

ISSN 0041-3135

RNI No. 25269

TRIVENI

(Estd : 1927)

INDIA'S LITERARY AND CULTURAL QUARTERLY



Vol: 86

JAN.-MAR. 2017

No: 1

Rs. 20/-



Mangalampalli Balamurali Krishna
(6 July 1930 – 22 November 2016) was an Indian Carnatic vocalist, musician, multi-instrumentalist, playback singer, composer, and character actor.

TRIVENI FOUNDATION
(Publishers of TRIVENI QUARTERLY)
12-13-157, Street No. 2, Tarnaka, Hyderabad - 500 017

*Wishes all its Readers,
Members and other well - wishers
a Happy &
Prosperous New Year 2017*

TRIVENI
INDIA'S LITERARY & CULTURAL QUARTERLY

VOLUME: 86

JAN.-MAR. 2017

NUMBER: 1

Founder Editor:

Kolavennu Ramakotiswara Rao

Former Editors:

Dr. Bhavaraju Narasimha Rao

Prof. I.V. Chalapati Rao

Editor:

D. Ranga Rao

Dr I. Satyasree

Advisory Board:

Prof. Gangadhar Gadgil (Mumbai)

Dr. Prema Nandakumar (Trichy)

V. Sivaramakrishnan (Mumbai)

Manoj Das (Pondichery)

M.V.R. Sastry (Secunderabad)

N. Sitarambai (Hyderabad)

Printer:

Prof. Y. Sreedhar Murthy

Publishers:

The Triveni Foundation (Regd.)

12-13-157, Street No. 2,

Tarnaka,

Hyderabad - 500 017.

Ph: +91-40-27014762

Email: trivenijournal@yahoo.com

Website:trivenijournalindia.com

**THE TRIVENI SYMBOL**

Padma (the Lotus) represents the purity of love, *Jyoti* (the Flame) the light of Wisdom and *Vajra* (Thunderbolt of Indra) the splendour of power.

TRIVENI is devoted to Art, Literature, History and Culture. Its main function is to interpret through English the creative writing in different languages of India to the people of all States and to the world outside.

Original articles pertaining to literature, art, history, culture and of general interest (other than political) are considered for publication in **TRIVENI**. Articles should be brief and typed in double space, on one side only. **The soft copies of the articles can be emailed to trivenijournal@yahoo.com.**

Individual Membership:	India&Nepal	Others
Annual Membership	Rs. 200/-	(US \$ 20)
Life Membership	Rs. 2,000/-	(US \$ 200)
Donors	Rs. 5,000/-	(US \$ 500)
Patrons	Rs.10,000/-	(US \$1000)

Institutional Membership:		
Annual Membership	Rs. 500/-	(US \$ 50)
Life Membership	Rs. 5,000/-	(US \$ 500)
Donors	Rs. 10,000/-	(US \$1000)
Patrons	Rs. 25,000/-	(US \$2000)

Annual subscriptions will be effective for one year from the date of receipt (i.e. 4 issues). Remittances are to be made in favour of **TRIVENI FOUNDATION** by Money Order, Bank Draft or Local Cheque (A/c. payee) on any Scheduled bank in Hyderabad. No out-station cheques can be accepted.

ADVISORY COUNCIL

Sri. M.L. Swamy (Engineer in Chief, Retd, A.P.: Presently in USA)
Sri R. Prabhakara Rao, IPS (Retd) (Former Director General of Police, Andhra Pradesh)
Dr. V. Kondal Rao (Chairman, Jayanthi Trust, Hyderabad).
Sri M. Gopalakrishna IAS (Retd), Hyderabad.
Sri A. V. Appa Rao (Chief Engineer (Retd.) Hyderabad)
Dr. Vijay R. Kolavennu (San Francisco, USA)

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Prof. Y. Sreedhar Murthy (Managing Trustee)
Sri. B.N. Murthy (Secretary & Treasurer)
Dr.A.P. Ranga Rao (Member)
Prof. P.S.Sarma (Member)
Dr.J. Bapu Reddy, IAS (Retd.) (Member)
Prof. G. Surender Reddy (Member)
Sri A. Venkat Rao, IPS (Retd.) (Member)
Sri.V.Vijaya Kumar (Member)

TRIVENI QUARTERLY

Advertisement Tariff

	Per Insertion	4 Insertions
4th Title cover page	Rs.20,000	Rs.60,000
2nd and 3rd Title cover each	Rs.10,000	Rs.30,000
Inside Full page	Rs. 5,000	Rs.15,000

Payments may please be made to **TRIVENI FOUNDATION**
 12-13-157, Street No. 2, Tarnaka, Hyderabad - 500 017, Ph: 27014762.

CONTENTS

		Page No.
Triveni Saga	D. Ranga Rao	7
Mother	C.M. Mohan Rao	8
Adavi Bapiraju: The Poet ...	Dr VVB Rama Rao	10
What A Dream!	Dr J.Bhagyalakshmi	14
Gender Sensitisation	Dr I. Satyasree	15
Khasa Subba Rau: A Great Crusader ...	T. Siva Rama Krishna	18
Buddha	Source: Internet	20
In Times Of Siege' - An Alalysis	N. Satish Kumar	21
Girls Ought to have Two Homes	Sivakami Velliangiri	25
Bapuji, How Lucky Will We Be	KSN Murty	26
Attitude	Source: Internet	28
R. K. Narayan And Mikhail Bakhtin ...	E. S. S. Narayana Trimurthy	29
P.V. Rajamannar	Prof. T Visweswara Rao	33
Rocky Couple	Tenneti Venkateswara Rao	37
Churning	Neelam Saxena Chandra	38
On The Importance of A (Good) Tagline	Prof. G. Surender Reddy	39
Harper Lee's 'To Kill A Mockingbird' ...	Chaitanya Gadhiraaju	41
Immortal Tagore?	Rajat Das Gupta	46
Can I Make My Way Back Home	Jean Ann Owens	47
The Joy Of Inconvenience	Anchit Mathur	48
Golden Article		
The Essentials of Karnatic Music	Hari Nagabhusanam	50
Book Review		63
Readers' Mail		64

TRIPLE STREAM

TRIVENI SAGA

D. Ranga Rao

Change is the law of nature. Also of life. Change keeps things moving and growing while the basic principle of existence remains firm. This perception is most true in the case of *Triveni*, the literary and cultural journal which has been making its presence felt every year since 1927. During nearly ninety years of its existence generations have changed, life styles have changed, values have changed, mentalities have changed and tastes too have changed as well as communication technology. Though the persons and places connected with the journal changed the principles on which the journal was established have remained intact. *Triveni* has stood the test of time overcoming many obstacles in its long journey. It goes to the credit of the men, who with a head and a heart, managed the journal with a deep sense of dedication and a spirit of sacrifice to run it successfully in their time.

Triveni was first conceived in the year 1927 by Sri Kolavennu Ramakotiswara Rao, an idealistic intellectual, a patriot, a freedom fighter, a literary journalist and a Gandhian. Those were the fervent days when people were fired with patriotic zeal and the country itself was passing through a significant phase of nationalism. The fervour for self-

expression was foremost in the minds of the men of letters on the literary scene.

Sri Kolavennu Ramakotiswara Rao (1894-1970) belonged to Narasaraopeta of Guntur district, A.P. He left his job as the Principal of the National College, Masulipatam on moral grounds and concentrated on his pet project, the launching of *Triveni* "to interpret the Renaissance movement as reflected in India". He made an earnest appeal to scholars in other linguistic areas "to write about the literary and linguistic movements to promote inter-provincial harmony and goodwill."

The first issue of *Triveni* appeared in December, 1927 from Masulipatam, eschewing politics and upholding national culture, art and literature. The national leaders, poets, philosophers, historians and artists of those times enriched the journal by contributing their articles wholeheartedly. Sri Ramakotiswara Rao faced fair weather and unfavourable winds during his tenure and the journal moved from place to place from Masulipatam to Bangalore, to Madras and back to Masulipatam. Sri Rao was jailed during this period twice for his national activities. The Silver Jubilee Number came

out in 1954 in Bangalore. Sri Ramakotiswera Rao ran the journal for nearly four decades through thick and thin.

Sri Ramakotiswara Rao had found a friend and admirer in Sri Bhavaraju Narasimha Rao (1914-1993), a native of Masulipatam who was a lover of literature. He was a publisher and owned a printing press called *Triveni*! He published books and the works of noted writers, artists and poets. He was awarded an honorary doctorate by the Nagarjuna University, Guntur, for his keen interest in literature and journalism. Sri Bhavaraju ran *Triveni* for more than thirty years, passing through a period of stress and strain. During his editorship *Triveni* celebrated its Golden Jubilee in 1978 in Madras (now Chennai).

Owing to certain constraints and tricky circumstances *Triveni* landed in Guntur into the hands of Mr. C.V.N. Dhan (C.Viswanadham) who extended his helping hand to Sri Bhavaraju in printing and publishing the journal on his own. Mr. Dhan, as his shortened name suggests, was a dashing and dynamic editor who ran his famous Ravi Tutorial College in Guntur, known for its all-round excellence as an educational institution of that kind, a forerunner of the later day coaching centres and corporate junior colleges in the State. During this period *Triveni* celebrated the Diamond Jubilee in Guntur in 1983.

After a few years with Mr. Dhan, *Triveni* returned to Masulipatam and Sri

Bhavaraju ran it again. As he was growing old he was in search of someone who would take up the journal's publication. As luck would have it he came into contact with Prof. I.V. Chalapati Rao (1923-2016) who was by then a noted figure in higher educational circles of the twin cities, as a writer and speaker. Prof. Chalapati Rao readily agreed to the proposal to edit and publish the journal. Sometime after making this arrangement Sri Bhavaraju Narasimha Rao passed away owing to a massive heart attack.

Pro. I.V. Chalapati Rao was a teacher of English, Principal of first grade Govt. colleges, Deputy Director of Higher Education, HOD of Collegiate cell, SCERT, Registrar of CIEFL (now EFLU), a gifted speaker and fluent writer. He got acquainted with Sri Vemaraju Narasimharao (1929-2008) at this time and this acquaintance proved a blessing to *Triveni*. A retired Municipal Commissioner, Sri Vemaraju was equally proficient in English and Telugu. He was a Y's Man promoting international brotherhood. He was deeply interested in literature, arts, music and dance and organized All India Music and Dance competitions every year with great success. He was a writer too and an efficient organizer. He had his office in the YMCA Complex in Narayanaguda and willingly undertook the publication of *Triveni*. Sri Vemaraju drafted the constitution of *Triveni* Foundation. The journal had a smooth run in the hands of this talented duo who worked with perfect harmony, mutual respect and understanding.

After taking charge as the editor of *Triveni*, Prof. Chalapati Rao took the help of Dr. L. Adinarayana, a teacher of English, Principal (Retd.) of Govt. P.G. College, Nizamabad as Associate Editor and Smt. I. Satyasree (now Dr.) , also a teacher of English, as sub-editor. Dr. Adinarayana was busy with his own editorial work connected with *Literary Endeavour*, a book of literary criticism which he was publishing and could not spare enough time for *Triveni*.

Prof. Chalapati Rao then invited me (The present Editor) when I was with the Eenadu TV (ETV) as the Chief Producer of an educational programme. I had retired as the Principal of Nagarjuna Government P.G. College, Nalgonda. As an ELT Specialist I was a teacher trainer and teacher educator at college and University levels. I had been on the external faculty of the Distance Education Dept. of CIEFL (now EFLU). I was also busy translating novels, short stories and other genres written by eminent writers. When the call came from Prof. I.V. Chalapati Rao I gladly joined the *Triveni* Family as Associate Editor in 1998. A few years ago myself and Dr. Satyasree were elevated as Editors. Dr. I. Satyasree is now a faculty member of the JNTU, Hyderabad.

During this period a new and welcome entrant into the *Triveni* family was Prof. Y. Sreedhar Murthy, HOD of Geophysics in Osmania University. He is a scientist and a spirited lover of art and literature. He and Mr. V. Ananda Rao admired the keen interest the aged duo evinced in managing the journal

Triveni and offered their services in digitalizing the articles of *Triveni* from 1927 to date as well as helping in conducting and bringing out the Platinum Jubilee number which came out in 2004 in Hyderabad.

With the sudden death of Sri Vemaraju Narasimha Rao in 2008, the *Triveni* office shifted from YMCA to Tarnaka where Prof. Murthy has his office. He was elected the Managing Trustee of *Triveni* Foundation. He was so inspired by *Triveni* that he turned into a publisher himself and established a Memorial Trust in the name of his father. He has already published more than a dozen standard books of literature and science.

While writing a brief sketch of *Triveni* saga and its progress, it would be proper to remember the brave hearts, the dedicated enthusiasts who helped the earlier editors in bringing out the journal and record our appreciation for their genuine interest in the project. They are Sri Burra Subrahmanyam, Sri D. Anjaneyulu and Savithri Ammal (Madras), Sri Samapathagiri Rao, Sri Masti Venkatesh Iyengar, Sri D.R. Bendre (Bangalore) and Sri C.V.N. Dhan of Guntur who spent their time and energy for a good cause.

Since the inception of *Triveni*, the office bearers as well as the contributors who sent in their articles to the journal all these years have done so for the love of it.

Though modern technology with its multifaceted communicational attractions has

engulfed the stage in all its colour and splendor, the written word has retained its charm and *Triveni* proves it. Throughout its relay race, hurdles race and nay, the steeple chase too, *Triveni* proved its durability in overcoming obstacles and adversities and has been catering

to the literary and cultural needs of the elite readers of the country over these nine decades. We are sure that *Triveni* would sustain the race with the help of the enlightened writers and the reading public.

MOTHER

(For Siri)

C.M. Mohan Rao*

Like a slim and smart lily
 Like a graceful and gracious angel
 She is lovely, lovely and lovely
 Her thoughts are simple and natural
 Her words are sweet and humble
 Her deeds are transparent and noble,
 The unique models are how and what to do
 To make one and all happy
 Her looks are full of peace and piety,
 care and love
 Driving out from her children
 Sickness and sadness, laziness and selfishness
 Anger and jealousy, a hatred and vengeance
 Negative thoughts and bad behaviour
 Her illuminating sweets smile
 Emerging from between her rosy lips
 Like a rising sun fills her children with humility
 The queen of all virtues,
 And not with comforts,
 the shadows of happiness
 But with contentment,

The eternal spring of real happiness.
 No power on earth or in heaven
 Can stop her from rearing her children
 Sturdy, wise and cheerful,
 full of common sense
 And sprit of service
 And from moulding them
 As the noble souls of the soil.
 Her concern for her offspring
 Makes her terribly furious
 Like the goddess kali
 Holding in her hands several weapons
 To tear into pieces the evil forces
 Whenever they lift their heads and
 raise their voices .
 She loves her children
 shares their joys and sorrows
 Heroes or zeros do not matter.
 Indeed she is a living goddess
 Ever eager to bless her children with bliss

She is none else but my lively and lovely mother
 Nowhere else can I find her peer

* Poet, Vizianagaram

ADAVI BAPIRAJU: THE POET ANGUISHED FOR THE FOOD-THIRSTY

Dr VVB Rama Rao*

"A poet thinks that he builds a cobweb like the spider with the thread drawn from its own self. But poets are like bees sucking and collecting honey from many a flower. Through the poet we get honey that never reminds us of the flower," said the Telugu poet Sri Sri renowned as the people's poet. The way Adavi Bapiraju responded to some incidents and his attitude in his poems, the rapidity of the flow of his pain, the similarity of thought with Sri Sri's make us believe that the two poets influenced each other to some extent. Sri Sri's statement that Bapiraju had gone through his *Mahaaprasthanam* and suggested some changes intensifies our feeling that they influenced one another. The toilers working hard are always famished ones at the bottom of society. Sri Sri's voice of pain and anguish are heard by all. But many of Bapiraju's writings remained unpublished.

Annam (basically food) makes all: *annam* as the form of the Supreme Being are sung in million voices. A poet from this culture knows and reveres this. Bapiraju expressed his feeling that food keeps alive the life breath of all. He expresses his anguish and grief, the pain of hunger in the toilers in spite of their

bone breaking toil in his poems. Many of these were not published and so are unknown.

Notice how Bapiraju expressed his feelings in the poem *Chettu Needa*, shadow of a tree about a little girl who does not have even a piece of rag to cover her shame, not to think of a shelter to put her head in:

*You are the little infant with no form
Playing with the form of the sky
The shadows of the tamarind tree are flow
of the milk ocean
The bed of the rag you sleep on is the leaf
of banyan*

For the poet this little one appeared as Lord Vishnu resting on the banyan leaf. The little one too is limitless like the Supreme Being in the sky. She lives in the open as He does. The tamarind leaves moving the sun with glow make the poet think of the waves on the ocean of milk. So much about the lodging of the little girl and God. Now notice the form or shape. The little famished girl is a bag of bones. Wouldn't this creation throw a little speck for her stomach?

Isn't this poem like a picture, no, a photograph? A tamarind tree, under it a bag of bones, the little one, with eyes sunk in the sockets, utterly helpless. These wring the heart

* ELT Professional (Retd.), Maharashtra

of the poet. After this the poet says that she is the one in penance, in the earlier life the penance heating the *yogi* to a boiling point. The writer of the article says that she would rather keep it as it is without making an effort to provide a comment. Bapiraju wrote this poem in 1935.

Some time around 1935 this poet wrote another poem about the poor - *Pedavaaru*. The idea is simple enough. Food and clothing are the bare necessities for anyone. There is anguish as to why the poor are denied these basics.

*tears of the poor
flows of blood of the affluent
faces of the poorest of the poor
the cruel claws of the rich*

Why are they poor? Are the rich and their cruelty the only reason? Cannot the affluent wipe out the poverty of the poorest? These are the thoughts of the poet. The eternal truth is that they are never fed and their clothes never knew a wash. No food, no clothing; no shade, no nest - how can these have support and some company? This is explained in the poem *Yaanaadi Athidi*, the *Yaanaadi* guest. *Yaanaadi* is the nomad ever on the move and always hungry. For him the dog is the friend and relative. His group of friends and supporters are crows and dogs.

*The dog is my friend
My equal, my guest
We are related closely*

Crows, dogs and yaanaadis.

The poet lays bare truth - for them no food is not as painful as their being treated as untouchables. The affluent have feasts and festivals of joy. They have various delicacies, dals and fries. Those who give or serve and those who eat are all rich. It is style and fashion - dignity - to serve sweets - for those come eating much is *infra dig*. Fashion it is leave food to be thrown away. Those who gulp the thrown away food are crows and dogs. It is for this reason that there is kinship between them all - crows, dogs and *Yaanaadis*. The food thrown away is mud stained and for that reason it is respected by the poor. In the leaf plates thrown away there is mud. Mud stained and soiled are curries, chutnies sweets and savouries too. Everything is soiled and mud covered. What if so? 'Isn't mud an eatable?' asks this great visionary. To write a critique or comment for these last words is almost impossible.

*Why don't these servants
Allow us to eat even the thrown away
Don't they drive us away beating and
beating?*

Even after so many kicks it is a festive day when something is gathered to eat. It is joy. This is how the poor man thinks:

*Our hair dirty and unkempt
Clothes, rags foul smelling
When all the leftovers thrown away
Are collected in a pot*

*For my woman - my child - and the baby
For me - the day is a festive day*

How could the landowner who wouldn't give us a fistful of food throw away so much half eaten! The *Yaanaadi* looks up standing far away totally surprised and not understanding. Wonders the unfed *Yaanaadi*: "For those who have eaten (half eaten) how much are the wages?" The truth-searcher appears to the poet like Arjuna thrown into helpless confusion and frailty. Bapiraju wrote this poem in 1935.

Thus anguished and disgusted the hunger-thirsty, see how the poet Bapiraju wrote about these unfed toilers. A poet, a singer, or a sculptor sings the praises of a king, a minister or a great artist or a mighty affluent but who would write about a toiler. Ruminating about this Bapiraju wrote the poem *Cooly*.

*Who ever sang even one song praising you
Who would paint, who would sculpt?*

The hands of the toiler weave many a coloured, beautiful, decorative fine cloth. But year after year he wears only the rags. For the one who builds beautiful palaces there is no shelter. For the golden hands which fill granaries before the rich houses, there would be no grain to take along with their gruel. The poet's heart weeps for the worker's ill fate that lulls him. What if no one sings? What if none notices?

*Born all by yourself and grown by yourself
You create you yourself.*

Thus praises the poet the poor toiler with his love for him. Almost the same idea is expressed by Atreya in the film song about the one riding on a car for a joy trip. Bapiraju wrote the poem about the toiler in 1946.

In the poem *Cooly* written in 1934, Bapiraju said that for the hard worker there is no food. He feels sad that the body with muscles grown strong, the one who built temples, palaces and structures there is no recognition. He praises him as god incarnate making the world so beautiful and comfortable. The one at the front in the war, the one who works to feed the hunger-thirsty, the one who protects all like father and mother becomes in the poet's eyes deathless and the form of bliss.

*Unknown labourer
Deathless are you
Never greedy to be ever living
Never becoming a slave to fame
You are the very form of bliss
Cooly! Cooly!*

Called *cooly* (wage earning labourer) and *maali* (gardener) you are the one who rules the earth. You are the one who drives enemies away. Thus the poet, patting the worker on his back, extols his service. He is the wielder of the trident, the one who sustains - time, the maker and who fills the world. He is the image of truth, the whole universe. He has no landed property of his own. Still strong abilities are his property.

Hoping for a new attitude Bapiraju wrote the poem *Jwaalalu*, flames, in 1934.

He preaches to destroy oldness and the stench in that:

*Let them fly high
Let the flames fly high
Corroded
Smelling rotten hateful old words
Old ways old ideas
Bury them deep
Let the old burn.*

New ideas, fresh flavours, acquiring new lives acquiring new existence the oldness

should be burnt. With nothing done to prevent the flames, a new age and aeon should be ushered in. The poem rouses new and fresh enthusiasm enthusing workers to rebel and revolt against old ways creating a beginning of a new era. It goes up like a spark of fire noisily hating the dirt and grime in society.

Inviting the winds of understanding, rousing and making society powerful, raising flames, ugliness has to be burnt down. This powerful message and exhortation makes the poem brave and heroic.

[Original : Dittkavi Shyamala Devi, Andhra Prabha]

WHAT A DREAM!

Dr J.Bhagyalakshmi*

I dreamt a dream for both of us
I longed to feel the night
I thought I would feel the silence
I hoped to see the stars
Then I thought of the dawn
I visualized mist around
There were blooms, pink, red, white
And of various hues
Benumbed but thrilled by dew
They were decked with tiny drops
Shining on their tender petals
Birds chirping heralding the morning sun

Still- water lake filled with lilies
What a sight indeed!
The beautiful handiwork of God
Who manifests in varied ways
To come closer to us.
Yes, that is a beautiful dream
I fondly wanted it to come true
Sometimes dreams come true
Yes, even beautiful dreams come true
Here I am living that dream
Sure, I dreamed it for both of us
But now, at this charmed moment,
I am alone pondering over
The ways of God.

* Poet, New Delhi

GENDER SENSITISATION

Dr I. Satyasree*

Jawaharlal Nehru Technological University, Hyderabad (JNTU), recently introduced a textbook, *Towards a World of Equals: a Bilingual Textbook on Gender*, with a primary focus on gender sensitisation. This is the first of its kind in India and is the need of the hour and quite relevant in the present day context. The subject is taught at the undergraduate level in engineering and pharmacy colleges affiliated to JNTUH in the II year. The main objective is to sensitise students to gender related issues.

Shailaja Ramaiyer, the Vice-chancellor in-charge of JNTU says, "Gender sensibility is an important issue. After the new textbook was introduced, there was healthy deliberation by the faculty. Some suggested that issues concerning harassment of men too need to be addressed. This kind of reaction is a healthy sign; it would have been a problem if they did not react."

Susie Tharu, a renowned author and women's rights activist, is one of the authors and editors of the textbook who says such initiatives stem from growing concerns about the way society perceives women.

Whenever a woman is being harassed or abused or attacked or victimised, the media goes into a rage and holds endless prime-time discussions and debates. However, all this dies down as quickly as it started because people's memory is short-lived. And moreover, no stringent action is taken against the perpetrators and in most cases, they go scot free. This situation will change only when both men and women are sensitised to gender justice. And this is possible only by educating students and bringing awareness in them. Firstly, the mind sets should change. It is not that a text book will bring about a drastic transformation, but this will certainly make them think and develop a positive perspective towards women's issues and aids as a tool to sensitise students to gender related issues.

In my present article, case-studies pertaining to Lakshmi, Mary Kom and Rani (a fictional character) are examined with a feminist perspective and the terms - Freedom, Equality, Identity are analysed. And finally, it is being examined as to how the 'New Woman' emerges.

For instance, Lakshmi, an acid attack victim's case, has been delineated besides Mary Kom, the most celebrated boxer, and a fictional character, Rani, from the Bollywood super hit movie, *Queen*.

*Editor, Triveni

Lakshmi - The Braveheart

This is true story of Lakshmi, who fought for: Freedom of Expression; Freedom of Action; Freedom of Thought. Lakshmi was attacked in a busy marketplace in Delhi, with acid in 2005, at the tender age of 15, by a 32-year-old man, for rejecting his advances. She was disfigured beyond recognition in this terrible acid attack. She underwent seven major operations in order to reduce the effect of the burns. She is one of those strong women who survived a gruesome acid attack. She displayed tremendous courage and determination. She turned to become a 'Stop Acid Attack' Campaigner. Lakshmi won 'International Women of Courage Award' in 2014, and it was given away by Michelle Obama. During the award ceremony, Lakshmi recited a few lines:

*You haven't thrown acid on my face;
you threw it on my dreams.
You didn't have love in your heart;
you had acid in it.*

These lines summarise the pain and agony she underwent during her struggle for survival after the acid attack. However, ultimately Lakshmi emerged as a 'New Woman' and she is an inspiration to other women, who can't fight for their rights and raise their voices against the injustices done to them. Her case proves that Indian women should exercise their right to Freedom of Expression, Freedom of Action, and Freedom of Thought and this will lead to Equality.

Being Together As Equals

'Equality' is the state of being equal on terms regarding degree, value, pay for work, and opportunity. Mary Kom is yet another shining example to demonstrate that it is possible for a husband and wife to be together as equals if they consent mutually. This also can be viewed as role reversal that reinforces the idea of breaking stereotypes.

Mary Kom's love story is now very popular. Her husband, Onler Kom says, 'I had my own destiny, but when I came to know her, it changed. It's not that she is very beautiful or that she is famous. I married her for her simplicity and her willingness to be a successful sportswoman.' He has been by his five-time World Champion wife's side helping raise their three kids. As Mary Kom is quite busy with her professional commitments, he chose to be a stay-at-home-husband. He cheerfully takes care of their three kids. Not only that, he attends all family functions and fulfils social obligations in her absence. This is a perfect example of redefining gender roles and Mary Kom emerges as a 'New Woman' by breaking the typical notion in India that a woman's place is in the kitchen and that she has to be the care-giver and the man should be the bread-winner. In the present day modern world, both domestic work and earning a living should be shared responsibilities, irrespective of gender. This will lead to an 'equal world' where men and women shoulder responsibilities without any distinction.

An Arduous Journey

The story of the National award-winning Bollywood movie, 'Queen' illustrates Rani's arduous journey and astounding growth from being an innocent would-be-bride, who is rejected by her fiancé, to an assertive young woman. Rani hails from a conservative Punjabi middle-class family, located in Delhi. After her wedding gets cancelled, she goes to Europe on a honeymoon trip, all alone. She fights for identity, struggles for equality and craves for freedom. However, she uses, never misuses, her newly found freedom, rather she tries to introspect and find 'herself'. She refuses to be a stereotype. She has an urge towards human excellence and finally she emerges as a 'New Woman'.

Emergence of New Woman

A New Woman is bold, confident and assertive. She is the architect of her own fate. She knows her strengths and fights for her

rights. She decides her destiny and chooses her own path to reach it with no male support or interference. She breaks the myth of dependence syndrome. At the same time, she is endowed with feminine qualities like love, patience, kindness, and forgiveness.

We find all three women discussed here are endowed with these qualities. Thus they are personification of 'New Woman' and we need more such women to make the Indian society an 'equal world'.

The introduction of Text Books dealing with such a subject is quite essential and appropriate in the present time, where students have to be sensitised to gender related issues and as a faculty member myself, I wish other Universities to follow suit. The bold step in introducing the text by JNTU is praiseworthy and I hope it will be an eye opener to others and makes a beginning in bringing about some worthy change in the society.

Watch your thoughts; they become words.
 Watch your words; they become actions.
 Watch your actions; they become habits.
 Watch your habits; they become character.
 Watch your character; it becomes your destiny.

- Lao Tze

KHASHA SUBBA RAU: A GREAT CRUSADER WITH PEN

T. Siva Rama Krishna*

Among our patriotic, righteous scholar-crusader-journalists of sterling character and moral grandeur, Khasa Subba Rao stands supreme. He was an ascetic artist. He brought to journalism the lawyer's fine skill in argument and the teacher's gift of exposition to serve the public. He had the strain of puritan in his composition with a lofty sense of purpose. He had transparent sincerity and singular courage. As a leader writer he wrote literature, philosophy and about high class politics. In his writing we hear the echoes of Chintamani's political vigour and vitality and Natarajan's moral earnestness and austerity. He was both an intellectual and a moral colossus.

Khasa Subba Rau was a native of Nellore. He graduated from Presidency College, Madras. He obtained a Diploma in Education. He started his career as a Head Master of a High School in Kandukur in the Nellore district. Then he came under the spell of Mahatma Gandhi, gave up his job and plunged head long into the Freedom Movement and courted imprisonment. At that time he became an inmate of the Satyagraha Asram at Pallipadu, near Nellore. There he came under the sublime influence of Sri

Digumarti Hanumantha Rao, the founder of the Asram and also a member of Servants of India Society.

After that, Khasa took to Journalism and was in Patna for a time, helping Sir Ganesh Dutt Singh edit the *Beharee*. Then early in 1923, he joined the staff of the *Swarajya* founded by Sri T Prakasam and served his chief brilliantly till the paper closed down after a glorious run of fifteen years. There his friends were K. Iswara Dutt, K. Rama Rao, and G. Krupanidhi *et al.* Then they were like Casabianacas in journalism - out of sheer loyalty to T. Prakasam. There Khasa was chief and indispensable coadjutor and moving spirit. It was reported that, Morley always felt that it was easier to rule Ireland than to manage his stead. In like manner, Prakasam always felt that it was easier to run *Swarajya* than to manage Khasa, for he was such a moral colossus. If Khasa's leader- writing made him the intellectual asset of the paper, his sterling character distinguished him as its moral asset.

Once Khasa refused to publish a speech made by Mr. Prakasam in the Assembly on the lot of postal employees, on the ground that a man, in whose office far worse conditions existed, had no right, no excuse, no moral justification to shed tears over the grievances of postmen. Thus they

* Lecturer in English (Retd.), Kakinada

shared the stress and distress at *Swarajya*. Thus through thick and thin he kept the journal going and the flag of the Congress flying.

While Khasa was with *Swarajya* he got the Pleader degree. Then after leaving *Swarajya*, he edited the *Free Press Journal* in Bombay, *The Liberty* in Calcutta and the *Indian Express* in Madras. Then, after a time he left them for good, for his own good too.

After that, in February, 1946, he founded the *Swatantra*, the English weekly. As the founder editor of *Swatantra* he was at the pinnacle of his fame and form. He ran *Swatantra* with distinction. He was an absolute, independent, benevolent dictator of an editor. He brought the thinker's original approach and the crusader's fiery zeal to the scholar's equipment and the craftsman's excellence. He had that wide knowledge of public questions and ripeness of wisdom and judgement that made editorial judgements profound.

Khasa was no respecter of personalities and individuals. In the feature *Sidelights* of *Swatantra* he wrote - "Mr. Nehru's latest feat is to accuse critics of his

pet scheme of cooperative farming of spreading lies among people. Till recently the Nehru thunder struck lightning and could make his countrymen tremble at its power and potency. But lately as a practitioner of righteousness he has lost ground."

Some of his writings show how he developed enduring friendship with Rajaji after being his trenchant critic for the role he played in the dismissal of T. Prakasam as Chief Minister of Composite Madras State.

An upset Rajaji wrote to Khasa to remove his name from the free list and save a copy of *Swatantra*. Yet, it was Rajaji who paid him the richest tribute: "Khasa had become a symbol for all and his journal was one institution of the highest national value."

His two books - *Men in the Lime Light* and *Sidelights* make delightful and instructive reading. He was generous and liberal. He was a great friend, philosopher and guide to one and all. He died in 1961. Khasa, like his confreres, lived in high honour and died with great name and fame. Khasa was one of the most fearless, frank, forthright and incorruptible editors of our annals.

The third-rate mind is only happy when it is thinking with the majority. The second-rate mind is only happy when it is thinking with the minority. The first-rate mind is only happy when it is thinking.

- A. A. Milne

BUDDHA

Once Buddha was traveling with a few of his followers. While they were passing a lake, Buddha told one of his disciples,

"I am thirsty. Do get me some water from the lake."

The disciple walked up to the lake. At that moment, a bullock cart started crossing through the lake. As a result, The water became very muddy and turbid. The disciple thought, "How can I give this muddy water to Buddha to drink?" So he came back and told Buddha,

"The water in there is very muddy. I don't think it is fit to drink."

After about half an hour, again Buddha asked the same disciple to go back to the lake. The disciple went back, and found that the water was still muddy. He returned and informed Buddha about the same.

After sometime, again Buddha asked the same disciple to go back. This time, the disciple found the mud had settled down, and the water was clean and clear. So he collected some water in a pot and brought it to Buddha.

Buddha looked at the water, and then he looked up at the disciple and said, "See

what you did to make the water clean. You let it be, and the mud settled down on its own, and you have clear water."

Your mind is like that too ! When it is disturbed, just let it be. Give it a little time. It will settle down on its own. You don't have to put in any effort to calm it down. It will happen. It is effortless.

Having 'Peace of Mind' is not a strenuous job, it is an effortless process, so keep your mind cool and have a great life ahead...

Never leave your close ones. If you find few faults in them just close your eyes and remember the best time you spent together because affection is more important than perfection!

Neither you can hug yourself or you can cry on your own shoulder. Life is all about living for one another, so live with those who love you the most.

Relations cannot be understood by the language of money because, some investments never give profit but they make us rich...! Family and friends are such investments.

Source: Internet

IN TIMES OF SIEGE - AN ANALYSIS

N. Satish Kumar*

India is known and appreciated for its mosaic culture. The diverse cultural patterns of the land are decided by different religions, castes, classes and creeds which divide the people of India into various strata. There is constantly a cultural pull, a power-play among the people of these diverse groups for their existence and in this power-play the affluent people try to occupy the centre thereby driving the weak to the periphery. This centre-margin paradigm is one of the characteristics of Post Colonial Literature which faithfully reflects hegemony and suppression co-existing in the society. The minorities are marginalized in all respects and socially committed writers give their voice against this through their literary works. Thus emerged the Subaltern Literature, which addressed the sufferings of the minority as the part of their struggle. Githa Hariharan, being a Post Colonial writer, addresses this conflict that prevails in the Indian society in her critically acclaimed novel *In Times of Siege*.

Githa Hariharan is quite aware of these discriminating pulls of the country which hinder the progress and growth of a developing country like India, and registers them faithfully in her fictional narratives. She also highlights commendably how such discriminations have a strong cultural endorsement and she raises

* Research Scholar, Andhra University, Visakhapatnam.

her voice against these discriminations. She seems to believe in the words of Gramsci who opined that "Through the existence of small and different circumstances, a larger and layered hegemony is maintained, yet not fully recognized by many of the people who live within it".

The author accentuates how Indian culture promotes the power-play and there exist always the two extreme sides - the weak and the powerful occupying the periphery and centre respectively. She utilizes the history of Arabs, to bear out the verity that weak in any respect is distorted and destroyed by the powerful in the society and the "political power can be claimed by anyone who can wield the sword that goes against the legality of inheritance to the throne. It also encourages intrigues, plots, rebellions, and assassinations of father by son, brother by brother, rulers by military commander or minister, and above all, master by servant, nay even by slave".

Hariharan lists out in her novel *In Times of Siege* several factors that bring about discrimination in the society. She unveils how cultural institutions like the *Ithihas Suraksha Manch* exploit the religious beliefs of the common people and establish hegemony. Such cultural institutions pounce on the weak and try to mop them out if they dare to question them or their beliefs. Hariharan implicates this

through *In Times of Siege*. The protagonist Shiv Murthy's history lesson invites agitation from the cultural group who call themselves as *Itihas Suraksha Manch* meaning protectors of history. They assail him for undermining Hinduism and reducing its saints to ordinary men and accuse him by calling him a traitor who is loyal to Pakistan and Muslims. It also threatens to harm his wife and daughter who are far away. The letters they sent out proclaim the hegemonic and violent attitude of the members of the *Manch*, who await the opportunity to marginalize weak persons like Shiv. He feels himself highly vulnerable and tries to take reprieve from this agonizing and dominating world to live temporarily in the calm and comforting world of the children Babli and Meena. However, he realizes that he cannot linger there for long.

Hariharan also uses this opportunity to strip the selfishness of these people who occupy the centre of the society. They, especially the president of the *Itihas Suraksha Manch*, utilize this chance to earn fame. The president also sows the seeds of violence in the society to oppress the weak and the marginalized. He tries to wake up the Hindus in the name of revival and thus paves way for agitation. Through this incident Hariharan attempts to drive home the truth that in a multicultural country like India such agitations in the name of religion can lead to chaos. She repeatedly tries to uphold her view that man is always interested to prey upon his weaker counterpart and the conflict between centre and margin is a common social and cultural phenomenon in the Indian society.

People who consider themselves superior and hence in the centre revel over all they do. They take pride even in the language they speak. Fraudley is one such creation of Hariharan who states that his language Sanskrit is a divine language. He calls it "not a dead or elitist language. It is the symbol of cultural unity, and the ancient wisdom that helps us read horoscopes. Besides, computer scientists agree that Sanskrit is the ideal language for software". Thus people at the centre strive to establish hegemony in all that they do and possess and thus ensure the maintenance of the centre-margin paradigm.

Further, Hariharan enunciates how the economic condition decides the status and locus of a person. Economically affluent people wait only for an opportunity to wield their power and are the least bothered about the weak whose life they rout in order to establish their hegemony. They can easily afford to get the economically poor to accomplish their wish. The agitators who come to destroy Shiv's room and its belongings know nothing about what they are up to. They are men hired by Arya, Shiv's colleague and through Shiv the author articulates how aggressive these hired agitators are. The agitators, besides indulging themselves in violence also contribute considerably to bring about segregation in the multi-religious community. They kindle the religious feeling in order to bring chaos in the society. Very cunning questions are put forth by them like: If the Muslims can have their fundamentalists why can't we? Have we forgotten that Hindus have stood the test of time like no one else? Our fundamentalists

have been around longer than theirs have. So we have to show the world we are superior to them in every way.

Religion is an equally delicate issue that can instill discrimination in the minds of the highly vulnerable Indian society. The politicians like Atre stimulate a breach among the people of India in the name of religion. Though people like him assert themselves to be the protectors of history, they in truth kindle discrimination in the minds of the sensitive mass. Atre is successful in arousing the minds of his members with these highly provocative words: "Texts which over emphasize caste divisions and project the Hindu religion and Hindu culture in a poor light should not be allowed.... People feel free to revile Hinduism with impunity, but they do not dare criticize Islam, because then the swords would be out".

The novelist asserts that the problem of caste prevailed in India even in the 12th century by analyzing the history of Basava, the poet of that period. Basava along with his followers, "took on the caste system, the iron net that held society so firmly in place; that reduced the common man and woman to hopeless captives". Hariharan exemplifies that caste division and discrimination are now a raging problem as in the past. Much of the atrocities are committed due to this social vice. Hariharan gives a historical account of the destruction of Kalyana which was the outcome of an inter-caste marriage between a Brahmin and a cobbler. The touchable society could never imagine "a cobbler and a Brahmin in the same bed?" As a result King

Bijjala was pressured into condemning the marriage. "He sentenced the fathers of the bride and bridegroom to a special death. Tied to horses, they were dragged through the streets of Kalyana; then what was left of them was beheaded". The poet and social reformer protested against that inhuman practice.

Foreign invasions and century old subjugation and despotism have resulted in the violent outburst of the patriotic and religious feelings in the minds of the natives. These natives repeat the act of suppression and teach the same lesson of marginalization and repression to the weak.

Hariharan uses Madhav Sadashiv, one of the Manch's members as a mouthpiece to drive home the Hindu's vehement quest to assert dominance over other minority group as a means of expressing their protest. She writes such people have the unquenchable thirst to establish Hinduism with its due respect: "Foreign races in Hindusthan must either adopt Hindu culture and language, learn to respect and hold in reverence the Hindu religion and must entertain no ideas but those of the glorification of the Hindu race and culture... or may stay in the country wholly subordinated to the Hindu nation."

Amar, one of the characters who represents how a young citizen should think in a heterogeneous country like India, expresses his anger against the intolerance shown by the majority towards the minority. He enlists, "Campaigns against Christians, the murder of Australian missionary Graham

Staines and his two children", assault on a teacher, "The disruption of the shooting of a film on the plight of Hindu widow in Benares" and as Amar says "The list is endless".

The educational system has become the constant butt of ridicule for Hariharan. Being an unbiased and socially committed teacher, she could not shut her eyes against this sacred institution that cultivates discrimination in the minds of youth, thereby paving way for this centre - margin conflict. In *In Times of Siege* which itself is a story of a professor, she voices out her protest against many of the social problems that takes root in the educational institutions. The unhealthy practice of awarding doctoral degrees to undeserving persons is attacked by the novelist through her central character Shiv. He criticizes his colleague Arya who is unjustly awarded doctorate: "Shiv still doesn't know where the man got a doctorate from, or even if he has one in the first place". He could get it just because he is politically affluent and hence in the centre. Hariharan also grouses the attitude of the teachers especially that of the historians that "many of them only edit what other historians write, the word historian- something of a touchstone, ..." and if at all anyone shows the sincerity to present the truth like Shiv, they are mercilessly abused.

The author observes how the educated elite particularly the teachers who are expected to teach the society the need for equality, spit out venom and enjoy in discriminating people and afflicting them. Dr. Arya becomes the representative of one such

teacher who very often talks about division and separation venomously and does not mind how it affects the marginalized people. Hariharan criticizes Arya for talking contemptuously about Muslims in the presence of Mrs. Khan, a Muslim secretary. She says that "Arya must remember this too, though each time he says the words 'foreigner' or 'Muslim' he spits them out like something sour in his mouth". Such words do irredeemable harm to Mrs. Khan and she goes on casual leave from the next day.

The list of oppressors of the society is also enumerated by Hariharan through Meena, a representative of the younger generation who displays some guts in fighting against these oppressive agents. Her list of discriminators goes like this: "Fundoo, fundamentalist. Fascist. Obscurantist. Terrorist. And the made in-India brand, the communalist - a deceptively innocuous - sounding name for professional other community haters".

Hariharan registers her protest against all sort of marginalizing forces and shows how they shatter the growth of a great country and split it into pieces. She fumes out "Now it is all specificities a chaos of small pictures. Only caste, or only gender or only environment. Next it will be a movement devoted just to the right to have an orgasm. All funding is for fragments of the big picture". She hammers out the significance of the people occupying the periphery and their "'little' traditions that are critical of the mainstream tradition, have also contributed to the country's social, cultural

and political life". Hariharan also cautions that when people at the centre, unmindful of the significance of the marginalized inflict subjugation, which is hard to bear on them,

they, like Shiv will take a lead to march towards the centre, thereby contributing their own share in maintaining the power struggle.

GIRLS OUGHT TO HAVE TWO HOMES

Sivakami Velliangiri*

Good people, so I do not question.
A village, the opposite of pristine:
Pigs drink from gutters.

A bridge across the Cauvery
The only sight of water:
A place out of context.

Blouse-less women
Tug their saris tight
Holding their breasts from bouncing.

Women sit on reed mats,
Men on settees. Men drink milk;
Women forgo their night cap.

A needle of glass tears my heart.
An image only, to show the inside.
I long for the mounds and drops of land.

I miss - the sweet water of rains;
The white sand strewn in temples
for the royal walk;

* Poet, Chennai

The clean white mundu of women
with wet hair.

The taste of coconut oil in my dosas;
Amma's love and Daddy's Wills
cigarette smoke;
My little brother to whom I was
Florence Nightingale.

Girls leave their maternal house;
'House!' Notice the missing home.
The bird kicks out its chicks
When they learn to fly.

Affection through dissociation
Alright Dad, enough of Gita.
No need to be cruel to be kind.

When it rains on TV,
I play Asianet Malayalam Channel,
And try to get rid of this sickness.

BAPUJI, HOW LUCKY WILL WE BE

KSN Murty*

A Clean shaved head. A high forehead. Spherical shaped spectacles. A broad and elongated nose. A confident look from wide opened eyes. A toothless smile. A half naked figure. A puny personality with bare feet and a stick in the right hand, who led the entire nation towards the common goal of independence at whom the British Empire trembled. It is none other than the father of the nation, Mahatma Gandhi.

Bapuji, you were born like all other human beings. No man is perfect in this world. You are no exception to it. Bad habits surmounted you and as a brat you puffed the cylindrical cigarette buds. You pilfered petty and paltry amounts from the pockets of your housemates to satisfy your desires. You were shrewd enough in rectifying your weaknesses. A few great people come into this mystic and materialistic world for a noble cause. Undoubtedly and undisputedly you were one among them. No doubt there was some ingrained spiritual power in you. Even you were on regular and repeated hunger strikes at an advanced age; that you walked with full vigour soon after breaking fast is an *ipso facto*. You were a man of sound common sense, impeccable integrity and robust health.

* Writer, Secunderabad

Bapuji, you gifted two tools to us. One is satyagraha and other is truth and non-violence. Our Indians quickly adapted the strike which is often being used even for insubstantial reasons. It is misused if not abused. The second is nowhere to be seen now. As per the present standards truth lost its value. Majority of the people lie even though the situation does not warrant. Particularly the politicians are topping the list of liars.

Bapuji, it will be a nightmare to you to imagine the present plight of free India. Violence is omnipresent in the present world. Violence even for trivialities has become a normal course of action. Bapuji, it is very sad to state that now a days truth, character and life have become the casualties. Nobody hesitates to commit any kind of crime. In fact, it has become a qualification to become a politician. Why brand the politicians only, everyone is provoking and practising violence. It is imperative to state *Yadhaa raajaa thathaa praja*.

Bapuji, please accept my apologies if I disclose the fact that most of the present generation does not know who Mahatma Gandhi is. Some of the younger generation criticise you for invoking non-violence and untenably argue that instead of using non-violence had you encouraged the people to

put the war of words into action we would have got independence much earlier. Had it been so, you would have remained an ordinary person and never had become a Mahatma. That is just the difference, between you and others, which makes all the difference.

Being human you seemed to have inclined to favour certain sections of society attributing that they were weak in the society. The people whom you supported turned brutal, creating panic and making the lives of the common man miserable.

Formerly 'live and let live' was the guiding principle but now the watch word is 'live like a parasite'. To lead life in this brutish and piggish world one should cultivate the art of living.

Bapuji, the present generation is devoid of patience and discipline. You had bitter experience in South Africa when you spent the whole night in the chilled winter on the railway platform without moving even an inch when you were thrown out of the compartment.

Bapuji, let me recollect an incident that happened during the British days. The British Government sent Sir Stafford Cripps to India with a sneaky proposal to get it signed by any of the top notch leaders without showing it to you. Your followers gave their ascent and unanimously and unequivocally informed Cripps that they would sign only after your formal approval. Mr. Cripps persuaded them to show it to you after signing the treaty;

but wisdom dawned on them and they stood like a rock in principle to take your approval. At last Mr. Cripps conceded. Perhaps he might have thought your approval would only be formal when the majority was in his favour. At that time, you were serving the downtrodden people in a remote sub-urban village of Pune. Mr. Sudhir Ghosh was sent to inform about the arrival of Mr. Cripps. A special train was arranged from Bombay so that you would be present at Delhi in no time. When Mr. Sudhir reached you in a hurried manner and informed about the need of your immediate presence at Delhi, you received the news in a calm and quiet manner. He was asked to stay for the night and you along with Mr. Sudhir reached Delhi after two days. When Mr. Cripps showed the proposal to you, you commented "Mr. Cripps, is this the proposal you brought all the way from London?" Then Cripps crisply replied "Yes. Mr. Gandhi". Immediately you remarked "Mr. Cripps it is better for you to take the next flight to London. We are not accepting the proposal." This speaks volumes of your perspicacity of men and matters. It is just a tip of an ice berg to speak about your will power.

Bapuji, it is pertinent to note that your first name had been adorned with 'Mahatma'. You did not become Mahatma overnight. Your life is in consonance with the dictum of Vivekananda that "glory lies in living for others and not for oneself". It is not a panjandrum. You were titled as 'Mahatma' by no less a person than Rabindranath Tagore, the universal poet. He had no need to award

such a title. A person who is no way related to you in any manner opined "Generations to come, it may well be, will scarce people believe that by such a man in flesh and blood walked upon this earth". This was remarked by no other than Albert Einstein, the world's superlative scientist.

The story of Shraavana Kumara inspired you to speak the truth, only the truth and nothing but the truth. Rama nama was always on the tip of your tongue till your last breath. Rama was your role model then. It is

being said that the last avatar of Lord Vishnu is Kalki who materializes on a white horse with a sword in his hand to uproot the bad and evil. Bapuji, your life is to preach and practise non-violence. Why don't you take rebirth as Kalki, though it might be much against your will, wish and principle?

Bapuji, you are our strength and property. We are still being respected by other parts of the world on the score that we are in the land you were born. If you take a rebirth how lucky will we be!

ATTITUDE

A German once visited a temple under construction where he saw a sculptor making an idol of God. Suddenly he noticed a similar idol lying nearby. Surprised, he asked the sculptor, "Do you need two statues of the same idol?" "No," said the sculptor without looking up, "We need only one, but the first one got damaged at the last stage..."

The gentleman examined the idol and found no apparent damage. "Where is the damage?" he asked.

"There is a scratch on the nose of the idol." said the sculptor, still busy with his work.

"Where are you going to install the idol?" The sculptor replied that it would be installed on a pillar twenty feet high.

"If the idol is that far who is going to know that there is a scratch on the nose?" the gentleman asked.

The sculptor stopped work, looked up at the gentleman, smiled and said, "I will know it..."

The desire to excel is exclusive of the fact whether someone else appreciates it or not.

"Excellence" is a drive from inside, not outside. Excellence is not for someone else to notice but for your own satisfaction and efficiency.

Don't Climb a Mountain with an Intention that the World Should See You. Climb the Mountain with the Intention to See the World.

Source: Internet

R. K. NARAYAN AND MIKHAIL BAKHTIN AS WRITERS

E. S. S. Narayana Trimurthy*

The intention of the article is to bring out and to elucidate R. K. Narayan's use of narrative technique as reflected in his short stories. An attempt has been made to explicate the style of narration as evidenced in the stylization of his diction and linguistic structure marked by verbal simplicity and unadorned form striking harmony and integration. The article also tries to establish that various threads of traditional narrative techniques are woven into the fine texture of his short stories. Further, light has been thrown on and corroborated that R. K. Narayan's creative aspect of storytelling and its effect of introducing the narrator to the other level of his own mind are pivotal. A comparative study of R. K. Narayan's style of writing with that of Mikhail Bakhtin, a Russian formalist is made extensively. Mikhail Bakhtin, a Soviet thinker and a Russian formalist is the significant theorist of discourse of 20th century. His works do not possess methodological closure. His system comprises open-ended connections and refuses to view issues in isolation. Bakhtin developed the concept of 'polyphony', which means literally 'multiple voices' in his *Problems of Dostoevsky's Poetics*. He reads Dostoevsky's work as containing many different voices, unmerged into a single perspective, its own validity, and

its own narrative weight within the novel or short story. Further, in *The Dialogical Imagination*, Mikhail Bakhtin analyses dialogism through the concept of 'heteroglossia', the presence of two or more expressed viewpoints in a text or other artistic work. It stresses the combination of existing statements to construct a text. Each work is constructed from a diversity of styles and voices, assembled into a structured artistic system which arranges differences in a particular way. Even within a single perspective, there are always multiple voices and perspectives, as the language which is used has been borrowed from others. Moreover, human consciousness is not a unified entity, but rather, is always conflict-ridden between different types of consciousness. Indeed, a single consciousness separate from interaction with other consciousness is impossible.

The Russian critic Mikhail Bakhtin, who developed 'dialogic criticism' maintains that "a literary work is not a text of which meanings are produced by the play of impersonal linguistic or economic or cultural forces, but a place for the dialogic interaction of multiple voices or modes of discourse indicating as a whole of a social phenomenon". Bakhtin's theory of dialogic discourse in the novel strikes a contrast with the principles of Aristotle, who prescribes the three unities of

* Research Scholar, JNTU-Kakinada-(A.P)

time, place and action, which become part of the plot that must contain the beginning, middle and end. Contrarily, Mikhail Bakhtin maintains that the discourse in the novel gains primacy over plot and remains ambiguous and open-ended. For Bakhtin, dialogism characterizes the entire social world. Authentic human life is an open-ended dialogue. The world thus, merges into an open-ended, multi-voiced, dialogic whole. Instead of a single objective world, held by the author's voice, there is plurality of consciousness, each with its own world. Dialogism recognizes the multiplicity of perspectives and voices. It is also referred to as 'double voiced or multi-voiced'. To exist is to engage in dialogue, and the dialogue must not come to an end.

In the works of Narayan, most of his novels and short stories appear ended in an incomplete form and dialogic discourse which acquire significance at the end of his stories. For instance, in *An Astrologer's Day* the astrologer, who tried to kill Guru Nayak becomes an astrologer by force to hide his identity. Guru Nayak, happens to meet the astrologer on the pavement in search of his enemy. The astrologer, who is able to identify Nayak tells him that his enemy was no more and he can stop searching for him. He also advises Nayak to go towards North to have better living, so that the astrologer can secure himself a safe life. The story ends in their separation. In *The Missing Mail Thanappa*, the postman hides the death news of the host's brother and saves the marriage. When the marriage was held, Thanappa reveals that he is prepared to be dismissed from service

but the host remains silent instead of complaining against Thanappa. The story dissolves without the sense of completion. In *English Teacher*, the protagonist Krishna, who lost his wife like Narayan, is contented with the arrival of his wife's spirit at night and departure in the wee hours. He spends with her every night in the 2nd part of the novel corroborating Mikhail Bakhtin's theory of open-ended completion.

In the work *A Tiger for Malgudi*, the master who is a Sadhu, tells the tiger that the tiger is becoming old and he wants to hand the tiger over to a new circus master. Indicating that both master and the tiger reached the end of their life, the master (Sadhu) informs the tiger that they would meet in the next life as brothers and till then, he bids adieu to the tiger. R. K. Narayan ends the story with an incomplete exit indicating transmigration of the soul in human life. In *Leela's Friend*, Sidda, a devoted servant becomes a scapegoat and is accused falsely of stealing a gold chain and is jailed. Realizing the mistake, Sivasankar, the owner of the house decides to withdraw his complaint but yet his mind is incorrigible. He arrives at a conclusion saying that "In any case, we couldn't have kept a criminal like him in the house" which provides a twist reflecting the theory of Bakhtin's vague conclusion. As a young journalist for Madras Journal, Narayan in the initial stage, used to contribute his short stories. On account of space constraint, I think he was forced to conclude his writings and this could be another reason for his ambiguous conclusion. The literary technique of Mikhail Bakhtin's

'heteroglossia' is somewhat akin to R. K. Narayan's writings. His short stories end with ambiguity coupled with the production of multiple voices and it is so, with R. K. Narayan. Bakhtin criticizes Saussure who views language as a closed system. Often, the 'standard' language such as 'Standard English' is taken from the speech of the Elite. Such an elevation of a particular hegemonic language suppresses the heteroglossia of multiple everyday speech-types. The emergence of dialogism at particular points lead to cultural revolutions. *A Snake in the Grass* is based on heteroglossia technique. Dasa ultimately catches the snake as he was assigned to do. However, the villagers doubt whether he caught the snake that he intended to or a different one. Thus multiple conclusions are drawn which lead to heteroglossia.

Characters in Narayan's writings tend to be very down-to-earth and his works are characterized by Chekovian simplicity and gentle humour. Narayan approaches the Indian scene with no serious angle of study. Unlike Mulk Raj Anand and Raja Rao, he is neither a committed writer nor a spiritualist. Humour and pathos go hand in hand in some of his stories like that of Charles Dickens. Comedy has in fact, a predominant force in accounts of Narayan's ambivalence in some critics' deployment of Chekovean cliché. Other commentaries attempted to identify the typical qualities of Narayan's irony. Short stories are the description of series of events usually in a novel or short stories. The origin of short stories dates back to the period of

translations of *Kathasarithasagara* by Soma Deva, which is based on the *Brihat Katha* written by Gunadya, a Telugu author. The traditional Indian narrative technique was employed in the Indian Sanskrit classical works. Then we have *Jataka Tales* which refer to a body of literature native to India and deal with the previous births of the Buddha. In a quiet and incisive manner Narayan relates the trivial happenings of everyday life, observes the foibles of the people and records them with wit, humour and irony. Narayan resembles Chekov in his detached, aesthetic attitude towards life.

It is significant to note that Narayan's characters mostly belong to the common run of humanity and represent the life and culture in the ancient land of India with its paradoxes of life, wisdom and ignorance, profusion and poverty, joys and sorrows. But despite such a picture, the reader is moved by his comic vision of life, his understanding of the characters in their gusto and emotional makeup. Narayan's another stronghold 'irony' is entwined with his themes. In *Trail Blazer*, Raju stealthily picks up the purse of a man from the green blazer. He steals the cash from it, and before he tries to throw the purse away, he finds a balloon inside. His heart is profusely suffused with filial love and pity for the child. Then he decides to put the purse back in the man's pocket and is caught red-handed. Even before the judge, Raju keeps saying, "I was only trying to put back the purse". He serves his period of imprisonment and then decides not to repeat the mistake: "If ever I pick up something again, I shall make sure I don't have to put it back".

His deep humanism permeates even the most disappointing and unsettling of these real-life experiences. It is his description of such common life, men and manners that Narayan gets close to the art of Chekhov. The Watchman with its element of ambiguity in the conclusion is a masterpiece of Narayan's art as a comic writer. Narayan is well aware of the fact of the role of the reader in rendering meaning to the text. He perceives that writing is not only from the writer to the reader but also it is the voice of reading. That is why, in his stories he leads the reader to get absorbed in reading which enables him to drift towards imaginary identification with the character and prepares him to get lost willingly in reading. He controls and decontrols reader's response to the text and simultaneously provides him certain freedom to interpret it.

Irony makes his characters and situations more lively and inspiring. With the help of complexities and contradictions of character, readers get entertainment. He is an embodiment of the comic spirit. It is significant to note that most of his attainments are comic rather than tragic ending. To substantiate this point we encounter a tiger which is made a hero of the story in *A Tiger*

in the School. Normal life is suspended with the arrival of tiger into Malgudi town. In this context, the headmaster's words are remarkable when he says "Never dreamt in my wildest mood that I'd have to yield my place to a tiger" (*Malgudi Adventures*) Narayan combines irony with the revelation of human psychology in a few of his short stories. Padma in the story *Gandhi's Appeal* is very much moved by Gandhi's appeal for funds and donates her gold bangles. On returning home, she is afraid of revealing about the bangle. When she discloses her mistake, she comes to know that her husband too has dropped fifty rupees into Gandhi's charity box. Narayan's technique has an affinity with that of O'Henry, the relevant examples being *After Twenty Years* and *The Cop and The Anthem*. The sense of sudden twist and surprise are the characteristic notes of his work. Fate plays a dominant role in his stories which flows as an undercurrent throughout his writings. Such a technique leads to the shock discovery or reversal at the end of a story. Such twists are found for their effect in many of his works. Pun is also used as a narrative technique in short stories like *The Martyr's Corner*.

Imagination was given to man to compensate him for what he is not, and a sense of humor was provided to console him for what he is.

- Oscar Wilde

P.V. RAJAMANNAR - REMARKABLE CHIEF JUSTICE OF HIGH COURT

Prof. Tuttagunta Visweswara Rao*

There was a person, who made connoisseur of the Madras High Court as the youngest chief justice and who worked for longest period in the capacity. He was one of the great and learned Judges, who refused to bow before any evil force or person, who conducted with thorough impartiality and without any lacunae, being above personal friendships and weaknesses in administering justice and who declined justice ship of the Supreme Court to be a king at the High Court and for personal reasons.

He was born on the 10th May, 1901, with all the planets in the Ascendant Bar in his horoscope, indicating a bright future in Aadi Velama Community at Rajahmundry, on the banks of the sacred river, the Godavary. And that child was Paakaala Venkata Rajamannar. Rajamannar was a fitting Vaishnavite name, associated with a beautiful deity and a great saint, with an interesting coincidence of the name including that of the town of his nativity except for its last syllable 'dry'.

Rajamannar came from an aristocratic family and his father, Ramana Rao Naidu, a successful lawyer of Madras, worked as a Junior in the Chambers of Tanguturi Prakasam

Pantulu, Bar at Law, and subsequently had a very lucrative practice on the appellate side. In due time his father became a distinguished Judge of the Cur Madras High Court, where he made a niche for himself, subsequently adorning the Mysore High Court as its Chief Justice on retirement, that was, towards the end. As the first and the only son of his father, Rajamannar had plenty of chances of getting spoilt by the indulgences of paternal affection and the blandishments of parental fondness, but they had little impact on him because of philosophic outlook, which characteristic ran through his life like a refrain. He had a preference to philosophy at college and reluctant to join the law course. He was by nature philosophic, reticent and reserved, with the result that his native nature developed an individuality all its own.

In conformity with the prevailing practice of well-to-do and cultured Andhras, according to the diurnal discipline for young Babu, as he was called by the members of the family, Rajamannar was coached in his early years by scholars in traditional classical way of learning. Elementary schooling with ABC and the three R's went by as a breeze for the young genius. C. Rajamannar had his schooling at George Town area in Madras where all successful lawyers resided at that

* Writer, Rajahmundry

time. The Pachaiappas and the Christian colleges were also located there. Rajamannar stood first in Madras University in Part I -- English and in part II -- Philosophy in his B.A. and was recipient of the Miller Gold Medal and Cardozo prize. For extra-ordinarily brilliant academic men, who had achieved accolades in academic studies and were possessed of oratorical skills, teaching and imperial or Indian Civil Service were options in those days.

Left to himself, young Rajamannar, who was of a shy and retiring nature, would have preferred to indulge in the peripatetics of Tetragons than meander through the corridors of courts. Yet that was not to be, as this young one was persuaded to pursue his father's footsteps rather than pursue his interest and inclination for aesthetics, etc. That was how young Rajamannar came to be an advocate. He joined the Law College, where, as usual, he won the first prize for Jurisprudence and obtained First class with distinction in the F.L. and the B.L. examinations.

Poor Babu had perforce to join the Bar and complete his pupilage in the chambers of his father in the busy Kotwal Bazaar Street. Land law, Conveyance Law, etc., became the staple for him in the office. His father, the presiding senior, became judge of the Madras High Court, where after Rajamannar later took over the chambers in Anna Pillai street. And he had the extensive Zamindari practice, with the excellent grounding and support received from his father and he was an adept in revenue

based enactments. Many of the occupants of the Chambers of this young and successful lawyer became judges of High Court and the Supreme Court. The exceptional elite of the Madras Bar of yester years were equally at ease with the Muses and Venus as with Justitia and were larger than life. Rajamannar, the multifaceted man, was an eminent exemplar of that genius.

In the year 1944, the colossus that bestrode the legal firmament, as none ever before, became the leader of the Bar in every sense. And later an architect of our Constitution, Sir Alladi Krishnaswamy Aiyar, the Adocate General of Madras, who adorned the office for over fifteen years, tendered resignation for the post, and the mantle fell on Rajamannar, who was forty three years old, who was neither visible nor vocal in the corridors of the High Court, though he had been a Secretary of the Adocates' Association during 1939 and 1940 and who had thitherto hidden his talents in a bushel. Rajamannar did not fit the popular image of an aggressive lawyer, who could defend the Government in a political climate simmering under a rage for Independence, but had been chosen for leading the profession, which had a crucial role to play in the ensuing years. Rajamannar was unfazed and performed his duties diligently, for he could prepare illuminating opinions and scholastic and pedantic briefs for the powers that be at Fort St. George and be adequate as Advocate General against the articulate and artful advocates. In the sensational Lakshmikanthan murder case for Sriramulu Naidu Rajamannar entered a nolle prosequi

with dexterity and calmness and earned plaudits from the scholars of law by acquitting himself well.

Then within one year, that was, on the 25th July, 1945, he was elevated to the Bench with numerous lawyers, senior to him in age and standing, who would have had better claims, to become judges before him, set aside. But being aware of his great talents they were gratified at his elevation, as they had rightly predicted that he would peak the X-axis at the 45° angle soonest, they having watched his career graph.

After India attained independence when Sir William Frederick Gentle retired as Chief Justice in January 1948, Rajamannar became the youngest and the first Indian Chief Justice of a Province in Independent India. And some senior English Judges, aware as they were of his great qualities, were not averse but gracious enough to serve under him. From the 25th July, 1945 to the 9th May, 1961 Rajamannar literally adorned and made seniors shed more luster and thus brought luster to the Madras High Court. As Chief Justice he persuaded very senior members of the Bar to accept Judgeships, though they had very short tenures, so that they could shed more lustre by adorning the Bench, at the same time without overlooking the claims of senior judiciary from the Districts for elevations.

He would not have his former Law teacher on the Bench with him as his Junior Colleague, but made an exception only in a full bench case, when they differed also. He

was particularly kind and considerate to juniors on Friday afternoons when he used to sit singly and was liberal in admitting many C. R. P.s and Second Appeals.

Vague sentences in a judgement would easily catch his attention. His judgements were terse, logical, well reasoned and in elegant English without being verbose or vain. And he did not spare his friends or relatives in pronouncing judgements.

Rajamannar would sound very despondent and would paint a gloomy picture of the case during discussions with the officers and make them feel miserable by his sardonic comments about the quality of investigation, whereas there would be a volte face in the Court Hall, as he presented the prosecution side. He ever had a very low estimation of enforcement agencies, yet he would go to any tune to bail them out from rigorous situations.

If any mistake or error in documentation was brought to Rajamannar's notice, he would insist that the witness, who was to give evidence on that aspect, should himself own the mistake on admission, while being examined in chief, as the conduct of his would enhance the credibility of his testimony, while at the same time it would take out the wind of the sail of the defence. Like the proverbial gladiator he met the defence arguments in his inimitable style in any case to get all the bail applications dismissed.

Chief Justice Rajamannar was called upon to take up the reins of the State of

Madras owing to the death of the then incumbent Governor, A.J. John.

Rajamannar's contributions to various Law Journals, catering to the criminal side and on the constitutional Law of India, which could be stated to have been in the making during the first years after the advent of the constitution, are remarkable. Rajamannar was also a Member of the Editorial Board for Law Weekly during 1941-44. He was associated with various Cultural Associations in the province. He was a connoisseur of arts and had edited a monthly journal on Fine Arts, known as Kala (Art) for some time.

A poet in Telugu, a dramatist, an aesthete of the highest order, Rajamannar was the Regional Chairman of the Sangeet Naatak Academy and was the Chairman of the Central Saahitya Academy. Brought up in the classical traditions of the Indian culture Rajamannar had studied aesthetics, iconography, form and balance, and colour and perspective- the basics framed in the syllabus- as prescribed for his Philosophy degree while at college and thus had developed a taste for the fine arts, music, literature and drama. And he pursued later in his spare time, though a little, further

avenues of research in those fields, as was the wont of intellectuals of that era.

Rajamannar came under the influence of playwrights like Ibsen and Galsworthy. His play let, Tappevaridi? (Whose mistake?) - 1930, opened a new chapter in the history of the modern Telugu play-lets. Being a thought provoking exercise in social mores, it received rave reviews.

Intellectual he was, but averse to the pleasures of the palate he was not. He had out-spoken great orators on certain occasions. He could deliver a delightful and scintillating after-dinner speech, as bubbling as the champagne, as colourful as the vintage wines, as smooth as the single malt, as satisfying as the cognac and as tingling as the Hawaiian trifle, just served to guests, and such was his skill.

Rajamannar was honoured with honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws or Doctor of Letters by three Universities, the Madras University, the Andhra University and the Annamalai University.

He passed away on October 1, 1979 with a life of fulfillment and happiness.

Talent hits a target no one else can hit; Genius hits a target no one else can see.

- Arthur Schopenhauer

ROCKY COUPLE

Tenneti Venkateswara Rao*

I thought it would be
 Another sundry morning
 Of course, it turned out to be
 A glorious autumn morning
 A late fall sunny day
 Much of the translucent foliage is gone
 No more dazzling wavy
 Tree reflections on the
 Now almost passive Erie Canal
 A tiny boat may still wade through
 Its narrow waterways
 But it's a rare sight

Now
 Its banks are visited by
 Bikers, walkers, or joggers
 And lots of birds, squirrels
 Spotting an occasional heron
 Is an additional blessing
 Though its locks, canal ways
 Look decrepit now -
 With broken cement structures
 And rusty decaying concrete edifices
 Yet, the real nature never abandoned
 This once magnificent transportation system
 An artificial water way aided by just gravity
 and locks
 Sure,
 Years back it brought prosperity, trade,
 And modern culture

It reminds me about my own
 Native village in the coastal Andhra
 A nostalgic boyhood place -
 Thousands of miles away
 Now, decades of time, and kilos of dollars
 Separate us

Up on the mound
 Near the wooden bridge
 I stopped
 Stooped to look into the trickling waters
 Flowing from the upper overflow drain
 Just overlooking the intricate
 Connections between the adjacent wetlands
 And
 The canal and its feeding streams
 There
 On the concrete ledges
 Something awakened my consciousness
 "The soft cooing pigeons"
 As I stood there motionless
 The pigeons courted each other
 With their elegant preening
 Peckings
 One of 'em,
 Would gently strut around the other
 Touch its beak, give generous
 Dose of kisses
 And then both would just fly off
 To a private hiding place
 Under the bridge
 Again they would emerge

* Physicist, Poet, and Author, USA

Land on the terrace
 Take a nibble of the white
 Calcium deposits
 And do the courting ritual again
 To me, the couple
 Looked like a pair of
 Gandharvas or rishis
 In their clandestine form
 From some fabled Hindu mythological
 Story.

Me thought
 How lucky these little birds are
 They need no Internet cafes, Starbucks
 lounges
 Or cyber matching websites
 How totally free, generous are these
 Rock pigeons
 They court sans inhibitions, nest,
 And raise their young
 Without the headache of

Babysitters or kindergartens
 Love just comes to 'em, naturally
 How hard modern man has to struggle
 Just for a morsel of true love
 Be it the carnal bonding
 Or the emotional warmth

Through the morning gentle rays
 I saw their healthy feathers
 Their iridescent neck down
 The spotted cement-color coat
 With double grayish bands
 They radiated perfect health -
 That pigeon couple
 To me, they are
 The ideal romantic pair
 The whole world exists
 Just for them
 And they held the key to
 Its creation.

CHURNING

Neelam Saxena Chandra*

The thoughts,
 In a state of perfect equilibrium,
 Were as serene and silent as the night,
 When a ripple disturbed the delicate balance.

With the epicentre
 At the crannies of the mind,
 The circumference of the ripple

* Poet, New Delhi

Kept expanding
 And it reached the fringes
 Of the seas of imaginations.
 The entire sea stirred
 And agitation spread through the waves
 Bringing a storm.

The thoughts shall churn whole night
 And what shall evolve,
 Shall be as divine
 As the fourteen Ratnas!

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF A (GOOD) TAGLINE

Prof. G. Surender Reddy*

What is a Tagline?

We live in an age of advertising where all brands, whether big or small, use a tagline to stand out. A tagline highlights the core essence of the brand. It is usually 3-7 words long, kind of a slogan, which tells potential customers the benefits they can expect when choosing your product or service, or establishes your company brand. A tagline is very important in that it is the first thing your customer sees about your company after your logo. Some of the memorable taglines that come to mind are "Just do it" of Nike, "Think different" of Apple Macintosh, "We try harder" of Avis, "Don't leave home without it" of American Express, etc.

To be sure, a tagline is NOT a slogan. A slogan is associated with a campaign that a brand is running. Slogans change seasonally, or with each new set of ads from a brand. A slogan focuses on one specific benefit, as it fits with the current ad, instead of focusing on the brand as a whole like a tagline does.

What a Tagline Does

A good tagline:

- Says who you are and why you are in

* Dean, Triple-I & Director, IEDC, Sreenidhi Institute of Science & Technology, Hyderabad

business - e.g., Amazon's "Earth's biggest bookstore" leaves nothing to imagination and says it all

- Shows your point of difference - e.g., Avis' "We try harder" to differentiate itself from the leader in car rental business Hertz
- Explains your product offering - e.g., "The burgers are better at Hungry Jacks" lets you know that Hungry Jacks sells burgers and that they are good
- Appeals to your market - e.g., Apple's "Think different" connects with customers who are seeking to be different in their outlook and lifestyle and expecting the same from their computers

Taglines can also build value over time. If you have used a tagline for long enough it can become one of the most memorable parts of your identity. It may be that customers are more likely to remember your tagline than your company name. This can backfire, however, if your tagline is particularly dated or if it is less believable.

How to Write a Good Tagline

- Avoid imperatives or commands. "Just do it" might have worked for Nike but you are not Nike
- Write down words about your business, anything that you can think of or comes to mind. Use a thesaurus, if necessary. Don't

- go for fancy words, but use simple words, but combined in a way that makes one sit up and take notice.
- List your strengths and weaknesses. Avis, for instance, turned its weakness that it was second to Hertz in car rentals into an advantage by coming up with the tagline "We try harder".
 - Examine the benefits. Don't just claim you are the best. A comedian does not claim he is funny, but lets his jokes establish that. Similarly, give descriptive benefits like faster, cheaper, quicker, stronger, or more reliable.
 - Start assembling phrases. Now that you have a truckload of words to work with, start putting phrases together from those words. The phrases should be memorable, powerful, and truthful.
 - Cut and cut. Start paring down the options you have come up with. Settle down on the two or three best ones, run them by a few key people for their feedback and then settle on one.
- Does the tagline pan out. If the tagline you have settled on is the one for you, then it should start to give you ideas on where you can take your advertising and marketing campaigns.
 - And if the tagline is good, it can last decades. So, don't be in a hurry to write one down but take your time over it.

Some tips on how to come up with good taglines are:

- Link a product feature with an abstract need (e.g., "A diamond is forever" of De Beers)
- Make a promise (e.g., "The world on time" of FedEx)
- Single words (always good in threes) as benefits (e.g., "Soothes. Cleanses. Refreshes." of Murine Co. [eyedrops])
- Suggest risk of not using product (e.g., "Because so much is riding on your tires" of Michelin)
- Tie tagline to logo (e.g., "Get a piece of the rock" of Prudential Insurance Co.).

If a man is offered a fact which goes against his instincts, he will scrutinize it closely, and unless the evidence is overwhelming, he will refuse to believe it. If, on the other hand, he is offered something which affords a reason for acting in accordance to his instincts, he will accept it even on the slightest evidence. The origin of myths is explained in this way.

- Bertrand Russell

HARPER LEE'S 'TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD'- A STUDY

Chaitanya Gadhiraaju*

Considered to be one of the most influential and controversial novels of the twentieth century *To Kill a Mockingbird*, deals with gender and gender bias which was seen predominantly in the southern states of the United States of America such as Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana to name just a few.

"One is not born, but rather becomes, a woman."

-Simone de Beauvoir in *The Second Sex* (1949)

The seminal novel *To Kill a Mockingbird* (1960), written by first time author Harper Lee is one of the most widely read American novels of all time. This book went on to win the 1961 Pulitzer Prize for fiction. *To Kill a Mockingbird* has also been translated into forty languages and is a modern classic of American Literature which can be compared with other critically acclaimed Pulitzer Prize winning novels such as Eudora Welty's *The Optimist's Daughter* (1972), Alice Walker's *Color Purple* (1982) and Tony Morrison's *Beloved* (1987). After the initial hiccups it went on to become a bestseller and won world wide critical acclaim. *To Kill a Mockingbird* features in The Guardian's 100

greatest novels of all time and has been a part of the core curriculum in most American public schools and might continue to be so for the foreseeable future. Though the novel primarily focuses on race relations, it nonetheless can also be seen as a rejection of the stereotypical portrayal of southern post bellum female characters.

To Kill a Mockingbird is based on the real life trail of the Scottsboro Boys that occurred in the 1930's, involving nine African American defendants on trial for the alleged gang rape of two Caucasian women, who were found guilty and subsequently sentenced to death. Though after a retrial they were exonerated and acquitted, the trail raised a lot of questions on the way judicial trails were conducted in America particularly, when the defendants involved were of African American descent.

To Kill a Mockingbird tells the story from the perspective of a precocious six year old child, Scout, and her love and adoration for her father, Atticus and her brother, Jem. Though Atticus, at the outset seems like an indifferent father, a slightly more nuanced reading of the novel shows that what is perceived as his indifference is, in actuality a belief that children need to experience both the agony and ecstasy of growing up in a world

* Research Scholar, Andhra University, Visakhapatnam

that is far from perfect. According to Atticus, the best thing that one can do for one's children is to let them explore the world by themselves and figure out the moral and ethical stance that one might need to take in life.

Atticus believes that concepts such as equality, morality, justice, ethical behavior, courage and social etiquette cannot be taught using words and that if he wants his children to grasp the significance of such ideals, he has to lead by example. Their struggle to comprehend reality, to understand the importance of individuality, to being courageous enough to stand by their convictions and to empathize with people who might not know any better, makes it a coming of age story, or a *Bildungsroman*.

As the novel's narrator Scout's voice is heard the loudest as she struggles with gender identity as well as gender equality. One is reminded of Simone de Beauvoir's famous quote from *The Second Sex* that one becomes a woman not by birth but by conforming to a societal diktat that demands unquestioning faith and belief in a strictly patriarchal society. Femininity is a societal construct that reflects not the essential difference between men and women but a difference in their circumstances and situations. At the beginning of the novel Scout rejects everything that would identify her and brand her as a girl, right from the way she dresses to her newly developed interest in spouting out cuss words. Scout finds it extremely offensive and insulting when Jem calls her a girl, and is prepared to do anything for Jem, as long as he continues to treat her

as a boy and an equal. "I felt the starched walls of a pink cotton penitentiary closing in on me, and for the second time in my life I thought of running away. Immediately".

Atticus does not see anything wrong with how Scout is being raised, and it is only when confronted by others such as his sister Alexandra, does he come to realize that Scout might not grow up into a typical southern belle. Though hot headed, Scout sees what Atticus means when he says that he wants her to show a bit of restraint especially when people in the county turn abusive on account of Atticus's defense of Tom Robinson, an African American who is on trial for the alleged rape of Mayella Ewell, a nineteen year old Caucasian girl. By the end of the novel Scout comes to the conclusion that values such as courage, bravery and valour are not just masculine but human principles that one needs to adhere to.

Though Atticus does not seem to appreciate Alexandra's meddling, he is forced to admit that Scout might need a female role model to emulate, especially with Tom's jury trial coming before the judge of Macomb County. Though Atticus does not follow a rigid parenting style he is honest and sincere when it comes to answering Scout's awkward questions dealing with sexuality in a sexually repressive time and place, much to the disapproval of Alexandra. He however tries to make up for the lack of feminine influence in the children's life by making sure that their African American housekeeper Calpurnia, serves as their surrogate mother and, who

enjoys Atticus's complete confidence. Alexandra tries to tame Scout's tomboyish attitude and attire and turn her into a typical Southern belle, all the time not realizing that for Scout it is an anathema. When Aunt Alexandra's friends come for a visit she is mortified by Scout's disheveled state and clothes which are all muddy and dirty. To her Scout represents everything that is wrong with girls who refuse to conform and behave like girls and blames it on Atticus's failure as a father and a disciplinarian. Scout is quite at home in the masculine world of her father and brother and strongly associates herself with what is considered to be stereotypically masculine, right from the way she dresses, to the language that she uses, and to the way she gets into fights, when she senses that her honor or her father's honor is at stake.

Scout seems more at ease in her father's world, in which she is treated like an adult and an equal and finds that the life that Alexandra is trying to ram down her throat is not really how she wants to live the rest her life.

However, this highly conservative woman who has such strict rules about what is socially acceptable and what isn't, after hearing the news of Tom Robinson's death in the prison yard, she is profoundly moved and finally grasps the unfairness of racial prejudice and how it effects Tom directly and also Atticus, if only by association. She senses Atticus's pain and misery and though unable to understand his motivation she nonetheless tries to empathize with his feelings. She sees

how profoundly moved Atticus is and how it "tears him to pieces". Alexandra's insight into her brother's psyche shows that even though she might appear to be shallow and oblivious to the moral stance that Atticus has taken, she is sensitive enough to understand that the county trusts her brother to do what is right.

Alexandra puts on a brave face and tries to maintain a semblance of normalcy and strength and Scout manages to mimic. One can see the stoicism with which Alexandra receives and handles the situation there by teaching Scout that no matter how big the problem is, there is always a mature and responsible manner of handling things.

Women who are often seen as the weaker sex are not really all that weak and when occasion demands they are capable of holding their own. Throughout the novel one sees Alexandra as a caricature of what is typically called a narrow, confined southern pride towards her own status in a male dominated patriarchal society. She nonetheless hides a steely resolve which is obfuscated by a facade which seems to imply that women should not be taken too seriously. A steely resolve of similar kind is seen in Mrs. Dubose, a cranky old woman who terrorizes both Scout and Jem, shouting out insults about Scout's unladylike clothes and the way Atticus is raising her and the disgrace that she is surely going to bring to her family name. According to Scout she is the "meanest old woman who ever lived." Jem wrecks her garden full of camellia bushes filled with green buds when she insultingly says that Atticus was no better

than the 'niggers and trash' that he worked for.

It is after Mrs. Dubose's death that Atticus tells Jem that she was a morphine addict who was trying to get rid of her addiction and die a death 'un beholden to nothing and nobody'. Jem's reading out to her had makes time pass quickly and helps take her mind away from the pain and her craving for the drug. Her character epitomizes strength of the kind that would baffle lesser mortals.

The novel also details what happens when the female characters lose that power, thereby turning them from aggressor to victim. The experience of what women go through in a patriarchal family is seen when Mayella is cross examined by Atticus. It becomes evident that Mayella is lying and it is fear of what her father would do to her that prompts her to lie. She breaks down in the courtroom and it is difficult to not to feel sorry for her wretched state, even though one's sentiments might lie with Tom Robinson. She seems cowed down by her father Bob Ewell, who sees her seducing Tom. He beats her and makes up a story that Tom raped Mayella, in a bid to save face. To Bob, a racist and misogynistic man the very thought of seeing his daughter with Tom is abhorrent and will go to any lengths to convince people that Mayella would never consent to a sexual relationship with a black man. He holds a grudge against Atticus for making it obvious that Mayella was lying when she was cross examined in court.

Initially one gets the feeling that

Mayella is much a victim as Tom is. But the reader's sympathy towards Mayella does not last too long. One sees that when her attempt to seduce the unwilling Tom ends in failure coupled with the fact that she is caught by her father in a compromising position, she throws the entire blame on Tom. It is her cowardly act that gets an innocent man falsely convicted of rape which ultimately leads to his death.

The alleged rape of Mayella plays a pivotal role in the novel. Rape is about power relations and involves domination and subordination; domination of men and the subordination of women. Even though the act does not really take place in the novel, we can see that it is still about domination and subordination and in this case it is the domination of Bob Ewell and the subordination of his daughter, Mayella Ewell. Tom is considered guilty till proven innocent and that goes against the one of the most important tenets of the American judicial system, that a defendant is innocent till proven guilty. However this does not seem to apply in this case.

Another strong female character in *To Kill a Mockingbird* is Miss Maudie Atkinson, who lives across the street. She speaks to Jem and Scout as equals and never sounds patronizing when she speaks to them. She is their adult friend who pampers them with cake and tells them why it's considered a sin to kill a mockingbird.

"Mockingbirds don't do one thing but make music for us to enjoy. They don't eat up people's gardens, don't nest in corncribs, they

don't do one thing but sing their hearts out for us. That's why it's a sin to kill a mockingbird."

She tries to explain to the children about what really happened to Boo Radley and why he remains behind closed doors. She tells them about Boo's history of being abused by his father and about why he is placed in what might be called house arrest for a teenage prank that goes bad. She teaches them about tolerance in a world where people cannot come to grips with the fact that their neighbor might have beliefs which might seem alien to them. Though not very old, her maturity and the delightfully impish way she tries to handle things in her life lends her character a great deal of authenticity. When her house burns down she tries to reassure the children by telling them that she is not really sorry, and that it would give her a chance to build a smaller house, with a bigger and more colorful garden, which she claims is what she has always wanted.

In her own way she tries to explain to the children about the intolerance of some of the townspeople, whom she calls "footwashing Baptists" and why they see women as a

corrupting influence on religious, god fearing men.

She likes to quote scripture to them and since it is religious and therefore quite sacrosanct, they are rendered speechless. The courage and bravery that she shows in the wake of tragedy, both personal and societal greatly influences the young Scout. It is her presence in Alexandra's meeting that restrains Scout and stops her from showing her inner angst when Atticus breaks the news about Tom's death.

Though liberal and tolerant even Atticus believes that women are unfit to sit on jury duty. However by making Scout the narrator Harper Lee seems to say that such chauvinistic attitudes need to change and that harbinger of change can come in the form of the younger generation.

To Kill a Mockingbird has been adapted into an Oscar-winning film starring Gregory Peck and similar to the book has won overwhelming critical acclaim. It won three Oscars and was a huge box office success.

There is nothing so useless as doing efficiently that which should not be done at all.

Peter F. Drucker

IMMORTAL TAGORE?

Rajat Das Gupta*

Poem *Janmadin* (Birthday) from the book *Nabajatak* (Newborn) written on the seashore resort at Puri (Orissa) on the 79th birthday of the Poet (7/8th May 1939) 2 years before his death in 1941 found in Maitrayee Devi's book *Tagore by Fireside* when the Poet was her guest at Mangpu (near Darjeeling hill station) in 1940.

[Translator's note: The following are the quotes from Maitrayee Devi's above mentioned book which is an English translation by herself of her book *Mangpute Rabindranath* (Rabindranath in Mangpu). I have restructured the poem in rhymed form while Maitrayee Devi's was in blank verse, believing my effort might somehow better convey the import of the poem though Maitrayee's is highly inspiring also. I am sure, her generous soul will excuse me from heaven for my impertinent experiment.]

"Next day, as soon as we sat down to our game of cards, the Poet said- 'Why don't you read that poem of yours to your friends?' (Pointing out to Sudhakanta). 'What is there to be ashamed of? Neither I nor Sudhakanta, neither of us think it is a shame to write poetry'....So, very reluctantly I had to obey. After I had finished reading, the Poet, who was gazing out absentmindedly, said, 'I

have got an answer to this. Sudhakanta, please get that black note-book. I will read another answer, the one I wrote in *Prabasi* (a popular monthly Bengali magazine in Tagore's time) on my birthday.'

The person whom you create
At your hands diversely ornate;
To me he is a stranger,
Neither befits my soul inner;
Stamped by your signature
My factitious replica stands at
Creation's border;
While God on His secret mission
Builds up forms beyond our vision -
On the shore of the sea of Time;
Behind is the flamboyant mystery sublime;
Where light and shade blend
To see this or that as one might mend
To harmonize one's imagination,
Out of forms comprising shadow,
void and illusion;
To weave one's pattern of the familiar
On the canvas of the unknown there.

The doll, in the playroom of this Earth,
That the Creator composed in sheer mirth
With clay and light
With black and white,
Who doesn't know that it is fragile,
To pound under Time's wheel to beguile.
The gift that this doll has borne
Feigns immortality soon to be blown

* Writer, Poet, Kolkata

Suddenly to befool
 Leaving behind dust - a handful;
 With eternal black left behind
 Trace of the lost one nowhere to find.

The doll that is created by the mass,
 Will the greedy dust it bypass
 To remain ever resplendent in light
 That Time will fail to blight?
 While thus you ponder
 Does in the eyes of my mysterious Creator
 An amused smile flicker?
 That is what to-day I wonder.

"We sat in silence, all of us; probably
 it is true - that flimsy one will crumble under

the wheels of Time, but mind refuses to accept
 it. Will everything be empty? Only a handful
 of dust will be left? We know this magnificent
 creation will lose form, will lose shape. Still,
 will nothing remain, escaping the greedy dust,
 resplendent in the everlasting light? We believe
 that the Poet will shine brightly, live truly in
 the life of posterity. But that is hardly enough.
 This person, reflecting a divine existence in a
 mortal body, a super excellent work of the
 Artist, where will he go? Immortality of his
 works cannot make good that loss. We could
 not realize that moment our experience of to-
 day. And then suddenly it deceives and there
 remains a handful of dust".

CAN I MAKE MY WAY BACK HOME

Jean Ann Owens*

No time to think,
 No time to turn back home.
 I am now on my own;
 Sometimes I wonder if it's worth it;
 I don't know until I try.

Should I hold on tight?
 Should I fight to make it?
 Sometimes I think I am
 Going somewhere
 But, nowhere around here.
 No time to wonder why.

Louisville, KY 40243 (USA)

Will I feel like praying, or
 Should I start singing
 To ease away my fears?
 I don't want to think about tomorrow,
 Just today.
 There's so much intrusion from
 The world outside.
 This is my disappointing end.

Can I make my way back home
 Or, should I pray
 To come back in a
 Different space of time?
 So I could start to the very top
 And never stop.

THE JOY OF INCONVENIENCE

Anchit Mathur

With the advancement of technology and also the arrival of handsome pay packages, I badly miss the 'joy of inconvenience'.

Now, the vendor delivers vegetables for the whole week at our doorstep every Saturday and takes away with him a five-hundred-rupee note! With this, I am deprived of those evening walks to buy vegetables. Moreover, I have lost my bargaining skills that I was once proud of.

The word convenience has crept into almost every part of our lives. Going to a new place was once a really exciting task. There were long discussions among family members about the distance, time and mode of transport to be adopted (based on cost considerations). With the one-touch cab facility and Google Maps, life has become much easier - and less challenging.

I miss asking for the address at a fork in the road, taking a wrong turn and then having arguments with the taxi driver.

With the arrival in a big way of "brands", I now typically associate quality with the price tag. Malls have replaced memories of visiting the narrow lanes of the old city area, often spending a significant part of the day to get the "best and the cheapest" product from

the wholesale market, long queues for the most delicious chaat and pani puri, and then returning home with the maximum number of bags one can hold. There was immense joy in becoming physically tired doing all this, and that provided a sense of achievement.

The way functions are organised in a family has also changed considerably. Marriage preparations are no longer a hectic affair. The caterers organise the food, decoration and stage arrangements. All your guests have a comfortable stay in separate rooms and room service looks after individual needs. The standards of professionalism do not leave room for any complaints (that we are often fond of making). All you need is the credit card once the event is over.

Earlier, managing a marriage event was entrusted to the "young brigade" of the family. There was a wide range of tasks to be performed: packing gifts, holding a long chat session with the tent wallah, providing ideas for decoration, procuring raw materials for the cook, arranging for relatives' stay at the neighbours' place, ensuring bed tea for all (with and without sugar), and so on. In the end you may get a pat or a kick. Whatever be the case, you get to learn lessons of management that no B-school can possibly impart.

There is another "inconvenience, close to my heart". I now have a post-paid connection, and the inconvenience of ending up with a 'no balance' situation at midnight has vanished. When it was prepaid, I had to rush outside for a recharge. Requesting the only shopkeeper left and that too with half shutter down, to make a recharge was an uphill task, performed regularly if not daily.

The constraints also inculcated some good habits. I was an early-riser, to fill all the buckets and drums when there was :10 24-hour water supply. So I used the resource judiciously. Convenience has made me lazy. Also, routine power cuts facilitated a visit to the nearest park regularly where I could share a laugh with the people who lived in the colony. Now with inverters and generators enabling

virtually uninterrupted power, I remain in "solitude".

In the inconvenient world of "convenience", I can still find solace from the Railways, though. Long passenger waiting lists, the uncertainty over getting a Tatkal ticket, and unexpected delays in the running of trains have kept the scope for inconvenience fairly intact.

Finally, I would say I have thoroughly enjoyed the "inconvenience" I encountered, and want it back in my life, though in small doses.

Courtesy: The Hindu
[Sri Aurobindo's Action - January 2016]

AN APPEAL

Journals like **TRIVENI** devoted to literature and culture, naturally cater to a limited number of intellectuals and are not to be considered as successful business propositions in any country. They need the active support of the cultured few. We earnestly solicit the patronage of philanthropic persons to enlist themselves as Patrons and Donors and extend their co-operation to the cause of Indian literature and culture. Donations to **TRIVENI** are exempt from Income Tax, Under Section 80G (2) &(5) of the I.T. Act, 1961. vide Proc. No. DIT (E)/HYD/ 80G/52(04)/Ren/08-09, dated: 21-08-2008 of Director of Income Tax (Exemptions), Hyderabad, deemed to have been extended in perpetuity vide IT Circular No.7/2010 [F.No.197/21/2010-ITA-I] dt.27-10-2010. Donors are requested to draw Demand Drafts/Cheques in favour of 'Triveni Foundation' payable on any bank in Hyderabad. Donations are welcome. Bank Details: Account No.057810100029288, Andhra Bank, Tarnaka Branch, IFSC Code: ANDB0000578, MICR Code: 500011050

Golden Article reprinted from Triveni
(Vol.2 No.2 March April 1929)

THE ESSENTIALS OF KARNATIC MUSIC

Hari Nagabhushanam*

Karnatic music has two aspects, the transcendental and the conventional, the latter being conceived chiefly as a stepping stone to the former which is the true conception of music. The best exponents of the Karnatic school have laid stress on these two aspects and have demonstrated them by their own example. Ramadas, Purandardas, Narayana Thirtha, Narasimhadas, Thyagaraja, Kshetraya, Dikshitar and a host of such 'Bhakti Yogins' furnish instances in themselves for my propositions.

Sri Thyagaraja

Of all these, Sri Thyagaraja is certainly a divine incarnation come out to preach to us, consistently with Vedic authority, what music is in its essence and how it secures our eternal emancipation. Sri Shankaracharya expounded the Vedic lore especially the 'Prasthan Traya' thereof and re-instated the 'Adwaitic' system of philosophy in its former glorious, indubitable and invulnerable position. Sri Ramanujacharya interpreted the same so as to resuscitate the 'Visishtadwaitic' system of philosophy and Sri Madhwacharya construed it with a view to re-establish the 'Dwaitic' system of philosophy

* (1884-1959) (Machilipatnam) was a practising lawyer, a violinist and a composer of *kritis*.

on a firm basis. Thus, of course, they became the founders of the three main religious sects into which the whole of the Aryan population in India is divided at present. As time passed, the true spirit of the systems became lost and superficial vestures have remained only to create and widen the barriers of dissension and strife. Sri Thyagaraja therefore came out to restore unanimity among the followers of the three great exponents of the Vedic culture and effect a regeneration of 'Nada Brahmopasana' inculcated by the 'Shrutis' and the 'Smrithis' etc. He conceives that 'Nada Brahmopasana' is the backbone of Vedic culture, that the three great schools of philosophy above referred to are agreed upon its form and procedure, and that 'Samgeetham,' its conventional counterpart, serves as a universal religion and a common language not only for the whole of the Aryan Race in India but for the whole creation, human and superhuman.

The Religion of Sri Thyagaraja

True to his birth as an Andhra Smartha Brahmin of the Vydeeki sect, professing Sri Shankaracharya's Adwaitic doctrine of Vedantic philosophy, he lived the life of a *Sanyasin* (ascetic) and preached "Jnana Yoga." He declares that he has realised the

identity of the 'Paramathman' (i.e., the ego within with the cosmic ego throughout), that the whole of creation is nothing but a manifestation of one 'Atman' so beheld, and that through 'Nadopasana' one attains 'Atma Jnana' i.e. self-realisation and 'Atmanandam' i.e. self-blissfulness. (Vide his songs of 'Marugelara', 'Vidajaladura', 'Undede Ramudokadu,' 'Ethavunara Nilakada Neeku,' etc.)

Again, true to his mission, he puts on the garb of an 'Upasaka' or 'Bhakta' and inculcates 'Bhakti Yoga' which is common to both Dwaitic and Adwaitic Schools and proclaims that 'Nadopasana' secures 'Moksham' (or salvation) and that 'Samgeetham', its conventional counterpart, effects the same if it is permeated with 'Bhakti.' Further he denounces in very strong terms that accomplishment in music for the sake of wordly prospects or sensual appeasement is infernal and unworthy of the posterity of the Maharishis. Again he chooses the name and form of Sri Ramachandra as best representing the address and the personality of 'Parmathman,' no note of discord being struck by any school of Vedic religion as regards His supreme divinity.

There is no wonder, therefore, that Sri Tyagaraja has selected Sri Ramachandra and His sacred name to represent the 'Paramathman,' and 'Aumkara' His address, so that the one may constitute the 'Alambana' i.e., the objective, and the other the medium for the spiritual meditation of a 'Bhakti Yogin' in the course of his 'Geethopasana.' He realises

that Sri Rama is acceptable to all sects and endeared to all people from every standpoint as a supreme incarnation of 'Parapara Brahman' i.e., personal and impersonal God, and has hence addressed his songs principally to Him with His glorious name as the catchword thereof.

One who studies the life of Sri Thyagaraja in the dim-coloured light of Western education and not in the effulgent search-light of Vedic culture will find that he has some though not all the moral and intellectual weaknesses man is heir to, such as wrathfulness, jealousy and self-conceit; and that he holds religious ideals which change from the low depths of polytheism, to the highest summits of pantheism. Vide, 'Endaro Mahanubhavulu', 'Giriraja-suthathanaya', 'Marugelara', etc. Again his 'Bhakti' appears to range from what is called 'Moodha Bhakti' i.e., blindfold popular devotion, the meanest conception thereof, to 'Antharanga Bhakti' i.e., altruistic introspective devotion, the highest culmination thereof.

Thus it looks as if he were passing from one stage of evolution to another and becomes a perfect man as age advances like any other human being. This conclusion follows if we view his life in the light of the Western method of criticism of great personalities like Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Carlyle, Wordsworth, Ruskin and so on. Whatever may be the height of knowledge which the Westerner has reached in the sphere of material scientific inventions, it cannot be supposed for a moment that he has fathomed

the depths of spiritual culture in any degree. Hence he is no safe guide to us in matters spiritual such as the criticism of the religious leaders. Sri Thyagaraja is one who, as already observed, comes out into the world with a particular mission from God, that of cementing differences among the followers of the three schools of Vedantic philosophy through 'Nada Brahmopasana' and as such he plays the role of an 'Upasaka' and in doing so he presents a variety of changes as taking place in him as consequences of his 'Upasana', and appears as if he had been afflicted with many of our mental infirmities and intellectual deformities. But if you let your vision penetrate deeper and deeper, you will find that he is a 'Jnana Yogin' as perfect as Sri Shankaracharya himself, and that to save the world from the agonies of life, he espouses the cause of 'Bhakti Yoga' in which aspect he is as perfect as Sri Ramanujacharya or Madhwacharya. Hence some of his songs have a double meaning, one appealing to the 'Jnana Yogins' and the other to the 'Bhakti Yogins.' Vide 'Dwaithamu Sukhama', 'Marugelara,' 'Bhajanaseyave Manasa,' etc. Even though he is perched upon the highest peak of 'Sanyasam' or 'Nivrithi' inculcated by the Upanishads as interpreted by Sri Shankaracharya, he always puts on the insignia of 'Garhasthyam' or 'Pravrithi' and moves with us in the labyrinths of changing faith and oscillating devotion.

Thyagaraja who is an Avatar according to me, or a 'Loga Samgraha Jnani' such as he declares himself to be in his song 'Dasarathe, Runamu Deerpa Na Tharama,' selects and observes throughout his life a

course of conduct which presents him in a cloak of humanity with all its patches and decorations.

Western education has enshrouded our minds and has enslaved our hearts so much that we begin to argue that we have a right to review the lives of 'Avatars' and 'Mahapurushas' and point out their virtues and drawbacks, all the while labouring under the misapprehension that they as human beings like ourselves are amenable to our criticism. We forget that humanity ranges from the carnivorous cannibal to the most philanthropic Mahatma, that the ideals guiding the conduct of persons differ according to the degree of their cultural evolution, and that hence we are not fit to judge persons occupying a position of giddy eminence above us. Consequently we should not venture our opinion with regard to the conduct of saintly characters and it should be our sole aim to dive deeper and discover a solution to the apparently irreconcilable incongruities therein. Sri Thyagaraja being one of such Mahatmas, we should study his life with an open mind eager to receive enlightenment further and further out of his unfathomable resourcefulness. In this connection let us bear in mind the following verse in the 'Geetha': -

"What is night's darkness to creation is daylight to a 'Samyamee', i.e., a 'Jnani', and what is daylight to a 'Jnani' is night's darkness to creation."

Again, a superficial critic such as a person who is not well-versed in Sanskrit or

Telugu, or one who has not understood the spirit of languages, may say that Sri Thyagaraja's linguistic accomplishment is anything but noteworthy, that the language he used in his songs is full of ungrammatical laborious constructions and that he lacks felicity and clearness of expression. Here also he is too high for us to judge. Just as Sri Rama is God enshrined in his heart, so is *Srimad Ramayana* his constant companion for his thought and expression. Just like *Srimad Ramayana* his songs are such that a boy can be said to understand and that even Pandits fail to expound. Again *Srimad Ramayana* contains many words which cannot be reconciled with the rules of Panini's grammar; so also Sri Thyagaraja's songs may have expressions here and there which defy the rules of our incomplete Telugu Grammar. Such words and expressions are styled 'Arsha Prayoga' and we have no right to say they are wrong. In fact we shall have to evolve a separate grammar from his works which will explain the linguistic beauties thereof, on the lines of the Vedic grammar and the Shakespearean Grammar. In one word his grammatical constructions are most musical and most original, and his style is most chaste, idiomatic, simple, homely and fertile. In every way he is a transcendental personality and as such the rules prescribed for our conduct do not bind him in any manner. (Vide, Sri Shankara's 'Bhashyam' for the fourth aphorism in 'Uttara Mimamsa'.)

A critical study of Sri Thyagaraja's life and his works will convince everyone that he is a 'Vibbuti Avatar' of God come out into the

world to re-habilitate music in its original purity of conception, to redirect it in its proper channels of spiritual communion, and to replenish it with original composition breathing complete divinity throughout, holding himself out as one who has realised 'Jivanmukti' through 'Nadopasana.' His glory radiates all over the country and is sure to captivate the whole world one day. Many of his songs echo the foregoing observations about Sri Rama and himself. Let us accordingly feel proud that he was born among us in South India like the three great teachers of Vedic religion, and make sincere efforts to carry out his mission by propagating his ideals through precept and example.

Geethopasana; How to be conducted:

We now come to the next subject; how we have to conduct our 'Geethopasana' in accordance with his ideals. 'Geethopasana' goes by the name of 'Samgeetham' in ordinary Shastraic literature as already observed. The word 'Samgeetham' literally means 'well-sung' and it is technically used as indicating a combination of 'Geetham', i.e., vocal music, 'Vadyam', i.e., instrumental music, and 'Nritham', i.e., dance music, according to some authors; and 'Geetham' and 'Vadyam' alone according to some others. Of these 'Geetham' is set down as the vital function and the other or others as auxiliary. Again 'Geetham' is said to be one of three forms - 'Ekala Geetham', 'Yamala Geetham' and 'Brindaka Geetham.' 'Ekala Geetham' means solo music, 'Yamala Geetham' denotes music by two persons, and 'Brindaka Geetham' signifies congregational music. The first of

these kinds is in vogue at present, the second is very rarely seen, and the third is employed by untutored folk in their divine worship and is known by the name of 'Sevamelam', loosely pronounced as 'Shavamola' in Telugu parts. Of course, these three types of vocal music are conceived so as to serve three different purposes as I view them. 'Ekala' is one who can conduct the divine service single-handed in a manner worthy of himself. 'Yamala' is one who rises to the occasion better in combination with another, than in a single-handed performance. 'Brindaka' is one who mixes with many, either to lead the service or to be led by them therein. Of course, these three types of vocal musicians have their significant features recommending themselves to us but the first and the last deserve special note. The one is a representative of 'Antharanga Bhaktas' and the other, of 'Bahya Bhaktas'. The middle one, i.e., 'Yamala' musician may be taken to represent one kind of 'Bahya Bahkti' which consists in a 'Guru' (i.e., teacher) teaching his 'sishya' (i.e., disciple). It is regrettable that 'Ekala Geetham' is now represented in a majority of cases by musicians who do not bother themselves about spiritual ideals, that 'Brindaka Geetham' is relegated to congregationalists who do not trouble themselves about the technique of the art, and 'Yamala Geetham' is almost forgotten for ever. Hence it behoves us to reform and reinforce the three types of vocal music so as to elevate the present level of our Karnatic music.

'Bhava', 'Raga' and 'Thala'

The first essential of vocal music or

music in general is the expression of 'Bhavam', a term which cannot be adequately interpreted in English. It literally means 'that which exists', and therefore implies mental concepts popularly denoted by the term 'ideas' since they are such as live on. A mental concept is one which is generally conveyed by means of words. In fact, language is conceived as a medium to convey ideas. Language sometimes fails to do so, owing to the intensity of emotion, and the man involuntarily falls into sobs or laughter as the case may be, or is induced to sing to himself. If, in such a state of the mind, he tries to express himself in words, they come out in a dictioned metrical manner which we call poesy, all in an unconscious mood. This proves that sobs, laughter, poesy and singing owe their origin to intense feeling, 'emotion' as it is called, and are hence identical in their functions and the effects produced thereby. As between poesy and singing, the former is an expression of less intense feeling than the latter, generally speaking, and both shape themselves automatically in certain cases and proceed with increasing effect. Both grief and joy give rise to these four ways of expression when they become too heavy to be contained and controlled. Laughter is better endured than sobs, poesy is better appreciated than laughter, and singing is more pleasing than poesy, and hence constitutes the highest and noblest expression of emotion in a most acceptable form. Involuntary poesy and automatic singing develop into poetry and music as we understand them. That is, the former are the commonplace media of the expression of feeling, and the latter the cultured forms thereof. Consequently poetry

abounding in feeling cannot employ profuse phraseology but is pointed and laconic. So also music seething with emotion cannot have the cloak of words but is a succession of pleasing sounds in a well-arranged form.

Ragalapana

This is the conception of 'Ragalapana' which is one of the unique features of the Karnatic school. 'Thanam' and 'Pallavi', other special features of our school, may be treated as particular aspects of 'Ragalapana.' The 'Sthayee Bhavam' (or central idea) in music, whatever form it may assume, song, 'Ragalapana,' 'Thanam' or anything else, should invariably be 'Bhakti' or devotion to God, as already observed, and it has to be interwoven by one or more of the nine 'Rasas' (i.e., the nine types of intense emotion). Accordingly, in singing a song in which words or sentences are employed to express the 'Rasas', the 'Sthayee Bhavam' or the central thought should be constantly kept in view, the words should be distinctly and intelligibly pronounced so as to make the hearers catch and follow the ideas at once. Further, the musician should now and then be addressing God by such words as 'Rama' and 'Krishna', and his musical expatiation of the song should serve as a commentary upon the thoughts comprised therein. Again he should keep before his eyes the image of Rama or Krishna or whomsoever he addresses, and pour out his heart to Him as he sings in sincere devotion. Secondly, if he is making 'Ragalapana' proper, in which no language is generally employed to express emotions but which apparently consists in a modulation of the musical notes

making a melody, he should induce before himself a concept of God such as he best appreciates-say of Rama or Krishna or Siva and singing the 'Ragam' in a fashion which suggests that God is 'Nada Brahman' and that He can be best realised through 'Nadopasana'. Just as a musician when he sings a song has to extol the virtues of God as they are described therein, he has to glorify, when he sings 'Ragam', God's attributes as they are symbolized in Vedic texts.

Pallavi

Now coming to 'Pallavi' it is something which is in the nature partly of a song and partly of 'Ragalapana'. The central idea is expressed by means of words and 'Sthula Thalam' is employed throughout its course. These two factors make it a song-like production. Again, the major portion of it consists in dilation of musical notes, and in this aspect, it has something in common with 'Ragalapana'. I say 'something in common'; because unlike in 'Ragalapana', the musician indulges more in singing 'Swarams' themselves, in mathematical proportions making combinations and permutations thereof, than in modulating the musical sounds according to 'Bhavam'. Hence the musician who wishes to acquit himself well in this branch of music should bear in mind the ideals of the other branches-song, and 'Ragalapana'-and effect a reconciliation as it were between them.

The Element of 'Ragam' in Music

Having said so much about the first ingredient of 'Bhavam' in music, I have to take up the next essential element of 'Ragam' and

say something about it. 'Ragam' consists in a proper pronunciation and expression of musical sounds in the course of singing, and this pronunciation and expression we call 'Akaram'. This aspect of music is dealt with in 'Sabdabheda prakaranam' of 'Sangeeta Ratnakaram' and I wish to mention a few things in this connection. A study of that chapter will convince the reader that the pronunciation and expression of sounds should be as natural as possible and should have no conventions about it. If the voice is not commendable in itself, it should be so tutored as to square up the angularities and produce sweet sounds by proper modulations. Sweetness should be the ruling principle of the articulation of sounds, and it is the result of the natural frame of the voice trained and modulated at the feet of a well-accomplished teacher so as to be rid of conventions, artificialities, and eccentricities in the manner of sound production. The musician should therefore keep himself within the bounds of his voice as regards its pitch and expedition, and ought not to over-reach himself.

The Element of 'Thalam'

We come to 'Thalam' or time-keeping. It is said to constitute the third element of 'Geetham.' The following oft-quoted maxim may be referred to in this connection: " 'Shriti' is the mother and 'laya' the father of Music."

The meaning of this maxim is clear. Just as a child is born of a mother and thrives in her care, music owes its existence and melody to 'Shriti' i.e., the starting unit of sound and accurate attunement of musical sounds to

the unit. Again, just as a father contributes to the child's well-being, 'laya' i.e., accurate proportion of time-units makes for the diction and dignity of music. The Karnatic school has recognised this principle and has given a prominent place to 'laya' in its arrangement. 'Thalam' when spoken of as an element of music means 'laya' and not the different 'Thalams' such as 'Dhruva' and 'Madhya'. So also 'Bhavam' and 'Ragam' as constituting the other such elements are shown to mean word-concepts and sound-combinations. These three words have acquired an extended meaning, of course not unconnected with, but as a continuation and development of, their primary meaning, and are used in that extended sense in the several chapters in works on music dealing with 'Bhava-Prakaranam', 'Raga-Prakaranam' and 'Thala Prakaranam' respectively. These 'Prakaranams' deal with the several 'Bhavams' or phases of emotions, the several 'Ragams' or melodies arising from sound-combinations, and the several 'Thalams' or modes of time-keeping. They are too numerous to be discussed here and may be out of place as well. In this connection it may be stated with propriety that the three 'Prakaranams' are too elaborate and too accurate to stand in need of any further interference on our part. Many of our musicians have been coming into prominence even without a knowledge of the rudimentary principles, and therefore we shall do well to insist upon the bulk of our musicians at least to acquire a knowledge of the fundamentals of music instead of trying to add to the list of 'Ragams' and 'Thalams' already too innumerable even to remember their

names. It may not be out of place to mention here that many of our notables will not be able to sing at least twenty 'Ragams' at full length with all the freedom required for the task.

Vadyam

So far I have dealt with the three elements of 'Geetham' which is itself the first and the most vital element of 'Samgeetham'. Next I wish to say something about 'Vadyam' which comes next to 'Geetham' to make up the idea of 'Samgeetham.' 'Vadyam' has assumed a very important place in the system of Karnatic music. It is divided into four kinds of 'Thatha' 'Sushira', 'Anavaddha' and 'Ghana' vadyams. Stringed instruments such as the 'Veena' and the 'Vayuleena' (violin) represent the first kind; bored instruments such as the 'Venu' (flute) and the 'Nagaswaram' (pipe) represent the second; skin-covered instruments such as the 'Mridangam' and the 'Mardalam' represent the third; and sounding instruments such as the 'Chirithalam' (cymbal) represent the fourth. The principal function of 'Vadyam' is conceived as accompaniment to 'Geetham' (i.e., vocal music); but 'Thatha' and 'Sushira' Vadyams (i.e., stringed and bored instruments) are considered to have two aspects-one as solos and the other as accompaniments, inasmuch as they are not only useful to help a vocalist as accompaniments but are capable of producing 'Geetham' i.e., music composed of 'Bhava', 'Raga' and 'Thala' in its various phases. Of these, the 'Veena' is of Vedic origin and immemorial repute. It is a superb instrument of a most scientific nature, and no other instrument can vie with it in point of melody

and adjustability and accuracy. It only wants in richness of sound so as to command big audiences. Some ingenious brains may work at it and make up the want by any original contrivance. The violin or 'Vayuleena', as I term it, is believed to be a foreign instrument but I am convinced it must owe its origin to the genius of the Aryans themselves. I venture to make such a presumptuous statement because it is more adapted to our system of music than to the Western conception of music. Perhaps it represents one of the several varieties of 'Veena' spoken of in our works on music, which have evidently become obsolete and whose origin and development we are not able to trace with certainty. However this may be, it is an instrument which can claim equality with our venerable 'Veena' from every standpoint. If we compare and contrast both of them, they vie and outvie each other in certain respects. The deficiencies of the one are made good by the efficiencies of the other. In respect of richness and continuity of sound, the 'Vayuleena' is far superior to the 'Veena,' but in regard to distinctness and accentuation of sound, the 'Veena' excels the other though to a limited degree. The 'Vayuleena' is unmatched as an accompaniment to vocal music and the other is unparalleled as a permanent record of musical

'Shruties.' The virtues of both instruments being discussed, we have to lay down that both of them are perfect instruments, and none others can stand comparison with them, whatever be the degrees of difference between themselves. In

this connection, I cannot but regret the fact that the 'Veena' has of late been falling into disuse owing to the popularity of the 'Vayuleena' and I consequently appeal to the lovers of indigenous art, especially of Vedic origin, to encourage the art of 'Veena' playing and revive its glory.

Next has to be reckoned the most sacred instrument, the 'Venu' of divine origin. Bhagavan Sri Krishna is said to have mesmerised the whole creation, animate and inanimate, human and superhuman, all alike with His strains on this instrument. His was a divine mastery and the improvised melodies must have been such as no human or superhuman genius could sound the depths of and the whole creation was therefore dumb stricken with the intoxication of the ambrosia of His transcendental music. Blessed were those beings who had the mysterious fortune to enjoy such music to their souls' eternal comfort! The great Sarabhasastry -eternal peace to his soul! - is renowned as having reclaimed the lost treasure of 'Vamsee Nadam' and established a reputation worthy of the Avatar who first exhibited its superb possibilities. It is an instrument which may rank next to 'Veena' and 'Vayuleena,' judging from the present condition of its adaptability to our music, and will have to be placed above them by reason of its connection with the divine Avatar of Sri Krishna from which it is implied that its possibilities are far surpassing those of any other instrument.

Next comes the 'Nagaswaram' of immemorial origin and long-standing fame. But

for the fact that it has to be blown with the mouth, it would have been taken up by the upper castes as well and mastered by them to a further degree of perfection. Even as it is, it has to be conceded that it lacks nothing to be styled a perfect musical instrument of almost all-round adaptability. The southern parts of the Madras Presidency have acquired a special distinction in the art and have excelled the other parts of the province, perhaps owing to the fact that there are a number of temples with extensive endowments of great, antiquity, which render immense encouragement to this art.

Both 'Venu' and 'Nagaswaram' are now used only as solo instruments and not as accompaniments to vocal music, and rightly so. The volume of the sound produced by them, especially the latter, is too overwhelming and hence they are not useful as accompaniments. But there are instances to show that 'Venu' can serve the purpose of accompaniment as well.

Of the 'Anvaddha' instruments, 'Mridangam,' 'Mardalam' and 'Kanjari' have won a name for themselves as accompaniments to vocal music and instrumental music. Their chief purpose is accompaniment alone. 'Mridangam' is an essential accompaniment to vocal or instrumental solo-music. Just the same part is played by 'Mardalam' as accompaniment to 'Nagaswaram'. Strictly speaking, these instruments have no place as independent functionaries, but a practice has of late taken deep root in our province, especially in the

case of 'Mridangam', to give the 'Mardangika' an independent chance to display his mastery of the art, apart from his capacity to accompany the principal musician. This practice, though of recent growth, is commendable if the artist keeps within his bounds; but I regret to remark that many of our present day 'Mardangikas' do not seem to understand that their foremost function is to accompany and not to lead the performance and misuse the trust reposed in them by taking an unduly long time for the exhibition of their talents.

While this practice itself is thus deplorable, there has sprung up another undesirable circumstance, especially in the Tamil country, to arrange a medley of instruments besides the 'Mridangam' such as the 'Kanjari,' the 'Dolak,' the 'Ghatham' and the 'Moorsing' to accompany the leading musician. This combination is being persisted in inspite of the trenchant criticism of learned theorists and artists to the effect that it is quite opposed to the ideals of our Karnatic system of music, the chief function being not only hampered but thrown into the background by the unduly disproportionate prolongation of the secondary functions. In such combinations, the auxiliary functionaries overpower the principal artist in their attempts to outwit one another and drown him amidst the uproar of their ill-harmonised instruments.

It may also be remarked here with due respect to the artists who are displaying unprecedented mastery over the instrument, that 'Kanjari' is most unsuited to play the part

of an accompaniment to vocal music and instrumental music such as 'Veena' and 'Vayuleena.' Perhaps it deserves a place in a 'Nagaswaram' entertainment. Hence it behoves the true lovers of the sacred art of music to discourage such unhealthy practices.

Again the Karnatic school has, true to the spirit of our shastras, kept alive the art of 'Jantra-gathra-geetham' i.e., voco-instrumental music, as I style it, which consists in oneself carrying out the functions of a vocalist and an accompanying instrumentalist at the same time. This kind of music has of late become a rare commodity in the Tamil country and I feel proud to note that Andhra Desa has got on its rolls even now many musicians who represent the art in its pristine purity. It is of course an art in itself and a musician who holds perfect sway in both the arts of vocal and instrumental music is given a higher place, by our shastras, in the scale of musicians. It is one of the several qualifications which make a 'Vaggeyakaraka,' the noblest of musicians, according to the dictum of author of 'Sangeetha Ratnakara'. Indeed a musician of this type deserves special distinction by virtue of his rare genius to wield two different arts to perfection, and also by reason of the fact that such self-contained music is sure to be crowned with greater success than ordinary musical combinations where different individuals come together to perform different functions, sometimes with adverse interests and ill-harmonised hearts, even apart from their disparities of accomplishment in their several arts.

Nrittam

Next I take up the subject of 'Nrittam' which constitutes the remaining element of 'Samgeetham' according to Sarangadeva, the author of 'Samgeetha Ratnakara.' It is one of the three essentials to make up 'Samgeetham' as shown below: "Dance, vocal music, and instrument, the three together are styled 'Samgeetham.'" Some other authorities say thus: "Some style it 'Samgeetham,' which consists of 'Geetham' and 'Vadyam.'" According to the latter view, 'Nrittam' is not necessary to make up the idea of 'Samgeetham.' Hence it becomes clear that there is a difference of opinion among the ancients themselves as to whether 'Nrittam' forms an essential ingredient of 'Samgeetham' or not. The difference will dwindle into a nominal one when we recall to our mind that all the authorities concede that 'Geetham' is of primary importance and the other or the others are in the nature of supplements. We have seen that the highest purpose of music is to control the three agencies of action-the mouth, the body and the mind-and thereby concentrate the spirit on 'Paramathman,' so that the devotee secures the state of 'Samadhi' or blissfulness. The three agencies are said to be controlled and concentrated when they are completely engaged in the service of God to the absolute abstraction of other objects as stated in the following verse of 'Srimad Andhra Bhagavatha' of the blessed Potana: -

"The hands are those alone which serve 'Kamalaksha' i.e., the lotus-eyed one;
The tongue is that alone which praises 'Sri Nadha' i.e., the consort of Lakshmi;

The eyes are those alone which gaze upon 'Sura Rakshaka' i.e., the Saviour of the Gods;
The head is that alone which falls prostrate before 'Sesha Saayi' i.e., the recliner on the Sesha serpent;

The ears are those alone which hear Vishnu i.e., the Omnipresent;

The 'manas' or mind is that alone which is concentrated upon 'Madhu Vairi' i.e., the enemy of Madhu;

The legs are those alone which go round 'Bhagavan' i.e., the possessor of the six great virtues;

The 'Buddhi' or Ego is that alone which meditates upon 'Purushottama' i.e., the noblest of 'Purushas' or Egos;

The day is that alone which is spent in thinking of 'Devadeva' i.e., the God of the Gods;

The learning is that alone which proclaims 'Chakrahashta' i.e., the wearer of Chakra by the hand;

The teacher is he alone who teaches about 'Kumbhini Dhava' i.e., the Lord of the Universe;

The father is he alone who says 'oh son! realise Hari' i.e., the purifier of all sins."

The verse gives us in a nut shell how divine worship and spiritual communion should be practised and perfected through the subjugation of the three agencies of action. It contains immense thought and requires voluminous commentation to elucidate it thoroughly. The epithets used to denote God are very ingeniously conceived by the author and prescribe the sort of service required of every limb and sense organ. The limbs and the sense organs perform different functions

for the common end of divine service and spiritual communion, but the question is in what manner they are enabled best to do the same according to the conception of the great Poet. The answer is that 'Samgeetham' consisting of the three parts of 'Nritta', 'Geetha', and 'Vadya' affords the best method of service in compliance with such an ideal, 'Geetham' composed of 'Bhava', 'Raga' and 'Thala' engages the three agencies of the mind, the mouth, and one of the hands; 'Vadya' which in this connection means 'Thambur' engages the other hand, and 'Nrittam' engages the legs and the whole of the body. Small cylindrical bells are applied to the legs to produce Sweet sounds indicating the 'Prasthara' followed in the course of 'Nrittam'. Thus all the organs of the body, grosser and subtler, sensory and active, are concentrated on the service of God and spiritual communion as enjoined by the divinely inspired Poet, so as to induce a state of absolute blissfulness called 'Samadhi.' The blending of the three parts of music which take the appellation of 'Thowrya Trikam' seems to be a conception drawn from the following phenomenal circumstances. Some persons when they go into a blissful state of mind fall into a musical reverie, so to style it, when they begin to chat and prattle, to sing and dance, all in ecstasy, not knowing What they do. Hence it follows that the same physical and physiognomical symptoms may be observed when a 'Bhakta' or a 'Geethopasaka' gets enraptured in a state of 'Samadhi.' But this kind of blissful state, being the highest and noblest, is rendered most acceptable and enjoyable as the symptoms proceed in the shape of well-ordained and well-regulated

movements of the three agencies of action, which movements are termed 'Thowrya Thrikam.'

Some authors have prescribed 'Geetham' and 'Vadyam' alone as constituting 'Samgeetham' and have dispensed with 'Nrittam' as an element of it. The reason for this seems to be that blissfulness is not in every case accompanied by automatic dancing and dallying, and hence 'Geetham' and 'Vadyam' alone are considered sufficient, firstly to set at naught the objective functions of the senses and the limbs for their entire centralisation in the subjective self, and secondly for the expression of the blissful condition in the most pleasing form.

Sri Maheswara is said to be the first personage who performed 'Nrittam' and has thereby given us the fundamentals of many of our literary sciences. Again, Sri Krishna Bhagavan is said to have displayed His divine accomplishment in this branch of the art as well and has acquired the title of 'Thandava Krishna.' Further many of our 'Bhaktas' seem to have rendered divine service with 'Nrittam' as an Important accessory.

Such being the conception and history of the art, it has to be regretted that it has nowadays been relegated to the ranks of the nautch girl so that she is enabled to allure and captivate the lewd admiration of her officious paramours. Of course our 'Bhagavatars' so-called, who perform 'Harikatha' performances, are expected to have the equipment of 'Nrittam' also as one of their

attractive features and do display it in some manner or another. Again we see it represented in our 'Bhajana' parties conducted by untutored folk. I doubt whether the 'Bhagavatars' or the 'Bhajana' parties display the art with any knowledge of its principles and purposes. We have a band of Brahmin 'Bhagavatars' so-called at Kuchipudi a small village near Masulipatam, who, the tradition goes, have been ordained by a great Sanyasin of old to enact a drama-like work of his describing the youthful exploits of Sri Krishna Bhagavan, from generation to generation. These Brahmins pursue the art of dramatic enactment as a profession even to this day in obedience to the command or rather the anathema of the saintly sanyasin, and display their skill in this art of 'Nrittam' as well in their own way. It is considered that some of them are certainly great adepts in the art and have acquired it by a proper study of, and an assiduous application to, its principles. Apart from such rare instances which also may not reach the high watermark of perfection, the art seems to have receded from the hands of its proper guardian-angels. Hence it behoves

us to revive and popularise it among the upper classes of our society.

Conclusion

In conclusion, I appeal to my Hindu brethren to live up to the ideals of the Maharshis who are our boasted ancestors, in every sphere of our activities, and still better in that of the divine culture of 'Sangeetham.' and thereby ennoble ourselves in the eyes of the Almighty, 'Paramathman' for the attainment of eternal bliss through His purifying grace. What is contained in the following verse may be borne in mind with profit to ourselves, in this connection: -

"He is termed a real 'Gayaka' on earth, who has a sweet voice and a steady mind. who worships God and the Brahmins, who is a musician pre-eminent among his many peers, who knows what is 'Adi' and what is 'Graham,' who realises all the purposes of 'Ragas,' and is an adept in thoroughly pleasing the audience, who has mastered many shastras, besides knowing 'Neethi' and who is of a pure heart."

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man.

George Bernard Shaw

BOOK REVIEW

The Easel | A collection of Telugu Short Stories Rendered into English | RS Krishna Moorthy & NS Murty | EMESCO 2015 | ISBN 978-93-85829-15-4 | Pp 184 | Rs.200/-

The Easel is a collection of 15 Telugu short stories translated into English by NS Murty & RS Krishna Moorthy, both competent bilingual writers. It is the second of their contemplated tetralogy, the first one The Palette having been out in 1997. The Easel, the present and second one was published in 2015. The third one would be The Canvas, and the final one The Painting. These titles indicate the artistic taste and choice of the accomplished translator-duo who had won the Katha-British Council South Asian Translation Award for 2000.

The stories are by seasoned writers: Munipalle Raju, Ravi Kondala Rao, Tripuraneni Gopichand, Gudipati Venkata Chalam, Datla Narayana Murty Raju, Allam Seshagiri Rao, Beenadevi, Dr. V Chandrasekhara Rao, Dr. Vipparthy Pranava Murty, Ghandikota Brahmaji Rao, M Ramakoti, Seela Veerraju, and RS Krishna Moorthy. They have been selected not for any ism but only for their quality, and they "can stand rigorous scrutiny and evaluation by scholars and critics," as says the book's preface (Apology). Chosen as they have been

from about eight decades, the stories present a fair enough canvas of the societal evolution in the Telugu land.

A Pan of Musk by Munipalle Raju is a powerful story with a multi-layered significance. The general want of business acumen in the Brahmin families, the property feuds and litigation they have amongst them, and yet how they lend a helping hand even to those who are responsible for their economic plight, when in crisis. Value of friendship - how a friend of the protagonist with whom a long lost contact has been re-established, sends him money, on being written to - for the delivery expenses of his wife. And how it would be too late before we make amends for our past behaviour, even when the signs for reconciliation are visible and propitious to pick up and act upon. The story is full of tender emotions.

The language in The Easel is easy flowing and engaging, with a right proportion of evocative idioms and phrases. There are a few instances for improvability, and it is hoped it would be taken care of in the next edition. And it would be worthwhile to give at the end of the story the original Telugu title and also its date of original publication - so that the readers can read the stories from a historical perspective.

U Atreya Sarma, Hyderabad

Prolegomena and Transformative Articles on Literary Translation | Dr VVB Rama Rao | Authors Press. 2015 | ISBN 978-93-5207-134-0 | Pages 169 | Rs.800 | \$ 40

Prolegomena and Transformative Articles on Literary Translation is a comprehensive and stimulating treatise by Dr VVB Rama Rao, a great scholar and well-known writer with more than 60 books to his credit, besides being a good translator. Though he says that there is no universally accepted or applicable theory of translation, the book under review is full of precise information on almost all aspects of translation. He broadly categorises translation into three kinds—pragmatic, utilitarian and literary. He says translations of news items and religious texts come under the pragmatic; and those meant for conveying factual information come under the utilitarian. This treatise is mainly concerned with the third kind, namely the literary translations.

Literary translations include those of poetry, novels, plays, play lets and short fiction. If the merit of the pragmatic and the utilitarian translations is precision and logical clarity, the merit of literary translation is beauty. A literary translation, especially of poetry from one language to another, is an instance of aesthetic exercise. The translator of a poem has to communicate as much of its beauty as possible through the target language. In the process he may have to take reasonable liberty justified by the contextual demand and resort to meaningful and purposeful transcreation taking utmost care at the same not to

let in any distortion or major deviation from the original. Short-sighted linguistic fanaticism may sometimes impose dogmatic fidelity to the text, but that doesn't carry conviction or effect. In a literary translation fidelity by itself is not a great virtue. What is great is to achieve beauty, and to so achieve it one must be prepared to garner beauty at the expense of fidelity a little if necessary rather than fidelity at the expense of beauty. As poetry is an imaginative writing, no one can successfully and effectively translate poetry simply by virtue of one's command of both the languages, the source language and the target language without having poetic sensibility and a high sense of beauty.

Translations from one cognate language into another are easy, but those between two languages with different cultural and heritage backgrounds are difficult, almost defying but not impossible.

Dr Rama Rao has not only a perceptive intellect but also the heart of a gentleman, and so he counsels restraint and sympathy while judging a text of literary translation. Dr Rao, himself a translator of repute, knows under what great pressure a translator works on literary translation. And he even says that literary translations are frequently read not to pick holes!

It is good if, as Dr Rama Rao says, literary translation is taken as the next best, the original being the best; but in my personal experience, at least a passage here and a couple of lines there, sound, mean and move

at least as well as the original if not better, though definitely not throughout the translated work. As I say this, giants in translation like Duvvuri Rami Reddy, Gurram Jashua and Bollimunta Sivarama Krishna flash on my mind. As we read their translations we feel they are so good that we forget they are translations.

Dr Rao advises translators to scrutinise and take special care of style, social level, cultural variety, register, technical terms/jargon, regional variety/dialect etc., to ensure coherence and harmony. He also says that they should particularly see as they revise whether they have done over-translation, under-translation, miss-translation, and whether they have successfully brought out cultural nuances.

While some people think literary translation is not a sacred sin and a necessary evil, it is a pleasant exercise indispensable to promote the emergence of universal literary culture. Dr. Rama Rao warmly encourages translation enthusiasts to work in earnest on their translation projects and assures them of success if only they have a passionate liking for the job.

It is a highly readable and richly valuable book on translation. It instils great confidence in translation enthusiasts and emboldens them to undertake worthwhile translation projects.

Chepuru Subbarao, Hyderabad

READERS' MAIL

Though a bit delayed, the issue of Triveni Oct-Dec 2016, brought a wisp of fresh breath to the journal, nearing its centenary. The TripleStream, flowed with music divine, reminding the free flow of the stream of yesteryears, when Prof. I.V.C steered the rudder. Several new contributors enriched the journal, a welcome feature, making the old fans of Triveni like me be delighted that the flag of Triveni will keep flying in future. Kudos to the new stewardship.

R.R. Gandikota, Kakinada

Congratulations on continuing the writing of TRIPLE STREAM established by the distinguished Editor the late Professor Chalapathi Rao. I hope that the present Editors, while continuing the great traditions established over the years, will usher in the new, making the journal more delightful to read.

D. Ramakrishna, Australia

NEW MEMBERS

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

PATRON:

Sri Vijay R Kolavennu US\$1000

Life Members:

Sri B S P Sarma
Sri Salgam Arun Kumar
Sri Y. Venkanna Raju
Sri Jyoti S. Iruvanti
Sri KVGK Sastry

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP AND OTHER PARTICULARS
Form IV (See Rule 8)

- | | | |
|-------------------------|---|--|
| 1. Place of Publication | : | 12-13-157, Street No. 2, Tarnaka
Hyderabad-500017 |
| 2. Publicity | : | Quarterly |
| 3. Printer's Name | : | Prof. Y. Sreedhar Murthy |
| 4. Nationality | : | Indian |
| 5. Address | : | 12-13-157, Street No. 2, Tarnaka
Hyderabad-500017 |
| 6. Publishers | : | same as above |
| 7. Nationality | : | -do- |
| 8. Address | : | -do- |
| 9. Editor's Name | : | D. Ranga Rao |
| 10. Nationality | : | Indian |
| 11. Address | : | 1-9-485/8/4 Flat No.37, Lalitha
Hyderabad-500044 |
| 12. Owner's Name | : | The Triveni Foundation, 12-13-
Tarnaka, Hyderabad-500 017 |

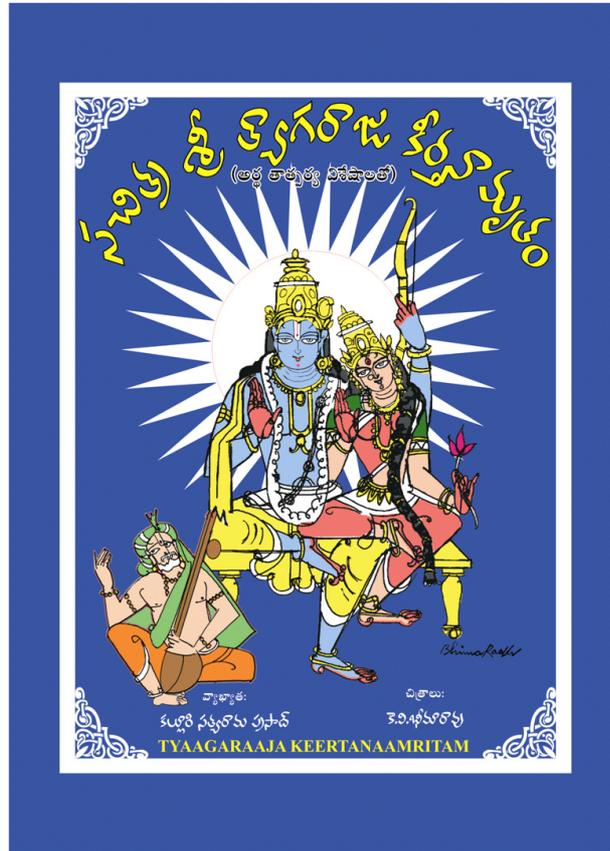
I, Y. Sreedhar Murthy, do hereby declare that the particulars given above are true and correct and to the best of my knowledge and belief.



The musical triumvirate Muthuswami Dikshitar, Tyagaraja and Syama Sastri

SRIYABALURI RAGHAIAIAH MEMORIAL TRUST

NEW PUBLICATION



Copies can be had from:

Sri Yabaluri Raghavaiah Memorial Trust
H.No. 1-104/1, St. No. 3, Bhavani Nagar, Nacharam, Hyderabad - 500076
Phone: +91 - 40 - 27171383, 40155383 Website: www.yabaluri.org
Email: syrmtrust@yahoo.com, syrmtrust@gmail.com