. First, is the surface emotional being, second, is the deeper subliminal heart, and third, is the deepest spiritual heart. The first and the lowest layer of the heart is the surface emotional being, which is the seat of all the negative emotions like anger, jealousy and lust. It is closer to the sub rational, instinctive and subconscious parts of our psyche and therefore very receptive to all the irrational impulses from these nether layers of our consciousness. This part of our heart is definitely not superior to mind. It is the animal in man, something fickle and volatile, in a state of perpetual unrest and swinging moods, something utterly unfit even for a mundane life, let alone for spiritual life. So, those who live in this part of the heart or allow it to dominate their life cannot hope to progress or succeed in the mundane or spiritual life. For progress and success in life, this part of the heart has to be kept under firm control of reason and intellect of the mind.

There is a deeper and larger heart in our subliminal being, which we may call the subliminal heart. This subliminal heart is capable of deeper, higher, wider, and more sublimated emotions than the surface heart. All the characteristic powers of the heart which we have described earlier, like feelings, desire, sensations and passion acquire much greater sublimated intensity and power in this deeper heart. The cognitive powers of understanding inherent in our feelings, manifests with a more luminous force in the subliminal heart. As Sri Aurobindo says, those who live in this deeper subliminal heart are "up buoyed by the heart's understanding

flame'. So those who are poised or in contact with this subliminal heart have a deeper and a more effective intuition, understanding and grasp of the realities of life than those who live in the intellect or in the surface emotional being. As a result they are more successful in life than the intellectual or the lower emotional man. It is probably this deeper part of our emotional being which was given the name "emotional intelligence" in some of the latest developments in modern psychology.

However, even this deeper heart cannot provide the right and true guidance for a spiritual aspirant seeking for the highest truth or God. The subliminal regions of our psyche are much more luminous and powerful than our surface conscious self which is severely conditioned and enclosed within our bodily consciousness. It is less circumscribed by the body than the surface being, hence freer and vaster. But in the spiritual perspective even this deeper subliminal being is part of the belt of "ignorance" which is a mixed cauldron of the true, half-true and the false. In fact, these subliminal regions pose a much greater and subtler danger to the spiritual seeker than the surface conscious self. The subliminal regions of our consciousness are full of enchanting glamour with forces, beings and places which can mimic the higher spiritual truths with a brilliant and authentic disguise or in other words, as Sri Aurobindo points out, they are full of "forged signature of the gods", where "Truth lay with delight in errors passionate arms" and "edged her ray with a magnificent lie".

Although the subliminal heart or "emotional intelligence" may be a better instrument than the surface intellectual and

emotional being for worldly success, it is not sufficient for a spiritual seeker questing for the highest truth of the spirit. He needs a still deeper and higher faculty or power which is beyond the belt of ignorance, and which is in

direct contact with the highest truth. According to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, there is such a power of truth in the inner most chamber of our heart. We may call it the spiritual heart.

HUSSAIN SAGAR LAKE

S. Vijaya Kumar *

This lake was named after Hussain Shah Wali during the reign of Ibrahim Qutub Shah in 1562. The lake is fed by Balkapur river. As the construction was done under the supervision of Hussain Shah, it got the name of Hussain Sagar.

It was once a source of drinking water for the residents of the city till 1930. Till 1960 the local inhabitants had been using it for washing clothes and bathing. With the increase in migration to the twin cities, of population and industrialisation, the feeder channels got heavily polluted by untreated effluents and domestic sewerage. As a result Hussain Sagar lake got highly polluted with these industrial waste and domestic waste leading to heavy nutrient saturation for the last 30 years.

As per the HUDA's records the area of the original lake is 549 hectares. On account of the rise of colonies and the formation of the Necklace road, the area is 350 hectares. The solids deposited into the lake are around 3600 tons per year including the immersion of idols.

Today the lake is so thick of effluents that recently during a regatta when some sailing

equipment was lost in the water, the naval divers were called from Vizag. They came up and said it was impossible to search as the visibility was hardly one foot and hence the search was given up. Every year during the regatta time many VVIPs are shown around the lake and explained the condition of the dying lake.

This artificial lake in the heart of the twin cities which has been the jewel in the crown of this 400 years old city which has been appreciated by many sailors from abroad is now in this condition.

Organizations like Pollution Control Board, HUDA, GHMC, Tourism Dept. R&B and Fisheries Dept. must be involved and take urgent steps, shoulder the responsibility in cleansing and treating this priceless lake constructed in 1560. Otherwise it will be lost forever and we shall be mute witnesses to the same. It is a tourist attraction, particularly for the Buddhists, because of the big Buddha statue inaugurated by the great Dalai Lama.

A sailor from Europe told me after he went for sailing in this lake that "nowhere in the world we have such a beautiful lake in the heart of a city".

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SELF MANAGEMENT IN A STRESS SATURATED LIFE

The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari

Dr .B. Parvathi*

The west is discovering the benign effects of the science of yoga; Indians are rediscovering this ancient science. Modern life has realized that the purpose of yoga is not to aspire for the state of samadhi or trance but to live a life of purpose, poise, joy and positive energy. In simple words it may be stated that in order to understand the happenings in the outer world, in order to control and order happenings in the outer world, one needs to know the various strata of the self beginning with the physical body to the mind-- its processes and states, delve deep into oneself and harness that vital energy which gives youthfulness, joy and calm: this has been the essence and the purpose of yoga in the modern world. What Robin Sharma, an acclaimed "management guru," has accomplished in his book *The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari* is to convert yoga in combination with other eastern philosophic principles into an enchanting and edifying fictional narrative.

Robin Sharma's best seller *The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari* went into fifty eighth impression in 2007. The imprint carries compliments from Dr.V.S.Krishna Library of my alma mater Andhra University, dated 23rd of April 2007-- the World Book and Copyright Day. The subtitle states that it is "a fable about fulfilling your dreams and reaching your destiny." Robin Sharma's use of George Bernard Shaw's words -- "Life is no brief

candle for me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations"-- is a clear indication of his intent in writing the book.

The Monk... is an illustration of the salutary effects of yogic approach to life and living. Robin Sharma clothes the age old concepts in a lucid modern idiom as a means to recapture freshness and joy of living. The Monk... is a fictional adaptation of ancient principles meant to be an antidote to the craze for accumulation of material wealth thought of as the only path to happiness. The novel narrates the American lawyer Julian Mantle's achievement of inner poise, calm, regaining energy and vital force due to his direct interaction with such souls of perfected lives as the sages, the yogis who live a life of high spirituality in the Himalayas in a place called Sivana which is very difficult to reach. Robin Sharma writes that Sivana means 'an oasis of enlightenment' in local mythology. It is a lush green valley in the high Himalayas where little huts -the austere homes of sages, and temples are all made of roses. Women wear flowing pink sarees and lotuses in their jet black hair. Men wear red robes with loose hoods. They are happily engaged in productive activity. (p.23) Tensions are not welcome in this village. Austerity of life is combined with tenderness of heart and beauty of spirit in a joyful existence in Sivana. It becomes a sanctuary for his soul stolen by the legal profession and

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heals his broken spirit. The novel illustrates the wonderful effects of the teachings of the sages of Sivana in the life of an overworked, very wealthy but a spiritually empty and emotionally drained lawyer Julian Mantle. Julian's first lesson starts with a feast of fresh fruits and exotic vegetables.

Reviewed quite well and received very widely *The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari* is a modern day fable -- a story with a moral. The Monk ...is an interesting story of an American millionaire lawyer turned monk while his life's experience is fashioned into a discourse on ways of gaining contentment and peace in life. Robin Sharma presents through - Julian Mantle's assistant John a happy husband and loving father, a successful, busy member of the American legal profession- the life story of his former employer, legal luminary and star trial lawyer, the affluent celebrated Julian Mantle.

Driven hard because of a broken home and the death of his daughter-- "Nothing ever satisfied him. Eventually his marriage failed, he no longer spoke with his father, and though he had every material possession, he still had not found whatever it was that he was looking for. At the age of fifty three he looks over seventy; an emptiness envelops all his actions until finally his life seems to lose all purpose.

His ultimatum spurs him to quit law; selling off his mansion, his plane, his private island and his red Ferrari, he heads towards India of "enchanted environment", "a land whose ancient culture and mystical traditions had always fascinated him. The "personal odyssey of the self" in a spiritual realm brings

a liberating effect on his mind.

As John's professional life appears to take the same course as Julian's, one day a tall and muscular man, radiating abundant vitality and energy knocks at John's office door. This man is none other than Julian Mantle who exudes a serenity that was not there earlier. Three years after his sojourn in the land of such vast diversity whose people 'radiated warmth, kindness and a refreshing perspective on the true meaning of life' (p.13.), he appears to be free from the distress caused by his chaotic lifestyle. The tired old man of yesteryears, achieves an extraordinary reversal 'as if drunk from the fountain of youth'.

Julian tells John how out of hospital, emotionally desolate, he pulled himself away from the mass of material wealth to the land of spirituality. He makes unexpected acquaintance with yogi Krishnan-- a busy Delhi lawyer turned temple priest leading an austere life in Kashmir. His dogged pursuit of Yogi Krishnan and his perseverance lead Julian to "a mystical band of sages living in the high Himalayas. (p.16) known as the "Great Sages of Sivana" -- who "have discovered some sort of system that will profoundly improve the quality of anyone's life. The sages are said to be divine in their constitution and influence. Julian for the first time places trust in his intuition and sheds reason. He walks up into the high Himalayan mountains for seven days almost without food and water after which he meets Yogi Raman and pours out his longing to discover "inner harmony and lasting peace". (p.21) In fact Julian happens to be the first person to find the sages in many years.

Yogi Raman is over hundred years of age. Convinced about Julian's tenacity of intent Yogi Raman agrees to teach Julian the "ancient principles and strategies that our ancestors have passed down through the ages". Yogi Raman elicits from him the promise that he would guide those like himself and teaches Julian many things.

Hence Julian goes back to America to see his junior and friend John, who is stressed in the same way he himself was some years ago. He shares the lessons: the essence of Yogi Raman's teachings in the form of a confession, an intimate conversation, and more rightly, as question and answers. Julian speaks of how he has learnt to follow a course that gives maximum joy, delight which needs shedding of materialistic, burdensome inclinations and the cultivation of higher goals.

The lessons that Julian receives from Yogi Raman and passes on to John for gaining mind power, control and spiritual energy for personal benefit are derived and combined from ancient Indian yoga, and from Chinese and Japanese philosophy by Robin Sharma.

These lessons are actually the basic principles of yoga mentioned in Patanjali's Yogasutras as ashtanga yoga or the eight limbed way which comprises (1) yama(austerities) (2) niyama (principles) (3) asana (literally it means seat) (4) pranayama (suspending breath) (5) pratyahara (drawing in of senses) (6) dharana(concentration) (7) dhyana(meditation) and (8) Samadhi (liberation). In fact the yama and niyama of ashtanga yoga constitute the gist of Yogi Raman's teachings to Julian; the essence of it being truthful, unharmed, non coveting and non

possessing, celibate - contemplating on Brahman; being pure, contented, austere/simple, learned and surrendering to God. Julian says that wisdom is as potent today as it was five thousand years ago, tested in the factory of life for centuries. It is simple and peaceful.

Some of the teachings of Yogi Raman are as follows:

- Never overlook the power of simplicity.
- There is power in silence and stillness.
- Never be ashamed of doing what is right.
- The simple rule is that he who serves most reaps most, physically, mentally and spiritually.
- Self knowledge leads to Self mastery.
- Concentrate on being cheerful and energetic.
- Habit formation for behavior.
- Mind is a wonderful servant but terrible master.
- Think satvic or pure thoughts, pure and wholesome thoughts.
- All inner change takes time and effort.
- Good people strengthen themselves ceaselessly - Confucius.
- Yogi Raman speaks about the ancient teachers of the east who developed a philosophy called KAIZEN- a Japanese word which means constant and never ending improvement.

The gist of Julian's lessons and Yogi Raman's teachings mentioned above is spread over the novel in the chapters.

Energized and enriched by his experience in Sivana, Julian goes back to his country to offer his advice to those who need

it. His first meeting in the office and second meeting in John's house are but the beginning of keeping the promise made to Yogi Raman. As John feels the need for bringing more liveliness and unbridled energy into his life, Julian ushers these with the story of his own personal transformation brought about with ease.

A question-answer, doubt-clarification, intimate personal conversational exchange format gives the novel its form and deftness of narration. Robin Sharma's description of Julian reconnecting with life

source amidst the beauty and serenity of Himalayan altitudes is superbly poetic. Yogi Raman eliciting the promise from Julian is another fictional ploy which Robin Sharma uses for reconnecting him to the then starving distraught society of his affluent land for spiritual charging. There can be no doubt about the value of *The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari* which has translated ancient wisdom into current idiom for a better everyday life. The book leaves a refreshing impression on the mind of readers and reinfuses faith in the usable wisdom of the past.

WHO AM I ?

Dr.Subhakanta Behera *

I am floating on the clouds
it is a tiny spot
in the galaxy, unknown & untreaded,
surrounds me nothing but vacuum & only
vacuum
though I know I am myself plenum,
the Earth is afar, almost invisible
but as providential, life vests and exudes
everywhere
on the Earth from whence I come.
But alas, I'm so tiny, almost a particle,
and become further smaller, almost
microscopic as I go up
vis- a- vis the Earth where the ontology
of my existence may be debated.
At last, I lose my 'self'- I get merged
with the vacuum, endowed with gnosis
of who am I? from where I come from?
when I land back on the Earth

I get back my 'self' that rises up like phoenix,
volitions flow, I get up,
I am the monarch of all I survey,
I can touch the sky,
snatch away the Moon,
and dive amidst the stars
forgetting what I was atop.
I look up in ecstasy
scornful & rejectionist
of the world around me,
but I miss what I am- my essence
that I tried so laboriously to cling on
while floating on the clouds.
Alas, I stumbled on the road
as I am dissipating & dying
one day to return where from
I came and to what I am made of.
I am happy, my nothingness gets vindicated
at the grand design ,
the plenum in me only speaks of
the ultimate Void.

* Consul General of India, Melbourne, Australia

THE THEME OF COLONIAL CULTURE IN AMITAV GHOSH'S THE GLASS PALACE

M. Nageswara Rao*

Culture is a part and parcel of our life and it is inseparable from our lives and our actions reflect our culture. There are varied definitions on culture. Edward Said, who is one of the founders of the field of post-colonial study, analyses critically the complexity of culture as:

Culture, of course, is to be found operating within civil society, where the influence of ideas, of institutions, and of other persons works not through domination but by what Gramsci calls... It is hegemony, or rather the result of cultural hegemony at work. That gives orientalism the durability and the strength.

Colonialism as a policy of appropriating other territories and countries was vindicated by the political, economic and epistemological underpinnings of determinate ideological imperatives on the part of the West. Ashi's Nandy in *The Intimate Enemy* (1983) categorizes colonialism into two distinct modes: Militaristic imperialism and Civilisational imperialism. The former is obviously premised on the appropriation of ruthless force for the physical usurpation of territories whereas the latter is the construct of Eurocentric projects of rationalists and modernists who apotheosized imperialism as a harbinger of civilisation to the uncivilised

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World. However, Gramsci's concept of hegemony (1971) may be helpful in understanding the process of colonialism.

Amitav Ghosh, the recipient of prestigious Sahitya Academy Award, highlighted the colonial culture in one of his famous novels, *The Glass Palace* (2000). *The Glass Palace* is a probing critique of the civilisation of the British rulers, which colonised the native mind by reframing the existing structures of human knowledge into East - West binaries of Orientalism. The Orient was represented as Europe's binary opposite. If a European was rational, wise, active, masculine, continent and powerful, the other was epistemologically represented as irrational, barbaric, passive, effeminate, over-sexed and weak.

The Glass Palace is the narrative of the colonizing process of discontent, resistance, displacement and exile in India, Burma and Malaya of the Asian Continent. The militaristic imperial strategy of "aggression, capture and colonisation" is employed to colonise Burma. The pretext for attack on Burma by the British forces is a frivolous one, of the tax levied for logs on the British timber merchants. The Burmese King Thebaw and Queen Supayalat are killed in India under a well-thought-out strategy of their erasure from the public memory.

In *The Glass Palace*, the true nature

of colonial rule is seen in its culture of exclusivity, practiced and fostered as a matter of policy. When the Muslim invaders became more or less assimilated in Indian society, the British remained aloof and superior, as shown in E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*. While setting up residence in the cantonment, they drove the Indians into inner city slums that lacked in basic civic amenities. They not only practised what Edward Said calls 'monoculturalism,' but also tried to set up 'little Englands' in the colonies. The plantation manager, Arjun, has a house in Malaya with a garden dotted with bursts of colour, but "the flowers were mostly English varieties" (433).

In *The Glass Palace*, Rajan talks about life as a plantation worker with "every action constantly policed, watched, supervised." He tells Arjun that it amounted to "being made into a machine: having your mind taken away and replaced by a clockwork mechanism. Anything was better than that" (522). Especially poignant is the anguish and confusion of Indian military officers in British army-young, idealistic, and keen to do what is right-in fighting a war to defend not their own country, but a foreign power that has enslaved it. "If my country really comes first," Hardy asks Arjun, "why am I being sent abroad? There's no threat to my country right now-and if there were, it would be my duty to stay here and defend it" (330). Allison sums up the plight of the Indian officers in the British army when she says: "Arjun-you're not in charge of what you do; you're a toy, a manufactured thing, a weapon in someone else's hands. Your mind doesn't inhabit your body" (376). Arjun, who comes to analyse critically, obsessively, his actions in relation to the colonial situation, ultimately dies fighting

for the Indian National Army in Burma.

Basing on Michel Foucault's study of the intimate relationship between forms of knowledge and power, Edward Said shows how colonial powers "constructed" an orient that allowed the deployment of specific forms of control over it. In the words of W. H. New, "the imperial enterprise . . . turned 'other' places and 'other' peoples into commodities that would serve the needs of the imperial 'centre.' In *The Glass Palace*, Ghosh shows how such 'constructions' are internalised by the colonised, creating radical fissures within colonised societies and at times within the consciousness of individuals. The British were not content with spontaneous expressions of the colonial mindset as visible as in Kipling's *The White Man's Burden*. Instead, they promoted-with sensational success in both England and the United States-such biased and astigmatic reporting as Katherine Mayo's *Mother India* in order to reinforce negative stereotypes of Indian society and culture, and in an effort to legitimise colonial rule.

The cultural encounter between the colonised and the colonising powers at times had a positive side. However, Ghosh does not touch upon it. In the Indo-British context, for example, cultural interaction as seen in the works of such scholars as William Jones, who had genuine respect for Eastern culture, is as much a fact as Macaulay's much more widely publicised arrogance and ignorance. This seems to one a limitation of *The Glass Palace* as it is of many studies and analyses of the colonial culture. Moreover, Ghosh's approach seems somewhat totalizing as it does not satisfactorily provide for the broad range of historical and social differences among

countries, Burma, Malaya, and India. At times colonialism appears in the novel as a monolith, with complex and defining features of the different communities submerged, if not altogether lost, in the unifying, homogenizing process.

The truth of colonialism has seldom been brought out with such insight and objectivity as in *The Glass Palace*. Ghosh's tone remains cool and rational, does not become abrasive even when dealing with the more unpalatable aspects of colonialism. The novel remains free from the self-pity and

sentimentality that at times intrude in works as fine as Forster's *A Passage to India*. Forster's major Indian characters essentially emerge as 'constructs' of a liberal and sympathetic imagination. Ghosh's use of a multiplicity of spokespersons with diametrically conflicting views enables him to examine the colonial culture from a diversity of perspectives and makes the presentation more complex and nuanced. *The Glass Palace* is thus, important not only as an outstanding work of fiction but also as a remarkably perspicacious cultural study.

CIVILISATION AND CULTURE

C. Rajagopalachari *

Civilization is not mere advance in technology and in the material aspects of life. We should remember it is an abstract noun and indicated a state of living and not things. Mainly, civilization connotes the curbing of wildness, barbarity and overindulgence of passions and appetites.

Civilization has two instruments to achieve the object of curbing the sensual instincts and preventing or deterring overindulgence. One instrument is Government, which is an essential part of all civilization, and which works externally. The force and compulsory power of the state are set up by consent of the people as a whole to do this

* A great statesman of yesteryears of Madras - A savant

curbing of the individual's tendencies. The total good sense prevails over individual appetite and that good sense takes the shape of government, Excesses of all kinds are brought under the penal laws. Men submit to these penal laws or they are kept apart from society by excommunication as in the old days, or by confinement within prison walls.

The other instrument of civilization is culture -- which acts through family training, tradition, religious belief, literature and education. Culture puts down overindulgences acting as an internal force, as distinguished from penal laws which operate from outside. Where it fails, it acts through social obloquy and, in very bad cases, through social ostracism.

MIRZA GHALIB-WORLD'S WIDELY READ POET

I.V. Chalapati Rao *

One of the most widely read Urdu books in the world is the collection of love sonnets of Ghalib. He also wrote the history of the Moghal rule. Mirza Ghalib, bridge builder between the continents, was born in Agra in 1797 in an affluent family. His father Mirza Abdulla Beg was an expert swordsman. He worked for a long time in the service of the Nawabs of Hyderabad. Afterwards he joined the service of Bhakta Narsing, the Raja of Alwar. Ghalib's younger brother was Mirza Yusuf Khan and Choti Khanam was Ghalib's sister. His father died when he was five years old. He grew up under the care of his uncle Mirza Nasirulla Beg. His uncle died when Ghalib was nine years old. Then he was under the guardianship of his maternal grandfather. Thus, even as a boy, Ghalib had to face difficulties and separations which influenced his poetry.

Ghalib's life was a saga of suffering. His uncle was drawing a pension out of which Ghalib had a share of Rs.800/- as his successor. Unfortunately this pension was discontinued after Sepoy's Mutiny in 1857 which was the first war of Independence according to some historians. This was a financial blow to the family. His mentally handicapped brother used to live with him.

Ghalib's marriage took place in his 13th year with Umrao Jan Begam who was the daughter of a Delhi Nawab. In those days

he was a handsome young man winning the admiration of the people who used to call him 'Mirza Naushad!' Even as a boy of 12 years he was writing poetry which was appreciated by elders. He developed a style of his own. At 15, his poetry attained maturity and perfection and even connoisseurs praised it. He became quality - conscious.

Ghalib and his wife faced financial problems in Delhi because of their extravagance. Expenditure always exceeded income. James Thomson, the then Secretary of the British government, heard about his scholarship of the Persian language and popularity as a poet. He sent invitation to Ghalib to meet him at his house with the good intention of giving him a job as Persian teacher in the local school. Ghalib went in a palanquin and sent word to the officer that he was outside his house. The officer sent his man to bring him inside. Ghalib wanted the Secretary to receive him and take him inside the house. The Secretary felt that such courtesies could not be extended to one who came seeking employment. Ghalib sent word that it would be an honour to the government if he was given the job. Thus he lost the opportunity to get the job because of his dignity and overbearing temper. He would have drawn a salary of Rs.100/- which was not a small amount in those days. He might break but would not bend!

Those were the days of the decline of the Moghal empire and the rapid rise of

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the British rule. There was political uncertainty in that transitional period. Bahadur Shah Jafar was the last of the Moghal emperors. As the emperor himself was a poet and patron of arts and literature, he commissioned Mirza Ghalib to write the History of the Moghal Empire and engaged him by paying a decent salary. In recognition of his outstanding merit, the emperor conferred upon him the titles of 'Najamuddoula', 'Dabrul Mulk', 'Nijav-e-jung', Ghalib became a high profile celebrity in the Court.

The first volume of the History appeared in 1857 (the year of the Sepoy Mutiny) under the name *Mehel-e-Nimraj*. In that year the emperor's mentor and an erudite scholar *Ustad-e-Sheh* Ibrahim Zakh died. The emperor appointed Ghalib in that vacancy. In spite of his enhanced status Ghalib could not produce the second volume *Ma-e-Numma* because of the political turmoil and revolutionary conditions. Chaotic conditions prevailed in Delhi. The Mughal empire was tottering. Violence and plunder became the order of the day. The British soldiers had a gay time. Ghalib's salary was not paid. To save the jewelry of his wife, he buried it in his compound. But the British soldiers got scent of it and carried it away. Ghalib was in a crisis, sustaining loss on loss. As he was close to the emperor, he was the target of the Britishers as enemy. In the Delhi riots his brother was killed. Ghalib could not attend the funeral rites. Some of his close relatives also were killed by the British soldiers.

In a letter to his friend Ghalib described his mental condition. He was distressed to find that all his dear and near ones were either dead or hopelessly

impoverished. His letters written during this period have historical importance. His prose works under the title *Dastambo* depict the atrocities committed by the British during 1857-1858.

In spite of the severe restrictions on printing imposed by Governor-General Canning, the first edition of Ghalib's book has painted the true picture of those black days of British atrocities .

After this, Ghalib was bed-ridden for several years. His last letter to his friend Allauddin Ahmad Khan, Lahore Nawab, reads: "Don't ask about the state of my health. Ask my next door neighbour after a day or two". On the very next day on 15.2.1859 he breathed his last. His letter was a prophetic forecast.

All the volumes of Ghalib's poetry were published during his life time, *Diwane e-Ghalib*, five volumes in Urdu were released in succession from Delhi, Agra and Cawnpur. His other works are *Dastambo*, *Panjia-hung*, *Meher-neemraj*, *Kuliath-e-nazar-e-Ghalib*, *Khal-e-burhas*, *Doolfish Kaliyani*, *Vod-e-Hindi* etc. His books were so popular that there were several reprints.

Obscurity informs some of his serious poetry. It is not easy to understand Ghalib's writings. He himself wrote 'O Ghalib, what you say is understood by you and God only!' His Urdu poems have Persian content to a great extent. He provokes thinking by his deep ideas. Philosophy is latent in his expressions. Most of his passages are often quoted by scholars as well as the ordinary reader. His descriptions of Nature are delightful like word

pictures. His understanding of human nature is remarkable. He is essentially a poet of love and a worshiper of beauty. He relentlessly probed his own heart. He was a wordsmith and phrase maker.

Ghalib's Ghazals, mostly on love, resonate with the voices of the maestro through the corridors of history. He is not just an Indian phenomenon. His Ghazals are the heart throb of the adoring readers everywhere. They are loved, studied and recited even today. The following are samples in translation:

'The fair_ are cruel? What of it?
They are fair.
Sing of their grace, their swaying symmetry.
Spring will not last, what of it?
It is Spring.
Sing of its breeze, of its greenery'

This is the testament of Ghalib's love and sense of beauty.

It baffles one's imagination to contemplate how he was able to write such heart throbbing, lilting love sonnets when there were violence, corruption and political turmoil in Delhi. With the inner climate of love and serenity he produced the following lines:

'What do these beautiful faces mean, O God!
Why should this beauty torture me?
Why should those perfumed curls
imprison me in passionate love?
Where from have come those powerful
glances
those green leaves, those lovely flowers?
Why do they exist?

Why this gentle breeze and blue clouds?
.....

His poetry is self-referential and at the same time philosophically introspective.

'Don't be proud that you climbed
to dizzy heights
A day will come
When you fall to the ground.'
.....

'Faith is pulling me back
While desire presses me to sin

The shrine is in front
Behind it stands the temple'.
.....

With a sense of profound philosophy and deep humility he wrote:

'What is there in me except
The magic of words
for my friends to mourn
after my death?'

Poetry cannot be translated. In translation it will be reduced to pedestrian prose, its wings being clipped.

Ghalib's poetry extols love, reminds us of the futility of ambition and strikes the universal note. It is the anguish of his heart. Like Faiz and Iqbal, he wrote verses rooted in humanity. He put his own signature on world's poetry. He straddled the two worlds of love and poetry with consummate ease. His life itself is a romantic idyll and the best of his lyrics.

CELEBRATION OF INTERNATIONALWOMEN'S DAY

C.V.G. Krishnamurthy*

It is quite appropriate to celebrate 100 years of Women's Achievement on the International Women's day. Enthusiasts among women call it as a day of grand success for tirade against men and their superiority; but the Moderators term it as a better change of recognition of women for building up a welfare society.

Today, women need not only protection from men but also liberation and empowerment. It is doubtless to say that women must respect men, but men should understand that a woman can say more in a sigh for relief from stress than a man.

India has always had powerful women in the forefront during the freedom struggle and at other times too. The twenty first century is looked upon as the century of women. In our country, many women are leading in various fields of governance, development, industry, finance, education and reforms.

India has a woman President, Pratibha Patil and the power behind the government is Sonia Gandhi, the chairperson of U.P.A. She is referred to as the 'High Command'. Two other women, Jayalalitha and Mayawathi built their own political parties for ruling. In West Bengal, Mamatha Banerjee kept her identity with her party, Trinamool Congress. Medha Patkar with her pet 'Narmada Bachao Andolan' kept the governments in tension. She has been fighting

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the battle of the displaced people due to the planned Sardar Sarovar dam. It was a great task for Mamatha in driving out the 'Tata Nano Plant' from Singore (West Bengal) due to her deep concern for the deprived agriculturists.

Padma Bhushan Chanda Kochhar is figured in the Fortune's list of 'Most powerful women in business'. In the last twenty seven years, she rose from the low position of Management Trainee to become the Managing Director and CEO of ICICI bank Limited. She is declared as an 'Outstanding Woman Business Leader of the Year 2010'.

Kiran Majumdar Shaw, at fifty eight, became the Chairperson and Managing Director of Biocon Limited. She started her career as a woman entrepreneur with a capital of rupees ten thousand. She had to face several ups and downs but she maintained her position in the stock market. She has been honoured with Padmashree in 1989 and Padma Bhushan in 2005.

Music has no boundaries of nations. The single name universally associated with Indian music is Latha Mangeshkar. She is the Bharat Ratna of the country. Her music is sublime, sensational and soulful. At eighty six when she sings 'Ai Mere Watan ke Logon' we cannot but shed tears to remember great sacrifices of our Armed Forces.

Dr.V.Shanta, the Raman Magasaysay award winner in 1984, renders treatment in her Adayar cancer institute free for sixty

percent of the patients. For her, the hospital is her home and her temple. There is not even a single professional or human activity where women have not touched. Women entered Air Force, Navy and even Space Shuttles.

All is not well still with women's liberation movements. Though there has been continuous hue and cry for equality with men they continue to be targets of atrocities in various forms. Though we have laws, their implementation is dismal. News paper and TV reports confirm the cases of minor girls and women sexually assaulted and brutally killed. Disfiguring maidens and women with acid bottles by men for not reciprocating their mad lust has become the order of the day. Such criminals with animal passion or lust are let off without severe punishment due to biased political affinities. The dowry prevention act with poor enforcement makes the act ineffective.

Mahatma Gandhi expressed that real freedom to India means that women should be able to move out during day or night without fear. Women should not be treated as sex-objects. It is the duty of the authorities to protect them. Children should be taught to respect women right from their childhood. Now a days, children cannot get the sound advice of grandparents as the definition of a family has been shrunk from the 'Joint Family System' to the 'Solitary unit of husband and wife with slight addition of one or two children'

It is not out of place to mention how women are projected with improper dress code by the advertising agencies, the cinema and the television. It is here the women's organizations have to play a vital role on

arresting such business-increasing and box office-hit techniques.

It looks very funny for some women's organizations to claim for perfect 'Gender Equality'. Biological inequality forbids this. As for God's decree, the sacred motherhood is sanctioned to women alone. For the chariot of life men and women form the two wheels connected by the axle of wedlock or marriage with the Almighty as the driving force (Saradhi) to carry out the hidden scheme of destiny. No one is superior or inferior to the other.

Lord Shiva gave half his body to his consort Parvathi and they are inseparable. Goddess Lakshmi will be always sitting with Lord Vishnu. Ancient epics, mention that 'Sita, Savithri, Mandodari, Tara and Draupadi' are considered as ideal women.

No man is successful without the sound and timely advice of the better half. 'Karyeshu Dasi, Karaneshu Manthri, Bhojyeshu Maata, Sayaneshu Rambha and Kshamaya Dharithri' are the noble traits of the woman. It means 'the better half' gives sound advice like a minister, she acts like an affectionate mother while offering food, she gives comfort of bed to her husband and above all she is an embodiment of patience like Mother Earth'. Just as women serve men, men also should serve women. What is good for the goose is also good for the gander.

We look forward to a future when men and women benefit equally and inequality is not perpetuated. Till such time, the guilty must be punished severely irrespective of their status in society for building up a 'Welfare Society'.

EDUCATION AND ETHICAL IMPORTANCE

Dr. A. Venkat Yadav ¹
K. Siddartha ²

Mahatma Gandhi, the father of our nation, said, "Education without character is a social sin."

The two words, 'ethics' and 'education' are positively interrelated. They together form a personality that is potent to encourage a seething mass of people into a nation with unity and success. But without ethics, attributes fall alike. If the word 'ethics' is defined as the science of morals, then 'education' certainly means the harmonious development of our body, mind and soul. Its root meaning is character or manners.

In fact, education begins from the day we are born. Starting from learning signs and languages of our parents, the process of learning continues till we get a chain of degrees covering segments of education but ethics comes from one's culture rather than one's tastes for culture. With proper education and good ethical values, all the colors of our society can be merged to paint a dynamic and powerful country which can face any challenge for completion of a task as well as fulfillment of duty unconditionally from infrastructure to health care.

We often find a post-doctorate scholar abusing his illiterate maid servant. Such instances certainly reflect one's actual education. It covers every situation right from

University to Parliament and the society to the work place. Impatience followed by unrest has become so common that we find these attributes in every nook and corner of the world. Such acts are due to futility of education - for such persons education means only to get through an exam and obtain a degree. They do not even bother to value or maintain minimal ethical standards. Ethics is nothing but value education that is automatically absorbed from surroundings, culture and interest. It prevails with discipline, dedication and determination. Patriotism, responsibility, spirituality and behavior are the fruits of ethics. It is not about how much we know but about how much it matters to those who do not know. And that is why the power of ethical behavior is permanent and infinite.

The six modest alphabets of ethics when placed side by side with the nine alphabets of education form the undaunted spirit, potent enough to take us to the expected heights. Science and technology have come to occupy almost all spheres of human life and have transformed our civilization into a scientific and technological civilization. Education and guidance of ethics is essential to enjoy its wonderful achievements. The discovery of moral action by each individual may not be all that is needed, but is certainly a necessary beginning towards a responsible education that itself is ethical.

All education is incomplete unless it imbibes ethical dimension in it. Education must

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not be limited to help the young to earn their own livelihood but should go beyond arming them with an ability to judge whether the earning is worth in terms of utility of work to mankind. Newton, Einstein and Mahatma Gandhi are considered great because their intention was to work in order to serve the

humanity, and not their individual fame and prosperity. They used their knowledge and intelligence with the sole objective of serving mankind and eventually succeeded in their effort.

Education and ethics are inseparable like fragrance and the flower.

WHILE AT REPOSE

Dr Suresh Chandra Pande*

While at repose
 Something
 From somewhere
 Comes to the mind
 Unpremeditated
 The moment
 I try to incubate
 The idea slips
 The clue escapes
 And
 I grope for lost words
 into

The void of silence
 But find none
 Anon
 Some concatenations come
 Like sparks entwined
 Nay!
 Not the beauty
 The aesthetic
 The luminaries
 All obliterates
 Only
 The gross, the fitful
 Under subtle material veil
 Jars
 While at repose

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TRUE LEADERSHIP

"Leaders are rare people who come along and raise the standards of excellence who capture the hearts of many and inspire them on to achieve the impossible. A true leader has the confidence to stand alone, the courage to make tough decisions, and the compassion to listen to the needs of others. He does not set out to be a leader, but becomes one by maintaining the highest standards and going that extra mile."

TREES

Dr. C. Jacob*

(Original composition in Telugu by G Narasimha Murty)

We are dumb, tiny saplings,
We hardly know how to react,
We jump with joy for gentle wind,
For summer breeze we sing sweet songs:
 We are your beloved children too
 That ever crave for your love.

With clouds we speak when we grow tall,
In thundering and lightning we madly dance,
with winds wild we play gymnastics,
And wish all live in happiness and peace.

We welcome drizzles into our hand-cups,
We fan the hot sun with our leaves cool,
With lush-green leaves we spread a carpet,

* District & Sessions Judge (Rtd.) Narsapur

And young and old we shelter under our green foliage:
We breathe in what you breathe out as waste,
And give you in return what you need.

We get thrilled by the songs of birds,
Flowers and fruits we give the world,
We rock your babes to sleep as cradles,
And to the world's threshold we are a festoon
of green leaves.

If you pluck our leaves we tremble with fear,
If you cut our branches we pine in silence,
If you cut our trunks we crumble and fall,
If we're sawed we cry and cry with gnawing
pain
And breathe our last with a dreadful groan.

NO MATTER...

Kumarendra Mallik*

No matter
how mighty is the mountain
you place me under

No matter
how deep is the ocean
you throw me into

No matter
how strong is the storm
you make me face

No matter
how fierce is the fire
you make me walk through

No matter
how blinding is the blizzard
you ask me cross

Yet never in protest
I shall utter a word,
shalln't feel bad nor be sad,
shalln't ask for anything more
than a ray of your love
come shining through my broken door!

* Poet, Hyderabad

PARTAP SHARMA'S PLAYS

VVLNS Prasad *

Partap Sharma, a leading commentator and producer of documentary films and news reels, an actor and director, has made remarkable contribution in the realm of Indian drama in English. He played lead role in the Hindi movie, *Phir Bhi* in early 70's and won an award for it. Apart from playing the role of Jawahar Lal Nehru in the documentary, *Nehru, the Jewel of India*, he produced a few T V documentaries and lent his voice to some as well.

As for his contribution to literature, he wrote more than half-a-dozen plays and playlets like *A Touch of Brightness*, *The Power Play*, *The Professor has a War Cry*, *Queen Bee*, *Bangladesh*, *Bars Invisible* and *The Word* etc. His most recent play, *Sammy* brought forth Gandhi's philosophy, pragmatism and even his sense of humour (a quality rarely brought out in various works of different genres). He also wrote a novel, *The Days of the Turban* after Operation Blue-Star and also contributed to the children's literature through his *Surangini Tales*. Partap Sharma follows the tradition of choosing the commoner as his protagonist. Melodramatic element is at its low in his plays. His unbridled social consciousness finds expression in his works. Various aspects of the Indian life are touched upon, but treated with modern perspective in his writings.. Traditions, customs and values are not blindly trusted, but instead, challenged. Sharma's anti-

establishment stance as in the case of Cho-Ramaswamy, a Tamil playwright-cum -journalist is quite obvious; and so is his rebellious spirit.

In Sharma's view, the plays are not made to enthrall the audience, but to make them sit up. They are all problem plays. However, the conflict is presented, but no solutions are offered. It is left to the wisdom of the viewers to arrive at suitable solutions. Sharma's plays "disturb our complacency and make us aware of the anguish," Satyadev Dubey rightly opines. Man, Woman relationships are not often harmonious. I have taken up a few individual plays, supported by qualitative analysis in terms of social factors. Sharma's disillusionment with the existing social order and exploitation of women in the modern society is effectively dealt with in *A Touch of Brightness*. Power-mongering and the corrupt ways of the present crop of insincere politicians and others, find place in his *Power Play*. The aftermath of partition and the loss of roots is very much felt in *The Professor has a War Cry*. The materialistic attitude of the modern individual is conspicuous in *Queen Bee*. The playwright's strong view about the freedom of nations to deal with their own administration, is obvious in *Bangladesh*, a tiny playlet. Most of his plays were published in the Drama Journal of India, *Enact*.

A Touch of Brightness : Here, the activities of women and their exploitation form

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the core issue. Social realism and sober thought go hand in hand. As the action is set in the infamous areas of Bombay, the red light one with its cages, the self-proclaimed preservers of Indian morality could successfully stall the premier-staging of this play in the late 60's. The State Government of Maharashtra imposed a ban on it. Of course, no less legal luminaries like Soli Sorabjee and Iqbal Chagla were associated with the legal battle against the ban. Finally, the play saw the light of the day in 1973. I read that the chauvinists dubbed it damaging to the image of the country, though they had not denied the existence of the conditions presented therein. This reminds me of a happening in 1969. Though a procession of different deities being slapped with footwear was permitted by the politicians in Salem, when the photographs of the incident were published in the center spread of the Tamil journal, *Tughlaq*. It was banned on the flimsy pretext that it would infuriate the public by hurting their religious sentiments. This seems to be the paradox that finds place only in the largest democracy of the world, India. Similar was the case of the doyen of the Indian Film Industry, Satyajit Ray, when a lot of hue and cry was raised on his presentation of miserable conditions of poverty of India in some of his movies.

Originally published in *Imprint*, the play *The Touch of Brightness* was later brought in book form by the Orient Longmans. It was not for nothing that TV and film personalities of repute like Dina Pathak, Alyque Padamsee, Pearl Padamsee and Kalpana Lazmi were associated with the production of this play. No less a towering personality like Ravi Shanker provided music

to this play for the BBC-III program broadcast in November 1967.

All through the play, the suggested idea is much more frightening than even the stark reality. The plight of the Indian women, who are quite often subjected to merciless and inhuman exploitation, is best described in the opening lines of the play--

"This is a road
Where everyone gives
A road where no one gains;
The seller will lose
The buyer will lose
And both will profit in shame"

All the major characters, Benarsi Baba, Bhabhi Rani, Bedekar and the quack doctor; form the core group of exploiters of women. Dina Pathak portrayed the role of Bhabhi Rani during one of the stagings of the play. Kalpana Lazmi played the role of one of the caged girls at another one.

This play, despite the accusation of the bizarre description of red light area, demands our attention; if only for the real concern the playwright evinces for the deprived.

Queen Bee: It is a play in three acts and is about the unscrupulousness of the builders, who have been squeezing every inch of space in the city of Bombay into skyscrapers. What is dealt with here, is highly relevant in contemporary times to many other places, as well.

The unrelenting conflict and tension buzzes as tellingly as a singing hive.

Thematically, the play is also an exploration of the quality of various kinds of preferred help from the first line of the play.

"Can I May I..... Be of some help".

Towards the conclusion of the play, we see the gamut of hypocrisy, greed and self interest that offers of help more often than not seek to camouflage. This unmistakably is a post-independence tendency in India.

The Professor has a War Cry: This play in five acts deals effectively with the impact of the partition between India and Pakistan on the inmates, at the threshold of independence.

This play opens at a graveyard with a pessimistic and terroristic note of Virendra, the protagonist, at his mother's death. Again, this is a post-independent phenomenon. Virendra's mother died after having waited twenty years in the third class waiting room at the local railway station.

This play revolves around the myth and reality of Virendra's birth secret and the consequences of Partition. The protagonist's psychological stagnancy and his developed illusion over Prof. Gopal Dass as his father, turn him panicky to the level of injuring the

latter. But Prof. Das was patient enough in explaining the reality that he was only a guardian to Viren, who was the offspring of a rape (a mere accident) and that Viren's father died in the riots of partition.

Dass emerged as the representative of men of globalised thinking, whereas Viren as the worried frustrated offspring of the partition rape.

Power Play: This is a powerful and pungent satire on the mean and unscrupulous politicians and political pigmies and pimps. It ridicules the Indian political situation, wherein men of clay feet with absolutely no scruples, qualms and worthy track record take to politics, if only to grind their own axe. This play is much more relevant in the present political scenario, where politician of no hue is any exception to the present prevalent rule, the irony intended. In this play, prostitutes turn sanyasins and a political parallel can't be helped, if I am excused -"Vridh Nari Pativrata."

Thus, Partap Sharma's social consciousness, his anguish at the situation and his anxiety for possible solutions to the maladies of the system have provoked me to go for this humble effort to seek him a much deserved place in the Indian drama in English.

Napoleon said..

"The world suffers a lot. Not because of the violence of bad people, but because of the silence of good people !"

Shakespeare said..

"In the times of crisis I was not hurt by the harsh words of my enemies, but by the silence of my friends."

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE: THE OZYMANDIAS OF REFERENCE BOOKS

Dr.P.Padma¹ & Dr.P.Suneetha²

Anyone who wages a war needs arms and ammunition. Only then one can wage a meaningful war against others. Similarly a student of literature is supposed to keep a few good books to acquire knowledge for doing well in the profession. In learning a language a learner needs the help of an authoritative reference work. Just as a dictionary is helpful in knowing the meanings of words, a companion is immensely needed as an authoritative reference work. A companion is a book which accompanies or associates with another and offers companionable assistance. It is your pal in literary need. The term `companion` is not a guide that instructs you where to go, but it is more than a guide, teacher, philosopher and an invaluable friend. The Oxford Companion to English Literature that appeared in 1932 was first edited by Sir Paul Harvey, a civil-servant who provided in his work plot summaries, biographical entries, historical highlights, profiles of kings, queens, world-historical figures, famous criminals, glosses on classical names, allusions and tags, explanations of such obscure terms as "carpetbagger," "Carfax" and "caput mortuum." Originally, Sir Paul Harvey had in his mind the ordinary everyday reader, but later this huge book started serving scholars, students and general readers alike.

English literature that has a continuous history of over a thousand years has been produced in many lands. So Harvey thought that completeness in a moderate compass and the equipment of a specialist at all points, are impossible in the compilation of a Companion to English Literature. While editing the Companion, Harvey included two main elements in alphabetical order. The one is a list of English authors, literary works, and literary societies which have historical or present importance. Under an author's name is given a selection of facts especially dates bearing on his life and literary activity. Under the title of a work there is some indication of its nature, and for the greater works of fiction, poetry, prose, or drama there is usually a brief sketch of the plot. A certain number of American authors and of their works, have also been included. The living authors who established reputation that can hardly be ephemeral were also included as very brief entries. Secondly, there is an explanation of allusions commonly met with, or likely to be met with in English literature, in so far as they are not covered by the articles on English authors and works. Some entries were included from among the characters of English fiction, from several mythologies, saints, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, men of science, artists, musicians, actors, with literary forgers and imposters. Harvey extensively consulted the Cambridge Histories of English literature and of American Literature; the

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various works of Prof. Saintsbury, the Surveys of Prof. Elton; and A.C. Ward's Twentieth-Century Literature. He never hesitated to consult the innumerable editors and biographers also.

Oxford Companion to English Literature went through thirty odd impressions over the years, with small revisions and corrections. Since its publication it has been continually updated and revised to ensure that it remains an indispensable and authoritative companion. Half a century and five editions later, it still remains a standard, authoritative reference work necessary for scholars and non-experts alike.

In the 1970s, Oxford University Press decided on a vast overhaul. They commissioned Margaret Drabble an ideal editor and biographer to do it. Assisted by Jenny Stringer, she took up to revise and improve on Harvey's book. She commented some years ago on her work thus: "My favourite dreams are where I am travelling through landscapes very rapidly, but by no known means of transport, not flying but going through it." Really, her companion is a brisk tour of the English landscape. With her knowledge she has expanded vastly beyond Harvey's completeness within a modest compass. She retained a bulk of Harvey's material and format. In her own words, "Dollars and pieces of eight have gone and so has the Doge of Venice." She never hesitated to include living authors, with a date of birth cut-off of 1939. She achieved a compromise of the original companiability and professionalized scholarly rigour. She produced an updated and expanded version in 1985 and the expanded version (The Fifth

Edition) hit the stands and sold phenomenally. It received a glowing front-page review in The New York Times Book Review, which praised it as "a wonderful, infuriating, amusing, and informative war horse of a book."

Drabble's Companion includes hundreds of new biographies as well as new entries on genres, literary terms, and critical schools. It also offers over 7000 alphabetically arranged entries, providing incomparable coverage of the classical works of English literature, and of European authors and works that have influenced the development of English literature. Its wide range of articles cover not only authors and their works, but also fictional characters, plot summaries, composers and artists, literary and artistic movements, historians, philosophers, critics, as well as publishing history, literary societies, newspapers and periodicals, critical terms and critical theory. In addition, there are sixteen new feature essays covering everything from gay and lesbian literature to modernism and science fiction, plus a thousand-year chronology that sets key literary works in their historical context, and complete lists of poet laureates and literary prize winners.

Drabble, in course of time, has dropped the policy of excluding authors born since 1939, thus opening the door to broader coverage of contemporary writers. For example, new to this edition are entries for Pat Barker, Jim Crace, Roddy Doyle, Brian Friel, and Vikram Seth. Also appearing for the first time are a number of significant twentieth-century women authors who had previously been overlooked, including Zora Neale Hurston, Elizabeth Jolley, Angela Thirkell, and Eudora Welty. Among other new

articles are Censorship, Gay and Lesbian Literature, Intertextuality, and New Historicism. In addition, the volume includes 16 two-page survey articles, most of which provide historical overviews of particular genres and movements, for example, "Biography" "Gothic Fiction" and "Romanticism." Although 14 of these articles are essentially the same as when they were first introduced in the 1988 revision, "Metre" is a completely new essay, and "Structuralism and Post-Structuralism" replaces the earlier essay that focused only on structuralism.

Whereas the fifth edition excluded authors born after 1939, Drabble obviously has now abandoned the policy since the subjects of many of the new entries (e.g. Martin Amis, Penelope Lively, Salman Rushdie) were born after 1940. In addition, she has expanded coverage of English-language writers outside Great Britain by adding such figures as Peter Carey, Robertson Davies, Janet Frame, and Toni Morrison. Her continued exclusion of a writer of the prominence of Eudora Welty is difficult to understand, particularly in the light of the lengthy new article on Gore Vidal. In most cases, articles on living authors have been revised through 1994, and in some instances, entries note even 1995 publications, such as Kazuo Ishiguro's *The Unconsoled*. It is obvious that she has made a concerted effort to represent more women and minorities and to reflect the ways in which literary criticism and publishing are changing.

Drabble made entries as accurate as possible. Unfortunately her book passes for a companion to *English literature* but not "literature in English," which according to her,

is another matter entirely. The truth is that these days, the other matter entirely consists of virtually all books published in the English language and there is no eternal tie between England, English, and literature. Unfortunately, some entries have escaped needed updating. For instance, the article on *The Oxford English Dictionary* does not mention the - volume supplement to the second edition or the availability of the online version. Moreover, the chronology does not include any literary works published after 1998. Among a number of contemporary authors whose omissions are surprising are Nicola Barker, Thomas Kinsella, and Tim Winton. Furthermore, J.K. Rowling, author of the phenomenally successful Harry Potter books, is not accorded an entry, nor is she mentioned in the survey articles on children's literature and fantasy fiction. These quibbles aside, the Companion continues to be a valuable, reliable, and readable guide to the entire spectrum of English literature from its beginnings through the twentieth century.

The seventh edition of the companion appeared under the editorship of Dinah Birch. In her preface she says that her volume is a lively and authoritative source of reference for general readers, scholars, students, and journalists looking for a guide to English literature in its broadest context. In this edition there are more than one thousand new entries, the cross referencing has been strengthened, and there is more coverage of literature produced outside the British Isles. In the very beginning of the book there are a few introductory essays. The first one, Hermione Lee's essay "Literary culture and the novel in the new millennium" throws light on the ramifications of online bookselling, the "DIY

reviewing culture" of blogs, the role of literary prizes and the recent proliferation of populist defences of fiction by critics such as James Wood, Jane Smiley and John Mullan. She concludes her essay thus: "In reading about fiction, or in reading novels, past and present, one often comes on the idea of a journey: a worn path, a day's walking through a city, a quest, a progress, a journey through time." This essay in the companion marks a sensitive awareness of the changing contours of literariness and the new mechanisms of literatures, dissemination and reception. The essays by Kelvin Everest (Cultures of Reading) Benedicte Ledent (Black British Literature), Michael Rosen (Children's Literature) are very scholarly as well as instructive.

The Seventh Edition maps out new boundaries and takes in new categories such as Black British literature and "New Weird." Besides Popular literature, she has included quite a few samples of American literature. No doubt, a few explanations of Harvey still floated in the new book. For example, Charles Reade, a fairly insignificant Victorian novelist, has a longer entry than Salman Rushdie. Reade's novel *Hard Cash* has a separate entry whereas *Midnight's Children* does not have one. Philip Hensher, educated at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the author of just three novels, finds himself graced with an entry, but not the equally accomplished Andrew Greig, Dermot Bolger, or Joseph Connolly. Similarly, she has given undue importance to Esther Freud and not to Helen Simpson.

The Companion runs into about 1100 pages of alphabetically sequenced articles that

follow. There are four appendices dealing with chronology, Poets Laureate, Children's Laureates and literary awards. Particularly the comprehensive appendix on literary awards includes awards like Nobel Prize for literature, Pulitzer Prize for fiction, Cilip Carnegie Medalists, Man Booker prize for fiction, King's And Queen's Gold medal for Poetry and T.S. Eliot prize for poetry.

Dinah Birch took pains in revising the entries and adding hundreds more to her seventh edition of the companion. There are more contemporary names, including genre writers such as Neil Gaiman and James Ellroy. Elegance, concision, and a crisp informativeness characterize the short entries on writers like Sarah Kane, Sam Selvon, and Notting Hill. In the preface it is clearly stated that the 'rebalancing' is accounted for by the claim that literary culture, through the institutions of prizes, book groups and festivals, has been popularized. Naturally the earlier aims of this companion namely 'accuracy and authority with wit and independence' have given way to 'fresh' and 'diverse' democratic impulses.

There are outstanding mini essays on great writers like Blake, Herbert, Samuel Johnson and William Shakespeare. The plot summary of Henry James's *The Ambassadors* is a masterpiece of concision. Sometimes the author's personal opinions have also crept in. For example, the entry on Coleridge runs thus: "Coleridge has been variously described as a political turncoat, a drug addict, a plagiarist, and a mystic humbug, whose wrecked career left nothing but a handful of magical early poems." Similarly the entry on J.G. Ballard's *Crash* (1973) runs thus: 'It was an outstanding,

outrageous work, years ahead of its time, if there could ever be a time when the eroticism of car accidents would be an acceptable subject for a novel." Both these quotations are survivors from Drabble's edition.

A few errors have crept in or remained uncorrected in the Seventh edition. For example, Julian Barnes started work at the OED in 1969, but not in 1962. Similarly, Saul Bellow's *More Die of Heartbreak* is a novel, but not a short story collection. Karl Miller has not been editor of the London Review of Books since 1992. Now-a-days because of the internet we may navigate and get more information than the Companion could. For example, the Companion proudly admits a paragraph on the graphic novelist Alan Moore. But his fans have created a detailed Wikipedia page, with links to interviews and

samples of his work. Similarly, the entry on John Grisham runs into five lines, but the web www.jgrisham.com gives a comprehensive account of this author of *The Associate* that sold about 250 million copies. Nevertheless the Companion belongs to a lost world of fixed canons and elite control of knowledge. This book is reassuringly solid and accurate. One can place this book alongside a computer, check and correct Wikipedia as one may go along. In some cases the internet will send you to an article or book that will correct the Companion. This interactive process is the most valuable thing the internet has taught us and we should apply it to everything we read "blogs, opinion pieces, reviews, even books like the companion." This companion gives pleasure to browse it as it is an explosively expanding universe that defies print out hard covers. It is easily the Ozymandias of authoritative reference books.

BIKSHAM DEHI

Dr. J. Bhagyalakshmi*

I don't remember
How many times in a day
I stand before you
With joined palms
They say ascetics
Beg for their alms
Only once a day
They call out to the housewife
Addressing her as mother

Request for alms,
'Mata Biksham Dehi'
Three times they may call
If there is no response
They turn away and leave
But, I, eternal beggar,
Always seek alms
Knowing fully well
I owe everything to you
Yet incessantly call out
"Biksham Dehi, Biksham Dehi"

* Poet and Translator, New Delhi

PURANDARA DASA THE FORE MOST - DEVOTIONAL POET

Ramakrishna Rao Gandikota *

The Haridasa - Purandara Vitthala was born in 1484 AD. His parents were Varadappa and Lakshmakka. He hailed from a wealthy family. Prior to becoming a haridasa, his name was Srinivasa Naik. He married Saraswati. He had four sons by the names Varadappa, Gurappa, Abhinavappa and Madhvapathi. All the four in their later life joined the 'Dasakuta'.

The Turning Point:

As he hailed from a wealthy family he was in the business as 'Sharaf' (dealer of gold and precious jewelry) and was said to be a "Shylock" in his trade, very strict regarding money matters, and parsimonious by nature.

As per the destiny, Lord Panduranga in the guise of a poor Brahmin, visited his home seeking financial help for his son's marriage. At that time Purandaradas was at his shop busy with business as usual, and his wife Saraswati was at home. As she had no ready cash to give, she picked up her 'nose-ring' and offered it to Him. Panduranga, in the guise of Brahmin, went to the shop of Purandaradas, with the nose-ring and sought money for it in return. Purandaradasa recognized the nose-ring to be that of his wife, and for confirmation, asked the Brahmin to wait for some time and came home in a great hurry and demanded Saraswati where her nose-ring was. She was shocked and crest

fallen. She went in to the puja room and wanted to end her life, instead of facing the wrath of her husband. A miracle happened. The nose ring fell into the cup of poison she was about to gulp in. She was delighted at the grace of the Lord, and gave the nose-ring to her husband. When Purandaradas returned to the shop, he neither found the poor brahmin nor the nose-ring. He safely deposited it in the locker. This event turned him from materialistic life to spiritual life. He renounced his "worldly wealth and pleasures and he came to be known as the famous Haridasa Purandara Vitthala, who is said to have composed the most melodious 4,75,000 Keertanas (songs), which are very popular in Southern parts of India.

Purandaradasa, was the first and the foremost disciple of Vyasarayya Tirtha. In addition to the Keertanas, he wrote *Draupadi Vastrapaharana*, *Sudhama Charitra*, and *Paratatva Sara*. As a well versed musician he produced Pillari-gite, a collection of musical exercises for young children who learn music. It is said the saint poet Tyagaraja of Andhra, was an admirer of Purandaradasa. He received inspiration from Purandaradasa in a dream, for composing his Krutis. Purandaradasa travelled extensively throughout India and visited all the holy places. In his old age, he settled at Hampi and retired from the world in 1564AD. His Samadhi is at Ane-gondi Village, near Hampi, Karnataka State.

* Retired Principal, Kakinada

Philosophy of Purandaradasa :

As is Ekanath in Maharashtra, Purandaradasa was the foremost Devotional Saint of Karnataka. He was a follower of the Dwaita philosophy propounded by Madhva. His poems are simple and lucid and convey the principle of Bhagavata purana, bhakti being the main plank. As in the case with Tukaram of Maharashtra, the personalistic element is very vivid in the compositions of Purandaradas and one feels as if he moves with us, and talks with us about problems belonging to a higher sphere of Mysticism.

Mr. Masti Venkatesha Ayyengar in his *Popular Culture in Karnataka*, says "The songs of Purandaradasa indicate a mind familiar with the world and its ways, and inclined as much to see without as within. Wide knowledge, deep experience, and a great love of humanity are visible in them. Their range is great".

Dark Night Experience:

We find turning points in the lives of almost all the devotees. The same is the case with the Haridasas. Overnight realization dawns on them and they disown their properties, wives, children, ego and take up bhakti marga. This sudden change in their lives make them conscious of their sin committed in the past and compose heart-rending songs, repenting their by gone days.

A survey of the songs composed by almost all the eminent saint poets shows that they composed several songs depicting themselves as profligates and great sinners, making it appear as if, it is only sinners that

turn to be saints. Realization of mistakes by itself, is a great thing. It requires a great moral courage to confess one's misdeeds in the past life like Mahatma Gandhi. Who is not a sinner? The writer personally feels that - the saints sing in personalized tone, in first person singular, instead of putting it in second person singular, as no one digests it.

In one of the songs Purandaradasa says - "I fear not poison, nor do I fear for my body. I fear not snake nor scorpion nor the edge of the sword; one thing I only fear, one I dread within; other's money, other's woman, these two I fear; I fear Kaurava and Ravana and what happened to them and pray - save me from Evil- Purandara Vitthala!".

In another beautiful song the devotee Purandaradasa tries to compromise with God. "Oh Krishna! Let there be an oath to Thee and an oath to me; and let us both have the oath of your devotees. If I do not utter Thy name, let the oath be to me; and if Thou dost not protect me, let it be to Thee" - like this, the song goes on, which is a very popular one among the devotees of Krishna. I had the pleasure of listening to the above Keertana being sung by a very old lady in her eighties in front of the Kanakadasa window - in UDIPI Temple, when I visited the temple in 2005. At my request she sang some more songs of Purandaradasa and Kanakadasa and I could not but prostrate at her feet, moved by her sublime devotion.

Here is another beautiful song in which he depicts the evanescent nature of the Samsara. "What is this struggle for? You are to go one day quickly. What did you bring when you came here? But, as soon as you

were born, you said everything is yours. When the wealth hoarded by you vanishes completely, you groan with a weeping face. Having built a big house, you place your wife there, when a child is born to her - you fix your mind in that. This Samsara is very wicked and you have fallen in it, with your legs tied up".

Further he sings in yet another song "Oh man! why are you so much enamoured of this body?" It expands, decreases, tumbles and falls, and eventually turns itself into ash, having fallen in fire. This body, which is formed by the union of husband and wife, is one which enjoys all the pleasures, but, it falls to the ground when attacked by diseases. It is a

body, which having served others, has become an object of hell. It is one, which oozes out dirt from its nine holes, and smells awfully if not washed; And this body does not bow down at the lotus feet of Purandara Vitthala, through arrogance". Amongst the lakhs of songs, which are to be selected?

On the last day of his life Purandaradasa sings "Today is the most auspicious one, this week is auspicious, today's constellation (Nakshatra) is auspicious, today's happening is auspicious, and the day on which the name of Purandara Vitthala is sung, is the most auspicious". As per a song of Vijayadasa, Purandaradasa is said to have lived exactly for 72 years and 21 days.

DOWN THE MEMORY LANE

K.V.V.Subrahmanyam *

Down the memory lane as one goes,
reminiscing on and off comes and flows,
reminding one of the many weals and woes,
the kaleidoscope of life always shows.

Remembering things that have come and
gone
is akin to the solar rays that breezily dawn
around our mortal coil that is human brawn
tempers make us fret, fume and also fawn.

Devil's workshop is our cranium that is brain
yet thoughts and emanations rarely drain
despite our attempts not to keep in our grain
hoping to wash away evils we would fail.

The bard of the psalm of life said 'still
achieving and pursuing' is the mill
with an endless strength of will
reluctant to swallow the bitter pill.

Thus goeth the voyage of life
with the edge of razor or knife
sweetness and sorrow are ever rife
as the tiff betwixt husband and wife.

* Retd. IPS Officer and Poet, Hyderabad

KURUKSHETRA NETWORK OF KRISHNA'S DIPLOMACY

Dr. Manas Bakshi*

It is believed that the war at Kurukshetra, which continued for 18 days, took place sometime in 2000 B.C. It was a war between the Pandavas and the Kauravas; to be more logical, it was a battle between justice and injustice. Though victory of justice was inevitable, there is no denying that Krishna who initially stood for justice made it possible. By virtue of his divine power, he could foresee what was going to happen and could devise ways and means to tackle a situation as he desired.

Krishna's intellectual and political acumen, in other words, diplomacy, was instrumental in ensuring the Pandavas' victory in Kurukshetra war though, according to Duryodhan, had principles of justice been really followed, the Kauravas could not be won over. It is from the Mahabharata that some incidents seem pertinent to analyse how Krishna's cleverness worked out during the war. Krishna helped Duryodhan, at the outset, with one lac "Narayani Sena" (Valiant soldiers of the Yadav Clan) while great warriors like Dronacharya, Kripacharya, Bhishma, Karna, Aswathama and the like sided with him. But of the factors that caused the defeat and fall of the Kauravs, a vital one was the death, largely contrived, of such prominent figures. No doubt, it was because of Krishna's diplomacy or strategy.

To begin with, Jayadratha (Saindhava) who vehemently prevented

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Bhima from entering the Chakravyuha, while Abhimanyu was fighting alone, was primarily responsible for the death of Abhimanyu, son of Arjun. Abhimanyu was killed in a brutal way by seven warriors of the opposition because he did not know how to come out of the Chakravyuha he entered. Framed by Dronacharya, Chakravyuha was, in fact, the death trap for Abhimanyu. Arjun decided either to avenge his son's death by killing Jayadratha, who was protected by six warriors, before the end of that day or sacrifice his own life.

It was Krishna who wielded his indomitable power of yoga to cover the sun beforetime so as to mean it was sundown. Jayadratha, unaware of the plot, came out eagerly to see if Arjun was sacrificing his life or not; a situation was created when Arjun could easily seize the opportunity and kill Jayadratha. Enigmatic cloud removed, the sun appeared again.

Next Dronacharya. It was very difficult to slay him in a straight fight. Only a shocking news from a close and faithful one that would make him mentally weak might be the cause of his death. That was why the death news of his living son, named Aswathama, was conveyed to Dronacharya by Yudhistir. For Yudhistir who did not lie, it was impossible to utter the false statement but Krishna made it possible by advising Yudhistir to add the name of a dead elephant, synonymous with that of Dronacharya's son, at the end. It made

Dronacharya fall senseless and then, he was beheaded by Dhristadyumna.

Similarly Bhishma for whom death was self-willed was just invincible. But his determination was not to fight ever against a hermaphrodite which Sikhandi, son of king Dhruvad, was. Krishna advised Yudhistir to ask Sikhandi to fight with Bhishma. As he appeared Bhishma had to disown his arms only to be helplessly arrow-ridden by Arjun, keeping Sikhandi in front. He waited for an auspicious moment for death.

Neither Karna nor Duryodhan could be defeated without Krishna using his wise strategies. Krishna knew that Karna was in possession of 'Ekagni' (Shakti)- a weapon that could be used one time only to kill surely someone, whosoever. And Karna had in mind that he would hurl it against Arjun, but Krishna devised something else. When Karna was ferociously attacking the Pandava soldiers and appeared irresistible, Krishna advised to bring Ghatotkatch, son of Bhima, in the war front. Endowed with the power of a demon, the impregnability of Ghatotkatch was beyond question. Though Karna was unwilling, at the instruction of Duryodhan, he was compelled to use the formidable weapon against Ghatotkatch to stall the massive destruction of Kaurav soldiers. But Karna realized well who made it happen like that to save ultimately the life of Arjun.

Again, it was not easy for Arjun to kill Karna, though his amulet was already gifted to Indra. Krishna, in order to render Karna inactive at the battlefield, tactfully pressed the wheel of Karna's chariot into soil. While Karna was lifting it, he was unarmed. It was not doing justice to attack one under such a

circumstance. But Krishna instructed Arjun it was propitious time to slay Karna; and Arjun beheaded Karna with Anjalik arrow to see, along with others, a spark coming out of Karna's dead body to be one with the sun whose son Karna was.

After the death of several great warriors and all his brothers, when Duryodhan, taking bath, was going to meet his mother, Gandhari for her blessing to be victorious in the battle, Krishna met him on the way. Since Duryodhan wore nothing, Krishna asked Duryodhan to cover at least the lower portion of his body even though he was to call on his mother.

Gandhari who used to cover always her both eyes with a piece of cloth desired to cast a sacred glance at the entire body of Duryodhan so that, by virtue of her supernatural power, Duryodhan's body would remain protected against any sort of onslaught at the battlefield. Krishna's trick played well; for being covered, the lower portion of the body remained unseen by his mother and, thus, unprotected. And the same weak point was indicated by Krishna while reminding Bhim of his early promise how to kill Duryodhan.

Even after the Pandavas' victory, to save the life of Bhim, Krishna dissuaded him from getting embraced by Dhritarastra who desired to greet him that way. And Krishna's apprehension came true, because a Bhim-like figure made of iron, was smashed as blind Dhritarastra took it as Bhim into his fold. Here too, as throughout the entire episode of the Kurukshetra war, Krishna's diplomacy or cleverness has been something to reckon with forever.

CONTENTMENT vs ACHIEVEMENT

S. Ramnath *

I wrote this brief article after a gentleman came to me seeking a Job. He was quite well qualified and when I asked him about his salary and whether he was willing to go out of Hyderabad, his reply was "Sir I have a house here and I am not particular about salary and future promotions and I am a contented man". This last statement of his made me think that his contentment was making him forego even his future career and achievements which he was capable of.

Contentment is a word widely used by many persons to describe their sense of satisfaction. This word is generally used to describe a person's character, whose wants are limited, whose expectations in life are subzero and who is satisfied with whatever life has to offer in the normal course. Such persons more often than not use the phrase "I am a contented person. I am satisfied with whatever life has to offer". But can we say a contented person is always a successful person. I would say the converse may be true but not the proposition itself.

A sense of contentment reveals the maximum upto which a person feels he can rise which many a time he or she may thrust upon himself and thus put a brake upon his motivation level to achieve more. For eg. Take the case of the Indian Hockey team in the recently concluded Champions Trophy. The team as well as all the people connected with

the sport and enthusiasts were satisfied with our first win over Pakistan . The team was never able to raise their game to the same level . We were happy and contented. A sense of complacency descended on the team after the first win. Mostly contentment is linked to material things in life. How many times have we not heard a person say, "I have a roof over my head, my children are well settled what more do I need, I am a happy contented person".

We never link contentment to what we have contributed to society or what our actions contribute to the society. I understand everybody cannot be an Einstein or a Sachin Tendulkar. But could Sachin have been what he is had he been a contented man and stopped playing cricket when many suggested he should retire. It is his hunger for runs which has not only made him break many a record but also helped India achieve victory over strong opponents over the years.

It could be noticed that all contented persons barring a few are not great achievers either materially or otherwise. Contentment to a great extent, I feel, restricts a person's progress. Lest readers may dub me to be avaricious or cynical , I agree that contentment should be only with respect to material things in life. At the same time we should not resort to unfair means or unethical practices to achieve greater things in life. Contentment should not act as a barrier to realize our inner strength and confidence level.

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Contentment is no doubt a virtue, but it should not be extended to levels where it will limit a person's progress. Nevertheless the urge to achieve more should not border on

avarice, thereby disturbing the peace of mind. In the final analysis I would say that contentment is good, however let it not be exhaustive but restrictive and coupled with success ie. contented and successful.

INWARD PROCESS OF YOGA - GARDEN OF VIRTUE

Sri Swamy Sivananda Saraswati

1. Forgiveness is the greatest virtue, which shines forth in all its splendour in the devotee.
2. Courage and patience are the twin qualities of a real aspirant.
3. Humility is the highest of all virtues. God helps you, only when you feel utterly humble.
4. Humility is not cowardice. Meekness is not weakness. Humility and meekness are indeed spiritual powers.
5. Make patience thy strength.
6. Strongly assert, feel and will "I am courage itself. I am an embodiment of courage". Fear will disappear.
7. Non-attachment comes very slowly. It gives a new sense of freedom and peace.
8. Anger is the worst fire. Lust is an all-consuming fire. Both scorch your heart. Extinguish these fires through love and purity.
9. Meditate "I am fearless, Immortal soul". Fear will vanish.
10. True love is the greatest power on this earth. It rules without a sword and binds without a cord.
11. Make love thy armour.
12. To love God is to love all. To love all is to love God.
13. Make love your treasure. Spread the message of love.
14. All are manifestations of the Lord. Love all equally. Again and again strive.
15. Practice cosmic love. Love all. Embrace all. Be kind to all. This will remove jealousy, hatred, etc.
16. Love all. This is the secret of self-realisation, and liberation.
17. Adaptability, kind speech, pure conduct, patience, are the four fundamental virtues.
18. Justice, temperance, courage, wisdom and holiness are the five great virtues.
19. Virtue is the most precious treasure. Acquire this treasure in abundance.
20. Virtue is the golden key which opens the gate of the abode of Bliss Eternal.
21. The three great virtues are courage, benevolence and purity.
22. Cultivate the divine virtues such as purity, courage, humility, self-restraint, non-violence, truth, mercy, faith, etc.
23. Be virtuous. You are on the way to wisdom.
24. In the garden of your heart, plant the lily of love, the rose of purity, the champaka of courage, the mandara of humility and lay-of-the night of compassion. (Champaka and Mandara are trees, the flowers of which are used for temple-worship).

From Correspondence Course in Yoga.

TIME IN THE POETRY OF PHILIP LARKIN

Dr. K. Rajamouly *

As a poet, Philip Larkin won high reputation in the post-war British literary milieu by virtue of his distinctive poetic perspectives. His volumes of poems: *The North Ship* (1945), *The Less Deceived* (1955), *The Whitsun Weddings* (1964) and *High Windows* (1974) appeared on the literary scene as milestones in his poetic career. Like T.S. Eliot in the 1920s, W.H. Auden in the 1930s and Dylan Thomas in the 1940s, Larkin was established as a major poet in the post-war British times.

Larkin was in the galaxy of the Movement writers, Kingsley Amis, Robert Conquest, Donald Davie, D.J. Enright, Thom Gunn, Elizabeth Jennings, John Wain, etc., to herald a new era and mark a new trend in their writings. Like the other Movement poets, Larkin insists on voicing his concern for man: "man speaking to man" in his poetry, showing its clear-cut departure from Eliot for his traditionalism and obscurity, Auden for his leftist ideology and Dylan Thomas for his romantic surrealism.

Larkin has distinctive poetic characteristics in the presentation of themes underlying life in the governance of time. As a poet, he observes life in general and the individual's life in particular only to record his experiences rather than to enact them by means of his poetry. He invites the reader to participate in the poetic scene of everyday things. He is unique in the presentation of

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thematic concerns by virtue of his technical brilliance and artistic excellence and being akin to the Movement poets in sharing the themes underlying life. He achieved success due to various factors:

First, Larkin's poetic credo is concerned with distinctive characteristics: simplicity, accessibility, clarity and obscurity in the arousal of liking, interest and curiosity in the mind of the reader.

Secondly, Larkin has technical brilliance and artistic excellence in employing traditional forms, double negatives for positive expressions, images, symbolic mode and dramatic monologues in eminence.

Thirdly, Larkin's poetic sensibility was modified under the influence of the poets of the earlier generation: W.B. Yeats, preeminently Thomas Hardy, D.H. Lawrence, Wordsworth, Keats, etc., in transforming him into a mature poet.

Fourthly, Larkin's poetics reflects his affinities with the Movement writers in presenting his poetry as universal spokesmanship.

Lastly, Larkin's poetry is famous for his rich variety and wide range of thematic concerns especially for time as the nucleus theme of themes underlying life.

Larkin believes that time is not an abstract idea but it has "eroding agents" to

turn life mortal as well as futile. Time flows endlessly, bringing about changes in life and man who exists in its domain concurs with its destructive forces. Man inevitably becomes a victim to time in its flux as time's powers are multifaceted and multidimensional. Larkin from his agnostic background concurs with time and its "eroding agents."

For Larkin, time flows constantly turning the future into the present and then into the past, bringing about changes in the life of man against his choice. As time flows endlessly, life advances from birth to youth, middle age and to "the only end of age." Consequently life becomes transitory against man's wish in time's reign. Time, at the same time, erodes the meaning of life. So, time on one hand functions as a double edged weapon to turn life not only mortal but also futile in reality and on the other hand it acts as a three-fold illusion to turn life into an illusion. All time - the past, the present and the future-serves as a source of discomfort and displeasure. The future is always unpromising and never a harbinger of good fortune. The past is past, and never gives solace. For Larkin, the past is more over uneventful. So time in reality is an instrument with which we deceive ourselves. As a poet and man, he concurs with time's invincible powers as it conquers us, victimizing us by its invincible powers. As an agnostic, he sees time from the practical point of view and accepts its supremacy over us. So for him time is like God to the theist, reason to the rationalist and fate to the fatalist.

Life is rooted in time since it "exists in a linear-time dimension": Time is man's element: "Days are where we live." In the ocean of time, life becomes a transitory voyage with

ebbs and tides or a series of vicissitudes. For Larkin, life is futile, as it is disappointing since "suffering is exact". In time's flow life advances to witness a series of disappointments against our choice as "happiness is too going". It is nothing but time with its destroying forces shatters our wishes to turn life futile. In its flow, life also turns mortal and mortality is attributed to time as it advances life with birth and proceeds to culminate in death in its flow. Thus Larkin's poetry mainly focuses on life that encounters a series of clashes between the two opposing attitudes illusion and reality, desire and actuality, hope and despair and so on.

Larkin believes that the future is the harbinger of inevitable death. In the endless movement of time, life proceeds from birth to death: "a black-sailed unfamiliar" as life is an illusion in face of death. Death coming nearer and nearer puts an end to life as autumn puts an end to the cycle of seasons. Man grows aware of the approach of death: the harshest reality of life. Anything may or may not be certain but death is certain to turn life transitory. Neither the priest nor the doctor finds solution to the riddle of time. Man grows more conscious of the horror of death in middle age and then in old age, then in youth. Larkin as a poet and man was so much perturbed by the thought of death as it lays it's icy hand on man at any time in life. Life surely witnesses "sure extinction", causing nothingness, vacuum and endless silence. With the awareness of the fact of the inevitability of death, man lives with a kind of agoraphobia. Man finds his future bringing death and so life is found dreary and futile in the present. Birth initiates life but life advances to culminate in death, causing vacuum, nothingness and "bird less silences".

So life exists within the terrain of time. All the changes in our lives are decided by time or in time as they emerge into time, becoming one with it.

Time in its endless motion brings about a change in the life of a lover against his wish. Larkin's poetry throws light on love in the domain of time. Love for him is the supreme illusion because the lover's wants are shattered in time's relentless destroying forces. Consequently the lover's life leads to failure as Larkin lover has inability to love. The lover is unsuccessful because he is a 'would-be lover'. The lover's promise is empty and so the lovers are bound to suffer due to their failure in love. Nothing cures the lover's suffering through love. According to Larkin, love advances to inevitable failure in the domain of time.

Larkin observes changes in nature, "Earth's immeasurable surprise," in the endless flow of time as he does so in man's life seasons become cyclic and the trees put on tender leaves on their twigs by virtue of their "yearly trick of looking new". The trees renew their freshness with the advent of spring and shed their green leaves in autumn. With the result, the joy of the trees is transformed into sorrow: "a kind of grief" against their choice. His poetry reflects his sensitivity to the suffering of nonhuman world in the way he has deep sensitivity to the suffering of human world.

The Larkin speaker has contact with nature for fragile pleasure in contrast with the Wordsworth speaker. In the treatment of nature, Larkin comes close to Robert Frost

who has a momentary contact with nature for rejuvenation to attend his work with new vigour and enthusiasm. Larkin has temporary contact with nature from distance as he is against nature from distance as he is against nature-worship.

Time in its constant motion causes changes not only in life in general but also in the individual's life in particular. Time's constant flux brings about changes in beliefs, customs, traditions, fashions, etc in the post-war British times. Larkin makes the reader look at the macrocosm of British life in the post-war era through the lens of the microcosm of his poetry. The decline of religion, the falsity of advertisement, industrialization, materialistic aspirations, pollution, sexual promiscuity etc are noticeable through the lens of his poetry.

Larkin achieves in juxtaposing life in general and the individual's life in particular on his poetic scene. So his poetry is at once universal and individual and it is his unrivalled achievement as a poet.

For Larkin, time is not an abstract idea but a destructive force. He sees from the point of view of its "eroding agents" on man's life. He, both as a poet and man, concurs with time that conquers man with its destroying forces. From his agnostic background, he explores the fact that life turns not only futile but also mortal in time's flux. He realistically portrays life, death, love, nature and the contemporary life of Britons in the post-war era in his poetry with real commitment.

Book Reviews

The Novels of Ruth Jhabvala and Anita Desai - A Study in Marital Discord by M.A. Waheed, Published by Prestige Books C 3/1 Janakpuri, New Delhi, Pages 176, Price Rs.400/-.

The publishers of this book claim that "This is the first book that discusses the theme of marital discord in Indian society in a comprehensive framework".

The author traces the rise of Indian women novelists in English from the last quarter of the 19th century to the present day. He says that the early writers "turned to didacticism, sentimentalism and romanticism while the writers of the second phase, though not revolutionaries, were emotionally and intellectually equipped to offer an authentic fictional treatment of the problems of man-woman relationship in terms of marital dissonance, socio-cultural issues, socio-political and socio economic problems".

The author discusses how the two novelists present women in their different impulses, now submissive, now passive, now assertive, now aggressive, now idealistic and now wavering, suffering all the while from marital discord. He says the extra marital relationship brings about discord and the novelists depict this aspect in a realistic setting. According to him Jhabvala's approach is sociological while Anita Desai's is psychological. The rigidity of man and the abnormal behavior of the woman cause the disturbance in their conjugal life, leading to problems.

M.A. Waheed makes a comprehensive and critical analysis of the select novels in simple and straight forward English

with no jargon and embellishments which help in quick and easy reading. The work makes a good reference book to research scholars.

The print is friendly to the eye. The jacket of the book with the renowned painter, Anupam Sud's "Estranged Partners" in black and white is, imaginative and appropriate to the theme of the book.

D. Ranga Rao, Hyderabad

Mithunam and Other Stories by Sriramana, translated from Telugu into English by K. Chandrahas and K.K. Mohapatra, published by C.P. Brown Academy, 53, Nagarjuna Hills, Panjagutta, Hyderabad, Pages 169, Price Rs.190/- US\$10.

The Book is a collection of nine stories, originally written in Telugu by Sriramana, Journalist, editor, author, story-writer and filmmaker, who made a name by his stories written in his inimitable style, capturing the lighter side of the lives of men and women though fictitious, enlivening his narration with wit and humour in dialogue, situation, incident and action.

The characters of Bamma of the story "Golden Bracelet", Dhanamma of "Dhanalakshmi", Lalitha of "The Last Stanza". Soda Nayudu of the story of that title, Veerabhadraiah and Ramakrishnaiah, with poor Seenaiyah caught in the rivalries between the two in the story "The Quagmire", the unnamed daughter of Basavaiah of "Ulakihtsaa", the Uncle in "Simhachalam Champak Flower", the hum-drum activities of a wedding and finally the elderly couple Appadasu and his wife Butchilakshmi in Mithunam - the magnum opus of the story-teller - all these characters and the incidents that move around them, some in

a reminiscent mood - stand as evidence of the story-teller's skill in delineating the true to life situations. The narration makes the readers smile many a time and reflect on the little ironies and foibles, the joys and sorrows of life. The translators seem to have taken great care and pains to render the English version as authentic as possible compared to the original - a difficult task to achieve when the original writer is the humourist, Sriramana.

The English version is highly readable and equally enjoyable. Kudos to Chandras and Mohapatra.

D. Ranga Rao, Hyderabad

The Battle of Palnad - English Translation in verse by Sri Chintagunta Subba Rao (Original book in Telugu verse under the title "Palnati Bharatham" is by Dr. Koduru Prabhakar Reddy) For Copies: Visalandhra Publishing House all Branches- Ph.040-24602946 Navodaya Book Publishers Opp.Arya Samaj, Sultan Bazar, Hyderabad, Price Rs.200/- \$20

There is a whole host of literature on the Palanati saga. Palnadu was a small but very popular kingdom in the heart of what is now Andhra Pradesh. The word "Palanadu" glows resplendent with Telugu valour, heroism, loyalty, fraternity, equality and pride in historical and cultural moorings, with roots traceable to 1100 A.D. The word also conjures up court intrigues, state craft practices of the Chanakyan vintage, jealousies, wagering on cock fights to usurp wealth and kingdom of kinsmen. Towards 1180 A.D, Palanadu was embroiled in wars between scions of the royal family with seats of power, one at Guruzala and the other at Macherla. The Central and important characters are, Brahma Naidu and widow Nagamma, both ministers and antagonists responsible for waging the war, king

Nalagama and the romantic warrior Balachandra. They are portrayed with certain extraordinary attributes which though tenuous, are drawn from the great immortal epics *Ramayana and Mahabharata*. This alluring dimension has lent an abiding mystique to the Palanadu saga and its popularization as folk song, ballad, mini-epic poem and story. The great poet Sreenadha wrote his book "Palanti Charithra" in 'manjari dwipada' verse form, while many eminent litterateurs and historians have authored several books on this theme. The rich and variegated panorama of human nature, its virtues, follies, foibles, the ethos and milieu of 12th century, free of caste prejudices, social equality, on the one hand and fall and ruination of a kingdom brought about by jealousies, deceit and power mongering as well as the latent parallel to the great epics have contributed to perpetuating keen interest of the people in this theme, through the voluminous literary, historical and scholarly writings.

The original book in Telugu verse, "Palnati Bharatham" by Dr. Koduru Prabhakar Reddy is, to quote from the introduction by Prof. I.V. Chalapathi Rao "Dr. Koduru Prabhakar Reddy, the well known writer and paediatrician, made a beautiful poem of it in Telugu bringing out the valour and heroism of the central characters". The present translation in English verse by Sri. C. Subba Rao, a man of letters in English literature and a polyglot, makes absorbing reading. Its lively, entrancing and free flowing lyrical form and word magic rivet the unflagging attention of the reader.

The scholarly introduction to this book by Prof. I.V. Chalapathi Rao and his critical acclaim enhances its worth and readability. This book is a worthy addition to the Palanadu legacy.

A.Venkat Rao, IPS (Retd.), Hyderabad

READERS' MAIL

Going through TRIVENI is like going on a trip to look at beauties in bounty in the delightful garden. The journal serves as the text-book of everyone in the school of life as it marks a rich and wide variety of themes and subjects to represent life in general and the life around today in particular. At the threshold of it, TRIPLE STREAM welcomes the readers and leaves them enlightened as usual. The triple stream in the latest issue entitled 'The Magic Word Motivation... 'rightly reflects the most vital importance of motivation from the helm of affairs and the realm of officers for the rich turn-out of work and the reach of the goal set in companies, factories, industries and institutions. Motivation alone enriches the outlook of employers towards employees in varied fields. It serves as a song to make laborers forget their tiresomeness and tediousness or a lullaby to make a crying baby sleep or smile. It is a kind word, a smiling gesture, a gentle pat, a suitable incentive, a cheerful clap, etc. Prof' I.V.Chalapathi Rao deserves encomiums for his message to the higher officials in the hierarchy.

The following article, 'What Is Modern India?' reflects the author, Swamy Om Purnaswtantra's deep anguish which I equally share to the core. It is an eye-opener for the people who swerve from the path of rectitude in the modern India filled with 'a bundle of contradictions', etc. All the other articles, poems, etc in the issue are worth reading.

Dr. K.Rajamouly, Warangal.

I have just received the Jan-Mar 2012 Issue of Triveni. I am glad that you are able to keep up the regularity of the format. There is obviously a surfeit of contributions.

Prof. D. Ramakrishna, Warangal

The article on Steve Jobs (Oct-Dec 2011 Issue) which was written by I. Sreedevi was very informative and interesting. The life of that great man should motivate our youth.

Iqbal Ahmed, Bangalore

It will be good if you publish more articles on general subjects. Literary articles should be brief and in simple English.

N. Kanda Swamy, Chennai

I feel so good in reading your editorials, so apt, relevant and precise. One of my scholars made good use of all the back numbers of Triveni online. He submitted his Ph.D. Work on the prose writings of Indian presidents. It is a fit subject for Ph.D thesis.

Prof. (Dr.) B. Parvati, Visakhapatnam

I suggest that one of the scholars should work for Ph.D. on the Origin and Evolution of 'Triveni', India's 83 years old Journal.

Editor

How fast Jan-Mar Triveni issue has come. Read it. A gem of moral at page 49 Guljarlal Nanda's honesty, the epitome of all the articles and poems. Enough.

Dr. C. Jacob, Narsapur

Your Editorials are on useful topics and matters of public interest.

S. Verghese, Mumbai

I have read the article on "Lyrical Thoughts on Annamacharya" and "British Romantics" by G.V. Sudhakar which has not only uplifted the image of the world poets for their love for humanity, but like the Goverdhan Mountain which has been uplifted by Lord Sri Krishna to save the humanity with an equal eye. The article reflects not only the age old belief in the existence of God but the magnanimous thoughts of the writers in uplifting the image of God in itself.

Dr. Laxman Palsikar, Hyderabad

With deep and abiding respects your editorial delights and enlightens the readers of Triveni. I am sure, almost all the readers eagerly look forward for the next issue with expectancy to read the words of wisdom which deals with the values of life.

Besides Triveni stands apart from other glossy magazines and is a class apart. Under your protective wings this cultural journal gains strength and wins the hearts of many a reader. Almost all the articles carry the same weight of invaluable message to its readers. May Triveni continue to encourage, enlighten and impart cultural values under your sheltering care.

M. Gopala Krishnamurthy, Vijayawada

Editorial 'The Magic word Motivation which makes the World TICK' is an eye opener to all the readers. They should read it like Bible daily till they make them their own. We should make all the politicians peruse this editorial by sending copies to the Assembly. A kind of training should be imparted to all the leaders, making them learn by heart all the non-financial incentives mentioned in the editorial. It is also significant and useful to all the readers of different associations, teachers and even parents.

Dr. Emmadi Pullaiah, Hanmakonda

WHAT THE THIEF COULD NOT STEAL

The thief took away all that he could lay his hands on. There were not many things in the poor monk's cell but he could always have found some piece of clothing, some writing materials, a begging bowl or a walking stick, and all these were taken away by the professional plunderer under cover of the conniving night. The monk, always alert to the noises of the night, woke up in time to see the silent shadow and understand the house-cleaning he had just unwillingly undergone. He noted the missing articles, but then he looked at the window, saw the full moon framed in its background of stars, and smiled to himself. His most precious possession was intact. The white moon was still shining through the square of his window. The monk turned in his bedding and went on with his sleep. His riches were safe.

The thief could not take the Moon framed in the window!

Ryokan

New Members

The following is the list of Members who have joined the TRIVENI family during January - April 2012. The TRIVENI FOUNDATION welcomes them.

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6. A. Meenakshi
7. D. Shobharani
8. Y. Rama Mohana Rao

62 Annual Members have joined during the period.

Attention Subscribers!!

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AN APPEAL

Journals like **TRIVENI** devoted to literature and culture, naturally cater to a limited number of intellectuals and are not to be considered as successful business propositions in any country. They need the active support of the cultured few. We earnestly solicit the patronage of philanthropic persons to enlist themselves as Patrons and Donors and extend their co-operation to the cause of Indian literature and culture.

Donations to **TRIVENI** are exempt from Income Tax, Under Section 80G (2) &(5) of the I.T. Act, 1961. vide Proc No. DIT (E)/HYD/ 80G/52(04)/Ren/08-09, dated: 21-08-2008 of Director of Income Tax (Exemptions): Hyderabad. Donors are requested to draw Demand Drafts/Cheques in favour of Triveni Foundation payable on any bank in Hyderabad.

Triveni Foundation

The Editor is not necessarily in agreement with the views of the contributors. They should accept responsibility for their articles.

Editor