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Ph: +91-40-27014762

Email: trivenijournal@yahoo.com

Website:trivenijournalindia.com

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TRIPLE STREAM

P.V. - A UNIQUE HUMAN BEING

I. V. Chalapati Rao *

It is good to know that a suitable memorial for former Prime Minister P.V. Narasimha Rao is being erected in New Delhi, the capital of India in recognition of his outstanding contribution to the development of India in all respects. It is a pity that the previous UPA Government failed to do this. They even humiliated him. It is ironical that the present NDA Government has decided to honour his memory in spite of being opposition party. We heartily congratulate Mr. Narendra Modi for his impartial and noble gesture.

When Shri P. V. Narasimha Rao assumed the reins of office in 1991 as Prime Minister of India in extraordinary circumstances, sour sacks and doomsters prophesied that the minority government would not last even for six months. It was a miracle of miracles when he successfully steered the ship of state for the full term of five years by means of his strategic thinking and political acumen. He brought unusual talents to the management of power. At a time when the Congress was in distress and doldrums being unable to face the united opposition, he gave it a face lift and a boost to its bruised morale. The way he dealt with the Speaker's election and the election of the President and the Vice-President is a proof

of his diplomatic prowess. All attempts to dislodge his government were defeated.

P.V. realised that it was time to think outside the quasi socialism's tattered box. He was the morning star of economic reforms. India marched ahead under his dedicated leadership at a critical time in its history. His major achievements include a paradigm change in the economic policy, devolution of power to the people by making the Panchayat Raj and Nagarpalika Schemes as Law, ending decade-long insurgency and restoration of peace in the troubled states of Punjab and Assam, weaponisation and "operationalisation" of the nuclear policy, his initiatives on China, remarkable increase in the public stocks of food grains and above all the fabulous economic growth.

In 1991 our economy had sunk to the lowest level of 1.96. Within one year it soared to 4.31 and soon rocketed to 5.7. Unimaginable acceleration indeed! The country which collapsed into economic morass made a spectacular recovery thanks to P.V's bold and risk-taking reversal of the old economic policy and ushering in of the new-age reforms of liberalisation, globalisation and deregulation. Besides, he had to deal with a polity left divided by the politics of Mandal

and Mandir. 18.36 metric tonnes of gold worth Rs. 2,208 crore rupees sold by the previous government was repurchased and brought back. A further 46.91 tonnes of R.B.I's gold mortgaged by the previous government in dire distress, was brought back. What more could be done by a patriotic Prime Minister to rehabilitate the country in economic growth and restore the country's pride and prestige in the comity of nations? Foreign Exchange reserves rose to an all-time record. Manufacturing sector and capital goods sector grew at an unprecedented rate. The succeeding Governments have followed the economic policy of liberalisation and globalisation which was pioneered by P.V. His choice of Manmohan Singh as Finance Minister was itself evidence of his leadership qualities in finding the right man for the right job.

P.V. was a seasoned administrator, an eminent educationist, a far-sighted statesman, a multi-lingual scholar, an outstanding writer, a connoisseur of fine arts, a persuasive public speaker and above all a unique human being. He was an ardent patriot, a staunch Gandhian and a champion of land reforms. His consensual style, facade of detachment, unflustered nature, calculated adoption of 'inaction' and the art of salutary delay in decision making were his well known techniques in management. Though he was an effective public speaker, he spoke less and listened more. He was a visionary with a

passion for literature. Like Jawaharlal he gave to Indian politics a touch of Philosophy. He had the foresight to upgrade India's diplomatic representation in Israel to the full level of Ambassador. He was deeply interested in the fields of science and technology with world-wide proficiency in the use of computers. He held several portfolios and gave shape to the concept of Human Resource Development. He introduced reforms of positive nature in education, particularly in higher education. He introduced autonomous colleges for teacher training to improve quality of education and fought for national integration. Even today the quality of teacher education is low.

Above all he was a *Stithaprajna*, a title conferred on him at a mammoth public meeting in the presence of the three Chief Ministers of Maharashtra, Karnataka and Andhra Pradesh in connection with the centenary celebrations of Swami Ramanand Tirth at Hyderabad.

Like the famed Duke of Wellington "he stood four square to all the winds that blew, and sought but duty's iron crown" and proved that "the path of duty is the way to glory". In the words of Sir Walter Scott:

*"Now is the stately column broke
The beacon light is quenched in smoke
The trumpet's silver sound is still
The Warden silent on the hill."*

CHARU CHARYA OF KSHEMENDRA (Code of Conduct and Character Building)

Ramakrishna Rao Gandikota*

The Charu Charya is a minor work of Kshemendra of the early 11th century A.D. *Charu* means 'Good', or beautiful and *Charya* means 'deeds'. As such this book deals with *Sadachara*, i.e. Good deeds or conduct of a person. This book has moral instructions that are practicable even today. It is a guide book of ethics, suitable to be kept in one's pocket, for daily reference and for quoting at appropriate times. Our good deeds and conduct lead to character building thereby developing a good society and also a good nation.

The book contains 100 *slokas* in *Anustup Chandas*. Each *sloka* extols a *dharma* or a moral supported by an example drawn from various epics, *The Ramayana*, *The Mahabharata*, *The Brihit Katha Manjari* and the *Bodhi Satwani Kalpalata*.

Kshemendra

In *Sanskrit* Literature, we come across three 'Kshemendras'. Of them Kshemendra, the author of the book *Charu Charya*, is eminent. He condensed the three great epics, *The Ramayana*, *The Mahabharata* and *The Brihit Katha*. His

poetic works are *Ramayana Manjari*, *Bharata Manjari* and *Brihit Katha Manjari*. *Dasavatara Charitam* is another famous work by him. He was a Kashmiri Poet. He considered himself as *Vyasa Dasa*. In the last 100th *sloka* of this book he says, "This Kshemendra, also known as *Vyasa Dasa*, has briefly narrated the good (beautiful) deeds accepted by the *sajjana*' (good people). As such this is to be listened and followed by all. This is not said in a casual manner. It is said after a great contemplation and thought. Sage *Vyasa* spent all his life for the good of the world. I am his *dasa*".

Sadachara

Sat + Achara = Sadaachaara. It means good conduct. How should our conduct be? Generally it should be as per *Dharma*. What are the parameters? Naturally as ordained in *sruti* and *smruti*, and followed by the noble and pious men in the society. We should not give them up at any cost.

Sadachara, good conduct, begets wealth with this beauty. *Sadachara* is linked to *Satya* (Truth). By following good conduct, we beget not only pleasures of *Swarga*, but also *Moksha* (Liberation). People of good conduct are respected every where. Except *Achyuta* (who has no

* Retired Principal M.S.N College, Kakinada

end), nobody equals *Sadachara*. As such, we should salute *Sadachara*, with reverence.

In this small treatise of 100 slokas, from getting up in the morning to sleeping in the night, every human aspect is dealt with and with concrete reasoning the good conduct is exposed. Ten most precious pearls are selected and presented here.

1. Wake up in the early morning

*Brahmey Muhurtey Purushastyajey
Nidra Matamdritah ,
Pratah Prabuddham Kamala
Masrayey Schreergunasrayah!*

(C.C., Sloka :2)

Day and night together is considered *ahoratram*. During this period there will be 10 *muhurtams*. A *muhurta* is of 48 minutes duration. The two *muhurtams* preceding Sun Rise (Day Dawn), is of 96 minutes duration. This is called *Brahmi Muhurtam*. Lakshmi enters into the Lotus flowers blossomed in the morning. She enters into the minds of those who get up during this time. The works (acts) undertaken during this time will be fruitful. They become wealthy and noble. Laziness and wealth do not go together.

2. Harsh Words Harm

*Na Vivada Madandha
Pareshama Marshana ,
Vaakpaarushya Schira Chinnam
Sisupalasya Sourina*

(C.C. Sloka :32)

Sisupala is Lord Sri Krishna's nephew. At the time of his birth, Sisupala had four hands and three eyes and cried like a donkey. When Krishna took the child Sisupala into his hands, the odd hands and eyes disappeared and he became normal. Sisupala should have been grateful to the Lord, instead he developed animosity against Him. Sisupala became aggressively hostile and quarrelsome. For no reason he developed enmity. As promised to His aunt, Krishna spared one hundred mistakes committed by Sisupala and then killed him with His *Sudarsana Chakra*.

3. Praise the Good Qualities of Noble Men

*Guna stavena kurveeta mahatma
mana vardhanam,
Hanumana bhavat stutya Rama karya
bha rakshama*

(C.C. Sloka :33)

There are great people with noble qualities. They are the best executives of the works entrusted to them. Their greatness is to be surely extolled, so that they will be inspired to undertake more arduous tasks.

Take for instance Hanuman. At a time when all the *vanara* force sent by Sugreeva in search of Sita failed in their duty and were thinking of mass suicide, Sampati, brother of Jatayu, informed them that Sita was abducted by Ravana and was taken to Lanka. Now the task before them was, how to cross the sea of hundred *yojanas* *visteerna*. All were

diffident. At that time Jambavanta, who knew the valour of Hanuman, said that he alone could cross the sea and return safely. Hanuman too was not aware of his capabilities, but when all the *vanara* force extolled his greatness, he effortlessly crossed the sea and successfully fulfilled Rama's karyā.

4. Character greater than the Clan

*Guneshway vadaram kuryanna
jatou jatu tattwa vit,
Drounir dwijo -bhava schudrah,
sudrascha Vidurah kshamee*
(C.C. Sloka: 42)

Aswathama, son of Drona, hails from a noble clan. However by killing the sleeping *Upa Pandavas*, fell in his status. However Vidura, though born to a maid servant, became a renowned scholar and respected by all.

5. Give up Gambling

*Na nitya kalaha krantey
na ktim kurveeta Kaitavey,
Anyadha krudwipanno -bhu
Dharma Rajo Udhistarāh!*
(C.C. Sloka: 54)

Gambling of any type leads to *kalaha* (antipathy). Udhistsira is the best example. If not for his love for the game of dice, the *Mahabharata* war would not have taken place causing the destruction of the entire clan of *Kurus*. We should say NO to any type of gambling.

6. Mere listening to good words is not enough

*Hitopa desam srutva
tu kurveeta cha yadho chitam,
Viduro kta makrutva
tu sochyobhut Kauraveswarah:*
(C.C. Sloka :59)

Hitam is which causes good. People who have concern for our good, give such counselling of good words. Mere listening to those words is not enough, we have to put them into practice. The best example is of Dhruva Rastra. He was not averse to listening to the good counselling of Vidura. He listened to him very attentively. But of what use? He never implemented the good words of Vidura; maybe due to 'blind love' towards his son Duryodhana. Finally it resulted in annihilation of the *Kuru vamsa*.

7. Preaching the undeserved is mere waste

In *rajaneeti* six aspects are to be given utmost importance. They are 1) *Sandhi* 2) *Nigraha* 3) *Yanam* 4) *Asana* 5) *Dwaidham* and lastly 6) *Asrayah*. Sukracharya, the *Guru* of the *daityas*, had been teaching all these rules of *rajaneeti* to his disciples, the *Asuras*, but of what use? They did not deserve such preaching. They never followed the precepts of their *Guru*. More over they caused harm. (Sukracharya lost his eye during the *Vamanaavataara* episode, while counselling Bali) That is why the *daityas* got killed, though they were mighty.

8. ADORE GURU MOST HUMBLY

Guru maaraadhayeth bhaktya
vidya vinaya saadhanam ,
Ramaya prada dou tusthoh
Viswamitro-stra mandalam!!

(C.C. Sloka: 67)

We acquire vidya and vinaya by adoring the Sadguru. However great you might be, by serving the Guru to his satisfaction alone, will you be blessed by him. Take for instance Lord Sri Rama. He was just 14 years old when Viswamitra took him to forests for protecting the yajna. Though He was prince designate, he served the rishi Viswamitra, most humbly. Satisfied by his humble services Sage Viswamitra taught Bala and Ati bala and many more mantras which made Him most mighty. Not only that Viswamitra took Him to Mithila, where He was married to Sita. As such serve the Guru to his satisfaction.

9. DO NOT INSULT ANY ONE

Rupartha kula vidyadi heenam
no pa hasennaram,
Hasanta masapan nandee
Ravanam vanarananah

(C.C. Sloka :87)

Some may not have been born in a good family ; some may not be wealthy; some might not have scholarship ; some a charming personality. On the basis of these deficiencies, we should not hurt and insult people ; beware it may lead to your extinction.

At one time Ravana , the Dasakantha , defeated his elder brother Kubera and took away his pushpaka vimana. While travelling by pushpaka , Ravana came near mount Kailas . The pushpaka stopped moving further as no one can trespass Kailas without the permission of Lord Siva. Nandi , the Bull of Siva, came and warned Ravana to go back as Siva was engaged in His Cosmic dance and was not to be disturbed. Nandi was short, ugly to look at, black and red in colour , with short arms, shaven head and the face of vanara. Ravana out of arrogance mocked at him and made fun of his grotesque appearance. Nandi got angry and cursed Ravana that he would face his death, helped by the vanaras. Ravana tried to lift mount Kailas and managed to shake it. Lord Siva pushed down the mountain with His big toe. In that process Ravana's hands get trapped under the mountain . Because of pain he shouted 'Ravana' and got his name so. Sage Vageesa, who was doing penance there advised Ravana to recite Sama Veda . Siva, pleased by the Sama gana, relieved Ravana from the agony. Siva presented the Chandra hasa too to Ravana.

Though Sankara was pleased by Ravana , the curse of Nandi proved fatal and the mighty Ravana was defeated by lord Sri Rama with the help of the vanara forces . The golden Lanka was destroyed by a 'mere monkey'. As such never belittle or underestimate any one on the basis of his appearance .

10. THINK OF SRI HARI AT THE TIME OF DEATH

*Antey santoshadam Vishnu
smareydhantara mapada,
Sara talpa gato Bhishmah sasmara
Garuda Dhwajam*

(C.C. Sloka: 99)

At the time of departure from this world , think of Sri Hari, the omniscient and the omnipotent, who is the

embodiment of kindness and the cause of happiness. Bhishmacharya, while lying on the bed of arrows (Sara Talpa) for 58 days prayed to Lord Sri Hari . Bhishmastuti is considered as the stavaraaja and the Vishnu Sahasra Nama revealed by Bhishma is the most precious gift to the world of devotees. We have to make it a habit to think of Sri Hari always. If we defer it to the last minute, we fail to utter His name and lose the benefit.

CALLOUS ATTITUDE

Dr. Emmadi Pullaiah*

What a wretched and disastrous
Phenomena, the indifferent attitude,
a scenario, grim and gloomy,
Witnessed in large number,
In all the fields, a sign ominous,
Of decadent trend,
Intolerable even to listen to.
Callous may be one to the
Tasks selfless with a sense
Of no concern, contemplating
A waste of time and energy,
Beneficial not in any way .
But how can one be indifferent to:
When one conceives "work culture"
"duty - consciousness" and the sense of
responsibility are the words obsolete,
When education is marketed for the
prices sky rocketing,
when knowledge race is marching

ahead with jet pace, and wisdom
lagging behind like a snails walk,
when the adolescents are misled
with movies obscene and pornographic,
when millions of underfed and ill clothed,
are dwelling in slums,
when one becomes the direct victim
of the above, losing the empire of peace.
Oh! My dears, cast off
Your drowsiness, arise, awake, rest not, cease
not, swinging
into action against all the odds
To tide over the crises.
Ponder over never,
"you are a small fish in a small pond"
Endeavour for the best of the best,
Eradicating the worst of the worst.
What you are, be proud of
Make waves translating your vision
Into reality.
"Life means not just existing,
But a lively living."

* Reader in English (Retd.), Warangal

A COLOSSUS AMONG JOURNALISTS (A loving tribute by a denizen of the Citadel of Learning)

Dr. V. V. B. Rama Rao*

On the achievement of sticking to the avowed values of journalism, others may abide our question; but Chintamani is free. Among the many that brought fame to our country in general and to Andhra & Vizianagaram (known for the last century and a half as the Citadel Of Learning) in particular, (Sir) C.Y. Chintamani was a unique figure in the Fourth Estate. He was justly acclaimed as the Pope of Indian Journalism by no less a personality than Right Honourable Srinivas Sastry, the golden tongued orator. A model of an exemplary journalist he is remembered even today for the values he cherished most: Truth, Fair play and Fearlessness. A highly 'independent' man, he never stooped though conquer he did.

Chirravuri Yajneswara Chintamani was born on April 10, 1880. His parents were among the migrants from the drought stricken Kanuru Agraharam near Tanuku to Vizianagaram in search of fresh fields and pastures new. Chintamani passed the Matriculation of Madras University in the first division. But he failed in the F.A. owing to his poor health. Even as a lad he was more interested in public affairs than in textbooks. Vizianagaram (of Maharajah Ananda Gajapati - Adhra Bhoja and Prince Charming) provided the fertile soil for the blossoming of this veteran journalist.

* ELT Professional (Retd.) Noida

A student of the Maharajah's College (where Gurazada Appa Rao also taught), a very young man in his teens, Chintamani was contributing to the English weekly called the *Telugu Harp* published from the Fort City. The young man's ambition it was that he should be a lawyer. But there was quite another place for him in the scheme of things. At eighteen, only an undergraduate, he became the editor of the Visakhapatnam based Vizag Spectator. Later, when an opportunity presented itself, he bought the paper and shifted it to his hometown. In a short while he transformed it into the *Indian Herald*. Vizianagaram proved to be too small to contain the spirit and ambition of the young journalist who was apparently made for higher things. But running a newspaper (even in those days) was not easy. Chintamani was forced to close down. The failure soon proved to be a stepping stone for his talent. He was spotted by Sachchidananda Sinha of Allahabad. In 1903 Chintamani joined him in the *Indian People*. Allahabad in those days was the hub of Nationalist activity. The Pioneer of those days was believed to have no nationalist sympathies and a daily paper was considered an immediate necessity.

Chintamani was invited to be the editor of the Leader, which was launched on October 24, 1909. The times were stormy under the alien rule: nationalism was raging as a wild fire. The Leader had to weather many

a storm. Chintamani worked very hard and never swerved from the path of rectitude. He had a twenty-hour schedule every day and he never complained. Once he told a colleague : "I was not merely the editor. I was foreman, proof-reader, sub-editor, editor and Manager, all rolled into one".

By dint of hard work and honesty Chintamani could take his paper to a position where it had come to attract the attention of the higher-ups in the hierarchy of power, the British administration. On one occasion Chintamani had the boldness to aver that Motilal Nehru as Chairman of the paper's Board of Directors could remove him from office but he could not tell him what or what not to write in the daily. For an editor the most precious thing is his independence, only next comes his life.

Chintamani wrote telling edits. Readers waited avidly for the morning paper first to see what Chintamani wrote about things and happenings than for the news. One instance would be enough to illustrate the illustrious editor's acumen. We are told that his edit on Chitode Committee's report on the Re-organization of Defence had prompted senior university professors to observe that it would be better for the country if the Leader's edit rather than the report was made the basis of reform. Chintamani's edit in the death of William II of Germany remains a classic of brevity: *The ex-Kaiser is dead. De mortuis nil nisi bonum!* (Of the dead speak nothing).

As an editor in deciding the policy, Chintamani brooked no interference and stood by the principle of editorial sovereignty. It was always the management that had to give in for

Chintamani would never bend, never budge an inch. Once he had a tiff with none other than the founder of the paper. Madan Mohan Malaviya himself. Chintamani had strong convictions and held them dear to his heart and expressed them without fear. Some of the opinions he held went against the policy of the management on certain issues. While expressing them he sent in his resignation too. Malaviya, the genius that he was, could easily see that the paper could survive without him as the Chairman of the Board of Directors but not without Chintamani as its editor. An idealist, he promptly surrendered his own directorship for he cared more for a cause and the paper.

Chintamani was singularly lucky in that for him in his days the primary considerations were never circulation and profits. If any one of the board interfered with what he thought or wrote., he would suggest they could find another editor to obey their whims. A very hard worker himself, he was a tough task master and extracted unflinching devotion from his colleagues whom he guided and helped in every possible way. He held that the best school of journalism is the office of a daily newspaper. We can guess how he would have reacted to today's sensationalism in reporting or to the much hyped investigative journalism. The later was not easy to practice in those days for the press was not always gag free.

Chintamani had a stupendous memory and the Raj helmsmen dreaded his pen inspite of their own laws, which even the saintly Gandhi found draconian. He had demonic energy though his health was not all that good. Thanks to his transparent and

unparalleled honesty, men in the Raj machinery took whatever he wrote as nothing but truth. Any adverse comments he made against any officer in his writing was taken note and promptly acted upon.

Ravindranath Verma, a veteran journalist he came to be, calls Sir C.Y. Chintamani the master and the grand patriarch. A colossus among journalists, Chintamani stands head and shoulders above even stalwarts. His service to his motherland is the service of a right-minded citizen to the people around him. Now at this distance of time he strikes us as a veritable crusader. Truth was his weapon and honesty his chain armour. He was a virulent critic. When it came to fighting against hypocrisy and falsehood, he would never rest till he drove home his point. A man of fragile health, afflicted by half a dozen nuisance ailments, he once said that it was his work that sustained him. Said his son Viswanath, when approached for information to write a piece on his father. "Vizianagaram was his first love and he would remember the place several times a day while eating, drinking or even playing cards.

Chintamani came up the hardest way, roughing it. The knighthood the Raj conferred on him was too small an honour to the sterling qualities of his head and heart. Strangely (good old days) far away from Andhra he rose to very high positions: he was people's elected

representative with no money bags, no gimmicry and no executive powers to promise peace and plenty all around. He was at the Round Table too. He authored books with rare insights but he loved to be a journalist most. Even on the day of his death (July 1, 1941), in the morning The Leader carried his two edits, An Insult and A contrast. In the latter he lambasted Lord Linlithgow : here is how it was:

Has Lord Linlithgow or anyone else high up in the Central Government had time to read Reuter's message from Singaioire dated June 28 reporting the effort of the Government of the Netherlands east Indies to construct ships for service in the war? The Government of the tiny little colony of Holland has planned to construct at an early date no fewer than 400 torpedo-boats. We are informed that these torpedo-boats are already being constructed in shipyards in the Netherlands East Indies. Huge India is utterly incapable of 400th of this effort and the Government of India sits there up at Simla, mightily self-satisfied and unabashed and unashamed at its failure, not only complete but willful, to equip this country with the means by which to construct ordinary ships or motor boats. . . .

That was Chintamani.
Courageous man! Thou should'st be writing at this hour. NOW!

The world is the gymnasium where we come to make ourselves strong.

Swami Vivekananda

DASARADHI RANGACHARYA
(24-8-1928 - 9-6-2015)
The Titan Among Telangana Writers

D. Ranga Rao*

Dasaradhi Rangacharya, the doyen of Telugu literature and a luminary of the Telangana literary firmament, was born in Warangal district in a Brahmin family of modest means to Dasaradhi Venkatachryulu and Venkatamma. The elders of the family were deeply read in Sanskrit and spoke that language at home and made the children also speak it.

Warangal district has been the cradle of revolutionary movements and the birth place of men of letters. Young Rangacharya imbibed the fighting spirit. When still a boy, he told his father that the *doras* (chiefs), the *deshmukhs*, the *maktedars* and the *jagirdars* appeared to him as vultures. As a school boy, he revolted against wearing a cap with tassels and the Nizam Badge for which he was expelled and forbidden from studying in Nizam's dominion. He went to Vijayawada and completed his Matriculation. Later he secured his B.A. and L.L.B degrees also. He worked as a teacher and librarian for some time and took up a job in the Municipality in Secunderabad as a translator in 1958. He continued to work in the municipality for thirty years and rose to be the Assistant Commissioner and retired in 1988.

By profession he was a government official but he kept fighting against the Nizam

and the government that employed him with unusual courage and an undaunted spirit, writing articles and essays in newspapers and journals against the atrocities perpetrated by the government on the people and their sufferings. He faced boldly the *razakars* also. He went underground for some time to keep up his mission against the oppressive rule of Nizam's government.

He started his literary career in 1960 and continued writing till the end. "I cannot hold a sword and a shield in my hands and fight. My pen is my gun," he declared. His literary output is great and is placed anywhere between 50 and 80 works according to critics. It is said that he told a correspondent that his works run into 34 thousand written pages and 17 thousand printed pages. Rangacharya was of the opinion that stories touch the heart of people more than poetry and did not try his hand at poetry in all earnestness.

Among his many novels, the three novels *Chillara Devullu* (Lesser Deities), *Modugu Poolu* (Fire Flowers) and *Jeevana Yanam* (Journey of Life) brought him great fame. The last named is his autobiography but nowhere does the reader sense self praise by the author. It is the story of his people, their travails and the times. He spoke more of his responsibility as a writer than depicting what he was in the novel.

* Editor, *Triveni*

The novel *Chillara Devullu* describes in a realistic and moving manner the atmosphere that prevailed during the Telangana armed struggle and the slavish lives to which the people were subjected to in those days by the Nizam. We read that at an informal and private gathering of writers in the house of P.V. Narasimha Rao, the former Prime Minister of India, someone referred to the novel *Chillara Devullu*, in the discussion. Dasaradhi Rangacharya was also present there. Narasimha Rao turned to Rangacharya and said, "I read your novel. You have written it in the Telangana dialect. Your novel touched my heart." At this comment Rangacharya said in all modesty, "I am only a little star among the bright stars that shine in the literary firmament." P.V. reacted saying, "It is not so man. You are the Northern star among those shining stars. Your writings will be the torch bearers to many in the future." The words of Narasimha Rao proved prophetic indeed. This novel was made into a movie and was translated into many languages. In 1969 the novel won the *Sahitya Academi* award. The Potti Sriramulu Telugu University translated it into English and published it. Research scholars of the Kakatiya and Osmania Universities worked on it for their M.Phil and Ph.D degrees.

Dasaradhi Rangacharya held the view that the characters in stories and novels should be close to actual life and then only they would be of use to society. He was not interested in regional differences, castes and communities. His main objective was to stand against injustice and inequality. His writings hold a mirror to the social, cultural and economic life of his times. He put powerful thoughts in a beautiful language and presented his works in

a natural style so that the common reader could get enlightened. Critics are of the opinion that he is perhaps the first writer who described the Telangana struggle in the form of a novel.

In his later years, with his deep knowledge of Sanskrit, he took up the stupendous task of translating the four Vedas into lucid Telugu, again to help the readers to get at the essence and the message the Vedas convey. He rendered the epics Srimad Ramayana and Mahabharata into clear and easy Telugu with the same intention. In recognition of his valuable work of this unique nature he was awarded the titles *Abhinava Vyasa* and *Akshara Vachaspati* by his admirers which he highly deserves to say the least.

For all his scholarship, learning and literary output, he lived a simple life away from public glare, from politicians and political forums. He lived modestly in the quarters allotted to him by the municipality. When the Potti Sriramulu Telugu University decided to award him a visistha puraskara, the Chairman of the Press Council of India had to be invited as the chief guest to present it to him as Rangacharya had informed the university about his reservations earlier.

Dasaradhi Rangacharya the scholar and social thinker who accepted Marx could worship his Bhadradi Rama with equal devotion. He clarified that he was not a member of the communist party but said a person who desires social equality is a communist. He had the grace to blend socialistic and progressive ideas with vedic thought easily striking a balance between the two extremes in his life.

RAMAYAN

Yerramilli Bharathi*

Rama is an eponymous hero handsome
His selfless ways are truly awesome
In building bridges over many a chasm
He stands in every heart as a gentle epitome.

A rare combination of valour and compassion
Rama exhibits divine passion
Men should imbibe his quality with devotion
For this can be the only way to salvation.

Embodiment of beauty and magnificence
Merged with serenity and forbearance
Queen of her Lord's infinite province
Sita is a wife par excellence.

Creating with her very presence
a meaningful ambience
Sita accepted her cruel destiny
with exemplary obedience
Women of all times must imitate her patience
To well deserve life's benevolence.

Brothers like Lakshman, Bharath
and Shatrughn are rare
Because when it comes to
their beloved Rama's care
They kept for themselves no time in spare

* Asst. Prof of English, Sir C R Reddy College of Engineering, Eluru.

And to face the four, none could dare.
Rama's siblings showcase lofty principles
For they are models of courage
and confidence
People who respect human values
Take inspiration from them in abundance.

One who kissed the Sun terrible,
Could make impossible possible,
And bore that which is unbearable
Is Maruthi who made himself forever credible!

Protector of life and guardian of the innocent
Lord Hanuma is close to every heart
Learn to serve without thinking of benefit
And keep others' interests first.

Imprisoned in the inescapable hold of
passion's claw
Ravana forgets the minimum decency
prescribed by law.
Virtues overpowered by tragic flaw
He invited his end in death's jaw.

Though good at heart and good in thought
King Ravana falls from a high pedestal into
dust.

Remember! Nothing wins but what is just
And following God's ways is a must!

Yoga is the unifying art of transforming dharma into action, be it through inspired thought, properly nurturing our children, a painting, a kindness or an act of peace that forever moves humanity forward.

Michelin Berry

THE ART OF STORY TELLING INNOVATING, INSPIRING, INTERACTIVE

B. Madhura*

People are hungry for stories. It's part of our very being. Storytelling is a form of history, of immortality too. It goes from one generation to another.

Studs Terkel

Stories are an integral and inseparable part of our childhoods. Despite being grown ups, We like stories and sometimes unknowingly, even implement them into our daily behavior patterns. Story telling is also a very important aid of imparting education. In the era of digital, storytelling method of teaching is increasingly becoming popular. We attempt to give the students something to learn not just providing information but also encouraging physical activity to build up spirit among the students in more responsive way.

What is a Story?

Most dictionaries define a story as a "narrative account of a real or imagined event or events". Within the storytelling community, a story is more generally agreed to be a specific structure of narrative with a specific style and set of characters and which includes a sense of completeness.

Storytelling is the interactive art of using words and actions to reveal the elements and images of a story while encouraging the

* Assistant Professor, Srinidhi Institute of Science & Technology, Hyderabad

listener's imagination. Stories connect us with our humanness and link the past, present, and future by teaching us to anticipate the possible consequences of our actions.

The main characters of the stories are animals who are subjected to different conditions etc. and also from inspirational movies like *Lagan*, *Chaka De India* etc. which deliver a moral or learning and thereby imparting the Skills of Management to become good citizens and better managers of tomorrow.

What is Story Telling

Storytelling is relating a tale to one or more listeners through voice and gesture.

Through Story Telling

- Connections and understandings are formed about and between the past, present, and Future.
- Horizons are broadened.
- Understanding of and empathy towards other races and cultures is increased.
- Auditory processing skills and listening visualization skills are expanded as children form pictures in their minds.
- Sensory imaging is heightened as all senses are elicited: tasting, touching, smelling, hearing and feeling.
- Order is brought to students' worlds through use of thinking skills.
- Decision-making skills are discerned.

- Memory is enhanced and attention spans are stretched.
 - Fear of public speaking is reduced.
 - Writing skills are strengthened as students examine the structure of a story.
 - Characters, events, and settings are brought. New vocabulary emerges.
 - Cultural literacy is conveyed.
 - Difficult scientific or mathematical concepts are introduced, explained and explored.
 - Students learn core academic skills including maths and science as well as language art skills.
 - Factual and conceptual curriculum material is effectively and efficiently taught.
- iv. Creative Thinking Skills: Through being playful with ideas, suggesting possible hypotheses, apply imagination to their thinking, and to look for alternative explanations and ideas.
 - v. Evaluation Skills: Through applying their own judgment to contestable issues, develop criteria for judging the value of ideas, evaluate the ideas and contributions of others, and practice being self critical and self correcting.

Apart from the above skills one can also assess the various elements present in the different stories through evaluation.

Why Story Telling: India is one of the world's great lands of storytelling. "Storytelling" refers to a social situation during which the teller and listeners can respond to each other instantly and continuously because it empowers an individual to be able to express his or her thoughts and feelings articulately through oral language. The ancient sages of India had used story telling as one of the best methods of teaching in Gurukulas. The art of storytelling has many merits in developing the skills in teaching learning process.

- i. Information-Processing Skills: Through seeking the meaning of concepts and ideas and using precise language to express what we think.
- ii. Enquiry Skills: Through asking relevant questions, posing problems, and engaging in a process of serious and sustained investigation.
- iii. Reasoning Skills: Through reading, discussion and writing to draw inferences and make deductions, give reasons for opinions.

- i. Linking the story with personal experience
- ii. Interrogating and evaluating the story
- iii. Identifying themes and ideas
- iv. Distinguishing between opinion and evidence in the text
- v. Identifying implicit meanings
- vi. Developing a critical reading stance

Through stories we explain how things are, why they are, and our role and purpose. Stories are the building blocks of knowledge, the foundation of memory and learning. In the era of digital sphere teaching through the mode of storytelling helps in imparting the skills of management of every character, every situation and even every line in the story that matters, inspires a lot, develops a sense of social and cultural behavior among and teaches people the valuable lessons of life. Telling a story is the best vehicle for passing on factual information.

Storytelling is the most powerful way to put ideas into the world today.

Robert McKee

TRIJATHA: BELOVED FIFTH COLUMNIST

Prema Nandakumar*

It has been a generally held belief that the Indian woman has been suffering from what was termed a Sita-Savitri syndrome and must come out of these mental shackles of being born subservient. Interestingly enough, a closer look at our classical heroines has revealed that it is these ladies who shine as role-models inspiring women with strength, courage, sincerity, compassion, knowledge and love. The very best in our great culture has been the gift of these women who are prepared to rebel against the Establishment in moments of crisis. Some of them are quite well known: Sita, Savitri, Damayanti, Draupadi. Great poets have retold their lives in many ways down the centuries and the heroines always appear contemporaneous, such is their presence in India. Sri Aurobindo has even given us a modern-day epic, Savitri: A Legend and a Symbol. Of these heroines, Sri Aurobindo wrote to his brother Manomohan Ghose:

"Yet are these great figures, are Rama, Sita, Savitri, merely patterns of moral excellence? I who have read their tale in the swift and mighty language of Valmiki and Vyasa and thrilled with their joys and their sorrows, cannot persuade myself that it is so. Surely Savitri that strong silent heart, with her powerful and subtly-indicated personality, has both life and charm ... Sita is too gracious and

sweet, too full of human lovingness and loveliness, of womanly weakness and womanly strength!"

He thought that taking up such great characters and re-writing their lives would be an inspiration.

"To take with a reverent hand the old myths and cleanse them of soiling accretions, till they shine with some of the antique strength, simplicity and solemn depth of beautiful meaning is an ambition which Hindu poets of today may and do worthily cherish. To accomplish a similar duty in a foreign tongue is a more perilous endeavour."

Yet it had to be done and Sri Aurobindo was to give us works like Love and Death and Savitri in English. Incidentally, even the ladies who walk in our epics and Puranas about whom not much is known, turn out to be ideal path-finders and there are hundreds of them, so vast is the received tradition of *Sanatana Dharma*. All of them face life with a stem resolve; none of them runs away from life. In this sense, these classical heroines also celebrate life in a sublime manner.

Readers of the *Ramayana* are familiar enough with Trijatha. She stands for the way a woman should speak out for her sisters in distress whatever be the calamitous situation. She is a lesson to those educated Indian women who are not prepared to give a helping

* Well known writer, Sri Aurobindo scholar and a member of Triveni's Advisory Board

hand to other women who suffer from so many ills in our society. As a one-woman army right in the heart of Ravana's kingdom, Trijatha guards Sita from giving way to despair. Our eternal gratitude to this gracious daughter of Vibhishana whose moral support to Sita is almost equal to that of Hanuman.

Trijatha is seen first in the *Sundara Kanda*. Daughter of Vibhishana by Surama who was herself the daughter of the Gandharva, Kailusha, she appears to be sleeping when the ogresses threaten Sita with dire consequences and that they were going to eat her up. Valmiki writes that she wakes up and says:

"Gobble up yourselves, O evil ones! you will never be able to eat Sita who is the beloved daughter of Janaka and the daughter-in-law of Dasaratha. I have had a terrifying dream. Look, my hair stands on end, Oh, I have seen the destruction of the *rakshasas* and the prosperity of Sita's consort."

The mental level of the *rakshasis* is one of obscurantist faith. They are immediately frightened for one may not disregard dreams. They give up torturing Sita with words and crowd around Trijatha who is described as aged. Here *vridhdha* could also mean mature in understanding. Trijata then gives a detailed account of her dream in which she describes Rama and Lakshmana riding a divine palanquin drawn by a thousand horses, the princes dressed in white silks and wearing white garlands. They get united to Sita who is clad in white garments and is sitting on a white hill girt by the sea. Then the three move away towards Ayodhya on a white elephant. Trijatha says these auspicious dreams recur in different forms. Once she had seen the three riding a

chariot drawn by eight white bullocks. In yet another Trijata had seen them riding the *Pushpaka*.

In the same breath, Trijatha speaks of the darkness that was converging upon Lanka's noon.

"I saw King Ravana with a shaven head. He was dripping with oil, clad in red garments, drunk and still quaffing wine. He was wearing garlands of oleanders and had fallen down from the Pushpaka air-car."

Trijatha sees him again dressed in black, pulled by a woman on a chariot drawn by asses. Ravana in these dreams is drinking and laughing madly, and appears confounded by fear (*hasan nrithyan, bhayamohitah*). Presently Ravana moves around stark naked and disappears in filth and mire. It is a terrifying dream, and Trijatha was taking chances by recounting this dream of Rama's victory and Ravana's fall, as Lanka's administrative system was quite famous for its spy-system, with its own brand of Wiki leaks. In fact there is more to come. Trijatha boldly recounts Kumbhakarna's fall as well as the destruction of the many sons of Ravana. Indeed the whole of Lanka is in flames in the dream while very few live to tell the tale. One of them is Vibhishana who rides a four-tusked elephant which stands in the air.

Trijatha commands the *rakshasis* to desist from irritating Sita further. Rather, they should ask her forgiveness. Rama is sure to deal harshly with such offenders. Trijatha, who is well-versed in the received tradition remarks that she sees auspicious signs on Sita and that she has no doubt about her being rescued by Rama. All these words are heard by Sita in

silence. When Trijatha ceases, Sita says spontaneously: *avochad yadhi tat thubhvam bhaveyam saranam hi vah*, if what has been recounted does happen. I shall definitely be your protector.

Words are never uttered casually by these epic heroines. Sita remembers this promise when the battle is over and Hanuman wants to know from her whether he should punish the rakshasis. They had not asked Sita for protection, yet when Trijatha's dream had become a reality, Sita remembers her promise to her and says her famous verse full of divine compassion *karunamaaryena ...*

"An Arya (noble person) should be compassionate towards sinners as well as the

good people. Why, even those deserving death need to be protected. There is no one who has not committed a mistake."

Indeed how can Valmiki's Sita forget what Trijatha and her mother Sarama did to shore up her spirits at crucial moments? The latter had consoled Sita in the Yuddha Kanda when Rama's severed head had been brought to her on a platter. Sarama told Sita that this was nothing more than a conjuring trick by the demon Viddhujihva. In that island of total insanity, these were the pockets of sanity on the side of Truth, women helping a woman in distress, a very risky act in the governance of pitiless Ravana.

Courtesy Sri Aurobindo's Action

AN IMPRINT OF TREASURES

Dr. K.Rajamouly *

The fine leaves and flowers,
one spring morning,
Found bathing in the tender rays
ever in shining
All aglow in the eye-lashes of birds
in every nest
And beasts amidst bushes
after a night-long rest

Indeed it is the sensuous feast
of beauty in bounty
All in spring, many a thrush
to wake up in gaiety
To let gush from throats
all mellifluous melodies

* Professor of English, Ganapathy Engineering College, Warangal.

A rich store to be continuous
in the flow of series

I was bound in captivity of all the variety riches
And my heart started to overflow
bliss to bless
All echo, reecho for the joy
of all vales and hills
In equal mood all have share
that every heart fills

The instant impulse rising in my heart's core
For the imprint of all treasures
in stanzas four
My pen in inspiration
could flow without break
Delight is plenty for the readers
in rush to take

INCHING TOWARDS AN ECO-CENTRIC WORLD A POET'S PERSPECTIVE

Dr. I. Satyasree*

'Eco-centrism' is a term used to denote a nature-centered, as opposed to human-centered, system of values (Wikipedia). Yet another meaning says, 'a philosophy or perspective that places intrinsic value on all living organisms and the unnatural environment, regardless of the unperceived usefulness or importance to human beings' (Dictionary.com). These quotations remind us of our responsibility in handling environmental issues.

It is high time that we lean towards an eco-centric world and do our bit to preserve Nature. We cannot imagine life without flora and fauna. Man cannot live in isolation devoid of Nature. He has to learn to co-exist with the other beautiful creations of God. He should find new ways and means of safeguarding Nature. It is better if he understands this sooner or later and goes into a damage control mode before it is too late. He should realize that the grace period is not yet over.

Nature worship has been a part and parcel of Indian culture and this concept has been in vogue ever since the Vedic times. Indian English poetry too is replete with themes pertaining to Nature. Indian English poets such as Toru Dutt, Sarojini Naidu, Aurobindo Ghosh, Tagore and Harindranath Chattopadhyaya dealt with subjects on

Nature. In the present paper, an attempt is made to highlight the eco-consciousness of Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, a well-acclaimed Indian English poet, and his approach to conservation of Nature. Keeping this objective in view, Harindranath's most celebrated poem, *Earthen Goblet*, is analysed to understand the poet's perspective towards an Eco-centric World.

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya is a multi-faceted personality and a versatile genius. He is a poet, writer, actor, orator, musician, dramatist, painter, scientist, educationist and journalist. He is the recipient of the second highest civilian award in India, the *Padma Bhushan*. He penned several poems that have an artistic value. He vividly portrays the plight of Mother Earth in this poem. The poem is a conversation between the poet and a goblet. The poet uses the poetic device, 'Personification' brilliantly. Personification is a figure of speech in which human qualities are attributed to an inanimate thing. The poem is in the form of a dialogue and reveals high levels of creativity and imagination of the poet. It is representative of the poet's artistic depiction of an abstract thing such as the 'earthen goblet'.

The poem begins with a question by the Potter, and the Goblet replies to the question, expressing her inner feelings. He addresses her 'O silent goblet' and asks as to

* Editor, *Triveni*

how she felt when the Potter twirled her on the potter's wheel before presenting her to the world. The goblet gives a reply in the next few lines and these lines are put between quotation marks to highlight that it is a dialogue. This is a unique method used by the poet skillfully. He makes the goblet use the expression "I" as if it has a human form - that of a woman - full of life, feelings, emotions and sentiments. She expresses a strong inclination to break free from the potter. The Goblet does not like to be twirled upon the Potter's wheel. She says that the Potter's hands burned so warm indicating that she dislikes his touch. She voices her deep anguish and dislike for being shaped into her present form, which is very different from her previous one.

In the next stanza, she reminisces her past life and narrates her ill-fate pathetically. She describes that 'fatal hour' when the Potter made her a captive on the Potter's wheel, gave her the shape of a 'crimson goblet-sleep'. The word 'sleep' here may mean 'death'. Before that unfortunate moment, she was full of life, vigour and vitality. She would feel the 'fragrant friendship of a little flower', whose root was deeply embedded in her 'bosom'. These lines endearingly depict the fecundity of Mother Earth. Mother Earth gives birth to beautiful foliage. She develops a lovely bond and makes friendship with the little flowers that spring from those plants. Here, we can visualise the poet's love for Nature.

In the last stanza, the poet gives a graphic description of the destruction of Nature caused by the Potter. The Potter is unmindful of the motherly attachment that Mother Earth has with her children. The

Goblet expresses her grief saying that the Potter has taken the living breath out of her. He cruelly plucks the flower and throws it away, picks up the mud and shapes it into a Goblet. She feels that it is nothing short of death for her. She loves her past 'unshapely natural state', which points out that Mother Earth is spread on the entire planet - she has no shape or boundaries and it is natural for her that way. However, the Potter destroyed all that and cast her into a Goblet that is lifeless and artificial. In the past state, she had given birth to just one little flower, which was 'flaming through her breast'. The present shape given by the Potter is equal to death to her.

The poem is very expressive and conveys a 'green message'. Man is heartless and he does not care for Nature. It clearly points towards conservation of Nature and the poet's concern for ecosystem. Man is causing irreversible damage to the ecosystem to satisfy his own selfish desires and currently, there is uproar all over the world about this callousness. We should endorse the slogans 'Go Green', 'Think Green', 'Live Green' and work towards a sustainable future. We should reduce carbon footprint, protect the greenery on the planet, and pass it on safely to posterity.

Indian culture always propagated the idea of preservation of Nature. People loved and revered Nature. A lot of importance is given to the five elements of Nature- sky, earth, water, wind and fire. This is a noble value deeply embedded in the Indian cultural ethos. In the *Rig Veda*, there are hymns extolling the power and splendor of Mother Earth. Since long, Indians have been worshipping trees, birds, animals and reptiles

such as snakes. Indian epics, such as the *Ramayana*, and the most popular animal stories, the *Panchatantra*, demonstrate that humans and Nature should cohabit in harmony. In the *Ramayana*, Lord Rama and Laxman are closely associated with Hanuman (monkey), Jambavan (bear) and Garutmant (hawk). The *Panchatantra* stories propagate love for birds and animals. Tulsi, Peepal, Belpatra, etc; are considered sacred and used even today while performing puja and also on

every festive occasion, mango leaves are tied to the threshold as a sign of auspiciousness. Indian culture basically promotes the thought that plants, animals and birds are an indispensable part of our lives. They should be protected, not annihilated. Man has to make concerted efforts to inch towards an eco-centric world before the grace period is lost.

Poems such as *Earthen Goblet* are message-oriented and serve as eye-openers.

IF EVER I LEARN

O. P. Arora*

Yesterday
he thundered at me
like a dragon
howled abuses, hollered expletives
showered curses, drained hisses...
Just or unjust
he wouldn't listen to me
handed over to Yamraj the poor me...

Today
he lies lifeless
in such a mess
unable to move
unable to recognize
unable to feel...

Tied to ten
bandages and bottles
he swoons and sleeps...
The doctor and the nurse
do whatever they want
even I
can do anything with him
only I am no devil
I am yet to learn
the smart way to deal with the evil...

The thought pricks my soul
why should I learn a thing so foul?
I would rather learn
to heal and feel
to pray and kneel...
I mumble a few words of prayer
entrusting him to the divine order...

* Poet, Writer, New Delhi

VEMURI SARADAMBA Champion of Girl's Education

Dr. Dasu Atchuta Rao*

More than a century before Malala Yousufzai, the Nobel Peace Laureate started her campaign for girls' education, more than a century before slogans *Bachi bachao, bachi padhao* became current coin, a teenaged Telugu Brahmin girl espoused women's education and prayed God for good sense to prevail upon both men and women to recognize its value. The girl was Vemuri Saradamba (1881-1899) who, in a short span of life, exemplified herself as an advocate and votary of women's development. She strongly believed that literacy and education were pivotal for the empowerment of women and voiced these sentiments through her writings. That we are still debating these terms in 21st century is a sad commentary on the world at large. Like Malala, Saradamba did whatever she did in her brief life, against several odds, with the blessings of her parents. One has to go back in time and understand the prevailing social climate then, in order to appreciate the achievements of Saradamba.

If you take a look at the Indian society of a century or a century and a half ago, you would be astounded and would not help but be angry. Shock and surprise because of the oppressive conditions in which women lived, and anger because society had kept them in perpetual ignorance by denying education to them. People considered it a 'sin' to school

their girls. The common belief then was that education was necessary only to earn money to support the family. "Do they (girls) have to take up a job to support the family? Or do they have to be administrators (rulers)?" was the general refrain those days. Many believed that it was enough if a girl could keep an account of clothes going to the laundry or write a few lines to her husband. If giving the girl-child basic education was undesirable, teaching fine arts like music and dance was considered a cardinal sin by high caste families, because they believed that such activities behoved the lowly nautch girls and courtesans. Saradamba was born in such a society on May 3, 1881, as the only daughter, after six sons, of Dasu Sreeramulu and Janakamma at Alluru, a village in the present Mudinepalli Mandalam, Krishna District of Andhra Pradesh. Both her parents and her six elder brothers doted on Saradamba as she was the youngest child in the family.

Dasu Sreeramulu (1846-1908) was a multifaceted genius. He was not only a well known lawyer but also a renowned litterateur - poet, dramatist, lyricist and composer of music. He was hailed as a *Vaaggeyakaara*, a great composer, and earned the title *Mahakavi*, a great poet. He was an educationist and a social reformer. He left behind an indelible mark on whatever activity he chose. He was interested in the politics of the day in the Telugu region of the Madras

* Scientist NGRI (Retd.) and freelance writer, Hyderabad

Province and also in the then nascent Nationalist movement during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Dasu Sreeramulu was a staunch believer in women's education and its importance for the betterment of society. He maintained and declared that women were not forbidden learning music or studying literature.

Growing up in such an enlightened and vibrant atmosphere, it was natural for the young Saradamba to yearn for learning. From her early childhood Saradamba evinced keen interest in music and literature. She was endowed with a 'photographic memory.' It was said that one reading was enough for her to understand and learn any subject. She had a mellifluous voice with which she rendered songs after listening to them once. Recognizing her talent and thirst for knowledge Sreeramulu began to teach her Sanskrit and Telugu from an early age. He encouraged her to learn music, notwithstanding condemnation and possible ostracism by the society. He invited eminent musicians, like Komandoori Narasimhacharylu and Eemani Venkataratnam, from distant places and housed them in his place to train her. Saradamba picked up the nuances of music and in a short time became an expert *Veena* player; she gave public concerts at places as far away as Mysore.

Although social reform movements dominated that period (late 19th century), the conservative society was not ready to accept an educated woman. Sreeramulu found it hard to find a suitable boy for his daughter because few parents dared to welcome an 'educated' girl, that too trained in music, as their daughter-in-law. After considerable struggle, her father married off Saradamba in 1888.

Unfortunately, at her in-law's home Saradamba failed to get as much love, affection and support for her literary and musical pursuits as she received from her parents and brothers. Nevertheless, undeterred by the stifling atmosphere at her in-law's place (she was forced to abandon her *veena*) Saradamba, persevered and continued her literary activity. Her genius soon blossomed. At fourteen she began writing poetry and within two years, at sixteen produced a *kaavyam* (poetical composition) *Nagnajiti Parinayam*, the story of the divine wedding of Nagnajiti, one of the eight consorts of Lord Krishna. Scholars acclaimed her work as a *prabandham* and her style was as engaging as that of great 15th century poetess Molla. She also composed songs in praise of various Goddesses (*devi stuti keertanalu*). Legend has it that she wrote *Nagnajiti Parinayam* sitting in Parthasarathi temple, Madras (Chennai) and in the manner of great poets like Pothana, Saradamba dedicated her works to the glory of the Lord. She, however, did not limit her writings to mere *Puranic* and devotional subjects, but extended them to social comment. Aware of the discrimination faced by women, herself a victim, she published critical essays on how contemporary society controlled women's lives, confining them to household chores, not allowing them to go out and denying education to them. Many of those articles appeared in reputed journals like *Janana Patrika* and *Jnanodaya Patrika*. In *Madhava Satakam*, a book of hundred verses, she depicted the pitiable state of women who were unlettered and ignorant and sought autonomy for women. In this work she supplicates Lord Krishna (Madhava) to give good sense to the people to educate their womenfolk.

In fact, the tagline of this book reads 'a prayer for the welfare of womankind'. She questioned boldly 'why this discrimination and neglect of women today, which were absent in ancient times'. In another verse, she said that women like Sita and Chandramati became legends and only because they were allowed to gain knowledge through education.

To emphasize that women in Vedic times were held in high esteem, Saradamba invoked the Hindu Trinity, and said that Siva viewed Ganga as an adornment and wore her on his head, Brahma slotted Saraswati on his 'tongue' (i.e., he made her his voice), while Vishnu placed Lakshmi in his heart. At the same time she lamented - 'why people in her time were treating women as prisoners'.

She cited the great mathematician Leelavati, daughter of Bhaskaracharya and highly learned Bhanumati, wife of King Bhoja, to support her argument that women were not barred in ancient times from educating themselves.

Reinforcing her argument that high caste women too can learn music and dance, she cited the epic *Mahabharata* and said that Princess Uttara, daughter of King Virata, learnt dance from *Brihannala* (Arjuna in disguise) without any qualms, and at the same time was praised as a great woman who also gave Pandavas a heir, Parikshit.

She also referred to one of the great devotional poetesses Tarigonda Vengamamba to illustrate that women were encouraged to study as late as 18th century.

Criticizing the contemporary society for depriving women of education, she satirically chided her ilk and asked them to spare a fraction of their time, spent on personal dressing and makeup, for (self) education.

Saradamba shone like a bright star over the world of literature, though briefly. She made a mark in traditional poetry and came to be known as a woman with progressive ideas, a woman who proclaimed education as an essential prerequisite for women's welfare. After a short but purposeful life of nineteen years Saradamba died (after the delivery of her son) on 26th December, 1899 at Eluru leaving behind her husband and two children, a daughter Durgamba and a son Pardhasaradhi.

Malala Yousufzai's adventurous story tells us that even more than a century after Vemuri Saradamba's times the situation, as far as women's rights are concerned, remains the same, in many parts of the world. However, it is a happy augury that women have started asserting themselves and Governments also are drawing up schemes for empowerment of women. Let us hope that this generation of parents (of girls) who are still mired in old superstitious dogmas will "educate their daughters giving them freedom" like the parents of Saradamba and Malala.

The twentieth century saw the rise of feminism in India. Suppressed for long by a society that had turned quite patriarchal more than a millennium ago, Indian women woke up and looked for role-models to reshape their lives.

GRAVES OF GREAT MEN - THEIR EPITAPHS

Dr. C Jacob*

Graves of great men are the gathering places of all nations is the adage. The epitaphs of great men are interesting and inspiring as they are reflective of their personalities. In the literary field we come across some poets and writers whose epitaphs enthrall the readers when they are read. What is engraved or written on the graves or on tombstones present the life sketch of the dead in a moment. That is the power of an epitaph. How fascinating and exciting they are! Let us presently recall to our minds a few of them.

John Milton, one of the great English poets died on ninth November, 1674 and was buried next to his father without an epitaph. But in 1737 a memorial was built for him in West Minister Abbey with an epitaph which reads: *To the author of Paradise Lost.*

William Shakespeare, the greatest playwright and poet in English and the 'Man of the Millennium' past, died on 23rd April, 1616. Shakespeare wrote for himself an epitaph in one of his plays thus:

*Not marble, nor the golden moments
Of princes, shall outlive my power of pen*

Ben Jonson, a great poet and playwright and the author of the famous poem Noble Nature, died in the year 1637 and was buried in West Minister Abbey. His

epitaph written by Jack Young reads : *O Rare Ben Jonson.*

What a glowing tribute!

John Keats, one of the greatest romantic poets in English who died of consumption at the age of 26 wrote for himself a poignant epitaph in this manner: *Here lies one whose name was writ on waters.* He wrote so because he thought his life was a failure as he died more on account of savage criticism of Terri and Gifford than of his disease.

The seventeenth century English poet John Dryden wrote his own epitaph when his wife died and it is as follows:

*Here lies my wife, let her lie
Now she is at rest, and so am I.*

Oliver Goldsmith is a great English writer and poet. His epitome was composed by Dr. Samuel Johnson in the following manner:

*A poet, naturalist and historian,
who left scarcely
Any style of writing untouched,
none he did not adorn
He wrote like an angel but spoke
Like a poor paul,*

Jonathan Swift, the greatest satirist and author of Gulliver's Travels died in the year 1745. His epitaph runs:

* District Judge (Retd.) , Narasapur, A.P.

*Where fierce indignation
Can no longer tear his heart*

About Sir John Issac Newton, the great physicist of England, there is an interesting anecdote on his epitaph. Alexander Pope wrote the following lines as his epitaph in the form of a rhyming couplet:

*Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.*

A subsequent poet and critic by name Sir John Colling Squire as a counter to Pope's lines sarcastically wrote

*It did not last, the devil howling "Ho"
'Let Einstein be' restored the statuesque.*

Humour in Death:

Now about some humorous epitomes. On the grave of John Barnes in Vermont it was engraved by his wife for herself too.

*He was a simple man
who died of complications,
I came into this world without my consent
And left in the same manner.*

On the grave of Ezkial Aikle in East Dalhousie Cemetery, Nova Scotia, the inscription goes:

*Here lies Ezkial Aikle, age 103
The good die young.*

In the Robberford, England Cemetary, on the tomb of Anna Wallace it is engraved:

*The children of Israel wanted bread,
And the lord sent them manna,
Old Wallace wanted a wife,
And the devil sent him Anna.*

People anywhere in the world right from the time of Plato till date do not have a good opinion on lawyers. An example, on a lawyer's tomb in England the epitaph goes like this:

*Sir John Strange
Here lies an honest lawyer,
And that is strange*

About Anna Hopewell's grave in Enosburg Falls, Vermont:

*Here lies the body of our Anna
Done to death by a banana.
It wasn't the fruit that laid her low,
But the skin of the thing that made her go.*

On an auctioneer's tombstone:
Going! Going! Gone!!!

On a spinster postmistress's tombstone: *Returned - Unopened.*

Here is another interesting epitaph in England

*Remember man as you walk by
As you are now, so once was I
As I am now, so shall you be
Remember this and follow me*

For this someone replied by writing on the tombstone:

*To follow you I'll not consent
Until I know which way you went*

Now on a tombstone of a newborn in Asbby
de las Zooch, England;

*Ope'd my eyes,
Took a peep.
Did'nt like it
Went back to sleep*

Shakespeare had written for himself his epitaph
thus:

*Good friend, for Jesus's sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here
Blessed be the man that spares these stones
And cursed be he that moves my bones.*

A VISION OF THE MAHATMA

M. G. Narasimha Murthy*

Young visitors in a gallery
Stood before a portrait of Bapuji,
Charmed by his toothless smile,
Eyes sparkling through glasses round
And an old watch dangling from his waist,
With his chest bare and a loin cloth
Covering his lean, frail frame.

While they wondered how the good old man
Could shake the mighty British empire
And fight without weapons of destruction,
They were thrilled to behold a vision rare -

The smiling Gandhi emerged from the frame
Saying that his weapons were invisible,
Yet they could vanquish the most powerful
Without hatred and shedding no blood:

His loving voice and childlike smile
Combined with an unbending will,

Wielding the power of truth and non-vilonce
Could conquer his mighty, ruthless foes
And turn them into ever-loving friends.

Feeling amazed, the visitors gazed
At the Mahatma moving back into the frame;
Begged him to remain and lead them again.

My countrymen seem to need me no more;
Twice a year on my *samaadhi*,
flowers are thrown
While helpless millions struggle and groan.
In these days of endless greed and
senseless crime,
Guided missiles and misguided men,
My words seem to have no relevance,
Yet if they listen to their own conscience,
Give up greed and serve with compassion,
The India of my dreams will arrive soon.

Sad and surprised, the visitors stared
Though the figure vanished, his words inspired
And they resolved to follow his noble ways
And strive for the welfare of all mankind.

* Principal (Retd.), Hyderabad

IMMIGRANT EXPERIENCE IN JHUMPA LAHIRI'S THE NAMESAKE

P. Prasanna Kumari*

Jhumpa Lahiri born in 1967 in London, is a post colonial immigrant living in the United States of America. The daughter of Bengali Indian immigrants, she can be categorized as a multi cultural, diasporic, post colonial, marginal South Asian woman writer as a second generation expatriate. Jhumpa Lahiri stands as an interesting border as well as a crossroad of culture. As a part of the margin, she is a force that has in the U.S always broadened the mainstream. As a part of diverse voices that have contributed to the richness of American literature, she is the first South Asian to win the *Indian Pulitzer prize* for her collection of short stories *Interpreter of Maladies* (1999). Jhumpa Lahiri has made a landmark in the contemporary Indo-Anglian writing for its exploration of the Indian Diasporic life in America, while portraying the theme of cultural dilemmas dislocation of the migrant it is necessary to understand the term Diaspora. Diaspora means the forcible or voluntary movement of people for their homelands to settle their lives in other foreign lands.

Jhumpa Lahiri writes about western culture, disenchantment in the minds of the expatriate Indians, and how they find themselves crushed under the burden of alienation and rootlessness. There is a sense

of loss of identity with their own culture, therefore the need for roots.

Immigration and diaspora are not new phenomenon in India and the literature produced by diasporic Indian writers explores the multi dimensional anxieties of "emigre" life. Diaspora literature, quite like immigrant literature, mirrors a 'double vision' at once of 'yearning backward' and 'looking forward' of the yearning for the past immigrant Indian Canadian author. Rohinton Mistry observes that all writers go down memory lane and look at the past, at lost moments, lost opportunities, lost lovers and rethink and reassess them.

The *Namesake* was written in 2003. The indepth study of the novel reveals the fact that, the diasporic experiences of Indians who are uprooted from their homelands develops with the theme of cultural alienation and loss of identity. It is the story of the first generation immigrants, Ashoke and Ashima, as well as the second generation Gogol, their son. The story deals with exile and emotional bewilderment. Ashoke and Ashima try to sustain the Indian culture in every important event of their life. They try to bring up their child Gogol completely in a Bengali way but one senses the internal conflict of Gogol in adjusting with the two separate environments. One can also find Gogol facing identity crisis every minute due to his peculiar name which is neither American nor Bengali. A Russian

* Research Scholar, Andhra University, Department of English.

name was given to him by his father due to his special interest for the writer Nikolai Gogol. And Gogol grows up with a name that he detests, a name that seems to make him stand apart from rest of his classmates.

Throughout the novel, Gogol is haunted by his name, even when he changes it to Nikhil he realizes that he cannot get away from it. The oddness of his name strikes him time and again. Though Gogol constantly wonders about the reason for his having such an unusual name, his father harbors no doubts about the appropriateness of the name. Finally Gogol hears his father narrate the story of his experiences of 28 years ago. He listens, by which Gogol terribly feels upset and ashamed at all his earlier reactions of the name Gogol. As the novel progresses, the name Nikhil replaces Gogol. As Ashima who throughout her life was feeling culturally displaced finally gets adjusted to both the situations.

Once the child is born another problem arises, i.e. naming the baby boy, that gives the novel its title *The Namesake*. Bengali children are given two names, one is the family name and other is formal name.

On the first day of school Gogol was asked his name, and he was given the name 'Nikhil' by his parents. Gogol did not like the new name and he wanted to continue with Gogol. So in the interest of Gogol his name was finalized at school also, for which he repents later as he grew up. Gradually the peculiarity of his name becomes apparent when he is eleven years old when he goes for a school trip to a cemetery, he finds no tomb in the graveyard with his name and he starts experiencing an identity crisis. He starts

alienating himself from his parents. Gogol somehow comes to know that many people change their names and thus legally and officially he chooses to call himself Nikhil. He introduces himself to all his girlfriends Kim, Ruth and Maxine as Nikhil though he remained Gogol to his parents forever. But cultural differences seem to create confusion whenever and wherever Nikhil has to be mentioned as his name.

Thus Gogol faces an identity crisis every minute with his peculiar name which is neither American nor Bengali but a Russian name, given to him by his father due to his special interest for the writer. Later he learns the reason why his father had named him Gogol.

After completing his agriculture program at Colombia, Gogol joins a firm in mid town. He introduces Maxine to his parents. At the same time Maxine's parents are also introduced to Gogol. Her parents accept Gogol, but Ashima and Ashoke are unable to accept their relationship. This reflects how the Indian culture is deep rooted in the first generation immigrants. Gogol compares his parents with those of Maxine's who never compel her to do anything. One witnesses the manner in which the American culture gradually influences the second generation.

Ashima and Ashoke have to separate themselves from each other as a result of Ashoke's extension in MIT. He starts living in Cleveland. At the age of forty eight she slowly learns to live alone to experience the solitude that her husband, son and daughter already knew and which they claim not to mind. Gogol

and Sonia keep on changing the addresses which Ashima used to note down very cautiously. To pass the time she worked in a library at Cleveland. One day suddenly the news of Ashoke's death reaches Ashima. This sudden death of Ashoke due to heart attack brings a drastic change in Gogol's attitude towards life. Gogol's sense of responsibility increases as a result of which his relation with Maxine comes to an end.

Gogol is a citizen of America. As an American inhabiting a border space, he is continually influenced by cultural forces due to his dual heritage. He does not have to adjust to the American culture to the extent that his immigrant parents do, as he is born in it.

However, he takes seriously the warning of his parents and marries a Bengali girl, Moushumi from a Bengali family. Unfortunately Gogol and Moushumi's married life does not survive for a long span of time and ends in divorce. Ashima is by then ready to accept any situation sensibly and does not blame Gogol for getting separated from Moushumi but instead she supports her son morally for not continuing with an unhappy married life. By the end of the story one finds Ashima culturally displaced. Ashima feels

lonely suddenly, horrible permanently alone and briefly, turned away from the mirror.

In the novel one can find an internal conflict between the first generation and the second generation as there is drastic difference in their bringing up. Ashima was in joint family in India where as Gogol and Sonia are in a nuclear family where they are accustomed to privacy having rooms of their own.

Jhumpa Lahiri successfully projects the complexity of diasporic life in terms of variations and diversities of human experience. She depicts not merely the uprootedness of her diasporic characters from their homeland and their loneliness in an alien geographical location and cultural milieu but also indicates that one's home is wherever one lives or has lived. Lahiri, on the other hand lives permanently in the U.S and hence portrays experiences which reflects her own. Lahiri seems to take full advantage of her position within the cultural borderlands of India and the United States to render the assorted occurrences in the lives of South Asian Americans. It will not be wrong to say that here Lahiri's spotlight is on the concealed deposit of the consciousness and the internal confusion of the characters ensnared in the middle of two cultures.

All I'm saying is that to liberate the potential of your mind, body and soul, you must first expand your imagination. You see, things are always created twice: first in the workshop of the mind and then, and only then, in reality. I call this process 'blueprinting' because anything you create in your outer world began as a simple blueprint in your inner world.

Robin Sharma, *The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari*

K. S. VENKATARAMANI - SHELLEY PLAIN

T. Siva Rama Krishna*

K. S. Venkataramani was one of the very few great pioneers of Indo-Anglian fiction. He was rightly called "Shelley Plain" for his lyrical prose. He was a great writer of arts and parts. Yet he chose to be very simple and homely in his novels and short stories. Perhaps it was appropriate with his subject. And that is as it should be. Pristine simplicity, virtue, sacrifice, nobility were popular notions in his days. He was a man of the old order. He was really the embodiment of plain living and high thinking. He took for his themes the simplicity of village life, natural beauties, and the nobility of patriotism. To most readers to day, therefore, Venkataramani may appear anachronistic, a symbol of a bygone and primitive age.

K. S. Venkataramani was born in 1891. He was a lawyer by profession and a man of letters by temperament. As a patriot he was steeped in the Gandhian ideals of non-violence, truth, social reform and service to mankind.

Venkataramani wrote many fine books. The Indian village had at last found its novelist and admirer. It was a Tanjavur village ennobled by the glorious Cauvery and great intellectual tradition.

*Lecturer in English (Retd.) Writer. Kakinada

His Works:

His Paper Boats covers a cargo of neat well-executed vignettes of South Indian Life. These sketches are excellent and realistic. They have humour, a broad sympathy and robust optimism. The poetical apocalyptic he reserved for paper boats. The style is clear with rhythm.

The Sand Dunes-The reflections on the sand dunes near his village in Tanjavur district, belong to a different category of literature. They were prose poems (proems) on the model of Gitanjali of Tagore. He laments and glorifies the past. It is very interesting to those who cherish the old world Indian values, his instinctive praise of the village and its culture, ethos, echoes and civilization rings true.

My Prial Teacher and Other Stories: These are sketches of South Indian life. Venkataramani's talent is essentially lyrical in conveying the reality of the situation. The stylised dialogue and the conventional situations are those of the Indian fabulist. With gentle humour and irony he conveys the situations. His sketches are famous for their emotional intensity and accurate description of breath taking events. He describes the rhythm of rural life and natural beauties vividly. He writes with ease and grace the South Indian vignettes in perfect English idiom.

Murugan the Tiller and Kandan the Patriot were greatly admired in those days. They were part of the freedom movement in those days and they proclaim themselves as products of an epoch that has disappeared. Both the tiller and the patriot are much persecuted, but they rise higher than to persecution by dint of their character and their high idealism and nobility.

Kandan the patriot must have been typical and topical in his day, when the struggle for independence was raging. There were, in

fact, many patriots like Kandan in those days. Nor is the pathetic tiller an imaginary figure even today. In these two novels Venkataramani rose superior to the limitations of his period.

After these literary works Venkataramani turned to Tamil. He ran *Tamil Ulangu, Bharata Mani* - these form a golden page in contemporary Tamil literature and social history. In Venkataramani's writings, the rich culture of Cauvery delta comes very much alive and so does the sad state of our villages.

THE SOLILOQUY OF A TREE (Telugu original *Chettu Swagatham* by Elanaga)

N.S. Rachakonda*

Sometimes I become a tree
With parrots perched upon my branches
Sometimes I become a dwelling place
For doves, descending on my crown
Beautiful as these experiences are for me.
They are none too rare.
But a multitude of birds
Visiting me all at once,
Is too much for me
And takes away my breath.

While grooming a parrot in my lap
Lo! and behold! A Bulbul
Alights on my chest
Craving for attention too.
Once I am done with taking care of one

I feel relaxed and breathe a sigh of relief.
It's not unusual for me
To attend to the needs of the first
Even while distracted by a second or third.
Of course there is a fear of neglecting
One or the other
But fears such as these
Are dwarfed indeed
By the ecstasy I feel in tending
And attending to the needs of more than one

Better to cope with a flock of many
Than facing an utter lack of any.
A tree without birds is, I think
Tantamount to a withered trunk.

Translator's Note: The Author informs me that the "Birds" in the poem are a metaphor for the poet's "Thoughts"

* Writer, Translator, Visakhapatnam

EDUCATIONAL STATUS OF NON-ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES IN INDIA- THE NEED OF THE HOUR

Dr M A Waheed*

A sense of deep transformation has been taking place in terms of higher education learning through distance and open learning system not only in many parts of the world but also in India by trying to make it suitable under the concept of "triple challenge" i.e., access (opportunities), quality and relevance. It is really a suitable revolution in higher education particularly in a country like India which is heading towards all-round development including higher education as the conventional and traditional colleges and universities have become increasingly aggressive in the pursuit of new students, such as:

- (a) Those who can maintain their lifestyle commitments while furthering their education
- (b) Those who want to be campus free but to improve competency and performance skills
- (c) Those who wish to be independent but wish to cultivate self-motivation, skills essential for career success
- (d) Those who wish to learn through wide variety of media better suiting modern lifestyle

The concept of study through distance learning i.e., correspondence courses was offered by universities more than 100 years ago. The University of Wisconsin of USA offered its first correspondence course via pony express mail in 1891. A June 1998 report released by Coopers and Lybrand LLP in Boston said that the education industry "may be on the verge of a transformation similar to what has occurred in the health care industry over the past decade".

It is true that there has been a social status phobia of English and it will be there in future also, as English is the *lingua franca*, that is the language used for communicating among the people of an area in which several languages are spoken but the tendency towards English stands as it is, since it is a world language. Still, mother tongue and regional languages deliver the favorable goods to cover the about 70% of rural adults, who are in the disadvantageous and marginalized group. Such people are also eligible for higher education and they must not be neglected. Access to science and technology through non-English medium is an asset to the open and distance learners. "This open and distance learning is a breakthrough as there are about 134 correspondence course Institutes and Distance Education Directorates besides 15 open universities in India, which accommodate about 18 lakh students in higher education out of estimated 50 lakh in

* Former Associate Professor of English, Hyderabad

the country". This figure includes English medium also.

Though distance learning facilities are through correspondence course institutes, distance education centers and Open Universities system the first two are not that meaningful to the learners as they impart UG and PG courses on the basis of conventional methods of teaching for a brief period of few classes and the syllabus is the same that of their respective conventional universities. They have a single terminal examination at the end of the year. Besides this teaching staff pattern is inadequate and syllabus is outdated. But, in case of open Universities, they have an independent university with many study centers covering syllabus not only on contact classes but also by counselling. The concept of Counselling depends on four functions

- (1) Tutoring
- (2) General counselling
- (3) Student evaluation
- (4) Feedback

The general counselling is also provided by the staff of the study centre and functionaries at headquarters. The Open University follows flexible course structure, implementation of new techniques, use of new educational communication technologies and modular approach.

There are certain universities in India offering Non-English Media both at UG and PG courses to attain the main objective of the nation to fulfill the demand for mass education which is suited to democratic ideals of the country like India. As every body knows, the degree may be UG or PG, i.e., is a "piece of

paper", it can open doors for new jobs, self employment facility, social status and promotions besides, acquiring knowledge. More over in the Information age, life long learning is both an opportunity and necessity.

In Hyderabad, Dr B R Ambedkar Open University, is the first Open University in the country established in 1982. This university offers Arts, Commerce and Science courses at UG level in Telugu and Urdu media besides PG level in Telugu media in the subjects like History, Economics, Political Science, Public Administration and Sociology. In professional courses this University offers Bachelor of Education (B.Ed. & Special B.Ed.). This university had just 6321 students in 1983 and during 2009-2010 its figure is about 1,81,913. This figure includes English media also but this medium will have nominal strength. The university operates 219 study centres and 23 regional coordination centres with 6350 academic counselors. The motto is "Education for All" to make them "Learn while you earn" positively. It conducts examination twice in a year called I spell and II spell. Failed candidates can clear their papers subsequently. The status of Education is at par with other Universities in terms of knowledge, quality and relevance.

Then, Maulana Azad National Urdu University Hyderabad has enrolled as on today about 1,60,000 students on distance mode in various programmes at 174 study centres and 7 programme centres spread throughout the country. It has an examination centre at Jeddah (KSA) and planning to establish such centres in the UK, Canada and USA. It offers MA in Urdu, English and History. UG Courses in Arts

and Commerce and Science in Urdu media besides B.Ed is good for teaching job facility.

It is known to us that Indira Gandhi National Open University, New Delhi also provides open and distance education in various useful and needful based courses to the present situation in all faculties. There are certain courses in Hindi medium also to encourage North Indian students. There are about 20,000 counsellors working over 700 study centres. An exclusive TV Channel called Gyan Darshan is being made by IGNOU. Telecounselling is also provided to them through teleconferencing at over 160 receiving stations.

Of course, there are language universities like Tamil University, Thanjavur, Tamilnadu; Potti Sree-ramulu Telugu University, Hyderabad; Mahatma Gandhi International Hindi University, Wardha; Punjabi University, Patiala. These universities have been promoting the subjects like Languages, Linguistics, Translations, Lexicography, Manuscriptology etc to promote and to understand the value of Indian tradition, Cultures, Civilization, Tolerance and the value of life with the theme of human relationship. The part played by literature and humanities would make a person in a complete shape.

Suggestions to maintain educational status and standard and to make it employable:

1) Learner profile

- (a) The Universities also should start other programmes in the fields of life sciences, technical, occasional and paramedical in

order to expand its base and fulfill the needs of the students.

- (b) To cater to the needs of linguistic minorities, under graduate programmes may be offered in different languages.
- (c) Special support should be offered to women students, backward community, weaker section students and tribal students for good enrolment.

2) Academic Counsellor Profile:

- (a) Academic counselors should be given periodical orientation and training with regard to new teaching methodology of distance education mode.
- (b) Lecturers from younger generation both male and female with suitable academic qualifications can be involved for academic service.
- (c) In order to motivate counselors, attractive remuneration has to be paid.
- (d) Experienced lecturers working in different universities be encouraged to take up counsellorship with the distance learners which will benefit them.
- (e) Face to face sessions
- (f) Phone counselling
- (g) E-mail
- (h) Chat mode on internet

3) Course Material:

- (a) The course material which constitutes the prime medium of distance- teaching learning have to be made totally self instructional in form and content so that students can study themselves.
- (b) The content of course material should be presented logically and the language should be lucid for better understanding.

- (c) The syllabus has to be revised frequently taking into consideration the demand of the time and situation.
- (d) The syllabus and contents should be kept in website and on C.Ds

4) Academic counseling

- (a) Students should be given incentives like scholarships and traveling passes for encouragement.
- (b) For U.G and P.G annual examinations, it is better if the question paper is for seventy marks and the rest of the thirty marks allotted to assignments which should be compulsory otherwise fee for examination should not be accepted.

5) Coordinator Profile

- (a) Orientation should be given to coordinators for the better status of education.
- (b) Regular interaction and feedback from the coordinators will support the services at study centers.

The aforesaid suggestions be accepted for more status , standards, respect, dignity, utility value and employment potentiality besides presently taking more care for the competitive status at par with conventional universities since there is an academic phobia that the degrees from open and distant universities are also equivalent in the educational sector of national standard.

JOURNEY

Dr. Kumarendra Mallick*

Without a beginning and without an end
time journeys on an unseen path,
nobody has seen its footprints ever,
whether slow or fast it moves
no one knows
but it has left all behind

Beyond any one's memory
the mountains are rising high
the oceans are getting deeper

Poet, Hhyderabad

the valleys are getting wider
but nothing seems to prevent
at each daybreak
the birds sweetly to sing
nor the sun with all the glories to rise
The path of love in front of us
has ups and downs
it meanders
but has never been able to hold us back
we move on and on
we are the time
we are the sun
and we tread the path with a song.

HE FINDS ONE SARASWATI AS THE SOUL OF ALL LANGUAGES

P. Raja*

Once while interviewing Manoj Das for the British Council's Literature Alive I asked him, since he wrote in two languages, English and Odia, in which one did he think? "In the language of silence, if I do not sound presumptuous!" he answered. He explained that the inspiration behind any creative work had no language. Once that had hit the author, it was his task to translate the inspiration into language. "Maybe the immediate need is for an English publication. I write the story in English. Later I may do it in my mother tongue. Or *vice versa*. But I do not translate. I keep aside the first version and write as if I were working on the theme for the first time in the other language."

I remind him of that earlier statement and ask, "Most of your stories are there in both Odia and English and my Odisha scholar-friends tell me that one can detect some variation, not in the theme but in the execution, between two versions of a story. You enjoy that freedom because you are their original author. Can a translator be allowed that privilege -that liberty to improve upon a work while translating it?"

"Certainly not. That reminds me of a comment - I forget by whom, but some literary celebrity. Asked about the authenticity of a

translation, he hemmed and hawed and said, 'Well, the original is not faithful to the translation!' He would not offend the translator! No, the translator must not take liberties. But certain phrases and words create a certain impact in one language and their literal equivalents in another fails to do that. Keats chose for his poem a French title *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*. Michael Flanders noted,

"The beautiful lady who never says thank you' was its faithful English translation. But is that poetry?"

"Have you faced any such problem?"

"I have. Most of my novels - though they are few - such as *A Tiger at Twilight* and *Cyclones* - now both available in a single Penguin volume - were written originally in English. But I was required to translate an Odia novel of mine, *Akashara Isara* for "Indian Novels in English" series edited by Mini Krishnan. The Odia title sounds profound, but its English equivalent - *A Hint from the Sky* or *Signal from the Blue* would sound either too ordinary or pompous. My editor and I looked at the work from another angle; instead of focusing on the plot we focused on the protagonist and entitled it *The Escapist* that had a touch of irony in it. Indeed, a translator must not only be well-versed in both the languages, but also deeply empathise with the spirit of the work".

* Writer, Pondicherry

"Way back in 1972 A.D. Maclean, the well-known editor of *Winter's Tales*, the annual collection of distinguished English short stories, found in you, after years of search, a writer of genuine Indian themes in spontaneous English. Graham Greene wrote to your British publisher that Odisha maybe far from Malgudi, but your stories had the same charm as Narayan's - with a greater degree of mysticism. Wrote Vijay Tendulkar, 'Manoj Das, like Graham Greene and R.K. Narayan, is a deft spinner of yarns, crisp in his style and very much at ease with English. Narrating an Indian Experience in an alien language without losing the original Indian charm and ethos is a difficult task. Das

succeeds in this.' How does that typical 'Indianness' survive the translation?"

"If you love a language, that is not a far-fetched achievement. It is the same divine Saraswati who dwells as their soul in all languages. The most complex concepts of India's mystic lore have been presented by Sri Aurobindo with dazzling brilliance in English!"

"Now that you will be in your eighties, what is your desire?"

"Should I say aspiration? Some true experiences in my inner self which alone my psychic could carry into the beyond."

STORM AT SEA

Amar Qamar

CRASHING waves... SMASHING seas...
Bringing sailors to their knees.
As they struggle to save their lives
Hoping and praying, help arrives.

The stormy seas as dark as coal,
Preventing the sailors from reaching their goal.
Battered and bruised, but still they fight...
Staring ahead, into the dead of night.
Rocking and rolling as they try to stand...
Hoping against hope,
that they soon reach land.

Bleary eyed from lack of sleep.
Down in their cabins, huddled like sheep.
As they're rocking and rolling down beneath
Weary sailors above, resist with gritted teeth.

Hours later, as the storm starts to dissipate,
It leaves a calm tranquil sea in its wake.
The veteran sailors know the battle is over,
and they have won...
As contemplate, other storms yet to come...

Courtesy: Internet

GANDHARI

Radha Murthy*

In the epic *Mahabharata*, Gandhari, the Kaurava queen, is a wise, righteous woman, who on her own volition, refused to see this world and tied a cloth around her eyes because her husband Dhritarashtra, the Kaurava prince, was born blind. For this gesture she was acclaimed a *Pativrata* or a virtuous wife. If one accepts this on the face value, or accepts it because of one's belief in the epic it is fine. If one starts probing one gets some doubts. Was Gandhari so overwhelmed by Bhishma's offer to become the principal wife of Dhritarashtra and accepted it, or was she a pawn in the political game played by Bhishma to get his grandson Dhritarashtra, born blind married to a beautiful princess, the daughter of the ruler of a small kingdom, the Gandhara Desha? Did she feel cheated by her father and also the great Kuru dynasty? Whatever was the reason or all the reasons put together, to show her bitterness, displeasure, or resentment or rebellion she might have chosen enforced blindness.

Before forming any opinion one should go into the past. The three princes, Dhritarashtra, Pandu, and Vidura of the Kuru dynasty had grown into strong young men, eligible for marriage and to take over the reins of the kingdom. After much deliberation by Bhishma, Satyawati, and the ministers, Pandu was made the king as Dhritarashtra was blind and Vidura was a *dasiputra* (son of a maid), both considered unfit to rule the kingdom. Next priority was to get them married.

* Writer, Hyderabad

Bhishma started looking for alliances and selected the Gandhara princess as the most beautiful, intelligent and worthy to become the eldest daughter-in-law. Gandhari was not only beautiful and intelligent but also a great devotee of Shiva and was blessed by him to beget hundred sons. So the proposal was made and Subala, the king of Gandhara province, had no courage to refuse the mighty Bhishma. He accepted the proposal, knowing fully well that Dhritarashtra was blind, to avoid unnecessary bloodshed and humiliation in case Bhishma attacks him. According to *maharshi* Vyasa, Gandhari being a righteous and virtuous person, knowledgeable about dharma, not only accepted her father's decision but also willingly invited blindness onto herself so as not to see the world which her husband had been deprived of by destiny. In this background Gandhari was brought to Hastinapur, accompanied by her brother Sakuni and was married to Dhritarashtra.

Here a poet, who came much later than Vyasa, has given a dramatic twist to the whole story. He said that Gandhari had no prior knowledge of Dhritarashtra's blindness. She reached Hastinapur along with her brother Sakuni and her favorite sakhi or lady in waiting. She was very happy at the grand reception she got at Hastinapur and the royal treatment she was given at the rest house she was put up. Her happiness was short-lived as her *sakhi* gave away the information that Dhritarashtra was blind. Gandhari felt disappointed and let down by everyone. She thought that since her father was the king of a

small kingdom and had no resources and strength to oppose the mighty Bhishma, he was awestruck by the power of the kuru dynasty and agreed to give her away in marriage to a prince born blind. As she felt small and humiliated she tied a piece of cloth around her eyes and decided to keep it forever.

Vision is the most vital faculty for a human being. Dhritarashtra was born blind because of destiny, but why did Gandhari choose to be blind? She was not an ordinary person. She was a *gnani* (a wise one) and could discern between *dharma* and *adharma*. She played her role of being the eldest daughter-in-law of the kuru clan, that of a chief queen, queen mother and an important member of the royal household very efficiently and successfully. Be it in the inner chambers of the royal palace (*antahpura*) or in the open court or in the midst of learned people, wherever Gandhari was there her presence was felt by everybody. Whenever there was a difficult situation, Dhritarashtra used to consult either Vidura, or Sunjaya or Gandhari.

One wonders why such a distinguished, intelligent woman invited blindness willingly. While Dhritarashtra's life was in total darkness, Gandhari was endowed with sight. Yet chose to be blind and this aspect nags the reader's mind. As she had decided to be a virtuous wife she might have decided to avoid petty situations and chose to be blind. Or she might have thought that that was the way a virtuous wife should be and tied a cloth around her eyes. As ordinary persons we are not entitled to conclude that the decision taken by such an outstanding character like Gandhari is incorrect. But it is not incorrect to

think that it would have done a lot of good to her sons if she had not taken such a decision.

In course of time king Pandu and Vidura also got married. After sometime Pandu along with his two wives Kunti and Madri went to the forest mainly to hunt as well as to enjoy some leisurely time together. Due to some adverse circumstances they had to prolong their stay. There Kunti was blessed with a son whom they named Yudhishtira.

In the meanwhile Gandhari with her exemplary behavior earned the affection and respect of the citizens as well as the family members and was leading the life of an ideal woman. Once *rishi* Vyasa came to Hastinapur hungry and tired, from one of his tours. Gandhari looked after him with great regard and dedication. Pleased with her devotion Vyasa blessed her, that her boon given by Lord Shiva of begetting hundred sons will be fulfilled. After four years 100 boys and one girl were born to her. The girl was named Dussala and the boys were named as Duryodhana, Dussasana and so on.

Later in the forest, Kunti and Madri were blessed with four more sons, Bhim and Arjun to Kunti, Nakul and Sahdev - the twins - to Madri. Soon after, king Pandu died under tragic circumstances. Madri entered the funeral pyre, handing over her two sons to Kunti. In due course, Kunti, along with her five sons, moved to Hastinapur.

Gandhari's eldest son Duryudhana was arrogant by birth. He found the Pandavas in a vulnerable but morally and physically strong position. It kindled his jealousy and hatred towards them. He used to find ways and means to hurt and trouble them on a daily

basis. Kunti sealed her lips to keep peace in the family. Dhritarashtra, partly so because of his blindness.

Partly because he was blind and partly because he was an over indulgent father. Dhritarashtra could not 'see' Duryodhana's wicked plans and never corrected him. The righteous Gandhari could have corrected him, but failed to do so because she chose to be blind, and also because her husband always supported Duryodhan.

Duryodhana turned out to be arrogant, selfish, jealous and insolent. To an extent, his sightless parents might have been responsible for his contemptuous behavior. Duryodhana must have observed Kunti's dedicated, caring attitude towards her children. She managed to bring them up single handed in a sensible and affectionate way. She guided them to be ideal human beings. He came under Shakuni's influence who used to misguide him always and instigate him against the Pandavas. This became a way of life for Duryodhana. Shakuni's plotting and planning resulted in the *Maya dyut* or vile gambling.

In a fraudulent game of dice, Dharmaraj who was invited by Dhritarashtra lost everything - his wealth, brothers and even his wife, Draupadi. Not satisfied with the turn of events, Duryodhana planned for a second game of dice. When Gandhari came to know about this plan, she warned him not to go ahead as it would bring nothing but destruction. Due to Duryodhana's wicked plan, the much speculated *Mahabharata* war became a reality. Before going to the battlefield Duryodhana approached Gandhari for her

blessings. She blessed him by saying, *Yatho dharmaha, tatho jayaha* meaning wherever there is *dharmha*, victory will be there. This was an example of her wisdom and impartial nature.

The *Mahabharata* war lasted for 18 days. Lakhs of people died on both sides. Gandhari lost all her 100 sons and many of her close relatives. Yet, she had the generosity to console Kunti and the Pandavas, who in their turn had come to console her. She was very angry with Bhima and wanted to curse him but refrained from doing so. However, she felt Krishna was responsible for the destruction and that he could have avoided it if he wanted to. She reproached and cursed him that his Yadav clan would also perish, with infighting, like the Kuru dynasty. Lord Krishna accepted her curse with a smile.

If one looks at Gandhari's character, one feels that though, as an individual, she enjoyed an exalted position in the Kuru clan, she was never a happy and a contented person. As a sensitive and just person, she was aware of the injustice meted out to the Pandavas and must have felt miserable. Dhritarashtra was very strong physically, but a weak person mentally and emotionally. Though he could discern between *Dharma* and *Adharma*, he never followed the path of *Dharma*. This must have hurt the righteous Gandhari and must have caused her untold misery. She knew Dhritarashtra was jealous, partial and greedy. He was a doting father who never corrected his wicked son Duryodhana. In spite of all these adverse conditions, Gandhari shone in the *Mahabharata* without a blemish. One cannot help but salute her.

SHADOWS OF WORDS: DEPICTING THE INNER SELF

A. Ashwini*

An autobiography is an account of the life of its writer built with the help of memory. It represents history being shared with self-centeredness and an affirmation of the person who seeks the innermost fidelity. It also characterizes the conflict in one's inner self. An autobiographer possesses a creative memory which would reiterate a balance between the past and the present. The male autobiographies are known for their focus on the success stories and history of their eras. On the other hand, women's narratives emphasize on the personal front and their relations with people. The women autobiographers differ from their male counterparts in being irregular, disconnected and fragmentary in their writing, due to which the women's narratives were uncared for and uninformed even at the great conferences and publications across the world.

In literature, the focus on female writers and their writings has been very crucial for the feminist criticism so as to oppose the patriarchal ideology. Elaine Showalter considers three different phases in the history of female writing. The first one "the feminine phase" from 1840-1880, involved the women writers adapting a male voice to survive in the patriarchal writing. The feminist phase from 1880-1920 dismissed the perception of the female position being subjugated to male

dominance. Here we can explore the writings of Amrita Pritam whose feminist ideology gave her the much required edge over the feminine writings. She tried to emphasize through her writing about the suppression of a woman and a depiction of a state of harmony in the society through equal rights to both of them. Amrita's *Skeleton (Pinjar)* reflects the patriarchal cruelty towards a helpless woman. The third and the current phase is the female phase where the woman writer contemplates on her own identity which can be noticed in Amrita's *Autobiographies, Revenue Stamp* and *Shadows of Words*.

Amrita Pritam is a creative writer and a versatile genius. Her essays, short stories, poems and novels written in Hindi and Punjabi have been translated into many regional and foreign languages. Among the contemporary Indian writers she occupies a unique position. Her determined foray into the confessional expression of herself, a sensitive soul, and the reflection on the patriarchal social constraints in a bold manner makes her different from her contemporaries. The present attempt is to understand the inexplicable ordeal of Amrita Pritam as reflected in her two autobiographies. *The Revenue Stamp* and *Shadows of Words* especially the second one, which capture her entire life into their fold. Amrita makes an honest confession of the intimate experiences of her life in her first autobiography and tries to evaluate her inner self through her second autobiography. Even a sporty reading of

* Research Scholar, Dept. Of English, Kakatiya University, Warangal

Shadows of Words suggests that all the experiences of her life since childhood have been created and lived under some shadow or another: the shadows of death, weapons, words, dreams, patriarchy, and shadows of authoritarian power, shadows of contemplation and shadows of unrequited love.

With regard to feminist methodology, a key factor in interpreting women's narratives is the legitimization given to subjective knowledge, and the space allowed for complexity and contradictions (Madge *et al.*, 1997). However recognition that women have been systematically silenced in social research is also important and it is the responsibility of the feminist researcher to make public and validate women's own experiences (Bloom, 1998, p. 144).

Amrita Pritam's autobiographies not only portray the intimate and the confessional aspects of a life full of controversies and inner turmoil, but also the existential contours of life. Depicting her philosophical bent of mind and observing her inner world through this paper, it is quite obvious that Amrita's first autobiography, *The Revenue Stamp* dwells on her psychological status as a young love-lorn writer, whereas the second one *Shadows of Words* relies on her innermost expression on her journey on the tracks of the societal rails. She tries to envisage a reflective ideology regarding her consciousness towards worldly powers, troubles and tribulations along with her inner strife to get along with the society and its people in stoic perseverance. A number of studies have shown that exploring negative events in detail is associated with psychological maturity.

Speaking about her first love, the famous poet, Sahir Ludhianvi, Amrita confesses:

'... The muddy path was totally wet with the night-shower, at places it was messy. There were around fifteen people, walking ahead and behind, among whom was the one I had been observing since last night. He just maintained silence-wherever his thin and tall shadow fell, I would quietly start walking in that shadow... Well, it was just an incident, and in my conscious mind I had never ever contemplated that in all the years to come I would have to walk along this shadow...' (*Shadows of Words*, 19)

Amrita's most powerful confession in her autobiographies is her expressing of her delicate relationship with Sahir and her unrequited love. 'The relationship of mine with Sahir Ludhianvi, cannot be defined within the confines of a relationship... Sitting among the ruins, at times in the valley of flowers - those moments came which cannot be defined in terms of relationship. There were no bodies in that relationship, only the heart, whose beat was heard somewhat by the earth and somewhat by the sky... My relationship with Sahir can be somewhat identified in this light. In that long relationship over the years, it was only the heart - which was beating through the verses...' (*Shadows of Words* 20). These verses indicate Amrita's turmoil inside her body and are a reflection of social constraints that a woman has to face in giving vent to her purely personal and private experiences. The intensity of Amrita's devotion to Sahir and her courage in resisting every pressure to deviate from her chosen way of life can be demonstrated when we see her crazy love for Sahir.

This narration gives rise to a link that the women narrators have on their narrative identity. The researchers have set up laboratories and developed ambitious programs to study the expression, development, function and meaning of the stories people tell about their lives. Internalized and evolving narratives of the self provide people's lives with some measure of integration and purpose. Life stories speak directly to how people come to terms with their interpersonal worlds, with society and with history and culture. Studies have begun to chart relations between stories, traits and adaptations in human personality, and they have shown how measures of all the three domains are needed if the personality psychologist is to provide a full and dynamic account that pays special attention to the ways in which lives and their social contexts make each other up.

Amrita tries to propagate the greatness of women through the ages, by depicting the powers of women, Gargi, Maitreyi, Anasuya, Sulabha, Madalsa, Surya-Savithri, Brahmavadini and finally the *Rig Veda's* Poetess, Ghosha Kakshavati the philosophy of Half-man, half-woman. This condition of equality between the man and the woman gradually dwindled, giving the women the devalued status that she faces today, that which was affirmed through her writings with tears. This interpretation of a woman's life travails shows a feminist perspective being accentuated in Amrita's views. She also tries to inspire the readers about the great people of India who have made their country proud through their extraordinary acts viz. Sage Vashishta, Kamadhenu, Vishwamithra, Takshila, Sumithra, Panini, Patanjali, so on and

so forth, whose prowess and extravagant worldly knowledge have created a stir among the nations.

The reader implicitly understands the essence of the depiction of Amrita's contemplation on the importance of the social relations and the bonding of the personal with the collective consciousness of the people. Here she elucidates the relationship of a human being and his transformation through his mental consciousness. She expresses her wide understanding of it by saying that the superficial knowledge of a great scholar cannot transform him into an individualized person but the awareness of the consciousness would lead him to overthrow the darkness of ignorance with the light of spiritual consciousness. It is proved more than once that through personal narratives, subjects create and recreate representations of the self within socialized contexts, and feminist researchers have therefore stressed the importance of using women's own experiences as a starting point to theorize about broader social relations and their contemplation. Women's narratives therefore shed light on the relationship between the individual and society, where collective patterns of gendered socialization emerge through seemingly personal accounts.

Indeed Bloom recognizes the crucial links between the experiences of individual women and their gender status in society, and claims that these links shift and change both in their daily lives and over the course of a lifetime. Women's narratives therefore indicate a continual negotiation and development of female identity, and expose the multiple ways such narratives function through gendered relations in everyday life.

The study of the personal narratives and life stories may not be the only royal road to understand self. But until recent years, it was the road less travelled. As more and more autobiographies are drawn down the narrative path, the researchers will continue to develop new insights and build up systematic bodies of knowledge on how the stories they tell largely determine who they are and affect what they do. All through her life, Amrita struggled to come to terms with reality and she was

certainly successful in her endeavour. Her victory over the inner conflict, no doubt was gradual but involuntary, yet, the introspection surely was a medium for Amrita to open her mind to her readers, irrespective of the controversies that lie with her revelation giving them a unique combination of a woman's mind and its self adjusting nature in the Indian society, which is the real essence of the Indian woman and her status in her country.

AS SHE GREW

Manojna Potturi*

When she first saw the world
With her two little eyes
Her fury at being awakend
Was channeled through her cries

And as she grew, she cried
Cried for a pretty doll
And as she grew she cried,
After a nasty fall

After she grew some more,
She cried for her grandfather
As she grew and grew,
What made her cry became sadder

And as she grew, she thought
She contemplated night and day

She looked back at her old woes
And scorned in dismay

As she grew, she discovered
She discovered that even though,
Her knowledge and wisdom
Very steadily were to grow,

So did those problems of hers
Incessantly persistent
Quality over quantity with the years
More to repent, more to resent

She discovered that they would never die out
But she wouldn't succumb
She would face them, without doubt
They wouldn't make her glum

* A 14 year old Hyderabad girl

THE EIGHTH ADDICTION

Kharidehal Venkata Rao*

A disciplined mind and intellect with sound thoughts and good feelings are necessary for an individual's progress. Our traditional morning prayer (*dhiyo yonah prachodayaat*) requests the Divine Power to awaken and illuminate the intellect. But what is happening to-day is that we are living life in such a way that we are losing the natural powers of the intellect.

The main reason for this is the overwhelming impact of rapidly growing technology in our lives. People's habits and ways of living have changed radically over the last few decades. It is not an exaggeration to say that no family is an exception to this phenomenon. It is not uncommon to find that visitors are unwelcome; all family members - young and old, men and women, boys and girls - are glued to the television (TV). While housewives watch the unending serials, youngsters watch sports, kids watch cartoons and elderly men watch animated debates on news channels.

Our elders say that there are seven types of addiction - playing cards, hunting, visiting prostitutes, drugs, drinking and so on. All these addictions are considered dangerous and injurious to one's health. But an even more harmful addiction is watching TV for long

hours. While the seven addictions affect only one member of the family, TV viewing is affecting all members in the family. Thus the instant entertainment provided by the TV has become the eighth addiction to many people!

What is addiction and how is it different from habit? Any act pursued with regularity is considered to be a habit. Habits can be either good or bad. Taking a morning walk, reading a book at bedtime, listening to music, etc., are examples of good habits. Playing cards, betting on horses, hunting, smoking and drinking, etc., are bad habits. A habit that is harmful to the body and mind and that affects a person physically and financially are reckoned addictions. TV viewing for long hours frequently is considered harmful and therefore comes under the category of addiction - the eighth addiction. Several scientists and sociologists have warned viewers about the TV because of its harmful consequences.

About the quality and content of the TV programs, the less said the better. Many programs, especially the serials, project and portray the ugly aspects of human behavior such as hatred, revenge, envy, jealousy, kidnapping, killing and so on. There are many viewers who feel miserable if they happen to miss even one episode of the serial. They even telephone their friends or kith and kin enquiring as to what happened in the episode they

* Writer, Hyderabad

missed. These serials are never-ending and run into hundreds and even thousands of episodes. Finding that the TV is a powerful medium that has a tremendous influence over the minds of the people, there are some who are quick to exploit the spiritual thirst of elderly men and women. The emergence of several spiritual channels in recent years proves the point. They present mythological serials that are sometimes found to be distorting, twisting and misinterpreting the original versions.

In 1978, Jerry Mander published a book *The Four Arguments for the Elimination of the Television* (Quill, New York 1978). He included several examples and experiences from his rich experience of over fifteen years in the fields of advertising business and public relations. He has carefully woven his personal experiences through meticulous research on a wide range of aspects of the TV. He says that the notion that all technologies are neutral benign instruments that can be used beneficially or otherwise is open to doubt. He effectively presented a very strong case against the TV. It should be read by all TV addicts. Mander's arguments are remarkable and terrifying, they completely undercut the usual debates and raise issues that nobody can avoid.

The first argument for the elimination of the TV is theoretical and environmental. It tries to set the framework to make us understand the place of TV in modern society. This argument is not, however, about TV itself but about the process already under way which has successfully redirected and confined human experience and therefore knowledge and perceived reality. People have been moved into such a narrow and deprived

channel of experience that TV seems useful, interesting, sane and worthwhile. At the same time, it puts people into boxes of physical and mental conditions appropriate for the emergence of autocratic control. The second argument is about the emerging controllers. That the TV would be used and expanded by the powers that be, namely, the rulers of the day, becomes inevitable. The third argument is about the adverse effects of TV on human beings, the viewers of the TV. They are as follows: a) TV hypnotizes viewers, b) TV sucks the energy of people when they watch it, c) TV brainwashes, d) TV makes viewers stuck before it like vegetables, e) TV makes one an addict, f) TV dulls and destroys the mind, g) TV makes people stupid, h) TV does not allow viewers to take their eyes off it and i) TV mesmerizes people.

When people watch TV for four hours every day and feel they cannot stop watching, it amounts to the TV programming the minds of the viewers in some way. The National Institute of Health carried out a study over a three-year period to determine the effects of TV on the body and mind. The findings were submitted to the then President of the US, who, frightened by the results, appointed a team of experts to go into these findings. The findings confirmed subsequently appeared on the front page of New York Times i) the TV is addictive, ii) is hypnotic, iii) stops thought and iv) has a brainwashing effect.

There were about twenty articles written concerning a condition called "television epilepsy" where TV viewers go into fits while watching TV. The other health-related effects pertain to vision impairment, changes in heart rate according to program

content, and some X-radiation. An extremely interesting book *The Plug-In Drug* by Marie Winn (Viking, New York, 1977) asserted that TV viewing was addictive to children and was turning a generation of children into passive, incommunicative 'zombies' who could not play, could not create and could not even think clearly, and who were growing without the basic skills.

The fourth argument shows that TV has no democratic potential because the technology itself puts absolute limits on what passes through it. In short, the content of the medium is chosen from a very narrow range of possibilities. The effect is to drastically confine all human understanding with rigid control.

Even if the above four arguments are only partially valid, there is no hesitation in saying that the TV produces a diverse collection of dangerous effects - mental,

physiological, ecological, economic and political, which are harmful at the individual and societal levels as well as the level of the entire planet Earth. Therefore, it seems logical to think that the TV should not have been introduced, or if introduced, should not have been permitted to continue to exist.

Because the TV is addictive, and because of the way the visual image is processed in the brain, it inhibits cognitive processes. It also causes sense deprivation, disorientation and confusion. It leaves viewers less able to discriminate between reality and fantasy, and between the internal and the external. In essence, it disorients the sense of time, place, history and nature.

Now that the TV is with us here for more than half a century, is it possible to eliminate it? Is it achievable? This is indeed a trillion dollar question!

PUZZLE

C.M. Mohan Rao*

We know
one plus one
is two
simple maths
we can't deny
one plus one
is three or more
depending on the situation
one plus one

* Writer, Vijayanagaram

a couple but treated as one
not casual not very very normal
but not abnormal too
and then what about
one plus one
is zero
absurd
sheer nonsense
yea yea
it is beyond sense
a puzzle
to be resolved

SRI BASAVARAJU OF RAJAHMUNDRY

D. Suryarao*

It was in the last quarter of nineteenth century that a great person was born in the house of a rich Zamindari family in Rajahmundry. I feel that the town should be renamed as Rajamahendravaram after the historical figure Rajarajanaredra. There is still a big high ground called Saranga Metta where cashew nut trees are grown.

As the boy named Damaraju Basavaraju grew up, he acquired sterling qualities of mind and heart and showed courage, sympathy and charity, At school and college he was brilliant in his studies. He was so intelligent that even at an early age, he acquired degrees and got selected as professor of English in the Arts College, Rajahmundry. He acquitted himself as a popular teacher and he was well treated by his students and colleagues. He wrote commentaries on Shakespearian dramas which was not a mean achievement. He was the contemporary of Shri Kandukuri Veeresalingam, the social reformist who was against child marriages and who encouraged widow marriages, whereas Shri Basavaraju garu was a staunch Hindu orthodox Niyogi Brahmin advocating ancient customs and observances. They wrote frequent articles in the Social Reforming Agency which was a Journal where they debated expressing their respective points of view. Later on he became

the first secretary of the Municipality of the town. He was such an honest man that when the traders of general merchandise heard the tinkling bells of the horse of his cart. they understood that the Municipal Secretary was in the cart with his servant making his usual rounds in the market of the main road, immediately they would hide anything they adulterated items like oil or ghee. The Secretary would get down, go into the shop and check the goods. If he found any oil tin or ghee tin adulterated he would order his servant to throw those adulterated goods into the gutter. That was the honesty of the Secretary. The merchants were very wary of him. The purpose of the secretary was to see that people would get good, unadulterated articles for their use. The merchants knew very well that they could not bribe him in any manner. So, they did not try to save their adulterated goods. They took care not to adulterate at all.

The Secretary owned a single-storied building in Innespet in the street opposite to Nalam's Lodge. There were two tall coconut trees on either side of the entrance steps into the house. There were two high verandas on either side of the steps. There was a room on the right side of the house in which Shri Basvaraju garu had his office. On the left side there was a very long hall in which he received his visitors who would generally be many. On the backside of the hall was another similar hall where the kitchen was and a long dining

* Writer, Vijayawada

table with many chairs. On the right side of this hall, some suitable space was set apart where Shri Basavaraju garu worshiped Lord Shiv. He wore Shiv Ling round his neck. Clad in pure white dhoti and white shirt and a black coat he used to keep a watch in his shirt pocket with silver chain attached to it so that he could easily know the time.

Usually, he received visitors in the morning and having slept for some time after lunch, he would go either to the college or to the Municipal Office. His usual visit in the market would be late in the evening.

His father, Shri Sanyasiraju was a District Judge at Kakinada, the District Headquarters of East Godavari District. His Judgements were based on a sense of justice and humanity. People were satisfied with his judgements. In many cases, he would try to adjudicate outside the court. He was pious and had immense faith in God. His son, Shri Basavaraju inherited these great qualities of his father. These great qualities of piety, justice and humanity were characteristics of their lineage.

The great Zamindars of Rajahmundry do not exist now. Only their memories remain forever as the swift flow of the river Godavari and the beautiful sky with the shining colourful rays of the Sun reflected in the river and the land beyond the river. Shri Basavaraju got his tobacco from the islands of the Godavari and had his cigars made by a special servant, and enjoyed puffing them while talking leisurely with his visitors and friends before going to sleep in the night. He was kind enough to give a few cigars to his servants and the cart man.

He was generous enough to have two or three young boys fed and educated freely in his house. Never a day passed without his giving alms to the poor and the needy.

On her death bed his wife took a vow from him that he would marry again in order to have sons or daughters. Accordingly he married again as he had promised his dying wife. He married a girl much younger and unfortunately he developed a deep wound in his leg and the doctors advised amputation of the leg. But he did not want to live without a leg. Shri Nidamarti Durgaiyah garu, an advocate who often visited him advised him to agree for amputation. But Shri Basavaraju pleaded with him that he could never like to see himself handicapped. Soon the leg got infected. His second wife was pregnant in her seventh month. Shri Durgaiyah garu was near him. He was asked to write out what gold and other ornaments were in the house and also to write that if a boy was born he should be given the house and all gold and ornaments and if a girl was born only the gold and ornaments should be given to her and the house given away for charity. Having made these arrangements, he breathed his last while lying on the bed in a cart held high by four strong iron chains in the upper storey of the house. He was only forty two years of age. Later a boy was born to him and Shri Nidamarti Durgaiyah garu carried out the responsibility laid on him by his dead friend and gave the house, gold and ornaments. He also named the new born baby Basavaraju. The desire of the first wife of Shri Basavaraju garu was fulfilled. People still remember the charitable nature of Zmindar, Shri Damaraju Basavaraju garu. A paragon of virtue.

SUBBI

(Rendered from the original Telugu story into English by the Author)

Palagummi Padma Raju*
(1915 - 1983)

After a pleasant tour in the summer vacation with some of his friends, Jagannadharao came home for only a week's stay before having to go back to college. He was the only son of his old parents, and it was not just his sense of duty that brought him home but also his innate desire to be in his native village for however short a time, for he knew he was always happy with his father and mother.

A youth in the early, inconsolable twenties, he had been experiencing a strange malady, and this malady gripped him rather firmly. The one thing that worried him most was that, while many of his class fellows were married, had wives, and some had children too, and had houses of fathers-in-law as a vacation resort, with all the consequent excitement, and if nothing else, the excitement of having plenty to eat and nothing to do, his

own father most disconcertingly turned away every match that came his way, however beautiful the girl and however tempting the dowry. One day he actually approached his father, with a pretence purely of being disgusted with this uncouth treatment meted out to his prospective fathers-in-law, and said,

"Father, why not accept some match or other? Everybody seems to think we are waiting for a bigger dowry." His father smiled good-humouredly, as if accepting that the conjecture was not far wrong, puffed away the seriousness of the situation with his cigar-smoke, and asked, "Where is the hurry?" Then twitching his eye-brows into a more serious pose, he took another puff at the cigar, and added, "We can wait till your education is finished. Can't We?"

Jagannadharao could not proceed any further without letting out his own secret anxiety to get married, and he was by no means inclined to do this. So he said, "You know best, father," and left it there-though he had no doubt at all that in this matter it was he himself who knew best.

The mere sight of a woman was enough to disturb him. He became awkwardly self-conscious whenever he met one. Unending was his toilet every day. When he dressed to go out, he would adjust the folds

* In connection with the birth centenary year of the author, a *Sahitya Akademi* awardee, we reprint his story *Subbi* published in the January edition of *Triveni* in 1939, considered his first story written in English. A College teacher of chemistry, he was a writer, playwright, novelist and critic. His story *Cyclone (Gali Vaana)* brought international fame to Telugu story by winning the second prize at the competition held by New York Herald Tribune in 1952 out of 59 entries received worldwide. First Prize not announced. He translated his stories into English himself.

of his dhoti a thousand times, would take care to raise the collar of his shirt, would look into his face in the mirror to make sure which expression of the lips would lend an air of seriousness to his person. He would walk uneasily in the street, fearing that others might deem his gait inartistic. He never doubted that every girl was scanning him with her eyes from head to foot, was observing the colour of his shirt, and his manner of wearing the dhoti.

And now there was Subbi-who seemed always to look at him with devouring eyes.

He knew Subbi from her very childhood. She was an orphan girl brought up on the verandah of his house. He remembered her mother, a servant of his household, who died when this girl was barely three years old. Subbi herself had been a very faithful servant of the household for some time now, and nothing about her had hitherto struck him as noticeable or peculiar. But now there was a difference. Subbi had grown up! And he was actually attracted by her! He would gaze perturbed at her beautiful limbs that seemed to swell out of her insufficient rags. He knew she was taking notice of him. Of course she did not smile or screw up her left eye mischievously as he read of more well-bred girls doing. But he was sure of this, that she looked up to him with profound respect and admiration. She was incapable of showing anything more than admiration in her eye-young, foolish and untrained in such situations as she was.

One evening, his father had gone to some neighbouring village on his business, and his mother was busy in the kitchen. Subbi was all alone in a secluded corner of the house

with a heap of rice before her, picking out small stones. Jagannadha rao made bold and went near her. She looked up at him and then timidly let down her eyes. He felt encouraged and touched her on her bare shoulder. Both of them experienced a sudden thrill course through their bodies. At that moment he fancied that he heard some noise outside and hurriedly came out. But as he found nobody there, he mustered courage and went in again.

As for Subbi, nobody had touched her on her bare shoulder so tenderly and the sensation was by no means unpleasant.She yielded.

Soon the vacation came to a close and Jagannadharao returned to his college. Subbi was not intelligent enough to look deeper than into the immediate future. She knew only two things: firstly, that she should keep secret as long as she could the fact of her having conceived; and secondly, that she should attend to her daily duties despite the strain it meant to her in her condition.

But she could not conceal the fact of her being pregnant. She did not know what to do with the increasing evidence which her body put forth. This became unmanageable and everybody could see clearly what the matter with her was.

Ratthamma, Jagannatharao's mother, called her one day to her room and asked her, with more than motherly tenderness, "Tell me who it is that seduced you, you foolish girl. Tell me his name. We shall force him to make amends for what he has done to you." By now, Subbi understood another thing that she should only weep without muttering a single

word when anybody was so kind as to question her regarding this affair!

The news soon spread like smoke, but nobody connected Jagannadharao's name with Subbi's affair. He had been in the village only for a week, and nobody even remembered that he had been there this vacation.

When Subbi began to weep, Ratthamma's tender feelings were touched and she patted the unfortunate girl, and asked her not to weep, and almost assured her that she need fear nothing. The good old lady approached her husband and told him all about poor Subbi. Venkayya was alarmed at this information and hurriedly said, "Send the wretch away from the house and be done with it. The jade! She ought to have known better." Ratthamma pleaded, "You see that she is an innocent, poor little thing. And what is the use of driving her out? She would only get more lost. Some vagabond has duped her and she has to suffer all alone, poor thing."

Ratthamma had brought up Subbi from the days when she was a tiny tot, and had developed an affection for Subbi's simple innocence. But Venkayya was incapable of making any allowances, especially in matters like these. He got up from his cot a little irritated, not with Ratthamma but with the situation itself.

"Drive her out," he repeated. "She ought to have thought twice before she allowed herself to be duped. How can she expect us now to keep her in the house as usual?"

Ratthamma got enraged against the male species, and the signs of irritation were

prominent in her eyes. She raised her voice suddenly and said defiantly, "What can men understand about the difficulties of women? The fellow who spoils her walks about the streets like a prince, and this poor wretch has to put up with it all. God himself is partial to men. I cannot ask her to go away. You can neck her out yourself if you are so particular." She grew very excited, and Venkayya was utterly disarmed. He said indecisively, "What can we do then? She has brought it down upon herself."

"Yes, but where is the harm if we keep her in the house? She is no relative of ours, and people cannot possibly find fault with us. It is a bit of generosity that we are showing, and generosity never goes without its reward. She has grown up under this roof and therefore let her continue to be here."

Venkayya did not say anything just then but walked out, frowning as if the whole business was muddled by the wife and rendered too difficult for him. Ratthamma, of course, took it for granted that her husband's permission was as good as given for Subbi to continue to serve in the household.

So Subbi continued to live with them, and she got on quite well indeed, with the unfailing attention of Ratthamma on the one side compensating for the utter disgust of Venkayya on the other. Though Venkayya could not express himself strongly, he frequently lost his temper over trifles. This only resulted in Ratthamma sticking to her resolution more strongly and in her taking even greater care of Subbi as if to shield the girl from the growing wrath of her husband. In short, Ratthamma treated Subbi as if she were

a daughter come from the husband's home to the mother's for the confinement.

Ratthamma had faint recollections of all that preceded the birth of her one child, Jagannadharao. It was a unique experience for every woman. There would be a strong desire to eat special dishes, but nothing finally would please the palate. There would be moments when the whole world would seem loaded with despair. An extreme tenderness of spirit would be induced even in the wildest-tempered woman. Men too would regard a pregnant woman with more than ordinary tenderness. She would be conspicuous, and would herself quite unconsciously assume an air of self-importance above all the people in the household.

Though Subbi asked for nothing, Ratthamma cooked for her a variety of puddings; and whether Subbi liked them or not, Ratthamma derived the utmost satisfaction that she was performing the sacred duties of a mother towards this fallen woman.

In course of time Subbi gave birth to a male child. The child was very good-looking and plump. Ratthamma's heart over-flowed with pleasure when she saw the child, and she was tempted to take the child immediately in her arms, though she did not do so in fact. For twenty years now the rafters of this house had not heard the first shrill cry announcing the arrival of a new member of the species, and it did not matter to Ratthamma whose child it was that now renewed the cry. In fact, she did not pause to think that the child was an illegitimate one, the fruit of an inexcusable breach of good conduct on the part of Subbi. Ratthamma tried to make Subbi confess at

least at this stage who the father of this buxom baby was. But Subbi repeated the same old trick of weeping without a word.

One day Venkayya called his wife aside and said, "What has happened has happened. I think at least now we can send her a way. The difficult time is over and she can take care of herself now."

"That is exactly why we need not," replied his wife. "We allowed her to give birth to the child under our roof. And now, why should we send her away? She will not repeat the mistake, now that she knows what she has to put up with."

The child grew up in a shabby cradle in the verandah and all his lullabies were from the crows in the day-time and the rats at night. The child was however perfectly satisfied with his surroundings and scarcely cried except when hungry.

It was more than a surprise to Jagannadharao to find a baby of three months in the verandah when he came home for the next summer vacation. He approached his mother and asked her in a doubtful voice, "Whose child is it, mother?" "Our Subbi's," replied his mother.

For the first time in his life, Jagannadharao realised that women, as a result of certain experiences, gave birth to children!

"You know she is foolish," Ratthamma went on, slicing the potato, "and some villain has done this mischief to her. And poor woman, she conceived. Father wanted

to drive her out of the house, but I persisted in helping her. And she gave birth to this bright little thing in our own house."

She then began to generalise about the heartlessness of men and about the sympathy and generosity that women alone were capable of. But Jagannadharao understood not a word of it. The one fact that Subbi had become the mother of a child stood like a nightmare before him.

The same evening, Ratthamma was going to the well, carrying a brass vessel, and she had to cross the verandah. She saw two figures faintly, a little distance away, in the courtyard, and heard something like a murmur and a sob. She paused a little and listened attentively.

Don't weep. Here, take this rupee and buy something for the child. Why do you weep? I know it is my child. I will help you. Don't be afraid. You see, I.... She could easily recognise the voice of her son. And the two figures were Jagannadharao and Subbi! Involuntarily she dropped the vessel to the ground. At the clink of the vessel, Jagannadharao and Subbi separated and disappeared.

Oh, what was this that had happened? She had never thought of this possibility! Her son! Her own dear son! How could he have done such a horrid thing? She had paid too dearly for bringing up a street-wench in her house. The rogue! These wretches had no gratitude. It was Subbi that had seduced her son! She had all the while tended a venomous snake with her own hands. She never thought her own kindness would ultimately bring about

this danger to her son. She once thought Subbi was foolish. But now she knew better! Subbi must have always known those vile tricks with which to dupe innocent young fellows like her son! What a fine pretence the jade kept up all the while! What horrid things these low-born women were capable of!

She ran to her husband's room and broke out into a loud wail, as if the very foundations of the earth had been shaken. "Everything is finished" You must come at once! All is lost! All is lost!

Venkayya came out, and Ratthamma told him what she had overheard. Venkayya lost his balance of mind; he could not think sanely-but that was only for a moment.

He called for his son and for Subbi, but he could not extract anything at all from either of them, in spite of his assumed seriousness. Subbi continued to weep silently, and Jagannadharao kept silent with a frown on his forehead.

Venkayya then called his son into his room, made him sit down beside him, and cajolingly begged of him to reveal the truth. For a long time Jagannadharao denied all knowledge of the affair, but when his father tenderly persisted and assured him that he need not fear any evil consequences, he nodded his head and accepted his role in the drama under review.

Ratthamma held her hands tightly against her temples. She felt disgusted with herself for the unbounded kindness she had shown Subbi while Subbi was pregnant. She had been rightly fooled. This wench knew

everything, but kept quiet; and she was misled about Subbi's real nature. Subbi had successfully played upon the innocence of her son. The wretch! "Get out of this house," she roared. "Get out of my sight. We did not know that you were such a vile creature."

On the other hand, Venkayya was now sure that there could not be a more foolish creature than Subbi. The really clever ones, among whom his wife was classing Subbi, the street type, knew only too well how to deal with such a situation without letting it come to such a pass as having to give birth to an illegitimate child. "Let her stay now, the poor girl," he said, hesitatingly, "and we will think out afterwards what to do with her."

When he knew it was his own son that was responsible for the birth of this child, he was himself seized with a sense of moral responsibility, and could not see the victim driven out without home or prospect. But Ratthamma was stubborn. She kept on saying, "No, she cannot remain any longer in my house, after what she has brought down upon us."

"She was only foolish, you know," pleaded Venkayya. "Let her stay for the night. We will send her away tomorrow. Where can she go in this darkness now?"

He remembered the days of his own youth. Though nothing of this sort had befallen him, he knew that was merely luck, and he realised that nobody need be blamed in matters like this. People lost all foresight in the blinding instinct of the moment. His son was just as human as himself or as any other person that walked this globe. And Subbi was human too,

and not so wily as his wife now imagined her to be.

But Ratthamma broke into a fury. "You can build a palace for her if you like, but I cannot go on living under this roof with her. Either she or I must leave this house immediately. You can keep her if you are so particular. My word has never prevailed in this household, and what more can I expect now when both father and son are against me?" She was almost weeping, and Venkayya was again disarmed. He did not want to raise a family feud on account of a stupid little creature like Subbi, and so he said at last, addressing Subbi, "Go away to your grandmother's place." And he took out some money from his cash box, and added, "Here, take these twenty rupees with you."

He threw two ten-rupee notes in her direction, as if in disgust; but Ratthamma snatched them away, saying, "Why these twenty rupees? She has already enjoyed much more than she deserves at our expense. We need not give her anything now." Poor Subbi had to leave the house, in that dark, chill night, with her child.

Venkayya did not sleep well that night. He kept thinking of poor Subbi and her ill-clothed baby. Next day he enquired about Subbi's whereabouts, and went personally to a neighbouring village where she was reported to be, and gave her not just twenty rupees but a great deal more. And when Subbi started weeping, he not only assured her that he would look after Subbi's child as the child grew up, but even promised to take Subbi back into service as soon as he could pacify the good old lady at home!

TUSNI BHAVA IN ACTION

Siluveru Sudarshan*

Oriental scriptures including *Gita* advocate performing actions, without engrossed with the idea what one gets in return to performed actions. "Actions for action's sake" should be the motto of an ideal performer of the action. This is based on tested psychological principle, viz., thinking of results before and during the action, dissipates attention of the performer compromising the quality of the outcome of action; instead one-pointed attention to the job at hand, putting maximum quality efforts, ensures success by passing the possible chances of errors of performance. Moreover, the fruits of performed action depend upon more than the one factor of performer's performing, on which the performer may not have control. That is why psychologists advise not to get lost ruminating the possible outcome of reward of the action.

"Your right is to work only and never to the fruit thereof. Be not instrumental in making your action bear fruit, nor let your attachment be to inaction".

When one goes on performing works keeping in view the above stated advice a time comes when doing the works on the basis of duty and societal responsibility instead what he gets out of it, it volutes into *Yoga* of equanimity bypassing the boundaries of duality nature of mind-psyche ushering divinity

in the performed action - it becomes divine act. Because, transcending the duality nature of mind is *Samadhi*, which ere-long transmutes into second-nature, *Swabhava* of the performer. It, in *yoga* parlance, is called *Sahaja-Samadhi*. The same outcome has been predicted scripturally: "A r j u n a , perform your duties established in *yoga*, renouncing attachment, and be even-minded in success and failure; evenness of mind is called *yoga*".

Human personality by nature is composed of dualities of life at perceptual level as health and disease; mental level as likes and dislikes; intellectual level as gain and loss; reward; punishment etc. and subconscious level as remembering and forgetting.

The dualities of life arise because of *Samskaras*, *karmic* action-reaction impressions stored on casual body and released for *Bhoga* i.e. for "Living - as Life" on the continuum of time-space-causation, as age of the person is rolled out. These reactive - impressions dole out for suffering as miseries and happiness, as the case may be. This is the future of normal worldly oriented person. This feature of duality of mind-psyche, also leads to transmigratory life after death. The vicious cycle of life and death for individual self called as *Jiva* continues till he realizes his eternal nature of self as "soul/ *atman*", the absolute self, *parabrahma* which is eternal,

* Writer, Hyderabad

never born never dies, beyond the time-space-causation, manifesting in him as pure existence-consciousness-bliss (*sat-cit-ananda*), as he, himself alone. When man suffers the blows of vagaries of lie, he tries to think of the ways and means to go-beyond, his present ephemeral, ego oriented transitory life of self and searches for a guide, the *Guru* who can take him to the absolute consciousness, the state of birth and deathless existential eternal life by merging in parabrahma, the reality of self, atman. In this process he experiences and lives the life of *Tusni Bhava* or *Nirliptata*. A mode of neutral existential life characterized by simple, calm, joyful, contented life of reaction less active life, that is, the acts to the situations without any

reactive impressions left in mind-psyche without any feeling of knowledge or ignorance; peace or restlessness. Thus, this mode of *yoga* of neutrality helps in preventing the residual *karma* as *prarabdha*. Eliminating *Karma* as the base of future transmigration life. This is moksha as defined in *Sastras*.

We are worshippers of the 'I', worshippers of the false ego, principles, false personality, which in fact is the one thing that has to be got rid of, that has to be known to be spurious, as counterfeit, a thief. This is the task to be done. It is the first truth to be realized - that we are caught in the grip of our false self, which is preventing us from getting at the treasures that are always right there.

Swami Chidananda

INDIA'S MESSAGE

Pronab Kumar Majumder*

India's message is to live
And let live And give and receive
What are the best, the peace--
Gautam Buddha of India
Ambassador of peace ambrosia.

Mahatma Gandhi modern ambassador
Of peace through India's Time Corridor

* Poet, Special Secretary to Govt. West Bengal
(Retd.), Editor, *Bridge-in-Making*

May be his life fell to cruelty --
Price peace always has to pay
Its ultimate victory is sure someday.

It is not that only weaker Nations
Seek peace as their sustaining solutions
True, it is more effective
when powerfals ask for it --
India is powerful and peace is the message
Which it practised through long ages.

BOOK REVIEW

KALEIDOSCOPE compiled and published by Laxman Palsikar, Ph.D, Courtesy Indian Institute of Management & Commerce, Hyderabad.

The book is rich and replete with the vignettes of 210 tall Indians, whose immortal reputation resonate and reverberate in the history and culture of India. The compilation of the brief biographies of these 210 celebrities and high achievers brings out through succinct narratives their devotion, dedication, triumphs, failures, hardships and commitment to perennial values of not only their personal lives but of society and the nation and thus embellishing the glory and greatness of this country. The range, campus and depth covered in the selection of the personalities are indeed of 'Kaleidoscopic' vision and relevance.

Glimpses about the internationally acclaimed great mathematician cum astronomer Aryabhatta (476 - 550 CE), Sushrutha, surgeon and physician (6th century B.C.) Chattrapathi Shivaji Maharaj (1630-1680) and Nobel Prize Winners from India and of Indian origin, revolutionaries, freedom fighters, statesmen, social reformers, outstanding personalities from the fields of literature, music, science and saints and philosophers and politicians adorn the pages of this book. The names include Mahatma Gandhi, Sardar Vallabhai Patel, Jawaharlal

Nehru, C. Rajagopalachari, Tanguturi Prakasam and Neelam Sanjeeva Reddy. Stalwarts from fine arts, music, dance and literature include Udayshankar, Birju Maharaj, Kalidasa, Tulasidas, Thyagaraja, Lata Mangeshkar.

The style of writing is simple, descriptive and makes easy reading. The factual information enriches the portrayal besides arousing interest for further reading. Here we have the vast and variegated panorama of role models with multifaceted greatness enriching their personalities.

This book when read, particularly by students and youth, will positively impact, motivate and guide them to develop and achieve a sterling character, honesty and develop altruistic spirit of service to society and the nation.

It was James Boswell who gave to the world in 1791 the great biography of Samuel Johnson, a renowned lexicographer and a great man of letters. In 1918 Lytton Strachey came out with his work Eminent Victorians in this genre of writing. This book was characterized by its factually accurate details and artistic prose. The book under review, Kaleidoscope, by Dr. Laxman Palsikar, it is hoped will become a trend-setter in this genre of literature.

A.Venkata Rao I.P.S., (Retd.),

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SACHITRA SRI VISHNU
SAHASRANAMA STOTRAM
(Bhishma Gita)- Script by K.Venkata
Rao, P.S.K. Prasad, and sketches by
K.V.Bhima Rao, Pages 277, Price Rs 700.
\$40, Printed and Published by K.V.Bhima
Rao, H.I.G. 75, A.S.R Nagar, Hyderabad,
500 002.

These are two valuable books that elevate the human mind and help readers to lead a life of peace, happiness and attain spiritual satisfaction. The highlight of these books is the presentation of thought each stanza, sloka or nama contains through stylized drawings in colour, picturing the divinity they represent. The brief annotations in Telugu, English and Hindi in the first book; in Telugu and Hindi in the second reach out to a wider reading public.

There is no Indian who does not chant *Hanuman Chalisa* wherever he is, whether in India or abroad. Similarly there is no Indian or foreigner who does not know about the epic *Mahabharata* which contains *Vishnu Sahasranama* revealed by Bhishma lying on the bed of arrows at the end of the epic.

The modern saint Tulasidas created an opportunity to the common man to attain perfection in his life by singing the glory of Rama Bhakta Hanuman who attained immortality by his devotion to Sri Rama, the very incarnation of Lord Sri Maha Vishnu in human form. Hanuman is not just a *vanara*. He is the worshipful deity to the most pious, perfect, the realized, the knowledgeable and the enlightened of the human kind over the ages. Tulasidas made Hanuman the household deity and brought Him closer to the young and old.

The *Vishnu Sahasranama* releases man from the bonds of mundane life and paves the way for salvation. Each name of the Lord is a divine form. Each word and name is a potent mantra. The thousand names in truth represent numberless names and the all pervading universality of Lord Sri Vishnu and describe what He is. His nama japa cleans the mind and clears the way for realization of God.

The illustrations of Sri Bhima Rao help the reader to visualize the divine form of the Lord. What Tulasidas did to Hanuman in song, Bhima Rao did for Vishnu in painting to bring them nearer to the seeker. The attempt by itself is a stupendous task, a yagna. Hats off to Sri Bhima Rao and the script writers. The readers of these sacred books are beholden to them for their noble gesture. The books are a must in every household.

D.Ranga Rao

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The following is the list of Donors/ Members who have joined the TRIVENI family during April-June 2015. The TRIVENI FOUNDATION welcomes them.

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TRIVENI FOUNDATION