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TRIPLE STREAM

NEW WINDS BLOWING IN THE CORRIDORS OF HIGHER EDUCATION

I. V. Chalapati Rao

Several Commissions and Committees were appointed by the government in the past to improve the quality of Higher Education. implement the recommendations of the previous commissions because of resource constraints.”

The Radhakrishnan Commission (1948): It was a high profile body of international reputation which made valuable recommendations on all aspects of higher education including aims and objects, teaching and research. The University Grants Commission was brought into existence. Work went on smoothly for a long time.

Acharya Rammurty Committee: It was more or less a mid-course review on the New Policy on Education. There were of course subsequent committees like N. Janardan Reddy Committee which dealt with minor matters.

The Kothari Commission (1966): It was appointed to take a comprehensive view of education at all levels – elementary, secondary and tertiary. It recommended a national objective with 7 points: (1) Productivity (2) Social and National Integration (3) Democracy (4) Modernisation (5) Promotion of social, moral and spiritual values (6) Centres of Advanced Study in Universities (7) Common Schools.

National Knowledge Commission (N.K.C.) (2006): Never in the history of India was more brilliant spotlight on higher education than now. This commission under the Chairmanship of Sam Pitroda made its recommendations under 3 categories (a) Expansion (b) Excellence and (c) Inclusion.

It suggested (a) revival of Indian Educational Service (b) Emphasis on Science Education and Agriculture (c) Part-time Correspondence and Open University.

(a) ‘If 1500 new Universities are established India will have a gross enrollment ratio of 15% by 2015’ (b) Clusters of colleges can be made Universities (c) There should be 50 National Universities atleast one in each state. A beginning can be made with 10. (d) There should be an Education Corridor.

New Education Policy (1986): It made its own useful recommendations: (a) Emphasis on Vocational Education and Education for Women (b) Decentralisation (c) Autonomous Colleges (d) Science and Technology – Computers (e) Delinking of Degrees from jobs (f) Common Core Syllabus.

Yashpal Committee Report: The declared purpose of this Report is to renovate and rejuvenate higher education.

Its major recommendations are:

The concerned Minister made a confessional statement “We could not

The UGC, AICTE, All India Medical Council and all such bodies should be divested of their academic functions, which would be restored to Universities. The U.G.C. and other Councils should not recommend syllabus and curricula any more as they failed

as regulatory bodies.

All the universities, colleges, professional bodies like Engineering, Medical, Law, Veterinary and other colleges should come under the control of the proposed autonomous National Council. It will be an independent regulatory authority for higher education. There will be holistic approach without cubicalisation and compartmentalization.

For the National Commission there will be one President and 7 members. An apex committee consisting of the Prime Minister as President and the Leader of Opposition and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court will select the Chairman and the seven members of the Commission. The Commission's term of office will be five years.

All the IIT's and IIM's in the country will be made full fledged universities without losing their unique features to serve as pace-setting institutions in governance.

Necessary reforms should be introduced in universities to make them function as self-regulatory bodies with transparency. Expansion of higher education should be constantly assessed.

Steps should be taken to spread higher education more or less equally to all regions of the country so that quality education is made available to all.

Universities to establish live relationship with the real world outside and develop the ability to respond to the challenges of the rural and urban economies.

Undergraduate programmes to be restructured to enable students to have opportunities to access all curriculum areas with a fair degree of mobility.

The Knowledge Commission recommended clusters of colleges which can be made universities.

There should be no single discipline-specialized universities. Licensing should stop for new Deemed Universities. It is mandatory for the existing ones to conform to the conditions prescribed by the Commission within three years. They will be under scrutiny.

All levels of Teacher Education to be brought under the purview of higher education.

This being so, if we examine the recommendations of all the Commissions, we find that each of them had made recommendations to suit the demands and requirements of the concerned period.

1. The recommendations of the National Knowledge Commission and Yashpal Committee are indeed useful and relevant to the present times. I think our fears that there will not be 'decentralisation', 'division of work' and 'sharing of decision making' are baseless. Within the proposed single Autonomous Commission it should be possible to set up suitable administrative divisions of transparent and decentralised functioning. It is not fair to think that the Commission would like to bring into existence a behemoth undemocratic body with autocratic and authoritarian style of functioning. Let us wait and see its final shape.

2. Perhaps Yashpal Committee is aware of the fact that in actual practice it is the State government with its bureaucracy which will try to keep the universities and the colleges under their control through the appointment of Vice-Chancellors and the release of block grants to universities and colleges (particularly government run colleges). It is common knowledge that Vice-Chancellors and officers in the Education Department are being appointed on extraneous and chiefly political consideration. It is therefore desirable to revive Indian Education Service (I.E.S.), as strongly recommended by the Kothari Commission.

In fact, an effort in this direction was made by late Justice Chagla when he was the Union Minister for Education. The proposal was torpedoed by vested interests.

3. We are opening our doors to foreign universities which have set sights on our country. Instead of setting up satellite campuses as they did in China, Singapore and Qatar, most American universities are opting to join hands with Indian universities. For example Columbus Business School has already started a student exchange programme with the Indian Institute of Management at Ahmadabad. Similar proposals are under consideration. However we should be vigilant about sub-standard, fly-by-night, foreign universities setting their shop in India exploiting our craze for foreign education. There should be a strict regulatory mechanism. Otherwise they would prefer to charge fees at international levels.

4. During the last few decades, we had an adhoc and mindless mushrooming of Deemed universities, Private universities, Engineering colleges, Corporate colleges, Autonomous colleges etc. Our universities and institutions of Higher Education are no longer near international standards though we boast of a talent powerhouse and a reservoir of educated man power. When we make compromises locally how can we make our higher education globally competitive? Our

education is under-funded and over-regulated.

Unplanned disinvestment in higher education has not produced highly trained scholars, world class researchers and path breaking books. Dr. V. V. John, the well-known educationist, once said “The steamroller rather than the traditional lamp or lotus would be a suitable heraldic emblem for the typical affiliating university with its more than 100 affiliated colleges and tens of thousands of students doing the same course, reading the same crib and taking the same examination and when things go wrong starting the same sort of riots”. The present education system is a kind of lock-step. The weaker ones drag the better ones to their own level of mediocrity. The new reforms should put an end to this situation.

5. Faculty Development is very important. It will be useful if the Committee expresses its views on the future of the UGC – Academic Staff Colleges. Perhaps it is desirable to link value orientation with the Academic Staff Colleges which should be made fully autonomous.

6. Financial position of Higher Education should be made the top priority responsibility of the government because till now education appeared to be the last charge on the national revenues.

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DEMOCRACY TODAY

K. Rajamouly

Enfranchise, the best instance to quote
 All are welcome with a currency note to vote
 The voter is reminded of his active role
 And of his status as the king of poll
 The most welcome guest to drink to the brink
 Till there dries the mark of indelible ink

His face blooms the flowers of better future
 In the sweet garden of hypocritical nature
 His innocence sings the song of exploitation
 While rocking in the swing of intoxication
 The moment next, this one-day-king
 Without any crown appears suffering.

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THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

S. Deenadayalam

NIPM and NHRD invited Mr. H.N. Shrinivas, Sr. Vice President-HR and Business Excellence of Taj Group of Hotels, Mumbai, to share his experience with the HR Professionals and Students on March 14, 2009 at MATS, Institute of Management and Entrepreneurship, Bangalore, and the topic was “26/11 at Taj Mumbai - Damage Control and HR Role”.

Those who were present on 14th were touched deeply - both emotionally and intellectually, and those who could not make it missed something in their life which cannot be described. I did not sleep that night, tried to recapitulate what HNS spoke and thought. I should pen my learnings and share it with others. It moved me - having been part of Tatas for 7 years, I know what it means. The unsung heroes need replication and to be part of curriculum in many institutions.

Trained Terrorists and the Common Man:

By choosing to attack Mumbai's most opulent and iconic hotel, the Islamist terrorists have sent a powerful message to India's leaders, foreign investors and tourists as well as the country's new economic elite - a known news.

Also known - the terrorists were trained, under direction and did a meticulous job - fully aware of the consequence that their life will be taken away - and they had an intangible reward - but for which they would not have resorted to this - and that they will be blessed by GOD - and that was the by product of “religious ritualism” and brain washing.

Purpose of Life and the Soul Guidance:

An evening that questioned the purpose of my life - as his speech ended, many in the limited audience were wiping the tears and a smart question from one of the participants - “Has attrition enhanced post terror and how is the spirit of the employees after the event?” - and the reply came from HNS's heart - “Not a casual labour has chosen to leave and the spirit has doubled to tell the world of hate - that love will prevail with more energy and Taj will be the Best Hotel in the world again” and HNS added “that is the DNA of every Taj / Tata employee”.

The guiding spirit is in the Tata Culture of treating customer as God - that stood out.

Late Mr Thomas Varghese - the National Hero:

This Kottayam born Kerala lad has been a member of the Taj team for more than two decades - and when the brutal terrorist threw grenades at one of the Restaurants (Osabi) - the area was burning - and Thomas - not very high in the status or materialistic hierarchy - guided the reputed guests through a narrow stair case and ensured their escape first and then the rest of his peers (employees of Taj) and he himself was standing amidst fire - but stood firm till the last employee under his care escaped and - when he attempted to escape - the bullet from the terrorist consumed him.

Youth is a virtue: Here is Ms. Mallika Jagath 24 year young Management Trainee, in charge of the banquet - and the captive audience are the CEO's of varied Unilever business groups including Pakistan, Bangladesh and India.

Listening to the security caution, she chose to lock all the guests within the hall, guided them with courage and confidence, shared part of the happenings outside - and in conducive direction - led the bosses of Unilever to safety. In crisis she was cool and cared for minor details like filling the right wine, making gender specific make shift toilets with curtains and buckets and telling the experienced - they are safe.

The Bell Boy: Yes his title is Bell Boy - and that is Mr. Prakash Chalke, who was pulling the trolley and saw the terrorist walking with gun, and also sees a French tourist - fallen to a bullet spray - but Mr. Prakash sees the hand movement of the guest and uses his trolley to rescue the guest - who is safe now. In this process, Mr. Prakash could have lost his life - and what guided him probably was his inner spirit.

Situational Gurus: All the three people - about HNS spoke (there are many more and may be a book should be written on all of them), the spirit of India, the spirit of TATA's, the spirit of Humaneness that guided them - and not their titles, caste or creed nor were they trained in combating terror. They emerged as situational gurus. The Tata DNA was the guiding spirit.

Standing Tall: Mr. Ratan Tata met every family member of the deceased (all were flown in) along with Mr. Krishna Kumar, Mr. Raymond Bickson, MD, and HNS. He listened to each of them, responded to most of their concerns and stood tall and their HIS HEART SPOKE, a true Tata Tradition of Human Resource Management.

People Saved - Tomb intact and some

Property Lost: The brutal attack resulted in extensive damage to property. This logically means more death - but the truth is - thanks to every Taj employee on duty - the loss of life was minimized because of the customer care and presence of mind perspective of every Taj Employee. The tomb from 1903 is symbolic of the Taj and may be Islamic values, stood firm amidst attack - telling that Islam stands for peace to these misled fundamentalists.

The spirit of the Taj Hotel (reopens within a month): As HR and top leadership dealt with the emotional part - concurrently another team worked to ensure that the terrorists who thought they won - will see Taj bustling with activities and on 21st December the Hotel opened with the same spirit and amidst the VIP guests were - the honoured heroes - the Tata Employees who were applauded for their responsiveness, customer care and beyond all that, the SPIRIT OF INDIA.

Each employee of Taj Hotel who was on duty or off duty needs to be complimented and their stories should become curriculum in our colleges and management programs to make our life more spiritual than materialistic. We need to even take a movie - beyond call of duty - show it to youth, not for building the Taj brand. This is true of Oberoi Hotel, the VT station and that of India - we as A. R. Rahaman said, chose love and not hate.

The very essence HNS spoke on 14th - Purpose of Life. Thanks for making me sleepless. I felt I should have been with you like Anil Sachdev, though I sent a message to you early hours - I realised the purpose of life.

-Courtesy HRD NewsLetter, May 2009

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SAROJINI NAIDU – THE WOMAN AMONG WOMEN

Y. Padmavathi

We all know Sarojini Naidu as the poetess - composer of sweet melodies, the Bulbul-e-Hind, the freedom fighter who stood up along with stalwarts like Gopalakrishna Gokhale and Mahatma Gandhi and unhesitatingly went to prison for her beliefs. We also know her as the fiery orator who inspired women to come out of the closet and fight for their rights and also stand shoulder to shoulder with men folk and bear the brunt of the freedom struggle.

I would like to tell you about Sarojini Naidu - the woman - who loved good clothes, jewellery, flowers, was proud of the house she kept and furnished exquisitely, the husband she adored and the four children she reared.

Sarojini Naidu -the Epicurean: She was fond of good food. In her own house or elsewhere, no time was lost for marvelous dishes to be created for a well-laden table and all around her were tasteful accompaniments from flowers to carved black wood furniture – of a woman who loved a home filled with beautiful things. She spent a lot of time tidying up her house and making it attractive.

She loved good food - Eastern, Western, South Indian & North Indian. In her house she combined the practical comforts of western living with oriental luxury. When Gandhi invited her to dine at his Ashram her forthright reply was “Grass and goat’s milk - No thank you”.

She was not one of those people who believe that showing an interest in such mundane things as food and clothes is

inconsistent with being busy or important.

Sarojini Naidu - the dilettanti: Sarojini Naidu was fond of good dressing and elaborate saris and jewellery. She adored them as much as any other woman. In fact, color permeates all she wrote. She was a devotee of color - loving rich silks and gold chains, shoulder brooch and bangles. Later, twin tiger claws mounted on a gold pendant were a permanent feature of her jewellery. In a photograph of her taken in her sick bed in 1918, she is decked with ear rings, necklace and bangles.

Her love of the good things of life was well-known and wearing of coarse Khaddar was a sore trial for her. Avanti Bai Gokhale once said to Gandhiji - for jealousies and intrigues were rife in his Ashram as elsewhere - that Sarojini did not wear pure Khadi. Gandhiji tartly replied - whatever Sarojini wears is purer than what you wear. It is true that despite her deep devotion to Gandhiji, she returned to wearing silks but handspun and handwoven in the pure tradition of Khadi. Perhaps nothing proved her high status among her peers so much as in these small matters. Never slavish, she observed the principles but satisfied her aesthetic needs and always remained supremely herself, somehow above all criticism.

Sarojini Naidu loved colourful things. Just as she wore saris of bright colours, her passion for gardening was the result of her love for bright flowers. She never missed a flower show wherever she went. When she was in jail, she tried to plant flowers in the

yard outside her cell. On one such occasion when she planted a bed of antirrhinums, the government ordered her release. She asked for permission to stay on in jail until she could see her flowers in bloom. She was disappointed when the magistrate refused her request.

Colour permeated her poetry also - For instance - in 'the Bangle Sellers' she writes -

*Lustrous tokens, radiant lives
For happy daughters and happy
wives.*

In 'The Bazaars of Hyderabad' the vendors, maidens, peddlers, goldsmiths, fruitmen, musicians and magicians reveal their wares ranging from saffron and lentils and rice to spells for the aeons to come.

Sarojini Naidu was very fond of Music. An example is the bird like singing quality in her poems - say - The Palanquin Bearers

Lightly, O lightly, we bear her along
She sways like a flower in the wind of
her song
She skims like a bird on the foam of a
stream
She floats like a laugh from the lips of a
dream
Gaily, O gaily, we glide and we sing
We bear her along like a pearl on a string

Again, she writes -

Hide me in a shrine of roses
Drown me in a wine of roses
Drawn from every fragrant grove
Bind me in a pyre of roses
Burn me in a fire of roses
Crown me with the rose of Love

If this is not music and love of music, I would like to know what is.

Her love of Music was so great that on almost her last day - March 1st, 1949, she died the next day, March 2nd - waking up after a blood transfusion - she asked the nurse to sing for her - All her life, she loved songs. When the nurse finished singing, she said "I don't want anyone to talk to me". These were her last words. She died with the Sound of Music in her ears.

Sarojini's personal life was happy and well adjusted. She was on extremely affectionate terms with her brothers and sisters and had deep love and respect for her parents. As a mother of four children - she was thoughtful and wise and struck a happy balance between permissiveness and interference. She had a perfect understanding with her husband and although her political and social commitments kept her away from home for long periods, she never drifted away from him. She respected his judgment and sought his advice whenever any important decision had to be made. All in all, she was a wonderfully well adjusted woman in the personal sphere also.

Sarojini Naidu's Sense of Humour: The outstanding feature of Sarojini Naidu's personality is her sense of humour. She was born and bred in a house of laughter. Her father Agorenath Chattopadhyaya's laugh was one that brought down the roof. The household was ever laughter bound and sorrow free.

Brought up in such a household - she reveled in meeting people, telling stories in great detail interspersing her tales with boisterous chuckle and laughter - something she retained to the end of her life.

Sarojini Naidu saw from an early age

how potent a force is laughter. After recovering from a very serious illness, when she returned almost from the grave, she exclaimed - "Is it worth while to be anything but glad. Of all things that life has given me - I prize the gift of laughter as beyond price."

All through her life, this earthy wit was to make her presence every where a pure delight. She had a gift of bridging emotional situations with a jest. When an admirer said to her after one of her thundering orations - "Oh Mrs. Naidu - that was such a wonderful speech - I nearly wept" - she turned to the girl and said "Nearly wept? - what do you mean? Everyone else was weeping."

Rajagopalachari said "Sarojini Devi was undoubtedly one of the few personalities in whom were combined a sense of humour along with perception of realities in the struggle for freedom".

Robert Bernays in 'The Naked Fakir' called her "the Licensed Court Jester of Mahatma's little court".

Stories of her irreverently giving the title of 'Mickey Mouse' to Mahatma Gandhi are well known.

At the same time, she had a deep current of wisdom and humanity.

She was as cheerful as she was sympathetic. It was said of her - when she came into a room, it was as though another candle had been lighted.

She was introduced wittily at an International Conference - as not the Nightingale of India but the Naughty Gal of India.

Tagore said of her - Your delightful laughter can never be unkind.

Often it was her sharp repartee and humour that changed a difficult or sad situation

into one that could be laughed away. Even motor car accidents could not suppress her extraordinary ebullience. She was quite badly hurt on one occasion - but she would often comment "If there had been plastic surgery at that time - I may not have been so ugly."

She once told a photographer who was fidgeting with cameras - "Come on boy hurry up - I am the same on all sides - fat and round."

That is why it has been said of her - while she can laugh with others she can also convulse an audience with jokes against herself - There is not a hint of inferiority complex about her.

When a certain politician bored every one with his repeated views in favour of second legislative chambers, Mrs. Naidu asked "why any second chamber? I am in favour of third or lethal chambers for certain politicians."

Her witty remarks brought down the temperature at solemn tense anxious meetings.

But although she was witty - she was not flippant. Her remarks caused amusement - not levity.

Mahatma Gandhi was always our adorable Mickey Mouse - or our ugly angel.

Once when she saw the elaborate arrangements made for Gandhi when he stayed in a slum area at Delhi, she quipped - "It takes a lot of money to keep the Mahatma poor."

It was this sense of humour that was one of the cementing factors of her relationship with Mahatma Gandhi in addition to the deep respect, veneration and love she developed for him over the years.

Her first meeting with Gandhiji is well known. But I will present it out in her own words.

"I went wandering round in search of his lodging in an obscure part of Kensington and climbed the steep steps of an old unfashionable house, to find an open door framing a living picture of a little man with a shaven head, seated on the floor on a black prison blanket and eating a meal of squashed tomatoes and olive oil out of a wooden prison bowl. I burst instinctively into happy laughter at this amusing and unexpected vision of a famous leader whose name had already become a household word in our country. He lifted his eyes and laughed back at me saying - "Ah you must be Mrs. Naidu". Who else dare be so irreverent? Come in, and share my meal - No thanks, I replied - shifting - what an abominable mess it is.

In this way and at this instant commenced our friendship".

Long after, she pays this supreme tribute to Gandhiji. A tiny man without earthly possessions, with his crooked bones, his toothless mouth and one square yard of clothing. The man comes - He passes meekly through the years - he overthrows empires - he conquers death - what has given him this authority - this magic - this almost god like quality of swaying the hearts and minds of men? It is the power of love - the transcendental love of humanity that knows no barriers.

When Gandhiji was assassinated in 1948, no tribute paid to him by his grief stricken countrymen was more moving than that of Sarojini Naidu, devoted disciple that she had been for twenty seven years. She exclaimed.

"He who was the apostle of peace had

been taken to the cremation ground with all the honours of a great warrior. Far greater than all warriors who had led armies to battle was this little man - the bravest and most triumphant of all."

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's tribute to Sarojini Naidu after her death sums up her personality and achievements.

"Here was a person of great brilliance - vital and vivid - a person with so many gifts which made her perfectly unique. She infused artistry and poetry into the national struggle - just as the Father of the Nation infused moral grandeur to it. She knew how to work and how to play. And that was a wonderful combination. She knew how to sacrifice herself for great causes - and this so gracefully and graciously - She lifted up our struggle into higher planes."

I would like to conclude with an extract from Sarojini Naidu's address delivered at the Convocation of Lucknow University in December, 1947. "I am going to speak to those whom I love most on earth - the young generation. I who have you all my life - and the older I grow the more faith I have that the young people of the world will fulfil my dreams, my unfulfilled dreams.....

Let us speak of unity not division; let us speak of love, and not of hatred; let us speak of fellowship and not of rights; let us speak of duty nobly and beautifully rendered. May we be the standard bearers of the new world."

This prophetic advice is as relevant today as it was when she gave it nearly 60 years ago.

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THE YAKSHAGAAN ELEMENTS IN *HAYAVADANA*

Dr. S. T. Kharat and R. T. Bedre

Girish Karnad's fame rests not only on his plays but also on his non-literary contributions to the performing world. He is a famous dramatist as well as a noted practitioner of the theatre. Though he feels at home more as a playwright than his other roles in the performing world, the international theatre goes to know Karnad as an actor on stage, a producer of plays, stage director, and an expert translator. His regular appearance on the TV and Cinema adds feathers to his multidimensional personality.

As a school-going child, Karnad was lucky to enjoy two kinds of theatres in Karnataka i.e. one, the Natak Company performances staged by the professional actors and second, the traditional folk theatre, the Yakshagaan. He recalls the difference between these two types of performances in their status, stage and techniques. While the former, staged by the professional actors in semi-permanent theatres with wings and drop curtains in the light of petromax, enjoyed the social prestige, the other, the Yakshagaan performances staged on a platform with a curtain erected in the open air and lit by torches, did not enjoy the attendance of the upper class audience.

Karnad's *Hayavadana* is a significant play not only for its multi-layered thematic structure but also for its trend-setting feature. It is the first play where the dramatist has explored the dramatic potentials of Indian folk traditions. It is not just its theme but also its

presentation that attracted the reader-spectators in India and abroad. It was a bold experiment in dramatic techniques in the early seventies. Karnad fully exploited the folk tradition while writing the play. He is one of those who first opened the doors of the Indian theatre closed for centuries, while his predecessors under the spell of the West had forgotten that the splendid treasures of the native tradition were far better than the outdated Elizabethan models. Karnad revived the native traditions.

Karnad was aware of the rich variety of folk forms existing in the regional theatre. He realized that they exist as a parallel flow accommodating changes in the course of time. He found Mann's story a fitting object, which can be covered in the folk theatre framework. He wrote the entire play in the style of Karnataka folk form, the Yakshagana, which itself borrows several parts from the classical Sanskrit drama.

The name "Yakshagaan" has been derived from the community called 'Yaksha'. In Amarkosh 'Yaksha' is considered as a supernatural class of celestial being. In Sanskrit it is described as:

विद्ययाधरोऽप्सरो यक्षश्चो गृध्रं कीनरासु

पिशाचो गुह्यकरु सिध्दो भूतो ऽपि देवयोनय रु

Thus the song of Yaksha is known as Yakshagaan. In the flux of time these people settled in Karnataka. Dr. Shivram Karantha found a community called 'Naga pujak' that

dances at the time of a religious function. According to Hasyagar 'Yaksha' in Sanskrit means 'Pooja'. And a song sung during and for pooja is popularly known as 'Yakshagaan'. Yakshagaan, the opulent folk opera of Kannada land reveals the tradition, temple worship, and the peculiar music and ritual of the people.

The dance in the Yakshagaan has its origin in the tribal dance made for Nagapooja or Demon worship. The pooja ritual is known as Naga-Mandala. It is crystal clear that Girish Karnad has titled another play *Nag Mandala* after the ritual. Appana, Rani's husband, is the name of a ghost in the dance.

The sources for Yakshagaan are, of course, *The Ramayana*, *The Mahabharata*, the Puranas, folktales, myths, and legends and so on. Karnad has stuck to the tradition and picked up sources from the same for his plays. In Yakshagaan the characters are God, Goddesses, Gandharva, satan kinnar or somewhat supernatural beings. Karnad, in this regard, faithfully creates a sense of make-believe. While watching his plays viz, *Hayavadana*, *Naga-Mandala*, *The Fire and The Rain*, even *Yayati*, *Bali* the audience undergo a feeling as the German dramatist Brecht calls it 'Yerfremdungs Effect (V - Effect) i.e. defamiliarization or alienation effect. The device reminds the spectators that it is not the presentation of the real life. Like Brecht, Karnad also succeeds in separating his audience from his characters.

Karnad opens the play with the worship accompanied by a song sung to Lord Ganesha. God is invoked to bless the performers with success. The theme of the

action is hinted here. It reminds one of the epic convention of invocation and exposition. Conforming to the folk drama convention, the image of Lord Ganesha is brought on the stage for offering Him pooja for success. After the pooja, the Bhagavata sings a song in praise of the God and pays Him obeisance. At the beginning of every yakshagaan performance, all the actors come on the stage and worship Lord Ganesha. It reminds one 'Nandi' - the singing of benedictory verses of the Sanskrit drama.

The mask of Ganesha plays a very significant role in this play. The play deals with the imperfections of human life. God Himself is an imperfect being with 'the broken tusk and cracked belly' and yet considered as 'the Lord and master of success and perfection' and 'a patron deity of scribes and performers, remover of the obstacles'. Raising the doubt in this contrast and the final submission to His will is what characterizes belief in the theatre.

The Yakshagaan performance is recited/performed by the Bhagavata who is a versatile artist. The success of a Yakshagaan depends chiefly on the art of the Bhagavata. Through the performance he sings for the characters, commenting on their actions, linking up events. Girish Karnad has done the character Bhagavata full justice in the plays *Hayavadana* and *Naga Mandala*.

Karnad's character of Bhagavata is the narrator-actor of the Yakshagana. Following the folk theatre tradition, the Bhagavata posits the problem, he introduces the characters, relates the actions in the play, and reports the off stage events to the spectators. He is the stage-manager too. He helps to arrange and

rearrange the accessories on the stage, makes announcement of interval and end of the play. Karnad has maximized the scope of the role of the Bhagavata making him not only the commentator and announcer but also has been turned into a character of the play. It is the Bhagavata whom Devadatta asks the address of Kapila and at the end Padmini hands over her son to him.

Bhagavata in this play resembles the 'Sutradhar' in the Sanskrit play. The Sutradhar controls the strings of the actions, unrolls the actions in the prologue with his assistant, 'Vidusaka', and joins the missing links in the play. But Karnad's Bhagavata is more than the Sutradhar of the Sanskrit play. Apart from being a key to the play, he is the only character who is under no illusion. He observes the actions and feelings of the characters quite objectively. He not only maintains the stage-spectators contact but also links the sub-plot to the main plot. More interestingly, he bursts into sharp satire. His wit is quite mind-blowing, and eye opening. Bhagavata gets a new meaning in the hands of Karnad. He is omnipresent and omniscient. "He is the Tiresian witness presiding over the everyday reality that keeps turning into the problem of the play" (Vinod, 224).

Karnad makes use of the folk device of masks, which is an integral part of Yakshagana. In *Hayavadana*, Devadatta and Kapila wear masks. While playing the role of Hayavadana, the actor wears the mask of the horse. In the beginning of the play, Devadatta appears on the stage wearing a pale colored mask and Kapila wears a dark mask. In the transposition scene before Goddess Kali, the

masks are transposed. Thus, the play contains abundant use of masks in the play. The actor playing Lord Ganesha wears the mask of elephant; the actor playing Kali wears the fearful mask. Later Karnad regrets to have used the masks in the play. He thinks: **Masks are not in Indian convention ... perhaps; Indian theatre does not have masks at all except in Chau. Even in *Hayavadana*, it is a mistake to use mask. It is better done without mask"** (94-95).

Karnad makes use of the yakshagan device of curtains also. He uses the half curtains while introducing the character of Hayavadana on the stage. A painted curtain is used when Padmini performs sati. The curtain is painted in red implying the blazing fire and Padmini entering into it.

The female chorus and their songs again play a very significant role in the play. The song depicts Padmini's unrepressed nature and her inner feelings. The song seems to justify her feelings and craving for other men. The chorus chants:

**Why should love stick to the sap of
a single body?**

A head for each breast,

**A pupil for each eye, a side for each
arm,**

I have neither respect nor shame

(*Hayavadana* 82).

The female chorus once again appears and sings a song when Padmini performs *sati*. But this song is rather ludicrous. The chorus makes the situation farcical and burlesque. Through this song, the playwright mocks at the *sati* practice and lessens the seriousness of the spectators. The occasional songs of

Bhagavata and Padmini placed in the play are in accordance with the musical play.

In the play, Goddess Kali and Lord Ganesha are also used as folk drama devices. Lord Ganesha, like Hayavadana, represents in the play a perfect blend of three different worlds of experience - that of human, divine, and animal. Goddess Kali is described as a terrible figure - 'with mouth wide-open, tongue lolling out'. She gives a significant twist to the main plot as well as to the sub-plot. But quite ironically, she possesses human attributes. She becomes angry for disturbing her sleep. She is jealous because Devadatta promises her arms and head to Rudra. Karnad wants to suggest the fact that Gods and Goddesses do not solve the human problems. Instead, they worsen them as Kali does with Padmini and Hayavadana. Placing Gods in comic light is again a folk device.

Another important folk strategy Karnad has employed in the play is the mime. Many actions in the play are mimed. Kapila's driving the cart; his climbing on the tree and bringing the Fortune Lady's flower are mimed. These remind the spectators that it is a play being performed before them. It brings the play close to Brechtian Epic theatre where the 'willing suspension of disbelief' is broken. The playwright knows the purpose and benefit of these folk elements in the play. He writes:

The various conventions – the chorus, the mask, and the seemingly comic episodes of the dolls, the mixing of human and non-human worlds – permit the simultaneous presentation of alternative attitudes to the central

problem. To use a phrase from Bertolt Brecht, these conventions then allow for 'complex seeing' (Karnad 14).

The playwright also makes use of female chorus, which is not found in the Yakshagana tradition. But the use of dolls has worked well. They are shown as having insight in the hearts of the characters. They reveal the core of Padmini's emotional betrayal to Devadatta and her longing for Kapila. They also mark the change in the being of Devadatta, who has turned from a tough man into a delicate man. This communication through Bhagavata would not have been as effective as through dolls. The use of dolls increases the authenticity of the narration.

Erin B. Mee does not consider *Hayavadana* as a Yakshagana play that Karnad adapted to the modern stage, nor a modern play to be performed in Yakshagana style with Yakshagana performers, but a modern play that derives some of its structural elements and stylistic devices from Yakshagana.

In this way, the yakshagana elements helped *Hayavadana* emerge as an urban folk play that married the conventions of Yakshagana folk performance (stock characters, music, dance, masks, talking dolls,) with a core narrative that poses philosophical riddles about the nature of identity and reality. *Hayavadana*, with its rich thematic concerns and experiments with folk-devices earned Girish Karnad international recognition, as it has become a much-coveted Indian performance abroad.

*

FATHER'S DAY

M. L. Swamy

“Mathru Devobhava, Pithru Devobhava, Acharya Devobhava”! “Mother is God, Father is God, Teacher is God”. This is the concept of Indian Culture. This is taught to all our children both in house and at school. We treat our mother, father and teacher with such respect and adoration, not only in childhood and school but also through out our lives and till the end. In their old age, our mothers and fathers are highly respected and taken care of with utmost respect, so that their later years are happily spent with love, dignity and satisfaction. Their words in the house are very much respected and followed. That is the tradition, great tradition, of India.

I was in USA in the year 1964 for training in “Construction Equipment Study” under the USAID Program for a period of six months. During that period, I met quite a few of the American families in US. Once in Washington D.C., I had occasion to meet an old American lady, aged about 75 years, at her house. She told me about her and her children and grand children. She was living alone in her house at that old age. I asked her why she was living alone, when she had so many children and grand children, who could take care of her. She told me that it would not work that way in America. Every one lives for himself or herself when they grow up. She said sadly that the seniors have to live on their own till the end. I asked her “Will not your children and grand children visit you frequently?” She asked me “Where is the time for them to come to me? They are busy with their own lives.” Then, there was a silver lining in her face and she said “Oh, my son visited me last year for

the Mother’s day.” Immediately, she sank into a sort of depression and said “I am not sure whether he will visit me on the Mother’s Day this year.” This was 45 years ago in America. I don’t think that things have changed and are different now in America. It was only at that time that I heard about **“Mother’s Day”** in USA. I also heard from her that there was a **“Father’s Day”** also.

I tried to go into the history of this “Mother’s Day”. One school of thought claims this day emerged from a custom of mother worship in ancient Greece, which kept a festival to Cybele, a great mother of Greek gods. This festival was held around the Vernal Equinox around Asia Minor and eventually in Rome itself from the Ides of March (15 March) to 18 March. However, the “Mother’s Day Proclamation” by Julia Ward Howe was one of the early calls to celebrate Mother’s Day in the United States. Written in 1870, Howe’s Mother’s Day Proclamation was a pacifist reaction to the carnage of the American Civil War and the Franco-Prussian War. The Proclamation was tied to Howe’s feminist belief that women had a responsibility to shape their societies at the political level.

But it was only in 1912, Anna Jarvis trademarked the phrase “Mother’s Day”, and created the Mother’s Day International Association. Over a period of time the “Mother’s Day” has become a formal event of meeting mothers and exchanging gifts. Slowly the event was commercialized and Mother’s Day continues to this day to be one of the most commercially-successful U.S. occasions. According to the National

Restaurant Association, Mother's Day is now the most popular day of the year to dine out at a restaurant in the United States. For example, according to IBIS World, a publisher of business research, Americans will spend approximately \$2.6 billion on flowers, \$1.53 billion on pampering gifts—like spa treatments—and another \$68 million on greeting cards. Mother's Day will generate about 7.8% of the U.S. jewelry industry's annual revenue in 2008, with custom gifts like mother's rings.

There are many countries that celebrate the Mother's Day including India. But the dates differ. Majority of the countries (more than 70) celebrate the Mother's Day on 2nd Sunday of May every year. The countries like USA, Canada, Russia, China, India, Pakistan, Srilanka and others follow this date.

Coming to the “**Father's Day**”, it was started much later. Mrs. John B. Dodd, of Washington, first proposed the idea of a “father's day” in 1909. Mrs. Dodd wanted a special day to honor her father, William Smart, a Civil War veteran, who was widowed, when his wife (Mrs. Dodd's mother) died in childbirth with their sixth child. Mr. Smart was left to raise the newborn and his other five children by himself on a rural farm in eastern Washington State. It was after Mrs. Dodd became an adult that she realized the strength and selflessness her father had shown in raising his children as a single parent. The first Father's Day was observed on June 19, 1910 in Spokane Washington.

At about the same time in various towns and cities across America other people were beginning to celebrate a “father's day.” In 1924 President Calvin Coolidge supported the idea of a national Father's Day. Finally in 1966 President Lyndon Johnson signed a Presidential proclamation declaring the 3rd

Sunday of June as Father's Day.

There are many Quotes about Father by eminent persons. A few of them are:

“None of you can ever be proud enough of being the child of SUCH a Father who has not his equal in this world—so great, so good, so faultless. Try all of you, to follow in his footsteps and don't be discouraged, for to be really in everything like him none of you, I am sure, will ever be. Try, therefore, to be like him in some points, and you will have acquired a great deal.”—*Victoria, Queen of England*

“It is a wise father that knows his own child.”—*William Shakespeare*

“One father is more than a hundred schoolmasters.”—*English Proverb*

“A man knows when he is growing old because he begins to look like his father.”—*Gabriel Garcia Marquez*

“I cannot think of any need in childhood as strong as the need for a father's protection.”—*Sigmund Freud*

“Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young, who loved thee so fondly as he? He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue, and joined in thy innocent glee.”—*Margaret Courtney*

“Blessed indeed is the man who hears many gentle voices call him father!”—*Lydia M. Child*

In a family the mother and father have an equal role to play, though different. Mother takes care of the children and showers her love and affection and brings them up in a responsible fashion in the house. Father is the bread winner of the family. He takes over when they come up to a certain age and looks after the education of the children, their professional careers and their marriages and finally settling them in life. Fathers are role models for the children. If the children come

up in life well, it is mainly due to the efforts and the advice and the example of the father. As for me, apart from the great contribution of my mother in bringing me up, my father's role in shaping my life was great! But for him, I don't think I would have risen to the heights that I did. I would like to mention here about one or two experiences I had with my great father.

I come from an upper middle class family. Like any one else in my position, I was depending on my father and mother for everything, including education up to my graduation in Engineering. Money was provided to me by a mere asking. No questions asked! I was entirely dependent on my father and had little or no responsibility. When I passed my Bachelor of Engineering, I was posted as Supervisor in the Highways Department at a place called Samalkot, about 6 miles away from Kakinada, my native place, where my father lived and practiced law. In view of the short distance, I was staying at Samalkot in a house on rent. I was going to Kakinada on week ends. On week days I was getting my food both lunch and dinner and snacks from my house in Kakinada. A servant boy used to go to Kakinada by train both in the morning and evening and get me food. My clothing was provided by my father and mother. I had no responsibility and expenditure. I was getting nearly Rupees Two Hundreds per month as salary and I was spending it myself without giving anything to my father or mother. It went on for nearly 4 years. By that time and in March 1951 I was promoted to a gazetted post in Public Works Department, posted to Rajahmundry.

On 09 May 1951, I married. Three days after the marriage, my father called me to his

office. When I was with him he called his clerk and said "Mr. Sankaram, we have some Life Insurance policies in the name of "NANOGI" (that was my nick name). We are paying the monthly premiums for the policies all these years. Now that he is married, hand over the policies to him and he will take care of them from now on". Mr. Sankaram handed over the Life Insurance policies to me. I was flabbergast and said to my father "Let them be with you." But he insisted and firmly said "You have to live your own life from now on. Take the policies with you and pay the premiums". Suddenly I realized that I am grown up and have to stand on my own legs. I realized where I stood now and how my position and status changed from "Rao Saheb Madireddi Sitaramiah Naidu's son" to a mere "Madireddi Lakshmanaswamy". My father was a leading lawyer in Criminal and Civil law in the state and was very well known socially and very much respected in the district. It was a privilege to be the son of such a great personality. What a fall! I lost all that in a moment and I was now on my own as a mere Assistant engineer. Thus, my father taught me the reality of life and put me safely and firmly on the first step of the long, steep and high stairs of life.

Before marriage, Rangamani (my cousin) was staying in our house at Kakinada and studying Intermediate in the college. She finished her Intermediate by the time of our marriage in May 1951. As I was a champion of women's education at that time, I went to my father and suggested to him that Rangamani (my wife), may continue her education and join B.A. in the college at Kakinada. My father immediately got upset and angry and told me sternly "If you want your wife to study B.A. you can take her with you and get her

admitted in any college at the place where you are posted”. I again got the shock of my life. Then only I realized that the responsibility of my wife, was mine and no longer that of my father or her father. That was the end of the educational career of Rangamani. That was the beginning of her continuing education in the field of “Experience in Life”!

These two incidents had a profound effect on my life. I realized that I was on my own and have to shape my life. That gave the impetus to me to plan and live my life on my own, not depending on my parents or anyone else. This gave me a lot of self confidence and also the impetus for hard work. Also, I did not depend on the favors and recommendations of anyone for my progress during my service in Government or after

retirement. I got what I deserved and achieved on my own. That gives lot of satisfaction and happiness. I attribute my success in life and stability mainly to my father, who put me in my proper place, on the correct step and at proper time.

That is the Father! I am sure every father is like that. A father’s aim should be to make his children stand on their own legs and come up in life. A Father that earns tons of money and gives it to his son and makes him dependent on the money and deprives him the chance of standing on his own legs and achieve things, is **NOT A FATHER, AT LEAST NOT A GOOD FATHER.**

HAPPY FATHER’S DAY!

*

TO THE FATE

Dr. Satendra Kumar

I strive to master you,
Oh, Almighty Complex Fate.
In the arena, be face to face,
Don’t strike from hidden gate.

Let my head be held so high,
Shade of failure reach never.
For the puzzle, fear and doubt,
Thou repent for ill labor.

Let my mind be so wise,
To predict thy chanting psalm.
And disclose thy predicament,
Thou hast locked in misty calm.

Let my eyes be bold enough,
To stare thine outpouring blaze.
Thou shall bow down on my feet,
In rescue of feeble rays.

Let my heart be so delicate,
To appreciate the boons and bliss.
Which thy royal heart gifted,
Human race without selfish.

Let my hands be keen and sharp,
To tear out thy demon mask.
Thou shalt never in future,
Make hindrance on my task.

Thou influx of many vices,
Greed, avarice, ego and hate.
I raise banner of revolt,
One more staunch opponent of Fate.

*

THE FLAVOUR OF INDIANNESS IN CREATIVE INDIAN WRITING IN ENGLISH

Desai Falguni

The Indian writing in English, Indo-Anglican Literature or for that matter, any other label is an attempt to give a generic cover to the Indian imagination seeking creative outlet in and through the English writing.

Indian writing in English has now started receiving the serious attention of literary historians, which is a certain proof of its growth in bulk and quality. The etiology of Indian creative writing in English is considered to be neither noble nor natural and its relevance is still questioned. Some describe it even as the hobby of elite class. In a country where literacy is confined to chosen few, all-literary activity in a standard written or spoken language is bound to appear a little exclusive. But it will be unfair to forget that many of the ideas of the New World of secular humanism, political self-determination, social justice etc., came to us through English. It may therefore appear that English came to India as a historical necessity and that is bound up with our national destiny. Viewed in this historical perspective, Indian creative writing in English may not appear to be spurious - without any mooring in the country. When a nationalist like Sri Aurobindo wrote his poetry and drama in English, he might have done so not because English was the language which he knew well enough for this purpose, but when he thought that the language of future poetry would be English he showed a profound awareness of the historic role that English is likely to play in fostering the emerging idea of one world for men.

The creative writings of Indian writers who have a near native control of the linguistic codes illustrated how English is used creatively and thereby the socio-cultural code infused in it. Manipulation with English is possible since it is a second language. English can be referred to as second language as well as foreign language for many Indians. Foreign and second language can be roughly differentiated on the following parameters: -

(1) A foreign language is a language, which is not one's own, even though one may have a very good knowledge of it. A second language on the other hand, is a language, which is one's own though not the first to be learnt.

(2) A foreign language is used for the purpose of absorbing the culture of other nations while a second language is used as an alternative way of expressing a culture of one's own.

(3) A foreign language tends to produce bilinguals with a passive and receptive attitude while a second language produces bilinguals with active creative interest.

The creativity can be approached from two points of view – how the language is manipulated to express antithetically the context and culture of India and how it is exploited for discourse.

It must be remembered that language is not an isolated entity. It is deeply rooted in socio-cultural, religious etc. concepts of the native speaker's life. In a wider sense it represents across time and space the dynamic nature of these aspects. As stated above,

when a language is used in a non-native context which has a different socio-cultural pattern, but not for expressing this non-native culture, it remains a foreign language, like French, or German, or Russian are in India. But these very circumstances, when it comes to be used to express the non-native culture and becomes a means of communication in some domains from interaction, it becomes a second language and is precisely the situation in which the creative potential in it is exploited. The results are very interesting, especially linguistically.

In India a very interesting situation operates. India being a multi-lingual country, English serves as a link language across the nation. It is also a language in which a lot of Indian literature is being written - that is to say literature by Indians, written by Indians but in English. What has come to be termed as Indian literature in English. A methodologically sound proposition is to explore English in such literature.

The first task is to look at some of the basic vocabulary – clothes, food-items, customs etc. Many methods are used to transfer the basic vocabulary in the second language. Words from the native language of the writer are sometimes absorbed directly into English with a little phonological variation as English permits, or they are literally or semantically translated or their equivalent are found. In fact one writer may well make practice of using all three methods; viz, borrowing with phonological (graphic) adoption, lone translation, lone creation as per the requirement of emphasis and availability.

Besides, a writer may use a native word

with the meaning in the gloss, or in the context. With the increasing popularity of Indian literature in English, the words like “saree” - the dress of a female, and “dhoti” - the dress of a male are progressively used and accepted as such. This is an instance where the second language is in fact enriched by absorption of the native words. To a great degree, these words retain the feel of the meaning. In certain cases, an equivalent word is available in English – yet the native word is used. In many works of Indian writing in English – “zamindar” for landlord, “chowkidar” for watchman etc is used in order to capture the socio-cultural aspect – where a whole hierarchy of caste, profession etc is referred.

Native words find their way in English because of the non-availability of an equivalent counter-part. These words are so deep-rooted in the Indian culture, religion, philosophy etc that they are the part of Indian psyche. The counter part in English if any, simply fail to raise the same images or arouse the same emotions because the word has behind it the multi-dimensional meaning gathered over the years. For example some words like “kum-kum” (red powder used as a beauty mark by women), “namaskar” (a greeting or a salutation) are closely knitted with Indian methods, manners and culture.

Another method of expressing the Indian reality is to use a translation on the basis of semantics. Instances abound in Girish Karnad’s “Hayavadana.” In the opening scene of “Hayavadana” Bhagvata says;

“May Vighneswara, the destroyer of obstacles, who removes all hurdles and crowns all endeavors with success, bless our

performance now.....An elephant's head on a human body, a broken tusk and a cracked belly - whichever way you look at him he seems the embodiment of imperfection, of incompleteness. How indeed can one fathom the mystery that this very Vakratund-Mahakaya, with his crooked face and distorted body, is the Lord and Master of success and perfection? This Mangalmoorty intends to signify by his very appearance that the completeness of God is something no poor mortal can comprehend? Our duty is merely to pay homage to the Elephant-headed god and get on with the play."

The words and phrases like - "the destroyer of obstacles", "Elephant headed God" "Vighneswara", "Vakratund-Mahakaya" etc., are translations adopted for

elaborate explanations, - in fact they create a typical atmosphere by virtue of the fact that they are totally incongruous to the English native culture. Here we find typical Indianess in creative writing in English.

We can conclude that for Indian creative writers writing in English, English is no more regarded as the "language of masters" or as the "language of slavery," it has now become "the language of opportunity" and "the language of power, prestige and modernity". The English speaking world has now become more receptive and appreciative too, of the Indian writing in English. The Indian writer is one who attempts to write in English, dreams in his regional language, loves his national language, and expresses himself in international language.

*

MY SHARE

Pronab Kumar Majumder

I belong to this earth
From the moment of birth
I have every right to share
Everything in the earth's fair

What is my wrong, why do they threat
How are they intoxicated blinded
Want to piece my India great
Can it be a joy to get a single shred

I have every right to speak my language
Must I sing my own song
None can deny my own lord
And speaking my mother tongue

I want to sleep in safety
With my children pure like angel
Cordite in air speaks of anxiety
Who are they tolling death bell.

*

Again I am obliged to take care
Of everything the Earth gifted us
They belong to whole of world population
As it does to me as much

Wise people learn from others' mistakes because our lives are not long enough to learn from our mistakes.

THE RAINBOW NATION OF MANDELA

S. K. Mangammalchari

My visit to South Africa unveils the truth that it is a Rainbow-Nation with multi colored, multi-lingual and multi-religious population. To call it a Dark-Continent is a misnomer.

Johannesburg city, the financial capital of S. Africa is full of greenery, amidst multi storied buildings, goldmines, gem extracting fields with wild life sanctuaries, Art museums, Mandela Conventional Center, big shopping malls, city centres, Sandton city, Chinese Dragon City, to mention a few. The land is of 'God's Plenty', the architect of which is Nelson Mandela, the resident of Soweto, a slum, full of Khosa tribals.

After visiting Gold-Reef city, where gold is mined, processed and exported, we proceeded to Pretoria, the administrative capital with High-Commissions. Parks with Proteas and other foreign white settlers.

Durban is the next stop-over, after six hours of long drive from Jo'burgh. The descendants of the indentured labourers of Natal sugar plantations, with their strange names Robin Pillai, Ismail Naidoo, Monica Moodly (Mudaliar) are now flourishing as industrialists, legislators, executives, cultural ambassadors, architects of temples and educational institutions. They teach Tamil, music and Bharathnatyam.

Nearby is Pheonix where Gandhiji established a printing press; Kasturba started a primary school in an old building now converted into a library cum computer centre under the Trusteeship of Ela Gandhi, daughter of Maghanlal Gandhi.

On the way back to Durban, at Pietermaritsburgh, a symbolic pillar is erected

in memory of Gandhiji where he was thrown out of a running train by a Britisher from 1st class compartment.

Durban, also called Quazulu Natal, is the birth-place of the present President of S. Africa, Mr. Zacob Zuma. Both Indians and the natives live in harmony there.

Our next visit was to Kimberly to see the famous "Hole" from where the first consignment of diamonds was mined. A African boy who was playing with a big crystal diamond, motivated the European colonists to explore the mine and organize mining with jumpers, conveyor belts, escalators, processing units and sale counters. Tourists are given helmets and bullet proof jackets to visit the upper mine as also the sea shore down the pit. To find a sparkling diamond from a black-rock is thrilling.

Cape Town is at a distance of 1400 kilometers from J'burgh by road. We have to break the journey half at Colesburgh for a night's rest. On the way we cross green forests with tall trees touching the sky, rivers and dales, mountain chains named 'three sisters', Orange Free State with Orange river, Wine city full of vineyards, arid tracts and narrow peaks reaching Table-Mountains. To reach the city proper one has to drive through a ten kilometer long tunnel. Cape Town is situated between Table Mountains and sea-front, with barges, cruises and ships.

Cable cars take us to the top of the Table Mountains from where we could view the Atlantic Ocean meeting the Indian Ocean. The cable car stops at a steep stretch of mountain peak above the cape point. Trekkers enjoy

the perilous adventure and witness Baboons grabbing food-packets. Next visit was to the 'Cape of Good Hope' where Vasco da Gama found the land after a hectic voyage. Cape town is rich in flower gardens, botanical gardens, shopping centres and 'scratch and sell' where we can buy genuine gems. Artifacts are in abundance.

Without visiting Robben Island inside the sea, one will miss the cell where Mandela spent 27 years of imprisonment, mining in the carbonate mines. Penguins are a sight to enjoy nearby and seals playing on the boulders among the sea waves one should not miss.

I.P.L. was the greatest attraction in S. Africa. Thus ended our sojourn after visiting Mahatma Gandhiji's statue as an Attorney

opposite to his legal office at city centre. There are other monuments to visit in Kensington, built in memory of the Indian soldiers, known and unknown who fought the Boer war in 1902; the memorial to the 1000 stretchers brought by Gandhiji from Natal to nurse the wounded soldiers; Kingston Palace on the Hill; Mahatma's eight roomed residence at Troyville, which he shared with his friend Mr. Pollack and family, are well preserved. The Dutch and the Jews, the first settlers known as Afrikaans speak a mixed language western and native; the Khosa, Zulu and Sana.

Hail Gandhiji, Hail Africans who still respect the memory of Gandhiji and Indians. Don't miss to visit the I.P.L.'s South Africa.

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GOOD OLD DAYS!

Prof. G. Surender Reddy

In good old days when things were very
pleasant
It rained quite so often and summers too were
cool
Teachers taught in their classes
Mothers loved to sing lullabies
Kids made the paper planes
Neighbours smiled at you
Hawkers were soft and polite
Milk was fresh and pure
Food was plenty, fridge wasn't needed

There was no television, but theatre was
creative
Festivals were celebrated
Guests were gently entertained
Doctor was a family friend
Shopping was an event
The habitat had lots of trees
The sky was blue and full of stars
But, the good old days can never comeback
So, let's look for great new days!

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CRISIS OF IDENTITY IN KAMALA MARKANDAYA'S NOVELS

D. Phani Kumari

Prof. A. Rama Krishna Rao

Kamala Markandaya's Indian origin and expatriation in the West through marriage gave her the necessary background to probe the problem of identity. Kamala Markandaya's novels try to project the dilemma of individuals when they are confronted by contrasting cultural experiences and, as a consequence, suffer from a crisis of identity.

Nectar in Sieve is a story about destruction in the agrarian set up of a lovely Indian village as a result of the establishment of a tannery. Along with this story of the destruction of peace and placidity in the traditional rural life due to industrialization, runs the story of the disintegration of the family of Rukmini and Nathan. The family loses its identity, both physical and moral, in its confrontation with forces from the West. Kamala Markandaya does not give a specific name to her village, thus implying that its loss of identity is symbolic of the predicament suffered by Indian villagers, which were in transition from the agrarian set-up to the industrial set up due to industrial revolution.

Some Inner Fury deals with the theme of identity in more pronounced terms as it explores the inter-racial situations of the pre-independent India. The characters include Englishmen, Indians and Westernized Indians and the novel is located in the nineteen forties when the feeling of the average Indian was that "to know England was the next best thing to being English". But during the course of the novel the scales turn upside down, culminating in the denouncement of England and English in the "Quit India" movement in which racial tension reached its peak. Kamala

Markandaya tries to prove that the clash of identities is not between individuals belonging to the East and West, but between the races and cultures to which they belong stand between them, creating a gulf impassable in achieving total identity.

A Silence of Desire fictionalizes the clash and subsequent reconciliation between tradition and modernity, faith and rationalism, in the life of Dandekar. Dandekar and his wife Sarojini represent the two conflicting sides as he stands on the precarious ground between traditional and modern practices, while his wife belongs to the orthodox tradition. Dandekar experiences a sense of loss of belonging with reference to both the East and West as he loses his notions of reason and rational outlook consequent on his encounter with the spiritual force of the East, symbolized in Swami. Kamala Markandaya very effectively highlights the victory of the spirit over matter in this novel.

In *Possession*, Kamala Markandaya seems to assert that great art emerges only when the artist has roots in the native tradition and culture. The young Indian painter, Valmiki's vicissitudes of fortune in the worldly scale represent simultaneously his sense of belonging to his lack of identity with the cultures of the East and the West. West comes into the picture in the shape of the rich, young, English widow, Caroline, who wants to possess not only the art but also the heart and soul of Valmiki. Thus the Swami and Caroline stand for the two conflicting sides and Valmiki constitutes the ground where the contrary identities meet and clash and create problems

of despair and readjusting for him.

Kamala Markandaya's fifth novel *A Handful of Rice* paints a moving picture of agony and frustration of the individual when confronted by clashing value systems belonging to the East and the West, which invariably create a crisis of identity. We find a realistic picture of destruction of village life through industrialization in her first novel *Nectar in a Sieve* and in *A Handful of Rice* one finds the destruction of village life totally. Generation after generations of young men migrate from the village to the city in search of better means of living. Kamala Markandaya seems to asset in this novel that the crux of the problem is that the old values sustain one's spirit even in the face of suffering, poverty and hunger, whereas the new values destroy the very spirit even amid affluence and well being.

In *The Coffers Dams*, the novelist's attention was diverted from the social scene to the predicament of individuals, who differ from their social groups by their preferences and temperaments. The background of the novel includes Europeans, Indians and Tribals, each group trying to maintain its own identity in the face of conflicting situations. Helen and Bashiam, who belong to the European Community and the tribal settlement respectively, stand out apart from their groups in their openness of approach to men and practices, which in its turn create for them the problem of identity.

The *Nowhere Man* depicts the predicament of an old expatriate Indian couple Srinivas and Vasantha, in South London. In spite of their fifty long years of stay there, they were aliens because of the colour of their skin, their short thin statures, their peculiar shrill voices, the way they speak English, their habits of dress and food as well as their way of

thinking. As it is natural in cross-cultural contexts, the native Englishmen also treat them with a sense of aloofness and alienation if not with prejudice. Kamala Markandaya very effectively projects the dilemma of the expatriate situation and the consequent tensions in the lives of sensitive individuals in this novel.

Kamala Markandaya's *Two Virgins* fictionalizes the theme of identity in terms of tradition and modernity, as represented by the two sisters, Saroja and Lalitha. As in her other novels, Kamala Markandaya makes village and city stand for tradition and modernity respectively in this novel also. The village is a small place where every other person and social gossip is a mass corrective as the individual and his actions are observed and commented upon. On the other hand, city life makes individuals anonymous. The village and the city stand in this novel for the polarities of tradition and modernity. The sense of identity with the village and its conventions and codes saves Saroja, whereas the rejection of the same brings Lalitha to grief.

The *Golden Honeycomb* depicts the crisis of identity as represented by two generations of Maharajas of Devpore State, Bewaji III and his son Rabindranath. Bewaji Raj III is a product of the British educational system and this alienates him from his people. His son Rabi, on the other hand, stands as a contrast in his closeness to the people and their aspirations. The alienated Bewaji Raj III fails in the end and yields to the pressure of the people, reaffirming the novelists' view that one's value and way of life should have roots in the native soil. Sir Arthur Copeland, the resident and the Brahmin Chief Minister of the State of Devapore again represent the clash between identities that are shaped by

the East and the West. The novelist traces the origin of this clash to the political situation in India under the British rather than to their individual differences.

Pleasure City is an attempt to blend imagination with reality. It is an artistic creation like that of Hardy's Wessex or Narayan's Malgudi. The project of building a holiday resort "Shalimar" in the unnamed fictional city by the side of a remote fishing village is symbolic of the technological cooperation transcending the narrow cultural barriers. The project is undertaken by the company which consists of foreigners as well as Indians. The novel offers an interesting study of a group of characters as individuals as well as types standing for whatever is best in both the cultures.

Thus the treatment of the East - West encounter takes the shape of an identity crisis in the novels of Kamala Markandaya. The loneliness suffered by the individuals when they are uprooted from their social and ethnic groups under the force of circumstances is the basis of this problem. The circumstances are invariably the result of the inter-racial and inter-cultural situation in modern Indian life. It is average men and women that by and large Kamala Markandaya's world has and she suggests in her novels that the alienation caused by the West in the shape of industry and forceful domination (Nectar in a Sieve and Possession) is short-lived, whereas the deracination of individuals through cultural forces like education and training (Dandeka: in The Silence of Desire and Bewaji Raj in The Golden Honey Comb) is permanent. All these are treated from the sociological and

psychological points of view. Markandaya suggests that genuine friendship between the people of two races is now possible as India has achieved its freedom and the two nations are brought on an equal footing. From the brief outlining of the novels we can say that, the novels have cross-cultural interaction as a major theme. The author with the privileged position of having experienced both the cultures first hand knows the strength and limitation of both the cultures.

The novelist evinces her absolute integrity as an artist in that she refuses to be swept off by her personal prejudices and predilections. As an objective and dispassionate artist, she neither extols unduly nor denigrates outrightly either of the cultures, for she knows that no culture is either wholly good or wholly bad. As a defender of affirmative humanistic values, the novelist's vision, far from being utopian, is downright realistic and practicable. One can discern in the novel the negation and rebuttal of Kipling's claim "East and the West, Never the Twain shall Meet." Markandaya suggests beyond doubt that the meeting of the twain is always possible, at least, on the personal plane (i.e., Rukmani-Kenny relationship in Nectar in a Sieve, the Mira-Richard relationship in Some Inner Fury, Val-Evie in Possession, Helen-Bashism in The Coffin Dams, Srinivas-Mrs. Pickering and Srinivasa-Dr. Radecliffe in The Nowhere Man and Rikki-Tully in The Pleasure City) despite socio-economic, politico-cultural dichotomy. Kamala Markandaya demonstrates her rare insight in providing a very comprehensive and convincing picture of Indo-British interaction.

✱

OH! IT'S DAWN AGAIN

G Manjulatha Devi

As a beginner of the day, and possessor of tranquility, coolness and gorgeousness of nature, morning is indubitably awesome. But for the inhabitants of the corporate world, where a minute's rest to peep into nature would make one behindhand, morning sun in the east is a harbinger of the hectic life of the day.

For majority of people, getting out of bed in the morning would be a herculean task. Man's growing concern for self identification, his endless fight to keep up his position, his constant struggle to meet the requirements of the corporate world, eat into his rest and his dead-beat physique longs for a little longer stay in bed at the time of day break, when he is compelled to sacrifice his relation with sleep and get ready to do the to-be-done work of the day.

It is only amusing to hear grandmother describe morning in her interesting and sleep-causing story, "Cool breeze swings the world," "Snow drops on leaves shine like pearls" "Birds on boughs sing chirpily, "The Sun, an ornament of the sky looks ready for his operation," "Farmers go to field crooning," "And a lover at this pleasantest hour loiters beneath a banyan tree to take a stealthy look at his beloved, while she is passing through that way with her mates." Such a most lauded morning weeps for being detested, castigated and unloved by trendy people of the elegant globe. A woman with grimace, a child who loathes, an infant with a cry, an employee with

an antipathy. Everybody receives this gate-crasher with an adverse feeling.

A woman, who works in an organization as well as doing house hold work at home, gets up in the morning with a frown on her face, saying "God! The day has begun; a lot of work should be done in little time." "It's very painful to wake up the child for school." "Cruel morning, so hasty, never pauses, see! Time is flying, must get ready for office, let me run away." Everybody is fast, everything is done in speed. Morning is making people more irritating and less patient, for, it is time for the world to start action.

In metropolitan cities, to people who ought to travel not less than 20km to reach their offices, morning would be an unwelcome friend, it makes them dexterous monkeys without tails by resounding in their ears, "hurry up, hurry up, hurry up, time up," Needless to say, what apprehension it creates in a school going boy! Mother's unbroken call in his ear in raucous voice does not seem to disturb his profound sleep in the morning, by hook or crook she is successful in her attempt, ultimately the boy gets out of his bed, cursing his mother, his school, the arrival of morning and finally himself.

Morning's arduous task to find someone to love it proves futile in this busy world. To this captivating world, morning has no invitation, but it seems to make such people mourn by coming everyday.

✱

INDIA AND HER DESTINY

The Mother

Questions and Mother's Answers

If you were asked to sum up, just in one sentence, your vision of India, what would be your answer?

India's true destiny is to be the Guru of the world.

Similarly, if you were asked to comment on the reality as you see it, how would you do so in one sentence?

The present reality is a big falsehood - hiding an eternal truth.

What, according to you, are the three main barriers that stand between the vision and the reality?

(a) Ignorance; (b) Fear; (c) Falsehood.

Are you satisfied with the overall progress India has made since Independence?

No

What is our most outstanding achievement in recent times? Why do you consider it so important?

Waking up of the yearning for Truth. Because without Truth there is no reality.

Likewise, can you spot our saddest failure? On what grounds do you regard it as so tragic?

Insincerity. Because insincerity leads to ruin.
26.1.1964

What is the duty of every Indian today in the present emergency?

Overgrow your small egoistic personality and become a worthy child of our Mother India, fulfil your duties with honesty and rectitude, and always keep cheerful and confident with a steady trust in the Divine's Grace.

January, 1965

In view of the present and the future of national and international living, what is it that India should aim at in education?

Prepare her children for the rejection of falsehood and the manifestation of Truth.

By what steps could the country proceed to realise this high aim? How can a beginning in that direction be?

Make matter ready to manifest the Spirit.

What is India's true genius and what is her destiny?

To teach to the world that matter is false and impotent unless it becomes the manifestation of the Spirit.

How does the Mother view the progress of Science and Technology in India? What contribution can they make to the growth of the Spirit in man?

Its only use is to make the material basis stronger, completer and more effective for the manifestation of the Spirit.

The country feels much concerned about national unity. What is the Mother's vision of things? How will India do her duty by herself and by the world?

The unity of all the nations is the compelling

future of the world. But for the unity of all nations to be possible, each nation must first realise its own unity.

The language problem harasses India a good deal. What would be our correct attitude in this matter?

Unity must be a living fact and not the imposition of an arbitrary rule. When India will be one, she will have spontaneously a language understood by all.

Education has normally become literacy and a social status. Is it not an unhealthy trend? But how to give to education its inner worth and intrinsic enjoyability?

Get out of conventions and insist on the growth of the soul.

What illusions and delusions our education is today beset with? How could we possibly keep clear of them?

(a) The almost exclusive importance given to success, career and money.

(b) Insist on the paramount importance of the contact with the Spirit and the growth and manifestation of the Truth of the being.

5.8.1965

India must find back and manifest her soul.: The Mother

How to find back India's soul?

Become conscious of your psychic being. Let your psychic being become intensely interested in India's Soul and aspire towards it, with an attitude of service; and if you are sincere you will succeed.

15.6.1970

The Mother

Courtesy: Sri Aurobindo Action - July, 2009

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SEEKING THE UNKNOWN

Dr. J. Bhagyalakshmi

“O say, what is the thing called love?”

You may scream at the top of your voice

But none knows the answer

There is no one definition

Even the subtlest feeling

Which is beyond five senses

The one you cannot see,

Touch, smell, taste or hear,

Yet shaking up your whole being,

Call it love, grief, divinity or sublimity,

Is there because you are aware.

If you are in search of love

Either you cease to be a body, mind and senses

Or reconcile to limitations

No point asking,

“O say, what is the thing called love?”

Your awareness is your answer

Your imagination is your pathfinder.

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RAMMOHUN ROY – VISIONARY AND PROPHET

Dr. G. Lakshmiathi



From the beginning of time our country has been blessed by God with the advent of a succession of sages and saints, men of illumined souls. No other country in the world can boast of so many of them. They bring the message of God and speak to the hearts of people. There may be failures, obstacles as all human efforts are necessarily imperfect, but again and again there appears a fresh momentum, a fresh thrust to awaken and invigorate the national conscience. This is the most important feature that enabled our country to remain, by and large, a peace loving nation living in harmony with various religions, sects, cultures and languages.

Such an illumined soul, a messenger of God was Rammohun Roy. He adorned the national firmament in the end of the 18th century and the beginning of the 19th century. Poet Rabindranath Tagore said about him, “He is one of the immortal personalities of the modern times.” His message is the message of the ancient rishis of the Vedic age. The teaching of the Vedas and Upanishads is the core of the Brahma Samaj, the Theistic

Dispensation started by him. He wanted to convey the message of the Vedas and the Upanishads to the people so that they can realise what their own scriptures really teach, and come out of the shackles of the mechanically observed ceremonies and rituals associated with idolatry.

“EKAM SAT VIPRA BAHUDHA VADANTI” proclaims Rigveda. God is one; wise men described Him in different ways. God is a multifaceted one. These great men described Him in the way they experienced Him. “EKAMEVA ADWITEEYAM BRAHMA” is another Vedic saying. God is only one without a second. That exactly is the message of Brahma Samaj. The Brahma flag proclaims this message to the world. He is omnipotent, omniscient. He is the Creator and the Care-taker of the world. He is a spirit without name and form. Some people may conceive Him in different forms. These ideas are the outcome of the various stories described in the Puranic texts. It all depends on one’s level of understanding and concept of God. In bhakti there is always a personal element. But as we progress in our understanding of these texts, our ideas become clear and the differences disappear. Because underlying all these different conceptions of God described in our voluminous Puranic literature, there is an unmistakable projection of the concept of God as one without a second and one without a name and form. Rammohun Roy noticed that while all our scriptures teach

this sublime and exalted concept of God, people have hedged themselves in ceremonial trappings and rituals of idolatry and have lost sight of the fundamental truth. To project and bring out this fundamental and correct message of the Vedas and Upanishads, he started the Brahmo Samaj.

Rammohun Roy was a seer to whom is given the vision to see from heights of God- communion. The seer inspires the prophet and the prophet impacts the race. The vision comes from the Supreme Spirit. "He was the Apostle of the East unto the West, to prompt the pilgrimage of the West to the East" said Brahmarsi Raghupathi Venkataratnam Naidu, about Rammohun Roy.

Romain Rolland, the eminent French savant, writing in his book "Prophets of New India" says, "this remarkable personage ushered in a new era in the spiritual history of Asia and was really the first cosmopolitan in India." Rammohun Roy has been hailed by many as the Father of the New Age; but few have realized that he is Father of the New Spiritual Age. He was a linguist; he fought for the emancipation of women; he worked for the uplift of the poor; he was a fierce fighter for freedom; he is the first to study comparative religion; and he excelled in many other areas. But in the spiritual field the path he showed is unique. It is the universal path which paves the way for harmony of all religious and universal brotherhood and establishment of

peace in the world.

After Rammohun's death, an admirer in the West composed a poem in which the message of Rammohun's life is described as, "Nations, behold your God; Rejoice, Rejoice." This is an invitation not to any one individual, or one race, or one nation, but all humanity - 'Nations' it says. All nations are called in to join as brothers and behold their God. We are reminded of the exhortation of the Vedic rishi, "SRUNWANTU VISWE AMRUTASYA PUTRAH AA YE DHAMANI DIVYANI TASTHUHU" (Hear me, O, People of the world, you are children of immortality) – calls the rishi. Similarly Rammohun's call is to the entire humanity. "Children of one God, you are all brothers. Come, join to behold your Father." Behold not with fear because He is a hard task-master; not with awe because He is the Creator; not with love because He is the Father and Mother; not with respect because He is the Guru who gives all knowledge; not in any other way; but with joy – Rejoice, because He is Bliss - Anandam. So rejoice in Him. He may be Satyam, Gnanam, Amrutham, Anantam, Suddham, Sivam, all these and more. But He is Anandam. Let your soul rejoice in the vision. When we see Him we get Anandam. Anandam is creative, it is expansive, it is dynamic. Then we love everybody and give anandam to everybody.

When we realise that we are children of

one God, the whole universe belongs to us. There is no native land or a foreign land to a believer. When Rammohun Roy went to England, as he first set his foot on the British soil on 8th April, 1831 he uttered this prayer, “Be it in the native land, or on the foreign soil, everywhere I shall be in direct vision of Thy immediate presence. I feel it is Thou that art guiding me; and the whole universe is a marvel of Thy grace. Filled with this assurance, I shall never feel myself alone and distant from Thee.” We are citizens of the world and one should feel at home at every place. Unfortunately we erect boundaries and walls dividing the land and quarrel over the ownership saying, “this is mine” and “that is yours.” Divisions are necessary not for separation, but for convenience of developing limited areas according to our capabilities and resources. Progress is in co-operation and not in conflict. Bhagavad Gita exhorts, “PARASPARAM BHAVAYANTHAHA PARAMAM SREYAMAWAPSYATHA” – helping each other enjoy the greatest bliss. This can happen only when there is anandam in our hearts; and the highest anandam is obtained only by a vision of God. Hence the call of Rammohun.

Such a vision of God can be obtained only in spiritual worship and not by any other means. For this Rammohun Roy introduced congregational worship in the Brahmopasana mandirs. Spiritual worship or the Monotheistic worship is distinctly different from the popular pujas and rituals. It is not a mechanical observance or a ritual; nor is it submitting a

list of demands for fulfilment. It is addressing God as a spirit, glorifying His nature and workings, while voicing forth a deep aspiration for liberation. It is for realising God as the charioteer of our life, as the light on our path and right in our heart. It does not conform to any particular religious denomination but includes all that is best in every denomination. It is possible for every person to worship God as a spirit, as truth and righteousness. Let us not degrade ourselves as to dogmatise that spiritual worship is not within the average man’s reach.

It is generally said that Rammohun came to condemn idolatry. It is only a negative way of expressing it. He came to propagate spiritual worship as the birth-right of every person. The Trust Deed of the Brahma mandir, drafted by him is hailed as an unparalleled document in the religious history of the world, and stands testimony to this. The doors of the Brahma mandir are ever open to every person of any sect or religious denomination for worship of God as a spirit without a name and form. Brahma Samaj aims at reforming the individual and through the individual, the family, the society and the entire human race. This is the vision of Rammohun Roy who is a messenger of God, the Creator and the Caretaker of the universe.

(27-9-2009 is his 176th Death Anniversary.)

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RAJA RAO'S JAVNI: THE FEMININE PRINCIPLE

Dr. Y. Somalatha

Most of the major novelists of Indian Writing in English have a few short stories to their credit. The monumental writer of the metaphysical novel, Raja Rao too has a few well written short stories in his fictional writings which have not received the deserved critical response, perhaps, till date. They have been camouflaged by *Kanthapura*, *The Serpent and The Rope* and *Cat and Shakespeare*. To the reader who wishes to set off at a smart pace, the genre of short story is more alluring than the genre of novel. While the novel makes demands on time and effort, the short story stimulates and centres in the reader's concentration with its "brevity and rapidity of movement".

The Policeman and the Rose, the 1978 collection of Raja Rao's short stories, comprises six from his early phase i.e. 1930s, and three from his later phase. The stories from the early phase are highly readable compared to the loaded metaphysical nature of the later phase.

The present essay attempts to analyse "Javni" which belongs to the apprenticeship period of Raja Rao's writing career. The story is any "anthologist's favourite" says Narasimhaiah running into fifteen pages describing "rustic vignettes" with precision that includes attention to the essential detail. The significance of the story is that it moves from realism through reformist tendency to the touch of the metaphysical. It is an "artistic index of his values and vision" (Shahane 69).

The epigraph to the story is taken from the sixteenth century saint-composer of Kannada, Kanakadasa:

Caste and caste and caste, you say,
What caste, pray, has he who knows
God?

The rhetorical question confirms that those who have known God have no caste. Though the story deals with loneliness, poverty, caste-discrimination and superstitions, it leaves the reader with a feeling 'of human bondage.'

The narrator is a handsome and sensitive teenager who has arrived at his sister Sita's house in Malkad village. Many evocative details of village life set the mood and ambience of the story. The narrative technique leans more towards autobiographical mode than fiction. At the very beginning the reader gets the flavour of South India—the flavour of hot coffee. After his first cup, the boy is in a happy, drowsy state, lying face downwards, kicking his feet off from the floor. He wants to be with himself, without anyone breaking the serenity of the moment. Raja Rao gives us the image of a tall, fair, and slender Brahmin boy, Ramappa.

Ramappa speaks of his meeting and parting with Javni. When Sita calls out "Javni! you monkey!" (Rao, Raja 83: subsequent references are from the text) the reader curiously anticipates teenage romance, which of course, is not the theme of the story. Javni finding Ramappa relaxing, is embarrassed to enter the house. Her veneration for the family is revealed in her walk—she walks into the house as if she were entering the sanctuary of a temple. Ramappa looks at her with genuine interest, though she is only a servant maid of

the house. She is a woman past her forty, whose face has registered the pain of “lived experience” and life of poverty and loneliness. Her longtime widowhood and accompanying psychic privation have sucked in the contours of her face. From the ensuing conversation Ramappa understands the inter-dependence of Sita and Javni. Their confessions of helplessness of each without the other, confirm their bond of love similar to that of mother and daughter. Javni, says Ramappa ‘looks a god’ while she herself is ‘good like a cow’ (86).

Ramappa poses a few teasers to Javni which confuse her. These teasers which are mischievous and sombre at the same time, bring out Javni’s innate goodness and Ramappa’s reformist tendencies as an educated youth. These provide a meaningful interaction between a dispossessed peasant woman and a sensitive ‘upper-caste’ adolescent.

Despite everything, on religious grounds, Sita treats Javni as a lower-caste woman. A small incident in the story sets a gloomy image in the mind of the reader. At supper time, Ramappa finds Javni eating in the dark of the cowshed, fresh dung falling around her. When questioned, she replies: “I know where my rice is, and I can feel where the pickle is, and that is enough” (Rao, Raja 88). Referring to this incident Shyamala Narayan observes: “Even Mulk Raj Anand, that champion of the poor, has seldom presented deprivation so clearly” (8). While Javni uncomplainingly endures her predicament, for Ramappa “it was a terrible moment. The whole misery seemed to be weighing all about and above me.” Further he reflects on the endless cycle of existence over which “the world wept its silent suffering plaints” (89).

Javni’s love for people is unwavering

despite her “life of tears” (93). Her communion with people is like the communion of the shining stars in the sky. Above all, her faith in goddess Talakamma sustains her. But her faith is superstitious. Any sensitive reader would be pained to know that this childless widow brings up a lamb only to offer it at the altar of goddess Talakamma. Yet, along with Ramappa, the reader understands her “levels of consciousness” and accepts her for what she is.

Two years roll by and Ramappa’s brother-in-law has been transferred from Malkad. The departure of the family and Javni’s sense of emotional loss are sketched with finesse. As the cart moves ahead, Javni runs behind weeping and sobbing like a child. She pleads with Sita not to forget her. Both Sita and Ramappa are overwhelmed with sadness. Ramappa’s cultivation prevents him from weeping.

Before the cart wades through the shallow area of River Kaveri to reach the opposite bank, Ramappa gets down. Javni laments “Shall I ever see again a family of gods like yours?” Ramappa’s reply is profound: “No Javni. In contact with a heart like yours, who will not bloom into a god?” She does not understand and hence takes it as Ramappa’s yet another teaser. Javni’s simple-heartedness heightens people to godhead. Ramappa is truly sad for he is leaving forever “a most wonderful soul” (96).

From the other bank, Ramappa sees Javni sitting on a rock, looking in their direction. The reader too feels her distant, pathetic and loving presence. “Here is a moment’s experience with the intensity and concentrated force”.

A huge pipal rose behind her, and, across the blue waters of the river and the vast, vast

sky above her, she seemed so small, just a spot in space, recedingly real. Who was she? (97)

The description in the passage identifies Javni with Nature. In the vastness surrounding her, she is a mere speck. Yet she is truly significant for Ramappa in that phase of his life. The image perpetuates itself in the reader's mind.

The story ends with a piquant question—"Who was she?" At ordinary level she could be thought of as timid, superstitious, gossip-loving, childless-widow who is prone to sentimental attachments. But as C. D. Narasimhaiah points out "Truth is ultimately a

question of perception, recognition, to each it comes according to his lights" (28). The question, though some may consider rhetorical, prods the reader to realize the woman in Javni, the friend in Javni, the mother in Javni, the Nature in Javni and everything in Javni. She, being the very embodiment of love, discriminating her on caste-lines has no meaning.

Javni, the mother of all, the feminine principle, is beyond—"a spot in space". Each of us, like Ramappa, consider the impossibility of reaching out to her. That is our despair, our loneliness.

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FEAR

Bhavana S. Chari

From dawn to dusk the people are under the grip of fear!

What with the mob fury, communal violence; internal strife and dormant war about to break; Children running helter-skelter, and general public going berserk

Is this the outrage the impending Doom that our "shanthi doot" envisioned.

The "Black Day" witnessing the massacre, the great gruesome violence, Blood shed and slaughter;

This Catharsis from the peace of lord's kingdom to the panic let loose currently; Blatant fear of what has happened in the past to what is to come before

The dread that would seize them and chill their spines!

Oh! The doom's day! When Eve ate the forbidden Apple

And was condemned to fall into worries, poverty, suffering and death; and When one was forced to conjure up images of distorted faces, ugly scenes

Of crowds in Commotion; when Thugs created terror;

When angry mobs pelted stones and burnt buses, when a pack of hooligans Threatened the innocent civilians;

And danger cast a shadow on the trembling earthlings

Then, I saw Fear! O' Lord! Embarking on its fatal journey;

Teaching a lesson, on its way to be courageous bold and brave.

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KINESICS AND PROXEMICS IN COMMUNICATIVE PROCESS

Dr. M. Surender Kumar

Dr. P. Rama Devi

“Not only words, but a silence, a gesture, a shrug, a wink, a facial grimace reveal a great deal in communication.”

Conference skills refer to the skills of speaking in public like participation in seminars, conferences and symposia. Any speaking, whether it is speaking in public or speaking to a person, involves effective linguistic and non-linguistic skills. Linguistic skills refer to the skills using the language effectively in any communication. Non-linguistic skills are the use of body language in communication.

Non-verbal communication is communication without the use of written or spoken words. It includes body motion, characteristics of appearance, voice and use of space and distancing. It can also be called as body language for your body conveys much more than your words.

A message can well be brought out when combined with non-verbal communication, which plays a significant role in oral communication. Verbal and non-verbal communication are closely inter linked. According to Budwhistell 35% of man is conveyed verbally while 65% is conveyed non--verbally. Mehrabian, a psychologist, analyzed it in a different way, 7% verbal, 38% vocal and 55% non-verbal. It is clear that non-verbal communication plays a significant role in conveying a message effectively. The use of body language makes up for the deficiency in verbal communication. There can be situations where a person's command over

the language is deficient and yet he is able to drive his point home because of the proper use of body language.

The following are the types of non-verbal communication:

1. Kinesics 2. Proxemics 3. Para language 4. Physical context.

1. KINESICS: It is the body language of a person which studies the body movement to judge the inner state of emotions. It includes: i) Personal appearance ii) Postures iii) Gestures iv) Facial expression v) Eye contact

i) Personal Appearance: A neatly dressed man with a pleasant expression will find it easier to establish a rapport with others. In non-verbal communication personal appearance creates a great impact on the listeners. Appearance must suit to the occasion. Appearance must manifest through clothing, jewelry and cosmetics which indicate a lot about our inner state of emotions. These things should be judged in the context of the local custom and the culture of the community. Conventions have been established in regard to the use of dress and general physical appearance in respect of certain communication situations like interviews, convocation, state banquet, etc., people usually judge the personality of an individual in terms of his dress, hair-style, make-up etc.

ii) Posture: Posture is an important aspect of body language. It relates to the way one stands, sits, walks, the movement of the body, the position of hands and legs and other parts

of the body. Posture conveys a wealth of meaning in an economical way.

It gives a clear idea about a person whether he is vibrant, alive and dynamic, nervous and jittery, confident and self assured, etc., standing in a good posture before a group is infact one of the first essentials for success in a speaker. A dropping shoulder and a protruding stomach indicates that the speaker is discouraged, tired and worn out. The speaker can also assess the measures of success of his communication by observing the posture of the listener.

The communication situation and the specific purpose which one has to achieve determine the way one sits. For instance a subordinate explaining an important point would not recline in his chair. While different situations will demand different sitting postures, one should keep one's back straight from the waist up, both the feet should be on the floor. The ability to walk across the stage with ease and grace contributes a great deal to the first impression the speaker makes upon his audience. While speaking naturally there should be shifts in the posture. These have to be cultivated. One must learn where to place one's hands and how to shift the body weight on the legs while speaking.

iii) Gestures: These are the physical movements of the body parts like arms, legs, hands, torso and head. Without gestures, the talk will be static and colorless in making communication effective. Playing with a ring, twisting a key chain, clasping one's hands tightly rob a speaker of the effectiveness of his communication. All oral utterances are accompanied by gestures like shrugging of shoulders flourish of the hands, movements of the head etc., Gestures enhance the impact and add a greater value to what is being said

besides exercising a more powerful impact upon the listener.

iv) Facial Expression: Face is the most expressive of all the parts of human body. A smile indicates friendliness, a frown, discontent and raising the eyebrows tells disbelief. Tightening of the jaw muscles may express antagonism. All these facial expressions can add to the meaning being conveyed through verbal means. Brightness in the eyes of the speaker may keep the audience interested evoking an enthusiastic response. Smiling while explaining an intricate problem makes the job of the speaker easy. There can be instances where what could have been effective communication turned out to be a failure because of the lack of facial expression in the speaker. The use of these expressions should be very judicious because expressions like biting the lips, raising the eyebrows at regular intervals or blinking the eyes too often can mar the smooth flow of communication.

v) Eye Contact: Eye contact is the most important aspect of the body language. "Eye is an extension of the brain and a window of the soul". It is a means of establishing immediate rapport with an audience. Look at your audience and pause for a while before you start talking. Eye contact is a means of gaining feedback. It enables the communicator to alter, adjust and reframe his message while transmitting it. This process is mostly automatic and occurs unconsciously. Better and uniform eye contact leads to more effective communication. Therefore, a good speaker looks at all sections of his listeners and not at the ground, the ceiling or at the door. If a part of the audience is continuously ignored, it will lose interest in what is being said.

Maintaining eye contact establishes a

highly emotional link. It rarely lasts longer than three seconds before one or both viewers experience a powerful urge to glance away. It reveals how the listeners are reacting to what is being said. If the listeners do not meet the speaker's eyes, they are not probably concentrating on the talk. Then it becomes necessary to change the approach to win their attention. In day to day communicative situations, there is more direct gaze when people like each other and cooperate and less eye contact is made when people dislike each other.

2. PROXEMICS: This is called space distancing. It studies how we use space around to communicate the message. It is the personal space language as each communicator maintains a personal territory around himself. Edward T. Hall describes four types of informal spaces to know human relationships. They are:

- a. Intimate Zone, ranging from physical contact to 1½ feet. The type of communication here is either silence or whispered words.
- b. Personal Zone, ranging from one and half feet to four feet. Here talking is permitted in spontaneous and unprogrammed way.
- c. Social Zone, ranging from 4 to 12 feet. This is called as social distance.
- d. Public Zone, ranging from 12 feet to the range of eyes sight and hearing.

The distance maintained by people during communication in office and else where tells a lot about relationships. The person who is in the superior or commanding position usually stands and the others remain seated.

3. PARA LANGUAGE: It is the study of

voice quality, volume, and speech rate the manner of speaking beyond the said words. It concentrates on "how" of a speaker's voice rather than what of the words. The study of para language gives clue about the speaker's social standing and his personality. For instance, deep-throaty voice indicates maturity of man, flat voice, lack of interest, shaky voice stands for nervousness, broken voice for lack of preparation and clear voice for confidence.

4. PHYSICAL CONTEXT: The physical context like room design, furniture, decoration, colour, etc., conveys and communicates a lot of meaning to our sensory receptors. Physical context varies from situation to situation in daily communicative processes.

Thus not only words, but a silence, a gesture, a shrug, a wink, a facial grimace reveal a great deal in communication. Shakespeare revealed centuries back the clue uttered through one of his characters.

"Mend your speech a little
Lest it may mar your fortune."

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ANIMAL IMAGERY IN THE POETRY OF A.K. RAMANUJAN

Dr. R. Poli Reddy
Prof. D.J.P.N. Reddy

“WE ARE SYMBOLS AND INHABIT SYMBOLS, WORKMEN, WORK AND TOOLS, WORDS AND THINGS BIRTH AND DEATH, ALL ARE EMBLEMS.”

- RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A. K. Ramanujan through his careful use of imagery in his poetry achieves concreteness, sensuousness and precision. Prof. A.N. Dwivedi has rightly said that in A.K. Ramanujan’s verse “the image is not only the spring-board of poetic composition, but the kernel as well”. Ramanujan has no immoderate addiction for image-making but only resorts to this device when really required.

It is said that Ramanujan has an eye for the specific physiognomy of an object or a situation, which he then reveals with telling details. Usually Ramanujan’s accounts of people, places, objects, scenes and sights are remarkable for their terseness and fidelity to truth. It is, as if, the reality is present before his mind’s eye, and he is writing with his eye steadily fixed upon it. This is vividly seen in the luminous evocation of his family life in the poems collected in “Relations”, particularly ‘Small Scale Reflections on A Great House’, ‘Love Poem for a wife,’ and of ‘Mothers among other things’.

A. K. Ramanujan has the capacity to look at the Universe and its objects with a consciousness that is very active. Everything

is seen by him as a form containing all other forms. Within his soul, the rose, the star, the bird and the stone are made up of the same stuff and value.

Concreteness and precision is achieved by using vivid and visual imagery. Ramanujan’s poetry gives an impression that it is image-based. In his poems one can notice the patterns on which the poet is working, the pattern of images. Thus, his basic means of expression is very grand. His images are primarily visual. In his poetry words seem to arrange themselves together into an image that triggers the poem. The whole poem is in fact, one image or a complex of more than one image as seen in the following poem “No man is An Island”.

The entire Island
An alligator
Sleeping in mask of stone
A grin of land
Even good days on bad
The ocean foams in that mouth.

(The Striders, P. 28)

A. N. Dwivedi records that “the poet has given preference for the concrete and the concise as against the general and abstract. This is apparent in the titles of his poems “The Striders,” “Breaded Fish,” “A River,” “A poem on particulars,” “An Image For Politics.”

“The Striders” poem clearly shows that his poetry is image-oriented and the poet

excels in the craftsmanship of using proper language and imagery. The poem further shows that the poet has an eye for the particular physiognomy of the insect and an insight into its characteristic quality. The Striders – a kind of New England (U.S.A.) water bugs-are described thus:

Thin stemmed, bubble eyed waterbugs
See them perch on dry capillary legs
Weightless on the ripple skin of a stream.
(The striders, P.3)

The picture presented is more sculpturesque than imitative. The poet brings forth the insect alive before the readers' eyes by chiseling words and rhymes. The scene of the bubble eyed water bugs perching "weightless" on the ripple skin of a stream depicts the supreme facility with which the Striders balance themselves on the flowing waters. The image hence achieves a kind of spiritual dimension:

No, Not only prophets walk on water
This bug sits on a landslide of lights
And drowns eye-deep into its tiny strip
of sky. (The Striders, P.3)

The waterbugs sit on land as well as on water with perfect ease that is natural to their genre and is comparable to the supernatural power of prophets "walking on waters". In the image of the amphibian, the insect is united with the human and the divine worlds. They seem to have perched weightless on a continually changing stream on a 'landslide of lights' while being eye-deep in the waters.

And drowns eye-
Deep
Into its tiny strip of sky.
(The Striders, P.3)

The oblique reference to waterbugs as 'prophets' and 'poets' is made clear in the original version (Poetry, Chicago 98, July 1961), P. 228 of the work, from which 'put away put away this dream' has been deleted. Ramanujan presents the striders in their activity without pausing for striking supernatural effects. The contrast drawn with the prophets apparently emphasizes on the tone of deflation, for the prophets are not alone in walking on water, but also the striders. The "Striders" not only represent the water-insects but also people who migrate to places far and wide. They are delicately and craftily perched on the flowing stream (of life), though individually they are drowned in their limited, private worlds. The apparent similarity and the real difference between prophets and bugs is well established by contrast. The phrase "eye-deep" brings to mind the Indian myth of Puloma and Sukanya. He is aware of his sense of alienation in an alien landscape (Chicago city heights). Hence he withdraws into himself ('its tiny strip of sky') and digs up his childhood memories, ignoring the real world around him.

The ironic comparison of the bug with prophets reinforces the semblance between the bug and the poet, particularly when one recalls that the poetry of Ramanujan's generation is a conscious reaction against the kind of poetics that indiscriminately equate poet with prophet.

'The Striders' weightlessly poised on drylegs, might also be an image of Ramanujan's style, light, tight-distanced, but enclosed in its own world so that the poem seems self-contained, without wider

resonances of the kind, most poets hope to establish through allusion, reference or symbolism.

The poem titled ‘Snakes’ is another remarkable poem included in the first anthology of Ramanujan’s poetry entitled ‘The Striders.’ In this poem the poet visualizes the snakes by keeping an eye on the specific appearance of the creatures.

Here snakes have been visualized vividly. The snakes have their ‘brown wheat glisten ringed with ripples.’ This portrays the personality of snakes. Smoothness, suppleness, and fluidity of movement are suggested by the terms “ringed with ripples”. The reader has an immediate sense of a “hissing snake” when the snake crawls in the room with its body “writhing in sibilant of panic on my fear”.

In the poem “Snakes” the poet picks words, epithets, and expressions with great care and choice, and hence they are evocative of the smoothness and the fluidity of movement to be watched in a snake, of the fear and panic created by it in the poet in his childhood, and of the childhood memory associated with the whole situation. Bruce King opines that, “The poem is concerned with psychology, especially the anxieties of some one who has lived in various cultures and retains difficult-to explain emotions resulting, from his past is linked to the present in strange unpredictable ways.

Emily Dickinson, a nineteenth Century American Poet, has also given a beautiful description of a snake. The snake’s regality and power are very much appreciated. This is done in poem No. 986.

“A Narrow fellow in the grass” (986)

She at times disapproves the snake and uses strong words and phrases to denounce it. She writes in her poem No. 1740 that ‘A Snake is summer’s treason/And guile is where it goes’. She also feels a terror and there is a fear in her when she sees a snake. At times, she is one with D.H. Lawrence in her appreciation of snake for its sleek elegance.

The poem “Breaded Fish” is included in Ramanujan’s first volume of poetry “The Striders”. There is concrete, pictorial imagery which evokes memories, that horrify the poet, and which is also nauseating and disgusting and so the poet is unable to eat fish and turns away from it in disgust. Language has been used skillfully to express in poetic terms certain memories which have sunk deep into the poet’s consciousness but which spring to life when the past finds its objective correlative in the present. All this is brought out by this lyric.

It is interesting to note that “Breaded Fish” is simply a fish made into bread, and the poet is invited to eat it. But the fish at once connects itself with certain memories of the poet and he is unable to eat it even though it is thrust into his mouth. The past lives once again in the consciousness of the poet and determines his reaction to the present.

“Epitaph on A street Dog” is another poem included in the anthology of ‘The Striders’. In this poem Ramanujan describes how the street dog lives in a rural setting surrounded by various juicy plants. The puppies are uncared for and suck milk from their mother’s tits (four pair of breasts). The puppies are weak and tiny, some of them die in miserable conditions due to

undermourishment.

The charm of the poem 'Relations' lies in its imagery. The temple employees with whiskered nipples is pictorial enough to lay unerasable picture in the reader's mind. The street cows with trapezium faces and buffaloes whisking flies, evoke in the reader's mind partially, the image of a zoo. The varieties of fish-shark and Dolphin make the readers feel thrilled. The trees, weeds and fungus described in the poem vivify the fineness of the landscape in the reader's mind.

"Toes mildew-golden tree are porous coral"

The ceiling has weeds, the sheep is blackish.

(Relations, P. 100) lines 7-10

In fact imagery is the pity and essence of his poetry. The poem opens with a row of million ants. This is strikingly pictorial as Wordsworth's "Daffodils", "Ten thousand saw I at a glance". The ant hill into which a ferocious cobra enters suddenly, lays unerasable mark in the reader's mind. The ants together carrying the flesh and blood of the dead snake evoke a vivid and thrilling picture. The skeletons of snake with fangs and grin bring to the reader's mind a malicious sight which reminds him of frustration and disgust in life on the face of the earth. It draws the reader's attention to the ephemeral nature of life and power.

The imagery of the birds flapping their wings is described so accurately that the reader feels as though he is hearing the noisy and heavy movement of the birds with his own ears.

They are rather noisy and heavy in their take off

and flap themselves into air.

(Second sight, P.128)

The poem is tinged with irony. The birds are known as adjusted starks. They are dignified with long legs. But they are slightly vulgar. The description of the birds' colours-black, grey and dirty white emit the fervour of humour. The poem with fine description, vivid imagery and a tinge of irony is remarkable.

Ramanujan's poem 'Zoo Gardens Revisited' is included in his book three "second sight". In this poem the poet gives an account of his impressions on the animals in the zoo and the awful change which has taken place in their existence. The poet states that birds such as Flamingoes previously used to remind him of animals such as monkeys and so on. Animals remind him only of animals. Birds like ostriches no longer arouse wonder and curiosity in the on lookers. Animals like monkeys in the zoo no longer eat bananas as they do in their carefree life in forests and gardens. Female tigers remain barren or produce hybrid species. Tigers no more burn bright in the forest of the night as they do normally: now they have lost their grandeur of ferocity and have become powerless, leading a monotonous life in the zoo. The poet who has witnessed a Chimpanzee in Mysore, says, it has become weak and its (organs) limbs have paralysed. The imagery of the poem is strikingly impressive.

As Wordsworth has described the scene of TINTERN ABBEY on revisiting it, Ramanujan also describes the scenery of animals and birds in the zoo gardens on revisiting them. This clearly brings into focus the animal imagery that is found in his poetry.

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MODERN LANGUAGE THEORIES - COMMUNICATION

M. Shobha Rani
M. Rathan Jyothy

Communicative Language Teaching (CLT) is popular at all levels of teaching, and it would yield good results if implemented at the +Three level. The present essay examines the meaning and efficacy of the implementation of the CLT in the Indian context.

Dell Hymes, who first used the term communicative competence, proposed the CLT. Since the first coinage of the term competence, there has been a debate over how to define the term. So, before going to the details of the CLT, it will be better to recall how the view of communicative competence developed.

Throughout the history of language teaching, the central question of concern was how to define proficiency in a second or foreign language. In traditional approaches to language teaching, the degree of proficiency that a learner achieves is described in terms of his mastery of 'structures' - that is of phonology, morphology, syntax and lexicon of the target language - a certain amount of grammar, and a certain number of words.

Although all the sounds and structures are attempted, a number of sounds and grammatical items etc. are usually specified in advance of a course of study. The specification can vary widely from course to course. Learners may also vary widely in the degree of mastery of structures they attain. But this kind of knowledge is not adequate for those students who want to learn a language in order to make use of it rather than to know about it. It is a common place of cognizance now that languages are learned so that people can communicate and

communication involves more than the structures.

Chomsky made a distinction between linguistic competence (what the speaker knows) and linguistic performance (what the speaker says or writes). For him, the concept of competence and performance is concerned primarily with an ideal speaker-listener, in a completely homogeneous speech community. His ideal speaker-listener knows the language perfectly and is unaffected by such grammatically irrelevant conditions as memory limitations, distractions, shift of attention and interest, and errors in applying this knowledge of the language in actual performance.

Dell Hymes claims that Chomsky's category of competence does not provide any place for competency for language use. Neither does his category of performance, despite his equation of language use with performance. Hymes defined competence in a different way. It included interactional or communicative competence. His theory of language is a theory of language users and theory of language use. It recognises that language users make four kind of judgements as they use it. While Chomsky's theory includes judgements of grammaticality and acceptability to the native speaker, Hymes' theory includes judgements of possibility, feasibility, appropriateness and actual performance. For him, a sentence may, thus, be grammatical, awkward, tactful and rare or grammatical, easily understood, insulting and frequent and so on. Grammaticality in Hymes' model is only one of the four sectors of communicative competence, in Chomsky's

model grammaticality was competence.

Hymes and Halliday both deal differently with Chomsky's competence - performance distinction but affect the concept of proficiency in language by adding to it the dimension of social appropriateness or social context. Although there are other influences on language use and proficiency in language use, Hymes' concept of communicative competence have been particularly useful in applied linguistics and language teaching. It affects deeply the notion of what should be or can be taught and what sort of preparation and responsibility the teacher should have.

Cooper reinforces Hymes' point that effective communication requires more than linguistic competence. For effective communication, speakers need to know not only how to produce any and all grammatical utterances of a language but also how to use them appropriately, i.e., what to say with whom, when and where. Cooper (1968) suggests two grammars or sets of rules, the speaker's linguistic and communicative or contextual competencies as comprising two components of communicative competence. With reference to proficiency testing in a second language, Cooper says that one cannot assume that information gained from testing one will necessarily tell us anything about the other. Cooper further points out that the social situation in which the speaker uses the second language may require more than one variety of the language, i.e., he will need to have verbal repertoire from which he can select appropriately.

Widdowson distinguishes communicative competence i.e., the rules of use in particular social situations from speaker's grammatical competence, i.e., the rules of grammar and says that both are components of speaker's

competence. Widdowson takes into account the cultural diversity and says that to the learners outside the European cultural tradition rules of use need to be carefully taught, which means, among other things, giving sufficient attention to communicative competence as it is given to grammatical competence. Canale and Swain (1980) say that there are four components of communicative competence; these are grammatical competence or the mastery of language code, sociolinguistic competence or the appropriateness of utterance with respect, both to form and meaning, discourse competence or the mastery of how to combine form and meaning to achieve text, and strategic competence or the mastery of verbal and non-verbal communication strategies. In Bachman and Palmer's theorisation, communicative competence comprises of grammatical competence, pragmatic competence and sociolinguistic competence.

The foregoing discussion reveals that in developing the concept of communicative competence contributed scholars from various disciplines including linguistics, sociolinguistics, psycholinguistics, and sociophilosophy, sociosemantics and discourse analysis. Although linguistics has been the starting venue of the concept of communicative competence, all the linguists have not shown equal alliance to it. Some linguists work more closely with problems of language development than others. They are traditionally called applied linguists.

Despite the attempts to define different components of communicative competence, there still have been problems of categorisation of some factors and of how different components interact with one another. Yalden (1991:23) in this regard states that in some

definitions of communicative competence there is confusion - or at least among the categories of factors being considered for inclusion. For some, communicative equals to functional while for others it is oral and for yet some others it entails the actual use of language. Some may interpret it as a radical departure from grammar and translation teaching while some others write books on communicative translation (Allan Duff/Translation) or Communicative Grammar (Leech et al. A Communicative Grammar of English).

Presently the teaching of English at the +Three level involves the Grammar Translation Method. The materials are used for translating the content into the mother tongue of the learners. Instead, various situations and contexts of the learners can be used for making the learners to use English both in the spoken and written mode. The crux of the CLT lies in using English for the actual needs of the learners. The existing material at the +Three level fails to serve this purpose. Therefore the teachers need to devise their own materials

that are suitable for the CLT. Taking the background, age group, and interests of the learners, various situations can be created so that the learners would use English in the given situation. The learners for example can be asked to describe what they will do when one of their friends met with an accident. Different students will come out with different ways of helping the person who met with an accident. Each version can be used as a model in the use of English. Situations like this one will encourage the learners to come out with their views.

Therefore the material being used at the +Three level alone cannot be adequate to teach English. The teachers need to devise supplementary material, which can be used in the CLT mode. the CLT material needs to be drawn essentially from the life experiences of the learners. The teacher thus plays a vital role in the teaching of English by devising and employing the supplementary materials other than what is prescribed.

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SOCRATES

Dr. C. Jacob

An Athenian he was with moderate means,
He spent his days in disputacious scenes,
Philosophy he taught the young ne'er for pelf
Like Sophists with their tricks of trade for self.

To waken people from their notions wrong,
Whether of God, truth, justice or beliefs
strong,

To save men from the tyranny of ignorance,
Life long he strove with a philosophic trance.

To put best men in power was his sole aim,
For safe would be the state in their hands firm,
Ne'er did he claim to be learned or wise,
His only pride was naked truth, not disguise.

Bare-footed he walked whether it was hot or
cold.

His endurance of pain unheard of, untold;
His services in military bespeak his abilities,
Hunger and thirst too he conquered with ease.

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FRAGMENTATION OF IDENTITY: A LOOK INTO THE POETRY OF KAMALA DAS

Dr. Madhavi Nikam

Kamala Das has emerged on the literary horizon of Indian English poetry as one of the most resplendent poets. Born at Punnayurkulam in Malabar, in Kerala in 1934, she established herself as a bilingual poet, in both Malayalam and English. She has to her credit three volumes of poetry, *Summer in Calcutta*, *The Descendants* and *The Old Playhouse and other poems*. Her poetry is confessional and expresses her feelings for women, eunuchs, marriage, love and so on. She deals with the stark realities of life she herself has experienced as a daughter, sister, wife, beloved and a mother.

Kamala Das has a multilayered personality. She deals with various issues ranging from personal to social and universal levels. She acquired multiple skills to face the suppression, subjugation, humiliation, oppression, physical pain, anguish and deceit in her life. She emerges as a chameleon – changing colours and roles as per circumstances. Her fragmented identity is an outcome of the complex and complicated situations she faced as a woman. The split personality and dual appearances she acquired was a result of the confusion, chaos, deception, frustration and torture in her marital life. She uses masks, puts on various faces as a protest against the discriminating society.

Being a woman, wife and mother, Kamala Das has a deep knowledge of the feminine sensibility. When she began writing in English people suggested her not to do so

but she asserted herself and continued writing in English. Being aware of her capabilities, her rights and desires, she stood firm by her decision as a writer. In her poem *An Introduction* she precisely writes:

I am an Indian, very brown, born in
Malabar, I speak three languages, write
in
Two, dream in one. Don't write in
English,
they said,
English is not your tongue. Why not leave
me alone, critics, friends, visiting cousins,
Everyone of you? Why not let me speak
in
Any language I like? The language I
speak is
All mine, mine alone.

To face the male-dominated world she learned various skills. She rebelled against the existing social norms, traditions, culture, taboos and the shackles of the patriarchal society. With various complex and critical situations in her life she built up the courage to face them alone. She protested against her womanliness by wearing her brother's shirt and trousers, cutting her hair short to proclaim her refutation to accept the set norms of the society. Kamala Das firmly defined her personality as an individual 'I'. As a wife she was humble and docile, but only initially. Later she protested against the torture of her insensibly sadistic husband by finding self

comfort in extramarital relationships as a form of protest. When her husband visited her to see their baby and returned to Bombay she mentions in her autobiography *My Story*, “When he returned to Bombay the first letter that he wrote was not to me but to a girl-cousin who had allowed him to hug her while he walked towards my home in the evenings. I made up my mind to be unfaithful to him, at least physically”. She bluntly speaks and writes about her sexual relations with other men. Her poem *The Stone Age* reflects the protest she made against her husband, who was devoid of love and emotions. She openly confesses:

When you leave, I drive my blue battered
car

Along the bluer sea, I run up the forty
Noisy steps to knock at another’s door.
Through peepholes, the neighbours
watch,
they watch me come.

The social rebel in Kamala Das can be seen in the fact that she neglects and ignores the neighbours. On one hand she seems to be very strong to fight with the male oriented society where as on the other, looks defeated at the hands of men. Her suffering and anguish worked on her psyche heavily reducing her into half-dead creature at the hands of men. She protested against the male domination.

Another aspect of her personality as analysed from her poems is that she is hurt for being helpless and provides no solution to the existing women’s plight. The poet raises her voice against the injustice meted out to females. She picturises the brutal reality, injustice, dismay, death, disappointment and

deceit heaped on women. How the world marginalizes women, takes them to be mere puppets in the hands of destiny and men, how they are easily forgotten can be seen in her poem, *Nani* in which a helpless, pregnant maid hangs herself.

Nani the pregnant maid hanged herself
In the privy one day. For three long hours
Until the police came, she was hanging
there,

A clumsy puppet and when the wind blew
Turning her gently on the rope, it seemed
To us who were children then, that Nani
was doing, to delight us, a comic dance

...

The pathetic condition of women is vividly experienced in the poem *Nani*. Even in the death of a woman the world sees its own entertainment. The suicidal attempt to get rid of the brutal world ends in comic relief to others. The animalistic behaviour of the males is very casually neglected. Death haunts women’s mentality, their psyche. Their emotions destined to remain unfulfilled, the inner frustrations, disillusionments, fiery sensations are expressed through their fractured personalities.

The fragmented identity of Kamala Das is rooted deep in the complex situation. In the pursuit of finding true love she goes from one man to another but in utter dismay she finds all of them loveless, senseless animals. Das was a prey of the circumstances, inadequacies of her life which made her take various facets of her personality giving rise to the confusion and chaos in her mind. The anarchy caused in her mind made her ponder upon the

disheartening condition of the women, their existence and present status. She exposes the hypocrisy, distrust and deceit prevalent in the existing social system. One can sense the restlessness, disturbance, anger, agony in her poetry. The revolution she brought in Indian poetry in English is noteworthy.

To conclude, Kamala Das as a child refused the traditional gender discrimination and protested by wearing shirt and trousers, cutting her hair short. As a devoted Hindu wife she was initially docile but later with the torment and humiliation by her husband she rebelled and had extra-marital affairs. As a mother she wrote the *Requiem for a son* and

wished for a mother's eternal love. As a beloved she failed drastically because the relations she had was always deceiving, related to sex and not emotions. Love turned a mere fake relation, a pretension. She dealt with various themes like, love, sex, feminine sensibility, confession, frustration, disillusion, hatred, death and so on. Kamala Das's fragmented identity is because of the crisis she faced in personal and social life. With thousand faces she stands like a mighty tree ready to accept and absorb the heat of the day.

*

PUT OFF THE LAMP, "ENKI"

Dr. V. Kondal Rao

Oh! Put off the light, "Enki", put it off!
Can't fix my eyes on you
When so sharp, aloft,
Pray! Put it off.

Let the garden too turn dark,
Everything except you,
Only I should see your eyes twinkle,
Can't stand anything tickle, tinkle,
Even a sprinkle.

Put off! "Enki", Put it off!
I should imagine only your grace
Not even conjure up your face.
Look only into your eyes,
Eyes chasing the eyes

Till yours and mine become one, divine.

Let me look at you dear,
Till I forget my self, my all
Small too and the tall,
Till I get lost, a speck in them.
Let us sink into each other
Each other in each other shrink
Like a wink in a wink.

*A free rendering of one of the Telugu Poems
From Nanduri Subba Rao's 'Enki Patalu'*

* Enki – is the female character

*

ON MATTER AND ENERGY

G.V.S.R.K. Somayajulu

Matter and energy are the two basic constituents of the universe. In spirituality three basic combinations of the above two constituents are given below:

(i) Paramatma: The 'Paramatma' is the mightiest of all energies, it is rather the purest form of energy. Since the present form of energy has no matter, there is no inertia and hence infinite in velocity i.e. it exists in all places at all times.

(ii) Atma: The 'atma' is a lower state of 'Paramatma', 'the soul' – which is a little lower state of energy i.e. it has matter with energy – the quantum of energy is more and relatively less amount of matter – when the 'atma' is with 'Jiva', it is referred to as 'Jivatma'.

(iii) Prakruti: The 'Prakruti' refers to matter in -----, trees, body of animals, human beings etc, which has relatively a little quantum of

energy and more of matter.

Matter and energy are the different forms of each other – The entire science of spirituality stands on scientific principle which is stated as “Matter and Energy are mutually convertible.”

One great quality of human beings is that they have capacity of converting the 'material body i.e. Prakruti of human body into energy and depositing it into 'Jivatma'. Hence the purpose of human life is that using the human faculties, if we convert the matter of the body to energy and deposit the same into 'Jivatma', the quantum of energy in 'Jivatma' increases and on repeating the process, the quantity of energy in 'Jivatma' goes on increasing and it reaches to such an extent that the entire matter is converted into energy and the 'Jivatma' becomes one with the 'Paramatma' which is referred to as 'Moksha'.

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A STRANGE DARKNESS

Kalipada Pradhan

A strange darkness has descended on this earth today,
Those who are extremely blind see everything in their eyes;
Those who have no love in their hearts, no affection at all.
The world remains what it is with their counsel

Those who have profound faith in man are still there
Even now appears still normal to those
Great truth or custom or art or worship
Alas their hearts are the food of the vulture and the fox.

*

MUNIPALLE RAJU: THE ALCHEMY OF THE *ADBHUT* IN SHORT-STORY

V.V.B. Rama Rao

Asthitwanadam aavali teeraana, the volume winning the Sahitya Akademi Award in 2006 for Telugu short fiction, proved to be an important contribution to the genre of *Adbhut*. The author's subtitling the volume 'Magical Realism Kathalu' stung a writer/poet to write a piece debunking the writer. The conclusion of the title story and, generally many other stories too would be the beginning of cerebation in the perceptive, careful reader. The stories are reflections of the intellectuality compounded with metaphysical insights and dream logic - all drawn from the beliefs and tenets of *Sanatana Dharma*. For readers familiar and conversant with our *puranas* and classical writing, this intellectuality is a source of enthusiastic appreciation.

Aardrata is the most distinguishing aspect of great literature – no matter the genre. The best of the litterateurs have always moved readers to tears and compassion. Oriental aestheticians believed compassion to be the most ennobling *rasa*. The Sanskrit poet of yore Bhavabhuti said '*eko rasan karuna Eva*'. *Karuna rasa* is the fountain head of *aardrata*, a term which defies translation. But 'wetness' of the heart describes it. The tears in the nature of things inspired and gave impetus to creative minds all over the world down the ages.

Munipalle Raju (b.1925) has four

volumes of short stories: *munipalle raaju kathalu*; *pushpaalu-prEmikulu*; *divO swapnaalatO mukhaa mukhi* and then the Award winning novel *asthitwanadam* in 2002. He has given his readers two volumes of distinctive poetry: *vEroka aakaasham* and *alasipOyina araNyakaalu*. He wrote the story too for the famous Telugu film *poojaa phalam*.

Mr. Raju's stories stem from *anubhuti* leading to creating and giving a local habitation and a name to ratiocination and an introspective state of mind. First there is an incident, then a justified cerebation and finally the flash of a wondrous realization. This is not momentary – it ushers one into the state of peace that passeth understanding. The protagonists are 'human' to the core right from the beginning to the very end, given to cerebation, familiar and very conscious of the basic Indic ethos, always in quest of peace, the supreme goal-of living.

The abstractions and the execution of Mr. Raju's stories, in many cases are not easy to absorb and internalize. Generally ambling with zigzag backward and forward movements thrown in, there is harsh actuality and deep insight into the tears in the nature of things, *lacrimae rerum*. There are delicate, seemingly mischievous and metaphysical flashes in the narration. In an essay published

in August 1987 Munipalle unlocks the details of the various influences that shaped him as a writer and the personae and incidents that left a stamp on his personality. An avid reading of the piece: 'Why did I Write' with a subtitle 'A story that is not a story' brought to my mind two similar, though longer works: Graham Greene's *Why do I write*, 1937 and American story writer Paul Gallico's *Confessions of a Story Writer*, 1966. It is not surprising that all the three writers have been, besides other things, insightful journalists with powers of clinical observation.

There are a number of stories about crumbling values and villages like *vaaraalabaayi* and *savati thammudu* in *munipalle raaju kathalu* the very first volume of his stories. Even in these apparently traditional stories, the traces of deep cerebration are clearly evident. There is compassion too at the core. The old institution of poor boys getting food in seven different houses on the seven days of a week forms the background for pathetic story which stings us into thought. *Savati thammudu* is a story which blows to smithereens the common belief that the step brothers are hated. The army officer Murty, who has been exposed to the hardship and heartlessness of the life at the battle front, emerges as a basically kind-hearted person who goes to see his stepbrother, though he faced the heartless cruelty of his step-mother. Munipalle has a distinctive style of his own: almost an alchemist's blend both of the levels of

expression and regional variants of our language. He has a flair for harnessing Sanskrit and learned expressions to his writing.

This first volume of Munipalle's success led to his coming out with a second and the third too. The secret of his instantaneous success lies in his delineation of character and temperament against an authentic background very familiar to the reader and his technique of clever and competent juxtaposition. His firm grounding in and familiarity with our scriptures and *laakshanika* texts lends a scholarly fragrance both to the content and the style. Compassion is akin to *aardrata* and one of the prominent features of Munipalle's writing is this and then there are his fully internalized scenes, incidents and places in his long career in the air force. The success culminated in coming up with a dialectic too in his fourth volume. The hardships, the loneliness and his own tribulations in childhood lend authenticity to his stories. Another very important aspect of his achievement is the realization that violence, many a time, yields desired results. Judging by these one may think that he is a Leftist. If the term has to be used, one must in the same breath say that he is Leftist with a difference and dialectic of his drawn from intense humanism.

In the second volume *pushpaaloo - premikulu - pashuvulu*, the story *mahaabOdhi chaayalO* can be viewed as a microcosm of Munipalle's creative genius in its complex blend of various elements: incidents, episodes, juxtaposition, rousing

expectation, maintenance of suspense, presentation of life, realistic as well as imagined, mastery over language and command over native expressions, to name only a few. There is a very thoughtful use of epigraphs and in the latest novel quotations from the writings of others or his own either to prepare the reader's mind or to sum up with an insightful flash. There are many stories which distinguish themselves contributing to the writer's instant as well as enduring appeal. There is 'Nativism', which has emerged as a theory with total adherence to the ways of the native land, characters, incidents and, most importantly the world vision projected with a definite leaning to imaginative mysticism. Kolli Seshayya of 'mahaabodhi..' in the very first volume of Munipalle's stories is a case in point. There is a sociological concern for environment, social and economic equality too.

In terms of the evolution of the creative artist's vision of life, the third volume *divOswapnaalatO mukhaa mukhi*, evidences leap wherein the writer is drawn towards the ambiguities and dichotomies of life and existence. Writing poetry and successful life do not go together. The Poet-Telugu teacher turned Swamiji offers a kind of counterpoint at the beginning and as the story advances the thickening uncertainties slowly resolve bringing the normal *joie de vivre* in the meeting of the protagonist with a literature-loving young woman. The title of the story is pregnant with significance: most of it happens in the interior monologue mode

oscillating between dream and reality. It is an interface between day, wakefulness and dream.

Munipalle explains his mystique of Magical Realism. A rough rendering into English would go something like this. The two aspects of man's consciousness, sociological awareness, and awareness of life would be inner space travel in the long, broken dream life's night. Magical realism is an attempt to give expression to these secret vibrations.

Adbhuta rasa, the result of something happening wondrously is part of the imaginative portrayal of life on this earth used very commonly in all our epics. Magical Realism, *adbhut*, or what you will, this genre is capable of transcending the limitations of Time and Space. This is not, anarchism either. Not Nihilism either. This, the wondrous realism, is a means, a tool, for excavating the hidden supra-worldly behind the actualities that are visible to the physical sight. Only in the structure of the style of *maaya vaada* and *chaayaavaada*, its natural form would be visible. This dialectic leads to the writer's conclusion that this genre has emerged as a sequel of the tyrannical, dictatorial trends of the special political set ups in Latin America. All this withstanding, as though anticipating the insightful readers' objections, it is hastily added that Magical Realism is nothing new in our ancient literatures as *adbhut*, really a *rasa* rather than a genre of literary creation, while paying rich tribute to Sage Veda Vyasa, as the true creator of Magical Realism.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Memories of the Deccan, Pages: 223, Price: Rs. 3000/- Author & Publisher: Rajkumari Indira Devi Dhanrajgiri, Gyan Bagh, Goshamahal, Hyderabad, 500012.

'Memories of the Deccan' is a fabulous book (Deluxe edition), a piece of history with a gallery of mini portraits and pictures of the members of the princely and aristocratic families and historical personages of the by-gone days across six decades from 1926 to 1986. The title page presents the aesthetically pleasing portrait of the author's father Raja Dhanrajgiriji. The book is dedicated to H.E.H. Nizam VIII Prince Mukkaram Jah on his 75th Birthday and H.H. Princess Isra and other members of the family.

One of the principal highlights of the book is the dramatic description of Rajkumari Indira Devi's audience with Nizam VII H.E.H. Mir Osman Ali Khan, the builder of modern Hyderabad, who evinced keen interest in women's education and welfare. The ceremonial audience took place when the author was a little girl. The Nizam was impressed with her beauty and told her father that his daughter was 'handsome'. This glowing compliment will be confirmed when we look at a sprinkling of her later day photos in the book. The Eve's Weekly cover flashed her profile.

We find interesting pictures of news value

of the aristocratic families of the period, personal photos of Smt. Indira Devi's own family and fascinating facts about cricket in Hyderabad and Women's movement. The All India Women's conference came into being in 1926. Indira Devi herself became the President three times. H.E.H. Nizam VII spared his private Rly saloon for the round trip of the delegates to the first All India Women's conference at Delhi.

The book is a priceless treasure of art and culture.

I.V. Chalapati Rao

Sunshine and Rain: Memoirs By Alladi Kuppuswami, Pages: 118, Price: Rs.60.

The present book is the autobiography of Justice Alladi Kuppuswami, worthy son of an illustrious father, Dr. Alladi Krishnaswami. Dr. Alladi Krishnaswami was a towering juristic personality of our country and one of the architects of the Indian Constitution. Justice Kuppuswami retired as the Chief Justice of Andhra Pradesh. He began his career as a lawyer and reached peaks of excellence in the legal profession by dint of his diligence and brilliance. He is well-known for his exemplary devotion to duty coupled with professional integrity.

This book is a brief and instructive life

story, where the author, at the age of 90, goes down the memory lane and pens his memoirs in a self-effacing and endearing style. As a nonagenarian, he culled from his memory, some of the most heart-warming episodes, just like a diver, who collects the most precious pearls and priceless gems from the ocean depths, and presented them to the readers in a lucid and engaging style.

The book opens with a concise introduction as the author talks about his parents and siblings and even narrates the background of the name given to him by his parents. He then reveals some fascinating facts about his college days and fondly remembers his teacher, Sri Raghava Sastri, who left an indelible impression on his mind. He recounts his early years at the Madras Bar and his interesting experiences as a lawyer at the Supreme Court in the company of legal luminaries like Setalwad. As a Judge, Chief Justice and Commission of Enquiry he is highly regarded for his deep erudition, profound knowledge, keen insight and impartiality. Legal luminaries like F.S. Nariman and Soli Sorabjee appeared before him.

The author concludes the book by sharing some intimate, personal details about his family in a candid manner. He signs off saying, "God has been kind to me in many ways. A great father, affectionate parents and wife, intensely loving children, affectionate relations and friends. My only prayer is that I

should spend the rest of my life giving little trouble to those near and dear." Very poignant and emotional words indeed, flowing from the heart of a *Purna Purusha*!

The cover is aesthetically designed in elegant white and grey, probably symbolizing the title *Sunshine and Rain: Memoirs*. It is touching to note that the author dedicates the book to the loving memory of his wife. The book gives delight to the readers and is a must for the upcoming lawyers and young Judges.

Dr. I. Satyasree

Beyond Many Bends: Selected Poems of P. K. Joy, Poetry World Publication, Chennai. Hard Bound, Price Rs. 300/- Pages: 143.

P. K. Joy by profession is an industrial engineer, a business manager, an accountancy expert, a political science and public administration specialist and a visiting professor but is essentially a poet by nature. He cannot but write poetry. He talks to us in poetry and speaks his mind through his heart with disarming charm. He is humorous and satirical by turns, is god loving and god fearing. He loves man and has compassion for the poor and the suffering.

The poet describes and comments on men and matters of common house-holds in a trend setting manner and makes life and poetry enjoyable. Poetry is not something to be dreaded as beyond the reach of ordinary man.

Did he not succeed in writing poetry? There is no reason to shun poetry and consider it a rare gift.

One of the interesting features of the poems is that the poet dies in his poems and the dead poet speaks with us and also has dialogues with God in His abode. God is unsparing for the poet's misdeeds. He chides, punishes and consoles the poet. The poet is the erring human being and also the judge, the sinner and the blessed one. The poet is you, me and everyone. What most of us feel and experience but do not express, the poet speaks out in the poems in a candid manner, simple, beautiful and grand in style. The poems have to be read to be enjoyed. Some of Joy's Poems appeared in TRIVENI.

Each bend (poem) in the book helps man to help himself before the end comes. As for the poet, death is not the end of all life. He says he would come back, be born again and continue his mission. A healthy optimism indeed!

It is a joy to read the poems of P. K. Joy!

D. Ranga Rao

Dear Reader by D. Ranga Rao. Author's publication through Triveni Foundation, Hyderabad. Price: Rs. 75/-, Pages: 140.

I enjoyed reading Sri D. Ranga Rao's book "Dear Reader". The front cover is

evocative and a joy to behold. The essays are infused with humour. The lucid, limpid prose runs like a forest brook.

Satire seems to be the author's forte. But it is quiet, not hilarious, elicits smiles, not side-spitting laughter. Every piece in the book reveals the fine touch and sensitive fingers of the jeweller's art.

The last six of the biographical sketches are a class all their own. In a few pages devoted to each of them, the author has succeeded in bringing out the essence, the very fibre of the distinguished persons, each exalted in his/her own way and field.

A word about 'The True Bhakta'. The simple story of a simple soul, in simple diction told. From the moment the author makes his acquaintance with the Bhakta, he becomes witness to several extraordinary incidents. He records them faithfully with commendable restraint, no glorification, no pontification. He leaves it to the reader to judge in the light of his own belief and understanding.

This excellent book is recommended reading for one and all, particularly for the young, who will learn from it how to communicate effectively through writing as well as conversing in faultless and idiomatic English without having recourse to high sounding, heavily laden words.

M.S.B Prasad
New Delhi

READERS' MAIL

Your Triple Stream titled "Remembering Golden Voiced Saigal" published in the issue of April-June, 2009 is an excellent, informative, and instructive piece of writing also inspiring to the singers who in turn can learn the way Kundan Lal Saigal had become an immortal singer. It is true that music is the queenliest of fine Arts. Saigal was a person of versatile qualities in the film world where it is very difficult to find such a person. It is an irreparable loss to us. People have forgotten Saigal saheb but you made the readers of Triveni to recollect this immortal singer. So, such is the delicious food for mind that Triveni provides.

**M. A. Waheed
Hyderabad.**

I received my copy of Triveni of July-Sept. issue yesterday and have gone through it already. Let me express what I felt. Your poetic expression, 'As planets in their orbits never fight etc.,' resembles Isaac Watts "Divine Songs for Children". Ennobling thoughts. Also a quote from your book "From Living Through Changing Time" at page 52. Permit me to say, you left no style of writing untouched and touched none you did not adorn like Oliver Goldsmith in the words of Dr. Johnson.

Finally, of all the articles and poems I like Sri G. Soma Seshu's poem "On My Daughter's visit to Lake District".

**C. Jacob
Narsapur, A.P.**

It is indeed my proud privilege to be published under your editorship. It is a blessing for me to be in the midst of an erudite scholar like you. I feel honoured to be published in "Triveni"

**P. V. Laxmi Prasad
Peddapalli, A.P.**

Your nostalgic article on the renowned singer Kundanlal Saigal took me down the memory lane to those happy years when his soulful songs, 'ghazals' and 'bhajans' brought solace and joy to millions of listeners. The article suggests that unhealthy trends must be checked and the present generation of singers should emulate his fine example.

In your latest editorial on Indian Democracy, you have expressed your sincere appreciation of the successful conduct of the general election using modern technology. In spite of poverty and illiteracy, misuse of money and liquor by unscrupulous politicians, common voters have shown remarkable restraint and maturity of mind by electing Dr. Manmohan Singh, giving him handsome majority and enabling him to take the nation in the right direction.

**M. G. Narasimha Murthy
Hyderabad**

A reader who signed RRM, Hyderabad, pointed out three spelling mistakes in Triveni of July-Sept. 2009.

We thank him for his interest in helping us in maintaining the quality and reputation of Triveni.

– Editor

OBITUARY

We regret to announce the demise of Sri K.V. Ramana Rao, retired professor in English, who was one of our valued contributors

The Editors

WHO'S WHO

- K. Rajamouly** Poet, Hanamkonda, A.P.
S. Deenadayalam Architect, Writer, Bangalore.
Y. Padmavathi Vice-President, Andhra Mahila Sabha, Hyderabad.
Dr. S. T. Kharat Reader in English, Arts, ACS College, Ahmadnagar.
R. T. Bedre Vice-Principal, ACS College, Gangakhed, Maharashtra.
M. L. Swamy First Engineer-in-Chief, Irrigation (A.P.), now in U.S.
Dr. Satendra Kumar Head, Dept. of English, Govt. P.G. College, Uttarakhand.
Desai Falguni Dept. of English, V.S. Patel College, Bilmora, Gujarat.
Pronab Kumar Majumder Poet & Editor, Bridge-In-Making, Kolkata.
S. K. Mangammalchari Poet, Hyderabad
Prof. G. Surender Reddy Advisor, APSFC, Hyderabad.
D. Phani Kumari Ph.D. Research Scholar, Secunderabad.
G. Manjulatha Devi Asst. Prof. English, J.I.T.S., Karimnagar, A.P.
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Dr. G. Lakshmipathi Editor, Dharma Sadhani, Hyderabad.
Dr. Y. Somalatha Asso. Prof. English, A. U. Campus, Kakinada, A.P.
Bhavana S. Chari Poet, Satna, Madhya Pradesh.
Dr. M. Surender Kumar Head, Dept. of English, KITS, Warangal.
Dr. P. Rama Devi Reader in English, L.B. College, Warangal.
Dr. R. Poli Reddy Head, Dept. of English, S. V. Arts & Science College, Giddaluru.
Prof. D.J.P.N. Reddy Former Head, Dept. of English, A. U. Campus, Kakinada, A.P.
M. Shobha Rani Research Scholar, Dept. of English, Kakatiya University, Warangal
M. Rathan Jyothy Asst. Professor of Library & Information Services, Satavahana University, Karimnagar.
Dr. C. Jacob District & Sessions Judge, (Retd.) Writer, Poet, Narsapur.
Dr. Madhavi Nikam P.G. Dept. of English, R.K. Talreja College, Ulhasnagar, University of Mumbai.
Dr. V. Kondal Rao Educationist, Writer, Poet, Hyderabad.
G.V.S.R.K. Somayajulu Senior Professional, (Retd.) U.N.I.R.E.A, Vienna, Austria.
Kalipada Pradhan Head Master, Jahalda High School, Paschim Medinipur, West Bengal.
Dr. V.V.B. Rama Rao Writer, Translator, New Delhi.